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My Mother.

By Rev. J. F. DeWitt, M. D.

My mother's love is constant; she never forgets to pray
That God will always bless me, though I am far
away.
And while temptations gather and dangers thickly
stand,
She prays that God will lead me with His almighty
hand.

Each morning I am strengthened for labor through
the day
When I remember mother for me is sure to pray.
Her prayers have often kept me, and may they keep
me still
In meek submission, striving to do my Master's will!

My mother's getting old now; her silken hair is
gray;
Her step is growing feebler and feebler every day.
The cares of life have furrowed tear channels on her
cheek;
Life's burdens are too heavy for one so frail and
weak.

O, could I but relieve her of burdens that she bears!
O, could I share her anguish of all her earthly cares!
I'd gladly suffer for her more than I can express,
Did all that I endured but make her suffering less.

And if I get to heaven when life's fleet journey's
o'er,
And meet with happy loved ones upon that shining
shore,
I'll, next to God the Father and blood of His dear
Son,
Be indebted to my mother for all the victory won.