

### OUR LITTLE ONES.

Who was the large-hearted, wise and far-seeing mother that conceived the idea of setting babies to work for the destitute little ones in the regions beyond? Whoever she was, she certainly discovered the key to the problem as to men and means for the future of the work in the great broad fields, both at home and over the sea.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the "Man of All Works," dated his interest in missions to the quiet Sunday evenings, when, as a child, his mother told him stories of the heathen. When in his young manhood, a call came for strong, brave-hearted men for Constantinople he was ready to say, "Here am I." As a boy he had learned to deny himself and give his pennies for the homeless little ones; now he gladly gave himself. As soon as the decision was made he hurried home. On seeing his mother, he said, "Mother, I have offered myself for work in Turkey." The loving arms embraced him, and while tears of joy flooded her face, she replied, "Cyrus, I knew it would come to this." There were no Cradle Rolls in those days. The Sunday evening stories had borne their legitimate fruit.

Can any thoughtful mother doubt the wisdom of beginning in early childhood, if not infancy, to teach the little ones that there are other little ones less fortunate than themselves, for whom it would be a pleasure to give what they valued? Do you see that pagan mother as she stands before that great hideous, bloodthirsty idol? She brings offerings of fruit, vegetables, rice and sweets, but in her arms she holds her priceless treasure, her tiny brown baby, a few weeks old. This she places in front of the idol, teaching it, at that tender age, to touch its forehead to the ground, do-

ing homage to the god who has eyes but cannot see and ears but cannot hear, the baby cry. Is it any wonder that those people have such devout reverence for gods, and that they are steeped in superstition? They dare not wait until the children are grown up. They must begin early. Step by step, up and up the little ones will climb, until they will rejoice your hearts by entering the great whitening fields of the world. It may be in the home land, or across the sea, teaching others the lessons they learned in their childhood. For the sake of the priceless jewels the Father has placed in your arms, do it. For your own sakes, do it. For the sake of the church of the future, do it. For the sake of Him who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me," do it, and do it now.—J. P. Burkholder in the Missionary Helper.

### THE MOTHER.

The peace of Easter Sunday lay on the New England village. The air was warm and sunny and spicily sweet with the spring odors and the fragrance of fresh-plowed lands. The breeze stirred very gently in the leaves; everywhere was an impression of calm and brooding quietude that the brisk voice of Mrs. Martin disturbed as she leaned over her gate in voluble direction to the new minister's wife.

"You can't miss it now—third house on the left after the second turn. . . I won't ask you to stop in, since you're going to Mrs. Grant's—being Easter, I suppose the poor soul's feeling it more'n ever. I couldn't help thinking in church what a pang it must be giving her to look ahead to my Bertha sitting by me in her new hat and think of her own girl off washing heathen. . . Not but what I'm a believer in foreign missions,"