

A Tribute to Mothers

Well may we pause to pay honor to who, after Jesus Christ, is God's best gift to men – Mother. It was she who shared her life with us when as yet our members were unformed. Into the valley of the shadow of death she walked that we might have the light of life. In her arms was the garner of our food and the soft couch for our repose. There we nestled in the hour of pain; there was the playground of our infant glee. Those same arms later became our refuge and stronghold. It was she who taught our baby feet to go and lifted us up over the rough places. Her blessed hands plied the needle by day and by night to make our clothes. She put the book under our arm and started us off to school. But best of all she taught our baby lips to lisp the name of Jesus and told us first the wondrous story of a Savior's love.

The pride of America is its Mothers. There are wicked mothers like Jezebel of old. There are unnatural mothers who sell their children into sin. There are sin-cursed, rum-soaked and abandoned mothers to whom their motherhood is an exposure of their shame. I am glad to believe that there are comparatively few in this class.

(Written in 1928, Author unknown)