

children out of the slums and putting them into thine arms, as the mothers of old gave their little ones to Christ that he might bless them?

If Christian society in the name of Jesus Christ will not rescue these children, in all probability no power on earth will. Years ago three men were camping in the Indian jungle. Suddenly, with a mighty bound, a tiger leaped upon the back of one of the party. The two untouched men at once climbed a nearby tree. Then the tiger called to her young to come and have an evening meal. The cubs were not very hungry, so the old mother allowed them to play with their prey for a little while. After a few minutes the man came to. He saw the cubs. He saw the old mother. Then he staggered to his feet and started to run. His companions not only saw him, but heard his screams as the tiger brought him back and laid the man again in the midst of her young. Three or four times the mother beast did this. Then after awhile hunger asserted itself. The play stopped and the sound of the crunching bones was heard. Ah, I said to myself when I read that story, how often do we see sin playing with her victims like that? And in no way does sin seem to play with more fiendish glee over her prey than when sporting with the children of the slums or with those dissolute or cruel parents. Oh, my friends, if amid the brightest of conditions we have such hard work to raise our children right shall we not in Christ's name try to rescue these neglected little ones of the slums? If we to-day try to give our own children to Christ shall we not try to offer him our neighbor's children also? "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me, but whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the seas."