

hear, nor love, nor help her? But Kin was fifteen now, and brave and womanly, so she said in her low, gentle voice, "I can never worship in the temple."

Her father was furious. Who had ever heard of such a daughter! Her mother looked coldly at her; even her ten-year-old brother scowled, while her sister Hide ran away to cry.

After that she was shut up alone for days with only rice and water. Finally her father told her she was to go away to relatives in another town. She was hurriedly got ready and the coolies trotted off with her in the jinrikisha.

The relatives were not at all kind to her. They mocked at her new religion, and tried to force her to go to Buddha's shrine and worship with them. But nothing moved her. It seemed that all these things but made her "Yasu" more dear.

The relatives sent her back to her father, saying she was a stubborn child. Then there was a furious scene in her home, which ended in her parents driving Kin out into the street, an outcast and penniless. She fled to the missionary, who received her lovingly.

After she had gone her father found among her things a little book on which he had often seen Kin writing. He picked it up and carelessly turned its pages, on every one of which he found something like the following:

"9 a.m. At daylight this morning I prayed for my dear parents."

"6 p.m. I went by myself to pray that dear "Yasu" will soon bring my dear parents to him."

"8 a.m. Prayed a long time last night for my dear father and mother."

"3 p.m. I have been praying to-day especially for my father. 'Yasu,' hear my cry."

Many of these entries had been made while Kin was shut up alone, or while she was among unfriendly relatives away from home.

Her father was touched and astonished. What was there in a religion that made one willing to suffer so much for it? He talked it over with Kin's mother. They both decided to go to the missionary and learn something more about it.

It was not long until they were convinced of its truth. When they came to this conclusion, they went to Kin, knelt before her, striking their heads on the ground in humiliation, and begged her to forgive them and return to her home. And Kin put her arms around them, with streaming eyes, saying:

"It breaks my heart to see my dear parent

kneling at my feet; but oh, it fills me with joy to know that my dear 'Yasu' has heard my prayers."

That was quite a while ago. Now Kin Kondo and her family, Kita, Hide, and all, go no longer to the temple, but are a Christian family, loving and serving the dear "Yasu" of whom Kin has told them all so much. And they are all the devoted admirers of the blue-eyed missionary of whom Kin was once afraid, and who is happy in seeing the results of her patient work.

SKIMMING IT.

IF you're going to give a pan of milk, don't skim it first," the old grandmother used to say, meaning: If you are going to do a favor, don't spoil it by an ungracious word or manner. Haven't we noticed how much of this "skimming" goes on in ordinary family intercourse?

"Another errand? I never can go down town without half a dozen commissions!" complains Rob, when his sister asks him to bring a book from the library. He never refuses to oblige her; he does not really count it an inconvenience; he only takes the cream off his kindness.

"Those gloves ripped again!" exclaims Mary, when John wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry with something else." She would be shocked at his going shabby, and distressed if anyone thought her unwilling to render such offices, but she makes it a little unpleasant to ask the favor.

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts the door at Bridget's request, but he grumbles at having to leave his top. Susie goes to the door when she is sent, but she departs with a protest that "It is Tommy's turn." Thus all day long, people who love one another, and who at heart are glad to help one another, skim the sweetness from every service they render.—*Christian Look*.

I wish I could make clear to you, boys, the great value that comes from a steady following out of our undertakings. Whatever we begin we should finish, if for no other reason than the habit we thus help to form. Learn to follow out all your beginnings to their end—unless, indeed, your judgment bids you abandon them. This is a pretty safe rule: Never give up an undertaking unless your common sense tells you to do so.