

LOST JEWELS

Helen K. Oswald

FOREWORD

It was with a mixed feeling of deep grief for the needy children, and of hopeful joy for the prospect of brightening their future, that I wrote this little volume. I also sensed the great need of the binding of families in order to save neglected children who are suffering in our world today. Many are homeless, friendless, and some wander about cold and penniless. But God has not forgotten them.

A great desire has been awakened in the heart of Leah Schmitke to devote her life to the work of rescuing homeless and destitute children who need parental love and guidance. A heavy burden has rolled upon her heart to help these little ones.

A year ago she toured Europe. Her special interest was studying the children and the conditions affecting their lives. Her own book, soon to follow, contains their story. She also includes a report on the needs of thousands of children in America. On the opposite side is pictured one of the little waifs she rescued while in Germany. He now has a good home in America, but he is only one of the millions of needy boys and girls in war torn Europe.

Leah Schmitke is a devoted Christian and a humble follower of her Master. She is talented in many ways but especially in music. She has a beautiful voice which she uses to the honor and glory of her Lord. Thousands have been blest through her ministry in song. She is an earnest seeker of truth and righteousness, always desiring to please God in all she undertakes.

It is my desire that thousands of these little volumes will be sold to help in the work of saving LOST JEWELS. For this worthy cause it has been written.

THE AUTHOR

APPRECIATION

Helen K. Oswald is widely acclaimed for her ability as an inspiring writer and speaker. She has won international recognition and was made an honorary member of the National Association of Publishers and Authors.

I would like to refer to the booklet, OUR BOYS IN UNIFORM, which she dedicated to her own son, Dr. Aaron Oswald, who at the time was serving in the Armed Forces. Her appealing message in OUR BOYS IN UNIFORM has cheered the hearts of our servicemen everywhere. Chaplains in the Army ordered thousands of copies. It was only a few months after writing it, on the morning of February 24, 1945, that Captain Oswald lost his life while rescuing a crew of ten men from a crashed and burning B-24 Bomber. Captain Oswald served overseas for two years as a Flight Surgeon. He was twice decorated for valor, the first time for meritorious achievements while participating in aerial flights in the South

Pacific. The second decoration, the Soldier's Medal, was awarded him for saving a gunner from the wreckage of a burning plane. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15:13.

Truly, America can be proud of such a hero. The spirit that he showed in saving the lives of others was implanted in his heart through the training of his wonderful mother. She is indeed, one of America's greatest mothers.

After visiting world-famous institutions like THE GEORGE MULLER ORPHANAGE of Bristol, England, and DR. THOMAS J. BARNARDO'S CHILDREN'S HOMES in England, and learning of the wonderful work of Frederich Von Bodelschwingh in Germany, I am determined more than ever before to do a work of similar nature in this fair land of ours. The condition of millions of destitute children in Europe is alarming; but conditions as they exist in America is even more shocking since our privileges are far superior to those of the Old Country.

I cannot sufficiently thank the writer of this appealing volume which is contributed for the cause of saving LOST JEWELS and the binding together of families. May God bless the vital message contained herein that it may bring hope and courage to thousands. LOST JEWELS should be in the library of every home in America and elsewhere. It should be read by millions, and many stirred thereby to action.

LEAH SCHMITKE.

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CHAPTER ONE

HUMANITY RESPONDS TO KINDNESS

At creation this world was made perfect and beautiful. Everything was planned for man's complete happiness. Heaven and earth reflected the wisdom and mighty works of the Omnipotent God. Our first parents enjoyed it to the full, until they became disobedient and sin entered to mar its perfection. Tears and heartaches were the result. Death began to rob parents of their children, and children of their parents. Rivers of tears began to flow as homes were left with empty chairs, and loving voices were stilled. Orphans became numerous. During the years not one of these has gone unnoticed by our Heavenly Father. In Holy Writ we find such expressions as, "... Thou art the helper of the fatherless." "... In thee the fatherless findeth mercy." "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the father-less and widows in their affliction, ..." "Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child." Kindness to them is pleasing to God. He is interested in all the children of the world. They are all precious in His sight. He watches over them with a tender eye, but is particularly interested in the lonely orphans.

When Jesus dwelt on earth he was a special friend of children. They loved Him and sought for Him. I fancy that many little ones pleaded with their mothers to be taken to Him for we read that one day a group of mothers gathered "And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them." Mark 10:13. They doubtless reasoned that Jesus was too busy with other seemingly more important problems. "But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." Mark 10:14-16.

On another occasion He said, "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

Jesus was never too busy to stop amid the many cares of life and give attention to those who were in need of comfort, help or encouragement. His heart was always open to the suffering and oppressed. In Him they found an understanding, sympathetic friend. Humanity responds to kindness as the plants respond to the sun. Let us notice a demonstration of this power in the following story of real life.

GARVIS DIDN'T B'LONG

"It was recess at the Belmont school, and it was raining. This meant that eight hundred children must play in the basements. The whole school was in the midst of a mad scramble and there was a penetrating din of noisy voices and tramping feet.

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"Fight! Fight!" came in jubilant yells from the boys' basement. The teachers on duty rushed to the scene, clapping their hands for attention; but to no avail. The nine-year-old champion, the central figure of the warfare, was deaf to their entreaties.

"Just as the teachers were giving up in despair the young, boyish-appearing principal stepped in, and shortly the fight was brought to an end.

" 'Come up to the office with me, boys.'

"Five guilty boys, headed by the champion, walked behind the man, and were soon arraigned before the court of justice. Eventually each one was sent away, leaving the leader of the battle alone with the dispenser of punishment.

"Something about the lone little figure attracted Paul Day and he wished that he might become better acquainted with him. It may have been the brown eyes beneath a shock of tousled brown curls, or it may have been the grotesque costume he wore. His slim little body was clad in faded tan trousers that were miles too big and sagged down over his thin knees almost to his ankles. The tight little coat of plaid material had apparently been made for a girl.

" 'Tell me your name and where you live,' said the principal.

"The boy's brown eyes looked defiantly into the man's blue ones.

" 'It's Garvis Wilson, and I live - - live - -'

"The defiance changed to wistfulness and the little voice broke as he finished. 'I live - - 'Fesser, I live - - at that - - house over there.'

" 'Oh, I see. You've had several fights before, haven't you?'

" 'Yes, 'Fesser, me an' the fellers has been a-fightin' purt ne'r ever recess since I been a-comin' to this school.'

" 'How long have you been coming to our school?'

" 'More'n a week, 'Fesser, ever since I bin tu that home over there.'

"The young man's manner was sympathetic as he drew the tiny bunch of wistfulness toward him.

" 'Why do you fight so much, Garvis?'

"The expression in the boy's eyes changed once more, and a sudden angry fire lighted them.

" 'Cause the fellers calls me DUB. They called me "Double" at first and then jist begin to call me Dub. They do that 'cause I ain't got no fittin' clothes; the britches is allus too big an' the coat's allus too tight an' I allus look funny jist like I wuz two fellers—a big un an' a little un.'

"Paul Day sat at his desk, silent for a moment, looking steadily at Garvis. Presently the hurt, angry look in the boy's eyes changed to triumph.

" 'But I lick 'em ever' time, 'Fesser, even 'f I am a Dub. 'Spect it's 'cause I'm two fellers reason I can lick 'em! I'm g-goin' to keep on a-lickin' 'em too, long's they keep a-callin' me Dub.'

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" I wouldn't do that, Garvis. I'd be a man and not lower myself by fighting. Don't you know that if you fight you will always find somebody else to fight with you, and you will grow up to be a most disagreeable sort of man?"

"But, 'Fesser, I ain't got nobody tu b'long tu an' I haf tu fight so's th' fellers won't run over me. An' these big ol' britches an' this little ol' coat jist makes me feel like I want tu fight an' fight an' fight an' jist keep a-fightin'!"

"Paul Day was not much more than a boy himself, and something in his nature and his experience made him long for some way to reach the child's aching heart and heal the wound.

" I'm not going to punish you very much today, Garvis, but the next time it will be severe. But you won't need it after this, will you? You are going to be a big brave man, aren't you?"

"Yes, 'Fesser, I'll try tu be a big brave man an' not fight, but sometimes these big ol' britches a-floppin' 'round on me jist makes me so mad they jist makes me be bad. But I'll try to be good 'cause I like you. I wisht I wuz your little boy so I could b'long.'

"For some time after the boy had gone, Paul Day pondered over the situation. His mind went back to the days when he had not 'b'longed'; when he had lived in the home of a cold, selfish, unsympathetic aunt. He had been given everything that money could buy and so it had not been necessary for him to wear 'big ol' britches', but his aunt had made him stay dressed up all the time. And, worst of all, he had had to wear Windsor ties! How he had hated them! But he had not 'b'longed' as Garvis had termed his lack of love and sympathy.

"The next day the sun shone and the playground at the Belmont school was alive with hundreds of happy voices.

"Fight! Fight!" There it was in spite of the splendor of the sunshine and the crisp freshness of the winter air.

"Garvis and his opponents in battle were brought into Paul Day's office. This time the champion was in tears, and he barely stepped inside the door. Standing there, hanging his head in shame, the defiant spirit was gone. As before, the young principal sent the other boys out first.

"Come here, Garvis!" The voice was tender with hidden emotion.

"The tearful, shame-stricken little champion came forward, head hanging, not even glancing up. His ragged shoes, that were not mates, scraped on the floor. He edged up toward his hero. As he came nearer, his eyes glued to the floor, for the shoes he had expected to see were shiny, black, man-sized shoes. Instead, these were tiny, tan pumps, and above each one was a slender silken ankle, then a golden brown dress. His eyes, traveling upward, stopped at a pair of sympathetic, brown eyes, soft and sweet and smiling. Then he found Paul Day's blue eyes just above and behind the glorious brown ones.

"Oh, there you are, 'Fesser.' A little sigh of relief escaped his lips. Then came to him a voice, like an angel's, the sweetest he had ever heard.

"Don't mind me. I'm just Mrs. 'Fesser, and I have come to school today to get a glimpse of Mr. 'Fesser's boys. He has told me about you.'

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"Paul Day smiled approvingly at his pretty little wife, then looked earnestly at Garvis.

"So you have been fighting again?' The boy dropped his head, and in spite of his brave attempts to keep the tears back, they just would come.

"Yes - - it jist seems like I git all het up when the fellers calls me Dub an' I don't know whuther I am mad at the fellers er this ol' tight coat an' these big ol' britches. Now if I b'longed I don't believe I'd keer one speck. But - - 'taint no fun to wear 'em when you don't b'long.'

"Two loving, motherly arms went around the weeping little Dub. A sympathetic voice, as if from heaven, said things that made him forget the sorrow of not belonging.

"We want you to come and be our little boy, dear. God took our son away and He has sent you to take his place. We need you. You should belong to us.'

"Then 'Fesser came nearer, his blue eyes misty.

"I really never did belong, Garvis, until Mrs. 'Fesser took me. Now we'll both belong to her.'

"The curly head lifted itself, and two happy eyes smiled through their tears into the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. 'Fesser.

"We'll both b'long to her, 'Fesser, an' I'll b'long to both of you. I'll be half yours an' half hers. I don't keer if I do haf tu wear th' little ol' tight coat an' th' big ol' britches now, 'cause I'll haf tu be two fellers tu b'long tu both of you, won't I, Mrs. 'Fesser?' " — Kathryn Kimball.

Little Garvis was one of the lost jewels. He entered heavenly portals, as it were, when he was taken into the home and love of Mr. and Mrs. Day.

It is the duty of mankind to search for these lost jewels and give them a fair chance to make good. Such work will be rewarded a hundred-fold when God rewards all deeds of kindness and justice, for we read, "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matt. 10:42.

"God made the little birds and flow'rs,

And all things large and small;

He'll not forget his little ones,

I know He loves them all."

—Maria Straub

WHICH WAY HOME?

One dark, stormy night in a great Eastern city, a policeman found a child lost and crying in distress. Through the child's sobs the policeman gathered enough from his story to locate his home. The little boy actually was not far from home, but the darkness and storm bewildered him. The officer spoke kindly and

tried to tell him the way. "Go down this street four blocks, turn to the right and follow the river a short distance and you will see your home."

The little fellow, only half comprehending, chilled by the wind and confused by the storm, turned about blindly. Then another voice spoke to him: "Come with me, Son. I will take you home." Immediately he stretched out his chubby hand and placed it in the strong hand of his new-found friend. Soon he was safe at home. The short journey had been made in full confidence. Why? Because this kind man had shown him the way by going with him.

Millions of poor, forsaken children in this world are crying: "Which way home? I am lost, and cannot find my way!"

Yes, millions are lost in the fog amid the tumult of trials and perplexities, and longingly look for someone to show them the way to better living. There is help for them if we are willing to do our part.

CHAPTER TWO

WHAT IF THIS WERE YOUR CHILD?

There are still thousands of homes in our world where the parents are carrying out their God-given duty to their children. These homes are regulated according to God's instruction. It is from such homes that peace and contentment radiates. They are built on a solid foundation where nothing can break their joy, except death. It is from such homes that help must come for these motherless and fatherless children.

A WORTHWHILE UNDERTAKING

Some years ago a mother died, leaving two dear little children, a boy and a girl. The father realized his helplessness. He was forced to work if he would provide for his little ones. What should he do with his children? He took them to one home for a while, and then to another. Somehow, it was not satisfactory. One day this father was walking the streets, searching for a more permanent home for his children. His journey brought him to our home with his burdened heart. Anxiety was written all over his face as he spoke. I made no promise, for I felt the job of mothering two small children would be very trying, especially after ours were grown—our son, a doctor, and our daughter, an office secretary. Then too, I was busy with home duties, with helping my husband, and with church work. I felt I had sufficient reason not to take on added responsibilities. The father left with a sad countenance and a heavy heart.

Somehow, I could not sleep that night. Continually the thought kept preying on my mind, "What if those children had been mine? What if I should have had to leave my precious children and they had been homeless and my husband had been searching for a good home for them? Would I have wanted a proper home to close its doors and turn them away?" I rolled and tossed. Toward morning Matthew 25:31-46 kept ringing in my ears until I was under deep conviction.

After praying earnestly about the matter, I gave study to my program. I found I could rearrange my schedule and thus make room for those little ones. Happy was that father when I called him and told him that I had reconsidered. With a sigh of relief and a different ring in his voice, he said, "O thank you very much." The receiver went up and in a short time he came to our home with his children.

We learned to love those children and spent a number of happy years together. During that time we tried to sow into their young hearts seeds that would bear fruit for life eternal. God gave grace and strength for the added task and we were blest in our service for them. We found it a most worthwhile enterprise to undertake. The principles laid down in the "Golden Rule" helped us to make the right decision.

LEO FOUND AN IDEAL HOME

An orphan boy, by the name of Leo, was adopted into a home where the names God or Jesus were never mentioned. He was not treated kindly. One day misfortune befell the family and they could no longer care for Leo; consequently, he was taken from one place to another until he was a most unhappy child.

Then one day he was told that a man was coming to take him to the hills to make his home there. Leo thought this would, no doubt, be just another lonely place, so he went out into the back yard and buried his face in his arms as he leaned against a tree and cried out his heartache. Suddenly he heard a voice. He looked up and saw a tall man step from a car. He felt sure that must be the man who was to come for him. He was inclined to run and hide, but instead he decided to hear, if possible, what was to be said. Soon he heard his name called. Leo answered and started hesitantly toward the house.

"This is Mr. Lin. You are to go with him, Leo," the lady said. She gathered his few belongings and tied them into a bundle. In a few minutes he was on his way with the strange man going to another strange place.

They had not gone far when Mr. Lin saw fear and tears mingled in the eyes of the boy. He pulled him close to his side and put one arm around him, and talked kindly to him as they drove on. Through tears Leo said, "I wish I had a little dog that would always go with me."

Mr. Lin answered, "My boy, we have a pretty little dog that we call 'Tike.' He will be yours. Then we have another beautiful big watchdog. He is my right-hand helper. He too, will be yours. He is trained to pull the milk wagon or a sled. He will be glad to give you some rides." Leo began to feel joy looming up in his bewildered and lonely heart.

Just then they turned into a well-kept farmyard and a sweet, kind-looking lady came out to greet them. She picked Leo up and kissed him, then took him into the house. Tike jumped and barked with excitement when he saw the little stranger.

After Leo's hands and face were washed, Mr. Lin came in and they gathered around the table for the evening meal. Leo felt strange and weary and before time to leave the table he fell asleep. When he awoke the next morning he

found himself in a nice clean bed in a cozy room with Tike sleeping near his bed on a sheepskin rug.

At breakfast Mr. Lin said, "My little man, this is your home now, and you are our own little boy. We want you to be happy here. We will do all we can to make this a pleasant home for you. Have a good time today with Mrs. Lin and Tike. I will be back tonight."

Leo grew happier with each passing day. One evening Mrs. Lin said, "Tomorrow we will take you to church, Sonny." Leo did not know what church meant. When they got ready to leave the house the next morning he very timidly asked if Tike really was his and if he could take him along.

"Sure Tike is yours," answered Mr. Lin, "but I think Tike had better stay home and take care of the house and Collie will take care of the farm while we are away."

Leo feared church meant just another place where he would be taken for a few days and then moved on again. Mrs. Lin guessed the battle which was going on in his little heart, so she assured him they would be gone only about two hours, then they would return and bring him back with them.

Mr. Lin picked Leo up in his arms, and kissing him, said: "Sure we will bring you back with us. You are our little boy, I am your daddy, and Mrs. Lin is your mother. You will always be our boy."

Leo's arms tightened around Mr. Lin's neck, and turning to Tike he said, "Good-by, Tike, I's coming back again."

Tike jumped with glee. He wanted to go along, but he stayed at the gate as he had been taught and watched them drive away.

Leo had never been inside of a church and everything seemed strange. The minister had planned a guessing contest for the children. Not mentioning a name, he described some parts of Jesus' life and the children were to guess who the story was about. Little Leo became intensely interested. When the minister asked of whom he had been speaking, Leo's hand came up first.

"Sonny, who do you think this good man is?" he asked.

"That is my daddy over there," he answered cheerfully, pointing to Mr. Lin. The pastor smiled as he looked into the moist eyes of Mr. Lin and he said, thoughtfully, "Would to God more children could see Jesus in their parents."

CHAPTER THREE

THE WOES OF BROKEN HOMES

What varied memories center around the word "Home." To many it is the dearest place on earth; to others it may spell only tragedy in one way or another; to some it brings memories of filth, disorder and friction. There are others who think of home as the place of "Don't, don't, don't," and nothing to do. Thousands think of their homes broken by death. True, such experiences bring

unspeakable heartaches and loneliness, but these are not the saddest homes. The saddest pictures are those homes broken by separation and divorce!

Authorities tell us that separation and divorce constitutes our nation's greatest legal and social problem. It is also the most cancerous moral problem. This is, indeed, alarming. According to a survey covering the first ten months of 1945, it was learned that thirty of the nation's largest cities granted almost half as many divorces as they had issued marriage licenses. Later surveys show that the divorce rate has increased tremendously since then, and it is rising higher each year.

The children of divorced parents make up a large proportion of our American youth. As long as there are divorces and children of divorced parents, heartaches will always be with us. This problem must be squarely faced and intelligently met.

Often the lawyers and the courts know little or nothing regarding the cases involved, and frequently they make unwise decisions concerning the welfare of the children. This causes great confusion and brings distress to the innocent boys and girls. Many will take an orphan into their home and give him loving care, but a child from a broken home is often cast about from pillar to post. The tragedy of a divorced couple is terrible, but the fate of their children is even more tragic! Who can measure the depth of woe which these innocent ones suffer when the God-appointed mission of their parents is abandoned? The sense of security, of being a part of a just and purposeful society, is taken away from the children and often this is their ruination.

It is from broken homes that thousands of the saddest orphans come! These children are frequently left homeless and friendless. Torn between two opinions, they struggle on in misery, trying to earn enough for the barest necessities. They often feel that they are outcasts. They are left to the mercies of a cold, selfish and rushing world. True, a few of these unfortunate boys and girls are taken into good homes and become quite happy, but many more are left most miserable.

AFRAID TO GO HOME

One summer in June my husband's parents, our son, our daughter, and I were making a vacation trip to Canada. While changing trains in Seattle, Washington, we were thrown into a terrible accident while riding in a taxi. Our much-desired vacation ended very suddenly and three of the loved ones had to be hospitalized for months. I was on duty with them sixteen hours out of each day. One evening it was past eleven o'clock when I left my precious patients.

As I stepped out of the hospital, I saw a little form lying on the steps sound asleep. It was a little newsboy. His head was resting on one of his arms while the other still held on to a number of newspapers. I aroused the child who looked to be only about six years old.

"Don't you want to go home, Sonny? It is late," I said. He began to cry and complained that his arm on which he was sleeping hurt. While I rubbed the thin arm he fully awakened. Then I talked to him for a few more minutes.

"I didn't sell all my papers so I can't go home."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Cause - - cause, my mother said I couldn't come home until I sold them all, an' I was to bring home some milk and bread, but I didn't get enough money."

"Where is your father?" was my next question. His lips quivered and then he answered in a choked-up voice.

"Daddy left us long ago. We don't know where he is. I liked my daddy. Mother is sick now so I have to sell papers."

I took hold of his little hand and we walked down to a corner drugstore where lunches were also served. After he had something warm to eat, I bought the rest of his papers, and gave him a loaf of bread and some milk.

"Thank you. I'm going to tell my daddy about you when I see him again," he said. "I'll be home soon" and down the dark street he went. Did someone say a "shipyard orphan?" Yes, most likely, even if he had a mother and father by name.

"WILL YOU HELP ME FIND MY FATHER?"

A traveling man tells this story: "I was deeply absorbed in the contents of a magazine, in the comfortable coach of my train, when I felt someone poke at me from the seat behind. Looking back, I saw a small boy. Thinking his action was accidental, I smiled and resumed my reading. But pretty soon the poking began again, and when I turned to inquire its cause, he said, 'Mister, will you help me find my father?'

"I said, 'Why certainly, Son, if I can. Where is he?'

" 'Why, that's just what I don't really know, but he told me to get on this train, and he would meet me at S----. You see, I have been traveling alone, and I left home in Texas at two o'clock this morning. I have been riding all day long.'

" 'And why do you want me to find your father?' I asked.

" 'Well, because I haven't seen him since I was two years old, and I might not know him. He might not be at the station and what would I do then? You see I have lived in Texas for the last eight years.'

" 'Why are you traveling alone?' I persisted.

" 'Because I have no one to go with me.'

" 'Where's your mother?'

" 'Oh, my ma is dead. I'm sick with a tuberculous hip and she didn't have money enough to take care of me, and so she shot herself. They buried her, and then I had no one to live with, so the neighbors are sending me to my father. They had a good breakfast for me at two o'clock this morning, but I couldn't eat, and then they put my trunk in the baggage car and me on the train, and now I am going to look for my father. I don't know what he looks like.'

" 'Have you any way of telling your father?' I inquired.

" 'Ma told me one day that he had a clip out of his left ear, and if I would look for that I would know him.'

"The train finally approached the station, and as we began pulling in the little fellow pleaded: 'You won't leave me, will you? You won't forget me?'

"As the train stopped at the station I surveyed the face of every man. I was not expecting to see the kindest-faced individual, else this boy and his mother would never have been reduced to the straits in which they found themselves.

"At last I saw a stern, raw-boned individual looking from coach to coach. There were other men in the station—well-dressed men, kind-faced men—but I scanned carefully this weather-beaten face that seemed to stand alone, and then, sure enough, under a broad-brimmed hat I saw the left ear with a distinct clip out of it. I helped the little lad down the stairs and said to him: 'There's your father. I am sure that is he.'

" 'Where?' and he began to search the faces of the well-dressed men.

"As he looked into the face of the man to whom I had pointed, he gave a distinct shudder and then pressed closer to me saying, 'That isn't my father, I'm sure it isn't.'

"Walking up to the man, I said: 'I believe you are looking for a boy, and I have him here. He is from Texas.' Without even thanking me, he took the boy by the hand and said: 'Why of course you are my son.' For a time the child wanted to cling to me, but I edged away saying with a lump in my throat, 'Now I have brought you to your father, and I must be going.' "

CHAPTER FOUR

NEGLECTED HOMES

A large percentage of our youth who become criminals can trace their downfall directly to the lack of proper training, and to the parental neglect in properly providing and educating them in early life.

Thousands of children are left to themselves for hours without proper guidance and supervision. They are confronted at every newsstand with startling crime picture-books, colorful novels, funnies, and detective stories, as well as the popular TV in the home. If they are not devouring these, they sit in some movie where often crime and theft are acted out before them. Thus, their young minds are jammed with the powerful influence of the underworld of today. What else can be expected when they are not employed in any way in worthwhile activities? They have no hobbies to occupy their leisure hours, and their parents profess no religion. Thousands of parents don't even believe in God. How can they lead young minds to regard rules of righteous, social behavior? When humanity refuses to take counsel, and study the plan which God has laid for man's happiness, then crime, death, heartaches and shame are sure to follow.

IS YOUR HOME LIKE THIS ONE?

In one of our large mid-western cities lived a family of four—Mr. and Mrs. Brown (so we will call them), a son, John, and a daughter, Josephine, whom they called Josie for short. Mr. Brown was a railroad man and so naturally his work kept him away from home much of the time. Mrs. Brown had been quite a careful mother, but when once her children were in school, she decided she would take part in more social activities to which she had always been so attracted. Her new life began moderately, but soon her popularity and hunger for entertainment began keeping her away from home even in the evenings. She finally reached the place where she was in a constant rush, feverishly getting ready for the next affair. John and Josie were left to themselves much of the time now.

They were good children—at least they always brought home good report cards. Mrs. Brown did take time to check over their grades. Then she was off again. Yes, they also had food at home but the children were lonesome. They often complained of being lonely after school, but the mother told them they were no longer babies and that surely they could manage to entertain themselves until she got back. So she continued in her mad whirl.

Mischief Resulted

Soon complaints began coming in that John was getting into mischief. Josie knew about her brother's activities and she was afraid and worried. One evening she felt she could conceal his acts from the parents no longer, so when her father reached home that evening she told him the whole story. Mr. Brown, in his excitement over what he had heard, did not wait to talk and reason with his son, but when he appeared about ten o'clock that evening he immediately took him to task and beat him severely. His father's anger stirred resentment in his heart. Now he was more determined than ever to go ahead with his program and in addition he vowed revenge on his sister for telling on him.

The next morning Josie hurried off to school before John was ready and after school she hastened home, hoping her mother would be home so John could not hurt her. But mother was away as usual. John arrived soon after Josie and slapped her face and told her if she ever told on him again he would do something more than just slap her face. Josie cried for some time. After waiting there alone she finally fixed herself a bite to eat and then went to bed. As for John, midnight was the usual hour of his return home.

Mrs. Brown came home after Josie was sound asleep. She went to John's room to see if he was all right too, but he was nowhere to be found. At last he came. She scolded him for being out so late and leaving sister home alone. John came back quickly with the answer, "You told us sometime ago that we were no longer babies and I didn't think it necessary to be home all the time; and besides you are always gone. We never know where you are."

She took hold of him and shook him, and admonished, "Aren't you ashamed to talk to your mother this way? I don't want to hear another word out of you. Now get to your room."

John just stood and stared at her. Seeing he was angry, she left him in the hall and shut the door between them. She stood silently for a time, with hands clasped tightly, wondering what to do. Soon she heard John going to his room, so she retired.

Mr. Brown came home late that night. He noticed she was restless and could not sleep. He questioned her a bit, but she refrained from telling the cause.

Soon Out of Control

As time went on John got harder and harder to manage. Josie begged her mother to stay home. She said John was getting terrible. "Oh, don't be such a baby, he won't hurt you," chided Mrs. Brown, "besides I can't stay home just to take care of him. I guess I'll have to leave him to your father to manage anyway." Poor Josie brushed the tears aside and tried to be brave, and John went on getting more bold.

One evening a phone call came saying that if John ever again was found in a certain neighbor's yard, the neighbor would have to take the disciplining in his own hands. Mr. Brown had been on a long run that day and was very tired, but he stayed up and waited until after midnight. As John approached the house he noticed his father waiting for him. He made up his mind he was not going to act frightened, so he walked in and said, "Well, here I am! What are you going to do about it? Beat me again? You'll never see me in this house again if you do."

Mr. Brown was terribly aggravated, but feared to touch him, so he just said a number of hard words and withdrew from the room. The boy retired to his room, feeling he was now on top of the world as the whole family was afraid of him.

As tired as he was the father could not sleep. He could not understand what would cause his once obedient son to turn so hard, and he was greatly grieved. The next morning he left early for work so did not see John that day. John got up for breakfast the next morning, but neither he nor his mother spoke.

A great gulf was building up between the parents and John. They could not understand John and John did not appreciate them. What a sad condition to have develop in a home! John had come to the place where he felt the world was against him and he was not going to be trampled on by anyone. Josie's pleas that her mother be home in the evening when she came home from school became more frequent and intense, but to no avail.

John was checked up by a number of neighbors on his way to school one morning for things he had done, and he was out of sorts all day. On the way home he caught up with Josie and her little friend and tormented them. Josie's friend soon became weary of his rudeness and ran home. That left Josie alone with John. At home they got into an argument, and John chased Josie around the dining room table. Suddenly, he reached into the buffet drawer and pulled out dad's pistol, pointing it at his sister, he said sternly "Just one more move and I will kill you."

Just then the door opened and Mrs. Brown entered. She was shocked.

John did not wish his mother to know to what extent he had gone, so quickly tucked the weapon under his jacket to conceal it until he could put it back unnoticed. Mrs. Brown, however, saw it all, but did not let on. Poor little Josie was pale with fright and tears kept coming to her eyes, but she brushed them aside and hurried to the kitchen. Mrs. Brown asked her to run an errand so as to get her away from John. Josie breathed a sigh of relief and hurried toward the store. John noticed her go so quietly slipped out of the house and followed her. He soon caught up. "Listen, kiddo! If you breathe one word about our quarrel I will sure finish my threat."

Josie soon returned with her parcel, but felt sick and asked to retire early. The shock was almost too much for her. After a light lunch she went to bed, but she was very restless in her sleep. Mrs. Brown waited for John until quiet late. After he got in she also retired.

Soon Mr. Brown came home. Although tired, his first question was "Is John in?" When Mrs. Brown said that he was, he breathed a sigh of relief and got ready for bed. He fairly groaned as he lay his weary body down, but not long was his rest, for Mrs. Brown turned and said: "Husband, I don't like to tell you this, but I feel I must for I am afraid we will have to do something with John." As she unfolded the story, Mr. Brown sat up in bed and buried his face in his hands. Suddenly he looked at his watch, then jumped out of bed and said, "It is only twenty minutes until the train leaves for the south. I am gain to---- to see if we can place John in the reform school. We must act at once before he commits a crime. Don't tell him or Josie where I have gone. I will be back as soon as I can." Hurrying to the phone he called his foreman and informed him that he would not be at work the next day.

Father Brown Visits a Reform School

Arriving at his destination early the next morning, he went immediately to the institution. It was not yet eight o'clock but he found the warden already coming around the corner of the main building. He looked like an understanding, intelligent man. By the time he unlocked the large door, Mr. Brown stood beside him.

"Good morning sir, is there anything I can do for you?" was the kindly greeting from the fine-looking gentleman.

Rather hesitantly, Mr. Brown responded, "Yes, sir, I have a boy who seems to be beyond our control, and we would like to place him in this institution for a time."

The older man removed his hat and looked down as he spoke in a subdued voice, "That is indeed a sad story for any father to have to tell. Is this your own son, sir?"

"Yes, yes sir," came the answer rather disheartedly.

"How old is your boy?" questioned the warden.

"He is just a little past thirteen."

"Thirteen and beyond control!" repeated the elderly warden thoughtfully.

"Is the boy's mother alive? And do you have any other children? And how is he doing in school?" were the next questions.

Hearing the father's answers, the warden put on his hat, turned to the nervous father and said, "Come, let us take a walk in this refreshing morning air. I can talk to you better away from here." So they went out into the large flower garden on the spacious lawns of the reformatory. Looking thoughtfully at the young father, the warden, with great concern, began talking.

"Good sir, something is wrong in your home if your son does well in school—where many have trouble—and is unmanageable in the home where there are only two to be controlled. Your son is still young enough to say his prayers at his mother's knee and yet you say he is already beyond control. What a sad future!"

Pausing a moment he added, "Now let's see if we can find the cause of your son's bad behavior, and if possible the remedy. In the first place, is the mother loyal to her home and children, and do you and your wife talk things over with the boy when he has done something wrong? Have you, as a father ever said to him, 'Son, your dad has traveled the road ahead of you. I made mistakes and learned by them, so won't you bring your problems to me and let me help you solve them?' Knowing he had done wrong, did you put your arm of love around his young shoulders and draw him close to you and tell him you were grieved about his misstep?"

Mr. Brown shuffled the gravel about with the toe of his shoe as he answered shamefacedly, "No, I can't say that I have."

"You came to me for advice, Mr. Brown," continued the kindly warden, "so here's what I would suggest. You go back and start tomorrow morning with a new program. Invite your wife to stand with you. At the breakfast table why not greet him with a cheerful 'good morning, Son!' He'll no doubt be surprised. Don't be afraid to show him affection. He won't think you any less manly and he'll feel that you, after all, are a father to him. Don't be discouraged if his response isn't immediate. Then I want you to get your family together into the living room for a little heart to heart talk. After being seated, tell the children that you as parents have made a grievous mistake by not being more companionable. If you have never prayed before, try it now. Kneel down with them and ask God to forgive the past and help you to draw close together once more as a family. Then live your prayer. If, after a month, this program is not successful in changing the course of your boy's life, then, and only then, bring him here."

These words struck deeply into the heart of Mr. Brown. He realized that he had never known what it meant to be a helpful father. Thanking his kind and very timely counselor, he hurried back to the station and boarded the next train for home.

The Return Home

After settling in a comfortable seat, many thoughts kept pressing in on his weary mind. He wondered if the harm through their parental neglect could

ever be fully corrected. Tears ran down his worried face as he sat there meditating. Fame and wealth would be buried behind grief and shame if their boy would go to the reformatory, he reasoned. It would testify loudly that he was a total failure as a father. In his troubled thoughts he remembered that his adviser had directed him to God for help. Could he pray? He wanted to pour out his burdened heart, but he did not know how. Finally, in silence he said, "Dear God in heaven! I am in deep trouble. I - - I can't tell how I feel, but - - please teach me how to be a good father and help me when I am to pray with my family." It was a short prayer, but he knew that God had heard it, for he felt a big burden had rolled off his heavy heart.

As the train was nearing home that evening, he wiped his eyes and braced up to face his task like a man. Mrs. Brown was still up awaiting his return. The children were both asleep. He was very quiet as he ate a bite of supper. Mrs. Brown noticed he was deeply absorbed in thought, so she waited for a while, then softly came the questions, "When are they going to get John? Or, will we have to take him there?"

Mr. Brown pushed his chair away from the table, and turning to his companion he told her about his visit with the warden and the advice he had given. They retired, but neither of them slept much.

When morning dawned, Mrs. Brown prepared a tasty breakfast while Mr. Brown shaved. Soon the children's foot-steps were heard. John entered the kitchen first. The parents both greeted him with a friendly, "Good morning, Son." John looked up rather surprised, but hurried to the wash-room, looking back as he entered, wondering about the friendly greeting. Little Josie came next and she was greeted in the same way. The breakfast hour was happy for the parents included the children in the conversation and they discussed subjects of mutual interest.

After breakfast the parents invited John and Josie into the living room for that heart-to-heart talk. The children looked at each other, wondering what it was all about. John sat down in a chair over in one corner and Josie in the other. The parents hardly knew how to approach the subject. The confession finally came mingled with tears, "Children, we have not been all to you that parents should be. We have materially provided for you in every way, but we have neglected the most important part of family life and that is companionship. We have loved you, but we have not always shown it or told you, and when you did wrong, John, we did not talk things over and have an understanding before we punished you. For those things we are deeply sorry and we humbly ask your forgiveness."

John did not answer. He could not quite understand. After waiting a moment father suggested, "Let us kneel and ask God to help us turn a new leaf and draw us close together as a family. The parents knelt, Josie bowed by her chair, but John looked around, then slowly slipped off his chair and covered his face with his hands. They all knelt silently while the father sobbed out his humble petition. He did not know how to pray a beautiful prayer, but in a few simple words he presented his burden to God. John was listening. A strange feeling came over him as he heard his name mentioned in the prayer and he quickly crawled over and knelt under his father's arm and said, "I know this will

help, Dad." For a moment they wept silently together. Little Josie went over and put her arms around her mother's neck.

Upon rising from their knees, Mr. Brown took John in his arms and said: "Son, I love you and I want you to know it. Mother and I want you to grow up to be an honorable young man, one whom people will love and respect. To this end we want to help you. We have faith in you, John, that you can make good."

John straightened up and stood like a soldier as he looked into his father's face and said:

"Thank you, Dad, I will surely do better." Then the mother spoke of her regrets and said it was mostly her fault that things had drifted into the conditions they had in their home. "While father earned the livelihood, I should have stayed home."

"It's all right, I am glad for the change now," comforted John.

Little Josie stepped aside and cried. She did not yet know how her brother felt toward her. Finally, John turned his head and seeing her still sobbing he walked over toward her. With both arms outstretched she ran to him. John took her in his arms and said, "Sis, can you ever forgive me for the way I have been treating you?" Josie held tight around his neck as she buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed until she could say, "Sure, I will John."

A Happy Home Once More

Thus, the four hearts were knitted together once more with love and understanding and the dark cloud was lifted.

Mr. Brown went to work with the assurance that God had intervened and that John would not have to be taken away. And John was happy for the confidence expressed, and he resolved to walk worthily. Little Josie felt as though she had once more entered a land of liberty and she was happy.

The neighbors noticed the great change in the family. Now they often saw the Browns out for walks and they seemed so chummy.

Which is more important, seeking wealth and fame or properly heading up our homes and rightly training our children? We may comfort ourselves that they are receiving good training in school. The training they receive in the day school is fine and indeed fills an important need in every child's life, but it can never take the place of home training, that noble part God assigned only to parents.

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

"Out on the street, we know not where,
Nobody seems to know or care;
Spending the time we know not how—
Hasten, some one, and find them now.

Lost Jewels

"Share in their pleasures, join in their play,
Give them a happy hour today;
Make the home cheery and warm and bright,
Hold them by love from the street tonight.

"Boys and girls must have something to do,
Find them something—take part in it too;
Make them feel they are welcome at home,
That you miss them truly when they are gone.

"Don't say too much about the noise;
Let girls be girls, and boys be boys.
The time may come when much you'd give
To have them at home once more to live.

"Read to them something nice and new,
And let your words of reproof be few
And wisely chosen. A little praise
Will often win in these precious days.

"Chide them kindly when they do wrong,
And do not keep at the chiding long;
Try to think of some better scheme
Than always making their faults the theme.

"It is well to house and to clothe and to feed,
But the mind and the heart have also need;
And to freeze the heart and starve the mind
For the want of good care is most unkind.

"You may not have riches—it matters not;
For home is home, be it palace or cot.
So keep the heart warm and make the home bright
And hold the dear children with you tonight."

—H. Elizabeth Jones

CHAPTER FIVE

INDIFFERENT PARENTS

I was awakened about two o'clock one morning by a loud commotion in the street outside my bedroom window. I got up quickly to see what was going on. There I saw a police car had crowded another car to the curb. The police were pulling two men and a woman out of the car. The woman started screaming. She fought and struggled with the officers.

"You can't take me to jail. I've got a baby at home. It is in the house all alone. I can't go to jail."

The last statement I heard as the police shoved her into their car was, "That's where you should have been, then you would not have gotten into this mess. You had no business to be out with these fellows drinking and leaving your baby at home when your husband is toiling on a hard night job to provide for you. Now quiet down." The door closed with a bang.

As they drove away I could still hear the woman screaming, "You can't take me to jail, you got to take me home to my baby."

My sleep was gone. For the rest of the night I lay there thinking what the future may hold for that baby with such a mother, and I wondered from what kind of home she might have come. Perhaps from one of the careless ones where the youths in early teens are allowed to run the streets all hours of the night. Then I thought of the men who were with her—perhaps they had families somewhere with whom they should have been.

INCREASE IN JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

The police records of today show an alarming increase in juvenile delinquency. These young people come from careless and indifferent parents, as well as from divided or broken homes. Honorable J. Edgar Hoover says that people commit crimes because they lack moral responsibility, and because their spiritual growth has been stifled.

A careful check on our criminal population shows that the children of divorced parents and neglected homes are making a fearful contribution to our penitentiaries and death houses.

Many a youth has fallen by the way and today is behind the bars because of lack of understanding, love, sympathy and companionship in the home.

NOTHING TO DO

In another home the parents sadly neglected their only son. He was a very handsome, intelligent boy and finished school early. Now that he was

through high school, and the parents refused to let him go on to college, he stood with diploma in hand wondering what to do.

For some time he tried to find a job, but he was told he was too young. No studying, no work, no companionship at home and no good books to read. What should he do, was the big question. Gradually he began to chum with other idle boys of the streets and ere long got into trouble.

The proverb, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop" expresses a real truth.

Instead of the parents coming to the boy's rescue after the first offense, and providing something for him to do so he could redeem himself, he was ridiculed and mocked and shamed. He saw his wrong and tried to go straight, yet his past was constantly held before him. He finally became discouraged and said, "What's the use of staying home and being good. I am not appreciated anyhow."

No kindly adviser stepped into the breach as did the warden in John's case. As a result the boy went out again with the gang and was caught in an unlawful act. The rest of the fellows fled while this boy tried to break away from the grip of a policeman. In the struggle he unfortunately killed the officer. Well, we all know what faced him then.

A good little grandmother, who often visited the prison and provided the prisoners with wholesome reading matter, was sitting in the lobby as the young man was brought from the main office and was led down the hall by strong, stern officers. As the key was turned in the door, the young man turned his head and looked back to the entrance once more. Without words, his bewildered face said good-by to the freedom outside.

The little lady got a good view of his pale, terror-stricken face as he took that longing look toward the door and she was almost overcome with grief as she saw him disappear behind those iron doors. She wept bitterly as she went home, and she resolved to help that boy in some way and make his stay behind the bars a little less bitter. The next day she visited the institution and asked permission to see this young prisoner. The officer said: "You are in too great a hurry, grandma, he has been here only about twenty-four hours. You had better wait a few days." But she pleaded, "Good sir! I am sure these twenty-four hours have seemed as twenty-four days to the young man. I feel he needs comfort right now."

"What do you wish to do for him?" questioned the officer.

"I am going to give him this Bible to read and this little picture of the Good Shepherd to put on his bare walls. And I have baked a few cookies for him. Here, eat one so you will know they are all right."

"Yum! Yum! They are all right. He has not eaten a bite since he came here so he may be plenty glad to get them. I will send the things over. You may go and see him."

"Thank you kindly," she answered, as she hurried over to the guard who unlocked the door for her.

Lost Jewels

Her visit, love and interest indeed proved a blessing to the bewildered boy. From week to week he looked forward to her motherly visits.

"Had my folks talked to me like you do I would not be here," he told her one day.

After a time she noticed the boy was giving his heart to God and one night he composed these lines:

"I lay upon my prison bed
Pillow damp with tears I shed;
With aching heart and in despair
I cried, 'My God! There's none who care!'

"'Twas then I heard a gentle voice,
Which made my weary heart rejoice,
'Oh, yes,' she said, 'God's only Son
Has cared for thee since day begun.

"He'll give you grace each trial to bear,
If you appeal to Him in prayer.'
I prayed and prayed far in the night
And praying through I saw the light.

"So now I'm happy every day,
Happy to serve in a humble way
A Saviour born in a lowly place,
Born to die for the human race.

"And if I in my feeble way,
Can point to Him one who has gone astray,
I'll feel that I've not lived in vain,
Although I've done some deeds of shame.

"To Grandma dear I give all praise,
She led me to the Throne of Grace.
Daily now I sing His praise
Because she filled a mother's place."

CHAPTER SIX

TRUE AND BLIND LOVE

True love originated with God, for God is Love. Blind love had its beginning with the enemy of our souls. It has a weak backbone, and is the cause of many troubles in our world today. Many parents think they love their children too deeply to correct ill behavior and improper deportment. They are not aware of the fact that they are stricken with blind love, and are overlooking the faults which are growing into bad habits. They reason that denying the children's desires only make them unhappy and disagreeable. "Leave them alone," they say, "time will correct it all."

The Creator of mankind has an altogether different pattern for a happy home. He stresses training and obedience as the foundation for peace and order both in the home and out. The law for man's conduct was written with God's own hand and the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," embodies a promise to those who honor their parents by obeying them.

There is real danger in this age that we become too "Modern" to believe God's Holy Word. It is our textbook as given to us by God. It is His Blueprint for law and order. Most of the texts used in this chapter are found in the writings of the wisest men of Bible times. We can readily accept their advice and instruction as being profitable for all.

It is folly for parents to feel that faulty young lives will, if left alone, correct themselves. Let us consider the advice which God gave through Solomon: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6. Notice the text says, "Train" a child if he is to develop a true and dependable character. In no way does it imply that the child will later develop desirable habits if we will let him have his own way when young.

Undisciplined children have everything to learn when they grow up. They soon learn to their sorrow that they were not taught habits of good deportment, industry, economy, order and self-control, or to respect authority and the wishes of others. As a result, their behavior is not agreeable. They suffer many hardships. Often such children become real bullies because they think they must always have their own way. A religious educator has this to say about unfaithful parents:

"The curse of God will surely rest upon unfaithful parents. Not only are they planting thorns which will wound them here, but they must meet their own unfaithfulness when the Judgment shall sit. Many children will rise up in judgment and condemn their parents for not restraining them, and charge upon them their destruction. The false sympathy and blind love of parents causes them to excuse the faults of their children and pass them by without correction, and their children are lost in consequence, and the blood of their souls will rest upon the unfaithful parents." Testimonies for the Church, Vol. 1, p. 219.

Lost Jewels

In Prov. 29:15 we read: "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Shame is certain to follow blind love. The Bible says: "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul." Prov. 29:17. Surely this does not agree with the modern theory of non-restraint! Nevertheless, it is a wholesome doctrine and one that would correct the errors and diminish the troubles in many homes, schools, churches and communities if it were adhered to.

The wise man further says: "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Prov. 22:15. "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Prov. 13:24.

One of our contemporary educators says, "I have for years been urging parents to train their children, while little, to mind and to bring back the good old-fashioned spank in the youngster's early years; and from the platform in nearly every state I have emphasized the need of restraint as the alphabet of safety, good citizenship and mental health."

By way of illustration, what would you think of an Army officer whose duty it was to train a regiment of soldiers if he would adopt the attitude, "These young chaps know what they want; why should I deny their desires, and discipline and drill them? They'll learn as time goes on." You say, "That's preposterous!" Agreed! The commission, "Train" is given to every parent, but how sad to see how many fail in this very important undertaking.

The Bible teaches that there is a time when the habits formed in early life are difficult to correct except by a miracle of God! We read: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Prov. 19:18. This text definitely infers that the time of molding is in early childhood while the will and character are yet pliable.

"I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded, with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

"I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon,
He still the early impress bore,
And I could change it nevermore."

True love is not passive. It has stability and foresight. It lives not for today, but looking into the future it molds and fashions and directs the child's life toward a desired goal. Genuine love is flexible and allows the child to develop its own individuality, but it is too strong to permit him to form bad and undesirable habits. It corrects even though it may hurt temporarily.

As the helpless little one is laid into parental arms, every effort should be put forth to give that new life a fair chance to develop health and happiness according to God's plan. It is the duty of all parents to provide the various necessities for their children.

The fertile soil of the child's heart is the parents working ground. If they are governed by true love, they will invoke Heaven's guidance in training the little life given into their care. With divine aid they should succeed in helping their child develop good character. But if parents have a weak backbone and are blind to their duty, sooner or later tears and sorrow are sure to invade their home.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A PORTRAIT OF TWO MOTHERS

After boarding the train late one night I decided to sit up and do some reading while it was quiet. The coach was well filled with sleeping passengers, but the conductor found space for me. I noticed a pretty little boy sleeping across the aisle. He was covered with a clean white blanket and his clothes were neatly arranged on a hanger by the window. The young mother was resting in the adjoining seat facing the child.

As a contrast to this pleasant picture, directly in front of me sat another young mother with her small daughter, whom I judged to be about four years old. The little girl was also asleep, but her hands were dirty, her clothes unkept, and her face rested directly on the dusty coach seat. She was inadequately covered by her small coat. She was not comfortable, for she rolled restlessly in her sleep. The mother, too, was untidy. She was so engrossed in a cheap novel she was devouring that she was oblivious to everything about her, including the child's comfort.

Soon the girl awoke and sat up and tried to brush the hair out of her face. Further sleep was impossible. Looking at her mother, she called, "Mother," but no answer. She called again, but the young mother never so much as took her eyes from the page which held her entranced as she snapped back: "Go to sleep and don't bother me."

The little one sat back and tried to go to sleep, while the mother turned page after page. After a time she again called and touched her mother's knee, but still no response. Finally, she climbed over near her mother and tried to whisper something in her ear. This time the woman actually put the book down long enough to shake her little daughter and roughly pushed her back onto the seat.

For a while the child sobbed as she buried her face in her dirty little coat. Then she sat up again. It was very evident that she was uncomfortable and needed attention. She kept looking longingly at her mother. A few more minutes passed and the child, prompted by distress, called more urgently. This time the

young mother became so impatient she slapped the little one's face as she shouted, "Now go to sleep and not another word out of you!"

My patience was almost exhausted and I was about to lend a hand to the child when an elderly gentleman, who had also watched this engrossed novel reader's inattention to the girl, stepped over and asked, "Are you that child's mother?"

"I am," she answered in rather a snobbish tone of voice.

"Then please attend to her needs," he commanded. She gave him a scornful look and again resumed her reading. However, the old gentleman stayed right by the task he had undertaken. Finally the book was thrown on the seat and grasping the child's hand the mother, in her fury, literally dragged her down the aisle. As she entered the washroom she turned and gave the intruder—as she no doubt considered the gentleman to be—one more sarcastic look. My heart was heavy as I thought of that little girl's future.

When Morning Came

Early next morning all the passengers in the coach were awake except the boy across the aisle. The mother was up and had herself ready when the child awoke. Soon the little fellow lifted his curly head, smiled and said: "Good morning, Mosser." Smilingly, she responded, "Good morning, my darling, did you sleep good?"

"I slept dood. I like the tu tu train," he answered. The mother wrapped the blanket around her son and took him to the washroom. When she returned, he looked like a lovely rose whose face was bathed with the dew of heaven and dried by the glorious morning sunshine. His hair was neatly brushed and his clothes were clean. The attractive mother sat down by the window and held her boy. His arms formed a necklace of love about her neck as she explained the passing objects. Finally, he looked lovingly into his mother's face and said, "You and I is pals, Mosser." Mother hugged him tightly and kissed him and said, "Yes, of course we are pals. Now let's get things ready for our breakfast."

Soon she had things ready and they ate. The little girl across the aisle looked on. Soon she said, "Mommie, I'm hungry." The engrossed novel reader stopped long enough to pull a doughnut from a bag and with a frown said harshly, "Now feed your face and don't bother me again." Tears rolled down the little girl's face.

The mother across the aisle dearly understood the pitiful situation and said to her boy, "Shall we share some of our breakfast with the little girl?"

"Yes, Mosser, give the little girl some breakfast."

The boy's mother said to the inattentive mother, "We have more food than we need. Sonny and I will be glad to share some with you and your little girl." Although the kind offer was not accepted, some much needed food was placed in the girl's hands.

My heart ached for the little girl. What future did that poor child have? God pity children born to such women! Strong odds are against them from the very beginning of life.

The mother of the little boy was a pleasant relief to my mind. That boy had a blessed heritage. He would have an opportunity to develop a healthy body and grow up into a strong and useful man.

CHAPTER EIGHT

WISE FATHERS

Husband and wife must be tactful if they would successfully build a bridge across the difficulties and problems which sometimes arise in the home. With steady hands and strong, loving hearts they can smooth the rough places for themselves and their children.

JACK DEMONSTRATES PATIENCE

The experience of a young father, whom we will call Jack, illustrates the importance of being long-suffering.

To Mary Jane the brightness of married life had not worn off, indeed not, but the brightness had been dimmed. This she was bound to admit, for it was gospel truth that Jack didn't care for her as he used to. If he did, he never would have come home from work and gone straight to his room to get ready for dinner without noticing that something was hurting her, and hurting her dreadfully.

Now all this and much more was running through Mary Jane's brain, and just about the time she had persuaded herself that she was the most neglected wife in the whole world, Jack sat down at the table and asked, "Had a good day, Hon?"

"That depends," said Mary Jane, "upon your definition of a good day." As she spoke, there was a rasping edge to her voice, which Jack immediately recognized as danger, so he bluntly and ungrammatically asked, "Is it me, or the kid? By the way," he questioned as he looked at an empty little chair, "where is Betty?"

"In bed," was the terse answer.

"Poor baby, what has she done now? She seems to have a hard time growing up, doesn't she?"

"That's it, take her part!" flung out Mary Jane. "You spoil her; you laugh at her naughtiness; and when I try to correct her, you pity her. You can take the responsibility of bringing up your own child in the future. I'm through!"

"Why, what's the trouble, Mary? This must be serious. Tell me what the child has been up to."

"Up to?" repeated Mary Jane: "She told me, right before your mother, to shut my mouth. Your mother was shocked beyond words. Of course she blames

me, for you know she thinks I do not know how to bring up a child; and this afternoon's performance by your daughter proves, without a shadow of a doubt in her mind, that she is right."

"But don't for a minute think that Betty got off with just being sent to bed. I gave her one spanking that she will not soon forget. Of course, that didn't set well with your mother. Marriage is not what it is held up to be - - and - - I wish I was out of it!" Then the rebellious tears came, and Mary Jane hurriedly left the table, went into the living room, threw herself down on the couch, buried her head in a pillow and cried.

Poor, bewildered Jack! For a second he, too, thought that marriage was not - - no, no, no, not that! He couldn't have his Mary crying: he couldn't have her wanting to get out of marriage. Somehow or someway he must get to the bottom of this affair, so he quietly went into the living room, slipped down on the floor beside the couch, and gently stroked Mary's hand. "Poor Hon," he softly said, "for better or worse you took me, and it turns out to be mostly worse, doesn't it? May I go interview my offspring? Surely she knows better than to be so rude to you. I suppose I ought to whale her again."

"Oh, don't!" cried Mary Jane, "I did enough of that, my poor baby; but I was angry with her and provoked with your mother. You go in and talk to her. She has been sobbing for a long time, and it almost breaks my heart; but she will not say she is sorry, and I told her she could not get up until she did."

Daddy Talks To Betty

Dropping a kiss on Mary Jane's forehead, Jack got up from the floor and went into the nursery. Going to the bed, he gathered the sobbing little form in his arms, seated himself in a rocker, and gently rocked to and fro, humming snatches of Betty's favorite song, "Jesus loves me, this I know."

After a while the sobs grew farther and farther apart, the rigid little body relaxed, and a quavering voice said, "Sh' - - sh' - - she pounded me."

"But what did daddy's girl do before mother spanked?" "Nuffing," wailed Betty, "Nuffing at all."

"But you must have done something or said something; you just think and then tell daddy all about it. Mother wouldn't spank a little girl unless she had been naughty."

"But she did, Daddy. I was a good girl and wanted to tell grandma about my rabbit; but muvver and grandma talked and talked and I waited and waited, just as muvver had told me. But they didn't stop, so I said to muvver, 'Shut your mouth;' but before I could tell her I wanted to talk, she grabbed me, spanked me, and put me to bed. She says I can't get up 'till I say I'm sorry."

"But, honey bunch, do you think it was nice to tell mother to shut her mouth? What would grandma think of a little girl who talked like that?"

"That is what she says to me," insisted Betty. Then the tears began to flow anew and she sobbed, "I don't want to be her little girl any more! I want to be only yours, Daddy."

"There, there, baby child! You don't mean that. You know we have the best mother in all the world. Things are just tangled up now, but your daddy will straighten them out. Do you know, when I came in here I left mother out on the couch crying as if her heart would break? What do you think would happen if she lost her little girl forever? I'm going to put you back to bed now, and go talk with mother some more. I'm thinking it will not be long before we'll all be happy again. You are sure, Betty, real sure, that you were a good girl when you told mother to shut her mouth?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy. That's what muvver says to me. But I don't want muvver to cry," a wet little voice said. "Tell her, Daddy, I'll say I'm sorry, even if I isn't."

"No, no, Betty, mother wouldn't want you to say that unless it were true."

Back in the living room with Mary Jane, Jack repeated all Betty had said.

"I tell her to shut her mouth?" puzzled Mary as she sat upright on the couch. "What could the child mean? Oh, I have it!" she exclaimed after a minute's thought. "The poor baby! Why, Jack, I'm the one who should be spanked and put to bed. Oh, what a mess I've made!"

"You know what a chatterbox Betty is, and how we have tried to break her of interrupting. Well, one day I told her that when the words seemed bound to tumble out to shut her mouth tight, then after a little while there would be time for her to tell me what she wanted to say, and if at times when she was monopolizing the conversation I would wink at her, then she would know that it meant to shut her mouth. The blessed child was trying, in the only way she knew, to get a chance to speak. Let me go to her, let me go at once!"

Mary Jane Makes It Right with Betty

So Mary Jane went, and she told Betty she was sorry and asked her to forgive her for not understanding and that in the future whenever Betty had something she wanted to tell and mamma had company, if she would say, "Excuse me, Mamma," then mother would stop and listen. Betty put her little arms around her mother's neck and whispered, "I love you, Muvver—and daddy and grandma."

Later that evening, as she passed Jack's chair, Mary stopped and impulsively gave him a bear hug. "I'm sorry I said those mean things to you," she whispered, "for you are the best man in all the world."

"You are sweet yourself, Hon," Jack said. Reaching for the Good Book which lay on the table close by, he turned the leaves and read, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." James 1:5.

For a few moments there was silence; then out of the quiet Jack's voice was heard thanking God for their home, their baby and each other; asking for help and wisdom to be patient and forbearing one with the other, and for wisdom to train aright the little child entrusted to their care. And when Mary Jane said "Amen," she knew that the something which seemed to have dimmed the brightness of her married life had disappeared; she knew that Jack loved her

and that she loved Jack. A neglected wife? Not Mary Jane! And in her heart she thanked God again and again for her good husband, their home, and their child.

Early the next morning Mary Jane put her arms around her good husband and said, "Please forgive me for the rude things I said about your mother last evening. I will run over and right myself with her while you and Betty eat your breakfast. She did a perfect job in bringing you up. She is a good mother. I think I can well take her counsel. I will be right back. By."

"We have a sweet mother, don't we, darling?" whispered Jack as they started their breakfast.

Soon Mary Jane returned and delivered the kisses which Jack's mother had sent to him and Betty. "There! I am so thankful everything is all right again. Mother was so sweet and kind. I love her a lot," confessed the young wife and mother with a sigh of relief.

Jack was about ready to leave for another hard day's work. He affectionately pressed her to his heart and said, "I am glad, too, dear. Have a good day."

This experience is a good demonstration of how serious trouble was averted by the sensible, resourceful actions of Jack. The picture could have turned out quite differently had Jack become angered and unreasonable at his wife's remarks; but instead he built a beautiful bridge across this difficulty. Good Jack!

The greatest difficulties can be ironed out if husband and wife use their best reasoning powers at the time of strain. They are both human and ought to be considerate. Why let Satan pry apart their love and home and bring about grief, loneliness and tears?

A KIND AND TACTFUL FATHER

The story of how one father dealt with his boy who was slipping a bit in honesty may help other parents. A minister, living in a New England town, had a son about fourteen years old. One afternoon his school teacher came to the house and asked the father, "Is Philip sick?"

"No, why?"

"He wasn't at school today."

"Is that so?"

"And he wasn't there yesterday."

"You don't mean it!"

"Nor the day before that."

"Is that possible!"

"So, I thought he might be sick."

"No, he's not sick."

"Well, I thought you should know about it."

So the teacher went away. Soon the father heard the gate click, and went to open the door. And, when the boy saw him, he realized that his father knew about those three days. The father said, "Come into my room, Phil." They both walked in slowly and the door was shut.

The father began, "Phil, your teacher was here and said that you were not at school today, nor yesterday, nor the day before. And we supposed that you were there, and you let us think so. You don't know how badly I feel. I have always said, 'I can trust Phil.' And here you have been living a lie for three days."

It was hard to be talked to quietly that way—it would have been easier to take a whipping. Father continued: "Phil, we are going to pray." And they got down on their knees and the father prayed for his boy. Phil listened and knew how badly his father felt. When they got up there were tears in their eyes and father said: "Phil, it's a law of life that where there is sin, there is suffering. Wherever there is suffering there is sin. You can't separate the two. You have done wrong. I am in this house as God is in the world, so we will do this: You go to the attic. I'll make a bed for you there and bring your meals up to you, and you will stay up there as long as you have been living a lie—three days and three nights." Phil didn't say a word. They went up to the attic and the father prepared a bed for him and kissed him and left him alone.

When supper-time came neither father nor mother could eat. They went into the living room and tried to read, but the words ran together. Finally, they went to bed, but neither could sleep. After midnight the father said, "I can't stand it any longer—I'm going upstairs to Phil." So he took his pillow and went quietly so as not to awaken the boy. He tiptoed across the floor to the corner by the window and there Phil lay, wide awake, with something glistening in his eyes and stains on his cheeks. The father got into bed with the boy and soon their arms were around each other's necks—they had always been great pals. Their tears got all mixed up together, and then they both fell asleep.

The next night the father said, "Good night, Mother, I am going upstairs and will sleep with Phil." And again the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his son. Their hearts were knitted, the wrong was righted and Phil turned out to be a fine son because father was kind, wise and tactful.

CHAPTER NINE

CHARACTER IN THE MAKING

Ambition and a drive to succeed in business are laudable, and healthful pleasure and recreation are necessary to the proper enjoyment of life. But when business takes the mother from her dominion—and when pleasure seeking crowds out the time which should rightfully be devoted to the training of the children—then I say we have a condition which is to be deplored.

A lady politician was asked one day if she found it more interesting to be out lecturing on politics than caring for her home and children. She replied unhesitatingly and with a laugh, "Yes, indeed, much more interesting. Let those

with flat heels and shiny noses do that work, but let the intelligent women go out and work for their country."

My heart was deeply stirred as I listened to those remarks, and I wondered how many mothers may have thus lost their vision of their God-given place in the home and are giving their humble, but honorable duty as mother to someone else.

It is in neglected homes that juvenile delinquency often has its beginning. Much depends upon the early training of our children as to which way they will go. Some of our leading statesmen and most prominent citizens have this to say in regard to their success:

"All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." — Abraham Lincoln

"All that I have ever accomplished in life, I owe to my mother."—Dwight L. Moody

"To the man who has a good mother, all women are sacred for her sake."—Jean Paul Richter

"I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education I received from my mother."—George Washington

"My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me, and I felt I had something to live for. I must not disappoint her."—Thomas A. Edison

"When I tried to make myself an infidel, I seemed to feel the hand of my mother on my head as she taught me to pray, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"
"—John Randolph

Not one of these noble men attributed their desire to do good to the inspiration received from some great lecturer. Their testimonies are a fulfillment of the statement in Holy Writ by the wise man, Solomon: "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Prov. 31:28. Does a mother need more honorable mention?

A missionary once said: "The making of a child's life rests chiefly within the power of the mother." To affirm his view, he further stated: "When young children are taken from heathen, savage homes and placed in systematic, Christian homes, they grow up to be worthy citizens, fine and intelligent followers of their Master. Conceivably, also, it is true that if a child were taken from a good home and placed under the guidance of savage parents he would become degraded." What important duties rest at the door of every parent!

"I WANT TO BE LIKE YOU"

A homeless and ragged little boy was operating a small fruit stand at the end of a busy street. A fine looking business man was hurrying to the train. Some thoughtless person just ahead of him had barged by in great haste and knocked over the little fruit stand. Apples and oranges rolled in every direction. The perplexed lad tearfully looked at his scattered treasures. The one who had upset the cart did not stop even to say, "I am sorry." We'll just say maybe he did not realize what he had done.

The business man took it all in at a glance and started picking up the fruit and wiping it carefully with his clean handkerchief. Soon the fruit was all back in place. The kind man knew his train was soon to leave and he was about to hurry on when the lad touched his sleeve gently, and looking ever so gratefully into his face, said: "Mister, you remind me more of God than anyone I have known. I want to be like you." His heart had been touched by the man's kindness and he wanted to weave such a noble trait into his character.

Daily this small boy looked for opportunities to be courteous and helpful to passersby. Soon he became known as "Kind Laddie." Because he was so courteous to and considerate of all in need of help, many patronized his business and gave him a boost whenever possible. As the result he became a thrifty business man in his early teens.

One day the man who had helped Laddie gather his fruit was on a train. He became impressed by a certain young man's courtesies to fellow passengers. He did not recognize Laddie, but said to him, "Why are you so thoughtful of others?" Laddie immediately recognized the man. Extending his hand for a hearty grip, he said, "It was you, kind sir, that got me started right." It was a joyful meeting for the two.

When these lost jewels make the right contacts, they nearly always respond quickly. At a tender age impressions are easily made, either for good or bad. That, no doubt, is the reason why God said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth ..." Eccl. 12:1. After bad habits are formed, it is much harder for youth to find their way to God. When once their souls are anchored in God by a living faith, then they have acquired the golden cord which is able to hold them in the hour of strain and buffetings.

These homeless waifs should be searched for and gathered into good Christian homes where godly instructors train them, love them, and make of them good, wholesome citizens.

BOYS' TOWN

The world marvels at the wonderful work Father Flanagan did for poor, homeless boys. He gathered them from everywhere and brought them to the beautiful home he had established. He not only provided a house, but a real home. Others carry on the work.

One day I had the great pleasure of visiting that famous "Boys' Town." There I saw the older boys busy at various activities, working with their might, learning some trade which would help them in later life. Smaller boys were playing on the lawn with some dogs. Others were roller skating on the walks. Why could not more such homes be erected for orphans and destitute, needy children in our country? Or, why are not more private homes opened for such work? This is something worth thinking about. Such homes could be havens of refuge for thousands of lost jewels. Their way could be strewn with kindness, and their lives perfumed by deeds of love.

"ALWAYS BE HONEST"

Some years ago a father who had lost his companion lived in the slums of one of our large cities. With him lived his little son, whom people nicknamed "Freckles." Daily this man tried to do both a father's and a mother's duty in building into his boy's heart a faith in eternal things. They lived in very meager quarters, and there was not a square foot of grass on which, or a tree under which, the child could play.

Usually Freckles had to stay at home and amuse himself while his father was away working here and there at odd jobs. But one day his father took him along. As they were passing a pretty home with a spacious lawn where grew shrubs, trees, flowers and green grass, the little boy tried to pull away from his father's hand, "What is wrong, Son?" he asked.

"I want to go on that nice green grass and play until you come back, Father," he said.

"Those people will not let you play on that lawn, Son. That is their yard. They keep it very nice, don't they?" he explained to the little boy.

Freckles sighed and as they walked on he kept looking back. The man felt keenly the lack of the temporal blessings for which his boy longed.

Upon returning to their dingy, slum home, Freckles asked, "Daddy, why can't we have some grass and flowers and trees where Johnny, Mac, and I sometimes play?"

Freckles' father was a faithful reader of the Holy Scriptures. He sat down in his chair and told the lad about the beautiful things he would be able to enjoy in the better world to come if he would be a good boy. In describing that eternal home, he said, "Listen, Sonny, when we get to that better land we also will have a beautiful home. There we will have all kinds of lovely flowers, trees, and green grass for you to enjoy."

"Will the birds sit in our trees and sing for us, too? Will Jesus let me have a little doggie to play with?" he asked. "And will there also be a nice Shetland pony for me?"

"Yes," came the assuring answer. "I am sure Jesus will give you all the lovely things you need to be completely happy. Perhaps He will even have a nice Shetland pony for you and a fine swing in one of the trees."

Freckles never grew weary of hearing of this beautiful home. One night his father returned late. He had had a hard, long day. But little Freckles crawled up into his daddy's lap as usual and pleaded, "Daddy, please tell me again about heaven. When can we go there? How much does it cost to go there? I will go and sell some papers so that we can get the money quickly. May I, Daddy?"

Thus came the questions, one after another. The father pressed his little boy to his heart as he began, "No, my Son, you are too young to sell papers. You can help me later, but not now. If you will be a good boy and always be honest and do right, then you will some day be able to go to that beautiful home, and you will not have to pay your fare."

Lost Jewels

The boy listened very attentively, and all the while other questions arose in his anxious little heart. His father always stressed the thought that only right living would give him a home in heaven. The child was deeply impressed by what he heard.

One evening the father came home very, very tired. Not able to eat supper, he lay down on his hard bed and sighed.

"Don't you feel good, Daddy? I will rub your feet. I know they are tired," said Freckles as he tried to rub his father's aching feet. Then he lay down beside him and soon was sound asleep.

But the man was ill. The next day he told Freckles to call the neighbor. He was now almost too ill to speak. But when the neighbor arrived, the father said, "I am worried about my little boy. If something should happen to me, would you please take care of him? He is a good boy. He will help you when he has a few more months on him. Please, will you do that for me?" But the neighbor made no promise, for she too was poor.

The sick man's fever rose rapidly. He pressed his little boy to his heart, and admonished him once more, "Dear Son, I may have to leave you, but God will always be near you. He will care for you if you will talk to Him often in prayer and always be honest. Never take anything that does not belong to you, Son. Some day you and mother and I will meet in that beautiful home which I have told you about."

With these words he fell asleep. Before morning he became delirious, and four days later the world looked very dark to little Freckles. The house seemed dreadfully empty; but it was home, and he hoped to continue there. However, this was not to be, for shortly after he had suffered his greatest loss he was put on the street with his few belongings. Freckles could think of only one thing, and that was to find a corner where he might sell newspapers. At last he located a small nook between two buildings. He packed his few things there, then went to look for a newsboy. Finally he spied one. He ran over and gathered from him some information regarding his future work. As soon as he could get some papers he, too, stood at the street corner calling out, "Newspaper! Buy a newspaper, please."

The days were long and lonely. He hardly sold enough to supply himself with food.

One day a little dog came sniffing along. He looked starved and homeless. Freckles talked to him and even gave him some of the dry bread he had in his pocket. Soon the nervous creature sat down and leaned against his new friend's legs. This pleased the boy very much.

When evening came Freckles started for the little spot he now called home. The dog followed and crawled in with him. The two became fast friends. They slept together and were seen together day after day. Freckles shared his meager meals with this his only friend, who helped to keep him warm at night.

One day, when Freckles was standing at his usual place and calling out his papers, a well-dressed lady dropped her purse as she stepped into her

beautiful shiny car and drove away. Freckles picked it up and looked into it. There he saw many shiny dollars. Would he take some?

"Oh, no," he said to himself. "They are not mine. I will run after the car. Perhaps I can catch up with it at the stop light at the end of the block."

Off he went, with his little dog right at his heels. He ran up to the car waving the purse at the lady. "Oh, thank you!" she said, and tossed him a tip.

The lady was greatly pleased with the little newsboy's honesty. She felt that she ought to do something for him. After much meditation she was impressed to adopt him if she could do so. She began procedures at once.

A number of weeks later she drove up to the corner where stood the dirty, weary, freckle-faced newsboy. She called him to her car and asked to buy some papers. He had about a dozen under his arm. She bought them all. Freckles was happily surprised.

"Come, get into my car. I want to give you a ride. You have no papers to sell now," the lady suggested.

Freckles hesitated a bit as he looked at her beautiful clothes and lovely car. Then he said, "Thank you, Madam, but I am only a newsboy. I do not have nice clothes. Besides, I have a little partner. I call him Nip, and myself I call Tuck, because with us it is nip and tuck to make a living." He continued with a smile, "He goes with me wherever I go. He is the only friend I have."

"I am glad you have a friend. Let Nip come in too," she replied.

Freckles and Nip entered and settled down as the lady drove off. Soon they were out of the busy business district and were winding around in an attractive residential section. Freckles was wishing his father could be enjoying the ride with him, seeing the pretty houses and clean streets. Suddenly they were driving up a long hill. When they reached the top, they drove into a beautiful yard. As they neared the house he saw a swing in a tree, and beside the tree stood a Shetland pony.

The car stopped, and the lady opened the door. "Step out, Son, and enjoy yourself! This is your home. That Shetland pony will be yours, and Nip may stay too," she said.

Freckles looked around nervously and excitedly, then taking hold of the lady's hand and looking into her face, he asked, "Is this heaven? If it is, please take me to my father."

Tears filled her eyes, as she answered the boy's question. "I will do my best to make this a little heaven for you until Jesus comes to take us all to His great heaven. I hope that when we shall enter into that beautiful place you will see your father and mother again. Jesus will be there too. Won't that be wonderful?"

"But - - but, my father told me that heaven was a beautiful place like this; and that - - that - - . Well, it is just like he told me. Please tell me, is this heaven?" he continued.

Lost Jewels

The kind woman took the lad into the house, washed him, and put new clothes on him. Then she said, "Freckles, my boy, you do not have to go back to selling papers. I am going to adopt you and you will be my little boy."

"Oh! You talk just like my daddy did. How did you know that I prayed for a home? I was very lonesome after my father died," said Freckles.

"Shall I tell you how I knew?" she asked.

Freckles looked rather surprised while he listened to his new mother as she read, "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." Ps. 34:15. "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." Ps. 34:17. Then she added, "God heard your cries; and because you were honest, I was impressed to bring you home and adopt you as my boy."

BUILDING

"Souls are built as temples are—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation stone.
Then the courses framed to bear,
Lift the cloisters pillared fair.
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

"Souls are built as temples are
Inch by inch in gradual rise
Mount the layered masonries.
Warring questions have their day,
Kings arise and pass away,
Laborers vanish one by one,
Still the temple is not done,
Still completion seems afar.

"Souls are built as temples are—
Here a carving rich and quaint,
There the image of a saint;
Here a deep-hued name to tell
Sacred truth or miracle;

Every little helps the much,
Every careful, careless touch
Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

"Souls are built as temples are—
Based on truth's eternal law,
Sure and steadfast, without flaw.
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar."
—Susan Coolidge.

CHAPTER TEN

SUGGESTIONS FOR A HAPPY HOME

Edgar A. Guest indeed voiced a great truth when he wrote the beautiful poem, "Home," the first line stating "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home."

A good many houses ought to be remodeled into homes.

A proverb reads: "The light that shines the farthest shines brightest nearest home." We have too many mere houses in our world today, and not enough homes.

"To build a house is quickly done, but to build a home is a slow process, requiring persistent effort and careful thought.... Our homes should be havens of rest, joyful and happy, and a foretaste of heaven."

Too many have substituted the mad rush after wealth and worldly pleasure for a happy family and a home such as Lorna B. DeGinder pictures in her beautiful poem,

"Home!"

"A little cottage painted white,
Windows hung with curtains bright;
An arbor twined with roses gay,
A swing, and sand where children play;

Rooms that echo voices sweet,
The pitter-pat of baby feet;
A shaded lamp, an easy chair,
Away from every worldly care;
No sweeter dream could poets weave
Than such a place to rest at eve."

The "Golden Rule" should be practiced by both the husband and wife. There is no room for selfishness in a happy home. Give the heart a chance and do not rush head-long into a divorce court. Before making any rash moves, why not adopt the following precautions: Stop and think! Such a procedure would prove to be beneficial to many.

Here are a few suggestions for making homes happier places in which to live:

Point 1. Family Devotion.

Here we find the Chief Corner Stone of all godly homes. A living faith in God our Creator will help any wedded couple to build a good home.

If parents will walk according to the precepts of God's Divine Guidebook they will learn how to lead their sons and daughters in ways of truth and righteousness.

FAMILY DEVOTION

"Have you builded an altar of love in your home
Where you and your loved ones can pray,
Where father and mother and children can come,
To give thanks at the close of the day?

"Have you builded an altar of praise to your God,
Where parents and children can pray
In the morn's early moments to ask Him for help
To carry you safe through the day?

"Have you builded an altar devoted to song
Where sweet hymns of salvation you sing,
Where you study His word and earnestly long
To be ready each one for your King?"

—Siegfried M. V. Sandstrom

Point 2. Obedience.

In the education of youth, Jesus placed emphasis upon obedience to God and parents. We read:

.. but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." "Honor thy father and thy mother: . . ." Matt. 19:17,19. "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." Col. 3:20.

Much of our juvenile delinquency springs from uncontrolled disregard for human and divine laws. Respect for parental and divine precepts must be infused into young children if we would help prevent some of the lawlessness we see all about us. A religious educator has this to say about early training:

"Among the first tasks of the mother is to teach obedience and the restraining of passion in her little ones. They should not be permitted to throw themselves upon the floor, striking their heads and crying because something has been denied them which was not for their best good. I have been distressed as I have seen how many parents indulge their children in the display of angry passions. Mothers seem to look upon these outbursts of anger as something that must be endured, and appear indifferent to the child's behavior. But if this evil is permitted once, it will be repeated, and its repetition will result in habit, and so the child's character will receive an evil mold."

Point 3. Family Recreation.

Take the family often into the country for hikes. There you will be able to teach them the true loveliness of God. You will come back to your duties refreshed and happy.

.. In itself the beauty of nature leads the soul away from sin and worldly attractions, and toward purity, peace, and God...."—Christ's Object Lessons, p. 24.

.. And as we behold the beautiful and grand in nature, our affections go out after God. While the spirit is awed, the soul is invigorated by coming in contact with the Infinite through His works...."—Desire of Ages, p. 70.

Such outings bring father, mother and children close together. Life does not consist altogether in working and eating. Many homes have become so busy that relaxation finds no place in their program except for a few hours of sleep. The resulting nervous condition lends itself to that dangerous enemy of the home—friction.

Many a home which might have been a haven of rest and happiness has been broken because love was forgotten or crowded out by constant labor.

Point 4. Friction.

No two people expect to see eye to eye in everything; yet, they can work together in love and unity if they are wise and tactful. Neither one must try to force his judgment upon the other. Each one must learn to go at least half way in most affairs if peace is to remain. If differences occur, they should quickly be made right and forgotten.

When tempted to say harsh or cutting words or act unkindly, it is well to stop and think of the hour when you took that tender hand and promised your love and support to each other. It will help to check the words or acts which we always bitterly regret moments later.

There are very few troubles which, if discussed open-mindedly, cannot be settled satisfactorily for each person.

True love does not easily die; it does so only after a pro-longed struggle. It requires a succession of heartaches, wrong added to wrong, misunderstanding after misunderstanding, and neglect following neglect, to harden the heart to such a degree that it no longer esteems its old affection.

"It is human to err, but divine to forgive."

Express your affection and appreciation of each other by flowers or other gifts at your wedding and birthday anniversaries, at Christmas and on other occasions. If you do this often it will keep love new and affections warm.

No doubt the prevalence of divorce and estrangement is due to the lack of expressions of love and affection. There is danger that hearts thus starved in their homes will in time turn to other avenues where they are appreciated; and to be sure the enemy of souls stands ready to reach out a helping hand to such. Kindly deeds to keep hearts warm pay well in happiness and contentment.

Point 5. A Partnership.

Be real partners. Share your earnings. Do teamwork. Divorce courts would simply go out of business if husband and wife stood together as God planned in the beginning. Their home would always remain a place of joy and contentment and the cold-hearted divorce wolf would never gain entrance. The record of a true wife is given in Prov. 31: 10-12; and in Eph. 5:24 is heaven's sincere counsel to wives. In Col. 3:19, I Peter 3:7, 8, and Eph. 5:25 a kindly message is given to the husband. If this admonition is closely followed it will keep hearts warm and love new.

Point 6. Do's instead of Don'ts.

Avoid using too many "Don'ts." It is better to plan ahead, so when little hands and feet and minds want something to do parents can say, "Please do, instead of don't." This is an excellent all-around method to follow in good homemaking.

"I am tired of Don't," said daughter dear,

"As tired of Don't as I can be:

For it's Don't do this, and Don't do that,

Don't hurt the dog, Don't tease the cat;

Don't be untidy, and Don't be vain,

Don't interfere, and Don't detain

Don't bite your nails, Don't gobble your food,

Don't speak so loud (it's dreadfully rude);
Don't mumble your words, Don't say 'I won't,'—
Oh, all the day long it's nothing but Don't.
Sometime or other I hope—Don't you?—
That mommie and papa will say, 'Please do.' "

Point 7. Home—the Center of Society.

The home is the foundation of society. It is security for all that we hold most dear. No tragedy in life is more poignant than that of a wrecked home. From the hour a home is broken by unfaithfulness, incompatibility, or plain selfishness its members taste of life's bitterness. Keep, therefore, thy home with all diligence, for out of it come peace and contentment.

It is only as men and women look heavenward for help that the home will stand the strain and stress of time. With God's constant guidance the home will not fail. Without Him there is danger. Watch and pray at all times for Heaven's help and protection.

Has love gone from your home? Then you must go to God and ask Him to make your hearts tender once more toward each other. Only He can give strength and wisdom to live so love can hold full sway in your hearts.

The safety and happiness of every home may be assured only by faith in God. Build, then, on Him.

Point 8. Be Forgiving When Your Children Commit Errors.

A touching story is told of a young girl who wandered away from home, and was lured into sin and shame. All the while she was conscious of her guilt and sensed her wrong doing. At last, in remorse she wrote to her mother, asking if she could forgive and take her wayward girl to her heart and home once more.

In reply her mother asked if she remembered the large glass marble with the little white lamb in its center with which she used to play; that though the outer part was badly marred and defaced, still the little white lamb inside was untouched and pure. She said although the girl had sinned and was bruised and defiled she knew there remained the little white lamb of love in her heart, and she invited her to come back to mother, whose forgiving love would heal all the wounds. True mother love always seeks the good in her child.

One story tells of a small girl left alone while her mother had to be away to earn the livelihood for the family. It was a rainy day, and the child wondered what she could do to make it cozy for her mother when she came home. She thought how splendid it would be to have a nice, dry, warm pair of shoes ready for mother to put on. So she ran and put her mother's shoes in the oven. When mother returned her little daughter ran in much glee to fetch her the warm shoes; but when she opened the oven door, there they were, burned to a cinder, and smoke filled the house.

Mother was not angry with her girl. She understood all that the child intended to do for her, and just picked up the little one in her arms and kissed her. How beautiful. God also understands what we try to do for Him, even though it is sometimes a failure. He loves us for our good motives.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE REWARD OF FAITHFUL PARENTS

Children are precious treasures given to fathers and mothers to gladden their hearts in their younger days, and in later life they are their comfort and stay. Among the thousands who crowd life's lanes there are none who bring greater joy to the hearts of father and mother than do noble sons and daughters.

"LEFT TO KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING"

The story of the Lester family illustrates the rich rewards of an ideal Christian home. Their son, Harry, a physician, answered the call of his country; and Grace, their daughter, accepted a secretarial position in Hawaii. Let us look in on Father and Mother Lester after the children have left home.

The road home seemed longer than usual and the house painfully silent. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lester wanted any supper. They had no appetite. After the evening chores were done, they sat down close to each other. For a moment both were silent, then father spoke: "Well, dear, we are now where we started. You and I are left to keep the home fires burning."

Many things came to their minds. They wondered if they had done their very best for their children. The assurance blest them that with God's help they had done the best they knew. With this assurance they retired and God gave them peaceful and refreshing sleep.

Many lonely days were spent until letters came through from Grace. Finally the first one arrived.

"My dearest Mother and Dad:

"This will be only a hurried note to tell you that I arrived safely. I was terribly seasick. I knew it would not kill me, so was not too worried, but it was most unpleasant. I am not over it yet, but will be all right in a few days, now that I have my feet on the ground once more. I will write you a long letter as soon as I am settled. Please don't worry about me. Things are lovely here. I have a very nice office where I work. This is all for now.

"Oceans of love, Grace."

Mother pressed the letter to her heart as she said, "Just a hurried note from our seasick girl, but how it blesses us!"

Days of anxious waiting for word from Harry stretched into weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Lester could not account for his long silence. Could he be sick? One

morning an airmail letter reached their box. It was from Harry and his address was now San Francisco. He started his letter with the poem:

GUIDING STAR

"At mess or drill, at work or play or rest,
At reveille or taps, at night or noon,
This thought keeps urging me to do my best,
And stirs my spirit like a marching tune:
I must not let my chin or shoulders sag,
For I'm the star in mother's service flag.

"That simple emblem on the windowpane
Proclaims her faith in everything I do.
Her pride, her prayers, must never be in vain.
I know this thought will somehow see me through:
My feet may ache, but they must never drag,
For I'm the star in mother's service flag.

"She misses me, I know; but she is glad
That only duty keeps us far apart.
I must not shirk, for that would make her sad;
Nor come to shame, for that would break her heart.
I'll do my part—they'll never need to nag,
For I'm the star in mother's service flag."
—Chester Oliver McCumsey.

When Harry said, "Change your blue star to a silver one," they knew then that he was on overseas duty.

"That is why we did not hear from him for so long," sighed mother; then father proceeded with the letter.

"You must have guessed from my long silence that I was on my way over here. Things happened fast after I last saw you. I am several thousand miles away from you now, but my heart is right there with you, dear mother and dad. This is my first real chance to write. I have just finished a letter to sister.

"No doubt you have heard from Grace, so you will know that I got to see her on the trip over here. Were we ever surprised and happy to really see each other and to spend several happy hours together! Had no idea that would

happen when I left home. Grace has a good job and a pleasant place to work. We ate some of the best fruit and drank juices such as I had never tasted.

We had lots to say so had to talk fast. We spoke much about you, our dear parents, the few hours we were together. We laughed about some of your cute and unforgettable good humor and we blest you for all your goodness which you showered on us in a thousand ways. Ours was indeed a blessed heritage.

"There are many things I would like to tell you, but that is not to be now. I am sure you understand. I do want to tell you, though, that I have already greatly benefited from the counsel and advice you gave me before I left you. Your years of experience must have prepared you for all this, dearest dad. I see some boys are terribly bewildered. They must not have a father as you have been to me. I have talked with a good many and have prayed with some.

"It is as you both told me, that severe tests would be brought to bear now, and that I would learn what kind of mettle I am made of. I am very thankful that you prepared me for this. I am also most thankful for the faith in God and His word which you planted deep in my heart. Many verses which I memorized as a child have real meaning now. They are real, and I find them very helpful. I especially like the text, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.' Did I say that right? That promise does wonders for me. It blesses me daily when I think that He is at my side no matter where I am.

"Some nights when no stars shine through and no familiar voice is near, and I get to feeling all alone, it comforts me to know that God watches over me. As I talk to Him, alone in the darkness, somehow His companionship becomes very real, and the feeling of loneliness disappears. I cling to Him now for guidance and help as I used to cling to you, dear parents, when I was frightened. You never failed me. You were God to me in my young mind. I am just as sure of His heavenly care now.

"Yes, you were wonderful. You were kind and your love was ever new. Daily you led Grace and me in paths of right. Somehow you seem very close to me as I am talking to you. I feel I can almost grasp you both in my arms, and it gives me genuine peace of mind and heart. I love you more deeply than ever, if that is possible.

"I had a visit with our chaplain this evening. He is a wonderful man—a real minister. He has a character like the one you used to tell me about, dear mother. You said, 'One of God's best gifts to humanity is a charitable disposition.' He has it. I know I will be blest by his friendly and kindly helpfulness. I mean to do all in my power to make things as pleasant as possible for him.

"I have had a pleasant evening. First, talking to the chaplain, and then this quiet visit with you. Now I want to kneel down and talk to my heavenly Pilot awhile and commit Sis and you both and myself and all those about me to His care and keeping for the night; then I must roll in.

"So good night now, and God bless and keep you, mother and dad.

" Lovingly, Harry.

"P.S. Each morning and evening I sing the lovely song to you, 'I Pass by Your Window,' and in spirit and thought I actually carry it out."

"Isn't that a beautiful letter?" asked mother, as she wiped away a tear or two with the corner of her apron. Father fully agreed, then added, "Harry is on the right track. We have much to be thankful for. God will guide and keep him. Harry will come through this experience a stronger Christian. God always works things out right, be they ever so hard to understand."

"And Harry did get to see Grace," mother spoke with a thrill. I can hardly wait for her letter telling about it. God was kind to let their paths cross over there. It almost seems like a dream."

"It will come. Just give it time, dear," spoke father in his gentle way, then continued, "My dear wife, had we known, when Harry and Grace came to bless our home, that they would both be taken away from us in the most beautiful part of their lives, it would have been very hard to take. God was kind to plan life for mankind in small doses. First a child leaves home for a few hours a day; then school takes him away for weeks, later for months; and finally time takes them away as ours have been. If we knew what was in the future, no doubt we would try to get ahead of God at times and work things out to our liking, and I fear we would get ourselves into hard places. Our moves would perhaps be to our hurt, rather than for our happiness."

"Remember in Bible times what trouble Jacob and his mother got themselves into by trying to help God?"

"Well, my dear, I have to be on my way now. Take it easy today. I will not be back this noon. I am going to help neighbor Brown with some work. Some things are hard for him to do alone. He greatly misses Albert's help. It is just a neighborly lift. It may make his good old heart a bit lighter, and Mrs. Brown's too. Perhaps you will want to get a letter started to Harry. We should write to the boy right away now that we have his address. I will write my part tonight." And Mr. Lester was on his way.

Mrs. Lester did a little baking and cleaning, then she settled down to write, but not for long, for soon there was a rap at the door. Mrs. Green came over. She was lonesome and needed consoling. She told of their anxiety because they had not heard from Donald for weeks, and that they were worried.

"I know how anxious you must feel. Come sit down and let's visit a while," were the kindly words of the gracious hostess.

"Have you heard from Harry and Grace?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Yes, we had a letter from Grace sometime ago in which she told of her safe arrival. We are looking for another letter soon. But we had not heard from Harry until this morning. He is overseas now. Perhaps that is where Don is, too," answered Mrs. Lester.

Mrs. Green thought for a moment then looked up rather puzzled and said, "We had a card from San Francisco some days ago, but it had been so badly used that we could not tell what it was about. Perhaps that was from Don."

"I am sure it must have been. We were to have one from Harry when he left, so we were told, but for some reason it never reached us. But we have an interesting letter from him now. He is doing well, so we are happy. I am sure you will have a letter from Don very soon, Mrs. Green."

"How anxious we are about our precious children, even when they are grown up into young manhood and womanhood. They are a strong tie that cannot be severed from the day they are born until we die. It is a sacred love and interest which God put in the hearts of parents for their own, so they will always be mindful of their eternal good."

"I love to think that our heavenly Father is even more concerned about His children in this world than parents can be for their own children. I am confident that He will watch over our dear boys, Mrs. Green."

"That is a beautiful thought. I thank you for it, neighbor. It is worth my walking over here these two dusty miles. I will take the south road home; maybe the mailman has gone by and left a letter," remarked Mrs. Green, and she started to go.

"Before you go, perhaps we should kneel down and pray for our children," suggested the hostess.

Mrs. Green was not a Christian, but she gladly joined Mrs. Lester in prayer. During the prayer she was blest, and a deep desire arose in her heart also to become a child of God.

"Come to the kitchen and eat a bite with me," suggested Mrs. Lester. "It is nearly noon and you have those two long miles to walk back. I am sending a few of these freshly-baked cookies back with you for your supper. Perhaps the family will enjoy them."

"Thank you very kindly. You always make me feel so good when I come over here. I wish I were a good mother like you. Good-by now." And Mrs. Green was on her way. Mrs. Lester watched her go down the road, glad that she could be of some little help to her.

The next hour found her sitting at the desk writing to Harry. After supper she started to read and Mr. Lester took his turn at writing to his beloved son. His last lines were, "Your mother is brave and good as always. She misses you and Grace very much, but she lives much on the joys of bygone days, and for the happy day when she shall see you again. She is now asleep in the rocking chair here beside me. The paper she was reading has fallen from her hands. I just picked it up and I see it is Herbert Greenlee's beautiful poem called, 'The Path.' It is one of her treasured poems of late. I guess she was memorizing it. I will copy it for you while she sleeps. She always finds something to cheer her along, and it helps me a lot, too, I can assure you.

THE PATH

The curtain is drawn aside again,
And beyond the garden spot
Her eyes are stayed on the path you made

Lost Jewels

Where you cut across the lot.
In fancy she hears your voice again
As you hurry out the door
And you race today by the shortest way
To the corner grocery store.
The years have flown swiftly by, it seems,
From the time the path was new,
'Till it reached the place where it bore the trace
Of a military shoe;
And fortunes of war may find you still
Thousands of miles apart,
But the short cut back on memory's track
Is the path to your mother's heart.
'The curtain is gently drawn aside,
And she sees where your feet have been,
And she thinks of you, when her dreams come true,
Coming back down the path again.'

"Isn't that a lovely poem? I, too, hope to see you coming back that trail to us again. It cannot be too soon. Now may God continue to bless and keep you always, dear son.

"Lovingly, your father."

Soon the weary pair were off to rest. Thus one day after another passed; finally another longed-for letter from Grace arrived. This is the letter in part:

"My dearest Mother and Dad:

"By now you have received my letter in which I told you of my safe arrival. The trip was enjoyable until I became seasick. From then on I was not worth much. It took me several days to get over the effects, but I feel tops now.

"This is a beautiful spot. Somehow the beautiful sunsets across the waters cannot be described in human language. Every night when evening comes on beneath those heavenly colors my thoughts turn definitely to you, and I pause and thank God for you, dear father and mother, and the home you provided for us and also for your sacrifices in sending brother and me to a Christian school. Your consistent life and earnest prayers bless me always.

"I wonder if you have heard from Harry. In case you have not, I have a real surprise for you. I had the surprise of my life some days ago. Believe it or not, Harry did come to see me! No one ever looked more angelic to me than he did when he walked into my office. We fell on each other's neck like we used to

do when we were kids, and each one tried to see who could squeeze the hardest. Neither of us could scarcely believe that it was really true. Harry did not know that his long ocean trip would bring him this way, until shortly before they docked. The Island was then announced and that they would cast anchor for seven hours. The boys were permitted to disembark for six hours.

"Harry lost no time in coming straight to me, and believe me, we scarcely let loose of each other during those precious few hours. We ate dinner together and tried to take in all the scenery we could. We ate ripe bananas and drank pineapple juice such as you can only get here, until we were full up. (This is poor English, is it not?)

"An hour before Harry and I had to part we went to the park nearest his boat. We sat down under those beautiful palm trees and, facing home, we just talked about you, dearest mother and dad. Our feet have left home; but not our hearts. We fully agreed with the immortal lines of John Howard Payne, 'There is no place like home.' To us it has been and always will be the most hallowed spot on earth. It was there that you kindled that holy flame in our hearts to love and serve God, and to obey His precepts. It was there that the foundation for our happiness was laid.

In your beautiful lives you translated the Bible into actual life, and it was the most convincing translation we could have had. The good Harry and I shall accomplish, wherever our lot may be, is only the result of the training you gave us. You taught us to look life squarely in the face and how to come through conquerors.

"The vesper services and the quiet story hours at home were much in our conversation. They will ever be hallowed memories of home. It seemed heaven and you were very near as Harry and I sat there and visited. We want to live up to our graduation motto, 'Ever Onward.'

"The hour when we had to part came all too soon. It was hard to say good-by, but we tried to be brave soldiers. Harry looked like an angel as, so straight in his trim uniform, he stood there among many soldiers on the huge vessel and waved. I must admit that tears overflowed their banks after I was sure he could not see them. I stood there and watched the ship glide out into the dark waters, carrying my brother and the rest on board to an unknown destination, and I prayed earnestly that peace may soon come once more so our dear boys may come home again.

"Harry will write to you very soon. He could not write while here. He was too excited. Perhaps you will have heard from him by the time this letter reaches you. My writing has been delayed due to various conditions. Hope you have not worried about me.

"Good-by now, my sweethearts. Will write again soon. May God be gracious and keep you both.

"Always your devoted Grace."

Lost Jewels

"I climbed the mountain's height late yestereve
To catch a glimpse of valleys far below,
To ponder there where God's own lavish hand
Had touched the earth with mellow afterglow.
The ragged peaks were wrapped in radiant gold,
While blues and purples draped the mountain's side,
And far in western sky their rainbow hues
In wondrous glory with each other vied.

"Exceeding fair this pageant of the sky,
No artist's brush has yet its beauty told,
But longingly I turned my hungry gaze
To fairer visions of the days of old.
Far down the valley, many a mile away,
Where smoldering vapors oft obscured my view,
Somewhere, enshrouded in the gathering mist
Was home, the dearest spot I ever knew.

"I thought I saw its outlines through the dusk,
Its well-worn path past shrub and shady tree,
Its purple lilacs rich with early bloom
Lending their perfume to the spring-time breeze,
I thought I saw the well where many a day
I drank from cooling depths my thirst to quench,
The silver maple reaching friendly arms
Across the pathway and the rustic bench.

"The humble home where life for me began,
Its dear old rooms of plain and simple build,
I bent my ear to catch the strains of song
That oft in those dear days its chambers filled.
Through scalding tears I looked in silent awe
At family circle with its faces bright,
And almost through the dusk I thought I saw

The friendly glimmer of the evening light.

"At length the last faint ray of sunset glow
Faded to somber gray of twilight dim,
As homeward in the dusk I turned my steps,
In fancy sweet I heard our evening hymn;
While all is gone of that dear bygone day,
Its memory lives enshrined within my heart,
And oft in fancy down the vale I go
To love and home once more to have a part "
—Electra Harding-Arnold.

CHAPTER TWELVE

RESTORATION OF THE HOME

One of the renowned singers of Europe left her home and sailed for our fair country. She sang before large crowds in some of our populous cities. These engagements kept her away from home and loved ones for long periods of time.

One evening as she walked from the taxi to the auditorium where she was to sing, she felt a keen longing for her dear ones. She could scarcely hold back the tears as she looked up into the sky and saw the friendly moon and twinkling stars which she knew were also spreading their kindly light over her dear ones thousands of miles away. In fancy she could see the lighted home where her children were. A great lump arose in her throat. She feared that her singing would betray her emotions. But she was brave and being courageous vowed that she would make her loneliness a blessing.

It was time for the concert to begin. The lights were switched off, except for a few low side lights. As the singer stepped gracefully to the platform the floodlights illuminated her beautiful face. The cheers and applause which greeted her were thunderous.

"I would like to deviate a bit tonight from the printed program," she said. "I wish to sing for you the song which is closest to my heart."

The audience was soon lulled into deep silence and meditation as the orchestra played and the glorious voice tenderly rang out the immortal lines of John Howard Payne:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,

Lost Jewels

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

Every word impressed the listeners. Handkerchiefs were soon brought to use and blowing of noses could be heard through the audience. Even after the words died away the song seemed to go on.

Some, no doubt, thought of their home as God's sanctuary on earth. Others may have thought of the happy home of bygone days, and wept because of deep regrets. They thought of many unkind acts, lack of expression of love and appreciation which may have caused their loved ones to suffer. Many awoke to the shameful neglect of their dear ones, and resolved to turn a new leaf.

The sun melts the largest iceberg with its warm embrace. Just so, love can make the most insurmountable obstacles seem trivial if permitted to embrace cold and selfish hearts.

Many people do not stop to think what a train of sorrow their cold-heartedness brings upon the home. If they would but stop long enough they could not escape seeing the falling, bitter tears of their once cherished loved ones, or hearing the sighs that escape the lips because of bruised and aching hearts.

When Eternity's Books are opened, what deeds will be unveiled, and what a flood of tears caused by broken homes will be revealed. A record is kept of all our actions. We will be held accountable for our deeds of omission as well as commission. What will we answer the Supreme Judge on that final day when we are asked to give an account of our home and loved ones? What profiteth it us to gain the whole world and lose our own children, each other, and our home? Yes, and perhaps our eternal home.

Every human soul longs for some place he can call home—a place where he can hang his hat and feel that he is in his rightful place. A good home is a little foretaste of heaven. Such a home is well portrayed in these definitions:

HOME—"A world of strife shut out; a world of love shut in."

HOME—"Where you are treated best and grumble most."

HOME—"The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world."

HOME—"The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is mother."

HOME—"Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit."

Margaret Sangster says: "A home in which father and mother unite in training their children is the one retreat on earth that gathers to itself the light of heaven."

One of our beautiful hymns reads:

"There is beauty all around,

When there's love at home;

There is joy in ev'ry sound,
When there's love at home."

Life may hold many hardships, but if our homes measure up to this hymn we can consider ourselves rich, even though we may be poor in this world's goods. There is no lovelier spot on earth than around the fireside at eventide where the family is shut away from the world with its cares and perplexities.

There is no happier time than the years when the children are small and play at our feet. When they are safely sheltered by our side, though blizzards rage outside and storms lash at our door, we feel comforted that no harm will come to them. Beautiful are the memories that linger in the minds and hearts of good parents as they look back on the days when they trained their children in the way they should go.

When time takes the children far away from home and parental protecting love, faithful parents are blest with the satisfaction that they laid a good foundation which will help them to stand for right amid the fearful allurements and temptations of the world. Constantly they pray, "O, God, our children keep." God had been their help and counselor in former days and they confidently trust Him now for the safe keeping of their children.

These are hallowed memories which ever bind hearts close together. HOME—that's the place where you will find a true mother. It is the place where father's firm love, protection, and providing and guiding care abounds. It is the place where son and daughter, sister and brother, delight in obedience and in manifesting tender affections. It is the place where heavenly angels delight to dwell and bring heaven's holy light to parents and children alike. Yes, such a home is God's sanctuary on earth, where He reigns as King and abides as an unseen Guest. Blest are the lives who are born or adopted into such homes. Such a home cannot be bought with gold.

"The restoration and uplifting of humanity begins in the home. . . . The well-being of society, the success of the church, the prosperity of the nation, depends upon home influences."—Ministry of Healing, p. 349.

God intended that our home life should be happy, pure, and rich. Here He intended to work out His own ideal of completeness in the joys of the family circle where souls would be knitted to souls by the heartthrobs of loving and warm understanding. There is no friendship in the world so pure, so rich and helpful as that of the family, if only it be watched and tended as it should be. Parents are God's guardians of the home; and the children should see in them such purity of soul, such sweetness of spirit, such divine sanctity, that wherever they go the parents' influence will hang over them like an armor of strong defense, or like an angel hovering about them in a perpetual benediction.

By the grace of God let us bind up the broken home once more with the golden cords of love and tenderness and affection, and soon we will find lovely flowers growing in the place where sharp thorns have been. The home atmosphere will be transfigured and husband and wife and children will be embraced by unity and blessings. There is no work or business on which we so need

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heaven's benediction as we do upon our home life. With God as counselor and guide, the home can be made a complete success for both parents and children. A happy home, faith in God, and assuring love—what a blessed trinity. Pray for it, work for it and the home will stand.

"I don't look back; God knows the fruitless effort,
The wasted hours, the sinning, the regrets;
I leave them all with Him who blots the record,
And mercifully forgives and then forgets.

"I don't look forward; God sees all the future,
The road that, short or long, will lead me home.
And He will face with me its every trial,
And bear for me the burdens that may come.

"But I look up . . . into the face of Jesus,
For there my heart can rest, my fears are stilled:
And there is joy, and love, and light for darkness.
And perfect peace and every hope fulfilled."