

heroism rarely seen among mortals: "A number of coolies had imprisoned a huge rat in a grain bin. The question now was, who would venture in bare handed, capture and dispatch the rat. One stout looking fellow smiled broadly, and amid the applause of the on-lookers, volunteered to go. He pulled his jacket tight, tried his fingers as if to see that all were in working order, and advanced to the attack. Meanwhile the rat facing about, resolved to die game. The parrying lasted a few minutes, then a pass, then a rush of confusion and sudden leap into mid air, all quick as lightning, and the coolie, with one hand bleeding, held in the other the lifeless rat. Your common cricket ball," added my Korean friend, "is nothing; but to catch a live rat, which is equal to a cricket ball charged with dynamite, requires courage indeed."

Not only does the coolie at times exhibit surprising agility, but his strength is phenomenal. With a rack made of two forked limbs fastened together, as worn by Mr. Quak, he will carry a bale of piece-goods weighing four hundred pounds, or bring a perfectly paralyzing load of deer hides all the way from Kyung-heung on the Russian border.

In Korea there are really no carts or wheeled means of transportation. Many of the roads will not admit of beasts of burden, so the strength of the nation has gone into the coolie's shoulders. With a load such as we often see, he reminds one of the Titan Atlas lifting the world.—Korean Sketches by Dr. James S. Gale

"Keep Walking Along"

He was a little fellow about nine, and though early spring, the day was warm. He had stopped at the curb for a moment to re-arrange the parcels of every shape which filled his express cart.

"It's quite a long way yet to Pearl Hill, isn't it?" he said, as I stopped a moment to suggest tying one refractory parcel to the side of the car.

"Yes, indeed," I said. "It is a long, hard walk. Must you go?"

He sighed, and for a moment stood looking along the road which led up and up to the houses on the hilltop.

"Yes," he said, regretfully, "I have to go. My brother is sick." Then suddenly as if another thought which cheered his soul had come to him he stopped, picked up the handle of his cart and started off saying, "I s'pose I'll get there sometime if I keep walking along."

"Indeed you will," I called and then watched him walk bravely on up the street.

All that day and many days since I have thought of those words, "I s'pose I'll get there sometime if I *keep walking along*."

The boy had found the secret of getting anywhere in this world. To reach any goal one must "keep walking along." Know your goal, then walk and keep walking. The steady pace will certainly bring you sometime to the place you have chosen.

If you look up sometimes and say, as you see the distance between where you are and where you *want to be*, "It's a long way yet," don't be discouraged if the answer is, "Yes, indeed it is." That it is a long way simply means it will take more time, not that you can't reach the goal.

Keep walking along, you girls who want to be expert typewriters, first-class secretaries, real teachers, good housekeepers, anything which you may want to be. *Keep walking along*, you boys who want to go to college, to study engineering, to become architects, to be superintendents in the mills, anything which you long to be.

Do not get side-tracked, do not sit too long on the fence to rest, or to discuss what you are going to be and do, but just "keep walking along."

If history and biography prove anything, it is that those who *keep walking along*, at last reach the hilltop, and there one may, if he be faithful, work out his hopes.

Do not mind distance, heat, cold, rocks—anything! Do your duty, forget yourself, take time to be kind, and "*keep walking along*."—Exchange

"There is no end to the sky,

And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,

And the here is over there:

For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away."