

his father was unable to help him, and he could not get work to do. He was very anxious to study in a school near by and we thought that would be a good way to use your money. The boy's name is Yi Chi T'ek. Here is his picture. Isn't he a fine looking fellow! Some day I hope you will all be proud of him and glad you helped him to go to school."

"Let's all keep on being little missionaries. It's great fun," said George Arthur.

Yong Jung, Korea



Tell Me Something to Do

By Mrs. C. M. Hincks, B.A.

"Mother, mother, tell me something to do!"

What mother has not heard these words time and again? They are uttered usually in a plaintive tone which cannot be ignored and the busy mother, who wishes that she had as much time on her hands as has her little one, is forced to stop to suggest and invent in order to have peace. The most trying times are the rainy days, or when sickness confines the children to the house and, in addition, makes them fretful and hard to amuse. Even the best tempered and most inventive of children come to mother for ideas at times; and even if our children did not come to us, should we not occasionally go to them and direct their activities, so that their little games may be educative, developing in them memory, imagination and imitation along right lines, and helping them to use their powers and energies for others?

To begin with, our little ones usually delight "to help" mother, and very short-sighted is that mother who ignores this tendency. How little trouble it is to provide the miniature carpet sweeper or broom, or the bit of cloth for a duster; how easy it is to set aside a small piece of dough when baking and have the tiny tin to put it in; how simple to thread a coarse needle (with a double thread which cannot escape the awkwardly held needle) that your little one may help you with your mending.

To be sure, such "help" often hinders you at the time; the dusting has to be watched lest some treasured ornament be broken;

the baking means more cleaning afterwards; the sewing necessitates threading of needles and untangling of knots; but all these activities are affording the child opportunities for expressing the desire to help, a desire which we want to grow and grow, but which, if not nurtured, will wane and wane.

Perhaps you will say these are all activities for girls, but our very little boys enjoy them as much as the girls, and as for the older ones, who are beginning to feel their manliness, perhaps you can entrust them with boards and hammer and nails that they may make some crude article for mother or father. You can employ them for running messages up and down stairs or to the store around the corner. They, as well as the girls, can help look after the smaller ones in the home. They can work in the garden or shovel the snow as father does.

Besides helping mother and father, our children can do so many things for those outside the home. There are the dollies to cut out of the fashion books "for little girls who haven't any" (pointless scissors can be procured for ten or fifteen cents), and how much more attractive they are if gayly colored with crayons. Rare is the child who does not delight to color. There are pictures to cut out and paste in scrap books. If colored cotton cannot be afforded, heavy wrapping paper makes a good substitute for the pages. The simplest of sewing can be done for others, such as strips for rag carpets, little bags, needle books concocted by inserting a piece of flannel in the outer folder of old Christmas cards.

Again, there are activities which, while not directly helpful to others, develop in our children imagination, power to remember and picture the stories which they have heard on Sundays and other days. There is that great invention of recent years, plasticine, so much cleaner and more satisfactory than clay, which affords inexhaustible opportunities. There is the drawing of the story, or, for the older ones, the writing of it and the joy of telling it to mother and the little ones. There are blocks which can be built into Eastern houses and temples, into the walls of the restored Jerusalem with their gates, or the tottering walls of Jericho, into the