

The Effect of Mother Love.

BY MRS. ANDREW MCLEISH.

Those who have read Prof. Drummond's beautiful lecture on "The Evolution of the Mother," will remember that he finds the beginnings of love with all that that involves, tenderness, patience, sympathy, in the human mother as the result of her care for her little helpless baby. It is a beautiful thought that the babies have brought into the world all that makes life beautiful and full of joy. And what mother will gainsay the statement? Has she not felt her own nature deepen and sweeten with the advent of her baby? Has she not found patience, self-denial, sympathy and understanding growing in her own soul with its growth? To the mother who will take it, God sends with her children the richest training, the noblest development. She has no need to ask for a wider sphere than that her children offer her. The highest stimulus to mental, moral and physical growth is hers.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says Wordsworth, and it is not only the baby that lies in that blessed light. The mother, too, may stand there, and she consciously, because it is her own attitude of willing self-denial, the free giving of herself for the object of her love that opens the door to her. If this, then, is what mother love means to the mother, what is it to the child? To him it is the sunshine of life, the only condition for natural and wholesome unfolding of the little life. We are so made that to grow naturally and spontaneously we must be happy, and we cannot be happy without love. This is true of human life at all stages, but a thousandfold it is true of the tender little being in its first beginnings.

Nature has used all her energies to secure for the baby this essential love. She has bound it to its mother by the strong bands of its helplessness and need. She has made the little body so bewitching in its beauty that it must always be lovely to those about it. She has made the awakening of the little mind a matter of such absorbing interest that all who watch it bow down and worship. Nature in short, knows that that baby must be loved, and so creates it that it cannot fail to secure, at least, some measure of its need.

If you would see what mother love is to the child look at those who are deprived of it—the motherless children of our institutions. They have care and kindness and love in a general way, but what a hungry look their faces have and how little real childish joy we find among them. I am often reminded of what one of our noble doctors, who fell at his post a few years ago, said in a lecture before a class of nurses. "If you have a little baby," he said, "who must be fed artificially, always hold it in the arms in the position of the nursing baby. I do not know the reason, but it is a fact that the food digests better." If the doctor had been a mother he would have known that it was the warm, cuddling sense of love that the baby needed.

Let us look deep into the matter. Why is it that love is so precious to the child? What does it do for him? First of all it gives the mother the key by which she may unlock the mystery of his nature, his own individuality. Some one has beautifully said that it is melody that gives individuality to music. Underneath all music lie the great principles of harmony and rhythm, but rippling through and over these runs the melody that gives the distinctive character to each musical composition. So under each life lie the eternal verities of all being, but running through and through them go the golden threads of individuality, and the mother who could fully understand the child must know the laws of being, the great principles that govern human life, and then wilt her loving eyes to her soul wherewith she may see and know her own child in his special individuality and in his relation to the whole. Love, then, gives insight and from insight comes sympathy.

As the mother learns to understand her child she grows to feel with him. And how the human heart responds to that. What is there that is at the same time so restful and so stimulating as the sense of being perfectly understood and sympathized with? No wonder the little child opens in that atmosphere as the flower to the sunshine. And what a solid rock it is to build character upon. How seldom do we hear of a child going astray who is perfectly understood by a wise father and mother. So far we have been speaking of a love that is perfectly ideal. In such a love there can be no danger. But, alas, we do not attain unto it, and in just so far as we fall short is our love fraught with danger to those dearer to us than life; our children.

There is but one model for the love of a mother to her child, I say it with all reverence. It is the love of God to man. That is infinitely tender, but infinitely strong. It desires the present comfort of its objects, and it will secure at any cost their highest welfare. It is all wise, all merciful, ever patient, but inexorably holding to the highest standards of achievements. It will not coddle nor weakly sympathize. It is ever stimulating. It demands the best. It is terribly honest. It sees all the flaws, but it is full of tender encouragement, and hope, and it sees the first efforts towards better things. It is the love that suffereth long and is kind; the love that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; the love that never faileth.

We are too apt to think of love as the sentiment of

affection, which demands for its satisfaction nearness to its object, which would see the object always happy for the present moment, even at the cost of future good. That is the love that makes the mother unwilling to send her child away from her, even to secure the development which he cannot get at home. It is the love that deprives a mother of strength, that makes it possible for her to see her child suffer, even though a little present suffering may make his whole life fuller of happiness to himself and others. The mother who would train her child to the greatest power and usefulness must have heroic stuff in her.

Then there is the love that is not honest, that cannot take an unbiased view of its object; the mother who can see no faults in her own children, who dwell upon their strong points and will not see the weak ones. Such a mother fails at once of the points of greatest usefulness to her child. He goes out into the world with a character otherwise admirable, perhaps, but marred by one fatal flaw. In all tests for power, you know, the strength of the object tested is measured at its point of least resistance. Of what use to the world, for example is a character otherwise amiable and lovely but lacking a sense of responsibility? The fault which might have been corrected by the mother in the little child grows to be an ineradicable weakness in the man, and the world does not regard him with the charitable eyes of his mother. We often see children of whom we must say, "How lovable she would be if only her faults had been corrected, and how much affection and esteem her mother has deprived her of by not seeing and correcting them."

Then there is the love that seems so beautifully self-sacrificing—that of the mother who effaces herself in an effort to secure happiness for her child. But alas, this satisfaction of the mother's sentiment of devotion leads to selfishness in the child. The mother has forgotten that the thing which is good for her, the constant denial of self and selfish comfort is good for her child also. She has gotten her own development at his expense. And the saddest part of it all is that the child fails to appreciate the wealth of love that has been poured out upon him. How sad and yet how frequent are the cases where the mother has given up everything for the child, and the child accepts it all as his just due with no sense of its value, making but meagre return.

There seems to be two reasons for this. In the first place the mother, in making no demands for herself, has not preserved her proper dignity in the eyes of the child, and in failing to convert his love into action she has allowed his latent possibilities for unselfishness to fail of their development. For love is truly love only when it is active. Like everything it grows by exercise. Perhaps you remember what Froebel says upon this point. He represents the child in three stages of development in this matter of receiving service from others. In the first he simply accepts. It is the period of unconscious innocence. He is too young to know that the acceptance of service from others puts him under obligation. But he cannot remain in that state. As soon as he is old enough to understand he must be taught to appreciate the kindness of others to him and to acknowledge it in thanks. But that is not enough. As he grows older the kindness of others to him should rouse in him a desire to make a return in kind. His training should lead him in this direction, and he should be encouraged to express his impulse in action. The doing of a kind deed increases his appreciation of the kindness done him and strengthens his nature on the side of love and unselfishness. Without training in this direction we cannot hope that he will later develop that broad sense of brotherly love and obligation to his fellow men which is the crown of a noble manhood, and which makes him count as a helpful factor in the world.

The three points of weakness in our love for our children would seem to me, then, to be—lack of strength and courage, lack of clear-sighted honesty, and the lack of proper demand for a return in kind. They may all be summed up in the one great word—lack of wisdom. Who does not feel an appalling sense of need? But we are working in harmony with the Creator, and all nature, all history, and all revelation go to prove that to those who seek with all their heart the treasures of wisdom shall be opened.—Chicago Tribune.

The Motto on the Clock.

One of the speakers in a recent church convention in Dublin said: "Some years ago, a new clock was made to be placed in the Temple Hall. When finished the clock-maker was desired to wait upon the Benchers of the Temple who would think of a suitable motto to put under the clock. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them, he at last came when the old Benchers were met in the Temple Hall, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto. One of the Benchers who thought the application ill-timed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing mottoes, testily replied, "Go about your business." The mechanic, taking this for an answer to his question, went home and inserted at the bottom of the clock "Go about your business!" and placed it in the Temple Hall, to the great surprise of the Benchers, who considering the circumstances,

argued that accident produced a better motto than they could think of, and ever since the Temple clock has continued to remind the lawyer and the public to go about their business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Christian Herald.

Lecture on Hiawatha.

At the Baptist Ministers' meeting in Boston on March 6, Rev. Austen T. Kempton of Lunenburg, Mass., gave an illustrated lecture on "Hiawatha, A Study of the Indian Christ." Mr. Kempton has given several years of special study in the preparation of lectures of this sort, in which he has become an expert. In seeking material for this lecture he spent a season among the Ojibway Indians, witnessed their play of Hiawatha, secured from them interpretations of the legends and traditions named in the poem and took photographs from which his slides were made. The views were well chosen and of a superior grade. The colorings were particularly fine. Mr. Kempton's lecture threw new and interesting light upon the poem. His interpretations were very instructive. Preceding the illustrated portion, the lecturer spoke interestingly of his experiences among the Indians and gave an analysis of the poem, portions of which were read and illustrated very effectively. The announcement that Mr. Kempton was to speak called out a large audience of those who remembered a former lecture on Evangeline, and, therefore, anticipated a great pleasure in this. Their hopes were not disappointed. In this kind of lecture Mr. Kempton has few, if any equals.—Watchman.

Easter Dawn.

BY MRS. ALFRED CHIPMAN.

Sweet as the songs of angels to my ear,
The Robin's notes from out the gloomy drear,
For in the East the kindling dawn's gleam ray
Pierces the darkness—bids the bloom away.

I listen my soul! Oh catch the sweet refrain!
Jesus is risen—the Lamb for sinners slain.
Yes, Christ is risen! Past now sin's fearful doom—
The scourge, the crown of thorns, the cross, the tomb.

For us He left his throne of love on high,
Bare all our sins, and chose for us to die.—
Listen, my soul! And join the loud acclaim
Of seraph's voices, Christ is risen to reign.
Alawama, Berwick.

Arrow Points.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

If preachers trembled more under the weight of God's word, hearers would tremble more under the weight of its power.

Let self stand back and the conquering Christ advance
Today's mercies are God's reproofs for yesterday's unbelief.

He that preaches self-culture instead of Christ's Cross
will meet in the end not only Christ's curse, but man's maledictions.

Man was lost by believing the devil's lies instead of God's truth, and man can only be saved by believing God's truth instead of the devil's lies.

The gospel of social life may be popular with men, but only the gospel of salvation can be pleasing to God, or secure everlasting blessedness for the soul.

God will keep his people safe; for time, on earth; for eternity, in heaven.

I love the Cross of Jesus,
It flows with healing balm
Within its sacred shadow
Abides perpetual calm
O shrine of pure devotion!
O home of perfect prayer!
No thunderbolt of vengeance
Can ever reach me there.

Tryon, P. E. I.

When Sorrow Smites us Down.

Alas! while pleasure warms us through,
We turn from Thee, O God,
And laugh away our careless days
Until we feel Thy rod.

But Oh! when sorrow smites us down
We turn to Thee for balm,
And cry to Thee to heal our souls
And give thy holy calm.

Long-suffering art Thou, O God,
And heedest all our smarts,
And not in vain we cry to Thee
To heal our wounded hearts.

ARTHUR D. WILMOT.

A wise rule of life is to get all the good—say, and all the happiness—we can get out of life as it passes. Take the days as they come, and get as much work and as much happiness out of them as we can. The happier men are, the better God is pleased. And happiness arises chiefly by catching its opportunities as they arise, not by forming ideal conditions under which we fancy that we can be happy.—W. Garnet Horder.