

Mother of Famous Sons.

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A lovely picture, dear to all hearts, is that of the mother keeping the cradle swing with her foot, while her hands are busy with the tiny socks or the bigger socks, whose mending is sometimes the mother's only touch upon the household understanding. But the mother who would keep her hand upon the growing life must learn to deal with other points than those at the end of a needle, to weave stronger bonds than can be made of darning-cotton, and to sing the music to which the young new life keeps step, after the cradle is deserted and lullabies have ceased to charm.

That mothers have been doing these greater things all down the centuries is proved by the record of the noblest men of every nationality. The list is so long that a few names which it is possible to choose should be considered suggestive of the riches of the field rather than as illustrative of the great, amply proven fact that the dominant factor in most great lives has been the influence of the mother.

Washington's Mother.

Notwithstanding everybody's familiarity with her history and characteristics, the name of the mother of Washington has rightful precedence in our list. She was a beautiful girl, called the 'Rose of Epping Forest.' She married Augustine Washington, a widower and a gentleman of high standing and noble character, of large property and a considerable personal attractions. She was brought to the large old-fashioned colonial house on the banks of the Potomac, where we can fancy the bride covertly exploring her new home and scanning the footprints of her predecessor. In this voyage of discovery she was arrested by a small but rare treasure of books. The fly-leaf of one revealed the name of the owner, the first wife, 'Jane Washington.' Finding the inkhorn she wrote firmly beneath. 'And Mary Washington,' probably the first time she had written her new name. We all know how she read this book—it was Sir Matthew Hale's 'Contemplations'—to her step sons and her own sons; how it was revered by George Washington, and how it is treasured today at our national Mecca, Mount Vernon, where both as mother and mistress Mary Washington led and guided her boy into the manhood that made him his country's leader and guide. Here, also, as the Revolutionary War went on, and her neighbors thronged her with plaudits and praises of her noble son—her idol and hers—she restrained their extravagant words, saying simply, 'George seems to have deserved well of his country, but we must not praise too much; George has not forgotten his duty.'

When she heard of the surrender at Yorktown she raised her hands and fervently thanked heaven that all was over. She had not seen her son for seven years. Now he was coming home. No word of 'glory' or 'honors' fell from his lips or hers. Yet this thing among men had his reward. His mother had lived to welcome him back!

One has only to recall the familiar story of this noble mother's life to recognize its moulding power upon the patriot, the soldier and the statesman. His high temper and his habit of self-control were like hers as were his principles of equity and justice, his power of dealing with great and grave issues, and his habit of practical business detail. It was like her and like him, when she knew the world was regarding him as head of the nation, leader of victorious hosts, to say, 'He has been a good son. I believe he has done his duty as a man.'

The Mother of Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln's Mother, says Mrs. Bolton, to whose sketches we wish to acknowledge our debt, possessed but one book in the world, the Bible; and from this she taught her children daily. Of quick mind and retentive memory, Abraham soon came to know it by heart, and to look upon his gentle teacher as the embodiment of all the good precepts in the book. Afterward, when he governed thirty million people, he said: 'All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory!' When he was ten years old, this saintly mother died of consumption, and was buried in a plain box under the trees near the cabin. For her boy the loss was irreparable. Day after day he sat on the grave and wept. A sad, far away look crept into his eyes, which those who saw him in the perils of his latter life well remember.

Philips Brooks' Mother.

In the career of Philips Brooks we have the tribute of a noble life to the influence of a noble mother. 'The son

Philips,' says the Rev. Julius H. Ward, in the New England Magazine, 'seems to have inherited from his mother the deep and earnest piety and intellectual strength which have always been his characteristics.' Mrs. Bolton says: 'Motherlove was always a strong force in the heart of Phillips Brooks. It is related that when someone asked him if he was not afraid when he first preached before Queen Victoria, he replied, 'Oh, no; I have preached before my mother.'

George Peabody's Mother.

George Peabody was a poor little country boy in a New England country store, who yet came to the place where he was able to leave nine millions to the needy and the homeless. When he went out into the world at eleven years of age to earn his living, he had already, through his beautiful devotion to his noble mother, earned the name of a mother-son.

Ol Bayard Taylor it is said that his mother, a refined and intelligent woman, who taught him to read at four, and who early discovered his child's love for books, shielded him as far as possible from picking up stones and weeding corn, and kept him from the hard work of farm life by claiming his help in reading the baby, that thus she might be free for other household tasks.

William Lloyd Garrison.

William Lloyd Garrison's mother, too, was a noble woman, deeply religious, willing to bear all and brave all for conscience sake. Very poor, there was no chance for William, either in school, or college. When he was seven, his mother, having found work for herself as a nurse for the sick, placed the child with a deacon of the town. At sixteen he wrote an article for the Newburyport Herald, signing it, 'An Old Bachelor.' It was his mother who, six hundred miles away, engaged at the sick bed of a patient, shared his delight and surprise when he saw it really in print. It was she who, through her long and loving letters, kept him in courage and gave him the inspiration to battle, that lasted long after the hand that perched them had ceased its work.

Henry Ward Beecher's Mother.

Henry Ward Beecher says of his mother: 'I have only such a remembrance of her as you have of the clouds of ten years ago, yet no devout Catholic ever saw so much in the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me ever since I can remember. Do you know why so often I speak what must seem to some of you rhapsody of words? It is because I had a mother, and if I were to live a thousand years I could not express what seems to me to be the least that I owe to her. From her I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament, from her also I received simplicity and childlike faith in God.' She studied literature and history while she spun flax, tying her books to the stool. No wonder then that her great son was an omnivorous reader. She wrote and spoke the French language fluently, painted on ivory, sang and played on the guitar, and was an expert with her needle. So meagre was the salary for the increasing household, only \$400 a year, that she started a select school in which she taught French, drawing, painting, and embroidery, beside the higher English branches. With all this work she found time to make herself the idol of her children.

Of Wendell Phillips, it is said that his love for his mother was a passion. 'Her earliest gift to him,' says Carlos Marty, 'was a bible. Her one counsel for him was, "be good, do good." That bible was his prized treasure for seventy years, and, says Mrs. Bolton, 'Years after, when he stood up like a great oak in the forest, beat upon by wind and storm, he never forgot to keep his trust where his mother first taught him to place it. From her knowledge and common sense in political and mercantile affairs, he judged that other women must be able to take part in the world's work and therefore through life he asked for them an equal place in home and state.'

The Mother of Edison.

The mother of the distinguished scientist, says a recent biography, was a woman of sweet and strong individuality, equipped with a solid, if unpretentious education, and endowed with rare abilities as a teacher. She was eminently qualified to deal with the plastic mind of her son, and it was to her judicious efforts, rather than to those of his father, that Edison owed that early impetus which gave such admirable scope and direction to his dawning powers. Under her guidance, at the age of twelve, a period when most boys are inflaming their

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imagination and perverting their moral sense with a shy and sensational fiction Edison, partly from inclination, partly from over-consciousness, was wading through such ponderous tomes as Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Hume's History of England and History of the Reformation. We are justified in the inference that through such books as these, no boy, however remarkable, waded without the encouragement and companionship of the woman who could bestow not only the instructor's gift, but the mother's sympathy and love.

It was Samuel Johnson's mother to whom he said in his last letter; 'You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well.' It was to defray her funeral expenses that in the evenings of one week he wrote Rasselas, for which he received five hundred dollars.

Bishop Hall speaks of his mother's 'life as saint-like. Never any lips so preached piety, never any soul that more accurately practiced it. He gave her credit for much of the character and influence that made him a power in the church.'

A Model for Mothers.

It was Garibaldi who says of his mother, a woman of humble station: 'She was a model for mothers. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but I do not owe to her love, to her angel-like character, the little good that belongs to mine. Often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean or the hailstorms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother!—imploving

for the life of her son, and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers.' 'Give me the mothers of the nation to educate, and you may do what you like with the boys,' was one of his favorite maxims.

In all the touching examples of the influence of motherhood, there is no story more tender than that of the devotion and the prayers that were rewarded finally by the conversion of St. Augustine. The heart of the son and mother was indeed 'a fellowship of kindred minds.'

The Mother of Napoleon.

The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was the mother of twelve other children, eight of whom were living when she was left a widow, at the age of thirty-five, Napoleon said of her: 'She managed everything with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungoverned emotion, was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful undertakings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigues, had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman.' Such was Napoleon's love for her that he confessed to his friend, when in exile at St. Helena, that in all his vicissitudes, only once had he been tempted to suicide, from which he was saved by the loan of a sum of money, from a friend, which sum he sent at once to relieve the distress of his mother.

Re-creating Buckles.

General Dumas was a distinguished French veteran, slain by the Prussians after the route of Waterloo. He was full of resource, and had great skill and presence of mind. At Pescara, when he was in great danger, a large fortress in front and a savage insurrection in his rear, his own common sense saved him.

'Who commands at Pescara?' he asked a soldier.

'There are two.'

'What is the grade of the chief in command?'

'A brigadier-general.'

'His name?'

'De Pietramaggiore.'

'His title?'

'A marquis.'

'His age?'

'About seventy.'

'Is he well preserved? Does he keep his color?'

'He is thin and pallid.'

'Is his voice strong and manly?'

'It is weak and dull.'

'Is he lively, gay?'

'Neither the one nor the other.'

'What does he wear on his head?'

'He is powdered, and his hair is done in locks.'

'Has he boots and spurs?'

'No; he wears silk stockings, shoes and great buckles.'

'Great buckles?' cried Dumas. 'Bring up the guns and begin firing. The place is mine.'

Hard Question.

'The world is round, and it goes round, Uncle Rastus,' said the small grandson of the old colored man's former owner. 'Don't you understand about it?'

'No, honey, I can't say I does,' admitted Uncle Rastus, surveying the well-varnished apple with which his little guest had illustrated his argument. 'W'at holds de world up, dat's w'at I'd like to know, chile?'

'Why, it goes round de sun Uncle Rastus,' said the boy, eagerly, 'and de sun holds it up by de law of attraction.'

'Um, honey, I reckon you ain' gone quite far 'nough in yo' reasoning yet,' said the old man, with a smile of patronizing good nature. 'I'd dat case, w'at would keep de world up 'when de sun's done gone down? Answer me dat, chile.'

'H—I believe dat my father and your mother were once very fond of each other. She—Yes, I have often heard mamma say she was more than half sorry they ever got divorced.'

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Music The

Nell Gwynne will without doubt as a production. The pair as principals in a production of excellence, conductor assures it.

Mme. Albar is in March. The late queen's favorite day she sang at a party by King Edward and a liam, at Windsor Castle.

Edna May has a grip and is able to "The Girl from up."

Sullivan occasionally his own compositions. Practically the whole opera 'The Sorcerer' utilized. It is reported a number of songs from his juvenile days are hardly to be desired. Sullivan was distinguished would not have been looked anything enough for the price.

Boito received of Verdi's Falstaff, \$25,000 for the opera, the acting rights and separate numbers. The price of the opera was \$250 each. A. C. B. received the rehearsal.

It is well known rehearsal began, and to supervise Verdi's original idea was in a small theatre-stage—so that their communication between public, or, as Verdi "public might view of this plan and written, and it deal of pressure to give his work realized as he conducted the artists find that tell in the tremendous stage as they would irate.

The true account thing to Verdi, and the artists understood for more account, when he screams that all inflexions; and rehearsal, they have then they have no. For they are kept except to be sworn accommodated every day until does not seem to head that the people footlights might not, that wonder he goes at the orchestra's eye he has he slaps the violin there? Repeat this good. Do it on the third. Right an artist: 'What interval? [Mind nine with full orchestra—non est bene. Here he corrects, lightning, halt a picture. Now he rem in the orchestra—makes changes again done all that, Da the same ground is over again.

The greatest effects of detail and syllabication and speed of articulation from his artists; singing that he recognition of one a satisfaction—these sing, those sing. Here the quality of the written phrase after day.

TALK OF

An event of interest this week was the members of the V. Messrs. Benjamin Bowman, A. Socie medium through ed to the public.