

ness. There are thousands of others whose eyes are good, who do not see that they need a Saviour; and that is the worst kind of blindness."

"How are we to learn to see our sins?" asked Willie, soberly.

"That is one of the very things that Jesus came to teach us. If we ask Him to open our eyes so that we can see our sins and weaknesses, and obey Him, we shall learn to see more and more clearly."

"I'm going to ask the Lord to open my eyes, so that I can see everything that is good and everything that is bad."

"If you once learn to see all that, then your eyes will indeed be opened."—Pleasant Hours

Children in Korea

When we read about far away people in books and study about them in our geographies, we sometimes wonder if they are like us. Do they eat and sleep and work and play we ask. Yes, they do all these things, and yet in ways that seem strange to their white cousins.

The Korean baby comes frequently to a very poor home, where probably many have come before, and the scanty supply of rice and dried fish is not enough to satisfy the hungry mouths. If the baby be a boy, there is much rejoicing, and the father receives with happy smiles the congratulations of his friends. If the new arrival be a girl, disappointment is written on every face, and there is as little said about her advent as possible. O, yes, the baby is pretty and her eyes are bright and round and the hair black and straight, but—she is a girl; and, should this same girl happen to be the youngest of the family, she will have no name perhaps, but simply be designated as "little baby;" or if she is the oldest, she will be known as "big baby;" or should she come between, as "middle baby."

Little girls seldom have a real name; but sometimes, if she is pretty and attractive and her parents fear that evil spirits will harm her out of spite, she will be called "pig" or "dog," or some other animal, in order to deceive the spirits; for the gods the

Koreans worship are not supposed to know the difference between a beast and a dear little brown-faced, bright-eyed girl.

Our little one has no cradle in which to rock, nor carriage in which to ride, but, oh how cosily she nestles on her mother's back, tied securely with a strip of cotton and covered with her mother's apron. Baby goes to church this way, and if she cries, mother walks her about with a swaying motion, gives her a raw turnip or a cold potato to nibble on, and very soon she is fast asleep. The quilt is spread out, baby is laid on the floor, and mother sits down to listen to the sermon. Yes, it all occurs in church, and while the preacher is talking, too, but—bless you!—nobody minds, because we are used to it.

Baby goes to school, too, on little sister's back, and sometimes the difference in size is so small that one finds it difficult to tell baby from nurse.

Little girls are not supposed to need an education in Korea, and among the poor coolie classes will be found many boys as well, who are not sent to school and who do not even learn to read the easy Korean letters. You can always find boys' schools in the cities and often in the smaller villages. The pupil sits on the floor, with his book before him, and from early morning till sundown sings the letters, reading from right to left down the page.

Wherever there is a group of Christians, and often before a church is established, you will find a Christian school with a Christian teacher where the children of the church are educated and taught besides Chinese, geography, arithmetic, history and the Bible.

At every mission station there is a girls' school. The mothers must be bribed and coaxed to send their daughters to school, for whoever before heard of such a thing as a girl being educated in Korea?

The Korean girl's school days last but a few years at most, for she is often married at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and is sometimes taken from school at a still earlier age and sent to her future mother-in-law's home to learn the art of housekeeping, meanwhile doing the drudgery of the family.

—The Missionary