MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

IT IS POTENTIAL IN FORMING HER DAUGHTER'S CHARACTER.

AS IS ONE, SO IS THE OTHER

Importance of This Fact Emphasized in the Fermation and Development of a Pure and Noble Wemanhood-Wow the True Wife and Mother Should Live If She Would Have Good Daughters.

Chicago, May 31.—In this sermon the preacher illustrates the potential influence of the mother upon the character of the child and the importance of that influence being of a kind that goes to the formation and development of a pure and noble womanhood. The text is Ezekiel xvi., 44, "AS is the mother, so is her daughter."

ne-

tical

Wed-

the

llars

furoraer up to

n in-

ill be

from offi-

on, as hurch

n the

ers

that

malinto

hould

to de-

large

daughter."

The Philadelphia mint is one of the chief sights for the traveler in the Quaker City. It has many wonderful pieces of machinery, not the least of which are the powerful stamping mawhich are the powerful stamping machines, cutting the gold and silver bars into pieces the size of a ten cent piece or a dollar. Then, with one terrific pound, they stamp them into United States coins. These stamping machines are powerful enough to crush the hard metal into forms of eagles bearing the impress of the Goddess of Liberty, and yet they are capable of doing very delicate work. If a plain piece of wet tissue paper is placed under their tissue paper is placed under their stamp they can cut out of that wet paper a round piece the size of a silver dollar more neatly and accurately than could be done by any sew-ing girl's scissors or any surgeon's knife.

It is wonderful that a machine It is wonderful that a machine should have the power of thus producing from the hard metal thousands of coins exactly alike, each bearing accurately the same impression; but I want to speak to you to-day of something still more wonderful in our social and family life. It is the power inhering in every mother to mold her daughters into her own image and to impress upon

mother to moid her daugnters into her own image and to impress upon them her own characteristics. The mother's life is inevitably pro-duced in the lives of her little girls whom she rocks in the cradle. This will happen whether she is conscious of it or not. How important then is it, for the sake of those whom they in their turn will influence, that the influence of the mother's life should be of the wholesome and beneficent kind! The girls will be like her as they grow up, and her faults will reappear in them. Therefore, the object of this sermon is to show how the true wife and mother should live.

set of this sermon is to show how the true wife and mother should live. She should not only be true to her husband, but also true to her father and mother, brothers and sisters, and to God, as well as directly to the little daughters who will soon follow in her footsteps. As she thinks, they will think. As she does, they will also do.

The true mother should, first, be a true wife. The butterfly's wing is developed in the chrysalis. The autumnal fruit will not hang heavily from the tree branch as nuggets of gold unless the apple blossoms were fragrant in the springtime. The summer song of the nest is only a sweet encore of the June song, which once softly cheed its way through the encore of the June song, which once softly echoed its way through the pillared halls in the temple of the woods. Neither can the rich, spotless robe of materinity ever be woven in the home unless it comes from a loom in which a bride's pure and consecrated fingers have already woven out of untarnished web, perfumed with the orange blossoms, the robe of true wijehood. of true wifehood.

This statement is axiomatic. Yet there are some women foolish enough to suppose that the name of wife and mother are not Siamese wife and mother are not Siamese twins and have no connection or affiliation. They are so blinded that they cannot see that the silver letters of true motherhood are written ters of true motherhood are written upon the golden background of true wilehood and that the strongest and best cradle is that cut from the scented wood of the marriage altar. The duties of maternity must never supersede or extinguish the duties of the wife. There are many women who are true wives until the babies are born. Then, instead of being any longer the comfort, the companion, the helpmeet of the man whom they promised on their wedding day to live for, they turn their backs upon their husbands and bury their existence in the nursery. From morning until night and from night until morning those engrossed and absorbed mothers think and dream and plan about nothing but the one and plan about nothing but the one theme of baby.

and plan about nothing but the one theme of baby.

They will tell you over and over again how many teeth their babies have cut and when those teeth came, but they cannot tell you about the sharp, poisonous fangs of business worries that have buried themselves in their husband's brains and heart. Neither do they care how sharp those fangs may be. They can tell you, without one mistake, how many times last night their babies coughed, but they cannot tell you how many hours their husbands the same night walked the floor, hour after hour, trying to think and plan how they could meet the great crisis of life which may now be confronting them. There is many a man-mark this!—who heard the death rattle of all true, helpful wifely association on the night that there first baby was born. Only a short time ago I had a prominent man say to me: "Any success which I have made in life, I have won in spite of my wife. From the day that my first baby came she has find mo interest in me or my work. In my intercourse with my business associates she has been a positive damage instead of a help." There is many a husband who is today living as far abart in thought from his wife as if he were ten thousand miles away from her. He may at with her at the table and live with her in the same home, but

their mental and spiritual associa-tion is absolutely dead. She lives for her children. He lives for his business. Between them there is the great yawning chasm of indifference, ever widening, ever becoming blacker and more fatal to marital love. Now, mothers, I want to say to

ever widening, ever becoming blacker and more fatal to marital love.

Now, mothers, I want to say to you that a woman cannot be a true mother unless at the same time she is a true wife. I want to say that if a wife will not enter into the joys and hopes and sorrows and cares and perplexities of the husband who is by her side and wants to love her and have her share his burdens she cannot be true to the daughters, who will follow in her footsteps. I want to tell you that no daughter is developed aright unless she has had before her the example of a mother who has been faithfully trying to be true to her father as well as to her.

God develops true metherhood in many ways. The factory's machinery may seem to the untrained sye to be working uselessly and in ridiculous confusion. There are some wheels running from right to left others from left to right. There are sagging belts, and great piston rods moving up and down, and strongsteel bars whirling round and round and round. There are tanks where the goods are soaked and places where the raw goods are chewed into pulp. But after awhile, under the explanation of the superintendent or guide, the visitor to the factory finds that every belt and every wheel and every cylinder of the machinery is put there for a purpose. All the different parts of that machinery are working together for good, for the completion of a finished article. So God in the great human factory for the creation of a consecrated motherhood has many wheels and at times seemingly conflicting duties. They all have a purpose, not the least of which is the influence resulting from the right performance of the duty a wife and mother owes to hear childhood's home.

ernood has many wheels and at times seemingly conflicting duties. They all have a purpose, not the least of which is the influence resulting from the right performance of the duty a wife and mother owes to her childhood's home.

My sister, how can you honestly expect your children to respect you if you are stony hearted and refuse to honor the many wrinkles and the bedimmed sight of an aged parent? Can your mother breathe forth the bitter lamentation of the neglected old woman who said, "When I was young my children used to tread upon my feet; but now, when I am old, they are treading upon my heart." Are you going to show the selfish spirit of the brutal people of the Pacific islands, who were accustomed to behead or bury alive their fathers and mothers as soon as they became crippled with age? Are you a heartless woman, going to tear your parents from your thoughts and affections, merely because you can get no more service out of them? How can you expect your little children to love each other after you are gone when you yourself have nothing to you when they are sick or in financial trouble? Is it nothing to you when they are dead? Why, some mothers who think they are good and true mothers never pretend to have any affection for their parents or brothers and sisters or for their nephews and nieces. The inevitable result will be that some day your own children will cease to love each other. Ah, my friends, blood ought to be thicker than water. The ties which hind the human has to the own children will cease to love each other. Ah, my friends, blood ought to be thicker than water. The ties which bind the human heart to the home of childhood ought to be as strong as links of steel.

To-day the sacred memories of the past are calling many a mother to her nobler and truer self. A short time after her marriage a young wife

her nobler and truer self. A short time after her marriage a young wife told me of a vision she had that was so vivid it was difficult to believe that it was not real. As she lay in bed in the early morning of the day when she was to leave her father's home her thoughts were busy with her past life, in which her mother, then six months dead, occupied a prominent place. What, she thought, would that dear mother say to her if she were then living? The beloved form, the tender tones of her voice, were well remembered. As she dwelt on the memory it seemed to her that her mother stood beside her. She had the same dear old face, the same look of love. Dressed in pure white, she came and stood at the foot of the bed. "I was not in the least affrighted," said the young girl. "I felt and knew that I was awake. I raised myself upon my elbow and said, 'Is that you, mother?' Yes, daughter,' the mother answered. 'It is I. I have come back to have a

said, 'Is that you, mother?' 'Yes, daughter,' the mother answered. 'It is I. I have come back to have a few parting words before you start out on your new life.' Then, after talking awhile, the mother said: 'Daughter, be true to your self; be true to your new home; but, daughter, also be true to your old home. Never forget or neglect your old father. He is alone now. Never cease to love your brothers and sister. You cannot be true, my daughter, to your new home unless you are true to your old.' Then the strange vision slowly turned and disappeared." So to-day the sacred memories of the past plead for a noble motherhood which will be true to the old loves and which will therefore be doubly true to the new.

The true mother goes forth in life and sees the miseries and the sufferings and the troubles which are everywhere self evident. Her heart bleeding with sympathy, she returns home and begins to plan how she can help the poor. When her children would destroy their old clothes she turns and says: "Daughter, that is a sinful waste. That dress may not be useful to you, but it may clothe some little girl and keep her warm all winter. I wish that you would wrap it up in a bundle and take it to Mrs, So-and-so's house. Her husband is out of work, and I fear she is having a hard time to get along. I was in to see her to-day." When that little girl carries that dress to the home of destitution and there sees the powerty sticking out through cracks of the humble cottage and the grateful tears of the mother who received the dress she learns a lesson of heart love she could lears in no other way. Do you wonder that every mother teaches her children the laws of gentleness and sympathy and Christian kind.

ness when she herself is ready at any hour of the night to go to the sick neighbor's home or to place flowers on the white casket of a neighbor's child?

The true mother is also always the true church member. Nearly all are ready to grant that the church of Jesus Christ is the great purifying, the great moral and spiritual teacher and developer of every community in which it exists. It is the thrashing floor-where the grain which has been raised in the nurseries of Christian homes is separated from the chaff. It is the holy of holies at whose sacred altars multitudes are convicted of sin and led to humbly kneel and publicly concess their faith. kneel and publicly confess their faith in God. Many have been brought up in Christian homes who would never have given their hearts to Jesus Christ except through the church singluones.

influence.

If the church of Jesus Christ had such an infinite influence upon the lives of your children ought you not, O wives and mothers, to cast not, O wives and mothers, to cast your influence there? Ought you not Sunday after Sunday to be secrewithin the four walls of the sacred sanctuary? It is uscless for you to say that you have no time to go to church. A mother can always arrange her time to admit any duty that she knows to be essential to her children's welfare. Who can tell whether the destiny of your children may not be affected for all eternity by your bringing them to church? Some mothers find time every week to take their children to dancing schools. Is not the temple where the people learn about Jesus Christ more important than the floor where the important than the floor where the he is are educated instead of the

heart?
Do not make the plea I have so often heard—that you have little chil-dren too young to go to church and therefore you must stay with them at home. Take your babies along. The minister of the Lord Jesus Christ who would become irritated because a young mother brings her baby to church is not spiritually fit-ted to stand in any pulpit or to preach from any sacred desk. The greatest honor to-day which a congregation can have is to see the pews filled up with the young mothers who are flanked by little children on both sides. I once heard of a varisty show giving a performance in a mining camp in the days of the California gold excitement. The rude theatre for the most part was filled with rough men. While the show was going on a little baby began to cry. That child's cry mightily affected the miners. They made the players stop so that they could hear the voice which recalled the holy memories of their eastern homes. If a child's cry can soften the heart in a theatre it can teach a gospel lesson in a church service. Oh, mothers with little children, when you come to the church bring your labeter. preach from any sacred desk. ers with little children, when you come to the church bring your babies. When I used to be taken to church as a little child the sweet influence of the gospel penetrated my being, though often before the service closed, in childhood's weariness, I went to sleep with my head pillowed on my mother's lap. No mother can be a true example to her children unless at the same time she is a true church member.

"But," some one may say, "you have not spoken yet of the greatest of all examples which a true mother ought to set before her children. She should and must be a Christian woman. She cannot be a true wife, daughter, member of society and of man. She cannot be a true wife, daughter, member of society and of the charch unless in the first place she fully realizes her responsibility to her Maker and Redeemer and Saviour." Well, my friend, perhaps I have done wrong in not making this thought the first and chief heading of my sermon. But, to tell the truth, I have gone upon the supposition that all the wives and mothers assembled in this congregation are Christian women. I believe that deep down in your hearts you feel deep down in your hearts you feel your responsibility to Christ. I preach with another purpose than to bring you as new converts to Christ. I have tried to show the different directions in which the river of your siritual love should flow. I have tried to show you this because I want to prove that your daughters' spiritual love will flow in the same direction as yours finds an outlet.

Do you know what impresses me most about a little boy? The fact that he wants to be like his father. The little fellow wants to wear the The little fellow wants to wear the same kind of suspenders, and the same kind of a vest, and white shirt, and collar, the same kind of laced shoes. He wants to imitate his father's good habits as well as his lad. Do you know what impresses me most about a little girl? She wants to be like her mother. "As is the mother, so is her daughter." When my sisters were young, the first act I remember about them was this: They used to rummage in mo-

When my sisters were young, the first act I remember about them was this: They used to rummage in mother's closets and get out her long dresses and pin them around their waists and play they were grown women going calling. When little girls were born in my own home, I found they did with my wife's things just what my sisters used to do with my mother's. I find the little girls along the streets trying to imitate their mothers in the same way.

Mothers in the house and on the street, will you not set your children the right kind of an example when you know your daughters are going to copy after you? Will you not surrender yourselves, body, mind and soul to the Saviour's service as a wife, a sister, a member of the church and of society, so that the Christ love which shines through your face' shall shine through theirs? Will you not so live that your Christian consecrated lives will be to your children an inspiration, your death a benediction, your resurrection a fact which will beckon them on to join you at the foot of God's white throne? Shall not the rose bush bring forth a rose? Shall not a ma'ernal song find an echo in a daughter's heart?



In the Home of the Artisan Malta-Vita makes the Early Breakfast

the best meal of the day. Canada's prosperity is due largely to two classes of her people-her

mechanics and her farmers, and there is nothing too good in the way of food for either of them. The old-fashioned idea that the skilled mechanic, because he labors with his muscles as well as his brain, requires a heavy food has been pretty well exploded. The mechanic, himself, has found out that Malta-Vita,

the perfect food, is far more nutritious and digestible than meat, potatoes or baker's bread. It is made from the whole wheat and possesses all its nutritive qualities in the most digestible form. Malta-Vita is the ideal food for a hastily prepared meal for it is cooked ready for immediate use. Served, hot or cold, with cream, milk or fruit it is simply delicious.

No Work-No Heat-Just Cream-Then Eat.

*************** BAKING

Give your wife a chance and she'll bake bread like that mother used to make.

For rolls and biscuitsthat require to be baked quickly there's nothing like

THE CHATHAM GAS CO Limited. King St. 'Phone Si ***************

NOTICE.

+++++++++++++++++++++++

No person with a house or other building over one story high should be without a good ladder. You should have them for

FIRE PROTECTION, CLEANING OUT EAVE-TROUGHS, PAINTING CLEANING WINDOWS, &c. 1

Call and inspect the Famous & WAGGONER EXTENSION LADDER. For sale by Office King St. T. O. O'ROURKE Chatham Opp P.O.

WALL **PAPER**

COOPER'S BOOKSTORE.

116 King St., Chatham .

A large stock of elegant patterns and great variety. My stock is complete. You need not send off to Toronto or elswhere when you can do better here.

ROBT. GOOPER

SAND and GRAVEL

Having the tug "Vick" and a sand scow, I am prepared to enter into con-tracts for the supply of sand and gravel

NOW READY FOR New Business-More Business-Better Business

Having our new mill machinery fully adjusted we are now prepared to offer our customers Beaver Flour better than ever before.

Farmers can now get their chopping done to their entire satisfaction as heretofore and with the greatest

Call and inspect our new plant. It will convince you that we have the equipment and facilities to turn out all products to the entire satisfaction of the most particular

WHEAT WANTED. Highest prices paid. Buy **Beaver Flour.** It is the cheapest be-

The T. H. TAYLOR CO., Limited Cor. William and Colborne Sts.

THE LATEST AND LIGHTEST RUNNING

Is sold by A. H. PATTERSON, CHATHAM. Over one hun. dred of these Plows were sold last year. It is as light draft as a walking plow. Two

horses can pull it, and is

guaranteed to do the work of two walking Plows. Also

the two furrow Sulky Plow is a wonderful light draft plow, and any person wanting a two furrow Plow should

call and see the

Perrin Sulky Plow

H. Patterson, Chatham.

********** Trust and Private Office lately occupied by Edwin

HIS Young wife was all distracted for he we Parisian Steam Laundry