

## OUR MISSION IN KOREA.

Here are three men whom I wish to introduce to you. I hope you will get better acquainted with them as you grow older. They are going to open our new mission in Korea. Find out what you can about Korea from your histories, geographies, and maps.

The beginning of this work is an interesting story. Four or five years ago, a young minister in Nova Scotia thought a great deal about Korea, and wanted to go and tell



Rev. Robert Grierson M. D.

them of the true God, and of Christ who came into the world to save sinners.

At length he decided to go, and for a year or two he lived and labored there at a place called Sorai. The people listened gladly to the good news he brought them, and some of them became Christians; and they were just building a little church to worship in when the good missionary, William J. Mac-

kenzie, took ill, and soon his mission work on earth was done.

The poor people were very sad, and wanted another missionary, but our church for a time could not send one. But now three are going; young men who have just finished their college studies and offered themselves for mission work in Korea.

One of them is a medical doctor, so that he will be to help their sick bodies as well as their sick souls. When you pray for missionaries do not forget the three who are soon to leave Nova Scotia for Korea, Rev. Robert Grierson, M. D., Rev. W. R. Foote, and Rev. D. Macrae, who are looking at you from these pages.

## A SALOON KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

It was evening, and Brown's saloon was closely filled with a noisy throng of boys and men, when suddenly above the din a sweet, childish voice arose in song, and through the thin partition came the words.

Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe;  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it then where'er you go.

"That's my little daughter, Bessie," explained the proprietor. "I don't take stock in such songs; but she has a praying mother."

"Better hush her up, Brown, she'll hurt your business," whispered a wily-faced man.

The clear, childish voice again took up the refrain:

Take the name of Jesus with you,  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

A young man, standing near the bar, resolutely set down his glass and left the room.

"What's the trouble, Will?" questioned a companion, who followed him out.

"Trouble enough," he answered. "I've a praying mother, Tom, who has been all her