

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness—Isa. 35

VOL. XXXII.

MONCTON, N. B., APR. 30, 1937

NO. 39

Mrs. Harshorn Miller,
Jan 28



Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Exodus 20:12

A MOTHER'S LOVE

A Mother's Love!—how sweet the name!
What is a Mother's Love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould—
The warmest love that can grow cold;—
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself newborn;
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;—
This is a Mother's Love.

In weakness in her arms to bear,
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;—
This is a Mother's Love.

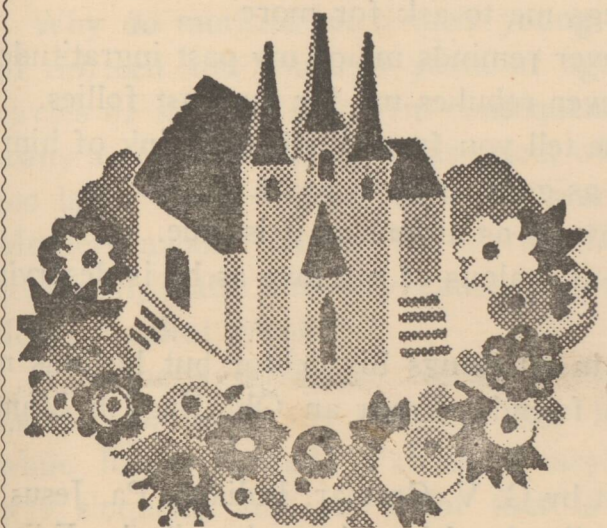
To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;—
This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold—
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy?
A mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;—
Is this a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer, "No!"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet, Ah! remember this:—
The infant reared alone for earth,
May live, may die—to curse his birth;—
Is this a Mother's Love?

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And poured upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the Word:
This was the lesson to her son,—
Time is Eternity begun;—
Behold that Mother's Love!

Blest Mother! who in wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God:
Ah, youth! like him enjoy your prime,—
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that Mother's Love.



That Mother's Love—how sweet the name!
What was that Mother's Love?—
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,—
As much of heaven as heart can hold,—
Nor through eternity grows old;—
This was that Mother's Love.

—Montgomery.

