The Korea Magazine

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CHATS WITH OUR READERS

We will be pleased to receive the names of any friends you think would be interested in the Magazine.

Our Book Table is unavoidably postponed until the next number, and other important copy must also await later publication.

A number have received sample copies of the Magazine, and to all of these we extend a cordial invitation to become regular subscribers.

All communications to receive consideration must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The Editors assume no responeibt1ity for opinions expressed by others.

DUTCHMEN IN KOREA 290 YEARS AGO. In the March issue we will have an exceedingly interesting story of the only Korean record so far found of the coming of certain men from Holland in 1627, with what is known of their subsequent imprisonment and hardships.

It is sometimes possible to borrow the Magazine of a friend, but most will prefer their own individual copies, both for current reference to desired articles, and for permanent binding in yearly volumes. In a short time it will be very difficult to secure back numbers.

A MINER writes : We found it very interesting.

A MISSIONARY : Congratulations!

ANOTHER : It reminds me of the “Korean Repository,” and if all numbers are as good as the sample copy I received it will be welcomed by all, I feel sure.

A subscriber wishes to purchase the following : KOREA REVIEW, Vol. 6, No. 7.

KOREAN REPOSITORY, Vol. 1, Nos. 8, 9, 12.

He also has some extra numbers for sale or exchange.

Address THE KOREA MAGAZINE.



REV. H. G. UNDERWOOD, D.D., LL. D.

Mrs. LILLIAS HORTON UNDERWOOD, M. D.

The Korea Magazine

February, 1917

Editorial Notes.

The Korea Magazine specially desires to quicken the interest of those who have to do with Korea, so that they will take note and record things Korean. If we were to suggest departments of interest we might begin by the scientific and ask What the Korean knows of science? Has he anything of the kind in his ancient world, or is it all a modern importation? If we think of science as knowledge gained by experiment and systematically arranged, is there any to be found within the limits of ancient Chosen? What do all her books on astronomy, physiology, geomancy, materia medica, etc., stand for?

We might suggest the literary department. Surely there exists here a wide and interesting field, but do the same laws that govern literary activities at home obtain here? What do they write about, and do all writers write about the same things? What purpose does literature serve in their minds? Did they ever have magazines or periodicals? The Korea Magazine would like to know.

Another department is the aesthetic. What do they have that pertains to the science of taste or beauty? Down deep in their souls is there any real love of the supremely beautiful? Do their ideas of beauty differ from ours? May they call, what we think beautiful, ugly; and may we stand aghast before what they delight in, and yet both be aesthetic?

There is their institutional world as well. What have they in the way of establishments for the promotion of a definite object? Have they succeeded in getting along all these years without anything of the kind?

Then there is the religious department, greatest of all. Where have their souls found rest? Have they ever tasted of the life ecstatic? What does the Buddha mean by the term wun-gak (enlightenment)?

These are all questions that the Magazine asks, and it trusts that as time goes on answers will be forthcoming from the many students of the East who are scattered over the land.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

The Korea Magazine is fortunate in having Dr. James S. Gale in editorial charge of a Department on The Korean Language, to make its first appearance in the March number. Dr. Gale has been a diligent student of the Korean language for twenty-five years, and there is no man in Korea better prepared to have charge of this Department. Others very familiar with the language will assist Dr. Gale, and the hints, helps, suggestions and papers on various phases of the language will be worth to our readers many times the subscription price of the Magazine. Every person who has ever had anything to do with the Korean language will want the benefit of this department.

We have asked Dr. Gale to make a brief preliminary announcement, which he does as follows:

The Korea Magazine expects to have frequent articles dealing with the Korean language, its particularities, its idioms, its difficulties. For example, an article will shortly appear on hago, haya, and hani, dealt with years ago, but ever a burning question. The writer, judging from his own experience, is emboldened to say that there are people who have been here 20 years, students of the language, who cannot yet use these correctly. If this is not true, he, for one, will be very much surprised, and, needless to say, delighted. How would you say in Korea, for example, when you are out on a journey and feeling a bit tired, “Let’s rest and go.” Please do not ask your Korean friend to say it for you, but answer for yourself. The chances are that you will be wrong.

The Magazine hopes also to deal with the renderings of words like and in English, with words like although, but, and other such very common forms.

It will deal with idiomatic expressions and oddities, and it will welcome questions from students of the language

It will compare similar forms that still have their difference. It will try to help the reader to understand the meaning of the present transition period as far as the language is concerned.

 J. S. Gale

TWO EMINENT MISSIONARIES

When the Rev. Horace G. Underwood reached Chemulpo, Korea, April 5, 1885, be was the first of the long list of Protestant evangelistic missionaries to establish a permanent residence on Korean soil, and his work in and for Korea and for the Korean people did not cease until the close of his eventful life at Atlantic City, New Jersey, October 12, 1916.

First in beginning evangelistic work, he was also first in beginning many of the important branches of missionary activity not only in his own Mission but in cooperation with the members of other Missions. Recognizing that a mastery of the language was one of the first elements of success in missionary work, he studied so diligently that he had the “back bone” broken in a few months, and in his second year sent his first translated book to the press. Then followed others at almost regular intervals, a Grammar, or “Introduction to the Korean Spoken Language,” a Dictionary, from English into Korean and from Korean into English, “The Call of Korea,” “The Religions of Eastern Asia,” etc. He was the editor and publisher of the first Christian newspaper in Korea, and largely at his own expense furnished for years the only religious periodical in the Korean language.

Dr. Underwood was honored by Koreans of all grades of society, from the Emperor to the coolies, and had the respect of foreigners of all nationalities. No man associated with him in his various activities put in more hours or accomplished more than Dr. Underwood. Always broad-minded, his plans looked far into the future, and some will see their fullest fruition in the years to come.

With a life of ease open to him, he chose hardship and discomfort, that by so doing he might bring help and encouragement to those denied most of life’s blessings.

His activities were not confined within denominational bounds. One of the founders of the Young Men’s Christian Association, his interest continued through the years, indicated by his continuous reelection as chairman of the governing body for Korea. The Korean Religious Tract Society, The Pierson Memorial Bible Institute and the Chosen

Christian College all profited by his gifts and wise counsels, the more valuable, because of the years of wide experience. At the head of all these enterprises, it will be very difficult to find the leaders to take his place, yet he was always ready to recognize the qualities of leadership is others.

Miss Lillian Horton, M. D., came to Korea in 1888 as lady physician to the Korean Queen. On March 14, 1889. Dr. Underwood and Miss Horton were married in Seoul, and the home then established was always open to friends from all countries, and their guest book would reveal the names of a multitude of persons who during the twenty-six years had enjoyed their hospitality.

Side by side with her husband, Mrs. Underwood has with faith and fortitude faced the dally problems, winning the confidence and love of the Korean people, and giving herself unstintedly to a solution of their problem.

Mrs. Underwood has greatly enjoyed literary work, and several books are the product of her pen, notably “Fifteen Years Among the Topknots,” and “With Tommy Tompkins in Korea.” For several years Mrs. Underwood was the editor of The Korea Mission Field, and undoubtedly her pen will again be very busy after her return to Korea, which we trust will be at no distant day.

Odds and Ends.

SACRIFICE.

Sacrifice, that is the offering of food to the spirits, is said to have come down from Sil-long, (神農) one of the legendary rulers of ancient China. His name, meaning Spirit-Farmer, is familiar to us as one of the signs still employed over an old fashioned drug-store. This law of sacrifice, dating from 2757 B. C., belonged to the Eastern world before Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees.

WITCHES.

Witches and fortune-tellers are said to be a part of our inheritance from the great Choo Kingdom that began its history when Samuel lived in Israel about 1100 B. c. To give them

up, as the Christians do and others as well, means a long break with the past, and cutting oneself off from one of the most familiar accompaniments of the East.

NETS.

Nets were first made by Pok-heui (伏羲) (2852 B. c.) and were used to trap animals and catch fish with. Koreans have never been very successful as fishers, but the Japanese have.

PORCELAIN DISHES.

Sil-long the Spirit-Farmer is also given credit for having been the first among Orientals to make these useful articles. One of the most interesting remains in Korea are its porcelain dishes. Masters the Koreans were at this fine art in olden days but they have forgotten it all. The manufacturers left no written trace of how they did it. Japan gives Korea great credit for the part she had in teaching them this art, and the interesting fact is that it was in the days of Korea’s degenerate porcelain (1600 A. D.) that she became the successful teacher of Japan.

OLD KOREAN STORIES II

(Note:- These stories illustrate the habits and superstitions of the Koreans prior to the time of the Tudors. Sung Hyun was a famous literati of the days of Henry VII and he made a record of these trifles as they took his fancy. The first of these will give the reader an idea of an old-fashioned rather vulgar practical joke. Another “Gold as Dross” tells of a very famous general whose portrait frequently hangs in the little hill shrines of the country. The women call him Ch’oi Il-chang-koon but just what they mean by it I am at a loss to know. His grave is near the county town of Ko-yang and anyone visiting it can see whether or not his death-saying has continued true through the last four hundred years since Sung Hyun’s day.

The last story throws light on what Koreans regard as a ‘bold front’ and tells also how mysteriously dreams find their fulfilment. I may add that what is said about the Seven Stars

of the Dipper in Korea would form a considerable part of a volume on religion and superstition. “Each according to His Mind” is by another writer of a later date.)

HAN CHONG-YOO. （韓宗念)

SUNG HYUN (1439-1504 A. D.)

When a young man, Han Chong-yoo (afterwards a famous minister of state), was given to all kinds of mischievous pranks that differed from anything of the sort ever seen before. Along with his companions he used to seek out places where witches and fortune-tellers congregated and take possession of their fare and devour the sacrificial offerings that they had had prepared. A wild dance would accompany this spoliation and a song sung to a tune called the ‘Willow Chorus.’ He and his group became known as the Wild Willow Band.

On one of these occasions Han blackened his hands with ink and went by night to a house where a dead body lay waiting. (Three months being the appointed time for the dead to remain in the home before burial). In front the body hung a curtain, and behind it Han hid completely out of sight. In the night the widow of the dead man came in with a table of food for sacrifice and other preparations for prayer. She knelt down and wept, saying “My husband, my husband, why have you left me? Where have you gone?” Just then her startled vision beheld two black hands come poking out from behind the curtain, and an eerie voice squeaked as spooks talk, “I’m here! I’m here!”

The wife frightened to death at the sight of it ran for her life, while Han turned to and ate the food and other offerings. This was only one of the many tricks played. Later, however, when he became a minister, his name was heralded abroad and the report of the many good works that he had done.

In later years he retired from office and went to live on an island in the Han River. He leaves these verses:

The light rain falls across the river plain,

Beyond the reeds I hear the flute’s clear note;

With all the skill His Kingship needs to rule.

I hold my rod and aim to catch a fish.

With black head-band and short coarse hempen coat,

I sit, while soft the breezes kiss my chin ;

My late return beholds the moon’s up-swing,

And blossoms scent my old, dry pilgrim staff.

EACH ACCORDING TO HIS MIND

BY YI CHE-SIN (1536-1583 A. D.)

A ferry boat was once crossing a river when the rough waves pounded and flung it about as though to drown everybody. There was a Buddhist priest aboard who kept praying ‘Na-moo A-mi-ta-pool! Na-moo A-mi-ta-pool!’ A sorcerer kept saying ‘Kak-hang chu-pang! Kak-hang chu-pang! (Angels of the starry firmament, Angels of the starry firmament). Fearing she was going to drown, a witch-woman aboard prayed thus: ‘A-wang manse! A-wang man-se!’ (Long live the king; Long live the king). A medicine man in the party made his humble petition : ‘I-choong-tang! i-choong­ tang.’ When at last the boat reached the shore a Confucianist scholar asked saying, ‘I understand how the priest, the sorcerer, and the witch-woman all prayed according to their beliefs, but what the medicine man meant by I-choong-tang l cannot make out.’ The medicine man replied, ‘I-choong-tang is medicine for the pai, stomach, of course, but it sounds the same as pai, boat, you know, and serves just as well in a prayer. We escaped you see.” On hearing this they all laughed.

THE CACKLING PRIEST

“There was once a Buddhist priest, a dwarf, who had a limp in.one leg. He went here and there through Seoul, day after day, entering the homes of the poor as well as those of great officials. In fact there was not a spot that he did not visit. He was the strangest creature, for he could clap his sides, pucker up his lips and crow just like a great coarse rooster. Again he would make a noise like two roosters in a fierce

fight, or again cackle like a hen. All imaginable sounds, such as these creatures make, he could imitate to perfection. He would set a whole village crowing by his antics. Then he would shake himself and sing:

For my one self, one room’s enough.

My body finds these rags most dear.

When old King Hell shouts out for me,

I’ll simply say I’m here, I’m here.

‘King Kwan-eum oh, Kwan-eum oh king,

This word I say, this song I sing;

When my time comes to say farewell,

Save me lest I drop down to hell’

“With such songs he entertained his hearers, singing them to the tunes the farmers use.

“Crowds of children used to follow him and he would say, ‘My following beats the world. No minister of state ever could equal me.’ He used to get as much sometimes as a bag of rice in a single day.’’

GOLD AS DROSS

When Ch’oi Yung (崔출) was a youth his father used to counsel him, saying, “Whenever you see gold count it as dross.”

Ch’oi wrote this saying on his girdle string, wore it on his breast, and lived it out till the end of his life. As a minister of state his honoured name became known both at court and in the provinces, for he never accepted a favour or took a penny from another. He kept on hand barely enough for his simple needs.

It was a custom among the ministers to invite each other to their homes to spend the day, and have a game of paddok. In doing this they vied with each other as to who should give the best fare and most abundant entertainment. Ch’oi, however, acted in a manner quite different from the others. At his home when the noon hour arrived and something was expected, no refreshments were forth coming. Only when the evening shades began to fall did a coarse dish of millet offer

itself to their belated appetites. Being terribly hungry they ate it with special relish, saying, “This dish is of most excellent flavour.”

Ch’oi laughed and said, “This is the way a soldier fares.”

At that time T’ai-jo (afterwards first king of the Yi Dynasty), a noted general wrote a line of poetry that ran : *With one short sword I saved our household gods*, and then asked someone else to add a companion line. The other ministers had not the courage to try it, till Ch’oi took his pen and wrote: *And with my whip I won both gods and men*. Those seeing this applauded and remarked how true it was.

Ch’oi found many evils in the doings of his retainers Im and Yum, had them tried, condemned and beheaded, and according to custom of the times destroyed their families as well. Finally he himself fell a victim to the malice of Tai-jo, and as he was called upon to die he said, “During my lifetime I was careful to do what was right, except in the one case of Im and Yum. With them and their families I realize that I was over severe and did wrong. If indeed I have ever had other ambitions or evil designs let the green grass grow on my grave, but if not, may the brown earth cover me only.”

His grave is in Ko-yang and till to-day no green grass clothes it but the red clay only, hence its name Hong Poon, Red Tomb.

THE MAN OF COURAGE.

When Maing Sa-sung, (孟思誠) was Minister of State he acted also as Minister of Law, while Pak An-sin was his secretary. They together arrested the son-in-law of the king and after inquiry into his evil deeds decided on his execution. Without reporting the matter to his Majesty they had him summarily beheaded.

On hearing of it the king was terribly angry and gave orders to have the two offenders bound to a cart and taken to the open market for public execution.

Minister Maing on realizing his fate turned pale from fear and was speechless. His secretary Pak, however, was wholly unmoved, not in the least afraid. He called his chief by his given name, “Maing Sa-sung-ah. We are both condemned, you and I, so there is no longer need to stand on formalities. I used to think that you were a brave man ; what can possibly make you act the coward on a day like this? Call to mind the ancients.”

He shouted then to one of the servants to bring him a tile, but the servant refused to heed him. Pak wheeled toward him with blazing eyes and said, “If you don’t do as I tell you I’ll haunt your soul after death till I drive it from your terror­stricken body.”

His voice and face were so terrible that the servant obeyed at once and brought the tile. Pak wrote on it a verse, scratching it with a cornered piece of earthernware.

I failed to do the duty of my lord,

And so I gladly die.

My only fear is that the King’s good name,

May suffer through my loss.

He gave it to the soldier with orders that he carry it at once to the palace. Fearful to refuse, away the servant went and presented it. Just at that time Minister Sung Suk-im, although unwell, came in a chair and learning of the situation, with all his might urged the King to moderation in their behalf. At last his Majesty gave way and their lives were spared.

When Maing was a young man, he was made master of the sacrifices to be offered to the Old Philosopher (Founder of Taoism). While in preparation for this he had a dream one night, when a servant came running to him and shouted “The seven stars of the Dipper, sir, have come to call on you.” Maing came out to the court to receive them with all due reverence, when six high lords came stepping in. The seventh he recognized as no other than Sun Suk-im.

Now, condemned to death in the market, he suddenly learned that his life had been spared through the efforts of Sung Suk-im.

For the rest of his days he regarded Sung as his revered father, and after his death, even in rain and snow, Maing never failed to dismount from his horse on passing Sung’s shrine.

 YOUNG OON.

QUESTIONS.

4.-What is the oldest piece of Korean composition known?

It is found in the Chinese book called the Ko-tang-si(古唐詩) and was written by a woman about the beginning of the Christian era. It is called the Kong-hoo-in (Kong-hoo Tune).

The song Kong-hoo was written by the wife of a Korean sailor, Kwak-ni Cha-go, whose name was Yaw-ok. Cha-go rose early one morning to scull his boat across the river, when a wild man with a white head came swimming toward him in the whirling water. The man’s wife followed after him to the bank to stop him, but before she could lay hold, he was into the stream and drowned. In her distress she sang a wild song of lamentation, and then plunged in after him and was drowned likewise. Cha-go, the sailor, returned and told his wife what he had seen. She was greatly upset by it and wrote this song.

Kong-moo-to-ha 公無渡河 T’a-ha-i-sa 壅河而死

Kong-kyung-to-ha公竟渡河 Chang-na-kong-ha. 將奈公阿

(The Wife) I shouted to avoid the stream,

But he unheeding plunged him in ;

Down, deep beneath, he sinks from sight,

What shall he do? Alas for him!

The foreign attempt at a translation gives the reader no idea of its worth, but this old note, added, is suggestive. “The ancients criticizing this said, ‘Each line has its special measure of music: and each measure its expression of sorrow. The lines are short and the verse very very sad.’“

5.- Where did the Koreans first get their idea of white

clothes?

Before answering let me quote the following from the Yul-yu Keui-sool:

“In the first year of King Choong-yul of Koryu (1275 A.D.), a memorial was written from the Office of Historians saying ‘We in the East, who reside under the element *wood*, should wear green or blue as our colour, white being the colour that goes with *metal* and pertains to the West. Our people dress commonly in white, a proof that the element *wood* is under the power of *metal*. We ask that the wearing of white be forbidden.” It was.

Many times the wearing of white was forbidden afterward, once in 1592, and again in 1660, and for a third time in 1691.

In 1767 the king issued an order saying, “When we forbade the use of white, some one remarked ‘Keui-ja wore white, and so white is the custom of our country.’ I am grieved to think that you have forgotten what Keui-ja taught and think only of his clothes, a far-fetched idea surely!”

Though there is no definite record that says so, tradition has it that white clothes came down from Keui-ja and in spite of the natural elements being against them, and edicts promulgated to forbid their use, they still hold their own to-day.

(Any questions regarding things Korean from the readers of the Magazine will be welcomed.)

KOREA’S NOTED WOMEN. II.

These are not Korean women and yet they occupy the soul of this people as no women of their own race ever do. As I said in the last issue, their place here is much that of the Jewish women in the mind and soul of Europe.

A-WHANG AND YU-YUNG.

Among the mysteries of the Far East are the names Yo and Soon. All that is told of them in the Book of History can be read through in a few minutes and yet it constitutes a text for endless counsels to East Asia. The wisdom of Solomon, the gentle traits of King Arthur and the faultless rule of King Alfred the Great all pale before these two masters of ancient China. They date somewhere about 2300 B. c. and yet they live to-day. The vigour of the sparkling eye and tinted cheek

continues with them, so that official and literati alike still take their measure from these mighty lords of antiquity.

Yo had many sons, but they failed to come up to the imperial standard, and so he set them aside. He cast his eye on Soon, the son of a commoner, and yet his requirements were to be as rigid and unbending as those of Samuel when he came seeking a king in the house of Jesse.

Desiring to know more definitely what kind of mind and heart Soon had, before the final decision, King Yo gave him his two daughters, A-whang and Yu-yung as his wives. The state was the question with him; they were only two girls. The state is gone to-day, but these two live.

They consented and bowed their wills to that of their father, and became models for all the submissive daughters of the East. There was no question of their rights, or their personality, or individual choice. They yielded unquestioningly to another and they live to-day supreme in the celestial spheres. I ask my friend Kim what they did that was so wonderfully great.

His reply is that they were entirely given up to their husband as good wives should be. This self-sacrifice may be good for the wife, but I question whether it is good for Kim. However, as truly as the moon has cast aside its soul and consents to ride across the sky, a dead and lifeless thing, so queens A­whang and Yu-yung made their journey reflecting only the glory of their lord. They are known par-excellence as princess­sages, sweet and dear. There is no word of their special beauty. I imagine that some compelling sphere must have attended their ways, so that the world that came in contact with them was forever after chained a prisoner by their grace and loveliness.

King Soon on a journey through his kingdom fell ill and died at Chang-o Mountains central China. These faithful women hastened to render him assistance, but they arrived too late, and found that he was already dead.

They wept for him on the banks of the So-sang River and their tears spotted the stems and leaves of the bamboo. This tear-marked bamboo is almost like the cross before the fading

eyes of the Christian, so deep is its hold upon the women of Asia. The story runs that in the end they cast themselves into the river and were drowned.

I can get from Kim no other light than that they were wonderfully faithful, which fact I surely admit. They had no vote; they hadn’t even the shadow of a choice, and yet Asia, especially Korea, says, “A-whang, A-whang, Yu-yung, Yu-yung.”

There is a famous story in Chosen of a girl called *Choon­hyang* “Spring-fragrance” whose name in no small way reflects the glory of these daughters of King Yo. She had been arrested by a cruel governor who required that she submit to his demands. She bowed her refusal and was beaten. This hardened her tender soul to flint, and setting her lips she made her choice to die. She was beaten again and again till all consciousness fled. “ln the flash of a moment,” says the story, “she had gone thousands of *li*, to the So-sang River. She dreamed not where she was, but went on and on till she was met by angels dressed in beautiful white garments, who came up to her and bowed courteously saying, ‘Our Lady Superior invites you, please follow.’

“They trimmed their lights and led the way. Arriving at a raised terrace, with an inscription over it in large gilded letters, she read, ‘The Whang-neung Temple of Faithful Women.” Her soul was filled with dazzled wonder as she looked about her. Upon a raised dais she saw two queenly ladies each holding in the hand a jewelled sceptre. They invited her up beside them but Choon-hyang modestly declined saying, ‘I am but a humble dweller in the dusty world, and dare not mount to the place of honour to which you invite me.’

“The ladies hearing this replied, ‘Wonderful! Beautiful! We always said, from ancient times, that Chosen was a land of courtesy and faithfulness. The teachings of Keui-ja remain with you still, so that even one born of a dancing-girl is chaste and true in life. The other day when I entered the glorious portals of heaven, I heard your praises being sung, filling the celestial spheres with music. I longed to see your face and could not further rest, so I have called you all this distance to

the So-sang River. I am greatly anxious, too, for having given one so good and dear so great a trouble. Since the beginning of time glory ever follows in the wake of the bitter pains and crosses of this life. The same pertains to women as to men.’

“Choon-hyang bowed twice before the dais and said, ‘Though I am untaught I have read in the ancient books the story of your Ladyships, and my wish was ever to remember it waking and sleeping. I had even longed to die so that I might look upon your faces. To-day I now meet and see you in this temple of the Yellow Shades. So let me die and I shall have no murmurings any more to offer.’ ‘The ladies, hearing this said in reply, ‘You say you know us, come up here and sit beside us.’

“The waiting women saw her up and when they had seated her, one said, ‘You say you know us, let me tell you now: The great Emperor Soon went on a tour through the south lands till he reached the Chang-o Mountains where he died. We two, his consorts, having no longer hope in life, went into the bamboo grove hard by, and wept tears of blood. To-day, still, you will see on each branch and leaf the marks of our sorrowing souls. Till the Chang-o Mountains fall, and the So-sang River dries away, the marks of our tears on the bamboo will never cease to show. For a thousand years we have had no place to tell our sorrow, till at last we meet with you, and our souls find companionship.’“

STUDENT OF THE ORIENT.

MEDICAL EQUIPMENT OF OUR STATIONS.

BY DR. A. H. NORTON.

(Read before a recent Workers’ Conference in Seoul).

Ever since this Conference was called and I knew that medical work was to receive a share of the discussion, I have been thinking what might and ought to be brought to your attention which would stimulate a discussion leading to some definite and constructive end. Without disparaging what has been accomplished already, I think most of us realize that we

have been lacking in a policy of development according to which we might work toward some definite aim. When we have spoken of policy, I fancy even the word itself has had an indistinct sound in our ears. I for one, have felt the want of a policy but lacked the ability to define this something which was wanting. It is for this reason that I am especially grateful to two bodies of men who, working separately, have dealt with two phases of the question and given us an idea, both of what ought to be done and how to do it. I refer in the first place to the Medical Committee of the Conference of Eastern Asia, and in the second place to a committee appointed by a group of men interested in Medical Missionary work, who at their own instance met in New York and appointed the committee to make representations to the Foreign Missions Conference of North America which met in New York last January. Dr. Avison was chairman of that committee and has already spoken before our Mission on the plans which this Committee outlined, so I am simply calling your attention to it again.

It is simply out of the question to discuss in a small way, the equipping of our medical institutions. It is from the very start a question of funds. The Committee of Eastern Asia Conference has set before us a standard which ought to be our minimum and has given us a method of rating so that the approach of each institution to that standard may be figured in percentages, and the Committee in America formulated a plan by which it is reasonable to suppose this standard can be attained. I know that any action which might be taken by our mission alone cannot effect the changes we desire but as every little helps, it might affect the situation favorably.

Before taking up the proposals made by these committees I want to speak for a moment of the causes which seem to have prompted their action. The fundamental cause no doubt was the deep conviction that medical work is not being carried on as it should be. A questionnaire sent out by the secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference to all medical missionaries brought back responses which dug the conviction still deeper. Two leading questions were asked.

First, “What are your chief difficulties in attaining your aims as a physician?”

Second, “What lines of inquiry do you suggest as a means of strengthening the medical missionary work?”

The answers were correlated and grouped under five heads.

I. Lack of proper Staff and Assistants.

II. Tendency to Lower Standards.

III. Lack of Proper Buildings and Equipment.

IV. Native Inertia and Opposition.

V. Lack of Interest in America.

I cannot quote the discussion under each head given in the report of the Conference as it would take too long, but one of the speakers after reading extracts from several missionaries’ letter, summed it up as follows: “I could go on reading many more of these extracts but I think these show very clearly three points. First, There must be some change in the method of conducting medical work. Second, There must be some way devised to give better financial support to our medical missionaries. They need hospital libraries, and better instruments ; and Third, Every hospital should have at least two doctors and a trained nurse, with facilities for training natives to do the detail work.”

This is the consensus of opinion and the conclusion of doctors regarding medical missionary work the world over. Now coming nearer home, just what have been and are the conditions in our own field and our own mission.

Dr. Sharrocks, in the July number of The Korea Mission Field, deals with the situation in the Presbyterian Mission as follows:

“I know there are those in our Mission who look askance at any enlargement of the Medical Department. I give them credit for doing so out of a fear that the more institutional the Mission becomes, the less evangelistic it will be. May I say here for the comfort of such that the Medical Department of our Mission has been growing less and less in relative importance, year by year. At the beginning the Mission force was 100% Medical. The arrival of Mrs. Allen cut it to 50% Dr. Underwood’s arrival reduced it to 33% but the coming of Dr.

and Mrs. Heron a little later again raised it to 40%. For several years the medical force remained above 25%. That ratio gradually fell to 16%, . . . till at present there are 10 units among 131 members or less than 7¾. If the addition to the medical force had kept pace with the growth of the Mission during the last sixteen years there would be twenty-one doctors instead of ten.”

I cannot be so graphic in regard to our own mission as I haven’t the names and dates, so will have to come at it in a little different way. Taking my data from the last conference report I find that of the total number of missionaries sent to Korea by the Methodist Episcopal Church including the W. F. M. S., 18.1, have been medical. Of the present membership of the Methodist Episcopal Miss ion 12.4% are medical. In round numbers this will be seen to be a decrease of 1/3 in the relative numbers. These figures are a little better than those shown by Dr. Sharrocks probably because I have included the nurses and he did not. It may be that someone will say, that having done their work as way openers and prejudice breakers medical missions are not as much needed as formerly, but I fancy that so few really take this ground that it is not worth while to discuss it. Suffice it to say that opinion finds no indorsement among the medical workers, who firmly believe that the ministry to the suffering body will be needed as long as there is suffering.

The proportionate decrease in attention paid to medical missions is under the circumstances quite natural. Missions being a function of the church, our Boards are composed of clergymen whose major interest is, of course, evangelistic. There are not more than four doctors among all the officials of all the Boards of North America. The Foreign Missions Conference of North America was organized in 1893. I have not had access to their report prior to 1910 but since that time no mention is made of medical missions, unless incidental, until 1914 when we find a short dissertation on the preparation of medical missionaries. This year due to the request of the above mentioned committee medical missions were given a place on the program and 57 intensely interesting

pages of the Report indicate that real progress is being made. The value of medical missions as an asset to the general missionary propaganda and the church’s obligation to provide this sort of service, as well as the inadequate way it is being done—these facts and much more are clearly set forth.

Let us look for a moment now at the specifications which the Medical Committee of the Eastern Asia Conference set forth as constituting the standard Hospital Equipment. The committee’s reason for going at it in this way I quote from their report. “Realizing the wide variety of method, equipment, and general efficiency of our Methodist Hospitals and believing that a comparative study of this subject looking toward a method of standardization and classification would be full of stimulus and helpful suggestion to our workers on the field, we recommend that such a study and classification be undertaken by the Quadrennium committee on Medical work.

“As a model of methods for this work of investigation and standardization we draw attention to the great work as accomplished by the American Medical Association in standardizing the medical colleges of America. We believe that a similar study· of our hospital work by a committee of competent men on the field . . . might be fraught with far­reaching consequences for good . . .

“The suggestion for rating and standardizing according to a table of percentages is as follows:

I. Staff, 25%. Per cent

a.—1 Foreign Physician for every 60 patients 4.5

b.—1 “ Nurse “ “ “ “ 4.5

c.—1 Native graduate Physician “ “ 4.5

d.—2 “ “ nurses “ “ 4.5

e.—8 Student nurses, 4 orderlies and sufficient servants, 4.5

f.— Adequate provision for furlo and superintendence during summer months 2.5 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 25.

II. Physical Equipment, 25%

a.— Adequate air space (500 cu. ft. for each patient),

ventilation and light 2.0

b.— Floors, walls, and woodwork without cracks,

admitting of throrough cleaning 2.0

c.— Iron beds with ample bedding and bedclothes for patients 2.0

d. — Hospital building, kitchen and latrine adequately screened 2.2

e.— Miscellaneous furniture, chairs, bedside tables,

medicine cabinets, etc. adequate and sanitary. 1.0

f.— Proper and sufficient light and heat . 1.0

g.— Adequate bath and toilet rooms (1 for each eight patients

suggested) also ample linen closets, store rooms etc. 2.2

h.— Adequate hallways, stairways and verandas and suitable

fire protection and means of escape 1.

i.— Operating room, Adequate lighting, asceptic furniture,

including operating-table, instrument table, dressing

and medicine cabinets, Suitable scrub-up arrangements

for surgeon and assistants. Separate sterilizing room

properly equipped with sterilizers for instruments,

dressing and water 5.4

j.— Laboratory—light, clean and equipped with microscope,

centrifuge, chemicals, glassware; alcohol stove, etc. 2.2

k.— Accommodation for kitchen, laundry, storehouse and

servants . 2.0

l.— Adequate provision for contagious cases, also morgue. 1.0

m.— Suitable residences for doctors and nurses and native

assistants. 1.0

 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

 25

III. House Management 25%

a.— Nursing system—competence and discipline of nursing

 staff and comfort and well-being of patients 6.5

b.— House Service system—competence and discipline of

 servants and orderlies and cleanliness of buildings 6.0

c.— Food system—competence of cooking and serving and

 competent arrangements for a special diet 6.5

d.— Laundry system 6.0

 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 25.

IV. Evangelistic Efficiency, 25%

a.— Pleasant and convenient chapel and sufficient and

 suitable literature for distribution 6.0

b.— Sufficient competent Evangelistic workers i. e. preacher

 and Bible woman 6.3

c.— Cooperative an direct work of foreign physician and

 nurse in preaching to patients and evangelistic

 teaching of nurses and staff 6.4

d.— Bible teaching and preaching by native assistants and

nurses \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_6.3

 25.

According to this table of percentages Dr. Anderson rates his hospital at 72%. adding that, “If special gifts were taken out of receipts here it would cut down my present efficiency from 72% to 46%” He thinks that when so large a part of the work depends upon gifts thus personally obtained it is a “hindrance to efficiency” although a certain amount of correspondence for special

gifts is not necessarily a burden.

Following Dr. Anderson’s example I have tried to rate the Haiju Hospital according to this table and find it foots up about 75. I have no figures on Dr. Follwell’s institution but think it would be materially better than either of the others.

You will notice that these specifications say nothing about two doctors to each hospital nor list anything at all elaborate yet we can barely reach a low grade passing mark. Some of the weaknesses are matters of training and organization which are in the process of correction, but nevertheless the greatest deficiencies have to do with funds with which to procure equipment, pay current expenses, and qualified assistants as they become available. I have said very little about having two foreign physicians in each hospital and I presume only a small minority of my hearers would vote for such a move, nevertheless in medical circles this is the most talked of and keenly felt want. The field of medicine and surgery is now so broad that in striving to cover it all one man becomes too thin to perceive. Not only the need for each to assume his proper specialty, but the need for council is often keenly felt and the responsibility devolving on one man from the lack of it is often a heavy burden when lives hang in the balance. When in America I spoke before the Student Volunteer Band at the University of Michigan, and was asked by one first year student of medicine if there was any one thing I wished I had specialized in. I replied I wished I had specialized in the Diseases of Men, Women and Children. The student departed without a word, apparently thinking I was crazy. But what else could I say? The problems are so various that it seems futile to direct more attention to one than another. The Government’s attitude toward us must also be taken into consideration. I shall feel humiliated to be forced to be modem by a Government when all modernity owes its existence to the Christ whom we preach. Then again what are we going to do about furlos? My work suffered about 50% while I was on furlo and now a year is past and we have regained only about half of the loss. Dr. Anderson is now about to go and who is to take his place? To leave any available Korean in charge without any foreign supervision of the business and of the work would, I think, demoralize both Korean and work. While I was gone a missionary took good care of the accounts. The professional end of it was left to the Korean doctor. He tried to curry

favor with everybody but in the end pleased really no one and was glad to leave. At present the only alternative to closing I think is another foreign physician to put in charge, and closed hospitals are about as poor dividend payers as I know of.

Then too, medical itinerating is a line of missionary activity which would be exceedingly profitable to the work, and is a method followed by the Government to popularize their hospitals at the present time. I don’t need to enlarge on the opportunities the itinerant doctor would have of preaching and healing those who either will not or can not go to the hospital, and many also could be induced to go to the hospital for the treatment which could not be given on the itinerary.

What little I have tried of this work has shown that it is very well worth doing and increases the reputation and knowled.ge of the hospital to a gratifying extent. However I doubt the advisability of undertaking it in the absence of a colleague, as in the doctor’s absence patients from long distances may be greatly disappointed and take word back to their villages that the doctor has gone. There are still many parts of our district where the people do not know that I have returned from America.

The necessity of a trained nurse and her pupils is no longer a debatable question. Once the former is secured the latter follows as a logical sequence inasmuch as any assistants must be trained, and the pupils are the most satisfactory and cheapest assistants available. They reckon their training in lieu of wages and it simply means putting a little system into the course of instruction and following it regularly. A proper hospital staff is also an adequate teaching force. I think every hospital should engage in this work.

As a policy for the medical work of our mission I think the standard suggested by the committee of the Eastern Asia Conference very well meets our present needs but I should like to see it expanded in the near future to provide for two doctors in each hospital and considerable equipment which is not mentioned. But many of you are doubtless thinking “how can these improvements be brought about under present

conditions.” This question was in the mind of one of the members of the Foreign Missions Conference when he asked the missionaries whether they wanted this increase in material equipment badly enough to curtail other branches of work.

No affirmative answer was given at the Conference as no one thought that the only alternative. If it were to be left entirely to the resources of the Mission Boards as at present constituted, it is doubtful if they would be able to meet the demands, however willing they might be. It seems to me that it is here that the plan proposed by the committee to the Foreign Missions Conference becomes of interest. So far as I know it is the first plan looking toward the solution of the problem of medical mission support on broad and adequate lines. You have already heard it discussed by Dr. Avison about a year ago. I think it was adopted at that time with some sort of reservation. I bring it to your attention again as I think some such move must be made, or the matter of equipping our medical work will end merely in discussion. I here quote only a small portion of what is known in the report of the Conference as “The four-page letter.’’ omitting that which has to do with medical education as not corning within the range of this paper, and the following are considerations upon which the plan is based:

1. A medical missionary plant cannot be made to yield the best results as a missionary agency without at the same time being itself developed to a high state of medical efficiency representing a high standard of professional work.

2. While some of our medical institutions have been considerably improved in recent years, many of them still have very inferior buildings, inadequate equipment, too few workers, and insufficient funds for current expenses.

3. While our dispensaries and hospitals as they have existed have served a useful purpose in introducing the Gospel to larger numbers, and may continue to do this service for some time to come, it is evident that as Government institutions of a better type are established and our poorer ones are seen in comparison, ours will lose in influence and must be improved to meet the new conditions . . .

(After a few paragraphs referring mostly to education the report continues)

A plan for reorganization of our medical work, which to a considerable extent is the outcome of suggestions made by doctors, board secretaries. and others, is herewith submitted for consideration.

The Plan would call for

1. The co-operation of all the Boards in all medical work of a given region.

2. The separation of funds for medical work from those of the general work.

3. The appointment of

(10 A secretary at the Home Base to have general oversight of medical work and the raising of funds for this special phase of missionary activity.

(2) A Home Base Advisory Committee made up largely of medical men whose professional standing and high Christian character would insure the highest ideals for the work both in professional standards and evangelistic methods and at the same time enlist and hold the confidence of those able and willing to give to a work plainly worthy of their interest.

(3) Field Committees of the medical men of given districts to advise the missions and Boards as to location, standard, equipment and manning of the various hospitals and pass on their budgets .

A medical work thus planned and supported would doubtless attract the gifts of many not otherwise interested in Mission work and the work would thus be carried on at a higher standard without encroaching on the funds for other forms of missionary enterprise, but rather winning. new contributors to all the funds. This opinion is confirmed by the experience of those Boards in Great Britain which have given the plan for separate funds for medical work a fair trial.

I am one of those who believe that greater co-operation in the medical work in a given region could be productive of nothing but good. It has been attempted considerably already

through the Medical Association but never really carried far enough to bear much fruit. It ought to be undertaken officially and many things carried on in a co-operative manner.

The separation of funds is merely a device for securing better support and where tried it has been shown to work no ill to the other branches. Surely no one could oppose it if it secures more money for missionary work. I said a little bit

ago that there were few medical men on the Boards and that there was a complaint from the missionaries of the lack of interest at home. The appointment of a special medical Secretary is designed to meet these needs as well as secure more money. The Home Base Advisory Committee composed of the right sort of men would certainly be of the first importance and Medical Missions should avail themselves of such help.

Field Committees functionating as above indicated ought to be able to raise the general standard of efficiency many per cent. I wish we as a Mission might adopt as our standard that proposed by the Eastern Asia Conference Committee, and also do everything in our power to induce all the Boards at work in Korea to adopt the plan above quoted and at least give it a fair trial. Much has already been done and what we can do may help.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION

(Continued from the January number.)

“Strange,” said Mr. Kim gently at first, turning in his tracks and looking the other man over, “I did not mean to offend, and as for the question that you have raised, it is just this way, if you will permit me to reply by means of an illustration. I have had some acquaintance with Western Foreigners, and among them are some physicians and surgeons ; on occasion I have been called upon to stand by and watch the surgeon do his work. A diseased limb which under the treatment of our physicians proved fatal, in his hands the patient is saved by having the limb cut off. Now Korea is sick unto death and in order to heal her she must have some of her rotten limbs cut off and thrown away. Of course it hurts, but think of the benefit. It will give the people life—but what is more to the point it will give everlasting life to the man who suffers the losses of these ancient things provided he obtains the life that the one Great Physician can give. Now what the Christians do is in love,” here Mr. Kim’s oratorical voice returned to him, and placing his hand on his hip as his teacher often did while teaching and preaching, he ended with a flourish, “Yes, we Christians love every one—we love our enemies.”

“Love,” the other repeated in deep disgust, “love—that is if you love my wife.”

“Your wife,” said Mr. Kim with a gasp of astonishment, “I never saw your wife, and I have one of my own. I never saw you before.” Here he checked himself, and the stranger broke in as if he had not been interrupted.

“When she goes to church she sits in a room where she can see the preacher’s face and then explains away the shame of it by saying that the Christians love each other. Your own

words just now prove the wickedness of your deed ..:... You said that you had not seen her, with the inference that you love not those whom you do not see, so the Christians do not love from principle, eh? they love from contact. I will not have it!” he continued with growing anger, “l will kill her!”

Mr. Kim, recalling his own foolish and futile struggles with Madam Kim, swung into the middle of the road again too bewildered to reply. The stranger was a small wiry man of about thirty five. He stood at least six inches shorter than Mr. Kim. His head was high and narrow, his nose crooked downward. His eyes were black and piercing, his hair, eyebrows, and beard was as black as a raven. His beard was carefully combed to a point below the chin but at the tips it fared rebelliously outward. He finally gave his name as Mr. Cho of Standing Stone. When he learned that Mr. Kim was from Rocky Ridge he smiled at the similarity of the names but when he learned that Mr. Kim was bound to pass through his town and, indeed, was expecting to stop to preach there the smile died on his lips.

Finally Mr. Kim ventured to say, “Stranger, it seems to me that it is not a question of obedience on either the husband’s or the wife’s side, but the sensible way in such matters is to find out the truth and then follow it whatever the cost. Water will not run up hill: no amount of fault finding will m:ike it, either. You would hardly think of taking a club and chastising a stream because it would not obey you; now, when a woman finds what she thinks is the truth, she will cling to it, beating will kill her but it will not change her any more than it will the course of a stream, because it is likewise against her nature.”

‘‘Think you are right about their being stubborn,” said the little man, “married men all know that. l am weary of beating my wife, indeed I am at my wit’s end, and the last time she went to church against my commands I chopped off one of her fingers; as it did no good I threatened to kill her. Look here, stranger,” he continued, pointing his chin at Mr. Kim. “Answer now, do you Christians not beat your wives? Did you not beat your wife?”

Mr. Kim took several steps before answering, and then turned a half embarrassed look upon his companion.

“Did you ever hear of Paul,” he began, when Mr. Cho broke in imperiously : “No evasion now, did you, or didn’t you?” “As I was saying,” continued Mr. Kim, undisturbed, “there was a man by the name of Paul who wrote a good deal of what we know as our Sacred Book ; in his reference to his non-christian life, he called himself the chief of sinners. I have possessed like distinction with this great man, but I have had even more reasons to be notorious than he, for I was in addition the chief of all fools. You may smile, humor is better than garrulity. The fact is I beat my wife to make her pray.”

“Did she give in?” asked Mr. Cho with a hint of sympathetic interest.

“On the outside, yes, but on the inside, no more than does your wife. I gave in at last myself when I found the real truth; then when I asked forgiveness, she gave in and of her own free will became a Christian. I can understand,” he added reflectively, ‘‘how you beat your wife when she became a Christian, but I cannot understand how I beat mine for not becoming one. I think that I was never young. The substance of my brain was a filtered mass from my ancestry and it was always old. I conceived spiritual things only from the force of sledge hammer blows until one night-- “

“There you are again, berating your ancestors,” exclaimed Mr. Cho. “I have not known you long but I venture the only wise thing you ever said was when you called yourself a fool. You confess that on a certain moment, after a few days of consideration, you threw away the teachings of thousands of years. A glass of wine will make a man of sober habits drunk and crazy and revile his ancestors ; is that more than you have just done? though when I think of it,” he continued with a sudden sparkle in his eyes, “the spirits of such an offspring would be content, did you never more prattle their names, and I have no doubt that in their bright conclaves they congratulate each other that they possess no descendants beyond the name of your father ; so rattle on you bit of flotsam; you may have offspring, but you have no ancestors.’’

Mr. Kim fought back the reply that sprung to his lips and plodded on, but down in his soul he resolved that by God’s help he would win Mr. Cho to Christ. With that thought filling his mind with enthusiastic resolve he turned around and looked his companion over. Mr. Cho saw the resolve written in every line of Mr. Kim’s face and defiance flashed out from the depth of his being and his eyes glittered dangerously. Not a word was spoken but the challenge was accepted as definitely as if it had been written in their blood. Mr. Kim turned and walked ahead a long time in silence but feeling greatly humbled for letting his manner betray his purpose. When he spoke again it was with great gentleness that should have disarmed even a fiercer spirit that Mr. Cho.

At the mid-day meat Mr. Cho spoke civilly and Mr. Kim hoped for a reconciliation, but it was only a truce.

In the mid-afternoon the road turned westward and when their lengthening shadows stretched out behind them, a boy, with his hair down his back, stepped in behind Mr. Cho. The fluff, fluff, of his loose trousers as he kept pace with them irritated Mr. Cho. Suddenly he turned sharply on the lad and shouted:

“Get off from it! get off, I say!”

“Ya-e!” replied the bewildered boy looking down at his muddy feet and then up the back of Mr. Cho. Doubtful of what was meant he fell somewhat behind, but was directly plodding at their heels.

“Didn’t I tell you to get off from it? Off I say, it is mine; you offspring of a plebeian—how dare you?’’

The boy flushed up in his surprise and fell behind again.

Mr. Kim turned about with a surprised inquiry on his face.

“What is it?” he asked.

“What is it? What is it?” Mr. Cho repeated imitating

Mr. Kim’s voice. ‘‘It is my shadow. . He has been tramping with his dirty plebeian feet on my shadow. I won’t have the insult,” and the boy shrank farther back.

“On your shadow,” repeated Mr. Kim. “Why you have been tramping on mine for the last two hours.”

“That may be,” replied Mr. Cho, “but I am a patrician,”

and he raised his short figure to its full height and expanded his chest, “I am a patrician and have not trimmed my little finger nails for ten years. Your hands proclaim you a son of toil. My ancestors, Sir, were of noble blood. Now what were yours?” and he looked up aggressively into Mr. Kim’s face.

“Mine,” said Mr. Kim, and he struggled to keep the note of danger from his voice. “Mine? I have the record which is two thousand years old. Five of my ancestors were generals in his majesty’s army ; three of them gave their lives for their kings and country; others rendered noble service and were not without reward. Noble rank has not passed our clan. And more, there never was one among them who was afraid of men, devils, or honest toil. Tell me about yours,” he said, looking full into the other’s face. The little man’s eyes shifted before Mr. Kim’s steady look.

“Just as I inferred,” Mr. Cho replied, “these generals met their just reward by the unerring hand of Fate, the other two escaped because of mercy and not from merit. Ills that befall men in this life are their due. Calamity is not an accident, it is always just punishment. My ancestors have been people of peace. Fortune has recognized their merit and surrounded them with luxury. The tiled house, servants, and learning have always been theirs. You think that I am traveling on foot because of a slim purse? If I had not scorned to do so I would have told you before that my donkey died and the driver stole my money. I tell you I never allow any man, old or young, large or small, to tread on my shadow.”

“I am disposed,” said Mr. Kim slowly, “to agree with your philosophy. The loss of your donkey was a just punishment from the unerring hand of Fate and the thief is guiltless in obeying the behest of Fate. And I think now that I ought to give you a good thrashing as it would satisfy a strong impulse of mine, and, as it would be a just act of Fate, you would get your desert. and I could by no possible reason be blamed. Indeed, if Fate rewards and punishes justly I should be greatly rewarded for such an act. Still I feel perplexed at the amount of punishment that Fate determines for you, as I can scarcely understand how so small a body can hold so much conceit.”

Mr. Kim blocked the road and stood looking down on the top of Mr. Cho’s head.

“There you are again,” exclaimed Mr. Cho, “preaching love even for your enemies, and itching to beat one who compares ancestors with you. That is all your religion is worth. Bah! and you would force it upon other people!”

Mr. Kim turned abruptly in his path and walked on in silence, but finally turned to face his companion and said : “You are right, sir, and I wholly wrong. I am greatly humiliated. I beg of you not to do as I do but as I preach, or rather think not that my actions are an interpretation of the Gospel truth.”

“Ugh!” said Mr. Cho, “concern not yourself, I care not for you, or your teaching. Would I sully my tongue by mentioning your doctrine with the name of Confucius? What recommendations has your faith ever made? You do not profess to live up to your teaching? Bah! you who profess to be a teacher! and you a descendant from so rare an ancestry!”

Mr. Kim strode on with new energy while his fingers contended with his conscience. The old Mr. Kim would have trounced the man, the new Mr. Kim did not dare, and great humility filled his head. The sinking sun lengthened the shadow of Mr. Cho and drove the boy far back across the plain and they traveled in silence.

The next morning Mr. Kim was not displeased that his road companion had met a friend who had loaned him money with which he had secured a donkey and would ride on ahead; but he knew that they would meet again, though he little knew then what such meetings would mean to them both.

CHAPTER IV

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE

On a certain mid-afternoon, Mr. Kim stopped at a village called School Hill. The name suggests a seat of learning, but the only visible sign of that character was a small hut in the midst of the town where he was greeted with an uproar of

discordant voices from the throats of a score of boys who shouted Chinese characters while they industriously wiped the perspiration from their faces. The village lined the back of a stream and the houses were closely packed together, each buffeting its neighbor in the effort to get close to the water’s edge. A few had boldly strode out over the brink of the stream and stood leaning backward as though struggling against the hustling of their neighbors which threatened to pitch them into the water. The streets were narrow their whole length, and in the center of the one down which Mr. Kim glanced as he strode into the town, was a hut which caused the street to dodge sidewise against the main row of houses. Such houses! They were dwarfs, with rugged shaggy backs; while their low thatched eaves delighted in seizing pedestrian horse-hair hats by the top and crushing them out of shape. Here and there a corner of a house shouldered out into the street compelling carriers, loaded with brush wood, to turn and sidle through the narrowed spaces.

The bridge that connected the town with the opposite bank had been removed in anticipation of the coming rainy season. The crotched limbs of trees that had been used as buttresses and the long poles that had been used as stretchers were piled in a great heap on the bank far above high water mark.

Mr. Kim examined the crossing and watched pedestrians struggling against the fierce current and concluded it would be well to attempt the crossing after he had become well rested from his journey, so he returned to the middle of the town. The sun was still high and beat fiercely into the narrow streets. Mr. Kim found an inn that boasted of as much heat and as many flies as any other in the town ; in other words the place was popular, for if there are many guests there must be a constant fire under the house to prepare the food, and as for flies, they love the host who is not afraid of heat and knows how to entertain.

The town had flung its doors wide open for a breath of fresh air. A prankish breeze now and then stirred the dust of the street, sending it in tiny whirls skyward, or, seizing a

dust laden bush, shook it, turning its leaves immodestly upward, and, flinging itself against an open door, slammed it in hot, expectant faces. Mr. Kim sat down with others and watched the breeze in its coy approaches and sighed when the inn across the way received its fulsome visit. It plunged into the open door, lifted the corner of a mat on which visitors sat, peeped behind old earthen jars that sat in a corner, shuffled and laughed among the fetishes hung on the ceiling, and then noisily hurled itself out into the street, filling it with the odors of wine and tobacco, and then nimbly twirled off down the street.

“This world’s blessings are captious,” said Mr. Kim to his neighbor, “they come to some people and pass others who are just as good ; but,” he added meditatively, “perhaps there was some one in that inn who needed the breeze more than we did.”

Again he glanced across the way, and a face appeared at the open window as though the owner had heard these last remarks. So strange, so ugly was it, that Mr. Kim stared back in fascinated wonder. It seemed to him as though one of the ugly pictures of the wayside shrines had taken life and stepping out had wandered to the inn. The stranger noticed Mr. Kim’s curious gaze and scowlingly withdrew.

“Who is that man?” he asked of his neighbor.

“That,” replied the man, ‘‘is the devil. He lives out on a great salt marsh thirty li from here. He is a hermit.”

“The devil?” replied Mr. Kim, “well, he does look like it. Lives alone did you say, has he no family?”

“No, had one.”

“Had what?”

“A wife.”

“Where is she?”

“Dead. Had daughter too.”

“Where is she?’’

“Dead.”

“Did the devil do it?” asked Mr. Kim.

“Do what?”

“Kill them?’’

“No, but some one seized the daughter, it is said, and carried her off and the devil went after them. The m:in who stole her has never been heard of since ; no one has dared to say that the devil knows what became of him. The girl lived only a short time after the father brought her home. Fear won’t kill suspicions, so the people think and think. I would not like to be the man who should fall under the hand of the devil. He has sworn further revenge.”

“You say you would not like to fall in his power, why?”

“He could crush a man as you would a flea. He is more than man. I think he is a demon, yet, a gentle one when not angry.”

When Mr. Kim reached the river the next morning, he found at his side the strange creature he had seen through the window the night before. There were several young men who were willing to take passengers on their backs and carry them across the shallow river for a few cash each, but when they looked Mr. Kim’s burly form over, they with one voice declined to undertake the task. “We will carry a man but not an ox,” they said. Mr. Kim was about to sit down and take off his sandals and wade across, when the stranger without a word shambled in front of him and knelt with his back to Mr. Kim. His trousers were rolled to his body, showing muscles like those of an ox.

“You are kind,” said Mr. Kim, “but I know you are a traveler as I am and I feel unwarranted in accepting such generous service,” but the man still knelt without a word and his attitude was authoritative as well as generous. Mr. Kim clambered on to his back and was astonished at the ease with which the stranger straightened up and started out across the stream.

Mr. Kim carried his umbrella in one hand while he locked the other arm about the stranger’s expansive chest. In the middle of the stream the current hurled itself terrifically against the man’s legs and springing upwards splashed his trousers. He stood still a moment as if in debate regarding them, and then walked lightly on. Others were struggling alone and at times seemed on the point of being swept from

their footing, while the short figure beneath Mr. Kim moved without effort. Presently Mr. Kim saw that his bearer’s trousers’ legs were slipping down into the water, so, with pardonable solicitude, he thrust the handle of his umbrella down and caught one with the hook and pulled it back into place while with the other hand he attempted to seize the other but in doing so flung out his own feet and dipped them both in the water. Mr. Kim clung on with the umbrella while the other trouser leg swung its broad expanse down stream. Their road companions were delighted at the sight of the huge man on a short man’s back tugging away at the latter’s trouser legs while his own were dripping with water.

“I have one of them,” puffed Mr. Kim ruefully as he slid down from the stranger’s back and untangled his umbrella. “Here,” he added, addressing the crowd whose merriment was still in evidence, “they are like your natures. You have two, one is good and one is evil. The dry one represents the good and the wet represents evil. Now,” he added, smiling at his companion, “if you will fix your mind upon the dry one you will forget the wet one. If you bend your thoughts upon your good nature you will not follow your evil one.’’ The stranger fixed his staring eyes on Mr. Kim’s face and the latter began to regret that be had made an attempt at pleasantry.

“In that case,” replied the strange creature who had not spoken a word since starting, “your nature must be wholly bad as both your feet are wet.”

Mr. Kim glanced down, and with some embarrassment in his voice, said, “It was once wholly bad, but I trust it is now much better.’’ He was surprised at the seeming effort made by the stranger in speaking. The words came in long grating sounds down deep in the man’s huge chest.

“Yes. I was of all sinners the chief,” continued Mr. Kim, thinking more of the strange man before him than the passage he was quoting, or the evil of which he was guilty.

“Indeed,” he added, noticing that he had an audience, “there was pardon, for me, and there is pardon for each one of you.”

“What did you do,” interrupted some one, “did you commit murder?”

“No.”

“Did you steal?”

“O, no.”

“Did you offend the governor or the magistrate?”

“Why, no, you see--”

“Did you commit some other great crime, did you try to stir up rebellion?’’

·’No, no, I will tell you. I insulted God every day of my life. I ... “

“What a fool you must have been! crazy, weren’t you? How did you do it? This way?” and a man shook his fist towards the sky.

“See here, friend,” said another, “we are good citizens, and have no sins to be pardoned. We are not very brilliant, but we have learned to attend to our own business, and are not such fools as to offend the Government and run in danger of having our homes ruined, nor do we run about insulting the spirits, neither the chief who rules from the sky, nor his associates who live among men and in the shrines. No, sir, you must look elsewhere if you are looking for law breakers.”

“Hold on, now,” cried Mr. Kim in desperation, “you all talk at once and I have not a chance to tell you what I mean. I want to tell you who I am. I am a Christian.”

“Ah,” repeated half a dozen voices in concert, “that is so.

He has books on his back. He is a gospel talker.”

“Yes. I am, and I want to tell you how I insulted God every day and how you insult Him every day of your lives.”

They sat down on a bank near the river to replace their foot gear and he stood in front of them and insisted with great energy that they were all sinners and were insulting God. His fingers were on passages of Scripture proving to them that his assertions were true. Then he named over their sins with startling self assurance ; he left out none of their vices, nor one of the crimes that men are guilty of committing against their fellows.

“No use denying it,” some one said with a grin, “we all do those things, more or less.”

“It is pardon, I am talking about,” almost shouted Mr. Kim.

“He is a professional talker,’’ some one interrupted, “and we have no chance against him. Where did he get it all?”

The company soon adjusted their foot wear and Mr. Kim followed at their heels as they filed off across the country. He continued his discourse and his voice reached down the line some distance and called forth a remark from first one and then another. Just ahead of him walked the man called Devil.

“I tell you,” said Mr. Kim, after he had talked at length of their guilt, “You must be born again. You must be made over into new men.”

“Would we be like you?” some one asked.

“Like me,” was the hesitating reply, “I would not want you to be exactly like me, but I was born again. I want you to be just as you would be if you were born again,” he explained lamely and wondered why he found such difficulties at the few questions hurled at him.

“Would we carry a foreign umbrella, or stab with our

fingers when we talk, or strike out with our fist, or lean one hand on our hips when we talk, and would we shout loud, just like the foreigners? Do you mean by being born again to be made something like the foreigner and something a little less than a Korean, is that it?”

For a time Mr. Kim was silenced, and resolved down in his heart that he would throw away his umbrella and remember that be was a Korean.

After two hours walk the company had turned off from the main road ; then one dropped off here and another there till Mr. Kim was left with the man called the Devil as his only companion.

“In traveling to Rocky Ridge will my path lead me by your house?” finally asked Mr. Kim of the ugly creature ahead of him.

“Nearly,” was the reply. “You walk down the salt

marsh five *li* and then turn off to the right while I keep on a bit farther and then turn into the marsh.” The man seemed to speak with effort but when he got started, made headway easily enough. At first his breath came in deep puffs and there was a harsh rumbling in his chest that sounded not unlike the growl of a wild animal. As he spoke, he turned his face toward Mr. Kim, who had been walking at his heels because of the narrowness of the path. The way was called the main road, but its name did not at all describe the size of the road but simply the shortest one leading between two magistracies. As Mr. Kim glanced into the face of his companion the features gave him a new shock and he fell to wondering how it was that God made a human being so terrible. “Perhaps his heart belies his appearance,” thought Mr. Kim, and under the impulse asked him of his family.

“I have no family,” growled the man.

“Might have known that,” he reflected, “who would marry his daughter to such a creature. Still I think I did hear that he once was married,” and they walked on in profound silence. “Had all once,” said the strange man at length breaking in upon Mr. Kim’s reflections.

“Had what?” asked Mr. Kim.

“Family,” was the reply and the ugly face turned upon him with a suspicious glance.

“Yes, yes, of course, I beg your pardon,” said Mr. Kim. “Did your children die?’’ There was a silence for another period and then Mr. Kim heard a few deep guttural sounds, and the reply, “Died.”

They continued some time in silence. Mr. Kim not knowing how to break the silence and the hermit showing no inclination to do so.

They were soon out on the border of the salt marsh, one of the most desolate scenes on earth. Mud stretched in every direction with now and then a tiny island of tough wiry grass. The plain stretched southward toward the sea, where a line of blue could be seen and a white speck here and there, denoting the presence of fishing craft Out on the plain in the center stood curious looking thatched buildings from whose eaves

poured smoke, and Mr. Kim rightly judged them to be salt kilns. At a nearer point were standing small huts, and women could be seen at their daily toil about these dwellings. In some places, the houses were grouped together into villages, then again, they were scattered and lonely.

But that was not the only life that met Mr. Kim’s eyes; the mud plain was covered with millions of crabs slipping and sliding through the soft ooze, here, yonder, everywhere. A bewildering mass of life struggling for their food before the incoming tide should force them into their homes of mud. The two men had walked for some time along the bank of this desolate marsh, when Mr. Kim’s companion suddenly stopped and pointed to a road that turned off to the right. Mr. Kim thanked the stranger and was about to pass on, when the man spoke. “Would you like to see where I left my daughter, the last of my family? “

Mr. Kim was staggered at the question, and asked him to repeat it, as if he had not heard.

“You have neither gazed. at me in curiosity nor called me ugly,’’ he said. “I think I would like to see you again sometime. Would you like to see where my daughter is?” he repeated in the same voice, and seemed to speak without moving his lips.

“Certainly, certainly,” said Mr. Kim ; “indeed I would.”

The man turned down the side of the marsh and skirted its borders, and Mr. Kim followed, much wondering.

“It is not much out of your way,’’ the man remarked, not looking back, “you can make a short cut into the main road from this direction.”

They traveled for about an hour in silence when they entered a clump of carefully tended pines. The ground was swept clean of all underbrush and twigs and the trees stood up lofty and rugged. In the center was a small opening where the sunlight poured directly downward upon a green mound. The hermit led the way to the mound and kneeling down by the side of it said:

“Here,” and he passed his hand over the top of the mound, as if he were caressing someone that he loved very dearly.

“Yes, I laid her here and she sleeps very softly, and when I am tired I come here and lay my head down just above hers and then the trees above whisper in her own sweet voice; (My face is ugly but she never knew it) and their voices say ‘I love you, I love you.’ “

The strange creature seemed to have forgotten the presence of Mr. Kim, and he stroked the mound again. “Her face was beautiful-ah how beautiful. They took her from me and I brought her back, ruined.” Then he glanced up at Mr. Kim. “I liked what you said to-day about the soul that never dies. She is here, but somehow I know she lives, but it is hard to leave her out alone in the storm and when the cold winds blow and the storm sweeps across the marsh and roars up among these pines. I come out here and lay my gray head down with hers and keep her company.”

“I like, sir, what you said, that is why I brought you here. I never brought a man here before. Can you tell me more about her and where she is, and do you think I will see her again?” There was a world of wistfulness in his harsh voice, but his face changed not the slightest in expression.

Mr. Kim sat down on one side of the mound and the hermit leaned his ugly face across towards him from the other side and drank in the story that Mr. Kim had to tell. He looked at Mr. Kim and was lost in the thoughts of which he had never before dreamed. They sat there till the sun had settled far into the west. Then Mr. Kim arose to go. He had repeated the great plan of redemption and told again and again of the hope of the Christian beyond the grave. The hermit had asked no questions, but during the whole time did not take his eyes from the face of Mr. Kim. So still was he that he seemed like some ugly bronze statue, and Mr. Kim more than once turned his face uneasily from the hermit’s gaze. They arose from the ground together and the hermit glanced toward the sun and looked out at the distant blue sea, then at Mr. Kim, and then, out across the vast marsh towards a salt kiln. “Will you come with me to my home for our dinner?” the hermit asked. “I have done you ill service to ask you here and I had forgotten it was getting late.”

“Oh, no,” Mr. Kim protested, “I had rather spend the last two hours with you than do anything else on earth. To tell this story is my duty and my joy. I shall see you again,” he said, and thanking the hermit for his kind invitation, turned off across the country with a rapid step, greatly musing on the ugly face and harsh voice and yet tender spirit of the hermit. He little thought of how much of his future would be mixed with the affairs of this strange man.

CHAPTER V

A WARNING

On arriving at Standing Stone Mr. Kim, filled with the enthusiasm of a new undertaking and urged by his old habit of doing things with a masterly spirit, plunged into his work with great energy. He first walk about the town, estimated the number of houses, took note of the stream that half encircled it, and the cliff that towered so high above that the sun glanced over its tops into the village two hours late in the morning. He walked through all the streets, observed the place where lived Mr. Cho, and rightly concluded from its appearance that the owner possessed great influence in the town. He visited the school house and in his masterful way won the admiration of the teacher who was a man of great age and should have died long ago, so the people said. Out of respect to his ancient white beard and hair; and dim eyes, they committed their sons to him to unravel for them the warp and woof of Chinese characters. He offered his school building for Mr. Kim’s use.

The next day was market day with its crowds of curiosity seekers. “Who would miss a chance to listen to the preacher of the new doctrine, or any other fool thing that would give us a few moments diversion,” they said.

Mr. Kim shouted a hymn so loud and furiously that soon a crowd filled the school building. They surged about the doors and windows in a restless eager mass. Many moistened the tip of a finger and rubbing a hole through the paper covering, placed an eye to the hole, so that in a few moments

every possible point in the doors and windows possessed an eye. The old teacher stormed at the crowd for destroying his windows but to no effect. So many faces pressed against the doors and windows that they darkened the room, while those who had been so fortunate as to get within, smoked with such prodigious industry that the strongest coughed and gasped for breath.

Mr. Kim was not seated, but stood erect with his head among the rafters of the house, shouting and gesticulating as he had observed done by his foreign pastors. His listeners were delighted. It was the best show that had been in the town since the oldest could remember. They giggled and laughed and jostled. Many on the outside caught snatches of what Mr. Kim was saying.

“Hark to that.” said an old Grey Beard to his neighbor, “he is calling us all liars and cheats and blackguards, now where do you think he got his information? There—he says we steal, now that is a lie—I have stolen nothing since I was thirty, and I will be seventy next New Year. Ha-a-a! now did you hear that? that must mean you, neighbor, he says that you have been beating your wife.” “Sure,” said the other, “I had to make her mind.”

“Look here, youngster,’’ said the old man reaching over with his long cane and punching a boy who had his face to the paper covered window and his eye glued to a hole, “what do you see, eh?” ‘‘See” shouted the boy without removing his eye, “see? He has gone plum crazy. I can see him shake his fist and wrinkle up his face,” and the young man gesticulated with his fist above his head, but without removing his eye from the hole. “He looks as if he were getting madder and madder. Whew! how he sweats! “ There was a long pause and again the old man punched the lad. For reply the boy screwed himself close to the window and kicked his heels up in delight, and shouted, “He is telling them to get down on their knees and they are. . . “

“Are what?”

“Getting down.” “Down where?”

“Down they go to the floor, all those nearest him have their heads on the floor and he is telling them to shut their eyes. Wonder what he will do to them next?”

Mr. Kim prayed an1 the people were bursting with merriment. There was a smothered laugh, followed by many more. Some reached for their long pipes and when Mr. Kim said “amen,” they were puffing with new vigor and blinking through the clouds of smoke with unabated curiosity. When Mr. Kim urged them to become what he was, and adopt the new faith, they gradually slipped from the room and were soon back in the market place selling their wares.

When Mr. Kim left the village the next day the attitude of the people filled him with astonishment. They avoided him, and even the farewell of the school teacher was cold and distant. “The trouble must be deeper than the teacher’s financial losses, Mr. Kim said to himself, as he had bought paper, and with the aid of the pupils restored the doors and windows to their original condition. Some who the day previous had sat long and talked sociably with him of the many things political and social, that charm the heart of the Korean, failed this morning to recognize his hearty greeting and moved out of their path to avoid him, and when some one shouted “Foreign Devil” he stood in his tracks in sheer astonishment. That he should meet opposition and difficulty was expected, but the hostility was far out of proportion to any evident cause.

As he approached the end of the street leading from the town, he saw a figure ahead of him dressed in the most costly silks and wearing a hat of the finest workmanship and walking with stiffened knees and the strident step of the gentry of the Capital. Mr. Kim recognized him as his road companion, but marvelled at this ostentatious display of himself on the street. The small man walked leisurely as if in profound indifference to his surroundings, and to the attitude of servile respect of his townsmen who gave way to him on every side. Mr. Kim directly overtook him as he was passing a group of men and observed that their interest in the meeting was of the liveliest kind, and he was again startled as he heard the word “dirty” pronounced by some one among the group,

evidently referring to his travel-stained suit. The remark was followed by a general laugh.

Mr. Kim greeted the man in silks in the usual formal manner of acquaintances. Mr. Cho seemed to awake reluctantly from his abstraction and looked at Mr. Kim a moment before returning the salutation ; as though trying to recall the identity of the man addressing him. “Ah-a-a,” he said at last, “Ah­a-a,” and slightly lifted the moon-like glasses he wore, just enough for Mr. Kim to see the gleam of hate in his eyes. Then Mr. Kim recognized the cause of the hostility in the town and the character of the warfare he had so hastily invited, and was astonished at the power of his antagonist. As he went out into the open air of the country, he had abundant opportunity to repent of the folly of inviting the antagonism of this dangerous man.

Beyond the town a short distance was a group of trees sheltering a grave. It offered a place of seclusion and he crept into its shadow feeling greatly humbled and grieved. “Oh Lord,” he prayed with his head down among the pine cones, “forgive me for being a fool.”

When he walked back into the road, he stood for a long time looking at the cloud of smoke that marked the village. He had been praying for humility and meekness, but as he gazed he lifted his head and a look of solemn resolve settled on his face, as Madam Kim had seen it when years ago he took down the spear to revenge his neighbor against the mountain tiger.

(To be continued in the March number.)

CLASS METHODS.

BY MISS LULA A. MILLER.

There is very little which is absolutely original that I can offer in this paper. Some of the methods herein suggested have been those of others which I have used with variations and adaptations to my own work. To accept circumstances as we find them and to adapt our methods to present and changing conditions is our task.

1. One great difficulty we have had has been in gathering women together for class work. The Southern women have not yet caught the fever for study as have their sisters in the North. Comparatively few know how to read the native character, and until they are able to read they have but little zeal for mental work. How to interest them sufficiently that they may desire to learn their own simple character has been and still is a problem.

In most instances we find the young women at least, anxious to study, but they often receive no encouragement in their homes. In such cases it is necessary to appeal to the parents. This we do when out on itinerating trips and by personal letters after we have returned home.

One year we appealed to the native ministry for help. We asked each one as he traveled over his work to make an appeal to the fathers of daughters and daughters-in-law and then to report the number of men on each circuit who had promised to teach the women of their homes to read. Many promised to do so and many have kept their promise.

Interest among fathers and some class leaders as well, has been kept alive by sending letters of thanks for having been faithful in the teaching of the native character. They greatly appreciate such letters and do not so easily become discouraged when teaching a woman who has never concentrated her mind for five minutes at a time in all her life.

2. In the work of the Itinerant Teacher we find a feeder for class work. For several years there has been such a teacher on one circuit and another such woman has just been placed on the Ye Chun circuit for the winter months only.

She will teach the young women and children of a village for two months and then pass on to another village, the Christians providing her room, and fuel for the heating of it. During these two months she will teach reading, writing, the Chinese numerals and perhaps a few simple Chinese characters. We expect some good results for our classes from this effort .

3. Several years ago on the Suwon District a Home Study Course was begun. Through the years this course has been revised several times until now we have a permanent course for the women who have as yet had no opportunity for study. This year several women will have received their diplomas and all over the district through this Home Study Course women are becoming interested. Through this course also we are getting women who will be able to do fairly good work in Bible classes.

4. Another difficulty in the way of class work has been the poverty of the people. Some of those who can read and who could do fairly good work can not attend classes on account of expense. Last Spring churches were urged to raise money enough to send a woman to study, and this Fall a few churches responded to our appeal. We are hoping in time, that all of the stronger churches will volunteer to send one woman each to at least one Bible class during the year.

5. In order to get women to attend the classes all sorts of means are resorted to. Often it is necessary to begin with the mother-in-law. How can she be persuaded to attend to the work at home while the young daughter-in-law goes to study. She is usually very ignorant herself and if she has survived in ignorance all through the years why should not the daughter-in-law live the same kind of a life? Sometimes it is the husband who is not willing to cook the rice while his wife is away, Again there is a child too small to be left at home, and too troublesome to permit the mother to study if taken to class. We urge, we exhort, and at last write letters to these unwilling mothers-in-law and husbands, and the letters very often bring results for the class. Frequently consent is given and along with the young women sometimes comes an old grandmother or an auntie carrying the baby on her back and taking the entire care of the child through the study hours.

Dr. Rollin Walker, a very successful Bible teacher, once said, “A person who knows how to ask well must also know how to thank well,” so if, after very much urging a mother-in-law gives her consent for the daughter-in-law to attend class, a carefully written letter of thanks is sent back to the mother-in-law who has remained at home to take the responsibility of the work.

By special invitation one sent her widowed daughter-in-law to study for a whole month in last Spring’s Institute. They are busy farmers and it meant much to send the young woman away far so long a time. At the close of the class I sent her a letter of appreciation for the sacrifice she had made. In the Fall when the women gathered for Normal Study this same woman appeared. I said to her, “Did your mother send you again,” to which she replied “Mother was so pleased over the letter you sent her. She said ‘If the lady thought enough about it to send me a letter of thanks, why of course you must go this Fall.’ “Who knows whether this was not the first letter she had ever received.

An exhorter had decided not to allow his wife who is a class leader to attend the Spring Institute as it was the busy season. Naomi wrote that she could not come to which I immediately sent a reply begging the husband to send her. She came and said “It was the letter that brought me.” Appreciation is appreciated the world over, and the Koreans thrive on it. It greatly helps in class work. So in these various ways we secure women for our classes, and every woman who comes is precious.

I. CLASS METHODS.

The three kinds of Bible classes which I have conducted are the ten day Normal class held in large centers; the five day classes held in smaller churches, and the one month Institute held in Chemulpo.

I. The Normal class is held for the purpose of training

workers. Normal methods are used, the women teaching every other day the teaching they have the previous day received. In this way we are able to know just how accurately

they have understood our teaching. By this method they learn not only to be at ease while teaching and speaking but are also given some instruction in outlining talks and in methods of presenting the truth, as well as some pulpit manners. They learn not to sway from side to side, not to rise upon the tips of their toes and then gently settle down again, not to make more gestures than are becoming for a woman to make, and they are slowly learning to look their hearers straight in the face instead of looking up into the ceiling or down into their notes, or off into space. The prefaces “I do not know anything, I have no sense and my eyes arc dark” are going out of date.

Each woman is given a printed outline to follow like the one which the teacher is using.

2. At the close of the class after the consecration service the appointments are read. The women who will hold classes are given as many outlines as there will be women in the classes they are to hold. Some of these volunteer teachers are able to give three or four weeks of time, while others can give but one week, usually going out two by two to the smaller churches on the circuits from which they have come. In the day time while one teaches the other calls in the homes and in the evening evangelistic services are held with splendid results.

These smaller classes held by the women who have been trained in the Normal classes are the five-day classes already mentioned.

3. The Bible Institute, the last class to be spoken of, is

the yearly Institute, which is of one month’s duration. The teaching is entirely exegetical and the course has been adopted by all our women evangelistic workers. It is a six year’s course with a certificate at the close of each class and a diploma upon completion of the course.

During the class we have at least four lectures on subject.s of interest and of value to the women.

One half day is given to conference of workers. They tell of their difficulties and ask advice. They tell of their successes and we rejoice together. .

III. UNTRIED METHODS.

Our women are learning to teach. A very few take prolific notes, but generally speaking they are not learning to use their pen. Soon I hope to select and send certain subjects to some of the women whom I am sure will attend the Spring Institute, asking them to prepare articles on the subjects given. An afternoon will be given for the reading of these papers before the class, the reading to be followed by an informal discussion.

A Korean seldom lacks for words. but it is not so easy always to stick to the text Five minutes extempore talks on familiar topics I believe will prove helpful along this line. Later, I expect to put some books into their hands asking each to give a review of the book read.

CONCLUSION.

For us in Korea the time has long since passed when the missionary can afford to do anything that a trained Korean might do. As pioneer workers the Koreans perhaps excel the missionary. Their hearts have been torn by the same fear ; their minds have been darkened by the same superstitions ; they have come up out of the same depths of heathenism and are thus prepared to reach out the understanding hand.

They are, however, not yet able to train workers. so it has been our purpose and desire to use only such methods as shall produce effective workers.

The training of women for the work is necessarily slow. Only the simplest methods can be used. The thought must be put in the simplest form. It must be turned this way and that in order that the mind may fully grasp the teaching.

With our language limitations and their mental limitations, were it not for the Holy Spirit’s illuminating power our task must be hopeless, but because He is pleased to use our efforts and because He does so wonderfully illumine the page ours is not a hopeless task, and we take heart as we see the minds of the women unfold from year to year.