

Childhood.

"If I were a cobbler, 'twould be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be.
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me."

"I'm going to be just the sweetest, brightest, loveliest old lady when I am old." "I hope you will, dear," was the answer; "but when are you going to begin?"

How Frank Won.

A prize of one hundred dollars, to be used for educational purposes, was offered in a school for boys. Among the contestants was a boy of seventeen named Frank Harlow. He did not succeed in winning the prize, and, a day or two later, one of his schoolmates, named Harry Murks, said to him, "Didn't get the prize, did you, Frank?"

"No, I did not," replied Frank, cheerfully.

"Feel kind o' cut up over it, don't you?"

"No; not particularly."

"Well, I'd hate to make as hard a fight as you made to win that prize, and then fail."

"I don't think that I have failed, Harry."

"Well, I'd like to know why you haven't failed! Didn't George Dayton win the prize?"

"Yes, I know that he won the money; but I won just as much as George in that which comes from hard study. But you know, Harry, if you'll excuse me for saying it, your failure has been most marked."

"My failure! Why, what do you mean? I didn't go in for the prize at all. I made no attempt to win it."

"I know it," replied Frank, and then he added "They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

"Oh! I see what you mean," said Harry, rather soberly. "I suppose that there is something in that."

"There is a good deal in it," replied Frank.

"It is so true that not one of the eighteen boys who competed for the prize may be said to have failed. All of us won the prize that comes from honest effort, and it was a pretty big prize for most of us. I thought at first that I would not compete for the prize, for I felt quite confident that some of the other boys were so much further advanced than I was that I had very little chance of winning in the contest. But one day I came across this verse:—

'Straight from the Mighty Bow this truth is driven:

They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.'

"That's a fact," I said to myself, and I went straight to work and did my very best."

"You stood next to George Dayton at the examination, too," said Harry. "No, Frank, you did not fail after all."

Harry was right. How could Frank fail

to be a winner, after the honest effort he had put forth?

The Robber and the Colporteur.

Here is a recent fact from Korea, the country of the youngest Foreign Mission of our Church. An American missionary at Seoul, the capital of Korea, writes:—Kim Tu Vongie, one of the best of our helpers in the north of Korea, was just starting out upon a tour of the Soon-an circuit, to the north of Peyng Yang. Slung upon his back, like a knapsack, was a bundle comprising an assortment of Christian books, and possibly a change of Korean padded stockings.

As he trudged along the road, in a lonely spot he was suddenly confronted by three highway robbers, who demanded that he should stand and deliver.

He saw that resistance was useless, and said as much. He lowered his pack to the ground. The robbers eagerly gathered about it and began to untie the knots.

Kim in the meantime went to one side of the road, sat down in a dejected manner and began to pray to God for help.

A moment later the leader of the robbers attracted his attention with the remark, "Look here, are these Christian books? I think I have seen something of the kind before, and I have been wanting to get some of the books myself. Let me tell you that while I know I am following a bad kind of business, I am not at heart a bad man. It is only because I am very poor and must have something to eat that I have taken to the road for a profession."

Then, with curious inconsistency, he who had just been pleading his extreme poverty, and who but a moment before had been in undisputed possession of the goods by right of superior force, now opened a well-filled money bag and declared that he was going to buy the whole bundle of books. And he made Mr. Kim come over to him, count the books, and give him an estimate of the value of the entire assortment.

This accomplished, he counted out the money, slung the bundle on his back and started off. As he and his fellow-robbers were moving down the road he called back to Mr. Kim, "I am going to Vang-dok. If you hear of any men believing over there, you can know I have been selling the books."

The helper watched him for a moment with open-eyed wonder, and then fell to thanking God for His help in answer to prayer."—Sel.

"Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.
Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give:
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live."