Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. – Luke 18:16

Was there ever a flock in which there were no lambs? If so, it was a flock doomed to speedy extinction.

Are we not commanded to do with our might what our hands find to do? And do we not find multitudes of little ones unshepherded, unloved, untaught, and for whose tender little souls no man cares, nor prays, nor weeps before the Lord? Are there not multitudes of little hands stretched out toward us, saying, "Come, and help us"?

Shall we wait till they are old in sin and hardened in wickedness and fixed in unholy habits and bondslaves of the devil before we work and plan and pray for them and seek their salvation? Is it possible that we have a call to the work of saving souls and yet have no commission for the children?

No, no, no! To every worker who says to Jesus, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee," in answer to His question, "Lovest thou me?" Jesus says, "Feed my lambs."

The worker may feel that he has no fitness, no tact, no skill, no gifts for that kind of work, but the commission lays upon him the responsibility to study and think and watch and pray and love and believe and work himself into fitness. By beginning with just such poor feeble, untrained gifts as he has and making the most of every opportunity, such fitness can surely be attained. By being diligent and faithful, by courage and pluck and good cheer and faith, and by seeking God's blessing day by day, he can become an effective worker.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
   Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

– CHARLES WESLEY

John 21:15