

The King's Highway

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Mr Donald Tedlie, Feb 41

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

Rev. M. Campbell, McCord, Sask.

How important is the office of womanhood in the world! She truly rules the destiny of man, morally and spiritually, whether she knows it or not.

She holds, as it were, the front line, not in mingling in business, or making her voice to be heard in stormy debate in parliament, or on the platform,—but in giving moral character to the community. By winning, moulding, swaying the religious sentiments and emotions of mankind, she acts decisively upon the immortal destiny of man, and woe to her, and woe to the world, if she forgets or abuses that trust.

She was not created to be a slave, a plaything or an idol, but an helpmeet. Not a sentimental devourer of fiction, half crazed from drinking from the goblets of pleasure, or inebriated by the rounds of social functions, parties, whist drives, gossiping, chit chat, slanders, etc. She was to take her place in the spheres of usefulness in the Christian economy,—the church, the home and social life. Usefulness, I said, not useless rounds of entertainments, that do nothing to raise the moral standard.

In every community, its moral character is received from the women members. Where women are weak, frivolous, trifling, wicked and godless, the manner and morals will be low. But let the women be intelligent, high principled, sincerely religious, pious, and God fearing, there will be a higher standard of morals. You have seen this.

How soon would dancing, carousing, night life, and places where sottishness, animal passions and plots against domestic peace and purity are nursed and begotten, be made to close up if women refused to participate.

A virtuous woman! Her price is far above rubies! As wife and mother she enters the most sublime spheres of her earthly existence. She blesses and beautifies the household with her kindness, her love, her patience, her undying devotion that illumines every dark hour with the light of hope and faith. The fearful problem of an immortal being is propounded to her in every new born infant. The germ of an angel's bliss or a devil's woe is committed to her divine nurture. A plastic soul with capacities allied to seraphs and a duration parallel with the endless years of Jehovah's existence is put in her hands. The mould she forms will shape the immortal features of that spirit. The mortal life she lives will inbreathe its deathless activities and emotions. A spark of immortality has been kindled on her hearth-stone, and whether it shall glow with a pure radiance until it shall rival the brightness of the firmament and be set to shine as a star in the new heaven, where dwelleth righteousness, or kindle the noxious gases of human corruption till it shall set on fire the course of nature and be itself set on fire of hell, will depend mainly upon the stimulants applied to it by that mother. How responsible the duty! how exalted the ministration to guide one such tow-

THE WATCHER-MOTHER

"She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late,
In Winter by the window,
In Summer by the gate;

"And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem
more safe
Because she waited there!

"Her thoughts were all so full of us—
She never could forget;
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.

"Waiting till we come Home to her,
Anxious if we are late—
Waiting from Heaven's window,
Leaning from Heaven's gate!"

—Selected.

A MOTHER

Sarah N. Latham

When God looked down upon the earth
And chose to put new blessings there,
Gifts from above
To show His love,
And lighten earthly joy and care,
He gave the sky the sunset glow;
Gave fragrance to the lily's blow;
Gave laughter gay
To children's play;
And then to every yearning soul
He gave that gift of tenderest worth—
A mother.

The lily's sweetness is forgot,
And sunset splendour fade to gray;
But fresh and dear,
Through changing year,
Through quiet night, or eager day,
The love of her we love the best
Lives closely shrined within each breast.
Bless heaven for—
A mother.

ering spirit to the clean sunlight of truth, till it shall lose itself in the blazing firmament of heaven's own brightness. Mother of that little bud of eventful destinies, of that mysterious and immortal soul, can you conceive of a loftier vocation than to guard the opening flower and ripening fruit, and train it to bloom in the paradise of God?"

What a need for Christian mothers! If we do not have them, we are ruined. Without this moulding influence of virtuous motherhood upon the coming generations there will be a moral rot set in that will tumble the highest ideals of the Utopian and philanthropist.

What would the church do without the Christian women that have adorned her ranks? It would indeed be a dead affair. Woman submits

to God more readily than man, possibly because her subjection to man, as God has authorized, prepares her to submit more readily to Divine authority. She makes higher attainments in religious life. She is free from many hindrances that hinder man; her nature is more susceptible, her feelings more tender. She has been accustomed to cling to some other support and her heart goes out after some appropriate object of love and confidence. When she attaches herself to the Saviour, it is commonly with a strength of affection to which men are strangers.

When the women of the church are light, and worldly, the church loses its grip. Look at the church where you see the members with the latest styles, cuts, colors and forms and you do not see much Holy Fire or real genuine soul saving. Mothers, you are moulding the church of tomorrow! We are depending on you. Ye virtuous women! May your virtue, love and faith be a torch to continue to "light times' thickest gloom." May you ever have that love and devotion and be as faithful as those women who were at the tomb to anoint the body of their Lord. Do you see your Lord being carried away into the tomb of cold formality today? Tell the world He is risen, and hath appeared unto you! May your affections be upon things above and not lost in the earthly, materialistic age of today.

Mothers, we owe a great debt of gratitude to you. You "have kept the faith"; you have prayed for us; you have worked for us; you have laboured for our good; you loved us, even when we were self-willed and unthankful; you loved us when we did not honour you as we should have; you were kind; you kissed our tears away; you comforted our sorrows; you would die for us.

We see in this a symbol of God's great love to the world, and we intend, by God's grace, to endeavour to bring back those wanderers to the great Shepherd and Bishop of their souls, and so fulfill our mission on earth. Amen!

MOTHER

Whose gentle voice when childish heart
Was pierced by disappointment's dart,
Did consolation, sweet, impart?
It was the voice of—mother.

Whose sacrifice, whose smile and tears
Have brought their blessings through the
years
In sharing all our joys and cares?
The sacrifice of—mother.

The mem'ry of whose constant care;
Whose self-forgetfulness, whose prayers
A halo spreads across the years?
'Tis those of precious—mother.

Whose counsel and whose tenderness
Come back today our lives to bless—
To teach us true unselfishness?
The tenderness of—mother.