

"Wouldn't you like an apple, sir?"

When the man looked down and saw the anxious little face, he laughed, took the apple, and said:

"Thank you, sonny!"

Then he drove on without hitting the horse again. Wasn't Frank wise as well as brave?
—*Mayflower.*

A PENNY AND MISSIONS.

REV. J. MARTIN, of Fu-kien, China, sent the *Children's World* this poem, which we are sure will interest our readers, especially those who have gone in for trading with pennies. He says: "These lines were written by a young girl who was left an orphan when only a few months old. She supports herself by needlework, not being strong enough for housework. Her earnings are small, but she always finds some way of giving substantial help in sending the Gospel to those who have it not, and, as she says in the following lines, God adds His blessing to her efforts."

I've been asked to write a story,
A story that is true,
About a little dollie
Which from a penny grew.
'Twas the penny trading system
I thought that I would try,
So a penny ball of cotton
I went to town to buy.
Then with my crochet cotton
I made two yards of lace;
I had two months to work in,
And time flew on apace.
For the lace I got a shilling;
'How dear!' I hear you say.
'Twas dear, but she who bought it
Just gave me double pay.
I then with eightpence of it
Bought wool of "rainbow shade,"
And set to work in earnest.
Four "daisy mats" I made,
And these I finished making,
And sold for one and four;
And next I had an order
To make a pinafore,
To fit a little baby,
A child eighteen months old;
When finished, for three shillings
My pinafore was sold.
I thought myself quite rich then,
For I had three and two;
I had not yet quite finished,
I'd something else to do.
I thought I'd like a dollie:
To town once more I went
And saw a little beauty,
So one and six I spent.
I still had one and eightpence,
With that I bought her clothes;
To dress a doll is pleasure,
As everybody knows.
It sold for six and sixpence.
That's how my dollie grew
Out of a little penny;

And may I say to you—
That when you think there's nothing
For missions you can do
Just try the penny trading;
I've tried it—why not you?
Ask God to bless your labor
And little work of love,
Ask for "the shower of blessing";
He'll send them from above.

KOREAN MANNERS.



THE girl in Korea is not considered worth educating. She is welcome to such knowledge of the native script, *The Unman*, as she may be able to pick up from her mother.

The boy, however, before he has attained the age of six, is put into *The Thousand Characters*, or A B C book. Some never get through their alphabet.

It is good manners, in Korea at least, for the girl to get up first in the morning, sweep the room, roll up the bed (a mattress spread on the floor), and then begin the preparation for breakfast, which is not served until ten o'clock.

It is proper for the boy to rise early and go round to his father's apartment, and greet him with, "Have you had peace in your sleep?" The boy is expected to busy himself around the front of the house—put in order the parlor (which, by the way, belongs to the male part of the family), sweep the yard or see that it is swept; he then goes to his studies. He goes to school before breakfast.

Children stand with eyes cast down and hands folded in the presence of parents and superiors. They are supposed "to be seen and not heard," unless spoken to.

Great care must be exercised in addressing superiors. The omission of a single syllable may, like the omission of *r*, change *friend* to *fiend*. The same word, pronounced in exactly the same tone, may have as many as ten different meanings.

When anything is handed to a child, he receives it with both hands. He does not say "Thank you," but "I shall enjoy eating this," or "I shall make good use of what you have given me."—*Selected.*

NEVER a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer you when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings, at set of sun,
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.

—*Our Young Folks.*