

cials in Seoul hasten to the Royal Palace to present their congratulations to His Majesty; the second rank calls on the first and so on down to the children, who do a large part of the calling on the first day of the year. The calling lasts up to the fifth day.

When the boy puts his hair in a top-knot, and, in that way, announces his engagement to be married, when he is married, and when death comes to his house, all the accompanying formalities, Korean children are taught with great care.

As a natural result, the children are well-behaved. A more orderly school than the one I taught for five years while in Korea I never saw. In some respects, therefore, our children can learn from those who do not have the benefit of a Christian civilization.—*Over Sea and Land.*

### THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up and answered Maggie.

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"The very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a sunny morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would," said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*The Young Reaper.*

### PRESENCE OF MIND.

One of the best things to cultivate is what is somewhat vaguely called "presence of mind." The sort of slang phrase which some people use, when they tell of one who has "lost his head," I suppose in part illustrates what is meant by it. Some years ago I heard with deep interest about the presence of mind of a young servant girl who lived with a friend of mine.

She had been in the family but a short time, though long enough to have fallen deeply in love with little Dee, the two year old darling of the household. One morning Sarah was

out hanging up clothes, when something, she did not remember what, caused her to raise her eyes to the window above, and there, toddling along with uncertain feet toward the edge of the sloping roof was little Dee. So near the edge was she that a sudden exclamation might have caused her to lose her balance, and she would have fallen twenty feet, on to the stones below. She was looking at Sarah and laughing gaily, even throwing kisses from her sweet little lips at the frightened girl.

What did Sarah do? Almost without an instant's hesitation she said, in her cheeriest voice:

"If little Dee will go to Sarah's room she will find something pretty and sweet for her on the table."

If there was one thing that little Dee had not intended to do it was to go back. She liked the pretty spot where she found herself, and had meant to dance round on it until somebody came after her, and then to run away from them if she could; but the "something pretty and sweet" was too good to be resisted. Sarah always kept her word, and did not often invite Dee to her room: Slowly the little maiden turned, Sarah still smiling on her, and with unsteady steps moved back toward the window, putting first one chubby foot, then the other, inside the low casing. Up the stairs on swift, trembling feet went Sarah, not daring yet to enter the room lest Dee should in her glee "play" run away, and climb out again; instead she waited, saying cheerily, "Come, Dee, Sarah is waiting."

And the child came. When Sarah's arms were actually around the little girl she fell in a faint on the floor, only keeping consciousness long enough to say to the mother, who just at that moment appeared, "Oh, Ma'am! take baby; she is saved!"

If you want to know how Dee conducted herself through the excitement which followed, I can tell you that she said "pitty" and "sweet" as many as twenty times, nobody knowing what she meant, until Sarah, coming back to life again, heard her, and said, "Oh Ma'am! I promised her something pretty and sweet if she would only come in; and she came right away. Do let me get it for her."—*The Pansy.*

FAITH AND WORKS.—When Hudson Taylor first went out to China it was in a sailing-vessel. Very close to the shores of a cannibal island the ship was becalmed, and it was slowly drifting shoreward, unable to tack about, and the savages were eagerly anticipating a feast. The captain came to Mr. Taylor and besought him to pray for the help of God. "I will," said Taylor, "provided you set your sails to catch the breeze." The captain declined to make himself a laughing stock by unfurling sails in a dead calm. Taylor said, "I will not undertake to pray for the vessel unless you will prepare the sails," and it was done. While engaged in prayer, there was a knock at the door of his stateroom. "Who is there?" The captain's voice responded, "Are you still praying for wind?" "Yes," "Well," said the captain, "you'd better stop praying, for we have now more wind than we can well manage." And, sure enough, when but a hundred yards from shore a strong wind had struck the sails and changed the course of the boat, so that the cannibals were cheated of their human prey.

A YOUNG man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord, "you have had the delirium tremens once, and I can't sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those two young men now are. I was a man of fair prospects. Now,