

But the baby cried so for days and days, growing thin and pale, that he feared it would die, and sent for the mother to come back, and back she came.

But matters went on as before, and one day on waking from a mid day nap, he found her reading the Bible, at which he was so incensed that he threw his silver tobacco pipe at her, hard. It struck her on the top of her head, making a wound from which the blood flowed so profusely it could scarcely be staunched.

When it healed it left a deep sunken scar which causes her head trouble to this day. Being still angry at her, on the same day that he threw the pipe, as if that were not enough, he threw boiling hot water at her from the tea-kettle on the "Libache," badly burning her arm and shoulder. After that he divorced her the second time with her two babies, for there was another now.

She had persistently gone to church—or the preaching—all this time, carrying one baby on her back and leading the other. until it got so tired she had to carry it in her arms.

After the wife was sent away the second time, the head servant of the household reasoned with the master. Though he was not a Christian himself, he called his master's attention to the fact that she had been always a good faithful wife, and even more so since she was a Christian, that it had not interfered with her wifely duties at all, and that Christianity could not be so very bad after all.

Then he reminded him how skilfully she managed his household, the servants and all, and what a really good wife she was, suggesting that if he persisted in discarding her and took another wife, it would be doubtful if he found another as good as she, and so he finally called her back, and unlike an American woman who would not go and come at every whim, and beck, and call of her husband, she came back to him after having been cast off twice.

His head servant advised his master to go to the preaching with her, and see what it was in Christianity that made her so persistent, and so he did. By the time her first baby was three years old, the father was a Christian too, and they have been a Christian family ever since. You see there are some bright spots and some earnest faithful souls.—*Mission Studies.*

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

I wandered just at even,
Beside the sounding sea ;
The whispering winds of heaven
Their story told to me.

The east wind said, "I'm hasting
From tropic Ganges' wave,
Where children they were casting
Within a watery grave."

The south wind told its story,
With one swift angry blast,
Of Afric's offerings gory
It saw in rushing past ;

Where far-off heathen nations,
In forests dark and deep,
With fearful incantations
Their heathen vigils keep.

The west wind freshly blowing
The broad Pacific o'er,
Had seen vast nations growing
In numbers more and more ;

And told of thousands dying
In darkness day by day,
Japan and China crying
For one light-giving ray.

The north wind said, "I'm telling
Of polar northern night ;
Where ice-bound surges swelling
The darkened souls afright ;

I saw no off'ring burning,
No incense filled the air ;
No souls to God were turning,
No gods they worship there.

The evening winds passed o'er me.
The icy northern blast
Across the waste before me
Went hasting far and fast.

Stay, winds, and cease your wailing,
For, in my heart I heard
This promise never failing—
The earth shall know the Lord !

—Selected.

Korean small boys, too, at Gensan "with clarion voices" sing at work or play "What can wash away my sins?"—a new song on their lips ; and adults, who cannot read, learn the words from listening and sing them too.

