

dren there, and He makes them very happy. He will give her back to you if you go there."

"But where is it? How can I get there?" eagerly asked the tearful mother.

"I don't quite know," said Ah Fung, "but if we love Him and trust it to Him He will take us somehow. He said so. Won't you let Jesus be your Saviour, too?" asked Ah Fung, "and then we'll both be there, and He will give our darling back to us."

"A little child shall lead them." Ah Fung's preaching was not in vain. This mother was the first convert to Christianity in Corea, which was so long shut up to foreign nations. It is now open to the Gospel. Many efforts had been made to carry the truth into Corea, but Ah Fung, the little captive, has the honor of having sowed the first fruit-bearing seed.—*Word, Work and World.*

### BEING RUDE TO GOD.

When there is a guest in your house, is it your father's custom to help himself and his children first at table? Do you all eat until you have enough and then offer your guest what is left? "O, no!" you say; "nobody could be so rude as that. However humble the guest, we help him first to the best that we have, and take what is left ourselves."

But how about the Lord God Almighty and His claim upon you? Do you treat Him with the honor that you show your company? Do you take out of your income such part as you joyfully intend to spend in His service, doing the best you can with the rest, or do you use all that you want for yourself, and give Him a part of the remainder?

Do you spend the bright, strong hours of the day in work and pleasure, giving to God's worship the sleepy ten minutes before bedtime, or do you arrange your day so that you can spend the first fresh hour with Him? God claims one day in seven as His.

Do you give it to Him generously, openly, or do you pinch it off by late rising, and defraud Him by long naps, and treat Sunday like a burdensome tax? Can it be that your company manners, as your friend sees them, are better than your behavior to the great God, your loving heavenly Father?—*Forward.*

### HOW HE PROSPERED.

A mechanic who had been in the habit of dropping into a beer saloon twice a day, and spending five cents each time for a glass of beer, was captivated one day by a new thought.

"I am poor," he said to himself; "my family need every cent I can earn; it is growing more and more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children.

"Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see; that is 60 cents a week. That is \$31.20 a year. And it does me no good; it may do me harm. Let me see—" And here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board. "I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea and six bushels of potatoes for that sum."

Pausing for a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of himself, he then exclaimed, "I will never waste another cent." He never has, and he is today a prosperous man.—*Golden Censer.*

### A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God.

But what could he say, for he had never learned any prayer? So he knelt down, and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A gentleman, happening to pass on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying: "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?"

The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me, and help me take care of the sheep; so I thought that if I said all I knew, he would put it together, and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he will, he will, he will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."—*Selected.*