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*Holiness Writers*

# **A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS**

By

*Forman Lincicome*

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without  
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

**Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World**

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# **A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS**

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**DEDICATION**

To My Wife

**Lucinda Ellen Lincicome**

Who is not only an ideal mother to our children  
but who for more than thirty years has graciously  
and successfully presided over the home  
in my protracted absence, enabling me to travel  
extensively in the interest of the Kingdom  
which God has called me to represent,  
this booklet is affectionately  
dedicated.

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## **INTRODUCTION**

The last decade has been a period during which the moral standards and conventions, approved by the race through many generations, have been popularly discarded. They have become outmoded in this sophisticated age. The result has been the development of a spirit of lawlessness and revolt against moral and civil laws which is appalling.

Many thoughtful students of social trends trace the development of this spirit to the modern home. A home in which reverence for God and respect for the rights of others are wanting can not produce desirable members of society. The author of this little volume, "A Tribute to Mothers," vividly portrays the type of mother who presided over the American home when it was all the word connotes — a type of mother who cradled a race of devout, God-fearing men and women. The restoration of this home, where order and discipline prevail, presided over by mothers of character, will soon solve the present social problems of Bolshevism, anarchy and lawlessness. The author pays a fitting tribute to this type of mother. Reading his tribute, we shall all cherish and revere motherhood in its expression of the noblest and best in human experience.

B. H. Gaddis

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# **A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS**

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## **John 19:27 — "Behold Thy Mother."**

Our debt to motherhood is a great one. To mother we owe our lives, and one of the greatest blessings is to live.

Lincoln said, "All that I am I owe to my angel mother." The first thing Garfield did after taking the oath of his office was to turn and kiss his mother and say to her, "You brought me to this." Many a man no doubt is enjoying a fame which is due his self-sacrificing mother. People hurrah for the governor when they ought to hurrah for the mother. The world too often sees only the successful son and seldom sees the mother in the background.

The world has heard much about Luther, but not so much about Mrs. Luther; nevertheless, we know that she rocked a reformation in her cradle. The world has heard much about John Wesley, but not so much about Mrs. Wesley, and yet she gave to the world through her boys a new church which has been the mightiest influence for the spread of the gospel since the days of the apostles.

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## **A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS**

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### **I**

#### **BEHOLD MOTHER'S PLACE OR SPHERE**

A woman in her place is a great light, but out of her place only a shadow. Certainly she is in her place in the home. The foundation of the home may be made of stone and brick, the floor may be laid with hard wood, the roof with shingles or slate; the illumination may be candle, lamp, gas or electricity; but mother is the heart and soul of the home. She is the breath of life, the pulse, the atmosphere; without mother the home is pulseless and empty, cold and dead. Without mother home is not home. Lumber, brick, stone and mortar can not make a home, although there be fifty thousand dollars' worth of it. Lumber and stone may make a house, but not a home. A house is no more a home than a hut is a hell. It takes mother to make a home. A mother's place is in the home, and she can never rise above the sphere in which God has ordained she should move. And whenever she takes unto herself larger powers of supposed usefulness, neglecting the divine mission of motherhood and home-building, she starts the processes of moral decay that are sure to end in social and domestic anarchy.

Many a mother does not spend enough time at home with her children. May this not account in part for the great lack of home appeal? We must admit the average American home has lost its appeal. Why is it that so many of the members of the family are found outside and beyond the circumference of the home? Why is it that that child of yours feels martyred when told he must stay at home one evening? Why is it that he feels he is missing something worth while and getting nothing at all in return? Why is it that every other thing and place appeal more than home?

Many a home is just a place to go and from which to wander and then back again to eat and sleep. Home with some is just a filling station. The children used to live in their homes, that is, when they had fathers and mothers; but now many of them live in automobiles and movies. The auto and the movie are the homes greatest competitors.

A real estate man wanted to sell a young lady a home. She said to him, "Why should I need a home? I was born in a hospital, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, married in a church, take my meals at a restaurant, spend my afternoons playing bridge, my evenings at the movies. When I die I will be buried by an undertaker. All I need is a garage."

One of America's greatest needs is more old-fashioned, bread-making, home-staying mothers, mothers who will spend more time with their daughters. Some women have their heads so full of politics, business, clubs and bridge that they give less time and attention to their offspring than the average cow gives to her calf.

There are mothers all over this country who do not know where their sixteen-year-old daughters are much of the time. Imagine a mother bear allowing her cubs to ramble over the mountains unattended! To all who know anything about nature such a thing is unthinkable. Yet the modern city

is one thousand times more dangerous to the inexperienced youth than the mountain fastness is to a cub bear. While mothers are off to the lodge, the club, the party, hell is going on in their homes and the devil has foreclosed the mortgage on their daughters.

Foolish are the mothers who are too busy with committees and parties in the church and out of church to live with their children. A distinguished judge recently told a grand jury that if the American women would spend more time at home with their boys and girls instead of so much time with committees and parties, there would not be so many young girls on the road to maternity before they are seventeen and not so many boys vomiting their way out the back doors of saloons.

The hen is a very humble mother in this fashionable world of ours. She never slept on a mattress, never owned a hand mirror, a napkin or a toothpick. She always walks about bareheaded and barefooted; but we must grant her this: she knows how to tell her own bedtime stories and stays closer to her little brood than some mothers.

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# **A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS**

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## **II**

### **BEHOLD MOTHER'S WORK**

A mother's work is second to none in importance. The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. What our nation will be twenty-five years hence depends upon the mothers of today.

The sad thing about this generation is that it is producing a type of women, many of whom are more or less unfit for motherhood. As I look out on the present-day fashion-loving, immodest-dressing, round-dancing, cigaret-smoking outfit, I ask myself the question: Who is going to produce the great sons for tomorrow? Modesty is the crown of motherhood, and countless thousands of the present-day immodest-dressing girls know but little or nothing about this priceless virtue.

A prize was offered to the school teacher who could write the best paper on "The Greatest Woman." The one who won the prize had this to say: "The greatest woman of history is the wife of a man of moderate means who does her own cooking, sewing, washing, ironing, who brings up a family of boys and girls to be useful members of society, and finds some time for intellectual improvement."

This woman is well-known. She lives in many communities and in the hearts of many sons and daughters who have had their chance in life through her efforts and guidance.

Being a king or a president is insignificant compared to filling the place of a mother. Commanding an army is little more than sweeping the street, compared to the training of a boy or a girl. To teach a child to love the truth and hate a lie, to love purity and hate vice, is a greater achievement than the building of an airplane. Artists, authors, orators, statesman, soldiers, inventors, teachers, kings and presidents — all fall in line behind mothers.

There is not an angel in heaven who would not gladly exchange places with the woman who has accepted the task of motherhood. Yet the philosophy of the first social circles is childlessness. Society has in many places almost put maternity out of fashion. Many of our modern women are noted for two things, namely, for their love of display and their skill in avoiding motherhood. A childless home is one of two things: it is either a great crime or a great misfortune. Back of many a childless home is one of two things: criminal meanness or crystallized selfishness. Selfishness always prefers a new car to a new baby, a new mahogany desk to a new gas range.

Mother's work consists of three things:

1. Molding and forming character. When it comes to a task worth while there is nothing in the world as heroic and thrilling, as challenging, as exhausting and as satisfying as the work of a mother.

It deals with life in the most intimate and exalted way. Life's greatest opportunity is with life; for, in the words of Webster, "You can work upon marble, but it will perish; work up brass, but time will efface it; rear temples and they will crumble in the dust; but if you build a character, you build something that will stand and brighten through all eternity."

"Character before wealth" was the motto of Amos Lawrence, who had inscribed upon his pocketbook, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Mothers are formers of characters. One former of character is worth twenty reformers of character. Had we as parents given more time to formation and information we would not need so much time now for reformation. For it is easier to build than to rebuild; easier to store than to restore; easier to form character than to reform character.

The forming of character is a part of mother's work that is obscure-but what of it? So is God's work obscure. Ninety per cent of every harvest is God's work, and only ten per cent man's. The farmer's work is all above the sod. He plows, sows, cultivates where all can see what he is doing. God's part of the work is under the sod, where no man can see.

How much like God's work is the work of a mother!

2. Another part of mother's work is training and saving the children. Children are sent to mothers to be trained for the service of God. Withholding them is dangerous business; repressing them is worse.

When General Oglethorpe invited John and Charles Wesley to come to America, their father had just died and their mother was old. Two duties confronted them. They mentioned the call to their mother. She replied in words as holy as scripture, "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them again."

An unknown mother in England poured out her prayers for her dissipated son. This wretched wreck by the grace of God became none other than John Newton, the eminent minister of London. John Newton was instrumental in getting Thomas Scott, and Thomas Scott won William Cowper, and William Cowper led Wilberforce to God. All of this endless, indescribable good brought about by the prayers of one humble, unheralded mother!

The odds are against some mothers in saving their children, for they are hampered and handicapped by the open indifference and willful opposition of a foul-mouth, cussing, whisky-drinking, tobacco-chewing, cigaret-smoking, card-playing, Christ-rejecting, church-absenting husband.

Some mothers may succeed in bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and get them to heaven finally; but if they do, they will have to keep them away from the dance halls, gambling dens, booze joints, and also away from the company of their own husbands. For when that boy of yours walks down the street with that foul-mouth, swearing, whiskey-drinking, Christ-rejecting, church-absenting husband of yours, he is in mighty poor company.

Mother will find it harder to save her children to a life of holiness and happiness if she encourages them in practices of dangerous tendencies. Foolish is the mother who sends her daughter half-clad into the streets, dressed in such a manner as to tempt every man she meets to study her anatomy. We are not hankering after the superfluous yards of dry-goods that swept the city pavements a decade or two ago; but it can not be denied that the prevailing fashion of today, especially among young girls who have no deep appreciation of suggestive tendencies, apes the girls who sell their bodies for a price and dress not to cover, but to uncover; not to conceal, but rather to reveal.

Human nature even at its best is a tinderbox, and the uncovered body is a match thrown into that tinder-box. Most mothers know this well enough, and thousands have daily battles with their thoughtless but ambitious daughters. Those mothers need not the warning, but those who raise no protest should know that they will be partners in the guilt of whatever happens to their daughters if they fail at this point.

Statisticians tell us that there are 80,000 useless baby graves dug every year in America, and that about half that number of girls disappear every year as completely as if they had been buried.

Foolish is that mother who encourages that daughter of hers to dance. Dancing has a dangerous tendency. The police of New York say that three-fourths of the abandoned girls of New York were ruined by dancing. Mothers sometimes hide behind the defense that their daughters dance only with gentlemen. You put the bare arms of the half-nude body of a girl within the arms of a young man, and intoxicate them with the rhythmic flow of sensuous music, and all flesh is as much alike as a row of plucked geese. "It is not the gentlemen that saves," says Rowland Hill, "it is the grace of God."

3. Another great part of mother's job is discipline. One of the greatest enemies of our home is the wishy-washy mother who lets her children do as they please. When a mother tells her child to do a thing, and it does not do it, she then and there loses her authority. Because of the breakdown of authority children everywhere are getting beyond the parents. It is bad for the parents, but a thousand times worse for the children. It is a common thing now to hear a little girl twelve years old stand up and argue the case with mother, and nine times out of ten win in the argument.

The march of progress has contributed much to the delinquency of the children of this generation. Progress has given us the safety and done away with the razor strap. It has given us the gas range and done away with the woodshed.

There is one sure way to spoil some children, and that is to spare the rod. It was Solomon who said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and he ought to know.

Never in America's history have our homes been so insecure and their sky so dark-largely due to the breakdown of authority and proper discipline in the home.

Love is the magic word today; but love without discipline is an angleworm. Love needs a backbone, or it is nothing but pulp. I would not recommend that you should necessarily adopt the method of the colored mother who, when asked how she raised her children, replied by saying, "I

raise them with a barrel stave and raise them often." But you must make the child know somehow that there is an authority in the home higher than their own whimsical wills.

The first thing Mother Wesley taught her children was that they would get nothing by crying for it. With this first lesson taught she brought up her nineteen children and taught them all herself. Mother Wesley's discipline is the fountain-head from which the magnificent discipline of the whole Methodist Church came.

Luther's mother was so stern a disciplinarian that she once flogged Martin until blood came for so small an offense as taking a few nuts. This no doubt is very repugnant to many of our readers who are trying to raise their children by the rules of modern child psychology; but it shows from whence came the righteous wrath that made us free.

Mother Wesley and Mother Luther were strict disciplinarians, but they gave the world something. Mother Wesley furnished a Methodist Church through her son John and 5,000 hymns through her son Charles; and Mother Luther furnished the emancipation of a race and gave us Protestantism.

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# **A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS**

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## **III**

### **BEHOLD MOTHER'S NEGLECT, OR THE WAYS BY WHICH SHE IS NEGLECTED**

(For much that I shall say regarding the neglect of mothers I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Davis, a Lutheran minister, who at the time he wrote his book on "Mothers" lived at Indiana, Pennsylvania.)

There are many forms of neglect from which mothers suffer.

1. They suffer from neglect of cooperation in parental training. Whenever we read of the mother of Zebedee's children coming with her sons we can not but wonder where Zebedee was. There are many places where he could have been, but at any rate he was not with his wife in her venture.

How often have we seen this in our many years of experience and travel: beautiful, dutiful mothers bringing the fruit of their bodies to the house of God to dedicate them in holy baptism, and not having the pleasure of the husband standing by their side, promising that he will do all he can to help mother in bringing up the children in the way they should go.

How a man can vow before high heaven that he will love, honor and protect a woman, and then widow her in the sweetest and holiest things of life, is more than language can explain or logic prove.

Husbands, don't neglect your wife in her holy aspirations to save all her children to God and heaven. To go with her in providing bread and shelter is fine; but to stop there and not assist her in things divine is to live in a cellar.

Do not wait, as many do, to do your penance when she is gone. Mingle your prayers and your songs now and avoid the tears of regret later on.

This lack of domestic cooperation has damaged many a home. No home can succeed hitched tandem, with the mother going in one direction and the father in another. It seems we have the idea that father is only to be the provider — that all he is expected to do is to slave on the outside, to labor and toil to support the family. Too often the job of disciplining and saving the children falls on mother. Fathers are not only to provide, but they should help decide. The father who lets the mother do all the deciding learns too late that he has lost the affections and respect of his children.

2. Mothers suffer from the neglect of consideration.

This is often most acute at twilight, the time that should be quiet and serene. Some men think, because they have had troubles at the shop or office, that their wives ought to be as placid as an evening lake when they enter the door. They don't seem to think that many times those good wives of theirs, all unknown to the husbands, have been battered all day by three or four juvenile tots

bumping into each other and screeching as well as humming about half the time, that the babies have been cross, the clothes-line has broken and all the clothes had to be gone over again, that the wives have had to keep on the job, though they ought to have been in bed.

If some men had to change places one day a week with the mothers of their children and were chained to the kitchen table for security, the suicides of the country would be doubled within a year, or there would be a great demand for new tables.

Don't you husbands forget when you come home of an evening that the one who darns your socks, presses your pants, cooks your meals and nurses your babies may have had nothing but a storm all day long. If she comes to you with nervous exhaustion like a bird to a lighted window, let her find it open and not break her wings and beat out her life against a crystal indifference.

3. Mothers are neglected sometimes in the daily round of toil. In spite of the fact that we have electric appliances there are still men who let their wives drudge along with the same old slow-moving tools that were used in the days of Pharaoh. The Lackawanna Railroad built a twelve-million-dollar bridge to save twenty minutes' time between New York and Buffalo. It is all right to go to some expense and work to save a little time, but what about mother? Isn't she worth saving? We should save all the time and money we can, but we should save mother first. Her love for her children will keep her working away until she falls in her tracks. She will wear her fingers through in order to provide for them. She will stitch and stitch in poverty, hunger and dirt, sewing at once a double thread — a shroud as well as a shirt.

4. Another way by which mothers suffer from neglect is the neglect to provide for their financial support.

No man has a moral right to leave her future without ample provision. "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel." I can hardly think of a greater injustice than for a man to marry a woman, give her half a dozen little children, then lie down and die and be carried by angels into heaven, be given a golden chariot to ride around in over gold paved streets and a mansion to live in, with his wife and children down here in a poorhouse, when an insurance policy might have prevented it. Life insurance is as truly a part of religion as many other things we might mention. It may pinch hard at times to pay the premiums, but your wife and children will rise up and call you blessed for making such a provision for them. When a man embarks on the sea of life with a woman he is morally bound to provide for her safe landing.

5. Another neglect from which mothers suffer is the neglect of appreciation. Solomon has said, "There is a generation that curse their father and bless not their mother."

Many children, day after day, year after year, receive a mother's comforting ministries as they receive sunlight and air — without ever a thought of their origin or a word of thanks for them.

They bless not their mother — they drag her down like a hidden tumor, depress her like a smoky lamp, put the drab of the Siberian exile in her life and fill her soul with the shadows of a dungeon.

Four stalwart sons came to see their mother on her dying bed. One of the boys said, "You have been a successful mother. We boys have often spoken to each other about how wonderful you have been." And as he said it she lifted her weary eyelids and sadly said, "You never said that before. I have often wondered if I had succeeded." Oh, the tragedy of a deferred loyalty, of mis-timed ministries!

Most people have an alabaster box, but they have it tucked away on a back shelf, only to use it on a funeral occasion. Don't let us wait until mother dies to break our alabaster box; let us break it now, so that she will be benefited by it. A few words of appreciation will put the warble of the linnet in any mother's heart and drive her sorrows away. Give her that word now. It will cost you nothing, but it will make her feel richer than a queen.

Remember that old age gets lonely. Vanished faces, fallen forms, innumerable graves troop before her all the time, and she often feels like the last oak of a forest. So give her some cheer by giving her some words of appreciation. What angel benedictions will drop into your heart when you take your last look at her sweet face if you have been kind and appreciative!

Let us give-give of our money, give of our comradeship, give of our love. Not as a merchant or a banker gives, who keeps an account, but as mothers give in sweet, self-consuming service, which gives without abatement so long as the power remains to give.

Let us remember that no courtesy has been declared unconstitutional, nor any law passed against the purchase of a box of chocolates for a girl whose hair is now grey.

If your mother is alive, visit her. She is worth all the affection and honor you can bestow upon her. A neglected mother's grave is an everlasting disgrace to a set of children. No matter how pious they may seem, it is a wart on the face of religion and a smudge on the fairest profession.

6. But the worst sort of neglect of mother is the neglect of love. There are women who are living in mansions who would gladly go back to that mountain cabin in which they first lived if they could only recover the love which was once theirs. Their sad condition often began by the simple neglect of the little things that made the romance-days so poetic and sweet.

We win our prize against the world and then depend upon law and social restraints to do the rest; and they do it and do it effectively. Love moves out and tolerance moves in. The neighbors may not know the difference, but the starving mother's heart does.

It is said that Mary kept all these things in her heart. If what some neglected mothers keep in their hearts were turned into iron it would be enough to snap the Brooklyn Bridge in a moment if it fell full-weight upon it.

This is not only true of vital mothers, but it is also true of step-mothers, who step in to finish the work of vital mothers, and who many times get nothing for their trouble but the sneers and jibes of a half dozen grown children and often the questionable loyalty of the man who pleaded with her to mother his motherless brood. Of all the ingrates in this world, a step-mother meets the worst.

Next to the step-mothers come the soul-mothers. Among the soul-mothers is that great and innumerable host of school teachers who, amid the dust of chalk and the monotony of endless drills, are stamping on the little minds and hearts the elements of politeness, cleanness, orderliness, patriotism, learning and reverence. No nobler order of public ministries tread the earth today than our school teachers; and many of them are unappreciated, judging by the meager sums they are paid for the service they render. A bootblack is paid more for shining boots than the average school teacher is paid for shining brains.

But the mothers who famish for love are not only the wives of living men. Some years ago the newspaper reported the death of a woman in a Pennsylvania poorhouse at the age of 101 and just below the account of her death was the statement that she was survived by four sons, corroborating the old saying that it is easier for one parent to take care of ten children than for ten children to take care of one parent.

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### **IV**

#### **BEHOLD MOTHER'S LOVE**

Mother's love is enduring. "It can't be chilled by selfishness, daunted by danger, weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. It will sacrifice every comfort for our convenience and surrender every pleasure to our enjoyment. It will glory in our fame and exult in our prosperity; and if misfortune overtake us, we will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settles upon our name, she will love us and cherish us in spite of our disgrace; and if all the world beside cast us off, she will be all the world to us."

Mother's love is constant — more constant than the sun, Her ideas at times may seem a bit tame; she may look like a motionless ship on a breezeless sea. She may not sparkle as much as some of the present-day fuzzy-headed fudge-eaters who drain their knowledge through a straw from novels and magazines; but she is the only person on earth who can divide her love among several children and at the same time give each child all her love.

Mother's love is self-sacrificing. Motherhood involves more everlasting toil, fatigue and sacrifice than any other calling. This may be why many women avoid it. Solomon says, "Mothers are like merchant ships." If you will inform yourself as to a merchant ship, you will find that they are nearly always moving. Battleships loiter in tropical waters, but merchant ships stay only long enough to load and unload.

This is true of mothers. Some of them never do unload. Yes, mothers are like merchant ships — always on the go. Mothers are not often capturing prizes in hundred-yard dashes and would be poor wager in any race that required a galloping foot, with all their fallen arches and aching feet made doubly sore by the thoughtlessness of their children.

Just suggest to her that you do not feel good, and at once she is on her way to the medicine cabinet to find the thing she thinks you need. Just say to her that you are cold, and she is out of her bed searching for another comforter to spread over and to tuck around you.

She anticipates our needs and seems to delight in supplying them. No wonder dying souls cry, "Mother, Mother!" in their last moments. Beecher said, "A mother of a little child is the best-anchored person in all the world." That no doubt is true, but mother is more than anchored. She is steeped suds-deep in employment, with her table to set, her babies to pet, her rips to mend, her dinners to tend, her jackets to rub and buttered faces to scrub.

Mother not only conducts one business, she conducts a dozen. First of all, she is running a restaurant. She cooks one thousand meals each year for James, and one thousand meals for Mary, and one thousand for every member of the family. Everything must be just right; and if it isn't, some one is ready to complain. They never think to tell mother when things are just right. There is many

a mother dying for just a few words of appreciation from her children, whom she went down into the jaws of death to bring into life.

Mother also runs a laundry. Where there are several in the family she has to wash and iron two and three times a week. Then all the clothes must be looked over, and those that need to be mended put to one side, and for hours mother sits and patches and darns.

Mother also runs a tailor shop, a clothing establishment. She can not always afford to buy the clothes all ready made; she must buy the cloth and cut it after a pattern, and day in and day out she is running the machine and pushing the needle. When everybody else in the house is resting, mother is working to get the little garment ready for the children.

Mother runs a university. Every child comes to mother with his problems, wanting to know how to pronounce this word or work that example.

Mother also runs a hospital much of the time, for at times several of the children are sick and mother has to be both doctor and nurse. Who is up at all hours of the night, tucking the covers around the body and giving medicine and doing what she can to fight back the burning fever? It is mother.

A poem by Edgar Guest reads as follows:

"Never a sigh for the cares that she bore for me,  
Never a thought of the joys that flew by,  
Her one regret that she couldn't do more for me.  
Thoughtless and selfish, her master was I.

"Oh, the long nights she came at my call to me!  
Oh, the soft touch of her hands on my brow!  
Oh, the long years that she gave up all for me!  
Oh, how I yearn for her gentleness now!

"Slave to her baby, yes, that was the way of her,  
Counting her greatest of services small.  
Words can not tell what this old heart would say of her  
Mother — the sweetest and fairest of all."

Mother is the only union worker in the world who absolutely ignores all the union rules and at the same time keeps her membership. She thinks so much of the eight-hour day that she puts in at least two of them every twenty-four hours. Many a mother would need a three nights' practice to know how to use one unbroken nights' rest. On many a tombstone could be truthfully written: "Here lies a woman killed by too much sewing, scrubbing, washing, and baby nursing." Gentlemen, if the burdens and cares that fall upon the heads and hearts of the mothers of our children were to fall upon ours for the short time of six months, every one of us would be a fit candidate for an insane asylum.

Life, with mother, is a series of self-denials. She stays away from the concert or social affair in order that you may go and have a good time. She crucifies her love of pretty clothes and desire for good things in order that the son or daughter may have them. How great is her heroism! No one else makes such sacrifices nor endures such privations; no one in the family whose service begins to compare with hers, and yet no one is more neglected. No matter how loving and thoughtful and kind the father may be, the heavier burdens fall on the heart and hands of mother.

Her cares never cease; and the pathetic thing about it is that she rarely is given any credit or praise for what she does while she is living. Whatever you do, do not neglect mother. Sooner or later you must stand by the grave that holds her lifeless body, and it will give you great pain if you have failed in your duty to her. Don't think it a hardship if you are asked to contribute of your means toward her support in the closing years of her life, for she sacrificed for you.

But with all the work and fatigue and sacrifice which go with motherhood, mother is happiest person in the world. She has more variety in spite of all the monotony, more poetry in spite of all the prose, more music in spite of all the jargon, more remuneration in spite of all the unappreciation, than any other worker in the world; and no doubt she will have a higher place in the kingdom above.

Augustine will doubtless occupy a high seat in glory; but the mother who followed him with her prayers, her tears, her weary feet, until turned her prodigal into a preacher, will occupy a much higher seat.

John Wesley, whose parish was the world, and Charles, his brother, who left 5,000 hymns to cheer the human race, will occupy high seats; but right between John and Charles and higher up than either of them will be Mother Wesley.