

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.
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EDITORIAL

Mother's Day

Let every day be Mother's Day—
Make roses grow along her way
And beauty everywhere.
O never let her eyes be wet
With tears of sorrow or regret,
And never cease to care.

Come, grown up children, and rejoice
That you can hear your Mother's voice.
A day for her? For you she gave
Long years of love and service brave.
For you her youth was spent;
There was no weight of hurt or care
Too heavy for her strength to bear,
She followed where you went;
Her courage and her love sublime
You could depend on all the time.

—Edgar E. Guest

REFLECTIONS

There is nothing more beautiful to reflect on, that belongs to humanity than the love of Mother. As the years advance we are more and more impressed with this thought, and we love to reflect on those early days, when Mother sang to us her lullabys, is our earliest recollections, then came the teaching of that early prayer: Now I lay me down to sleep, etc., then the Bible stories, with their explanations to the pointed questions of a child. Who forgets the caress, when we came with our troubles and bruises, and a caress, a kiss and never mind, it will be alright soon, sent us away happy and dried our tears. All hail to the women who have not evaded motherhood, especially the godly mothers who brought up their children to fear God. From such mothers we believe have come the individuals who have been the greatest blessing. Jesus Christ was born of a woman, reared in a godly home, and provided for she who bore him when dying on the cross. "Honor thy father and mother" is the first commandment with promise. Can one forget the prayers and tears when we went astray from the fold of Christ, how she had us on her heart and we heard our name in mother's

prayer. Mother, no name more dear in the natural realm and when we are received into the everlasting habitations who next to Jesus?

SANCTIFIED MOTHERHOOD

She who rocks the cradle, rules the world" is an oft repeated statement. One equally familiar is, "What is home without a mother?" The counterpart of that expression is, What is home with a true mother? While the name mother is familiar to us all, and with which are associated the most pleasing and precious memories of our earlier years, yet we must not forget that the term mother is representative—representative of exalted functions and ideas, of nobility of womanhood, of character, of tenderness, of disinterestedness, of self-sacrifice, of passionate love and of true devotion. A true mother is a God-send to the family, the community, the church and the nation. Her mission on earth is a glorious one, her influence for good incalculable, her life an inspiration, her reward commensurate. Mother's voice in the home has a peculiar charm for innocent children, her voice sounds the sweetest just before the eyelids close in slumber, and the same voice thrills the prattlers as nothing can on awaking in the morning.

Ah yes, some of us know but little from actual experience about a mother's solicitude, but we know more from observation, yes we have time and again witnessed the fact that nothing soothes the weary little ones and charms them into refreshing slumber like mother's voice. Other friends are dear to them, but mother, sympathizing mother, is mother's occasion let us crown mother as Queen among all women, who has enriched the world and who has nobly filled her God-appointed mission. There is a sanctity connected with motherhood that is found in no other human relation. Christian mothers are the nation's greatest benefactors.

So give her an exalted place in your esteem, a warm appreciation in your affections, a loving devotion even to the end of her earthly career. Anticipate her need, her desire, make any sacrifice to comfort, sustain and love her. Make her days on earth delightfully happy, pleasant and enjoyable. Be thoughtful by crowning her with your abiding interest in her, make her declining years as free from anxious care as possible. Deal gently with her, bear with her unavoidable infirmities, smooth the wrinkles of her brow, fill her cup of contentment to the brim. You can never fully repay her for the inheritance she bequeathed to you. Gladden her heart by leading an honorable life, care for her temporal necessities. Never, never act as though she were a burden to you. Some day she will vacate her place in this earthly home. May no regrets of non-appreciation or rude treatment ever mar memory's picture of her devotion.—Evangelical Messenger.

OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.

There is something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.

Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves

The silver-threaded fairy shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.

Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed step,

Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength;

Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden walks, old roses, and old loves.

—Heart and Life

MY MOTHER

(A Tribute)

Down the vista of the years we gaze with tear-dimmed eyes, striving to gain one last glimpse of her sacred picture that hangs in memory's corridor in a coronal of forget-me-nots that we wove when a lad, on the banks of the rippling brooklet that flowed swiftly away through the old sugar camp.

Yes, forget-me-nots, tear-stained by her own tears and plucked by her old scarred hands that rocked us to sleep in that old sugar trough in the golden glow of the great woodfire that roared its sweet lullaby songs of the night-time.

Dead hands! that, briar-bruised and bleeding, many a time tucked us in for slumber with a simple prayer to a loving Heavenly Father to protect us from harm till the morn-tide.

How often we remember her in her accustomed place at meeting in silent worship, with her head bowed low, her eyes closed, tears coursing down her care-worn cheeks, body trembling with emotion, a saintly smile upon her face and a halo celestial, seemingly a coronal above her sacred head. No word was said, no song was sung, no anthem from the choir loft, no thundering pipe-organ pealed forth celestial melodies.

Just a mother's silent prayer for a wayward boy spoken in tones louder than they call to us, and we understood the echo of the silence in our soul. The recording angel made a record in words of living light on the books above of what she said to Him about her boy.

From the dynamo of heaven her boy received the message of a mother love that has never ceased to glow in the innermost shrine, where angels dare not tread, where only mother's spirit and his hold sweet communion as he walks down the western slope of a well worn life of service.

How oft her boy looks backward across the tear-wet, blood-stained sands that he has trod for man's well nigh allotted span and remembers her loving kiss and warm embrace.

Upon the sacred mother's day set apart to commemorate her greatness and goodness, let us gird up our shattered barque of broken resolves and launch out farther on the deep where greater blessings await our sailing.—

— H. C. Fellow

FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS

Faith of our mothers, living still,
Though oft assailed by doubts and fears;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
When we recount these golden years.
Faith of our mothers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.