

Our young readers, we know, will all want to hear more of Mrs. Esther Pak, the Korean student at the Woman's College, Baltimore; and they will be delighted to know that Esther has been in New York, spending the Christmas holidays with her husband and baby. A rumor has been afloat that provision will be made to have them nearer to her this year, but we cannot vouch for that. We promised last month to give you the story of Esther's conversion, as told by herself. But first we must tell you that in conversation with her she told us that she *did* like Canadians—she thought they were some of the nicest, best people in the world. When she first came out she spent two or three months in Canada, and never met people that were so kind. Of course this was very pleasant to hear. Esther's English is remarkably good though she says she would like to use many other words, but is not sure of their meaning. Her gestures and naive way of "putting things," is very attractive. The story loses in the telling of it, especially as we only cull from hasty notes.

ESTHER'S STORY,

The Korean people believe in educating men, not women; but my father did not think like that; he wanted to teach his daughter at a missionary school. So I went. It was very cold there; the teacher had a white face—bangs—blue eyes; I was afraid of her; but she was a pleasant, lovely woman. I had never seen a stove before. Our houses are heated under the floor. The lady had a stove in the room. I was afraid of her, (shrugging her shoulders). I thought she was going to eat me up! but after a while I got used to her, and then I loved her. She used to call me to her room and talk to me about God and good things. The first year I couldn't talk much, but tried hard to learn American talk. I learned the alphabet in three days. I found out the meaning of the first chapter in the Bible line by line. For two years I learned more, and studied hard. The English language is the hardest language in the world! After I got interested in the Bible I didn't want anything more. At one time—it was our rainy season—it rained every day for three months. I wanted to study my Bible all the time. One night there was an awful storm. When I went to bed I thought the world would be destroyed, but then remembered that God had promised not to destroy the world. Then I went into my cousin's room, who was frightened, and turned to that passage and read it to her. Then I knelt down and prayed; I asked God to take my heart and make it right, and I will do whatever he wants me to do. Then I felt so happy. Before that we girls liked to play prayer meeting—sing and pray—sing and pray. We liked to dress like Americans—all puffed out! I talked like American minister. After meeting we would shake hands. But afterward we got all so interested in the Jesus doctrine, native teacher and all, we had a real prayer meeting every night. We dressed in a native dress, and we sang

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given."

When I was fourteen or fifteen years of age I was

appointed to teach lots of little children. I tried to be kind, and live like a Christian. Now I come to this country to take medical studies, and go home to help and teach my own people. I want you all to pray for me.

Will you oblige a Mission Band member by printing these verses?

GONE TO SLEEP.

Close the curtains, gently, softly,
Shut the golden sunlight out,
Bid the children 'neath the window
Hush their laugh and merry shout.
Push aside the snowy cover
Over which dim shadows creep.
Then draw near and gaze in silence—
Little Winnie's gone to sleep.

Look those flaxen curls are lying
Lying on her brow of white,
While the long, soft, silken lashes
Close around those orbs of light;
And from lips but slightly parted
See the tiny pearl gems peep;
While a low voice seems to utter
Winnie's only gone to sleep.

Gone! but not to briefly slumber,
As when here she closed her eyes,
Whilst thy heart kept time with thee
To thy soothing lullabies;
Now no clay holds back the spirit,
Soaring through the upper deep,
Only to life's cares and trials.
Has thy loved one gone to sleep.

Why in sorrow bends the mother
Fondly o'er her darling now,
Covering with earnest kisses
Hand and cheek, neck, lip and brow?
Why burst forth those cries of anguish,
Wailings bitter, sobbings deep?
Let's kneel down and softly whisper
Mother! Winnie's gone to sleep.

FROM WOODLAWN WORKERS.

Our Mission Band had an "Experience Social" a while ago, to raise money for missions. We spent a very enjoyable evening listening to the experience of our members—how they earned their contributions. Altogether we raised \$22.65. The following is the experience of one of our members in verse:

As our Woodlawn Band has adopted the plan
Of using our talents to earn what we can,
And each of our members has brought an account
Of how they have earned, and to what an amount;
I felt it but right, in a purpose so good,
To join with you all and do that which I could.
In the first place I saved all my newspapers old,
And got fifty cents for two hundred I sold;
In addition to this I was glad to dispose
Of a couple of barrels—my money for those
Was just twenty cents—one twelve, one eight—
And now my last sale, I am happy to state,
Was that of a book—just here let me hope
That the rest of you ladies use "Surprise Soap,"
For fifty such wrappers you too can obtain
A book such as mine; and by selling again
Get twenty-five cents. So now you can see
That ninety-five cents has been gathered by me.
As each little helps—your efforts and mine—
Together to help our Mission combine,
And will not that feeling with joy fill each heart,
That to send the glad tidings we've taken a part?

Dartmouth.

EDITH RUSSELL,