

Texts by James Scarth Gale published in *The Korea Mission Field*

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## **A Missionary Retrospect.**

(From the Annual Report of 1913-1914.)

J. S. Gale.

Let me preface this by saying that one may feel that the Roman Catholic hierarchy has failed to represent the best type of Church on earth, and has left many sad marks on history, and yet acknowledge that there have been and are many noble and faithful Roman Catholic Christians, whose names we well cherish and to whom we would accord unanimously a high place on the roll of honour.

This is the 30th year of our Mission\* and the 130th since the name of Christ came into Korea by means of a Roman Catholic convert. Let me ask you to give a rapid glance over this past, in the hope that it may offer some useful and profitable lesson.

But first, let me say that I am more and more convinced that Korea is a land that has had a special longing to know God and to find His satisfaction for the soul. John Calvin quotes Cicero as saying, "There is no nation so barbarous, no race so savage, as not to be firmly persuaded of the being of a God." This is doubtless true and yet some nations show a much more marked appreciation of Him than others, as for example Korea.

Here is an echo that comes down to us from 2,300 B.C. "Whan-in is God, Whan-oong is the Spirit, and Whan-gum or Tan-goon is the God-man. These three constitute the Triune Spirit." Whence came this voice? A few days ago I visited the altar to Heaven on the top of Mari-San, which you can see very distinctly from Chemulpo. The giants who carried those huge stones up there, and placed them as a temple of worship, speak for the reality of this mysterious Tan-goon and say how much the ancient Korean longed to see and know God. So it has continued to be recorded in their writings, and on the stones that we see standing by the roadside.

Here is a sentiment not out of accord with Presbyterian teaching that I find carved on a huge tablet in front of Keui-ja's Temple, Pyeng-yang, that has stood there and proclaimed its message to the city for 300 years and more; it is this: "God's not permitting Keui-ja to be killed in the convulsions that closed the Eun Kingdom of China, was because He reserved him to preach religion to us, and to bring our people under the laws of civilization. Even though Keui-ja had desired death at that time he could not have found it: and though King Moon had determined not to send him to Korea he could not have helped it, seeing that God had him in store for this service." So it has ever been. Now, however, I wish to view the year that has just gone in the light of the 30 years we have passed, and the 130 years since the Christian faith first entered.

The Roman Catholic Church has much that is different from our own and yet much in common. Under this mighty organization headed by the pope, with cardinals, bishops and priests to do his bidding, some of the best saints have lived and died: and yet you may be interested to know that their work began in Korea and went on for 25 years with scores of martyrs without any direct help given them by pope, cardinal, bishop or foreign priest.

Christianity first entered Korea by means of a man named Yi Pyuk-i, or Obstinate as we might translate his name; who, we are told, grew to be a giant and could lift with one hand a hundred pounds. From boy hood he had had a longing for the company of the wise; had sought their haunts and meeting places. In 1777 hearing of a conference of certain notables who had met to discuss such questions as Heaven, Earth and Man, Pyuk-i decided to join them. He set out on his journey tramping over long miles of hills and through the snow, till at last he arrived at their place of meeting. Among other literature they had books dealing with Christianity brought by the embassy in Peking, and these they set themselves to study. These books taught concerning God, His providence, the immortality of the soul, how to combat the evils that beset the heart and to encourage virtue. The inquirers had no one to explain what these teachings meant, but yet they felt drawn toward them. Immediately they set themselves to carry out the doctrines in their lives. They prayed daily, morning and evening. Learning that one day in seven was given up to worship they set apart to this end the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th of each month. They ceased from ordinary labours on these days and gave themselves up to meditation and prayer. Without any priest to teach them, as I have said, without any church organization, cardinals, or bishops they undertook to find what Christianity meant. They obtained more books which made them only the more eager and anxious to learn further.

In the year 1783 Pyuk-i found that the father of his friend Yi Seung-hoon was going to Peking as the third envoy, and so he visited him with a heart burning with zeal. A conversation something like the following took place "Your going to Peking is an opportunity God is giving you to know the truth. It will show you how to serve loyally the great Emperor of Emperors who made the world. Without this knowledge we are as nothing; without it we can never rule our own hearts; without it we can never know what life means. The creation of the heavens and the earth, the law of the poles, the courses of the stars, the distinction between good and evil, the origin and final destiny of the world, the union of soul and body, the reason of sorrow and suffering, the incarnation of the Son of God for the remission of sins, the reward of the good in heaven and the punishment of the wicked

in hell are all to be known only through Christianity.

Seung-hoon, the envoy's son, was greatly moved by these things and asked to see the books that Obstinate had brought with him. On reading them, he too was captivated and delighted.

"When you get to Peking" said Obstinate, "go at once to the temple of the Lord of Heaven, get into touch with the Christian teachers who are there, ask about everything, dip deeply into religion with them to help you, and bring back the necessary books. In your hands is this matter of life and death and all that eternity has in store."

Seung-hoon-i promised to do everything in his power to carry out this commission.

He left for Peking in the closing months of 1783 more than 130 years ago. He was received by Bishop Alexander Tong, a Portuguese of the order of St. Francis, one of the wisest, we are told, and best bishops of China. After studying for a time he asked for baptism and the rite was conferred upon him. As they hoped that he would be the first stone of the Korean church they called him Peter.

He was questioned as to what he would do in case his king disapproved of his step, but he said he was willing to suffer any punishment rather than give up his faith. He was asked also about the matter of more than one wife, and he confessed that he had only one, and had had only one. He was twenty-seven years old at the time of his baptism, to which step his father gave his consent.

Peter Yi, son of this envoy, was the first baptized convert to enter Korea. He reached home in the spring of 1784 bringing books, pictures, etc. with him. One hundred years later entered Dr. Allen, our representative, with the physician's hand to heal. A part of his treasure Peter at once divided with Pyuk-i who was eagerly awaiting his return. These gifts included an explanation of the sacraments, catechisms, a commentary of the Gospels, lives of the saints, books of prayers. By means of these he entered fully into what the religion meant. We are told that he found a new life possess his soul, his faith in Jesus Christ increased daily.

Remember please that there was no hierarchy here, no chance for political power or official pull, only danger in the lonely step that these seekers after God had taken.

Peter baptized Obstinate and called him John the Baptist, because he had been the forerunner. Now their preaching began in earnest. Little by little a great company of people came forth and took their stand as believers. Among them were many of the upper classes. Suspicion and persecution, however, soon broke out, and they were ordered on their lives to give up this religion. Alas, Pyuk-i's heart failed him, he denied the faith, and after a year of tears and wretchedness died of typhus fever. A note is added saying "May God, Who alone knows the secrets of the heart, have mercy."

Two of his converts, Paul Yoon and James Kwun, were the first called on to pass through the fiery inquisition. Little by little the whole force of the state was turned against them. There were no missionaries to look to, no sympathetic public, no prayers from afar, just Paul Yoon, James Kwun and God. They stood firm till the last and on Dec. 8th, 1791 were led out to the place of execution. They were asked if they would obey the king and offer sacrifices to their ancestors, and give up this heresy. They replied in the negative, and were then called upon to read out loud their own sentence of death. Paul Yoon read his first, and then placing his head on the block had it struck off while he repeated the names of Jesus and Mary.

I wonder when it comes to the manifestation of God's kingdom, and the crowning of the victors, if we shall not see two specially honoured ones whose names were Paul Yoon and James Kwun?

Time passed on and great numbers of martyrs died and yet the faith was not stamped out. There were no priests, no bishops, no elaborate service; still it went on. To me it seems one of the greatest wonders in the history of the church.

In 1801 King Soon-jo wrote to the Emperor as follows: "I write to your high Majesty about trouble that we have suffered in Korea at the hands of a sect of brigands, concerning whom justice has been done in putting them to death."

"For about a dozen years, or so there has appeared a brood of monsters, barbarians, infamous ones, who set themselves up as a religious sect, which they claim has come from Europe. They blaspheme against God, treat the Sages with contempt, set at defiance their king, stifle every sentiment of filial piety, do away with sacrifices to their ancestors and burn their tablets. They preach a paradise and a hell, fascinate and drag in their train ignorant and maddened people, who by means of a water rite pretend to cover over the sins of the past. They circulate books of corruption, and by charms and spells like those of the Buddha gather together the women from all parts of the country and live like brute beasts. This teaching spreads with the rapidity of fire, and their followers multiply in a way that is appalling."

The Emperor in reply, however, takes up the cudgel in behalf of Europe, says that she has been represented in Peking for a hundred years and more with great profit to the Imperial House and to China, and that she has never at any time been lawless or acted in opposition to the state, that His Majesty's estimate of Christianity, too, is wrong, and that he had been misinformed by evil minded persons.

In the year 1814 these Christians stood as we to-day, with 30 years of history behind them. Had they held out? Let me give you one more example of what happened just one hundred years ago on their 30 anniversary.

In the year 1813 we find in the town of Kong-ju, now occupied by the Methodist Mission, three Christian

martyrs. The first is Paul Whang. His father a sworn enemy of the faith, had gone so far as to bum his son with live coals of fire between the fingers, and on the more sensitive parts of the body, without being able to bring about his renunciation. Paul was arrested in the district of Po-ryung on the 16th of the 4th moon 1813, and was taken for trial to Hai-mi. Many other Christians were arrested at the same time and imprisoned with him. Questioned by the magistrate as to who had taught him this religion, and who were his accomplices he replied, "He who taught me is dead, and those whom you call my accomplices are with me in prison."

Not satisfied with this the magistrate urged him to report the names of other Christians whom he knew and subjected him three times to the agony of the torture chair, and to having his body speared with pointed rods. But even under this fearful ordeal he held firm and freely confessed his faith. He was remanded to prison and after months of suffering was sent to the governor's yamen in Kong-ju where he met other Christians among whom were Peter Wun and Matthew Chang.

Peter was of the village of Tuk-muri in the district of Kyul-sung. He was a labourer in a non-Christian pottery kiln, where he and his older brother were converted. In order to have greater freedom for the exercise of his faith, he left this place for the district of Hong-ju where, a little later, they were siezed by the prefect and put to torture. Having been released, they made their escape to Eun-sil in Yunnan, where they took refuge at a Christian's pottery. But persecution having again broken out and the Christians of the manufactory having been informed against, the two brothers escaped to Chin-chan. There they were again arrested and taken to the district of Yun-san, and after a first inquiry were sent to the criminal judge at Kong-ju. The elder brother there apostatized and was let go, but Peter confessed before the governor, suffered the cruel tortures of three interrogations without failing and died gloriously in prison on the night following his last hard trial, fifteen days after his arrival in Kong-joo, and at the beginning of the 10th moon.

Matthew was also of the village of Tuk-muri. His parents were very poor and when he lost them, being yet an unbeliever, he worked as a common house-servant, but finally growing weary of this he joined a company of travelling comedians. Becoming a Christian, he quitted at once the life of license and pleasure, gave up his evil habits, particularly that of drunkenness, and went to work in a Christian pottery in the district of Keum-san, where he confessed his religion for a time with much zeal. Here later he backslid into a life of carelessness and took a concubine without wholly ceasing, however, from the practise of his religious forms.

When his first wife died he took his concubine by marriage, and then turned again to the exercise of daily prayer, doing sincere and rigorous penance for his past sins. He was arrested about the 8th moon at Eun-sil in the district of Yun-san, and brought to Kong-joo. He bore with great courage the severe tortures to which he was subjected, and although once in an agony of hunger and thirst he showed some evidences of failure, he retracted his action almost immediately at the exhortation of his prison companions and became firmer than ever.

Having joined Paul Whang in prison, he endured the same sufferings and the two were condemned to death at one and the same time. When they came forth to suffer, crowds followed them with insult and rude laughter, but Matthew without changing colour or losing his calm, answered in a clear voice, "You ought not to laugh for you soon will weep, for it is your lot and not ours that is truly pitiful." The two were beheaded together on the 19th of the 10th moon in 1813.

The Korean Christians had sent a petition to the pope through Peking in 1811, but it failed to reach him as the pope was then a prisoner at Fontainebleau under the iron hand of Napoleon.

Such things were going on in Korea 100 years ago. How much they have had to do with the clearing of the way for us I know not, and how many blessings have fallen upon us through the prayers of these faithful martyrs we cannot tell. Let us think gratefully and kindly of them in their unspeakable loneliness as compared with us.

I preach Sunday after Sunday to seven and eight hundred people, no one forbidding. How easy, how cheap seems this way of life, as compared with the days of Korea's first martyrs.

The other day I translated an inscription on a stone that has been standing back of the city of Pyengyang for 38 years, showing how close the fierce spirit of suspicion and persecution has come down to our own day. This stone, which is a curiosity now, reads: "The Christian's unreasonable ideas of love are like Meuk-jok's who said we ought to love the unlovable, in fact everybody, and their vague and unearthly notions are like those of the Buddha. They propagate their teaching from house to house, and preach it everywhere so that it grows from day to day and from month to month. The resultant disasters were worse than the Noahic deluge itself or an invasion of wild beasts. Little by little we were moving forward into the world of the barbarian, till a valiant man by the name of Colonel Cheung Chi-yong brought light to bear upon the situation. With a knowledge handed down from his distinguished ancestors, and a judgment as fair and unbiassed as the king of Hell's, he took knowledge of the situation and on the first morning of the first moon of 1866 he aroused the military and the people to act with him. As a result scores of these fanatics were brought into the yamen. There he had the mob club the leaders to death and throw their bodies into the Tai-tong River. He burned their books and ground their crucifixes to powder. Then and there he taught the remaining misguided ones the true meaning of loyalty to the king and faithfulness to parents, so that they were moved to tears, repented, and became a new people.

For a hundred generations to come whoever reads this inscription will know how to walk, and the

common people will understand its terror and its fear.”

How powerless is this stone tablet to-day and what a meaningless thing it seems.

As I compare the peaceful year that has passed with the stormy and stressful years gone by I pray for more appreciation of the past, more kindness of heart for other sheep not of our folds, and more zeal and earnestness for the future.

There is a danger that too great peace bespeaks indifference, while trial like fire brings out the gold, and yet surely there is a way by which we may walk with God in the sunlight and by the beautiful refreshing streams without being contaminated.

One of the delights of the year has been our children's Sunday School. The fears that once beset the parents lest their children be contaminated by the Christian religion have passed away, and so a great number of our pupils are from non-Christian homes. Some come to sit and listen, some come to learn, some to go to sleep. Some are washed clean, some again have various coatings on their little bodies that Ivory soap would work wonders for if it had a chance; but the child's world is cleaner than it used to be and children are improved mightily by the influence of the Sunday School. There is something very attractive about the Korean child, perhaps it is so of all children, but we think it especially so of Korea. They are older than their years, and wiser than their little statures would seem to indicate.

Bishop Mutel of the Roman Catholic Church once said to me "I often think gratefully of Korean children. Through the years that I was in disguise and went from home to home at the risk of my life, they never informed against me or let my whereabouts be known."

The Korean child has learned through years of fear and danger to close the doors of its little knowledge recorder against all comers and live and act and talk as though it never heard of what so many other folks seek to know. "A little child shall lead them" should be written across every Sunday School door, and good hope accompany its every remembrance.

In the year gone by I record once more work on the Bible in Mixed Script. During these twelve months the New Testament has been read and revised, and now we are working at the Old, doing the final reading. If the call for it at the Pyongyang Theological School is any true indication, the Mixed Script version ought to be a great help to students, and others who read little or much of Chinese.

We call attention again to the difference between our thirty years and that of the first Christians one hundred years ago, when they were largely dependent on the symbols that had served through the Middle Ages when there was no Bible. For us the crucifix, white robes, candles, incense, and other things have been gratefully replaced by an open Bible and simple hymns to sing. Again we wonder if the ease and convenience of the modern age makes most for that strong and fruitful life of which we see so many examples in the Middle Ages.

To cast back the glance again one hundred years on literary and evangelistic work in the Far East I find that 1814 marks the first New Testament in Chinese just printed by Morrison; Milne starting off with 17,000 volumes to the Chinese in the Indian archipelago; Morrison's first convert baptized, Mr. Tsai A-ko; and the first Chinese Dictionary begun printing. A wonderful year in the East was 1814.

The weekly paper with its necessary oversight has gone on as usual. We have yet however, to see the Koreans become a class of eager readers. This they are not. George Kennen's recent statement in a lecture given in Washington, D.C. that the Koreans are largely afflicted with hook-worm seems borne out by Dr. Ralph G. Mills' findings. I imagine if I had the book-worm, judging from the sound of its name, I would not care to read books either. One can understand that physical disadvantages may have no little to do with the Korean's overweening passivity.

"The Christian News" sent out during the year a notice of prizes to be given, 1st, 2nd and 3rd, for original hymns that would come up to a certain standard of excellence and conform to Korean literary ideals. Of some 200 received none were other than poor copies of the feeble productions in the hymn book. No prize could be given. We believe that the day will come when the music of divine life will find expression in the poems of this land. The Koreans were writers and poets of no mean order in days gone by. Even through the rough garb of translation one can see something of their merit.

Here is one by Yi Soo-kwang, a contemporary of Shakespeare:

ON AVARICE.

Busy all my life with head and hand.

And now at last a mountain high I have of treasure.

But when I come to die the problem's how to carry it,

My greedy name is all that's left behind me.

THE THOUGHTLESS WORLD by

Yi Un-jin (300 years ago).

The daylight fails, and falls toward the west.

At such a time my soul would melt in tears;

The world howe'er sees nought for thought or wonder.

But merely calls to hurry up its supper.

#### TO THE BUDDHIST RELIGIONIST

by Hong Yang-ho (1724-1802) Prime Minister.

Athwart the bridge the shadow of a priest,  
I ask him whither, off among the hills?  
Soft, the slow stepping staff makes no reply,  
But lifting, points me to the clouds.

We come with empty hand, we go with empty hand.  
The world's affairs are like a passing cloud:  
When man is gone the grave is sodded o'er.  
The lonely hills await him neath the shadowy moon.

Here is one by Kim Ch'ang-hyup, President of the College of Confucius, born in 1651.

So many tempters lay siege to the soul,  
Who will not lose his way?  
For though the axe cuts deep the feted tree,  
The roots shoot forth anew.  
By early morning light awake, my friend.  
And try thy soul and see.

Here is a poem translated into plain prose, written by Yi Kyoo-bo who was born in the year 1168. It is in the minor strain of so much their poetry, but it shows what was in their hearts that had to find expression in verse.

#### THE BODY.

Thou Creator of all visible things art hidden away in the shadows invisible. Who can say what Thou art like? Thou it is who hast given me my body, but who is it that puts sickness upon me? The sage is a master to rule and make use of things, and was never intended to be a slave; but for me I am the servant of the conditions that are about me. I cannot even move or stand as I would wish. I have been created by You and now have come to this place of weariness and helplessness. My body, as composed of the Four Elements was not always here, where has it come from? Like a floating cloud it appears for a moment and then vanishes away. Whither it tends I know not. As I look into the mists and darkness of it, all I can say is it is vanity. Why did You bring me forth into being to make me old and to compel me to die? Here I am ushered in among eternal laws and left to make the best of it. Nothing remains for me but to accept of these and be jostled by them as they please. Alas Thou, Creator, what concern can my little affairs have for Thee?"

Such examples as these, and they are legion, show how Koreans love literature and how poetry and song have had to do with their lives. As they are a literary people I am anxious to see them burst forth into song over the blessings that God has brought them through the glad tidings of the Gospel.

John Ruskin says "The two men who were the effectual builders of the beautiful churches of Florence were the two great religious powers and reformers of the thirteenth century ;—St. Francis, who taught Christian men how they should behave; and St Dominic, who taught Christian men what they should think. In brief one the apostle of Works, the other of Faith. Each sent his little company of disciples who stayed quietly in such lodgings as were given them, preaching and teaching through most of the century till Florence, as it were, heated through, burst out into Christian poetry and architecture—burst into bloom of Arnolfo, Giotto, Dante, Orcagna and like persons whom the world still longs to see and understand."

I think we are justified in looking for some marked expression of the Far East's glad appreciation of Christianity.

Bible Institute work has gone on as usual but we are still uncertain as to the final location of our school. I trust that before another year passes we may be settled and carrying on our regular course. I had a part in the teaching till I went to Pyongyang to take my place in the Theological School. For the six weeks that I was there I enjoyed my term much though I realize as time goes on that our Theological School problems are on the increase. The lack of students who have graduated from our academies and college, the number of illiterate applicants, the ease and readiness by which a presbytery will pass anyone, all demand of us great care and a thoroughly well thought-out system.

The plan adopted by the Church of England, where the missionary has with him eleven or twelve students day by day studying and searching the Scriptures gives good promise. Our classes are rather too large to get at helpfully; and yet as I saw nearly 900 women meet for Bible Study, I had no heart to suggest that nine tenths of them be sent home.

Literary work has gone on. The Chinese-English Dictionary has been printed and is now on the Market

Another year of this rapidly moving world seems to say that all is passing away that was once the best inheritance of the ancients. It impresses upon us more and more the need of a message for the heart that will satisfy the East, that has cut away from its former moorings and is drifting. Have we it to give? It also impresses upon us the need of holding to whatever of good there is in the old forms that helped to make men true gentlemen.

I picked up recently a Korean letter not written to me but from one Korean to another. It was on a little scrap of paper but this is what it read "April 21st, 1914 from friend So and so to So and so."

Mencius says "Let us replace the selfish desires of the heart with the law of God." Those who quote him however shorten this sentence down to the simple word "replace." I too will use the law of brevity in expressing my many good wishes to you in the way of greeting. Kindly accept of it." Peace be to thee!"

This contains a flavour and form of the old fashioned gentleman. How our church leaders and especially our educators will have to labour and pray to take the modern day boy and make him one degree better in heart and manner than this old fashioned gentleman.

The sum total of the year marks a quiet advance, no great ingathering or any special happening to give it an outstanding character. This feature may be noticed; In old days the curtain line of our church was pushed well over to the women's side to let the crowds of men have room now it is the other way, and we have 500 women where we have 100 men. The woman's innings in life has come and she is to be seen and heard more and more and so I suppose will continue to be.

Of the nation itself we would note the fact that new roads dot the land, with the motor cycle and automobile racing by like wild buffalos.

One ride I will record as the event of the twelve months. It was car No. 1 and one of the occupant's first ride. We had a chaffeur of shortest stature to be found on this side of the 180 meridian. Still the car answered the wave of his tiny wand to perfection. We made the Han River at the foreign cemetery side, and as it was March the ice was going down like castle walls. It was suggested that we go a mile up and see the skating, and say a sort of good-bye to winter sports. In a twinkle we were there. Yonder were the two steel bridges spanning the Han. There were hundreds of children, Korean, Japanese and Foreign on the broad expanse of the river; and here we were standing on the bank. An inspiration suddenly took the man at the wheel, and down the precipitous cliff he went toward the ice. Children of all sizes and colours gathered about him, hanging on to the hooks and corners of the motor-car as flies take to a cube of sugar. Fearful for the children we set up a hue and cry to come back, but the understanding of the Far East at times lies wholly hidden in the recesses of the soul so that you cannot get at it. He heeded not but made straight for mid stream and the wide unimpeded surface. How sweetly the machine moved. No light fantastic toe could ever surpass it, when suddenly with a chug that sent the shivers down our backs one hind wheel went through into the water. The children cut loose and drew back as though they had come on a charge of dynamite. Then another rear wheel went down. The short chauffeur, fairly green with amazement, got off just in time, to see the two front wheels go down cruiser. Then, Titanic like, the whole machine began to sink, head first, wheels, box, cover, inch by inch, till all was gone and the blue waters of the Han rippled unconcernedly by.

We came home by various methods of transportation thinking that it was indeed a case of Western knowledge, put at the service of the East, but misapplied. The unlimited capacity of the Orient can swallow down all we can give it and never make a ripple. All that is misapplied goes down like this No. 1 automobile in the Han River whether it be with church or school or Y.M.C.A. or medical effort. Only as we adapt, and correct, and direct, studying carefully the East's beaten pathways, can we expect to carry our people to a place of success and safety.

## The Ideal Korean Pastor for Seoul.

By James S. Gale.

The title of this article suggests Seoul's differing from the country, which suggestion is undoubtedly true. Modern influences have been largely concentrated on Seoul so that the city has moved away from the world of 1890 with great rapidity. Long strides have been taken in the direction of new and unheard of ideas by this city, whereas the country, with much fewer influences bearing upon it, has remained comparatively unchanged.

The matter of rural occupations, though speeding up a bit, continues much as it used to be, but in the capital the whole world of business, education, administration, transportation, has entirely changed, calling forth new orders of men to meet the needs.

This probably is not realized by many who live in the country, but they would do well to give it consideration. Seoul is a world by itself, a world of new books and new ideas that are pouring forth in great numbers newspapers, and magazines, that influence a vastly larger circle proportionately than in the country. General information is in the air in large measure correct as compared with the outlying districts, which are more or less at the mercy of uncorrected hearsay. Many thrilling scenes and experiences are met with here that the quiet hills and streams of the outlander know nothing of. Only yesterday for example the Seoul "*Daily News*" finished an interesting translation of Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*, a continued story that has won many readers.

The telegrams alone that are read day by day educate the people to a general knowledge of the world far beyond that of the poor man who lives in the hills. Every citizen, man, woman and child, is in a sense at school in Seoul. Were it nothing but the moving picture-show that has come into their lives, surely this marks an undreamed of change between the dates 1899 and 1919. It would seem as though it were impossible for people of the country to be educated into the world of Seoul. They must live here to know it. Neither is it possible for the foreigner, who lives beyond the city limits, and has never taken into close consideration the influences that bear upon the capital, to realize what a difference there is between this world and his. It is not too much to say that Seoul is a special world by itself.

Not only so, but it is the heart and centre of all Korea's other worlds. It sets the pace for even the most distant outlying regions, and while it differs from them in having moved faster and further, it is a difference of degree only, for it leads them and they all are pointed in a like direction and are going at varied rates of speed along the same line.

What occupied Seoul thirty years ago, and was counted as purest gold of the money changer, is to-day not worth the snap of the finger. The ancient voices are gone and the ruling spirit now is the Japanese interpretation of modern life, especially as pertains to administration, education and finance. Millionaire Koreans are to be found, many of them, good business men, born of this new age and men well trained in the higher arts and sciences, successful physicians, lawyers, educators, administrators. Everything is moving. The old world that possessed abundance of leisure is gone forever. The children of today have moved far away from the haunts of their ancestors and are flung as if by fate into the arena of hard, modern materialistic idea and influence. So much for Seoul.

Now the question is the type of pastor required to meet these conditions and be a leader. In the first place he should be well-rounded in experience and have common-sense. Common sense is never taught in school and never acquired by a college course. It is born with one and comes only with one's mother's milk. If this be not his birthright he will never be a successful pastor. Besides this he needs must be a modern college graduate. Not only is the student world one of the ruling factors in the city, but those who are not students and have never gone to school, are governed by the educated man's ideals. Modern education, be it ever so superficial, so defective, so much mixed and compounded of East and West, is a mighty factor in the city of Seoul. Therefore the pastor must himself have explored, seen and known its world if he would appeal to the educated classes about him. The day of the old pastor who hardly knows that the world is round, is gone never to return. Even a good knowledge of Chinese on his part will not save him from being relegated to the scrap-heap. As a college graduate the pastor should be an average all-round educated man, conversant with the general facts that pertain to the modern world.

Apart from this general education he should have a special training as a student of divinity. How far this should go may differ according to circumstances, but he should at least have a knowledge of the rudiments of Greek and Hebrew, be able to find his way with a lexicon and know what the words actually mean in the original.

As a *sine qua non* of special knowledge he should read and speak freely both Japanese and English. He needs Japanese to live comfortably and carry on his work as pastor under the present administration; he needs it to be at home with the student class who use Japanese freely; he needs it to know what present day thoughts rule the minds of his people. He needs English, on the other hand, as the great reservoir of Christian thought. English literature is permeated with the teachings of the Bible and no man in Asia can be a leader in the Church without being able to read English books. There may be exceptional cases, we have not seen them, but we speak here for



the general role and surely English is an absolute necessity. With English at hand, he can continue his studies in any line, can refresh his memory easily, and can keep abreast of any advance that may be made in the world of thought or action.

But it is easy for a Korean trained as here suggested to get out of touch with his own people. Such men, we could name some, are regarded unfavourably by their townsmen. "They have drunk too much foreign water and are now no longer one of us" is the judgment passed. This can only be guarded against by a life of good fellowship and sympathy. The moment the pastor become a mere spokesman for ideas, be they ever so good, he loses his hold; but as long as he is the friend of all mankind, loves to meet others, longs to share in the wants and woes of the troubled, loves to bear them all on his heart, there is no limit to the good he may do. For this reason it is necessary that he has a heart-religion rather than that of the head. There are the two, the one makes glad all people, finds hope all along its pathway, reads good in every man's face, counts all the world his brother. The other, blighted by a kind of mental subtraction, sees nothing miraculous in all the mystery that surrounds life, clips out from its Bible everything that seems to run counter to the pin-point conclusions that his reason spins. I need not enlarge; the kind of preacher who cavils, and criticizes, and calls into question all his fathers took on faith, has no message for such a city in such a day as this.

Neither should he be a crank, however good his peculiar hobby, be it the Second Coming of Christ, or holiness, or divine healing, or whatnot. These good things, held out of proportion to their place in Scripture, become bad and render a man's service futile. Let him be balanced with a measure of experience and common sense, and a sure conviction, that God has blessing in store for all men if they will but take it, and he will succeed.

### **The Revival in Seoul**

By J. S. Gale

The meetings held in Seoul from October 11th to the 25th, mark a new era in the history of the Korean Church. They attracted more general attention than any meetings ever held before; they drew larger crowds; they had in the minds of those attending greater results, while the contribution made, and the stimulus given to Christian work in general, surpassed anything seen before.

Many sincere attempts have been made heretofore to bring about a revival: committees appointed, dates fixed, and all the necessary machinery put in order, but with results in nearly all cases of failure leaving the Church worse off rather than better. It teaches us an old, old lesson, as old as the apostles themselves, that special revivals are not made, but born. They come as a surprise out of the blue. No one writes, ahead of time, Whitefield's programme, or Finney's, or Gypsy Smith's. They come contrary to the signs of the times, and against reasonable understanding. They are of the order of things that are not, that bring to naught the things that are. Such were these meetings in Seoul. Prayer services of the morning, from 4 o'clock till seven, measured up into the thousands. Meetings of the evening that overflowed into the court and beyond to walls, stairways and banisters, were surely a sight to fill one with wonder.

The preacher's pulpit was erected at the entrance to the church so that all within and without might hear. He is a plain countryman, with none of the refinements of the capital about him; yet here was the capital lending its most attentive ear to catch all he said. He was not eloquent but there was an originality about him that was worth more than intellectual finish. He cared nothing for the newer word endings, the *juks* and *sangs* that have been imported from Japan Proper and that many students love to fire over the heads of their audience, but his words were winged with power, so that students, as well as others, stood transfixed and attended with bated breath.

The healing of the sick was said to have drawn the crowds. In the meetings that the writer attended he heard nothing of healing, except that Kim confessed that he could not heal. All he knew was that if they united in earnest prayer with a pure heart; God would answer and many would be healed. Did the people come for healing? Partly. But they came mostly for that satisfaction of soul that all the race craves for. Here was a place where, evidently, God was present, and who wouldn't like to meet Him face to face? It was this impression that God was present to do wonderful things whether healing, or convicting, or converting, or refreshing the heart, what mattered it? Was He? There is where we think the answer lies. He was. The plain man Kim, with his Odd head-jerkings and other peculiarities, had found the way into the presence of the Most High, had been baptised for just such a work. Who are God's special favourites? Usually the last man in the world you would expect. Kim was His man for here and now, and it was a grateful sight to see representatives of the old aristocratic families of Seoul gathered at his feet to listen.

-The contributions taken, too, were such as to astonish the looker-on. One well-dressed lady unfastened from her belt a gold-sheathed knife and tossed it into the basket as if it had been a paper dime. Clothing, ornaments, money came pouring in in great quantity. What was the cause of it? The people were moved by the Spirit of God to do what they could not have been hired to do otherwise.

As we think, so we are. If we think mightily of God, of what He has done, and what He can do, mighty things will surely accompany our pathway; but if we think feebly, and pare down the Gospels and the Epistles to the level of a 16th century English essay, nothing will be doing as far as we are concerned. The Bible is the standing miracle of the world. In spite of all defects of translation and transmission, it is still the voice of God Almighty speaking with such power as no other book has ever claimed. It was written for the common man and not for the so-called scholar. Kim had never heard of the Priestly Code, or the A. B. C., or any other Code, but he had awakened to the fact that God was speaking to him through His Word, and with bowed, reverent heart, he bent his soul to hear. This is the place of power. Pride may profess to know Greek and Hebrew better, but cannot do what Kim did, or Moody, or Billy Sunday, or the old woman who only knows how to pray. These meetings were an illustration once again of the truth that, 'not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit' shall it be done.

1921 January page 5

**The Falling Flowers.**

Written by a Buddhist priest who lived about 1300 A. D. His name was Wun-kam, Round Mirror.

My first fair view of Seoul (Songdo) was in the deeps of winter, in December's moon.  
And yet, ere I could turn my head, nigh four score days had passed and spring was here. The years  
that come, the years that go, are like the stream's fast rolling flood;  
To-days and yesterdays, a troop of horse that gallop by.

A week ago the flowers were just in bloom,

    Today their anxious thought is how to fall.

I cannot hold them back or stop their quickened pace.

How can we bridle in the spring, or shout out 'Halt' to autumn's winged way?

The world's vain people see the flowers

    But never think upon themselves, how they, too, bloom and fade.

Have you beheld the pretty face, so fair reflected from the morning's mirror,

Which, in the evening, slowly wends its way with bier and trappings to the moundy hill?

We see the flowers that bloom and fall and fall and ask,

"Be this the law that governs life?"

Translated from the *Tong-moon-sun* —J S. GALE

1921 May page 110

**The Good and the Bad of It.**

By Yi Tal-Ch'oong (Died 1385).

A man, not much of a man, once on a time called on an old man, a foolish man, and asked him this :  
"There is a company near here that meets daily to talk over mankind, and among them some say you  
are a man, while others say you are not a man. How comes it, Father, that to some you are a man and  
to others you are not a man ?" The ancient listened and then replied, "Though there are those who say  
I am a man, I am not pleased at that ; and though some say I am not a man, I am not distressed at that.  
When a real man says I am a man, or when a man who is not a man says I am not a man, I am  
interested. What kind of man is the man who says I am a man ; and what sort of man is the man who  
says I am not a man ? If a real man says I am a man I am pleased ; and when one who is not a man  
says I am not a man, I like that too. If a real man says I am not a man, then I am anxious ; and when a  
man, who is not a man, says I am a man, I am anxious too. My one anxiety is to know whether the  
man who says I am a man, is really a man ; and whether the man who says I am not a man, is really  
not a man. The saying is 'A good man alone can truly estimate others.' Is the man who calls me a man  
a good man, or is the man who says I am not man, not a good man ? This alone I wish to know." The  
questioner laughed and went away. The old man then made a record of the interview as an admonition  
to himself.

J. S. GALE.

**The Korean's Intellectual World.**

By J. S. Gale.

It might be helpful in the line of Educational suggestion to consider for a moment the mental influences that have heretofore ruled in the land of Chosen. Differing from Japan Proper on the one hand and from China on the other, Korea stands quite by herself. From ancient times she has conserved rigidly the traditions and customs of the scholar as handed down from the Tang Kingdom. Her first noted author Ch'oi Chi-wun lived under the Tangs for many years and finally saw their fall. This kingdom that lasted from 618 A. D. till 906 marks the rise of poetry and the spread of literature in East Asia. Coming under its influence Korea profited as did England by the Continental Renaissance. Along with the knowledge of the character has come a world of superior attainment possessed by the Korean in its fulness till 1895. But in that year the Official Examination was given up and all promotion for special literary skill was done away with. Suddenly he ceased to be a master of the pen and all that his fathers had fought and won for him through a thousand years was lost on one ill-fated day.

Of the two worlds possessed by the old Korean, the Outer—the times in which he lived, or his personal experience; and the Inner—his mental world, the latter was by far the more real. The outer world not only underwent constant change, and was limited in its view to the merest moment, but was beset by a thousand worries and anxieties that marred it, while the inner was like a finished picture hanging on the walls of time to last forever. Shall we glance for a moment at this inner world of the Korean to see what existed there that was really worthwhile. In the changes of today has he truly lost anything?

In answer let us mention first of all his Sacred Books. The mystery surrounding the origin of the Books of Poetry and History with their companion volumes comes little short of the mystery that surrounds the origin of the Bible. Those who have read and studied them most, feel that they were given by a special Providence for the preservation of half of Asia against the common evils that beset the human heart. The teachings as compared with most non-Christian cults are lofty and pure. God is acknowledged as the Creator with man his creature under His immediate care. Today these Sacred Books have passed out of the lives of the present generation. All their admonitions, warnings, counsels, are wiped off the slate. Yo, Soon, Moon, Moo, Choo-kong and Confucius have receded into the shadows and Korea knows them no more. Who can measure the loss? The present generation cannot fully realize it for it never made their acquaintance. Like the bird that never tried its wings it does not bemoan its loss of flight.

Following in the wake of the Confucian religion come the Buddha and the Old Philosopher, associated with whose names are some of the most startling and most interesting imaginings of the East: the heavens and hells of the age to come; visions of the genii on which hang charming pieces of poetry, Korea's very own. These are all gone, and are almost as though they had never been. Had we lost in a day our Bible, our Mother Goose, our Fairy Stories, what a dry, drear world our inner soul would be.

They have lost also their literature—the essay, biographies of great men : power to read the old stones that stand by the roadside, their poems that were never read but always sung —gone forever! Who can speak the loss?

With the going of poetry has passed also music. The present generation forgets some-times that Korean music was associated with the highest intellectual attainments of the past and is therefore a great and honourable possession. In the best encyclopaedias it occupies an important place and is the basis on which their Alphabet was made. Too often the modern man thinks he may let it go and take up Western music as something better. Western music, however, is as foreign and impossible to him as Oriental music is to us. However it has come about his music has been cast aside and the ancient masters no longer sing in the hearts of the generation of today.

Fiction was never a very large consideration with Korea and so there is no great loss sustained in letting go the stories that China has handed down. Were we to lose everything from Scott to Kipling it would mean more to us than the loss Korea has sustained.

Connected with Korea's world of the inner man are the coloured lights of ceremonial form and custom. All that went with worship; all that went with office; all that went with service for the dead are gone. Many would say "Gone, and let us be thankful," but the writer thinks differently. Until something is on hand better and more appropriate to take its place, it is a loss. It widens still the wilderness of the soul that will be occupied by weeds only unless something beneficent takes root and lives.

It is inevitable in the change of government that much of the charm of life should go. What is known as Administration, that organized mainspring of state that has lived through a thousand years carries a world of deeply wrought association. Chinamen and others talk gladly of republics as though they meant a millennial dawn, little dreaming that as far as they are concerned the word Republic expresses a barren waste and means nothing. Their theoretical republics have no great deeds associated with them, no heroes, no real substantial hopes, nothing. It but adds to the wilderness of the inner man making him more miserable than ever. So we can say that in the change of Administration much that was mentally agreeable, yes helpful, is gone with nothing as yet that fully takes its place.

I think of history. How much we Westerners live in it. To an Englishman the history of the past is a world in which he fights over again the battles of his fathers. Americans sail still in the Mayflower and buckle on their armor for the winning of a continent. The Korean unfortunately by the incoming of the Modern Era with its new educational material and methods has lost his historical back-ground. The younger generation knows nothing of Choo or Han, the famous fights of the Three Kingdoms or the mighty days of Tang.

Perhaps it is true that he reads more of his own national history now than heretofore. That is very good, but it is also in a sense a new element and cannot rapidly replace the famous panorama of the past.

In Chinese history live all his real heroes, with such women as T'ai-im and T'ai-sa. When will the Modern Era ever give anything that will command the national interest as did the Western Queen Mother (Su-wane Mo), Miss Si (Su-si) or Princess Tak (Moon-koon)?

With the going also of the Calendar much of the charm of life has gone as well. The ancient reckoning of the year that took into account both sun and moon and hung the Twenty-four Festivals on the one and the Months on the other, that had its accompanying Dog, or Horse, or Rat, or Rooster to attend its way was full of a world of delight that the Western Calendar will not provide in a hundred years.

These are a few suggestions as to what the present generation of Koreans have lost. The reader if he but gives a little thought to it will feel a sinking of the soul as he beholds the hopeless outlook that confronts their inner man. Everything that filled up life with poetry, religion, philosophy, ceremony has departed; their heroes and heroines that once occupied the stage have receded into the mists; the songs that accompanied life have ceased, and nothing is in sight to take their place.

The problem of modern education is how to meet this need. We cannot go back on our tracks and restore the old even though we would. Christianity touches the lives of so few. It will be long too ere Christian ideals cut as deeply into the soul as did these older ones of China. What should be done? The Imperial Government will doubtless do wisely and well, but the whole question, somewhat in the light of these suggestions, needs constant consideration. Every effort should be made to conserve as far as possible the best attainments of the old while giving also little by little an added measure of the new.

**Side Glimpses of Bible Revision.**

By J. S. Gale, D. D.

Theoretically translation is the simplest thing in the world. Find the equivalent words, put them in their places and the task is done. How many easy things there are by way of theory. World peace itself in theory is settled in a moment.

But in reality it is by no means so. Three things confront the translator, three things; words, phrases, and sentences, the wrappings of the thought. As regards words, let me quote a sentence or two from the Preface of Moffatt's New Version, "In his essay on Protestantism de Quincey has a characteristic paragraph upon the popular delusion that every idea and word which exists, or has existed, for any nation, ancient or modern, must have a direct interchangeable equivalent in all other languages. No one who attempts to translate any part of the New Testament is likely to remain very long under such a delusion." The fact of the matter is there are few if any exact equivalents found in different languages one for another.

Once upon a time an old missionary of China, a hard-headed Aberdonian, no less, but surely unversed in the field of translation, decided that one Chinese character should stand for one Hebrew or one Greek word. This decision he made and consistently held to. *Keui-oon Keui* was his equivalent for the Hebrew word *Ruack* and the Greek word *Pneuma* (Spirit). On this principle he made his book. I bought one once and surely a most interesting linguistic freak it was. Some kind friend borrowed but never returned it. Should any gentle reader of this Review be the delinquent I trust he will please send it back, as I would give much for a glimpse of the book once again. Of course it was of no use from a practical point of view, for while the words were as cast-iron poured into a mould, the thought was unintelligible and no man could read it.

Words are not equivalents in different languages, nor does one word mean only one and the same thing. Take for example the expression, the *last judgment*. Rendered into Korean it is *majamak simpan*, but we could never say *simpan upnan saram* for a man of no judgment. *Yorang upnan saram* or *poon-soo upnan saram* it ought to be. Seldom indeed do words have the same force in different languages. Even *saram* is not man unless we mean mankind and even for that it is by no means an equivalent. One of the very commonest Hebrew words is *panim*, a plural from which might be rendered *faces*, but it is not *faces*, almost never translated so. *Face* it is. It also means *before*, *by reason of in times past*, *persons*, *because of in favour of*, *for fear of*.

One of the first things learned then by practical translation work is that words are not equivalents. They must each and all be tested by experiment to see if they convey the correct idea. The thought is the all-important consideration.

An illustrative word is found in Acts 7:60. The Greek *koimao*, usually rendered *to fall asleep* but also, according to Liddell and Scott, *to die*. How should it be translated? The King James Version says Stephen "fell asleep;" the American Revision reads the same. Is this a correct translation? The English word *sleep* of the 17th century may possibly have had a secondary meaning, *death*, which is necessary here, but we doubt it. It looks like a translation made on the principle that *sleep* in English is *koimao* in Greek, which sometimes it is not. But the reader may answer, "It conveys a very beautiful figure of speech for death," Yes, but if the figure does not exist in the language into which you are translating what then? "Create it," There you enter a different sphere altogether, namely, teaching new figures of speech which translation is not out to do.

Weymouth, who seems to be the most felicitous of the modern translators, says plainly "he died." Moffatt says "he slept the sleep of death," while the Twentieth Century says, "he fell asleep." The Delegates of the Chinese says "he died" or departed this life; Schereschewsky also. The Korean renders it *chanira*.

The thought, not the word, should decide. If you say *die* you get the thought without the figure; if you say *sleep* you get a statement unintelligible, until explained, without either figure or thought.

Sometimes in translation the thought may be arrived at by one word where the original has two, sometimes by two words where the original has one. Any attempt to force words as the old Chinese missionary did, damages the thought or destroys it altogether. While the translator holds fast

to the idea, his part is to let the words come naturally, automatically, simply, just as in ordinary conversation. The moment a speaker begins to think of what words he is using, his manner becomes artificial, uninteresting, and he loses his hold on the hearer; but when he speaks wholly occupied with the thought and unconscious of the words he uses, then indeed is he magnetic, eloquent, persuasive. So in translation the idea must be put into simple natural speech.

Idiomatic expressions likewise can seldom be rendered by what would be called similar forms. If the translator forces the form he loses the sense. For example we say in English "Good morning!" an idiomatic expression. We can say *choheun atcham* also, perfectly good Korean, but it does not convey the sense of the English greeting, which should be rendered *pyunganhi chumoosuso* or something similar. In this case *choheun atcham* would be by no means a translation.

We might illustrate it by the expression "*Don't mention it*" in response to a compliment. *Mal mapsio* would be Korean and a word translation but would miss the thought entirely. *Pyul malsamio* or *chunmanimalsamio* would be nearer it. Here in this unexpected combination of words lies concealed the thought, whereas in the word translation which looks so free and open the thought is missing.

The "gates of hell" to give another illustration, do not mean gates and yet the unpractised hand would say *moon* is *gate* and *chiok* is *hell*, put it down *chiok e moon*. The original expression means powers of evil though the words seem to say gates of hell. It is a gate which reminds one of the Sublime Porte, the Gate of Europe, though really the Government of Turkey. Moffatt renders it "powers of hell;" the Twentieth Century, "powers of the place of death;" Weymouth "might of hades." The Delegates renders it simply *eumboo* (hades). Schereschewsky says *hapju chi kwun* (the powers of had.).

I am reminded of an old lady from the West whose story appeared in an American magazine. She was visiting Paris with her daughter Mary though her knowledge of French was by no means profound. Once at table a happy thought struck her and she suddenly realized that she would like horse-radish, which she pronounced horse-redish. She said, "Mary, I'd like some horse-redish, ask the waiter, will you." Mary did not know the French word. "But," said the old lady "*cheval* is *horse* and *rouge* is *red*; now if I only knew what *ish* was we'd have it," This is what translation is to many people. Horse-radish in French is *raifort*, nothing about horses whatever.

Idiomatic phrases have to be watched with great care. Speaking of Tyre in Ezekiel 26.6 it says "and her daughters which are in the field shall be slain by the sword." This is the King James Version and the American Revised as well. The Hebrew seems to read, "and her daughters which in the field by the sword shall be slain." English therefore looks a good translation, but it is really not a translation at all, for the thought is wholly unrendered. What does it mean? An old-fashioned Korean would say as he reads this, "Daughters, of course, the women are in it again, sinners above men, and are singled out for the special wrath of God." But these daughters do not mean women at all, they mean cities attached to Tyre. Schereschewsky's version in spite of its sometimes extreme literalism makes this 'cities;' the Delegates also. *Banoth* in Hebrew while first meaning *daughters* is an idiomatic expression for *cities* as the *daughter of Zion* means the city of Jerusalem. To say *daughters* in English and mean *cities* is as bad as saying Korean *choheun atcham* for *Good Morning*.

The question also arises as to the order of the sentence. One language adopts one order and one another. The German verb, like the Korean, goes rolling off toward the very end of the sentence, while the English, like the Chinese, comes well up to the front. Each language has its own order of phrases and words and a faithful translation often necessitates the changing of a sentence right round, the last clause coming first.

Again, some languages, like Hebrew, repeat and re-repeat, again and again. In Korean a Hebrew repetition is often impossible. If forced it means a weakening of the thought rather than a strengthening. Gen. 2:16 reads, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat." The Hebrew has no word 'freely' but expresses it by the infinitive and future, "to eat thou shalt eat" *akol tokel*. This is quite close in form to the Korean *mukkinan muknesso* but with the very opposite force, for in Hebrew it means a clear right of way rendered "freely eat," while the Korean suggests a restriction "may possibly eat"

To repeat proper names also in Korean does not necessarily lend force but suggests rather the possibility of another person of the same name.

Take sentences like the following, Ps. 115;2. Here is the Hebrew as literally rendered as possible, "Jehovah has remembered us, He will bless, He will bless the house of Israel."

Verse 14, "Will add Jehovah upon you, upon you and upon your sons."

Verse 16, "The heavens, the heavens to Jehovah."

Ps. 116; 16, "I beseech, oh Lord, sorely I thy servant, I thy servant; the son of thine handmaid."

Hebrew is full to overflowing with just such sentences, quite impossible to render into Korean word for word without making the sentence hopelessly feeble or foolish. Not strength but weakness is gained by forced re-petitions.

But the reader may ask, "How about verbal inspiration in such a case as this?" We would answer, verbal inspiration has nothing what-ever to do with the Korean or English words. Verbal inspiration had to do with the giving of the original—not only was the thought given but words. Frankly, I do not see how it could have been given otherwise. Perhaps the writers knew not, but surely God guided the hand as to the very words. Mere thought given would never have done. The age was not equal to it nor were the individuals. The words, however, were given in a plain, simple, natural way to convey ideas, and it is the ideas we translate, not the words, which are merely the instrument by which they are conveyed, the wrappings in which they are clothed.

In the October number of Dr. White's *Biblical. Review* appears an article on Luther's translation quite apropos to the subject in hand. I wish I could quote it fully. Here is a paragraph by Luther, "When you wish to speak German you must not consult the letters of the Latin language, as these dunces are doing, but you must inquire of a mother how she talks to her children, of the children how they talk to each other in the street, of the common people on the market place." Such was his rendering into idiomatic German that has stood the test of centuries.

Words, phrases and sentences have all to come under consideration and be carefully weighed, in the light of the meaning intended, before a just and correct decision can be arrived at. It is not easy. The writer has given thirty years of his life to practical translation work and he realizes what a difference there is between the delightful realm of theory and the hard bare facts of actual experiment. We all want the Bible to speak good Korean; let us have patience and hammer it out.



1922 March page 64

**How to Win.**

By James S. Gale, D. D.

She is called Mary, one of the best Oriental women you ever saw. Her Christian faith is known to all the neighbourhood and everybody likes her. Her husband, not a Christian, is kind and good, but she had no son; that was his difficulty. He decided to take another wife, and she had no protest to offer, for Oriental women accept all the blame and the shame of a childless home. The new wife arrived to take charge, a forceful, rather domineering woman. Such was Mary's lot. She accepted it without a murmur. This was God's gift for the day and though bitter she kissed the hand that give it. To the new wife she was all kindness; did everything to make her welcome; smiled and spoke so gently. Wife number two wondered at this. Why was it? She found later that she was a Christian and that she possessed a peace, and joy, and sweetness, that she had never known. Would she tell her what it meant, this Christianity? Gladly! They began to read together, to pray, to look up to God as two who loved each other and whose hearts were one. Suddenly she said, "I'm ashamed. Any husband who has a wife like you should thank God and remember his blessing. I, too, trust in Jesus and am leaving to-day. You have been the best friend I ever knew." Mary didn't set out to win; she just won without knowing why.

1922 April pages 69-70

**Some Animal Stories.**

By James S. Gale, D. D.

*The Mongoose and the Cobra*—A great crowd of Korean children was gathered in the church and I was to speak to them. What should I say to hold their attention? That was the question. Then I thought of what I had just read in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and I said, "Boys and girls, there is a great fight going on in this world, a fight between right and wrong. I'll tell you how it goes, something like this. In India there is a very terrible creature called a cobra, a great snake. It lifts its head when it strikes, and every time it hits, means death—a fearful beast, the cobra.

"There is also a little quiet animal called the mongoose, so soft and gentle. Any little child could take it up and pet it, love it and kiss it, it would never bite or do a wrong. The cobra and the mongoose, how different! But the little mongoose is a fighter, too. He hates the cobra and the cobra hates him. They are sworn enemies just like right and wrong, and they have to fight it out every time they meet. Once some Indian boys caught a cobra going into its hole. They tied a string round it and finally got it into a bag. Later they announced that there would be a fight between a cobra and a mongoose and posted up the notice. Many English officers came to see. Some who wore long boots went into the room, and some looked through the windows.

*The Fight*—When the time came, the boys appeared with the bag in which was the cobra. They dumped it into the room where it crawled to a corner, coiled round and went to sleep. Later the little mongoose was put in and he hopped round and round apparently not seeing the snake at all. Someone tossed a piece of meat over near the snake and the mongoose went to pick it up. The cobra raised his head and went His-s-s-! The little mongoose jumped back and seemed to say, 'Hullo! here's a cobra!' Then he seemed to tighten his little belt and get ready. His eyes awoke and with a look like David when he met Goliath, his face was set for action.

"The piece of meat was near the cobra, too near. He tried to get it, when the cobra drew back to strike. The mongoose shot forward then backed off. He licked his little lips as to say, 'you would, would you?' He nudged up closer, backed a little and took a fresh start. The snake not only lifted his head but he drew back his hood for a deadly blow. The mongoose, not afraid, watched him,—ready. Suddenly there was a sharp stroke of the cobra, a flash of light in which you could distinguish neither mongoose nor serpent. When it cleared the mongoose had the venomous creature by the back of the neck and the fight was over. He dodged just in time and like a flash of lightning had caught the enemy in his grip. The right had won and wrong was dead.

*"Tighten Your Belt And Fight It"*—"Now boys and girls", I said, "you have to be just like the little mongoose, gentle and kind, except when wrong confronts you. Then you must tighten your belt, fight it and say, 'No, I'll not do it. I'll do what God wants me to do. I'll do the right.' If you do this you'll always win. May the Lord Jesus who taught us how to fight bravely always be with you."

This was my speech to the little Korean boys and girls and they all listened so well.

*"Give Freely" Becomes a Doctor*—I have an old friend in Seoul whose name is Mr. Hong. I knew him first long years ago. He was one of the Bible translators and we sat every day at the same table. His little boy, whom he called by the rather odd name of Suk-hoo (Give Freely) came to Sunday-school, went to day school, worked hard at his lessons, and grew to be a tall young man who could look down upon his father. Always gentle and quiet, you hardly heard his voice. Later on he studied medicine, and after a number of years came out with honors. Resident-General Prince Ito was on hand to present him with his diploma. 'Little 'Give Freely' had grown to be a man and his name was known. He made a special study of the eye, the throat, the ear, those mysterious organs that have so much to do with our happiness. I needed glasses to see with, and when I went to the great Severance Institute, I was met by Dr. Hong (Give Freely) and he, after much gentle care and attention, fitted me out with a pair by which I now write you. How thankful I was for the tall handsome young man who knew his work and did it so well!

*He Saves Mary's Life*—But a day came later when a greater need than my eyes was on hand. A missionary's little daughter was dying of diphtheria. No medical skill seemed of any avail. The father and mother at last, in tears, gave her up. Her little throat was closing so that she could not breathe.

As a last resort a motor-car was sent at high speed for Dr. Hong, and a few minutes later in he stepped. A few more broken attempts at breath and little Mary would be gone, but quick as lightning Dr. Hong had out his instruments. At once he sent the sharp blade of his knife right into the poor little neck till it cut a way into her throat. Into this opening that bled, he inserted a silver tube and at once she began to breathe and the color came back into her pale, wan cheeks. Little Mary is alive today and happy, and has forgotten all about her serious illness.

*Is it Worth While?*—Was it worth while to train the boy 'Give Freely' in a Mission School and Mission Hospital? I am sure you will say it was. When I heard of it I was so thankful that I sat down at once and wrote a letter which said, "Dear Dr. Hong—God bless you for your kind heart and skilful hand." He is the kind of man that makes us feel that missionary work is not in vain.

**Christmas.**

James S. Gale.

What a delightful season Christmas is. I call back its cheer from out the shadows long gone by, and hear music, see happy faces and catch smiles that will never die. In those days the whole year waited for Christmas. I still feel how slowly went the winter months, how the spring took on a better pace, and went briskly forward; how summer sunshine danced through all my boyish fancies; how autumn came with ten thousand things to cheer, fruits and nuts, snowbirds and signs of winter. All the time the wheels were gathering speed as they moved on toward Christmas. Then the days began to assume a breathless sense of something great impending. Each night and morning carried expectation in its wings. As the intervening space drew shorter I lived as in a dream. The very ticking of the clock meant wonders. Christmas was coming. Out of the shadows I could see it. Visions of stockings were hanging before my eyes. Across the sky-line, with bells jingling, came this captain of all the christian's world—Santa Claus. I felt his presence. He was my soul's delight. A neighbour boy, a vulgar fellow, once said to me, "There's no such person. Your father and mother buy what's given you. You're a fool to think it."

I can still see his fat face. He smelt of doughnuts and greasy kinds of food that I never liked. Out of his unsavoury world, where Santa Claus would never think of living, he came to tell me this—the Tony Lumpkin.

The wonder of the year was Christmas Eve. Sometimes Christmas fell on a Sunday, a disappointment that rather spoiled the cheer, for my people were careful lest worldly thoughts mar the sacredness of the Sabbath-day, and Christmas was supposed to be a bit worldly. But when it fell between a Tuesday and a Saturday, that was bliss indeed. Stockings were hung up, usually on the corner of the bed, ready and waiting. Was it sleep or was it a trance? and yet the night passed by. That Santa should ride his sled, drawn by a group of reindeer over the chimney-tops; that he, fat and round and bushy, should squeeze down the chimney flue and fill my socks was, of course, absurd. Even my boyish fancy said, No; but no one else might say it. To spoil this loveliest dream of childhood would be a sacrilege. I still think so.

He had come and gone and the light of Christmas morning revealed the bursting stocking, books and toys and what-not. A merry Christmas to all! It had actually come. Waited for three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days, it was here. This was Christmas. Would that every little girl and boy in all the wide world should have such a happy Christmas as was mine.

I turn the world round and ask, "What about the little East Asian? Does he have a Christmas? Do any days of the year count as much for him? Let me preface my answer by saying that our rude commercial twentieth century has, like a great juggernaut rolled over, not only East Asia's gentle world of thought and action, but over her calendar as well, and all the delightful associations that went with it. We have destroyed the most interesting round that the sun ever looked down upon, a charming calendar, made by the ages, five thousand years ago, and handed down by the stately march of centuries. It hangs square with the sun and yet is provided with an inner circle that revolves by the corners of the moon. Its twenty-four festivals were made fast to the four great pillars of the year, the two equinoxes and the summer and winter solstices. These, true to their points as any western calendar, mark the sowing, reaping, threshing, spinning. Meanwhile the lunar calendar, like a merry maid, swinging back and forth on her nimble toe, marks exactly the phases of the moon. Thus was it that the solar and lunar calendars, locked together, worked in unison. Now that is gone and through our ministration East Asia has in its place a poor imitation of our Western Gregorian, hard as dogma, and uninteresting as present day theories regarding democratic government.

— But to return to the picturesque old calendar. Where, in its circle do we find any day that delighted the children as Christmas did me? Had it such a day? Assuredly it had and more, a day of days. Little lads who studied the year through, with only four extra Holidays, had their Christmas too. One of these holidays was called "Cold Food," a festival that hangs on the sun, occurring in the 2nd or 3rd Moon. It commemorates a faithful adherent of the king of Tsin, China, who died for his faith at the time that Nahum was firing great guns at Nineveh. They had also three days that hung on the moon: the 8th of the 4th Moon, the Feast of Lanterns; the 15th of the 5th Moon, when ropes were

made fast to the overhanging branches, and all the world went swinging. The 15th of the 8th Moon was Harvest Home. Beyond the New-Year season, these were the only holidays the little lads had in all the round of the year. No Sunday, no Thanksgiving, no Empire Day, no Easter, just these four, and then came New-Years with a whole two weeks, nothing to do, a great good time for everybody.

Tomorrow was New-Year, the greatest day of all, and children were told not to nod off but to keep awake and watch it coming. "If you sleep," they said, "your eyebrows will turn white." One Korean friend remarked, "How anxious I used to be about my eye-brows." Then at last, the day of days dawned. What about Santa Claus? His coming was not known or announced, but here were his marks, indeed, for every little boy and girl had a nice new suit of clothes, and such a suit! The Western world never dreamed of it in its wildest fancies. The coat of many colours worn by Joseph was nothing.

Orioles and red-birds, parrots and cockatoos, all the colours of the greenwood, and all the tints of the autumn season were out to greet this special day. The streets were full of little boys and girls that looked like fairies. All of childlife had gone a-maying, though it was still the month of January or February. In respect of this most unique world of colour, the Korean New-year quite surpassed all our Christmas seasons.

Then there was besides the round of calls. Young people went to pay their respects on the old. Like birds loosed from the cages of the genii, they would come fluttering in, drop on their little hands, and bow the head deep down to touch the floor, "A Happy New-Year; A Happy New-Year!" The gray heads would nod acknowledgment, give a kindly grunt, and, dropping a cash piece in the newly embroidered pocket, send them off delighted on their way.

On this day, too, all kinds of good things were theirs to eat. Most beef and plum-pudding would pale before these heaped up tables. Of every colour, of every shade of flavour, all were for the taking. One special dish was called 'rice-cake soup.' To eat of this meant one year older. Think of it, a dish in which a whole year of life lay. Having eaten, the little stature seemed to shoot up, and the shoulders to inch out broad likewise.

Every day was a holiday for the whole fifteen rounds of the sun. Nothing to do, just to play. Little boys who had had only four real holidays in the whole year were here with fifteen days on hand. Kites were flown. From each secluded compound eyes watched the antics of these little comedians of the sky. Tailless, how they danced, and dodged, and flew. Up to the moon they went, and then, by a swift header, straight down for the centre of the earth. Great contests were held, this kite and that, each intent to cut the string of the other, everyone of them ready with a coat of glass filings and glue. Now they threatened, and foiled; how they ventured up dangerously near, and then drew off; how they flew, this for life, and that in chase! Little they tried each other's metal, till the moment came to finish, life or death. With lightening speed the strings flew out, crossed hands, drew in. Then a final plunge sent one kite giddy, helpless, reeling, floating, drifting anchorless out into the blue. Such was the gentle warfare of those ancient New-Year days.

On the night of the 15th, when the moon is at her best, such a moon as only those nations know who write of her in their songs, who speak to her when they go by, who people her with fairy maids in palace halls, this moon smiles, down and gives her blessing to the happy season.

This was the little Oriental lad's Christmas. Greater than ours, not in thought, but in ages of history and delightful association. As for children, nothing again will quite equal the old New-Year season of the East, which was to their childlife, more than Christmas, more than Thanksgiving, more than Easter. Before the ruthless movings of what is called Modern civilization this day of days recedes into the shadows as the years go by. Meaningless now it will shortly disappear. New days will come, perhaps a real religious Christmas, but It will take a thousand years to make such another New-Year season for the children of the East.

**Se-jong, King and Sage.**

James S. Gale, D. D.

The coming of Tai-jo to the throne of Korea in 1392 A. D., and the setting up of a new dynasty was engineered wholly by his fifth son, afterwards called Tai-jong, a masterful, highly gifted man, born in 1367. Later this son, displeased with his father's rule, sent him off to Ham-heung where he was left to growl and glare as he pleased. His older brother, too, after a year of failure, he ordered off the throne and gave him the empty title, Sang Wang (greater king). Chung Mong-joo, the famous scholar and statesman, got in his way and was shot on the stone bridge in Song-do, where his blood still marks the spot (?) Another older brother, named Pang-kan, and two younger as well, were done to death within the palace enclosure, to make straight his path. The body, too, of his step-mother, buried where the British Consulate now stands, became an offence, and he had it exhumed and taken out of the city. The home of Tai-jo was indeed a house of fear through this terrible fifth son, born to rule the land.

He was only twenty-five when he wrought these fierce strokes of fortune. Practically he reigned from 1392 till 1422 and established the house of Yi on a firm and lasting basis. A weakling would have thrown the country open to no end of strife and bloodshed. From our modern point of view he seems a monster, but, doubtless, he was just the man for the times in which he lived.

Many great masters of the pen flourished in his day who have left to us their literary works. One of these, Maing Sa-sung, an old man of amusing turn of mind, used to travel about the country, farmer-fashion, on a cow. Once, when making a tour, he was accosted by a group of young swells, who asked him if he had any knowledge of the character. Maing said, "No, nothing to speak of." "Then," said they, "perhaps you know the eunmun." Maing replied, "Why, yes, a little," and at once he wrote for their special delectation a rhyme which ran "With my *ki-uk* (sickle) in my belt, and my *i-haing* (ring) in my ox's nose, I journey out to behold all the *si-ots* (Chinese character for man) going by, their one and only thought being their *mi-eums* (mouths—Chinese character). I suggest to them that they go home and set their *li-euls* (selves—Chinese character) in order, or I'll put a *chum* (spot) upon their *chi-geuts* (which makes the character *mang*, and consigns them to destruction).

I tell this to illustrate the versatility of the enmun on which the fame of Se-jong forever rests. The story, however, will not "hold water," for Maing Sa-sung died thirteen years before enmun was invented. Still it is a good story and accords so well with the old minister's nature that I feel almost inclined to let it stand. The East, too, does not trouble about a trifle of this sort.

Tai-jong came properly to the throne in 1401, though his father did not die till 1408; and his older brother, who had reigned two years, not till 1419. These two, father and brother, were rudely brushed aside that he might do his own imperious will and way.

Tai-jong had twelve sons and seventeen daughters. The chances are they all paid strict attention to what their father said. The serious question, however, that occupied his mind was the state, and the continuance of the royal line. His first son was inclined to religion—to be a Buddhist priest; his second was a worthless, weak character; but the third was dutiful above measure, a student, a scholar gifted with all the graces of the ancient sage. Him he would make his successor.

An old stone tablet reads "While still a little boy in his mother's room, he was most diligent in his studies—never laying aside his book. His father, seeing him look pale at times, and overworked, ordered them taken away. However, Se-jong, (for that was his name to be), found the works of So Tong-pa (1036-1101 A. D.) a famous Chinaman, behind the screen, and read them through a thousand times. Student, and master-mind, his merits have cast much glory upon the reigning house of Yi. When king, he was wise and far-seeing beyond his peers; gentle and kind to everybody; yet his decisions were strong as iron, and in the end inflexible. His habit was to rise at 3 o'clock in the morning and have early audience with his ministers, whose opinions he sought on all questions. When audience was over he would read the Sacred Books and have them expounded by the religious masters of the day.

Tai-jong abdicated in 1418 and placed Se-jong on the throne. It was evident, even in this act, that he sought not his own glory but the quiet and safety of his people. He surely beheld the

attainment of his wishes in the beneficent rule of his gifted son, who was but twenty-two when he took the reins of state in hand.

After having resigned the throne, Tai-jong built himself a palace where the Chosen Christian College now is, and called it Yun-houi Koong. He lived there, and often walked far out over the hills, and by the river, greatly to his delight. Said he to his ministers, "I have found a good son to take my place; surely never was man so free from care as I. Not only is there no man in the world as happy, but never has there been one." This was, indeed, a great recommendation for a son from so grim a father.

Se-jong's care for his mother, too, was another proof specially recorded. He watched by her bed, walked by her chair, and tenderly closed her eyes when gone.

The Ming emperors were charmed with reports of him and sent every year books and gifts innumerable.

In 1446, from a desire to place the treasures of literature before the common people, he invented a most ingenious and simple alphabet of twenty-eight letters to record not only the sounds of the Chinese, but other languages as well. Starting with the circle and the line he devised these simple letters, corresponding to the sickle in the belt, and the ring in the ox's nose, letters that have been a boon untold to Korea, and have helped on missionary work more than any other agency. They have lifted the woman's world from the shadows of slavery into the realm of the gifted and the great. By means of them little children, too, sing off the teachings of the kings and sages that, otherwise, would have remained locked behind the bars of the Chinese characters. Let all hats be taken off to King Se-jong. When his semi-millennium comes to pass in 1946 may there be a great national gathering to do him honour.

Se-jong lived in the days of the big family and had eighteen sons and four daughters. A line on the ancient stone runs thus: "His sons came night and morning to inquire and make obeisance. They were like a string of jewels, a flock of wild-geese; as numerous as the grasshopper, and as propitious as the gentle steps of the unicorn."

His older brothers, as Reuben and Simeon gathered to Joseph, came up to Seoul to live with him, a united clan, happily linked together. He had a gentle but compelling manner that kept eunuchs and palace women in their places and thus his royal house was perfectly ordered. His father, like King David, had been a man of war; but he himself, like Solomon, was a man of peace.

His relations with the suzerain state, the Mings, too, were perfect. Great ministers went as envoys and China's master scholars made return. In sending the annual tribute, King Se-jong made it a point to go over each article himself to see that all was in order.

He had bells cast, (the one in Chong-no was placed there by him), and musical instruments made, so that his choir might sing of the great deeds of ancient China. One official record says, "He never used the dancing-girl on such occasions."

He and his father worked out the problem of moveable type, made the water-clock, prepared an almanac for each year, and drew up such rules of propriety as would do credit to a Christian assembly.

Whenever he found a man of true worth, even among the humblest in the land, he elevated him to a place of honour. Many a time his ministers stood aghast to see him crown someone wholly unknown before.

King Se-jong's first and last great counsellor, his one and only prime minister, was a man thirty-four years his senior called Whang Heui. It was due, no doubt, to this man's wise counsel that Se-jong ruled no well. Many stories are told of Whang Heui which show the man. A woman servant came to him and made complaint against another, detailing her whole evil course of conduct. "You are right," said Whang Heui. Later the other came and presented her case. Whang Heui said, likewise, "No doubt you are quite right." The wife hearing this said, "If one is right, the other is wrong. You say to each, 'You are right,' which leaves matters more unsettled and confused than ever." He looked up for a moment and said, "Why, yes, wife, I expect you are right," and then went on reading his book.

Again one day he saw a man ploughing with a red cow and a black, and he asked in passing, "Which cow is the better?" but the man made no reply. Finally when he turned the corner he came over to Whang Heui and whispered in his ear, "The red is better." "But why whisper?" asked Whang Heui, "Why such precaution?" The man replied, "Even the beasts we use to service feel hurt if you

point to another as better than themselves, so I whisper it to you." Whang Heui learned a lesson from this and never afterwards criticised people, or compared them unfavourably with others.

Se-jong lived a true far-eastern saint, on his side of the world, while Joan of Arc and Thomas à Kempis lived the saint life on theirs. Some of the sayings that drop from his reign remind us of them:

"Virtue and truth come from God."

"Religion (a knowledge of God) means enlightenment for the hearts of men and long life to the state."

"Confucianists call *in* love, while Buddhists call it *cha*; but they mean one and the same. If Your Majesty will shield and care for the people as your own child, you will, indeed, be a father to them with all that *in*, or love, means and all that *cha* means as well."

Se-jong died in 1450 when Christopher Columbus was three years old. Greatly mourned by his people he was buried at the foot of Namhan where his remains slept for nineteen years till they were moved to Yu-joo on the south bank of the Han. Here his quiet tomb invites you to come and by a grateful thought pay a tribute to his memory.

### **The Beginnings of Missionary Work in Korea**

An Address by Dr. J. S. Gale, reported by Gordon Bowles

In studying about the beginnings of Christianity in the Orient our first question is, From whence has it come?" In the Orient it is significant that there is only one religion which has an influence equal to that of Christianity and that is Buddhism. Confucianism is essentially an Old Testament cult and prepares for a New Testament conception such as is found in Buddhism. It is for this reason, therefore, that it is mainly Confucianists and not Buddhists who have become Christians.

It is said that at an early date St. Thomas visited India. There is no exact proof of this, but it seems likely that it might have been so. Whatever may have been the cause there was something which influenced Buddhism about this time for Buddhism had already been in India five hundred years.

About 150 A. D. a new book known as "The Awakening of Faith" appeared, and with it came a new conception of Buddhism, called Mahayana or the Great Vehicle. Later this book was translated by Mr. T. Richards and was found to present a totally new idea. Why was it that there was such an emphasis on faith?

Shortly after this, new ceremonies began to appear; the idea of a trinity was developed and a symbolic cross, the swastika, was evolved as well as a symbol of Buddhism somewhat like the Christian symbol of an "I," two arrows and a bow. Bells, rosaries, prayers and chants were added. Many people believe, therefore, that because of these numerous outward manifestations of similarity Buddhism is only one form of Christianity and they are consequently misled and are eager to propagate it. I do not think that Buddhism today has anything in it. It is true that there is much of the Orient in it, and in so far as one learns the Oriental mind by studying it, it is worth while.

I once came across a book on the life of the Buddha. I went through the eight chapters and then translated them with my friend, Mr. Kim, working steadily from five to seven every morning. I did it purposing to find in it traces of the gospels and to discover what the writer thought of the life of the Buddha. Some say Buddhism has no Heaven or Hell. In this book I discovered a beautiful Heaven to be sought after and a series of terrible Hells. In one chapter there was a story of the brother of the Buddha, a very wicked man, whom the disciples of the Buddha sought to bring to rights. He was first taken to a wonderful house in Heaven which was denied him, then he was shown all the terrors of the Hells until at last in humility he begged for mercy and afterwards became a just and up-right man. It is this idea of vengeance which holds the people and which inspired a Korean Christian once to say, "When I go to see pictures of Buddhist Hells I don't want to sin."

As to the influence of Buddhism on the people of Korea, one has only to glance over the land dotted with stone monuments to see what a hold it has over them. These stone monuments tell stories of good priests, of great men, of peace-makers and of angel-like men who helped the people. Surely "In every kind he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him," it matters not what his religion or his training was if his service is sincere. Buddhism is filled with the doctrine of self-renunciation. Absolute silence and devotion to a cause without argument governs the Buddhist heart and mind. In our modern age we seem to have lost the law of silence. We have forgotten the wonderful power that it can have. Our aim is organization but what really counts most is the "silent heart at one with God."

There is a real message in the repetition of Buddhist prayers, such as, "I trust in thee Amida Buddha" and I sometimes wonder if there would not be some difference in our lives if we Christians would say "I trust in Thee, Lord Jesus" constantly and really mean what we say.

When I speak of the rapidly developing tendencies in Buddhism I only do so to emphasize the greatness and the coming of the full gospel of Christ, for there can be no doubt that when His full revelation is realized people will see the utter inability of Buddhism to meet the needs of the hungry, human heart. The modern gospel was first heard in Peking where in 781 A. D. a stone was erected in the days of Tang. This Nestorian stone tells of three things, the creation of the world, the Incarnation of Jesus and certain baptismal ceremonies. In 845 the stone disappeared and it was not rediscovered until 1625, and a few years ago duplicates were made by Mrs. Gordon of Japan. One stone was put up in Japan while another was erected in Korea. The original stone was set up again just outside one



of the most noted cities of China and stands today a monument to the heroic sacrifices of the early Christian fathers who found their way into the heart of China.

All of these phases of Buddhism are only suggestions to be followed out by the younger missionaries. It is for us to discover what there is in Buddhism and to discover the Korean background. It is not what the Korean eats but his mind that needs to be understood. Don't think that the Korean mind is suited to Presbyterianism, for it is the result of centuries of influence and what is needed most is pure church work and Christian fellowship. The argument of a certain Buddhist priest "We do nothing and many believe while you have many meetings and many books while few believe" is quite justly put. What is needed most is silence, self-renunciation and devotion.

A dog that cannot even total two and two can die for its master and a child that cares nothing for forms in ordination knows how to love. The intellect counts very little where real values lie in the heart.

Let us be happy and give much time to prayer and talking with God, for God is the only person who always loves to be talked to, and when we tell Him, we love Him He rejoices and gives us His blessing.

My earliest recollections are of Dr. Underwood and Mr. Appenzeller, both of whom were pioneers and deserved the many compliments they received. My last remembrance of Mr. Appenzeller was when he and I accepted an invitation from Dr. Reynolds to do some translation work and the date of sailing was set for June second. That was the last I saw of Dr. Appenzeller, for he was delayed a day and his boat met with an accident at sea and he was among the missing.

After my first year I went to Fusan to see Mr. Davis who was suffering from small-pox. I had only been with him a short time when he died and others shortly followed him. The doctors have done much toward lengthening life but they could not save these early workers.

When I first landed in Seoul everything seemed like a different world. Here was the east with its silks and colors and slow moving crowds, where only the swallows reminded me of home. One day I went with Mr. Jones to see the King in procession. He knew Korea for he had been here six months while I had only just arrived. But it was not long till I saw the first bicycle, then rickshas and auto-mobiles. Things seemed stirring around me, but I was disturbed because in Seoul I couldn't get the language. My teacher came every morning but I didn't learn anything. Finally I asked Dr. Underwood if I could go to the country. It was only after some length of time that he finally consented and I left for the interior. I started out early one morning with nothing but a can of milk, some coffee and a *kisu* (horseboy). We got to Koya in an unsavoury place about noon, but I had to pass up my meal to the boy and began to discover some of the hardships I would have to undergo, wondering all the while if millet was all there was to be had and thinking how I could live.

That evening we reached Paju and I was immediately ushered into the chief magistrate's office. I was given a room with a hibachi and served with an excellent meal of chicken, soup and white rice. I followed the usual custom of eating with chopsticks for it was my idea to take it as the natives take it.

After a time I went to Sorai Beach for three months. People came every day and although I was treated fine I began to feel like a barbarian, and was especially self-conscious in front of the governor of the province. My host, Mr. An, always gave me good food but I never saw Mrs. An, although she would take advantage of me by looking in through the holes in the paper door and watched me while I feasted. On the return it took six nights to get from Sorai Beach to Chemulpo, the boat making no headway part of the time against the strong north winds.

From Seoul Dr. Moffett and I started north with two pack-horses loaded with money to see Dr. Ross who had just translated the Bible. On the way we stopped at Pyengyang where we received nothing but contempt when we inquired about Christians in the vicinity. At Wiju, however, where we stopped for two weeks, there were lots of people who had obtained the Bible from Mukden and who knew it. We finally reached Mukden and saw Dr. Ross and on our return came by way of Wonsan. We first hired two men with cows but they soon threw their loads and left us. We next had a man from Hamheung who declared his cow could carry more than two ordinary cows. He got us part way but the strain on the cow was too great so we paid him off and got another conveyance to Ham-heung.

On all of our journeys we saw no women and it was not until I saw Mrs. Sen, in Seoul, that I got my first glimpse of a Korean woman. The women are gradually finding their place, but they have yet many steps to take till they approach the proper position they should assume. I recall a story of the

birth-day of a princess when all the women in the neighbourhood were invited. Finally an old woman came, carried in a two-man chair, and wearing a coarse linen dress. The princess, much to the surprise of the gathered guests, hastened to meet her and led her to the highest place in the room and placed the first food before her. She was the wife of Yi Chung Li a sage and scholar of Korea, who had, like Carlyle, got homespun greatness.

The Koreans have courtesy and fine manners and these are certainly a mark of superior civilization, but they lack education. I go through Korea making rubbings of stones, and I know there is such a thing as a scholar of characters, but these are few and growing less. I am still on the outside after forty years of experience. Following the old Confucian system, boys started their education at five and studied for years, or for a lifetime, from morning to night. I know nothing is the West to equal the scholarly attainments of the Oriental countries, although now there are only a scattered few real scholars remaining in China and Japan.

There were once two young men who appeared for their scholar's examinations. After successfully passing them one left for the Mountains and for a long time no one knew where he was. Finally, the king on learning of his whereabouts, arranged a meeting with him but was unable to persuade him from his life of seclusion for, said the young scholar, "If we join forces here we meet beyond." That is what the Koreans are trying to find—the ultimate, the beyond.

One day I saw a little blind boy of twelve. I put my hands on his shoulder and said "I'm a foreigner, I'm sorry to see you blind." The little boy's cheerful response was, "I don't mind being blind, I know Jesus." That to my mind is the end of mission work, it is the perfection of the missionary's purpose. Then there is the example of Yung Dong, a cobbler, who returned a pair of stolen shoes and converted the man to whom he repaid the damage done, and many other examples which serve to show the joy that comes with service.

We foreigners are likely to misuse the language and to spoil our conversations with idioms from the English merely translated into Korean. Let us try to learn the true Korean language and become fully appreciative of the style the Bible is written in and learn to speak with ease and fluency.

Good will is certainly the greatest thing in life. When I left for the Korean mission field, what was of far more value than any blessing of the Pope could have been, was the message of goodwill of such men as D. L. Moody and John Currie.

Many years ago there was a lame English officer who walked through Korea. He was far more of a missionary than many workers on the field today and did an immense amount of good, as most lame people do. One day a Catholic priest, in haste, shot a man through the leg and arm. I could not help but protest to the authorities and received a sharp rebuke from my English friend for it. When he saw the logic of my complaint, however, he hastened to call me over to dinner and from that time forth we were the closest of friends.

The Roman Catholics have had their part in opening up the East. The Church has had its sinners as well as its saints, but many have suffered the supreme test and have died at the stake. And certainly there can be nothing very much worse about the catholic faith than the belief of some Protestants who consign all little children, heathen blacks, browns and yellows to the anger of Tartarus and then eat a hearty breakfast on top of it.

Brugier was the first missionary. He took with him a man Mobel. In order to disguise their passage through China they arranged to go separately and to meet above the great wall. They arrived there as planned and started for Korea. While within sight of Korea, however, Brugier was taken with dysentery and died, but Mobel continued the journey alone and met with the Koreans on the way who had been in contact with Korean and Jesuit fathers. Mobel was carried across the Yalu and fifteen days later arrived at Seoul, wearing a mourning hat to escape detection. Shastan came later and then came Imbert, a bishop. The three left records of thankfulness from their hearts and told of their experiences from 1836-1839, ninety years ago in a strange land where even the dogs detected them by their sniffing.

I had in my hand some years ago a letter which was written in 1800 by Alexander Whang, (?) with a request that missionaries be sent. It was delivered by a messenger, but both the messenger and Mr. Whang (?) were killed. It was just at the time when the Pope was imprisoned at Fontanbleau and the Church in Korea was being suppressed and the Christians were suffering martyrdom. The Korean Government was not to be blamed, however, for the murders, for it was acting as it thought wisest and in this it followed the laws of Confucianism which formed the basis of the state religion. It

looked with disfavour on all foreign religions in which no sacrifices were made to the ancestor. If King Sunjo had been living things might have been different. But priests were arrested and were tortured and brought to the river bank and were beheaded. It was wonderful devotion to go through to the block. They died like heroes and gave testimony to the last. Others followed them and after a long lull came Chung. He was arrested and beaten by the magistrate for being a Christian. After rejecting his faith he repented and confessing to the magistrate that his heart was not settled was later, on account of his persistency, beaten till he died.

In the war with China, Japan brought troops under Kato a Buddhist and Konishi a Christian, into Korea. When the Japanese were driven back they took some Koreans with them and many of them, Christians, were martyred in Nagasaki while nine of the martyrs were beatified.

During the time of Taiwan Kun more missionaries, seven priests and two bishops, came. Taiwan Kun heard of these new messengers and learned that they were making treaty relations with France against Russia. Bishop Deveroux was imprisoned, but the Princess Min, wife of Taiwan Kun, was greatly troubled for she had been influenced by this new religion. Nothing would stir the ruler from his purpose, however, and the missionaries were all put to the block at the same place on the river bank as their forbears had been.

Some years later an American vessel went up the Taitong River and grounded. At high tide it was refloated but soon grounded a second time and could not be moved. After numerous orders to have the boat removed, the Taiwan Kun finally took the advice of one of his counsellors and on a foggy morning sent a raft of burning sulphur down the river. The vessel, the General Sherman, was caught in the flames and destroyed and all hands on board who were not drowned were killed.

Such was the fate of these and many other early pioneers. They played a valiant part and bore the greatest share of suffering. God has His people among the Catholics as well as the Protestants. It is not a person's religious views which touches the chords of life but the spirit of good will, the spirit which governs the hearts and lives of mankind.

**In Memory of Hon. Yi Sang Chai**

J. S. Gale, D. D.

A great, good man has passed from among us, great in mind, great in heart, great in soul. We shall not see his like again—Yi Sang Chai. The light of his eye, the sound of his voice, the marked cheer of his presence made him a master of men. So wide of soul, so sensitive of mental touch, so supremely gifted of humour, back again his memory comes, filling the eyes with infinite longing. The buoyant sallies of his youth, the proud upward steps of his man-hood, the dignified years of his long life's evening combined in a personality that we who knew him will ever see haloed in grateful memories. How little we can say that touches the really great and good. There are no adjectives, no descriptive phrases, no similes, no comparisons. He was himself sublime in his simplicity, supremely above the happenings of the day, or the changing wheels of fortune. Later the writer hopes to put into humble book form his appreciation of so great and good a friend. Let him say here, of life's highest honours he counts among the dearest and best the friendly faithful years of Yi Sang Chai. May others arise like him to call Korea back to her highest ideals of the past; and to move her sons of the present to humble faithful service for the future. On the occasion of his last visit to my home, pointing to Chung Mong-joo's portrait on the wall he said: "Because he died, he lives." How true it is, thou great good friend! Because Yi Sang Chai died to those things the world counts worth the while, the world dies today while he lives. Oh great good heart, who cheered and helped us on;  
Oh great good heart, who cheered and helped us on;  
Oh master-soul, who points us heaven high!  
May we who live, live so that when we die  
Hushed lips will say, "A great, good heart is gone."