

comes to bury their mother. Do we all fail and come short of our filial duty? I do not think Lizzie or Hannah could have had regrets, they had done much more for her than I had and had been more patient. She had lived the last three years of her life with Hannah in Winnipeg and before that had lived a year with Lizzie in Holland, and both had spent their days and nights at her command.

A year before her death she had suffered a fractured thigh bone by a fall one dark morning. She had sprung out of bed without turning on the light, under the delusion that the thrashers were driving into the yard and there was nothing to eat in the house! The habits of years are hard to break. All her active life she had been concerned with the feeding of hungry men coming in off the land, and so even in the days of her retirement, when the task of feeding the hungry men had been taken over by younger hands, her mind went on planning for their needs.

I went to see her as soon as I heard about the fall, wondering how she would take it. It had always been her greatest fear that she might become a care to her children.

"Anything but that!" she often said. "Surely God won't leave me to wither away, as I've seen some old people do, tiring out their family. People should be like bank notes, called in by the bank when they become worn and faded.... I can stand pain as well as anybody, but I don't believe I could be patient and resigned to a long period of waiting."

It shook my faith, too, that this could happen to her. She had asked so little for herself. Surely God could have answered that one prayer.... After all she had done.... I thought of how unselfish she had been. Bought all our clothes, before she even thought of her-