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## All That He Needed

Last summer it was my privilege to spend an afternoon at a dear little home in one of the suburbs of Boston. The house was dainty in all its furnishings and altogether charming in its setting of apple trees, shrubs, flower beds and kitchen garden. Until a year previous to the time of our visit, the family had consisted only of a man and his wife.

Soon after we took our seats under the apple trees, a boy about 12 years old, with handsome face and shining eyes, came bounding up from the strawberry patch holding in each hand a basket of large luscious berries which he left with us after a few pleasant words, and bounded away again. It was no wonder that our hostess caught the look of inquiry on our faces, and before we could ask the question, "Who is he?" she said, as her eyes followed him lovingly, "I will tell you about him, and he is helpful and obedient as he is handsome, although I could not have said that a year ago." Then she told us how they had taken him into their home a year before against the protest of every one who knew the boy's record. He was considered in the town a hopeless case, dishonest, defiant, his

hand against every man, and every man against him. He was always getting into trouble himself and making trouble for somebody else. The rough people with whom he lived were in the habit of beating him like a dog, and he hardly knew the meaning of kindness for he had never experienced it. But the brave woman who told the story saw something in the boy which nobody else had ever seen or even dreamed of, and she simply said, "All this boy needs is love."

With her husband's consent she took him into their home. He was disorderly, deceitful, and noisy. He had never even seen a bath tub, and all his tastes were sadly perverted. But the woman was not discouraged, and held to her conviction that all he needed was love. She did not argue, "Oh this disorderly dirty boy will spoil my home and make a lot of extra work for me." She did not think how much more cooking she would have to feed such a hungry growing boy; she was not afraid that he would steal her money or set fire to the house, but she simply applied her understanding of divine love to the case, always knowing that Love never faileth.

When he came into the home she told him that he would never be whipped