

GOING HOME

are trusting that God will enable us to obtain it during these winter months which is the proper time for building in Africa. We were praying much about this matter and the arrival of the money was very encouraging, and we trust Him to help us through.

The following is the total report for the year in this section of the Transvaal work:

Admitted by baptism	8
Dismissed to join elsewhere.....	4
New seekers	27
Babies presented 20—1 died	19
Deaths	0
Total membership	66
Dispensary treatments	983

Yours for souls in Africa,

H. M. AND A. G. STERRITT

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

Have you done your duty by these precious children whom the Lord has entrusted to your care? Have you set before them the right kind of an example? If they follow in your footsteps will they make the best of life? Have you honestly endeavored to train them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord? Have you been aware of the fact that they were receiving impressions from your words and tempers before they knew right from wrong? Perhaps they have gone out into the world to manage for themselves and set up homes of their own. Have they carried such impressions and recollections as will cause them to be inclined to raise up godly homes? In other words, are you conscious that you have measured up to your full responsibility as parents? It is utterly impossible to do this without the assistance of the Lord and His grace in your hearts. "Take this child and nurse it for Me," is what the Lord says to every mother. The trust is a sacred one, and can not be disregarded without serious consequences. How sweet it must be for Christian parents to see their children growing up in the service of the Lord and developing rich, holy experience and strong Christian character. And how sad to see them unconcerned and indifferent about their spiritual welfare and see them treading in the broad road that leads to destruction.—*The Free Methodist*.

LORD, GIVE ME WHAT I NEED

Lord, what I ask, or what I want,
If wrong, in love—deny;
The good unasked—in mercy grant;
My "need," O Lord, supply.

Not what I want, or what I ask,
But what I "need"—impart;
Give strength, however hard my task,
And fill with grace my heart.

Oh, what a privilege to pray!
And what a God to give!
My prayers are answered day by day,
And will be while I live.

My "need,"—my God—Thou wilt supply
Out of Thy endless store;
Unceasing blessings from on high,
Thou givest me more and more.

Then, when the "needs" of earth are o'er,
And this brief life is past;
Bring me by grace, to that blest shore
Where joys forever last.

—Joseph Dyson, Sheffield, England.

Before a cheery gas fire a little old lady sat dozing in her chair. The room in which she sat was neat, but everything in it looked old and worn. In one corner stood an organ, much carved and ornamented with scroll work. In the center of the room was a small, round table, covered with a fringed, red tapestry spread, upon which rested a big family Bible. A straight-backed settee and rocker, upholstered in red plush, were the other articles of furniture. A faded, ingrain rug covered the floor. As the winter sun streamed in at the west window it touched the faded little room and its occupant with a roseate glory.

The little old lady stirred and opened her eyes wide. The clock struck three.

"What can be keeping pa?" the old lady said. She picked up a basket near her, and adjusting her glasses she began to knit. As the needles clicked away she talked to herself.

"Looks kinda like we might get a storm tonight. I do hope it don't turn cold and freeze them 'taters pa bought last week. I wonder if he packed them down cellar like I said. Pa's so keardless like sence I ain't able to see after things."

The idea that she could no longer "see after things" was a source of great worry to her. For six months now, ever since she had "a stroke," she had pushed herself around in a wheel chair.

Presently "Pa" entered the room. He was bent and old. His face was seamed with lines of care, but his faded, blue eyes still held a spark of fire that told of a spirited youth.

"We got a letter today, mother," said the old man as he reached into his pocket and withdrew an envelope. "It's postmarked Los Angeles. I reckon it's from Ted. You want I should read it to you?" He settled himself slowly in the straight backed rocker. "Yes, you read it, pa. My eyes ain't so good since I had that stroke. I couldn't see to mend very good today." She let her knitting fall in her lap as she spoke.

The old man opened the letter and read slowly. His voice stumbled as he neared the end of the letter and read the words: "I can't come home for Christmas this year, I have so much to do, but I will try to come in the spring." When he had finished the letter he folded it carefully and handed it to his wife. He could not trust himself to speak. She patted the letter tenderly and there were tears in her eyes when she spoke again.

"Ted was a good boy. He don't know how we miss him I s'pose. It's been five years sence we saw him, pa, and we ain't so young as we was. Sometimes I wonder if we'll ever see him ag'in. I counted so much on him and his wife comin' Chris'mas." Her voice trembled as she talked.

"There, there, mother," the old man laid his rough gnarled hand over hers, "don't take on so. Ted means well. He'll surprise you one of these days and come runnin' in to stay a week or two with you."

"But, pa, I was so set on having' him this Christmas. I somehow feel it's my las' Christmas, and Ted's all we've got left now."

She spoke those last words softly for she was thinking of Nellie, their only daughter, who had been dead many years now. After her death the old people had lavished all their love on their son. But he was married now and a successful business man in Los An-

geles. Being very busy he had neglected his annual visit to the old home. Each year he wrote that he would be sure to come the next, but when the next year came Ted always found something to detain him. And so five years had elapsed since the old people, now past eighty, had seen their son.

That night as they sat by the fire their talk drifted back to the days of youth. As always, they dreamed of the "good old days." They had been pioneers when the State of Kansas was in its infancy.

"Pa, do you recollect how we built that little sod shanty on our claim when we first came to Kansas?"

He nodded. "Yes and I remember the time we had a prairie fire. It was the year Ted was born. I saw the fire coming' arollin' along in great, red waves, and I thought everything we had was gone, but the backfire we set saved us. Them was hard days, mother, but we was happy too."

The old lady smiled, a soft little smile of bitter sweet memories. "Remember Ted's first Chris'mas pa? How you cut me a little bare tree and I wrapped the lim's with green paper, and hung it with pop-corn and red rose berries—you drove fifteen miles to town and got Ted a little toy horse and a ball and me a red calico dress pattern.

"We've had a lot of happy Chirs'mases together, mother, and we've had a lot of hard times too, but takin' things as a whole we've been purty luvky. You'n me been married better'n fifty-five years now and the Lord has always saw fit to give us enough to live on. I reckon he'll care for us 'til he calls us home." He spoke with a feeling of reverence. They were devout Christians, these old pioneers.

"I was jus' thinkin' today, pa," the old lady said slowly, "here I am so helpless like—can't stir a step sence my stroke. I've lived my life, and I'm old and helpless, and no good to anybody anymore—I wonder why God don't call me home?"

"Don't, mother. Don't speak so. It would be lonesome for me with you gone. You're not a burden to me. I can take care o' you. I'm strong yet even if I am old."

"But, pa, I've always prayed I'd never be left helpless to be a burden to folks. What would become of me if you would be took first? I'd have to go to an old ladies' home, that's what I'd have to do, or else live with Ted—and you know we've both said we'd not bother the children in our last days."

"Why, mother, how you do talk," soothed the old man. "Yuo're upset over that letter, I guess. It's two days yet to Chris'mas and Ted may change his mind yet and come—shouldn't wonder a bit if he didn't just write that so's he could slip in and s-prise you. Now you forget them worries."

She sighed softly, "I gues I'm tired out, pa. Maybe you'd better read the Bible and help me to bed."

He walked over to the table and picked up the big Bible. Seating himself again he read slowly, tracing the lines with his finger. His old eyes were dim now and it was hard for him to follow the words. Sometimes he stumbled over a word as he read aloud the ninety-first Psalm. His voice quavered as he read the last two verses:

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in time of trouble; I will deliver him and honor him.

(Continued on Page Six)