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Mothers.

No one can think about mothers impersonally. When the word "mother" is spoken, you think instinctively of your mother. I think of mine.

What a flood of golden memories! I see her....a little woman with brown curling hair and rosy cheeks. Long before her boy is old enough to go to school she has found time to take him on her lap and, with the help of an old cloth spelling book, has taught him to read.

I see her walking down the church aisle....on Sunday morning, followed by her own honor guard of a daughter and four big sons. I see her in the woods in Massachusetts beside the lake she loved so well.

One sunny morning in the autumn she woke early and walked out through those woods and up the country road. It was a beautiful day. Her children and grandchildren were well. She had lived richly; she was very happy.

Suddenly there was a flash of pain, and she sat down on a stone in the sunshine beside the road and closed her eyes. And quickly, easily, with no more pain, the God she had honored all her life took her silently away.

It was only then, after she had left us, that we knew how really great she had been. From all over the country, from all over the world, the letters and messages poured in. From people she had helped; from people she had encouraged; from people to whom she had given nothing more than a smile.

A world-wide influence she was--just by being her own quiet self.

Whenever I think of her, I find it impossible to be pessimistic about the future of America. Underneath all the political battles and the economic ills, there is a healing and preserving influence of immeasurable power. The love and the faith of American mothers, teaching their children to tell the truth, to face the world bravely, to be kind. This is our strength and the sure source of our salvation. The men and women of America are only grown-up boys and girls who are seeking to be worthy of their mothers. And the mothers believe in their daughters and their sons.

(--From Bruce Barton's Broadcast, for General Electric, on Mother's Day, 1932.)

Model Mother.

Someone has asked why the world has never yet erected a great monument to the memory of any woman. The answer probably is that every good man that ever lived is himself a monument to some noble woman....Since the day when Holy Mary clasped her divine Baby to her heart and breathed the perfume of her breath into the roses of His cheek, woman has been the great lover of Christ. Since the day when Holy Mary followed Him, blood-stained and weary, through the streets of Jerusalem, on the afternoon of His Crucifixion, woman has been the great follower of Christ. From the day when she first taught Him the rudiments of our human wisdom--He, the mighty God, whose voice is the thunder, whose willing servants are the lightning bolts of Heaven, who dipped the lily in eternal snow and washed the rose in the molten sunset, He, whose chemistry is the rainbow, whose mathematics are the orbits of the stars, who wrote the story of the universe in the strata of the earth and folded them up like the pictured pages of a book--He deigned to spell his way through the books of human wisdom at the feet of His Holy Mother, and since that day mothers have been the teachers of all high and noble lessons....(--From an address by Rev. John Cavanaugh, former President of the University.)

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of a student. Ill, Charles Sidner (Brownson); John Ellis (Badin); George Morris (Badin); Bob Hark (O.C.). 1 sp. int. for Father O'Hara. Deceased; W. H. Smith.