

## The Highest Service of Love

the highest standards and is content with nothing less than his best. The immortality of love shines in a home, not when blindness shuts the eyes of the mother and wife, but when the clear-sightedness of her love reveals itself in the greatness of her demands and expectations. It is a fable that love is blind: passion is often blind, but love never. They who love are sometimes blind to the faults of those for whom they care, but not because they love them. When love has its way, it grows more clear-sighted as it becomes deeper and purer. Happy is the child to whom the love of a mother is a noble stimulus, and fortunate the man whose wife stands not for his self-satisfaction but for his aspiration, — a visible witness to the reality of his ideal, and unflinchingly loyal not only to him but to it.