



Love's Way

Talks with Billy Boy and Marianne about Life and Its Beginnings

By

ARTHUR WHITEFIELD SPALDING

Illustrated by

ROBERT M. ELDRIDGE

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Dedication

To my little children that were, and to their children, and to all the dear children in all the world who love the truth, and who want to know all the truth, and who by God's grace will keep the truth, this book of truth is given.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

Preface:

You Will Be Thankful

WHEN CHILDREN ASK

That You Have This Little Guidebook

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HOW much shall I tell my child? And at what age? And how shall I do it? All parents face these questions-nearly all do so with admitted confusion of thought and some measure of embarrassment. The idea that ignorance is essential to innocence has been pretty well exploded by physicians, social workers, and juvenile court officers, all of whom testify that much of the heartache and heartbreak of life is due to the fact that ignorance as a safeguard has proved a disastrous failure. Thousands of parents who know their duty, but not how to approach it, will welcome this volume in which the way is made plainer by an author who makes a sound Christian approach to a difficult problem. No one who stops to think will fail to see that this instruction through parents-or through such books as parents might put into the hands of their children-is infinitely better than the usual unclean knowledge learned from street acquaintances or picked up from unscrupulous purveyors of vulgarities. If you are concerned that your child learn from pure sources, read this new book, and you will be prepared to impart information exactly in proportion to his needs and in beautiful, chaste language which he can easily understand.



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First, a Word with Parents:

THE story of life is a story of love, and it is the high privilege and the sacred duty of the parent to teach it. When the little child comes in all innocence to his father or his mother, asking, "Daddy, where did you get me?" "Mother, where did I come from?" what shall they tell him? and how shall they teach?

Let them teach him the truth. But first they must know the truth, and then they must know how to teach it. The world has so long gone in the way of obscenity and lechery that even to many good people the subject of sex has become in greater or lesser degree taboo. They have never been trained to think sanely of life and its processes; and even though desirous of instructing their children, they are hampered by their inhibitions and a false philosophy, and they put off the ordeal until it is too late for them to save their children. If parents fail to teach when the time is opportune, their children's minds will be turned to other sources of information, and there is not one chance in a hundred that those sources will be pure. And impurity means ruination of their lives.

PURITY

Parents must, by the grace of God, rid themselves of the idea, if they have it, that sex is inherently vile; and they must come to see and to believe in their inmost souls that, on the contrary, it is the good and beautiful and mysteriously wonderful plan of the Creator to give to us and to our children His own life and love. So must parents believe; and so, in their intelligent marital life, must they make it to be. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God"-see Him, not alone in the glory of yonder heaven, but in the glory of the life He gives us now. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and it is the privilege of parents to "become as little children," and to open the wonders of that heaven to the little child.

In bestowing the power to bring forth new life, God made fathers and mothers to be copartners with Him in creation. It is His greatest natural gift to us. Every part of the science of reproduction, rightly conceived and lived, is pure and holy and beautiful, providing a wonderful story to tell our children. We are not only to tell them that God is their Father and our Father. That is true; but the truth must be explained, and illustrated, and made precious. Therefore we are to teach them how God is the source of life and the giver of life to all things, and, in the highest degree, to His human children. God, our heavenly Father, is the central theme in the story of life.

TIME

When is the time to teach the child the story of life and its origin? Certainly when he begins to ask questions about it, if not before. That may be when he is four years old, or five, or six. Seldom does a child make this inquiry before the age of four; but whenever

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he does, it is time to answer him, truthfully and clearly. Occasionally there may be a child who does not ask of a parent at any time; but in such case it is not commonly because he is incurious, but because there is a lack of confidence in his parents, and possibly because, even so young, his mind has been poisoned by vicious associations. The maintenance of ready confidence between parent and child is of inestimable importance; its loss is an irreparable injury.

But the parent has a means, and should employ it, to prepare the child's mind for the reception of sex truth before he questions about his own origin. God has given us the object lessons for this. Both father and mother must prepare themselves to instruct their child, and not only must they be ready to answer his questions about birth matter-of-factly, as they would any other question, but they must have prepared his mind beforehand to relate this truth of his own life with the truth about all life. Parents, be assured of this: that before your child is many years old, someone will have given him sex information. Who shall it be? The parent may teach purely; most others will not.

WAY

How shall parents teach the story of the beginning of life? Let them first learn as much as they can, and ever more, about the reproductive processes of the lower orders of life. In all but a few very primitive forms, in both the plant and the animal kingdom, God, the Creator, has made every species bisexual; that is, male and female. This is true of plants, herbs, shrubs, and trees. It is true of animals, insects, fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals. In an ascending order related to intelligence, we see practically all living forms beneath us arranged in families, with fathers and mothers and children. The flowers have their children, the butterflies have theirs, and so have the birds and the four-footed creatures. Here is the great world spread out before us in object lessons, teaching not only the processes of generation, but countless lessons of love and obedience to the law of the Creator and of the family.

Children delight in this story of life. They are made happy with the revelation of the beautiful flower parents and their babies; they are charmed with the story of the bird fathers and mothers and children; and the wild animals and the domestic animals, with their varied history of parents and young, some of them intimately connected with the child as pets, bring our children step by step to the climax of God's love in giving life to them. It is only gross and willful ignorance that can keep parents out of this world of light and beauty and make them deny the truth to their children. Parents, let us take our children by the hand and lead them into the presence of God, who is our Father and theirs.

REASON

Yet it is not strange that so many parents have hesitancy and fear in approaching this subject. When they were children and youth, they learned what little they learned of this holy truth from polluted sources that made it vile in their minds. The devil has smeared the life of God in the muck of obscenity, and he has taught it to the world. Many persons, abhorring that filth, have confused it with the life it covers, and they condemn the life which is God's. They need help to catch the vision of God, to receive His clean science, and to give it to their little ones.

To assist parents in what is to many a difficult task, this book is written. It follows the line of teaching already suggested, beginning with the flowers and continuing upward in the plan of organized life-not, indeed, dealing with every successive form, but presenting in a simple progression representative stages in the scheme of creation; and through all, it teaches the flowing of the love of God. This is the most vital matter: that God be brought close to the consciousness of the child in every expression of life. There is no being called "Nature," though we have fallen into the way of giving that name to the forces of life. What men call nature is God working in and through the forms of life He has created. God is not distant from us; He is close to us, our heavenly Father. This is the most precious lesson that the child can learn.

METHOD

The parent should first read through this book, and determine what use he will make of it. It is put in child language, not to indicate that it must be read as a story to the child, but rather to help parents understand the child mind and use the child's language. Some older children can benefit from direct reading, and it may be read if the parent thinks best; but in most cases the ideal way is for parents to tell the story to their children. It will be apparent that the story of life as told in this book is in form for the young child. Its concepts are very simple, and its expression is in conversational style suited to the young-child mind. One would not tell it so to the adolescent, or to the preadolescent, or even to the eight-year-old. Other books for them. Speech and form must fit the age. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

LEISURE

Do not hurry; the book is not to be given to the child at one sitting. The field of teaching it covers may possibly occupy from one to three years. It is necessary, in order to give the science in compact form, thus to condense it in this little book; but let parents and all readers understand that that does not mean it is to be given quickly and solidly. To do so would be to give the child mental indigestion, and possibly moral obliquity. Be natural. Follow the child's interest; answer his questions as they come; lead him into the next division of the subject as his developing intelligence indicates. If the parent will

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study this book for himself, digest it, and be ready to teach the subject in parts, as the child needs it, that will be following our purpose.

To fit the conditions, the persons in the book, or their names, may be changed if desired, when the story is told to the child.

The few words which may be unfamiliar will be found, with their pronunciations and definitions, in the Glossary.



TO MOTHER

WHERE did I come from, Mother dear?
I know the verse that they say:
Out of the everywhere into the here;"
But I couldn't have come that way.
The birdie is hatched, the puppy is born,
The flower comes from a seed.
Was I maybe hatched from a kernel of corn?
Or just grow up, like a weed?
I must be as good as any of these:
Tell me, Where did I come from, please?



FROM MOTHER

WHERE did you come from, Billy Boy?
And where did you, Marianne?
My darling children, my life and joy,
I will tell you as best I can.
You are worth far more than the beautiful flowers,
More precious than birdies dear; God gave you to be forever ours,
And we're glad you are safely here.
So I will tell you the story true
Of where you came from and how you are you.

Love Made You

ONCE there was a time when you just weren't, except in the thought of Love. All things that live come from Love, which is another name for God. God is love. God through love made every living thing. And that means you, too. So you are the dear children of God, as well as our dear children.

In the beginning God made the world. He made all the flowers in it, and He made all the birdies in it, and He made all the fishes in it, and He made all the animals that run on four feet. And when He had made them all, God said: "Now wouldn't it be just lovely to have someone to look after all these flowers and trees and birdies and fishes and animals, to love them, and care for them, and see that everything goes just right? It would. So let us make someone in the image of God, to do just that."

Then whom do you think He made? Why, He made a man, and then He made a woman. And they were the first human father and mother that ever lived. Their names were Adam and Eve.

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God made flowers because He loves flowers. And God made birds because He loves birdies. And He made squirrels and doggies and ponies and all sorts of creatures because He loves them all. But more than anything else, He loves the people whom He made like Himself, in His own image. He calls them His children. And so we call God, "Our Father in heaven," and we love Him because He first loved us.



Little Seeds, Big Seeds, All Kinds of Seeds, Are Bundles of
God's Love

But there was one thing about all these beautiful beings and things which God first made that was not like anything since. That is, they never were babies. Now you can remember when you were babies, maybe—can you? Anyway, you were babies; and I can remember very well when each of you was a baby, just so-o long, not even as big as Mrs. Lovelie's Janet, or the twins that live at the Taylors'. But day by day you grew bigger and bigger. And by and by you will grow up to be as tall as Daddy or Mother.

But that wasn't the way with the first trees, or the first birds, or the first everything-all-together. And that wasn't the way with Adam and Eve. No; they never were babies at

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all; they were grown up at the very first. And now I will tell you how there came to be babies, and so why you, Billy Boy, were a baby at first, and Marianne after you.

God said of Adam and Eve, "They are My children, and I love them. And I want them to have children, so that they will love them just as I love. Well, I shall have to make their children very little, because we all love things that are little, littler than we are, so that we can take care of them, and feed them, and help them, and watch them grow; for that helps us to love them. So I will have Adam and Eve help me make some little ones of their own. The big ones (who are Adam and Eve) shall be the father and the mother, and the little ones (who are their children) shall be the babies."

God said, "Yes, I will make everything to have babies; all the four-footed creatures, and all the winged birds, and all the swimming fishes-and even all the trees and all the flowers. For I love them all, and I want them to love.

And by and by the little ones, their babies, shall grow up, and when they are grown, then they shall have babies, too, and love them. And so love will be forever in the world."

This is the way God did it. He took some of His love and wrapped it up in little bundles, all sorts of bundles, in all kinds of shapes, and in all sizes, and in different colors. Some of them were little, and some of them were big; some of them were white, and some of them were black, and some gray, and some brown; some of them were round, and some of them were long, and some three-cornered, and all sorts of shapes. But whatever size or shape or color they might be, they were all bundles of God's love.

And He gave a different bundle to every different kind of father and mother-to every different flower father and mother, and every different bird father and mother, and every different fish father and mother, and every different animal father and mother. Yes, and to Adam and Eve, who were the human father and mother. And these little bundles are seeds.

And God said: "Now I want every baby to have both a father and a mother; for they will love their babies so much more if they both work together with Me in making these babies. So first I will divide what makes the seed, and give one part to the mother and one part to the father. And when they put their two parts together, that will make the seed. Then I will make the seed grow into the baby, and then I will make the baby grow up to be just like the father or the mother."

So God took all the seeds, all His bundles of love, and divided each bundle. And He hid one part of the bundle in every mother, and one part in every father. The part that He put in the mother is called the egg, and the part He put in the father is called the sperm, though sometimes they have other names, too.

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Now these little bundles of love that God puts into a father and a mother make them love each other. And when they love each other, they are ready to have children, and to love them. So they put their two parts together, the egg and the sperm, to make the seed, and God makes that seed to grow into the kind of baby that is the kind of father and mother that made it. The tree father and mother make a baby tree, and the bird father and mother make a baby bird, and the father and mother who are a man and a woman make a baby boy or a baby girl.

Adam and Eve made the first human baby, and then another, and then more, a good many babies, in fact. By and by all these babies grew up, and then they had babies. Then those babies grew up, and they had babies. The time it takes for babies to grow up and have babies of their own is called a generation. It has been a long, long time since God made Adam and Eve, and there have been, oh, many, many generations. But each generation has passed on to the next generation the bundles of love, the seed, that God gave Adam and Eve, and so there have never ceased to be babies.

So this is the beginning of the story of where you came from and how you were made. You see it was love that made you. Oh, yes, Billy Boy and Marianne, there is very much more of this wonderful story, and I will tell it all to you. But there is so much that I cannot tell it all at once; so we will take it in bits day by day. And now I just believe that if you look around, you can find at least some of the seeds that make the flower babies. Could you?

Flower Babies

OH, have you found some, Marianne? Yes, you have. Those are seeds that make flower babies. You found them right here in Mother's kitchen, didn't you? These two big white seeds in your chubby right hand are lima beans, and they will make baby bean plants and flowers. And in this other hand, these little brown bundles of love are apple seeds, and they will make baby apple trees which will grow up by and by and bear apples.

And here's Billy Boy with some seeds. Let's see what you have. You went outdoors and found them, didn't you? on a bush or on the ground under a tree. Oh, you have so many! These bright-red ones are rose hips. They are really the nests; we shall have to open one to find the seeds. Look, as I open it, every one in his little bed, here are the brown seeds of the rose.

And what is this? Oh, that's an acorn. It is the seed that will make the baby oak tree. And then this hard white nut, with the little ridges on its round body, this is a hickory nut; and it will make a baby hickory, to grow up at last into a great tree like the one under which you found this nut.

All these seeds will make flower babies. Some of them, like these beans, grew on little soft plants that we call herbs. Herbs live only long enough to bear the flowers and make

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the seeds, and then they fade away. But some others, like these rose seeds, grow on bushes. The bushes, or shrubs, live a long time, and every year they bear their flowers and make more seeds. We are glad, aren't we, that the rosebushes stay with us so long, and make so many roses, that look so beautiful and smell so sweet? Every time we look into their beautiful faces, or put them up to our noses to catch their sweet perfume, they seem to say to us, "God is love." For, you see, they came from these little brown love bundles that God wrapped up.

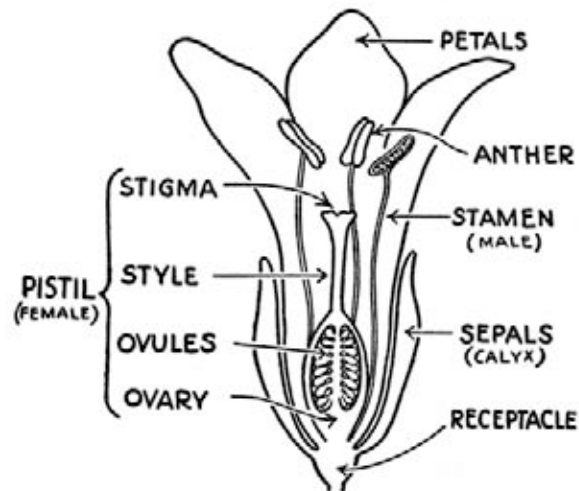


"Happy Days!" Call Mr. and Mrs. Beautiful Star Lily

And then some of these seeds, like the acorn and the hickory nut, make trees which live even longer than the bushes, for they are bigger and stronger; and every year the trees make their flowers, and after them their seeds. Oh, yes, their seeds make flower babies, too; for every tree as well as every herb and every shrub has flowers. Sometime I will show you the oak flowers and the hickory flowers and other tree flowers. Some trees have big, showy flowers, and some trees have tiny little flowers which we can hardly see; but they are beautiful, too, if we look closely at them.

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The flowers have a work to do for us, too. Nearly all of them are beautiful, and so we delight to look at them. Many of them are fragrant; so we like to smell them. And more than that, very many of them make seeds which are good to eat, and so they enable us to live. If it were not for the flowers' making their seeds, we would have scarcely anything to eat. But God created them to make very much more seed than they need to reproduce themselves, and He said to us: "Every tree that has seed good for food, and every herb bearing seed, I have given to you for food."



Here Are Half the House and Half the Household of the Lily Family

How many seeds can you think of that we eat? Beans, yes. And peas. And peanuts. Oh, yes, nuts are seeds; and we eat hickory nuts and walnuts and chestnuts and coconuts. Some people eat acorns, which are nuts from the oak tree. And do you know that bread is made from seeds? and all our breakfast food? seeds of wheat, and oats, and rye, and Indian corn, and rice, and others. Men grind these seeds into flour to make bread, or roll them out, as we do to make rolled oats, or we just cook them whole as we do rice.

Some of the seeds are enclosed in fruits, and we eat the fruits and sometimes we eat their seeds, too, but mostly we save their seeds. There are apples and pears and oranges and grapes. And then there are peaches and plums and apricots and cherries, with hard, stone-like seeds inside them. And then there are berries, like raspberries, and blackberries, and gooseberries, with hard little seeds buried in them. If there were no seeds, there would be no fruits growing around them, and there would be no nuts, and there would be no grains. And, dear me, what would we have to eat?

Everything God made He made to serve something else. This is God's way of love.

Nothing is meant to be selfish, to please only itself, and work only for itself. All the plants and flowers give themselves to the birds and the animals and to us. And we, too, are to be unselfish and work for the plants and the birds and the flowers and for one another. That is the law of life: to serve others. We are happy only when we work to

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make others happy. So when we work for others, we are working for ourselves, too. That's the way with the plants and the flowers. When they make seeds or fruits to give to us, some of the seeds go to make more plants and flowers like themselves.

Do the little seeds make little flowers and the big seeds make big flowers? Oh, no, it isn't that way at all. Some of the littlest seeds make the biggest flowers, and some of the big seeds have very little flowers. But then again, some of the big seeds have big flowers, and some of the little seeds make little flowers. You just can't tell till you go and look.

I think God made them that way to give us surprises. Remember, on your birthday you don't know just what you are going to get for a present; and on Christmas Eve you don't know just what you are going to find on the Christmas tree. And you look and look, and you wonder and wonder, and you wish and wish. And then, by and by, you get your hands on your presents, and you unwrap them, and then, oh, oh, what surprises! You didn't know what was coming, and you are so glad!

Well, that's the way it is with the seeds that the flowers make on herbs and shrubs and trees. You must look and look, and search and search, and you wonder and wonder, until you get your hands on them, and then, oh, oh, what surprises! And how glad you are! What wonderful things come out of the little love bundles!

Now would you like to know how the flowers make their babies? All right. We'll go and find out. Let's go into our garden outdoors, for there are so many beautiful flowers there.

Well, here we are. And all around us are the little people who are the flowers, both the flower mothers and the flower fathers, all in their houses, little and big. Let's call on one family. Which one shall it be? I'll tell you; let's call on the Lily family. They have such beautiful houses, and they are always so glad to see us.

There are many kinds of lilies; some of them have white houses, and some have their houses gaily painted. Indoors, growing in a pot, we have Mr. and Mrs. Easter Lily, in a beautiful white house. But out here in the garden we find one of the earliest, Mr. and Mrs. Beautiful Star Lily, in an orange-red house that says to everybody, "Happy days!"

You see this deep flower cup, parted into six petals that curl over so beautifully? This is the lily's house, and it is made so beautiful to draw us to it, and to draw the butterflies and bees, too, for they like to call on Mr. and Mrs. Lily. And for a very good reason, as you shall see.

"Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Lily."

Do you hear them say, "Good morning, dear children, dear mother. Please walk right in"? So we walk right in with our eyes, and look! here is Mrs. Lily, standing up so straight and tall in the middle.

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Yes, this tall, straight little greenish stem in the middle is the mother of the Lily family. She is called the pistil. And on top of the stem, or style, are three little flat parts that we call the stigma. See, if you touch it ever so lightly with your finger, you will find it is a little sticky. Pretty soon we shall see why.

You must expect to find many different kinds of mothers and many different kinds of fathers, while we go hunting for the flower babies. Because, of course, the flowers are different from us in many ways. So the mothers we shall find don't look like your mother, and the fathers we shall find don't look like your daddy. But they are all very fine mothers and fathers nevertheless.

Well, where is Father Lily? Here he is, all around the mother, six of him. That's funny, isn't it? But that's like the flower fathers: they want to have plenty of themselves. These six slender little stems, or filaments, with the yellow caps tipped so saucily on their heads, are the father of the Lily family. They are called the stamens, and the caps are called anthers.

Well, well! we are not the only visitors to the Lily family this morning. See who is here-- Miss Honeybee. She doesn't stop long to knock at the door; she walks right in. And Mr. and Mrs. Lily are very glad to have her come in, too. They always have a welcome for her, and some lunch for her; and she kisses Father Lily when she goes in, and she always kisses Mother Lily when she comes out. I suspect that the chief reason Miss Honeybee and all her friends, the other bees and the butterflies and moths, come to the house of the lilies and the houses of the other flowers, is that they can get something to eat there.

Where is the lunch? Oh, it's away back here in the lily house. When the butterflies and the moths come, they have such big wings they can't go into the house. But they stop right here to greet Father and Mother Lily, and they have long tongues all rolled up, which they can unroll and reach away down to the food in the dining room.

But Miss Honeybee is rather little, and when she comes, she folds her wings and goes right down in, and eats. The food she finds there is called nectar. It is sweet, like honey. In fact, it is what the honeybees make honey out of, just as men make maple syrup out of the sap that comes from the maple tree.

The bees and the butterflies fly by day, but most of the moths fly by night. Some of them are very beautiful. The white lily houses are easiest to see in the night, and so they are visited more often by the night-flying moths. But those like the Beautiful Star Lily, that have bright-colored houses, are visited more often by the butterflies and the bees.

Now Miss Honeybee has gone. Let's come a little closer ourselves. Doesn't the lily smell sweet? Here, Billy Boy, put your nose right down on it, and smell deep. Ah-h! Now, Marianne.

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Why, children dear! I do believe Father Lily has given you each a present. Look at each other. What's on your noses? A yellow powder. It is made up of tiny grains so small they are just like flour. Yes, that's what Father Lily has to give. And that's what all the other flower fathers have to give. We call it pollen. That is the flower name for sperm. It's the part of the lily love bundle that God gives to the father.

Father Lily, of course, is only a flower father, and he doesn't have eyes to see. So he just gives his pollen to anybody who comes along and touches him. But it doesn't do any good unless it reaches Mother Lily, to help her make the seeds. How will it get to her?

Oh, that's where Miss Honeybee comes in, and all the other bees and butterflies that visit the Lily family. Miss Honeybee walks past

Father Lily when she goes to the dining room, and as she passes him, Father Lily shakes out of his yellow anthers some pollen. It sticks to her fuzzy coat and her legs. And when she walks back up, and goes to say good-bye to Mother Lily, some of the pollen comes off her coat, and falls on the sticky stigma of Mother Lily, and it sticks there.

Or, more likely, Miss Honeybee carries the pollen from Father Lily in this house to a Mother Lily in another house. That's really better. We might say these two grew up together in this house, but they go to find their mates in another house, and be married to them. Only, of course, these two are fastened here, and can't get away; so Mr. Lily just sends his love presents by Miss Honeybee or Mrs. Butterfly.

So now Mrs. Lily has the pollen. What does she do with it? Well, we must look a little farther to become acquainted with her. You see, this tall whitish-green stem, the style, isn't all there is of the pistil which is Mother Lily. No; there is some below, and we shall have to pull things apart a little to find the rest. See, the style is fastened down below to a little green room-three little rooms, in fact, all formed into one long and roundish capsule. This is the rest of Mother Lily. It is called the ovary, but it is part of the pistil which is Mother Lily.

Inside this three-parted ovary are the eggs that are the other part of the love bundle of the Lily family, the part God gives to the mother. We will open up these little rooms of the ovary, and look inside. What do you see? Oh, many little white eggs. The eggs of the flowers we call ovules, but that is just another word which means "little eggs."

Now when the grains of pollen fall on the stigma of the flower mother, each little grain begins to make itself into a tiny thread, so small you can't see it. They all grow right down through the style, into the ovary, and into the little ovules. So now the two parts of the love bundle have been joined together by Father and Mother Lily, and they begin to make the lily seeds.

We can watch the lily flower for days and days now, and see what it does. We shall see the petals, the lily house, fade away. And we shall see the stamens, Father Lily,

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disappear. And the top part of Mother Lily, the style and the stigma, will disappear, too. But the lower part, the ovary, will stay; for that is where the precious seeds are forming. It takes about a month to make the seeds. Then we say they are ripe.

By and by this ovary will become a little dry, hard, brown house to keep the lily seeds in until they are ready to be planted and start to make the baby lilies. Then we call it the seed pod.

As soon as the lily seeds are ripe, they must be planted in soft brown earth. They stay there in the ground until the next spring before they begin to grow.

Last summer I did plant some lily seeds in a corner of the garden. Let's go over and see if they have come up. Here we are. Oh, yes, do you see these little green blades peeping above the ground? This is where I planted the lily seeds, and now here are the baby lilies pushing their heads above the ground.

They will not be babies very long; for all the herb flowers and plants live their lives in a very short time. The baby lilies will grow and grow and grow, and pretty soon they will be big, grown-up lily plants, and then will come out the flowers, to be the fathers and mothers that make more seeds to make more baby lilies.

This is the way that all the flowers make their babies. Each mother and father flower does a little differently from every other flower. But they all make their seeds by bringing together their two parts, the pollen and the ovules; and then these seeds, when they are planted, make the baby flowers.

Some of the herbs and many of the trees do not ask Miss Honeybee or any of her friends to help them carry the pollen from the father to the mother. Instead, they ask the wind to help them. The wind comes along and blows the pollen through the air until some of it comes to rest upon the stigmas of the mother flowers, and so they start to form their seeds.

But altogether this is the way the flower fathers and mothers make their seeds, and from their seeds make their flower babies. Lilies and many other plants have other ways besides to make new ones like themselves; and as we study them, we shall find out how they do it. But still they all do this way, too—they make their babies through their seeds. And I think it is the most natural and beautiful way, don't you?

Little Fishes

MARIANNE! Billy Boy! It's time to feed the goldfish. We must never forget it in the morning, any more than we would forget your breakfast. For you see the goldfish are shut up in the fish bowl, and can't hunt their breakfast for themselves. And since we put them there, we must see that they don't go hungry.

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I think it's time, really, that we put them in the outdoor pool. The ones we have could live there all the time; for the winter is never too cold for them. But, of course, we like to have them where we can see them in the winter, when there are not so many bright things about us; for their shiny bodies flashing through the water are so beautiful to watch.



Out in the Pool Are Some Wonderful Places for Mother and Father Goldfish to Hide

But spring is the time when the fish mothers and fathers want to make their babies. The bowl in the house is not a very good place for that; so we will put them out in the pool. No, of course it's not so good a place to watch them; but they like it better. All the creatures like to hide away when they make their babies; because they are afraid that something will hurt them. It has really taken a good deal of watching and searching around, for men to find out how the baby fishes come to be. Different fishes have different habits, but most of them make their babies just about the way the goldfish do. And I'll tell you how that is.

Just as with the flowers and with all the creatures, God has divided the seed of the fishes into two parts, giving one part to the mother and one part to the father. The

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mother part is the egg, but in the fish mother it is often called roe. The father part is the sperm; but in the fish father all the sperms together are called milt. The sperms have each one a head and a long, slender tail. They look a good deal like tadpoles, only they are so much tinier. By wiggling their tails they can swim about. The eggs of the mother fish do not have a shell around them, as birds' eggs have, but they are covered by something like gelatin that keeps the water out of them. They are soft, and they look clear, only colored a little. The goldfish eggs are a bit yellowish or amber.

So we put the mother fish and the father fish out in the pool. There they find such wonderful places. There are water-lilies growing, with their long stems from the bottom and their broad leaves lying atop the water. And there are arrowhead, and eel grass, and duckweed, and water hyacinth, and rushes, like a little forest under the water with their leaves and flowers atop. And then there are rocks on the bottom, piled up so that there are holes among them. Mother Goldfish and Father Goldfish dart in and out among them. When they are frightened, they hide. When they are not afraid, they swim out into the sunny water. When we feed them by scattering flakes and crumbs and worms on the water, they come up and nibble and eat. I am sure they enjoy their big pool.

But just now the chief thing they have to attend to is the making of their babies. The fish mother has the roe, or eggs, inside her body, in two ovaries that stretch on either side of her backbone almost her whole length. The fish father has the sperms inside his body in two sacs called spermaries, which are in the same place, and just as big, as the mother's ovaries. How shall these two parts, the eggs and the sperms, come together to make the love bundles that shall grow into little fishes?

Of course the fish father and mother can't manage it just as the flowers do. The wind could not carry the sperms to the eggs, nor can the bees or butterflies reach them. So this is what they do. Mother Goldfish swims among the stems of the hyacinths and other plants in the pool, and Father Goldfish swims right after her. As she goes in and out among the plants, Mother Goldfish pushes some eggs out of her body into the water, and as the eggs are sticky, when they come against a plant stem, they stick to it. Then as soon as she has laid them there, she swims away. Father Goldfish swims right after her, and he spills out some of his milt, to cover the eggs.

The eggs of the Mother Goldfish, as of other fish, are tiny. Goldfish eggs are about as big as a pinhead. The sperms of Father Goldfish are very much smaller still, so small, in fact, that you cannot see them separately, but you can see them all together in the milt.

Now the milt settles down and spreads out over the eggs. Then the tiny sperms know just what to do. There are many more sperms than eggs, but only one sperm can join one egg. So a sperm swims about and finds an egg, and grows right into it. And another

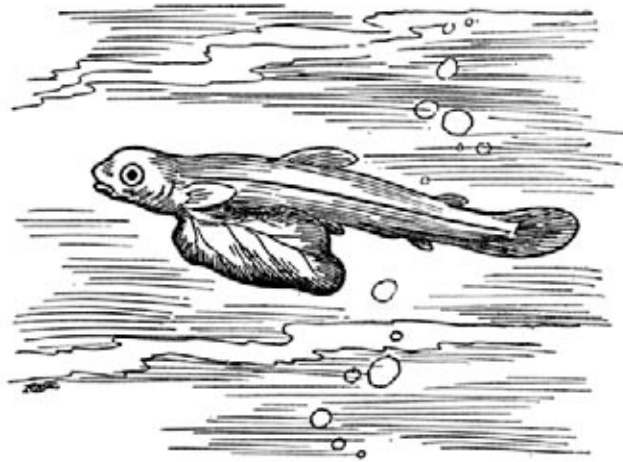
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sperm finds another egg and joins it. And so on. Thus the two parts of the fish love bundle have come together, to make the fish seed which shall grow into little fishes.

We do not often call it fish seed, however, though it really is. And we do not often call any of the love bundles of the living creature's seed, though in fact they are. But because the eggs of all the fish and all the birds are big enough to see, while the sperms are too tiny to be seen, we go on calling this seed the eggs, even after the sperms have joined them to make the seed. We say then that the eggs have been fertilized, which means that the sperms have gone into them.

Of course we know that the eggs without the sperms could not grow into fish; but the fertilized eggs can, because the sperms have joined them. Every baby has to have both a father and a mother. The mother alone could not make the baby, and the father alone could not make the baby; but both of them together can, because God has said that their two parts must come together to make the love bundle that makes the baby.

Very many kinds of fish mothers, however, do not have eggs that stick to plant stems. Indeed, most of the fish mothers lay their eggs right on the ground, at the bottom of the pool or lake or stream, and there Father Fish fertilizes them.



Here the Little Fish Is Made Ten Times Longer, So You Can See Him and His Egg Sac

Now let's go back to the goldfish eggs. Here they are, all fertilized, clinging to the plant stems in the pool. That is all Father and Mother Goldfish have to do for their babies. They just leave them there to hatch out.

And in about a week that is what they do. During these days every little egg is turning into a little fish. It is rather hard to see them, but if we find some clinging to a stem where the sun falls on the pool, we can watch them, and if we have very sharp eyes, we can see them grow.

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At first the little fish is just a tiny spot in the egg. That little spot grows bigger and bigger, and longer and longer, and the clear part of the egg becomes smaller and smaller. It's just turning into fish, that's all. When at last the little fish hatches out, there is only a little bit of the egg left, and that is fastened to his underside in a little sac that in three or four days is all gone, gone right into the fish.

The fish, of course, is a very little fish, only about a quarter of an inch long. And all his brothers and sisters that have come from all the other eggs, are very little, too. They couldn't very well be as big as Father and Mother Goldfish and be their babies, could they? There are a great many of these baby fishes, so many that I don't see how Father and Mother Goldfish could take care of them all. Fortunately, they don't have to. The baby fishes, though so little, can take care of themselves, thank you!

In the first place, they keep together. I suppose they would feel lonesome unless they did. They stay pretty quiet until the egg sac fastened to them is gone. Really the egg sac has been feeding them, though not through their mouths. But when it is gone, then they go hunting around for something to eat, and they find a great deal to eat that you and I could scarcely see. They pick up little bits of food that fall, so to speak, from their parents' table. Some of it may be bits of the flaky fish food we scatter on the water for the big fish, and that we may call their bread. Some of it is tiny little bites of plants, and that we may call their spinach. Some of it is made up of insects' eggs or tiny insects, and that I suppose we may call their breakfast eggs and their meat.

It is a very good thing for us that fish like insects to eat, because some of these insects like to eat us--little bits of us. Mosquitoes, for instance. Mosquitoes like to fly around our heads, singing, "Zing-ing-ing," until, "Wham!" they strike our cheeks or our bare necks or our hands, and sink their bills into us and suck our blood.

Do you know, if we keep enough goldfish or other fishes in the places where mosquitoes like to lay their eggs, there are just almost no mosquitoes at all to bite us? Why is that? It's because the goldfish and other fishes, and all the baby fishes come along and my! but they like those mosquito eggs, and they eat just all they can find. So there are very few left to escape and make more bad mosquitoes.

Well, here are the baby fishes. Father Fish and Mother Fish have made them by putting together their eggs and sperms, and then letting the fertilized eggs hatch out. They don't have to take care of their babies after that. The little fishes take care of themselves until they grow up into big fishes. It all seems very easy for the goldfish mother and father, doesn't it?

But there are some fish fathers and mothers that do some very hard work to make their babies, even though most of them pay no attention to them after they are hatched. A few of the fishes, like the sunfish, make a sort of nest on the ground, by piling up sand

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and pebbles and sweeping away sticks and dirt with their fins and tails, and there they lay their eggs.

One father fish, the stickleback, really builds a nest of grasses woven together somewhat as the birds weave a nest. After Mother Stickleback has laid her eggs in it, Father Stickleback fertilizes them, and then he stays around and watches over them to see that nothing harms them. He even stays with the little fishes after they have hatched out, and guards them until they have grown big enough to care for themselves. But there are very few fish fathers and mothers that care for their babies that well.

Some fishes, like the salmon, live most of their lives in the great ocean. The ocean, you know, is salt water, and they like to live in salt water. But for some reason, they know--I am sure God teaches them--that their eggs will hatch into baby fishes only in shallow fresh water, and that the little fishes, when they are first hatched out, must have the fresh water of streams and pools to start their lives. So when it comes spring, all the Mother Salmon and the Father Salmon leave their ocean home and swim up some river, and then perhaps up some little stream that flows into the river. Sometimes they find it very hard to swim against the swift waters. In some places they come to where the stream rushes over rocks in great rapids or falls.

But do you think Mother and Father Salmon are going to stop for that? No! They rush up so fast their bodies fairly quiver, and they are so strong they can swim up against the current, where even the strongest man could not swim. They even leap out and hurl themselves up over the falling water, and go swimming away upstream, until they come to the breeding grounds; that is, the place where they are to lay their eggs and bring the sperms to them.

Sometimes they are all worn out with the hard work they have done to reach that place and put the eggs where the little fishes will be safe when they hatch out. What do you think it is but love that makes them do this? They cannot love as much as your father and mother can love, but they love as much as a fish can love; and I think it is a great deal of love, don't you, that makes them drive themselves so hard to be sure their babies shall have just the right place to start their lives in?

Birdies

WHO heard a birdie sing this morning? Who heard two? Oh, more than that? Here, Marianne, give me your hand, and we'll count a finger for every bird you know.

One is for the redbird,
Whistling in his glee;
Two is for the bluebird
In the apple tree;
Three is red-wing blackbird,

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Singing, "Oke-a-leel"
Four is brown thrush hiding
Where we scarce can see;
But five is robin redbreast bold:
"Cheerilee, cheerilee, cheerileel"

Oh, yes, Billy Boy, you have two hands full, don't you? You know all of Marianne's and you know some besides:

Here's the sparrow, here's the wren,
Here's the naughty hawk.
Here's the chickabiddy hen,
Here's Polly with her talk.
Here's the peacock, here's the crow,
Here's the owl, "Tu-whit!"
Here's another one you know,
But you can't remember it!

Oh, so many birds around us this spring, in the trees, in the bushes, on the ground, in the air; birds that sing for us, birds that work for us, birds that give us eggs, and birds that keep their eggs for themselves. You know the chickabiddy hens we keep are birds, and so are the cocks, or roosters. The hens are the mother birds, and the cocks are the father birds. The chickabiddy hens lay so many eggs they can't use them all. So we gather the eggs and eat them for our breakfast, and we pay the hens for them by feeding them, and giving them a good house to live in, and protecting them from the hawks and the foxes that would catch them if they could, and kill them.

We keep ducks and geese, too, and guinea hens and turkeys; and all of them are birds. We get some of their eggs, but not very many, for they don't lay so many eggs as the chickabiddy hens, and most of those they do lay they want to keep to make baby ducks and geese and guineas and turkeys. All these birds work for us, more or less, and we work for them sometimes more than they work for us.

But the wild birds work for us, too, and it's very little that we work for them. Only we take care not to hurt them; and in the cold winter we feed them; and for some of them, like the wrens and the bluebirds and the martins, we make little houses they like to live in. They work for us by eating weed seeds that make bad weeds to choke our gardens, and they eat bad bugs and worms that would destroy our crops. If it were not for the birds, the bugs and the worms would eat up everything we have. There are a few naughty birds, but most of the birds are good, and help us very much.

And then how they sing for us! Don't you love to hear them sing? But I think they don't really know they are singing for us. They just sing because they are happy. Do you know why they are happy? Well, maybe sometimes because they have enough to eat, and

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maybe sometimes because the sun is shiny warm, and maybe sometimes just because they are glad they are alive. And they sing because they are busy.



There's a Robin's Nest in the Maple Tree Right Under Your Window

But mostly they sing because Father and Mother Bird love each other, and because in the spring they are making their babies, which they love very much. I should say by the way they act, that bird fathers and mothers love their babies much more than fish fathers and mothers love theirs. And we have to say they love them more than the flower mothers and fathers love theirs, because, of course, the flowers don't really have any minds, and we just have to imagine their thinking about their babies. It really is love, though, that's in the flowers, as well as in the fishes and in the birdies, because God made all those little love bundles and gave them to the fathers and mothers. It's just a different style of love in each one. But I do admire the bird parents for the way they take care of their babies, and so will you as you watch them.

The bird babies are made by their fathers and mothers in much the same way that the fish babies and the flower babies are made by their parents. That is, the bird mother has eggs in her body and the bird father has sperms in his body, and they have to put the eggs and the sperms together before the eggs will grow into baby birds.

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But Mother Bird and Father Bird take better care of their babies than most of the fish parents do. In the first place, they build a little home, or nest, to keep their eggs in while they are making the baby birds. Some of the birds make better nests than others. Let us see how many different kinds of bird nests we can find this spring and summer. It is a great deal of fun to find the nests bird parents make: some on the ground, some on the water, some in the bushes, some in the trees, some in holes in the ground. We will find just as many nests as we can while we are studying the birds; but we will not touch their eggs, for the parent birds want them to be sure to hatch into baby birds.

Then, in the second place, the Mother Bird keeps her eggs inside her body until after they are fertilized; that is, until after the Father Bird gives her his part of the love bundle, the sperms, to help make the babies. The bird eggs are soft at first, but after the sperms have come to them and entered into them, a hard shell grows over each egg, and then the Mother Bird can push it out of her body into the nest, and it will not be broken.

At first the eggs in the Mother Bird's ovary are very small, but when they are to be fertilized they begin to move down a long tube or hallway called the oviduct, growing larger all the while, and finally they pass out of the Mother Bird's body through a doorway under her tail called the vent. That is when she lays the egg in the nest.

This is the way the Father Bird fertilizes the eggs in the Mother Bird's body. He has a doorway like hers, carefully protected by the feathers under his tail. His gift of life, the sperms, pass down the hallway in his body, just as the eggs do in hers. The sperms are very tiny, and they float in a fluid which is much like the milt of the Father Fish.

So when the time comes for life to begin for the little birds, the Father Bird flies close to love her. Their two doorways touch, and the sperms from the Father Bird pass into the Mother Bird's oviduct and go to meet the soft eggs. Each egg receives a sperm, and so is fertilized, and the life of the little bird is begun. This is called mating. Out in the poultry yard you have no doubt seen the rooster and the hen mate in this way. The rooster is the Father Bird and the hen is the Mother Bird. You might think the rooster is fighting the hen, but that is not so. All birds mate in this way.

This is a very much better way than the fish parents have. It is very likely that much of Father Fish's milt fails to find Mother Fish's eggs, and so is lost, and some of the eggs never are fertilized. But Father Bird puts his sperms right into Mother Bird's body; so they cannot be lost. And then Mother Bird keeps the eggs in her body until they are all covered by the hard shell; so they are not so easily hurt when she lays them in the nest.

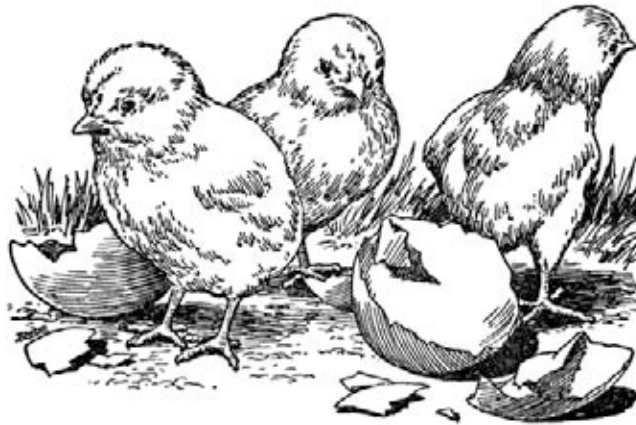
They need this hard shell, too, because Mother Bird sits on the nest, right next to the eggs, for several weeks; and except for the shells, she might break them. Some bird fathers take their turn in sitting on the nest, but not very many do. Mostly it is the mother that does that.

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Why does she sit on the eggs? Oh, to keep them warm. For a baby bird is growing inside each egg, and it will live and grow only if it is kept just so warm and cozy. If the mother should leave the nest too long, the eggs would become chilled, and then the baby birds that are growing inside would die. Sometimes, you know, we find a hen that grows tired of sitting on the nest, and she goes off and forgets her eggs for an hour or more, and then none of them will hatch. But almost never does one of the wild bird mothers do that.

It really takes a great deal of patience for Mother Bird to sit on that nest day and night for two or three weeks, only getting off once in a great while for a few minutes to find something to eat and to stretch her legs or her wings for a little exercise. But that's just what Mother Bird is, patient and true; for the love in her heart makes her want to have her baby birds hatch out, and so she is willing to sit and sit until they are big enough to come out.

How do the baby birds get out of the egg? Well, you see, while the chick is at first very small inside that egg, he grows bigger and bigger, the egg just turning into baby bird, until he fills it all as tight as can be. There grows on his soft bill one hard little point, called the egg tooth; and when the time comes for him to hatch, he knows it, and he begins to rub and peck with that little egg tooth, against the inside of his shell. He keeps turning over slowly as he does this, so that he cuts a groove all around the middle of the egg shell.



The Chickabiddy Babies Can Stand on Their Feet and Run
Around Almost at Once

Pretty soon, as he pecks, he makes a little hole through the shell. Then he stretches himself, and keeps on rubbing and pecking, and soon the egg shell cracks all around, and out comes Baby Bird. If he is a chickabiddy baby, or the baby of any of the birds that run on the ground, he can stand on his feet and run around almost at once. But if he is the baby of a bird that lives mostly in the air, or any of the birds that nest up high, on a cliff or in a hole in a bank, or in one of the box homes we make for them, why, he can't run around, for if he could, he would fall out of the nest and be killed. So his little legs and

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wings are weak, and he has to wait for some time, until they grow strong enough to let him stand and fly.

Now Mother Bird is very busy, and Father Bird, too; for they have to feed those baby birds, and they eat a great deal. The baby birds of our chickens and others, like the partridges and the kildeers, are hatched in nests on the ground, and they feed themselves by running around and picking up food; but their mothers always stay with them and show them where the food is, and how to scratch for more. And then they hover them under their wings at night or whenever it is cold, to keep them warm.

But the birds that build their nests high, and some that build on the ground, too, keep their birdies in the nest, and fly away to find the food and bring it back to their little ones. Some of them pick up tiny seeds, and some of them pick up worms and crush them, and bring them in their bills and put them in the bills of the baby birds. Some others, like the hummingbird, swallow the food they find, and partly digest it in their crops, and then bring it up all soft and warm to feed their baby birds. This is a little bit like the milk with which the animals feed their babies. We will find out about that later.

The birds around our house and in the orchard and in the woods are nesting now. We can't watch very many of them closely, for the parent birds are afraid to have anyone find their nests and look into them. There's Jenny Wren in the little box under the eaves, and there are the bluebirds in the hole in the apple tree, and there are the martins in the box high on the pole that Daddy put up for them. We can't look into these nests.

But there's one nest we can look into a little bit. There's a robin's nest in the maple tree right under your window, upstairs. If we are very careful not to frighten her, we can watch Mother Robin brood there. And once in a while she flies off, and we can see her four pretty little greenish-blue eggs. And by and by, when the little birds hatch out, we shall watch them too, with their big bills wide open, calling for Mother and Father Robin to hurry up and feed them.

Oh, I know something. Old Biddy Bessie, the Barred Rock mother hen, is due to come off the nest today, with all her baby chicks hatched out. Let's run out and see. Maybe the last one or two are just pecking through their shells, and if we are very careful we can watch them, and even help them out. Do you want to?

Puppies and Such

BILLY BOY! Marianne! Let's go down and see the puppies. Oh, didn't you know we had some puppies? Well, no wonder; for they were born only last night. I told you they were coming almost any day. And now they are here. They are the babies of our collie dogs, Brian Boru and Lady Geraldine. Brian Boru is their father, and Lady is their mother.

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These are the first puppies our dogs have ever had; for they are not very old dogs. They are not as old as Billy Boy, nor even as old as Marianne. We got them only about a year ago, do you remember? and then they were only half-grown dog children themselves.

But puppies and other animal children grow up much faster than we do. When you are two years old, you aren't very big, but a dog is already grown up. It will take a good many years yet for you to be a man and a woman and to be a father and a mother. But dogs can be fathers and mothers when they are less than two years old. Some of the little creatures, like mice, can be fathers and mothers when they are only two or three months old. But, you see, they don't have to know very much; so their childhood is very short.



The Puppies Are Getting Their Breakfast-Dinner-Supper

Human children have so very much to learn, because they are so much wiser than the animals, and they can learn to do so many more and greater things, and they can enjoy life so much more, that, well, they just have to be with their fathers and mothers a long, long time, while they are growing up and being taught. And I surely think that's very lovely; because what would Daddy and Mother do if they couldn't have Billy Boy and Marianne with them any longer than the bird babies or the animal babies are with their fathers and mothers?

Oh, here we are. And here is Lady. See, she doesn't jump up and run to meet us, as she usually does. She just bobs her head and thumps her tail and wriggles her body a little, as much as to say, "Please excuse me, Master Billy and Mistress Marianne, for not getting up. But I have some very precious babies here, and I mustn't leave them."

Where are they? They are snuggled down here in the hay next to their mother. Hear that squeaky sound? The puppies are waking up. They were fast asleep when we came down, and in fact they will sleep most of the time for the next few days. But now, when their mother stirred a little to welcome us, it waked them up, and my, my, what yippy squeals!

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Oh, aren't they cute? Six little golden bodies, marked with white, eyes shut, and hair slicked back. Yes, you may pick one up for a moment, but put him right back. He yips so when he is taken away from his mother, and it makes Lady uneasy. It isn't good to handle them too much when they are so little and weak. By and by, as they grow into rollicking bundles of puppies, you may tumble them and play with them as much as you like, but we have to be more careful with newborn babies.

What are they doing? Why, they are getting their breakfast, though I believe we shall have to call it breakfast-dinner-supper, because they go after it all the time when they are not asleep. They get their breakfast-dinner-supper from their mother's body, and what their breakfast-dinner-supper is, is milk.

Oh, yes, it's not only cows that give milk. All the mothers of the higher animals have milk for their babies. The milk that cows have is meant first for the calves which are their babies, but cows give more milk than their calves need; so we use that extra milk for ourselves, and we pay for it by taking care of the cattle.

The animals that give milk are called mammals. That will be easy for you to remember, because it sounds so much like "mamma," which is another name for mother. "Mammals" means "those that give milk." Not only the cows, and the horses, and the dogs, and the cats are mammals, but all the deer, and the bears, and the lions, and the elephants among the big ones, and all the mice, and the squirrels, and the rabbits, among the little ones. In fact, just about all the four-footed creatures are mammals, because the mothers make milk to feed their babies.

See, here on the underside of Lady's body are the little teats out of which the milk comes. And every puppy has one in his mouth, and is sucking with all his might to get his milk. When he goes to sleep, he forgets about it, and loses the teat, but as soon as he wakes up, he remembers he is hungry, and he begins to yip and search around until he finds one, and then he is satisfied. Milk is the only thing he can eat when he is so little, and he has to eat a good deal to make him grow.

Mother Lady is very good to her puppies, because she loves them so. It takes a good deal of her strength to feed them, for much of what she eats goes to make the milk. The milk is made in these little bags out of which the teats grow. In the dog mother they are called dugs, but in the bigger animals, like the cow, we call them udders. When the mother is about to have babies, the udders grow larger and prepare to make the milk. As soon as the babies are born, the udders go hard at work making milk, every day and every day, as long as the babies need it. When they become big enough to eat other food, then the udders grow smaller, and after a while stop making the milk. Only this is not so with the cow, because we keep milking her right along, after the calf has stopped drinking milk; and so her udder keeps making milk for us.

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But where is Brian Boru all this time? He must be out hunting something to eat. If he finds something good, he will bring it to Lady. That is his part of the business of feeding the puppies. He can't really feed the babies, as the father bird does, because all that puppies can eat just now is milk, and only the mother can give them that. Of course, after two or three weeks, when they are bigger, we can give them cow's milk in a dish, and teach them to lap it up. They will be very hard to teach at first, getting their clumsy little paws into the dish and upsetting it, and we shall have to be patient in teaching them. But all babies have to learn.

If these dogs were wild, the only milk the puppies would ever get would be what their mother gave them. And their father would be hunting, and when he caught something to eat, he would bring part of it home to feed the mother. And a little later, as the puppies grew bigger and got their teeth and were able to eat what their father and mother eat, he would feed them, too. The mother would leave them to go out hunting for herself sometimes, and she would teach them to hunt.

But because these dogs are tame, and they and all their generations for a long way back have lived with people, they depend mostly on us to feed them. They pay for it by guarding our homes and doing errands for us, like driving our cows up from pasture, or watching our sheep, and by being our friends and companions. You wouldn't want to be without Brian Born and Lady Geraldine, would you?

Did these puppies hatch out from eggs, like the birdies? Well, they come from eggs, just as the birdies do, and just as the fish babies do, and just as the flower babies do. But every kind of living thing has a little different way to develop from the egg. I will tell you how the puppies come alive.

Just as it is with flower fathers and mothers, with fish fathers and mothers, and with bird fathers and mothers, so it is with dog fathers and mothers, and horse fathers and mothers, and all the mammal fathers and mothers. The love bundles, or seeds, that God gives them are divided into two parts, male and female. The male part is the sperm, and it belongs to the father, and lives in him. The female part is the egg, and it belongs to the mother, and lives in her.

In the mother dog's body there are two ovaries which hold the eggs that are to grow into puppies. But, just as with the flowers and the fishes and the birds, the eggs alone cannot make the babies. It takes the eggs and the sperms together to do that.

The Father Dog has the sperms. They are kept in two glands called testes. These glands are in a little bag that is carefully protected by the back part of his body. A little tube, or hallway, runs from these testes up into his body. There it joins another tube called the penis, which he can push outside. So the sperms can pass up from the testes into the penis and out through it. The penis has another use, too. Through it is carried away the urine, or waste water of the body, which comes from the bladder.

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The Father Dog gives the Mother Dog the sperm cells in about the same way that the bird father gives the bird mother his sperm cells. These sperm cells pass out through the Father Dog's penis into the Mother Dog's body. In the Mother Bird's body this doorway of life is called the vent, but in the dog's body, as in all of the mammal mothers, it is called the vulva. The urine from the Mother Dog's bladder empties out through the vulva, too; but as for its part in making puppies, the vulva is just the opening through which the Father Dog sends his sperms to join the eggs, and it is the opening through which the puppies come when they are born.

There is a tube, or hallway, which leads from the vulva up through the mother's body to where the eggs are to be found. This tube is called the vagina. The sperms find their way up through the vagina to the eggs, and fertilize them. So, as with the birds, the eggs of the Mother Dog are fertilized inside her body. This is the way with all the mammals, from mice to elephants. The eggs are fertilized in the mother's body, and the father gives her the sperms in just the same way.

But now there comes a difference. The birds make nests to lay their eggs in, and then the mother sits on the eggs and keeps them warm while the little birds are growing inside, until finally they hatch. But it is not that way with the Mother Dog, or the Mother Cat, or the Mother Cow, or any of the other mammals. Instead, they have a nest God has made inside their bodies. This is a soft sac or room called the uterus, or sometimes called the womb. It lies in the back of the mother's body, and is connected at one end by oviducts with the two ovaries which hold the eggs, and at the other end with the vagina, or hallway, that leads to the outside of the mother's body.

Now when the father puts the sperms into the mother's vagina, they pass up through the uterus and find the eggs, and there they enter into them and fertilize them. The eggs of the mammals never get a hard shell, as the eggs of the birds do. They do not need to, for they do not come out of the mother's body until they have become babies, whether puppies, or kittens, or calves, or colts, or lambs, or whatever.

When the sperms enter into the eggs and fertilize them, that, of course, makes the seeds. Only we do not call them seeds. We shall have to take care of our names; it helps us to know just what we are talking about. So let's remember: the fertilized eggs of the flowers are called seeds; the fertilized eggs of the birds are still called eggs. But when we come to the mammals, an egg is called an ovum; two eggs, or three eggs, or more eggs are called just so many ova. But when the ova are fertilized, they are not called seeds, nor eggs, nor even ova any more. The names they are called would be so hard for you to remember while you are little, that I think we'll just skip them; and we shall say that they are babies growing inside their mothers.

Different animals have different numbers of babies. The cow and the mare, or mother horse, nearly always have just one baby born at a time, though sometimes two. But

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littler animals have more. You see Lady has six. Sometimes mother dogs have as few as four, and sometimes as many as nine or ten.

When the eggs are fertilized by the sperms, they all stop in the uterus, and each of them fastens itself to the lining, on the side. Here they stay while they are growing. To begin with, they are very little eggs, oh, very much smaller than birds' eggs, smaller even than fishes' eggs. Really, the eggs never become much bigger, but the babies that come from them do, and they begin to grow at once.



Mother Cow Makes the Milk First for Her Baby Calf, and
Then She Gives Us Some

Now you know that fishes' eggs and birds' eggs have in them a great deal of food to feed the baby fishes or the baby bird as it is growing. But the mammals' eggs are so small they have very little food for the babies. Yet the babies have to be fed some way, or they wouldn't grow. Well, the mammals have a different plan to feed the babies growing inside their mothers. Fastened to the side of the uterus, the baby is fed inside by its mother. How is that?

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You know all our bodies are fed through our blood. When you eat your breakfast of oatmeal and milk and toast and fruit, all that food goes down into your stomach and is digested. Then along comes your blood, through its veins and arteries, and picks up that digested food and carries it to every part of your body, to your head and to your toes, to your fingers and to your eyes, and to every single part. Every part of your body has to have this food that is carried by the blood, so that it can keep well and keep growing. And that is true of all the animals, too; their blood carries their food to every part of their bodies.

Just so the baby growing inside the mother is fed. Some of her blood flows to her uterus and into a spongy mass of cells that grows there next to the baby. Out of the baby's body grows a cord containing veins and arteries; these grow into the sponge, gather up the food the blood brings there, and carry it to the baby. He does not have to eat; like the little fish and the little bird, he is fed without eating; but he is fed, and he grows just the same.

It takes about nine weeks for the dog babies to grow inside their mother. It takes longer for the bigger animals. It takes nine months for the calf to grow inside his mother, the cow; it takes eleven months for the colt to grow inside the mare, or horse mother; and so different animals take different times. But two months, or nine weeks, is long enough for the puppies to form.

Then they are born; that is, they leave their warm, soft nest, the uterus, and one by one they pass down through the vagina and out into the world. That's what being born means. And that's what happened last night to all these six little puppies, the dog babies that belong to Lady Geraldine and Brian Boru. Now we shall have to give them names. What do you want to call them?

Lily for this one, Spunky for that,
Jo-Ann the little, Chunky the fat,
Kissum and Squeezum-well, these will do
Till Daddy comes round, and names them anew.

About Fathers and Mothers

EVERY baby has to have both a father and a mother. There are herb fathers and mothers, and tree fathers and mothers; there are frog fathers and mothers, and fish fathers and mothers; there are butterfly fathers and mothers, and bird fathers and mothers; there are dog fathers and mothers, and cat fathers and mothers, and all sorts of fathers and mothers.

But the best kind of father and mother is who do you think? Of course! Your own father and mother. That is, for you. I think the best father and mother for the puppies are Brian Boru and Lady Geraldine, don't you? And the best fathers and mothers for the birdies

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are the bird fathers and mothers. And the flowers--I am sure that the baby lilies and the baby roses and all the other flower babies need just their own kinds of father and mother. That's the way God made it to be, and that is the way of love. Every kind of father loves the same kind of mother, and every kind of mother loves the same kind of father, and they both together love most of all their own kind of baby.

But the human father and mother love each other more than any other fathers and mothers, and they love their babies and their growing-up children more than any other parents can love, because human parents are the highest kind of parents, and their children are the highest kind of children. They know more, they can do more, they can love more. And they can understand all the families under them, all the parents and all the children--the flowers that bloom, and the fish that swim, and the birds that fly, and the four-footed creatures that run on the ground. They can help them, and teach them, and care for them, and by loving them can teach them to love. What a beautiful place the world would be if everybody loved everyone else!

There has to be a father and a mother for every baby, because the two parts of the love bundle that makes the baby are in the two different kinds of parent, one part in the mother and the other part in the father. And the two parts, the egg and the sperm, have to come together to make the complete seed that grows into the baby. So the father and the mother have to love, and to plan, and to act together, to make the baby.

Then, there have to be a father and a mother to take care of the baby. That is, all the higher kinds of babies. The flower father and mother, of course, can only make their babies; they can't care for them after they are made. And they don't need to, because the flower babies can take care of themselves. And when it comes to the fishes, only a very few fish fathers and mothers care for their babies. Some of them do watch over them and guard them, but most of the little fishes look out for themselves. But when you come to the birds, not only does the mother bird sit on the eggs until they hatch into bird babies, but usually both the father and the mother feed the little birds, and guard them until they are able to take care of themselves. When we come up higher still, to the mammals, we find that all the mothers nurse their babies; and sometimes just the mother, sometimes both the mother and the father, take care of their children, and teach them how to make a living.

Now we come to the very highest of all; that is, human fathers and mothers. God made them like Himself, to rule over all the creatures of the earth. God calls us His children, and we are more like Him than we are like any of the creatures under us. We are like them in some ways. We have mouths and eyes as the fishes have, and feet and legs as the birds have. And like the four-footed creatures, we are mammals, too, because human mothers nurse their babies with milk that is made in their own bodies. That is, they are meant to; but some mothers don't have enough milk for their babies, and so

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we have to feed cow's milk to the poor babies, and oftentimes it doesn't agree with them. We call them "bottle babies," because they take the milk out of bottles.

In the cow and other such mammals, the milk-making parts are called udders, and the parts the babies take in their mouths are called teats; but in the human mothers they are called breasts and nipples. The mother has two breasts, from which the little baby gets his milk, six times a day when he is very little, five times a day when he grows older, then four times a day.



He Isn't a Bottle Baby, for His Mother Nurses Him

When he is less than a year old, and has learned to eat other food, too, the mother weans him; that is, she teaches him to stop nursing, and to eat other food. He doesn't like that very well, because he likes milk; but he has to learn. And besides, he is given cow's milk to drink; and you know we all drink cow's milk even after we have grown up. It is a very good food when it is kept clean and pure, and while we could get along without it if we ate just the proper food, it is all right, and better than many other foods.

But while we are like the lower creatures in some ways, we are different from them in most ways, and so much higher that we are like gods to them. We know a great deal about them, but they know very little about us. The fish knows more than the ant, the bird knows more than the fish, the dog and the horse know more than the bird; but

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even then they don't know very much. We are made so wise that we can study and learn all about dogs and horses and birds and fishes and ants, and all sorts of creatures. And we can learn very much about the things that have no minds and can't see or hear or think—the trees, and the herbs, and the flowers, and the stones, and the clouds, and the stars. If we want to learn about all these things that God has made, and if we love them as we study them, it will make us very happy, because we will grow more and more to be the children of God.

Men and women and their children can love very much more than all the rest of creation can love. If they truly love, they will be pure and kind and good. Then they will have happy homes. A home is made when a man and a woman love each other and are married; then together they make their babies, who grow up into children in the home. That is called a family. You, Billy Boy and Marianne, with Daddy and Mother, all together, are a family, and we make a home. A true home is where love dwells, where father and mother love each other and love their children, where the children love one another and love their parents, and where the whole family love people outside the home, too, and love the birds and the animals and the flowers and the trees, and all things. It is love that makes the home beautiful and it makes the world beautiful, too.

Human babies are made in the same way that other babies are made; that is, by bringing together the mother's egg and the father's sperm. In all the creation, from flowers to people, it is these love bundles that develop into babies. The flowers have a very simple way: they just let the wind or the insects carry the father's pollen to the mother's ovules, and so make seeds. The fishes have a little surer way: the mother drops her eggs, the roe, and the father pours his milt over them, and from that the little fishes grow. The birds do even a better way: the father puts his sperms inside the mother to meet the eggs; then the mother lays the eggs in the nest they both have made, and the little birds hatch out by and by. But the mammals are higher still; for after the father puts his sperms into the mother and fertilizes an ovum, then it stays safe in the uterus, the nest inside the mother, until it has grown to be a baby, and then it is born. And after that, the mother nurses it until it is able to eat the food of the grownups.

Now when a man and a woman love each other, and are married, and have made a happy home, they may be ready to receive the most precious gift God gives, their own dear babies. For the human baby the heavenly Father has prepared in the mother's body the most wonderful room of all; or, we may say, the most wonderful nest. This is the womb, the human uterus. Before this room in the mother's body is needed, it is very small; but when a baby begins to grow, the room grows with it and is always just large enough, until the time comes when he can live and breathe for himself, and then he is born.

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Very, very tiny is this beginning of a human child, when the parts of the love bundle are united, and God works with father and mother to form a new life. Human eyes cannot behold the miracle, human eyes cannot see the tiny life; but to the heavenly Father it is very precious, and under His care it will develop. The mother's part of the love bundle, which we call the ovum, is wonderfully formed in one of the smaller rooms, or glands, of the mother's body, called the ovary. There are two of these ovaries, just above and at either side of the uterus, and a passageway leads from these to the womb.

But just as with all other life, the mother's ovum alone could not make the baby. The father's part of life, the sperm, must join it. And then God works. It takes a mother and a father and God to make a baby. So for this, God, just as He has in other mammal mothers, has made in the human mother a hallway of life, the vagina, which leads from the uterus, or womb, to the vulva, the doorway of life. It is through this hallway, the vagina, that the sperm finds its way to the ovum, and it is through this same hallway that the baby comes down when he is born.

Always this passageway of life is to be held sacred by the girl. It has been placed in the most protected place in her body; and until she is grown and is ready to be a mother, the vagina and the uterus have no part in life. The urine, or waste water of her body, is discharged from an opening in the vulva just in front of the vagina. So the doorway and the hallway and the room of life are to be kept untouched till the time she is to be a mother.

So also is the boy to keep his organs in sacred trust. His heavenly Father does not give him the wonderful power to make new life, until he becomes a man. His testes, the glands which make the sperms, are placed in the most protected place outside the body. Not until he becomes a man and is ready to be a father, are the sperms made ready for their work of helping to give life. The penis, the passageway through which the sperms will travel to meet the ova when he becomes a father, is connected with the testes, in front of the body. In boyhood it is used only for the passage of urine, the waste water of his body. Never, until he is a man and is married, is it to be used for any other purpose.

So when a man and a woman love each other so much that they marry and live together, and make a home for children, the father gives a part of his life, in the sperms, to the mother. One sperm finds an ovum and unites with it, and right then the baby life is begun. The human father gives sperms in much the same way as other mammal fathers, only with more tenderness and love. Everything about the beginning of a human baby's life is much more wonderful and sacred than is anything else in its beginning. God made the cells in the father's and the mother's bodies, and He watches over them and guides them into the making of the baby. It is in the deepest love that each human father and mother give of their very lives that a child of their own may come to share their home.

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The egg, or ovum, that helps make the human baby is so very small it can hardly be seen without a microscope. In the middle of this black space, one inch square, I will put a white dot that still is a good deal larger than the ovum from which you or any other human baby began. Can you see it?

It would take 125 human ova, laid side by side, to go just once across this black inch. That is how small the beginning of the human baby is. But the sperm that helped to make the baby is very much smaller still. You could put a thousand times as many sperms in an inch.

When the sperms start on their journey, they are in a milky fluid called semen, which carries them along the passageway of the penis into the vagina. The sperms are shaped like tiny tadpoles, with swimming tails to help them on their journey of life. They start swimming up into the uterus, until an ovum is met. Then a sperm enters into the ovum, and so a new life is begun. Then the fertilized ovum, or human seed, fastens itself to the wall of the mother nest, and begins to grow.

Just one little seed, one tiny cell. How can it become a beautiful baby, with head and eyes and nose and mouth, with a stomach to take the food and a heart to pump the blood, with arms and legs and hands and feet and curling rosy fingers and toes? How can all these come from this one tiny round cell? Ah, God is watching over it. It is a bundle of His love, and He knows how to make love grow into all the wonderful things of life.

The little cell, clinging there to the side of the mother nest, begins to grow. Then it divides itself into two cells, each as big as the first one. Then they both divide themselves, and there are four. Every one of these keeps on dividing and making more, and they all cling together tight, until there are hundreds of them, all alike, and making a little bundle that looks a bit like a white mulberry.

When this little body has grown for two weeks, it is not as big as a grain of wheat. But now something wonderful comes to pass. So far all the little cells have been alike, tiny and round. But now, on one side of the little body some of the cells begin to be different. Instead of all being round, some of them become long, and some become rounded on one side and hollowed out on the other, and others take many different shapes; for they are now beginning to make up the parts of the baby, from his eyes and his nose to his fingers and his toes.

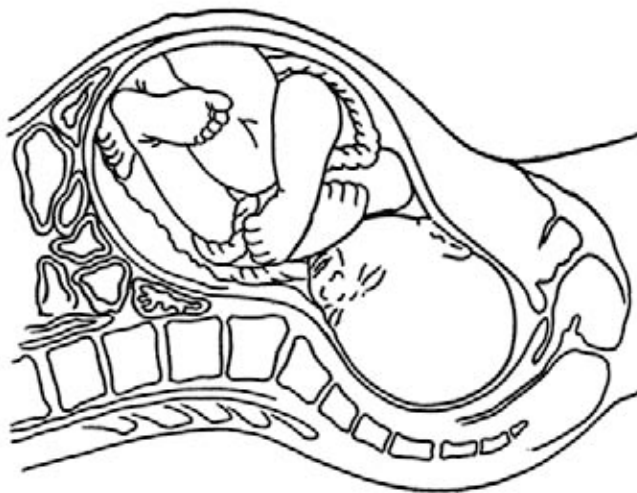
What makes the little cells change just now, and take these different shapes, and make these different parts? Ah, no one knows, except that Love is working here. It is as if God stooped down and whispered to the little cells, and said: "It is time for you to begin to make the baby. So you little cells, you be the baby's heart; and you up there begin to make his brain; and out here on the sides the little arms must grow, and down here the tiny legs and feet. And some of you must be his eyes, and some his rosebud mouth, and

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some his baby nose. Little cells, wake up, and every one do your part; for with you I am making this lovely child of Mine." And so the work goes on in this sanctuary of God, the mother's womb, where Love is making another baby.

It takes a long time to make a precious human baby, nine whole months, three quarters of a year. When it is a month old, it is only as big as the end of your little finger. After it has been growing for two months, it is two inches long. And so, stretching the uterus to fit itself, it keeps growing bigger and bigger, until it is ready to be born.

The growing baby, inside the mother's womb, is fed in the same way that the other mammal babies growing inside their mothers, are fed. A cord grows out of the middle of his body, and joins the spongy mass of cells that forms on the wall of the uterus. Through this cord pass little veins and arteries, and they take from the sponge the food that the mother's blood brings there, and take it into the baby's growing body. So he is fed, not through his mouth, but somewhat as the baby bird and the baby fish are fed from the eggs in which they grow.



This Is the Way the Baby Is in the Mother-Nest, the Womb,
Just Ready to Be Born

When he has grown in his mother's womb for nine months, he is ready to be born. Then the uterus stops stretching, and instead begins to squeeze and push the baby into the vagina. The vagina is small, but as the baby begins to come down, his head first, it stretches more and more to let him through. It is very hard work for the mother, and it takes all her strength.

It is called labor, or travail. But the mother is glad, because her baby is being born. A doctor and a nurse take care of her. Sometimes they come to her home, but sometimes she goes to a hospital, where they can take better care of her.

When the baby comes entirely out, he is born. The doctor cuts the cord through which he was fed while he was in the uterus, ties it, and puts a bandage over it. After a few

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days the end of the cord that is still out of his body dries up, and all that is left to show is the little scar that is called the navel. The navel is the place where the tube that fed him entered his body.

While he was in his mother's womb, the baby neither breathed nor ate. The first thing he must do after he is born, is to draw in a breath, and then he lets it out with a little wailing cry. The mother and the father and the nurse and the doctor all are glad to hear that first little cry, for it shows that the baby will live.

The nurse rubs him with warm oil, and puts his baby clothes on him, and then she puts him in his cozy bassinet to rest. After he has rested a little while, he is ready to eat. So then he is put to his mother's breast, and begins to take the milk ready for him.

His mother and his father are very happy, because out of love and out of labor has come this precious gift of God, their own baby, for them to keep and treasure, and teach and train, and live with and love.

And About You

AND now comes the best of all the story of life. That is about you, Billy Boy and Marianne, who were our very own babies. The flower babies are beautiful; the fish babies are cute; the bird babies are dear; the animal babies are charming. But human babies are the most wonderful, and the most beautiful, and the most charming, and the most darling of all the babies there are. And dearest to us of all the babies are you, Billy Boy and Marianne.

Oh, of course you are not babies now. You have grown up to be a big boy and a big girl, though you are to grow bigger still. But once you were babies. And so was everybody else. Why, even Mother and Daddy were babies once. And before you were babies, you were little human seeds. And before you were seeds, each one of you was in two parts: one part was an egg, and the other part was a sperm. The egg, or ovum, was in your Mother, and the sperm was in your Father. So you are just little bits of your Father and Mother.

It isn't surprising, is it, that everybody who sees you says, "Little Marianne looks like her Mother," and, "Billy Boy is a chip off the old block," meaning that the old block is your Father, and you are the chip? Though sometimes they say, "I think Marianne looks like her Daddy," and, "Anybody could tell that Billy Boy is the son of his Mother." Because, you see, since each of you comes from both your Daddy and your Mother, you really look like both of us.

Well, a long time ago your Daddy and your Mother were babies; and then they didn't know each other at all, and they never even thought about having any babies. They grew up to be a big boy and a big girl; but still they didn't know each other, and they didn't know what a Billy Boy and a Marianne would look like in the least.

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Then they grew to be a young man and a young woman; and one day they met each other.

One of their friends said: "Miss Ford, this is Mr. William Leslie. Mr. Leslie, this is Miss Josephine Ford." That is the first time your Daddy and your Mother ever knew each other. But we liked each other so much that all the time we could, we stayed together. And then one day, when Mr. William Leslie said to Miss Josephine Ford, "I love you. Will you be my bride?" why, Miss Josephine Ford said to Mr. William Leslie, "Yes, Billy, I will, because I love you, too."

And so we had a beautiful wedding, and were married. That means that we promised before God and before His minister and before our friends, that we would always love each other as we love no one else. But then, of course, there was no Billy Boy and no Marianne for us to love.

Now when Mother and Daddy were married, the love that God had put in them made them love each other more and more. And by and by they said: "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a baby of our own, that would be a part of each of us? How we would love him!"

And Daddy said, "I hope it will be a boy."

And Mother said, "Well, I hope it will be a boy, too. But I would like a little girl. So I almost hope it will be a little girl."

And Daddy said: "So would I like a little girl. I want a little girl so much I don't know but that I wish this baby would be a little girl."

And Mother said: "I think it would really be best to have a little boy first, and then to have a little girl afterward, because then the little boy would be older, and he could take care of his sister."

And Daddy said, "Suppose they should be twins! one of them a boy, and the other one a girl! "

Then we both laughed; for we had never thought of twins. Twins are two babies born at the same time. You know the fishes and the birds and the doggies and all such have a good many babies at once; but the bigger animals usually have just one or two. Human fathers and mothers almost always have just one baby born at a time. But sometimes some mother and father have twins. Once in a while a mother and a father have three babies, and they are called triplets. Almost never do any parents have more than three.

But just a few years ago there were a father and a mother, up in Canada, who had five baby girls all born at the same time. And because they all lived and are growing up, they have become very famous; for even when five human babies are born together, which almost never happens, why, it is very hard for them all to live, because they are very small and weak. Five babies are called quintuplets; but since that is so hard to say, they

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are just called quints. And I suppose those quints up in Canada will always be famous, if they all live to grow up, which I hope they will.

But mothers and fathers can't tell whether the babies they are going to have will be just one baby or more. And they can't tell whether the baby will be a boy or a girl. So they say, "I hope it will be a boy," or, "I hope it will be a girl," but, "No matter whether it is a boy or a girl, it will be just darling, and we will love it more than anything else there is to be loved."

Now there were the love bundles, each divided up between your Mother and your Father, the parts just waiting to be brought together to make the baby they wanted. There was the little ovum that was to be the baby, waiting in Mother. And there were the even tinier sperms, waiting in Father. So Daddy gave Mother the sperms, and one of them found the little ovum, and entered into it, and then the baby began to grow.

Right away Mother and Daddy knew that a baby was started, inside in the mother-nest. And, oh, weren't they glad! But of course they couldn't see it, or hear it, and not yet could Mother even feel it. They could hardly wait for the nine long months to pass until they should hold their baby in their arms.

Would it be a boy, or would it be a girl? They did not know. And Mother said, "Daddy, if it's going to be a boy, we'll give him your name. He shall be called William Makepeace Leslie, junior." Junior, you know, means "younger;" so we tack that on to a boy's name when it is the same as his father's.

But Daddy said, "Oh, that's too big a name for a baby. We'll just call him Billy." But of course Billy is only a pet name for William.

"More than that," said Daddy, "I think it is going to be a girl; and if it is, she shall have your name. She shall be called Josephine Elizabeth Ford Leslie."

"Oh, oh!" cried Mother, "the poor little baby girl! What loving parents would want to load her down with all that big long name? She shall be called Mary, which was my dear mother's name. And if you want any more to it, we'll add your mother's name, Ann."

"All right," said Daddy, "Marianne it shall be."

So then we waited, and waited, and waited. But all the while we were working to get ready for the baby. Daddy was working all day long, to make the things and to buy the things that would make the best home for Baby. And Mother was working too, keeping the house, and cooking, and all the time she could find she was making clothes for the baby, little soft undergarments, and dainty dresses, and little knitted bootees to go over his stockings. There were blankets to get, rose color, and blue, and white, and plenty of napkins, and little hoods and warm wraps for cold outdoors, and, oh, so many things. But some of them, good friends gave to us.

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When the baby had been growing about five months, then Mother could feel it stirring inside. And was she glad! It almost seemed as if the baby were sending signals, saying, "Mother, I'm alive. I'm coming!" By this time it had grown so big that it stretched the uterus out a good way. That made Mother big, and it was harder for her to walk and to work; but still she was glad that the baby was there, growing.

So at last the nine full months rolled around, and it came time for the baby to be born. Mother was taken to the hospital, and the nurses came and the doctor came, and cared for her while she labored to bring forth her baby. Would it be Billy Boy, or would it be Marianne? Then the doctor said, "Mother, here is your first-born son." And, oh, it was Billy Boy!

As soon as the baby boy was made ready by the nurse, then Daddy kissed his little pink head and his tiny little curling toes. And Mother turned her head on the pillow and kissed him, too. Then she took him in her arms, and held him close to her breast.

So after Billy Boy had grown up a little, Mother and Daddy said, "But we haven't any baby girl. Where is our Marianne? Oh, we must have a little girl, too. Let's have another baby, and hope it will be Marianne. For Billy Boy will need a little sister, and Marianne will be so glad to find a big little brother all waiting for her."

So then another tiny sperm was sent on its way to find another little ovum, and start another new baby. And she grew and she grew and she grew, until she was born, and-what do you think! that was Marianne!

And I just almost believe that no other daddy and no other mother can be quite so happy as your Mother and your Daddy are happy with their Billy Boy and their Marianne.

Love Keeps You

LOVE made you; and if you will keep love in your life, Love will keep you. Love goes through everything in life-through smiles and through tears, through pleasure and through troubles, through work and through play, through giving and through getting of gifts, through sorrows and through the glad making of joys. Love is the keeper of life.

Love is sometimes filled with laughter, but love is not always laughing. Sometimes love weeps; for love must bear pain as well as feel joy. Love must labor, for those we love need our help; but when we help others, love makes us glad that we may labor. Love must bow under burdens that sometimes are heavy; but love makes them seem no burdens.

A little girl one time was carrying her baby brother, who seemed almost as big as she. Her stout little arms were clasped tight about his pudgy form, and she was bending backward with the load, and puffing for breath as she struggled along.

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A man saw her trying so hard to hold the baby and to carry him, and he said, "Why, little girl, that's a pretty big burden for you."

"Oh, no, sir," panted the little girl, "this isn't a burden; this is my brother!"

When you were in the making, Billy Boy, Daddy and Mother knew deep love. It was their love that started you into being, and the thought of your coming soon to be born made love grow ever greater. But love could not sit down and wait, for then nothing would be ready for you.



You Have Grown Up to Be a Big Boy and a Big Girl

Daddy said: "Now I must work harder than ever; for nothing comes unless we work for it. And when we have a little boy, he has to have plenty to eat, and good clothes to wear, and a soft bed to sleep in, and a cozy home to live in. And when he is a little bigger, he has to have shoes to put on his feet, and a hat to put on his head, and rompers in summer and a snow suit in winter. And then he will have to have toys to play with, and little garden tools to work with. And then he will have to have books with pictures and writing in them, and by and by so many things we can't think of now. So I must work harder than ever." And he did work harder and harder; but he smiled and he

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laughed, for all the work seemed easy because he loved Mother and he loved the coming baby.

And Mother said: "Now this baby must have just the best chance there is. So I must live so carefully, in what I eat, and what I drink, and how I work, so that he will not be sickly. And though sometimes I may feel ill, I must be cheerful, and think happy thoughts, and sing happy songs, and work away at all the things I have to do, with the best heart that is in me."

And at last, when you were being born, through all the long hours of labor that took all of Mother's strength and courage, love held her up and made her glad that she might do all this for you.

And, oh, what joy of love to Daddy and Mother when at last you were born, and our own dear little son was held in our arms.

And Marianne, when Daddy and Mother knew that you were coming, too, our love grew deeper and deeper. And Daddy said: "If this baby should be a little girl, how happy we would be. For now we have our Billy Boy, we surely must have our Marianne. And I will work harder and harder, and I will be tender and loving to you, Mother dear, and save your strength all I can, because I love you so, and we both love the darling growing baby, and want her to be born strong and happy."

And Mother said, when first she felt the tiny stirrings of your little form within: "I believe it must be a little girl. I just know it must be our Marianne. And I hope she will have blue eyes like Daddy's, and soft little ringlets that cover her sunny head. And I shall feel her tiny fingers close tight around my own, just as the tendrils of her baby heart will grow to twine around our mother and father hearts."

When you were being born, Marianne, Mother grew very weak and faint, for labor was hard. And at last the doctor put Mother to sleep while he helped you to come into the world. And then at last, when you were born, he shouted aloud to me: "Wake up, Mother, wake up! You have a baby girl!" And through the dimness of sleep Mother heard, and she murmured, "Oh, I am thankful; I'm so thankful!" And Daddy said, "It is our heart's desire."

That night, as Mother slept (for she was very tired), and as you slept (for you were very little), Daddy lay awake, and over and over he kept saying to himself, "She is our Heart's Desire." And so he made this poem for you:

They did not tell us, Heart's Desire, That we would love you so;
They could not tell how deep was love, Because they did not know.
They knew the trouble and the pain, The treasure-forming fire;
But of that treasure's worth, not they, Little Heart's Desire.

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Why came you hither, little one? What right of grace have we,
That in the darkness of the night Such shining joy should be?
And what does God, the giver, ask? What covenant require?
What might we pledge to match His gift, Little Heart's Desire?

Ah, nought of gold and nought of blood Shall be our sacrifice;
The love you bring us we will join To Love beyond the skies.
And when this lower school has closed, Still may we, in the higher,
Teach you the love we thus are taught, Little Heart's Desire.

So, Billy Boy and Marianne, love was the greatest gift your Daddy and your Mother gave you. And where did that love come from? It came from Him who is Love. That is God. For, listen! To be alive, you each were born a baby. To be a baby, you had to come from a seed. To be a seed, you had to come in part from an egg and in part from a sperm. But to be an egg and a sperm at all, you had to come from God. For these make the bundles of God's love which He wrapped up to come in time to be you. Back then was when you lived only in the thought of Love, the thought of God.



All of Us Will Walk Together Into the Land of God

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God is the beginning of all things. No one made God; He has always been. We cannot understand this, only we know that there must be a beginning to everything. And God is that beginning. He is life, and the beginning of life. And He is love, and the beginning of love.

You are the children of our love, but we and you and all of us are the children of God's love. Love makes life, and love keeps life. As you could be born only through the love of God, so you can live only through God's love. God loves you even more than Daddy and Mother can love you; and how deep that love is, is more than you can know, and more than we can know.

Now, being born through God's love, you have love to use in life, and you must keep the way of love. What is the way of love? It is to do to others as you would have them do to you. Do you like to be fed when you are hungry? then be ready to give of your food to brother or sister, or anyone who is hungry. Do you like to be soothed when you are weary and sleepy? then be kind to brother or sister, and to everyone else, for many times they are tired. Do you like to have pretty and interesting things to play with? then give of your good gifts to brother or sister, or to others little or big, for they, too, like to be pleased. Do you like to be helped over hard places when you are not big enough to go by yourself? then always hold out a helping hand, and always speak a cheering word to brother or sister and everyone else, for often the way is hard for them though you do not know it. When you are cheerful and sunny and good, it helps the big people as well as the little people to live in a world that often has trouble. Love makes you able to do all these things, because love is the maker and the keeper of life.

You have many things to learn through love. You have to learn to do often what you do not like to do, because it is the way of love. You have to learn what is good to eat and what is not good to eat, and when to eat and when not to eat; for that is part of the way of life, to make you strong and healthy, so you can help others through love. You have to learn to be sweet and kind to others, and never to grow angry and rude and rough, no matter how you feel; for love is patient and kind, love thinks of others and not of oneself, love does no evil, but rejoices in the truth.

Love will lead you to study the flowers and the birds and the animals, to care for them and to help them and to deal kindly with them. It will show you many secrets of their lives, how they grow, how they work for us and for others, how they show the love of God who made them.

You will never be lonely if you live and love and learn in the great world of nature which was made by our heavenly Father. You will grow wise and true and ever more loving. This is the way of the children of God.

If, while you are little, you walk in these ways of love, you will grow up to be a good man and a good woman. There are many happy years before you, while you yet are children.

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Daddy and Mother have many things to teach you. You may always come to us for anything you want to know, and we will tell you. We will take your hands in ours, and walk toward the face of God our Father who is in heaven.

Then, when you come to be a man and a woman, you will have grown to be so wise and loving that God can safely make you to have children of your own. The power He gives to men and women to be fathers and mothers is a most precious gift of love. It is a very sacred thing, and it must be kept in the power of love.

You do not know what all this means now; but if you will try, in the love of God, to be pure and kind and true, to learn the laws of God about your body and your mind, to learn the secrets of His love in the flowers and the

stars and the living creatures, and to learn and to do all the duties of life, in your home and everywhere you are, then you will be sure to know the way of love, and to walk in it. Then Love will keep you always. And Love is able to keep you; for Love is God.

Last, a word With Parents

So here, for your use as you will, is the story of life told for the little child. As stated in "First, A Word With Parents," the parent should read the book through, and determine what use he will make of it, before he gives it to the child. The most skillful use would be to digest its substance, and in time tell the story to the child as opportunity offers. The subject of sex and its functioning is not a subject apart from the rest of life. It permeates all life, for it is the appointed way through which flows the life of God in all earth's living forms. Because in human life it involves not merely generation, but intellectual and emotional power, it is inwrought with the most vital and dynamic processes in the individual and in society. The child has every natural right to be given the truth concerning it, so far as his needs and his mental development permit. Only so can he be prepared to relate himself aright to it in later years, and to avoid the evils which this poor humanity has engrafted upon it. This it is the duty and the privilege of the parent to do for his child.

FRANKNESS

Without doubt a question will be raised in the minds of some readers by the directness and candor with which the mating of birds and animals is taught and by reference to the marital relation of the human father and mother. Perhaps nothing can be said which will convince minds fixed in the error that sex is inherently vile. If their premise is accepted, we must agree that any discussion of sex functions is improper and damaging. But as God is pure and good, that premise is false. And reason and experience alike show that the only successful way to teach the truth of generation lies in the frank meeting of the

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child's natural and innocent curiosity. We believe that we have shown the way for parents to deal with the subject purely and reverently, and through this teaching to "bind their children to their hearts, and thus to God, by ties that can never be broken." There is no inherent vileness in sex, and "unto the pure all things are pure." When we consider that to the uncorrupted child mind no evil attaches to any part of the story of life, it is evident that the difficulty, if difficulty there be, lies in the parent. Let him reflect that knowledge of the most intimate parts of the science is acquired by every child from some source, even without his asking; then let him inquire of himself what that source is to be. Why should he deliver over to the forces of evil the most vital, because the most personal, part of the teaching?

TRUTH

To tell the truth a correct vocabulary is required, and that is a feature of the instruction here given. It may well be that not all the terms used in this book are to be loaded upon the mind of the child. That depends upon his age and his aptitude for words. The older child will more readily assimilate them than will the very young child. So let the parent use his discretion in this matter. But if any names of sex organs or functions are given, let them be the true ones. The immoral stratum of society is accustomed to vulgar terms which, degenerated from good usage, always carry with them obscene ideas; these should never be used. Some mothers, sensing this, but being unused to the correct terms, invent or misapply other words to tell their children. The disadvantage of this is that these are not recognized terms; and in time as the child, in all innocence, uses them, he will be subjected to ridicule, and incidentally he will lose so much the more his confidence in his mother. In this book the true terms are used. They have the dignity of common usage in all scientific and, indeed, all intelligent circles, and in books. When the child learns any terms-and he must learn them soon or late-let him learn these, and he will never be under the shame either of obscenity or of ignorance. In any case the parent should thoroughly familiarize himself with these correct terms, that he may use them when necessary.

CAUTION

In general society we have to take into account the fact that the subject is at best approached with misgiving and at worst damned with shame. The intelligent adult is wise enough to avoid its discussion where such discussion would be inappropriate or would be received with dubiety; but as between parent and child there is, or should be, no such barrier. To the child the subject is not a dreadful something called "sex," but a beautiful something called "life." In his mind it is in no wise segregated from other science, but, on the contrary, it opens before him the kingdom and the glory of God his Father. The parent who, under the hand of God, can enter into this kingdom as a little child, is fit to be God's son or daughter and God's under-teacher of the children.

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But just because of this innocence in the little child, because of his ignorance of the evil in the world, he may need to be cautioned against divulging to others what his mother and father teach him. He is not to be made to think it is shameful or evil; for it is not. He may be told that many people do not understand, and he must wait till he is grown up to learn how to teach them; therefore this wonderful story is to be kept a secret between him and Mother and Daddy; he is not to talk to other children or other big people about it.

Besides, let it be thoroughly understood, this subject of life and its beginnings is not continuously in the thoughts of the little child. His interests are many and varied, and this question only occasionally comes to the surface. The parent is not to burden the child's mind with it, but only to clear his mind as needed and to instruct him as the subject comes to view, from time to time, in the great kaleidoscope of life. Give him the whole grain of life, not a concentration of vitamin E. And, so distributed through the great variety of the child's interests, this subject will not become an obsession with him. His liability through innocent prattle to bring up the subject embarrassingly in other circles can be forestalled by the precaution suggested. And, incidentally, let the parent reduce his own liability to embarrassment by cultivating a sane attitude toward the whole matter.

NEED

Does the little child need this instruction? There are some who counsel leaving it out of the child's education until he has come to adolescence. Such persons are strangers to the life of the child; they know nothing of what goes on in child society. Not one in a thousand children comes to adolescence without knowledge of sex, obtained almost universally from ignorant and vicious sources--their child companions or older persons. If for no other reason than to prevent this evil, the child needs to be given the truth.

But even if he never received tainted knowledge, if he were fated to be ignorantly innocent, there would still remain the chief reason for instructing him while young. For the story of life is not merely a prophylactic, meant to immunize him against evil. It is in itself positive good, and most necessary to an understanding and appreciation of life. To deny him this teaching is to deny him a great revelation of God. We might as well say that the child should never be taught about God, because, perchance, he would never hear of the devil. Is the sum of perfection to know neither good nor evil? That is impossible. To teach the child concerning life that comes from the Father of all, and to show him the wonderful means by which God gives that life, is to fulfill the purpose of the life given him. This science is a vital part of salvation and growth.

BUILDING

This book does not deal with evils, the negative side of the subject. Abnormalities and perversions of the sex powers are possible in childhood, though often children's attitudes and acts are misinterpreted and mishandled by adults. But there is less likelihood of their occurring if the foundation of true science is laid and the vision of God is given to the child. It is with this education that we are here concerned. For assistance in meeting the social and physical problems in the child's life, there are other helpful works. You are referred to appropriate chapters in the books, "All About the Baby," "Through Early Childhood," and "Growing Boys and Girls," by Belle Wood-Comstock, M.D., and this writer; and for fuller instruction to, "New Patterns in Sex Teaching," by Frances Bruce Strain.

Sex education of the child being normally not a separate subject, but an interweaving of vital truths in the pattern of all education, the need is for broad and intensive culture in a happy environment and with instruments of truth. Storytelling and nature study are two such instruments of great importance. "Christian Story-Telling," by A. W. Spalding, is recommended for the former. In nature lore and teaching, the field of literature is wide and varied, and much help may be received from a host of books; but for a guide to the spiritual interpretation and impression of nature's truths to the child, a forthcoming book by Mrs. A. W. Spalding, "At Eden Gates," is chiefly recommended.

As those to whom has been entrusted the most important work of life, the molding of the plastic soul material of the child into the image of the divine, I commend you, parents, to the care, the instruction, and the guidance of God our Father, the giver of life and love.

GLOSSARY

Anther (an' thur). Pollen case of the flower.

Gland. Organ of the body that secretes some special fluid.

Mammal (mam'ml). Milk-producing animal.

Milt. Secretion from the male reproductive glands of fishes, containing the sperms.

Ovary (oh'vah-ry). Female organ in which eggs are produced.

Ovum (oh'vum). Egg of the mammal.

Ova (oh'vah). Plural of ovum.

Oviduct (oh'vi-dukt). Channel through which the eggs pass.

Ovule (oh'vule). Egg of the flower.

Penis (pee'nis). Male mammal's copulative organ.

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Pistil (pis'til). The complete female parts of the flower.

Pollen (poll'len). Sperm of the flower.

Roe (ro). The eggs of fishes.

Spermaries (spur'mah-riz). Sperm glands.

Stamen (stay'men). Male part of flower.

Stigma (stig'mah). That part of the pistil of a flower that receives the pollen.

Testes (tess'teez). Male reproductive glands.

Travail (trav'l). Labor in giving birth.

Udder (udd'der). Milk-making gland of some mammals.

Uterus (yu'ter-us). Organ in which the infant forms; the womb.

Vulva (vul'vah). The external sex parts of female mammals.

Womb (woom). The uterus.