

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MEMORY OF MOTHER

During the winter I asked the girls of my club each to write me her most beautiful memory of "Mother." As the ninth of May is Mother's Day I feel that the publication of some of these letters on this page will be a most fitting tribute to the day that every man, woman and child whose life has been blessed by loving mothering, must desire to honor. These letters are from our wage-earning girls in Winnipeg—most of whom are alone in the city. The reader may judge for herself the value of a mother's influence in the life of the work-a-day girl away from home. The letters are quoted without alteration—some are from college bred girls—others from girls who have not had the advantage of educational training—but all quoted here are from girls who are doing well and who are superior in womanly strength of character.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—I have many beautiful memories of my mother, who is still living although we are far apart and have been for a number of years.

I believe the most beautiful memory I have of mother, although sad, is when I first left home. I was only a little over fifteen. My home is in the country and I was coming away to the city. I am the eldest and seemed to be more of a companion to mother. All during my preparation to leave she seemed as if she could hardly keep up. We had so many things to talk about. Then the morning arrived and I had to leave just at day break. Father took me to the depot and I had to bid her

good-bye at the old farm gate. We both knew it was better for me to go, but it just seemed as if we couldn't part. I looked back several times to see her still standing by the gate, and she has told me since that she just thought she would have to call me back. I really never realized just how much mother was to me before as we had never been apart. I shall always have that picture of her at the gate. Sincerely,

G. S.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—I was present at the Girls' Club last Sunday and heard your request for our most pleasing remembrance of Mother. I have not yet decided what that is as there are so many, but I thought the enclosed poem would be specially appropriate for the occasion. It was written by my father several years ago, in memory of his mother, and was written for a song, but was never published. I am, Yours Sincerely,

D. S.

"Mother's Hand will Lead me all the Way"

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

A Mother's love is boundless as the sea.

Love is born at birth, so in trouble and in mirth

Mother's hand was ever near to me.

Through childhood's days her guiding hand

Was with me night and day,

I had no cause to fear, Mother's hand was ever near,

Mother's hand will lead me all the way.

Chorus

It was Mother's hand to chide me,
It was Mother's hand to guide me,
It is Mother's hand that cannot lead a-stray,

It was Mother's voice to cheer me,
Mother's hand is ever near me,
It is Mother's hand that leads me all the way.

As I in years grew older,

As I in sin grew bolder,

A Mother's place was still to watch and pray.

When by every friend deserted,
Poor Mother broken hearted,
Would keep her closest vigil day by day.

Chorus

When the Angels called her Heavenward,
She, with loving eyes looked downward,
Reproving, loving, guiding day by day.

I know that she is pleading,
I know her hand is leading,
Mother's hand will lead me all the way.

Chorus

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—One of the most beautiful memories of my mother is a few years ago when we had deep trouble (sickness) in our home. Father was away at the time so mother had to bear all. No money except my very small wage was to be depended on.

But Mother kept cheerful through it all. When my eldest sister was convalescent and able to once more play her violin, mother would sit for hours in the evenings, singing favorite hymns. How well I remember coming home from work one night and heard her singing as I got near the house; and was just about to enter as one of our neighbors came to ask me which of the girls was sing-

ing. I think her cheerfulness and singing, together with the beautiful hymns she sang, helped us more in that time of trouble than any thing could have done. We have often looked back and wondered since, how we lived through those eight weeks, as we seemed to exist from day to day, had barely enough money and yet with mother's careful management the invalids were well looked after, not too much food but never short. And at the end we were not a cent in debt to any one. Sincerely,

One of your girls.

Mrs. Hamilton—The most beautiful memory of my mother is the clinging to me through the hard times I have seen. The clothing and feeding of me when she would be skimping herself and the education she has given me.

Yours truly,
M. N.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—It is hard for me to say which is the most beautiful memory of my mother for to me every day is a beautiful memory. I remember when I have been very sick on one or two occasions she has seemed the best of all and the very best of mothers.

Yours sincerely,
A. A.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—The most beautiful memory I have of my mother is how she loved to study and read the Bible and tried to bring her children up in the right way, and now that I am older I have that to be thankful for. On Sundays she would not let us do anything that she thought was wrong. We all had to get our little Bibles and study a chapter or psalm till we memorized it and then repeat it to her. In the evenings when we would all be gathered round the table mother would be reading her Bible and especially on Sundays she studied it nearly all day. I have other beautiful memories, one was giving to the poor. She never seemed to think of herself—just giving and trying to make the poor happy. But I think the most beautiful was the impression she made on her children by studying God's word, for a Christian life is beautiful. Yours,

One of the girls.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—My mother, though always in ill health, has lived and worked hard for her family. Her good thoughts have saved me from many a temptation. She has given up all pleasures to work to keep us together and train us to keep our characters clean, and it makes us to know the value of a good mother and a good home. Another thought has come to me, she has always been willing to do good and although she has had to work through many difficulties, she has helped those poorer than herself. Lovingly,
A class girl.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—In reply to your request for the most beautiful memory of my mother—as I think of her now the most beautiful memory is her unselfishness and self sacrifice for the welfare of her children. I am,

Very sincerely,
P. K.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—Possibly the nicest recollections I had of Mother was at the time when any of us were sick at home. I was one of a family of eight, and mother had to be stern, but when we were sick—how different! How she would study some dainty bite to tempt the appetite of the invalid, and the gentleness and the tenderness with which she would watch over us, always leaves a memory which takes away the sting of a sudden and rather tragic end, which came to her at a time when we least expected it.

M. B.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton—Just a memory of my mother you would like me to write to you. To begin with, it recalls so much. The very word "Mother" means all that is unselfish, sacrificing and true. My remembrance is of a very tolerant, useful and uncomplaining woman in spite of numerous trials and sorrows. I think one of her principal characteristics was a sense of humor—always being able to see the funny side in life. This may not be considered a

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