

I know there are spots in its brightness,
The colors are pale and dim,
And sullied the snow of its whiteness
Which fain I would bring to Him.

It may be the threads of my spinning
The wish of my heart may tell,
That longs to be free from its sinning,
And ever in peace to dwell.
Perhaps through the service of duty
My work may be rendered meet,
For weaving in marvellous beauty
The veil of the mercy seat.

The heart's willing service approving,
He maketh my toil so sweet
That my work, with its burdel of loving,
I lay at His blessed feet.

THE WOMEN OF COREA.

ACCORDING to the opinions of French missionaries who were somewhat familiar with the social life of the people, a Corean woman has no moral existence. She is never man's companion or equal. She has no name. In childhood she receives a surname, by which she