

# The King's Highway

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## Mother's Day, May 9th

"God Bless Our Mothers"

### A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS

Rev. A. S. London

The highest qualities of the mother are displayed in her relationship to others, and through the medium of her affections. She is the nurse whom nature has given to all human-kind. She takes charge of the helpless, and cherishes and nourishes those we love. By her constitution, she is compassionate, patient, self-denying, and gentle. With her love she sheds brightness everywhere. She is loving and hopeful. Her life shines upon coldness and warms it, upon suffering humanity and relieves it, upon sorrow and cheers it. She is the queen of the fireside where she creates an atmosphere conducive to the growth of character in its best forms. The mother has been called the angel of the unfortunate. She is always ready to help the weak, to raise the fallen, to comfort the suffering, and console the dying. She was the first to build and endow a hospital, and it has been said that wherever a human being is suffering his sighs call a mother to his side. The most characteristic qualities of the mother are displayed through her affections and sympathies, and the most beautiful avenues of her life are of the heart.

"Love," it has been said, "in the common acceptance of the term, is folly; but love, in its purity, its loftiness, its unselfishness, is not only a consequence, but a proof of moral excellence; the sensibility to moral beauty, the forgetfulness of self in the admiration engendered by it, all prove its claim to high moral influence. It is the triumph of the unselfish over the selfish part of our nature." It elevates the intellect, and expands the soul. It stimulates the mental powers, and lifts the aspirations. Viewed from this angle, the mother is an educator in the highest sense, because, above all other types of educators, she educates humanly and lovingly.

The love of a mother, says a writer, is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and nature with its generous flame. The true mother is a staff to lean upon in times of trial and difficulty; she is never wanting in solace and sympathy when distress occurs or fortune frowns. One has said: "I would not exchange my poverty with my mother for all the riches of Croesus without her."

The mother calms, softens, and strengthens in days of difficulties. In times of tests she shows her strength and energy. "Man longs for a happiness, more complete and more tender than that which all his labors and triumphs of self-exertion and public importance can bestow. Even in the midst of great undertakings, the affections of the mother in the home form the basis of life."

Rev. John Newton said: "After leading a vicious life in my early days, the voice of my mother came as it were from the dead, and led me gently back to virtue and goodness." The American statesman, John Randolph, said, "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father Who art in heaven.'"

The poorest dwelling presided over by a virtuous, thrifty, cheerful and cleanly woman may be the abode of comfort and happiness. It is a sanctuary for the heart, a refuge from the storms of life, a consolation in misfortune, a pride in prosperity, and a joy at all times. A historian in speaking of his mother said, "She suffered with me in my poverty, and was not allowed to share my better fortune. When young, I made her sad, and now I cannot console her. I know not even where her bones are; I was too poor then to buy earth to bury her. And yet I owe her much. Every instant, in my words and ideas, I find my mother in myself. What return then could I, who am myself advancing toward old age, make her for the many things I owe her? One, for which she would have thanked me—this tribute in favor of our mothers."

### THE PREACHER AND BOOKS

It is distressing to see a preacher with a Model T mind riding around in an up-to-date car. If you can buy a car you can afford books, and we doubt if you have any right to buy a car until you have spent half its price on books.

The books should be carefully selected. Some of the new books are worth owning, and many of the old ones should be read and reread.

But the mere possession of books will mean little. They must be read. Too busy to read? Well, brother, you are just too busy. Spurgeon read Pilgrim's Progress one hundred times!—Editorial, Moody Monthly.

Mrs. Fred Brown, Dec 43



### WE LIVE BY FAITH

Men will gladly face life's dangers when they know "The Power of His Resurrection."

A splendid Easter message, reprinted from the "War Cry" by the late Commissioner, Samuel Logan Brengle.

The Resurrection was God's final and complete attestation and vindication of Jesus as the Christ of God, His beloved Son, in whom He was well pleased. The Resurrection was God's final and complete answer to every question; it swept away forever every ground of doubt.

Jesus Christ was the revelation of God. In Him the Father was unveiled. The Father's heart of love and pity, of sympathetic understanding and infinite yearning, more tender and unailing than that of a mother, was made known in Jesus.

In Him, too, was seen the Father's hatred of sin, His holiness, His spotless purity, His exact and unswerving justice, and His detestation of all unrighteousness.

Jesus came into the world to reveal the Father and to do the will of the Father. He also came to save lost men—to save him from his sins and from himself, from his bad nature, his corruption, his bent to evil, his pride and lust, and the deceitfulness of his heart. The Resurrection was the final stone in the everlasting foundation on which this work was to be builded.

Just before His Crucifixion Jesus told the disciples plainly that He had come from the Father and was going back to the Father. True, they basely deserted Him; they fled away in His hour of need; and He died alone. The foundation for their faith was not fully laid by His life, His miracles, His words. But it was made complete by His Resurrection from the dead!

Now they had a foundation for faith on which they could build the city of God and on which they could stand up, unshaken and exultant, "when earth's foundations melt away." All that they needed was the baptism of Jesus—the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire which should purify their hearts and strengthen them "with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

When they knew "the power of his resurrection" their sufficiency was of God, even though they were insufficient of themselves. Oh, the wonder of it! It inspired them; it thrilled them. It made these ordinary men

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