The rugged sex. From its mother the child will take the hue which colors the web of existence. In after years, when flame
and desolation— and the storms of adversity are around him
and the winds sweep fearfully along—and the awful roll
of the thunder is heard—and the lurid flash of the lightning
seen—and the waves are high—and the clouds of
heaven are black and ominous, and the heaven is afar—and
his back is tempest-tost: then the precepts of a mother are
the pilot and the helms which guide him through the swaying
deep waters of life, tumultuous sea. Is there then rears in
his passage over the Bridge of Life— that fearful transit
from youth to manhood—and sustained thereby avar-
ces, fearlessly of the powers of fortune, and the dangers that await
him. Wherever he may be— in the sunny vales of the south—
amid polar snows— on the Alps or the Andes— still like
the prayers of the Mussulman his heart— aspirations are
turned towards the Mecca of his home. The waste of years