

## MY MOTHER—MOTHER—MOTHER !

It is said that these were among the last words of the great and lamented Henry Clay.

Mothers, learn here a lesson. Look at your sons and daughters, and realize this important truth, that in the nursery is laid the foundation of your child's future life. Instead of teaching them to play the empty-headed coxcomb, and to *tele-a-tete* a lifetime away in nonsense, teach them the path of true greatness and usefulness. Who are the men who have adorned human nature, and reflected a halo of glory upon their country ? They are, with few exceptions, those who in infancy learned to clasp their tiny hands and kneel at a mother's side, and dedicated their hearts to the Father of spirits.

A mother's hallowed influence never dies. The boy never forgets his mother's love. Though he may wander far from home, and engage in many vices, yet that mother's voice, soft and tender, that fell upon his ear in infancy, is borne upon many a passing breeze, and whispers, "My son, my son, remember a mother's love ; how she has taught you to pray, and reverence the God of mercy."

Seventy-five long years had been numbered with the past ; scenes, political and national, warm and exciting, had passed away ; near fifty years had marked the resting-place of that Christian woman, when her noble son, upon a bed of death, is heard calling for "my mother, mother, mother." Sweet words for the lips of one who owed his greatness to the maternal care of a mother's love !

Mothers, do you wish your sons to honour you in the busy conflicts of life, to be ornaments to society, to call upon you in the cold hour of death ? Then act to them a mother's part—teach them the way of virtue, of morality, and of religion.

Our cities and country have too many young men and boys destitute of the first principles of virtue, who are strangers to good breeding, and know nothing of the means of usefulness. They have been brought up in idleness, the mother of vice ; foolish and silly mothers have instilled in their minds false ideas of what constitutes a gentleman, and they are taught to look with disdain upon their betters. Had such characters met with a Franklin or a Clay, when the former was a poor, honest apprentice at the printer's trade, or with the latter in the slashes of Hanover, riding his father's horse to mill, they would have curled the lip of contempt, and turned away from so unsightly an object. To converse with such is impossible. Their words are as wind, their minds as chaff, and their souls as vapour. They have no moral nor intellectual form nor comeliness. Their views, if they have any, are of the lowest order. Why is this ? Is it owing to their natural incapacity ? No ; but it is traceable to a defective early education. No mother was there properly and duly qualified to take charge of the infant mind. Instead of teaching them the means of usefulness, that woman who gave them birth would tell them of "their