

would hold some in their mouth a few seconds, and spit it out again. The bottoms of the water-troughs were covered with coppers.

"On the road outside the temple-gates were people selling toys, etc., at different little stands; monkey and other small shows; and several of the most wretched, degraded, deformed human beings you could imagine, begging of the passers-by.

"The four little pieces of paper that I send you cost one cent. You will notice that there are five black spots on each piece. They take one of these spots; make it into a little pill, and drink it with water to cure sickness. This is the story of its origination: 'Hundreds of years ago, a certain Japanese nobleman of high standing was sick. He went to sleep and had a dream, when this god came to him and told him that out on the sea he would find little pieces of paper that would cure his sickness if he took them. So he sent his courtiers down to the water, and they saw them out a little distance from the shore. They floated some boards out to the place, and the papers stuck fast to them, and thus they pulled them to shore. The nobleman drank them and recovered!' Yours lovingly in the Master's service.

"S. AGGIE WINTEMUTE."

HOW THE GOSPEL WAS FIRST PLANTED IN KOREA.

THIS incident is related by Mrs. Fannie Roper Feudge, Baltimore, Md.:

Among many efforts made during the present century to carry the Gospel into Korea, and with little apparent success, one seed of sacred truth was planted by a little Chinese lad shortly before Korea was opened to missionary effort; and this, so far as we know, was the first in all the Hermit Kingdom to spring up and bring forth fruit to the glory of God. This little boy's name was Ah Fung. He had been taught at one of the mission schools at Ningpo to read the Bible and to go to Jesus in prayer whenever he was in need of help. When he was about nine years of age his father took Ah Fung with him on one of his trading expeditions to the Korean capital. By some mishap while there the boy was stolen and sold to the Governor, who presented him to his wife. She made him her page, and he would often attempt to tell his young mistress of the Saviour he loved and trusted, but without avail until one day the reaper Death took away her baby girl, and then in her great loneliness and sorrow she recalled the words of her little page about Jesus and His love, and asked him to tell her the story again. Day after day did this Christian child talk of the Saviour, until she, too, came to love this same Friend."

THE best anecdote of General Grant which we have seen is the one related by General Clinton B. Fisk, who says, "I was sitting with the General and a number of others, when an officer high in rank rushed in, shouting, 'Oh, boys, I've such a good story to tell you! There are no ladies present, I believe!' 'No; but there are gentlemen present,' was the curt reply of Grant. The story was not told."—*The Presbyterian*.

Missionary Readings.

THE SINGER'S ALMS.

[The beautiful poem which follows has frequently been published without the author's name. It is from the pen of Henry Abbey, and is included in a volume of that gentleman's poems recently published at Kingston, N. Y.]

IN Lyons, in the mart of that French town,
Year's since, a woman, leading a fair child,
Craved a small alms of one who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and
smiled
To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul.
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
His chance of pearl to do another good;
So, as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face, and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce, where the singer stood, was filled,
And many paused, and, listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through them
thrilled,
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity woven in a song.

The singer stood between the beggars there,
Before a church, and overhead the spire,
A slim perpetual finger in the air
Held towards heaven, land of the heart's desire—
As if an angel, pointing up, had said:
"Yonder a crown awaits this singer's head."

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on and softly thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed was
wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng
And flowers rained on him; naught could assuage
The tumult of the welcome save the song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,
For the two beggars in the market place.

OUR DEBT TO MISSIONS.

IN a recent discourse, Bishop Clarke, of Rhode Island, uses the following language with reference to those who feel contempt for missions: "It will also be admitted that the starting-point of all the various forms of our modern civilization is to be found in Christian missions. The civilizers of our ancestors were missionaries of the cross. The well-dressed gentlemen who pass by with contempt when the doors of a church are opened for a missionary confer-