

### ALWAYS LATE.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly.

And yet a large class of persons are always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is with their appointments and engagements.

They are late, very likely, in rising in the morning and also in going to bed at night; late at their meals; late at the counting house or office; late at their appointments with others.

Their letters are sent to the post office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving it. They come into the station just as the train is going out.

They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement or duty, but they are always behind time, and so generally in haste, or rather in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late, and forever were trying to catch up with the lost time.

They waste time for themselves and waste it for others, and fail of the comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality.

A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in church, is said to have replied that it was her religion not to disturb the religion of others.

And if it were with all a part, both of courtesy and duty, not say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save much vexation of spirit.—*Ex.*

### "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A little almond-eyed Chinese boy stood swinging the silken cradle of a beautiful baby. As it swung to and fro, so did the long queue of Ah Fung.

But there was no music in his heart by which to time the steady and monotonous swinging. It was a sad little face that looked wistfully ahead; and the child's thoughts were far away in Ningpo with his father, from whom he had been cruelly stolen and sold as a slave. Homesick tears were in his eyes, and his wide, loose jacket-sleeve was now and then drawn across his wet cheek; for boy nature is the same there as here.

"What is the matter with you, Ah Fung? Don't you see my beautiful baby? I was unhappy, too; but now—" and the sweet young mother, into whose face a new light had lately shone and banished the deep-seated unhappiness and discontent, bent over and caressed her treasure.

She was the unloved wife of a rich officer, and, from the time her husband had presented Ah Fung to her, as a little slave, she had made a pet and companion of him. On account of her own loneliness they had become sympathizing friends.

Ah Fung dried his tears, and looked seriously at the baby and mother. "Shall I tell you about my Jesus?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Ah Fung! Tell Ah Fung she does not need Jesus now; she has her baby," cooed the poor mother. "He shall tell her about his Jesus by-and-bye. Bye-and-bye, Ah Fung, by-and-bye," she said.

But by-and-bye the delicate blossom began to fade and droop. Paler and thinner the little face became, till the mother, in the extremity of her grief, saw the only thing she had to love, pass into the dark, mysterious, eternity.

Ah Fung was the child of a converted Chinese. His father had come over to Seoul, Corea, to trade, and brought the little boy with him; but in a crowd the child was separated from him, stolen, and sold. He was old enough to commit his way to the Lord, and know that it was all right.

And now he saw, as Naaman's little maid saw, that he had come there for a purpose; and he forgot his own great grief in his desire to minister true comfort to the mother.

He was awed and silenced by her sorrow; but one day she remembered how often he had tried to tell her of "Jesus and His love." "Ah Fung," she said "tell me about your Jesus."

And Ah Fung, with the true tact of a child, began where he knew it would mean the most to her, and told her of Jesus' love to children and the beautiful home where He took them to keep and make happy till the parents should come.

Day after day he talked about it, till the mother's yearning heart made her lips frame the question, "Did He love my baby? Are you sure she is with Him?"

"I am sure that He did love her, and she is with Him," replied Ah Fung. "Our missionary said He has many, many little chil-