



Rev. H. C. McGeorge, of Old Town, Maine, writes: "I have resigned as pastor here to accept a call to our church at Presque Isle, Maine.

We have heard that our Perth, N. B., Sunday School broke its own record on Easter Sunday with 144 present. Congratulations to Rev. W. L. Fernley, the Sunday School Superintendent, and the people of the Perth church!

Has your church reported its Easter offering? If not will you kindly do so at once? Write: Rev. C. E. Stairs, Truro, N. S.

BIRTH

BORN—To Rev. and Mrs. Karl E. Gorman on April 15th, a son, Stephen Karl.

FULL-TIME OR PART-TIME MOTHER?

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The boy returned from school at three and was, his mother thought, "certainly old enough to look after himself for a couple of hours a day without getting into trouble." She herself reached home about six o'clock.

The judge was angry. Angry at all parents of all boys. "If there were only some way to make parents understand that responsibility for a child does not end when he becomes a teen-ager old enough to look after himself," he complained.

The judge leaned forward, spoke urgently to the woman before him.

"Mrs. O., there is no teen-ager who is capable of 'taking care of himself!' There is no teen-ager who does not need the emotional security which only a normal home can provide . . . And by a 'normal' home I mean one in which the father earns the living and the mother stays at home where she is needed."

I felt sick and chilled as I thought that this boy, but for the grace of God, might be my own young Joe in a couple of years.

After court adjourned, I had a talk with the judge in his chambers. He knew my problem, and after discussing the afternoon's cases, he went on to say, "In a home where there remains only one parent, it's even more vital that this parent be in the home. Do anything you have to do—anything you can do with honor—but stay at home with your boys!"

"Go home," he said to me then, "go home and read the Sermon on the Mount. You will find there what I am trying to tell you."

All these weary, weary months—and the answer had been right there all the time . . . if I had only been listening:

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth . . .

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

I was the mother of sons, solely responsible to them and to God for the sort of men they grew up to be. Surely that was a worth-while, full-time job!

Sometimes nowadays life gets pretty rough. But I have learned to take each day as it comes, to deal with each problem as it arises.

Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself . . .

And my sons have the only real security there is on this earth: love, warm companionship, and the realization that they mean more to me than the things I can buy with money.—Christian Advocate.

PARABLE FROM A CHURCH PEW

(Continued from Page 3)

And so the child was loath to be weaned from his comic books, but his parents steadfastly refused him, feeling that it was their stern duty. The child continued to grumble and found no pleasure in church, and the milk of the Word of God to be very thin after blood and thunder of Superman.

And his parents marvelled at him, saying, "Son, we have brought you to church each Lord's Day these many years, and do you not find pleasure in the house of the Lord?"

PARENTS AT FAULT

And the child answered them saying, "You have made of this house a reading room for my pleasure in Superman and Screwy Squirrel. How now do you expect me to so quickly find pleasure in that which I was taught to ignore?"

And his parents were sore afraid and cried out, "What is this thing we have done?"

And they remembered a Child who was lost three days. And when Joseph found this Child He was in the temple, for He must be about His Father's business. And His Father's place of business was familiar unto Him; He had been brought there often since He was a tiny child.

And this father and mother now considered their own childhood, and remembered how they had gone to church with their parents, and had sat quietly through the service, without scissors or comic books. And they had found pleasure in the house of God.

And now as their child grew, they strove with him that he might learn to worship in the temple of the Most High, and they were filled with anguish in their hearts. And they remembered they had listened to teachers with itching ears and their saccharine doctrine of child rearing, and had not hearkened unto the sayings that were written in the Book: "Train up a child . . ."—Home Life.

TIME TO LIVE

Take time to work—it is the price of success.

Take time to think—it is the secret of power.

Take time to play—it is the secret of remaining young

Take time to read—it is the foundation of knowledge and wisdom.

Take time to worship—it is the highway of reverence.

Take time to be friendly—it is the road to happiness.

Take time to dream—it is hitching your wagon to a star.

Take time to love and be loved—it is the privilege of the blest.

Take time to look around—the days are too short to think only of ourselves.

Take time to laugh—it produces psychic vitamins, and destroys mental acidosis.

Take time to play with little children—it is the joy of all human joys.

Take time to be courteous—it costs nothing, and pays great dividends.

Take time to notice the children about you—they are soon to fill your shoes.

Take time to cultivate your soul—it is the highway to God, purity, destiny. —Selected

The King's Highway