

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. 40:3

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MOTHER'S DAY

"My son hear the instruction of thy father and forsake not the law of thy mother.
Harken unto thy father that begot thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old."—Proverbs.

Mrs. Geo. Tedlie, Feb '38

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 new-born;
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?

(Continued 3rd Col.)

TRIBUTES TO MOTHER

In memory, my mother stands apart from all others, wiser, purer, doing more, and living better, than any other woman.—Alice Cary.

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She was occupied with great themes. I never heard a word of gossip from her lips. She had no time for it. My mother had courage of intellect and heart.—Frances Willard.

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More than a thousand times since you have journeyed on we have said, "If only mother were here as of old, that we might say the word and do the thing we postponed or forgot."—John Wanamaker.

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Mother love . . . hath this unlikeness to any other love: Tender to the object, it can be infinitely tyrannical to self, and thence all its powers of self-sacrifice.—Lew Wallace.

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I feel now that the happy fifty-six years that I spent in the glorious ministry of the gospel of redemption is the direct outcome of my beloved mother's prayers, teaching, example, and holy influence.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

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The simple faith of my mother is good enough for me. If we believe this faith, what harm? If we disbelieve it and thereby do wrong, what of our future?—Chauncey M. Depew.

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It is to my mother that I owe everything. If I did not perish long ago in sin and misery, it is because of the long and faithful years in which she pleaded for me. What comparison is there between the honor I paid her and her slavery for me?—St. Augustine.

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Most of the beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins, but one mother in all the wide world.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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Even He who died for us upon the cross, in the last hour was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought—the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven.—Henry W. Longfellow.

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.

My dear mother, with all the truthfulness of a mother's heart ministered to all my woes, outward and inward, and even against hope kept prophesying good.—Thomas Carlyle.

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I never heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor saw any angry or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eyes of either. I never heard a servant scolded, nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner blamed; and I never saw a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter.—John Ruskin.