

Youth's Department.

JOHN'S SACRIFICE.

A TRUE STORY.

IT was our last Mission Band meeting for the year and we all brought our mite boxes. The Band was not a very large one, but the children were willing workers, and our small Band raised nearly ten dollars during the summer.

When the President had counted the money and told who gave the most, she asked the children to tell how they had earned their money. The twins had killed flies, getting one cent for fifty flies, they had hemmed dusters, gone errands and sold things out of their garden. Emile had killed flies too, he got one cent for sixty flies. Willie had taken care of baby for his mother. Georgie had hoed the garden, picked berries and written a letter, a task which took half a day, but he was well paid, for he got five cents for keeping it clean and five for having it even. John thought he was too big to do as the babies and he did not like to tell how he had earned fifty cents picking apples and had put it all in his mite box.

Just see what a lot of ways there are of earning money for the mite box.

But John did not feel satisfied with his fifty cents. The one who had given the most was a girl who earned her living, she had given one dollar and he did not like that. Now John was a poor boy with not much pocket money and what he got he earned mostly for himself.

There was an Exhibition coming on and all the boys in the village were going to it. John had been thinking of nothing else all the week, he had his money carefully laid away and on Wednesday he was going to spend a whole day at the Exhibition. What a jolly time he would have.

After the meeting the other boys went out, but John did not join them, he was doing some pretty hard thinking by himself.

Pretty soon he went to the President, who was busy putting away the money, and said, "I guess you can have my Exhibition money to make up that ten dollars, 'I don't want a girl to get ahead of me and I went to the Exhibition last year so it does not matter anyway."

"Oh, John," exclaimed the President. "You——"

But John was off, he did not care for praise. He joined the others, but said nothing of what he had done and they all went off for fun as usual. God knew of that sacrifice and he only knows what has become of it, but I am sure wherever it is, "John's Exhibition Money" has been blessed by Him. And I know John is not sorry, for is it not more blessed to give than to receive?

FLORENCE, G. L. Inst.

ABOUT KOREA.

Thimbles are made of cloth, and instead of eyes the needles have ears.

Buttons and pins are almost wholly unknown. The garments are fastened on by means of ribbons.

When you buy soap in Korea it is given to you in the form of a powder. Matches are sold in bunches. They are naught but shavings with an end dipped in sulphur.

Funerals usually go through the streets at dusk with a great display of colored lanterns and of banners. Music is made by means of fifes and drums.

The language of Korea is mixed. The educated class use Chinese as much as possible in conversation, but it is a form of Chinese used a thousand years ago, and differs completely in pronunciation from Chinese as now spoken in China.

The men wear cotton robes with big sleeves, huge trousers, and socks that are padded. On their heads are black silk or black horsehair wadded caps with pendant sides edged with black fur, and on top of these the high crowned hats. These hats are tied under the chin with crinoline ribbon.

The Koreans sleep on mats spread upon the floor, using wooden blocks for pillows. There is little furniture, chairs being almost unknown.

The Korean official rides abroad on a fat pony. His saddle is raised a foot or more above the pony's back. It is a very gorgeous affair. The rider holds on with firm grasp to the saddlebow, while two servants lead the steed. Two others hold the official to the saddle, walking one on each side of him.—*The Little Worker.*