

His companions became preachers and teachers, travelling from place to place.

Have we disciples such as these today? Where are they? Name them.

The best we have should be given to Jesus, the best friend and companion on earth. Loving courtesy is always rewarded.—C. G. W.

## Little Disappointment

A HEADING.

She was a queer-looking little thing. She wore a long dress of bright-colored cloth, tied close up under the arms with a cord. Her black hair was parted very straight in front, and hung in a braid down behind. In the muddy season she thumped about in wooden shoes, but in bright weather she wore slippers of straw.

Sometimes this little girl was clean, but most of the time she was a very dirty little girl indeed. You would not wonder at that if you saw the house she lived in. It was only a hut with a straw roof, a mud floor, and greased paper for windows, and it was a dark and gloomy place in which to have to stay when the weather was cold or stormy.

This queer-looking little girl had a queer name also. It was a Korean name, and meant "Disappointment." They called her by that name because they were all so sorry she was a girl instead of a boy; and as she was the oldest of five children, and they were all girls, her father said she was the beginning of disappointments.

Her father's name was Mr. Ee. It was not a hard name to spell or pronounce, but Mr. Ee himself was a hard, cruel man. He was a bad man, and was quarrelsome in his home. The mother and children were very unhappy.

Mr. Ee always seemed to blame Disappointment for being a girl, and would scream out at her that she had no right to take the place of a son. Little Disappointment would get very much frightened to see her father in these fits of anger, for sometimes he struck her and dragged her about by the hair, and at such times her mother would try to comfort the little girl by telling her how every Korean father wanted a son to bear his name, and to do him honor when he was dead.

There was not much to make Little Disappointment's life bright. She never had a toy, not even a rag doll, nor so much as a picture card. Most of the time she had to be looking after the younger children and carrying the baby on her back. In fact, she had carried babies so long on her poor little back that she usually stooped over, like a little old woman.

Almost every year the cholera came to the dirty little town where the Ees lived. The people were always very much frightened when they heard that the dreadful disease was coming. Instead of cleaning their houses and streets to keep the sickness away, the men would go out along the roads and set up great wooden posts with horrid, ugly faces on them. They made these faces just as frightful looking as possible, so that they would frighten away the evil spirits that brought the cholera.

Mr. Ee put an ugly picture on his house, near the door, to frighten the spirits away. This picture looked like the ugliest comic valentine you ever saw. But the cholera came, in spite of all they did to scare it away. It came right to the Ees' house, and Mr. Ee was the first man in the town to fall sick of the dreadful disease, and he fell very sick.

Instead of trying to help him, everybody ran away and left him to die—every-

body that is, but his wife and little Disappointment. Even though he had always been so cruel and selfish to them, these two did everything they could to relieve his sufferings. But at last they saw that he must die.

Little Disappointment was sorely distressed because her father moaned all through the terrible sickness, "Oh, if I only had a son, he would give his blood to make me live."

Disappointment knew that the people in her country believed that if a son gave some of his blood to his father, when he was about to die, the father would certainly get well.

Never in all her life had she wished so much that she was a boy, instead of a worthless girl. She knew boys in the town who showed, with pride, where their fingers had been cut from their hands, in order to give their blood to their fathers in time of severe illness. What would she not give to be such a son!

A thought came into her head. She would try it, anyway. So, going into

apointment told the same sweet story to her daughters, she said, "It was the best news I ever heard in all my life, that there is a God who loves the girls just as much as he does the boys."—*Belle Sparr Luckett, in Morning Star.*

## A Little Child Shall Lead Them

A striking incident is told of a missionary in India, who was called to a little out-of-the-way-village to baptize and receive into church fellowship more than sixty adult converts from Hinduism. He noticed a boy sitting in a back corner watching and listening very wisely. Finally he came forward. "What, my boy, do you want to join the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you are very young, and if I were to receive you, and you were to slip aside, it would do injury to the cause of Christ. I shall come again in six months, and then, if I find you steadfast and true, I will baptize and receive you gladly." No sooner was this said, than all the people rose to their feet, and one, speaking for the rest, said:

"Why, sir, it is he who told us all we know about Jesus Christ." And so it turned out to be.—*ScL*

## Christ First

It is said that when Leonardo da Vinci had finished his celebrated picture of the "Last Supper," he asked a friend to inspect the work privately, and give his judgment concerning it.

"Exquisite," exclaimed the friend; "thai wine-cup seems to stand out from the table as solid glittering silver."

Thereupon the artist took up a brush and blotted out the cup, saying:

"I meant that the figure of Christ should first and mainly attract the observer's eye, and whatsoever diverts attention from Him must be blotted out."—*ScL*

## What Can You Expect?

In the course of a recent address, Dr. George F. Pentecost, endeavoring to illustrate what many people of the twentieth century go to church for, told the story of a woman who, after hearing him preach in one of the large churches, informed a friend that she did not like the services at all. The seat was hard, she said, the singing was not good, and the preaching was poor.

Her little girl, who overheard her remarks, and who was present with her at church, said:

"What can you expect for a penny?"

## A Golden Crown

"Why did you put your sovereign in the missionary collection, instead of some silver?" Davie was asked.

"Because," he replied, "as the congregation sang, 'Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all,' I imagined that I could hear his steps coming down the aisle to receive his crown, and I did not want him to wear a copper crown, or a silver crown, but a gold crown."

Part of our work for missions is the giving of gold for Christ's coronation.

## A Fine Testimonial

On one of the New Hebrides in the South Pacific is the lonely grave of a Presbyterian missionary, the Rev. John Gaddy. A marble slab bears the following inscription:

"When he came here  
There were no Christians;  
When he went away  
There were no heathen."

## VICTORY

V stands for voice,  
His voice within,  
Is calling all  
From paths of sin.

I stands for ill,  
No ill can come  
To him who seeks  
A heavenly home.

C stands for come,  
His word so blest  
Says, "Come, and I  
Will give you rest."

T stands for time,  
This very day  
'Tis time to start  
To walk His way.

O stands for our,  
Our Christ is He  
Who died, that ransomed  
We might be.

R stands for right,  
No one dare claim  
The right to put  
His name to shame.

Y stands for you,  
To make you free  
Christ rose from death  
To victory.

—E. L. Rolfe.

the kitchen, she took a knife and bravely cut off one of her small fingers, and running to her mother she cried: "Give him the blood! It may make him well, even if I am a girl!"

But Mr. Ee did not get well. He died in a few hours.

The neighbors all said: "What a pity for a man not to have a son! If he could have had the blood of a son, he might have lived."

Little Disappointment believed what they said was true, and grieved that she was to blame for her father's death.

This happened many years ago, before Disappointment or any one in the town where she lived had ever heard of the true God, who loves people too much to seek to harm them, and whom every one could love and trust.

"A Jesus woman," as they called the missionary, came to live among them one day, and told them a wonderful story that made their hearts glad.

"It is too good to be true," the women all said.

But soon they came to believe it, and it made their lives happy. When Dis-

"A very simple answer to his every question is all that a child asks for."