The Korea Magazine

Editorial Board :

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Even before the publication of the second instalment of Dr. Gale’s Korean Language Department correspondence shows that this work is already keenly appreciated.

How far will advertisements ‘pull’? Depends on what you have, and how you say it. Recent experience shows us that The Korea Magazine advertising has a pulling strength of more than ten thousand miles.

Our mail gives evidence that every page of the Magazine is being read. In speaking of the article on Post Office Regulations in the March number one valued correspondent says : “It may be of interest to some who do not know to have the following additional Information : You cannot put correspondence on both sides of post-cards in Japan. The three sen envelopes (stamped) can only be used for correspondence. They will not be accepted as wrappers for papers, etc.”



KOREAN FUNERAL CAR AND PROCESSION

The Korea Magazine

April, 1917

Editorial Notes.

EVEN to those who came to Korea many years after the first foreign pioneers many wonderful changes are apparent. It is true a majority of the people continue to wear white cotton garments, with baggy trousers, but even in this most distinctive feature of Korean life there are now thousands of men and an occasional group of women and girls who have adopted foreign or semi-foreign dress. The topknot has all but disappeared in the larger centres, and in more remote places many men with short hair are seen. The very broad brimmed black horse-hair hats are out of style, but the large farmer hats from ten to twelve feet in circumference, with the unusually large and distinctive hats worn by men in mourning are observed everywhere. The hats of northern ladies have not given way to modern fashions, and they will still hold four bushels of wheat without danger of spilling a single kernel. Two great changes are noticeable in the roads and means of transportation. Prior to 1900 an overland travel was on foot, by chair, or on pack pony. Then there was but an occasional road, crossed at frequent intervals by ditches. Now there are many hundreds of miles of good roads, traveled by auto­mobiles, motorcycles with and without side-cars, bicycles, four­wheeled broad tired carts, drawn by a single ox or horse, and the two-wheeled carts similarly drawn. There was a recent celebration commemorating the completion of a thousand miles of first class standard gauge railway track. It would be hard to find more comfortable and even luxurious trains than travel the entire length of Korea and connect with the South Manchuria railway for China, Russia and Europe. This but briefly outlines the more apparent recent changes. Others will be mentioned later, and some of these will be given more adequate treatment than is here possible.

IN 1900 The Korea Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society was formed for the purpose of studying and preserving

permanent records of things Korean, ancient and modern. Frequent meetings are held, a paper is read, and the papers with the proceedings of the Society are published under the title of “Transactions,” the printed volumes being furnished free to the members. The Society also has a library, and exchanges publications with similar Societies in the East, in Europe, and in America. The membership dues are less than the published price of the “Transactions.” The fees are so small and the benefits so great it would seem that the membership might be doubled with little effort. While the head­quarters are in Seoul, the membership is distributed over the various sections of Korea and extends to other eastern lands and to Europe and America. Applications for membership may be sent at any time to any of the officers of the Society.

IN writing of some of war’s effects that veteran missionary of China, Dr. Arthur H. Smith says: “It is probably true that the average missionary has spent less on books and magazines than before the war. This means that he, his wife and children are deprived of a necessary educational agent. The effect of these things will leave a lasting mark which it is doubtful if time will ever succeed in effacing.” What is true of China may be said of every country; but here and there may be found the man or the woman not willing to be dwarfed or scarred in this way, and who persists in keeping the mind alive and well nourished with books and magazines.

A WRITER on the recent convention of Disciples’ says: “The Disciples are steadily growing more liberal, more tolerant, more unafraid of progress, more willing to follow truth wherever it leads, more devoted to Christ; but the many is in advance of its leaders.”

SOME OBSERVATIONS

BY DOOLIE MCCLUCK

“I say, Andy,” said Mr. Doolie McCluck, as he and Andy McCartney met one frosty morning in front of the Bible House, “There is a great revival of religion in the College, and I

am glad of it for t’will make the students good men. The Lord knows, Andy, we need good men and lots of them. But, Andy, it is queer, this getting religion, ‘tis queer. I suppose the poor souls get a whole lot of it at the revivals, but they need replenishing so often there’s something wrong with the system. It is just like filling up my coal bins at the beginning of winter, as the cauld days come the coal draps away, when by and by it shure is only a black haul where the coal had been. “Last night I sat in the Church, clear back in the cauld comer at the north end, I sat with a mon, the face of him was that red with waiping I thought it shure was a funerral, the more the mon waiped the louder he became, till I was that sorry for him. ‘Hist,’ says I, ‘listen to the mon who spakes so arnest, he may help your heart.’ ‘Faith,’ says he, ‘I have listened, and my hearrt is that sore I must waip. It was only a twelvth month since I waipped here before. I tried to kape the Commandments, the Apostles Creed and the Lord’s Prayer, and tried to love me neighbors. Bad luck to such as me, says I.’“

“Of course, Andy, he spake in the Korean tongue, but I put it in good English for your sake.

“This auld world, Andy, foits the same warr always, some times with sharper implements, but its the same auld Warr . There was a mon once that lived that long ago, Andy, they now caull him good and he has no enemies at all They think his name was Confucious. He told the paple what to do and what not to do and all there is left of what he said sounds good, but no mon was able to kape doing what the preacher said.

“There are two ways to make a mon kape the law, Andy,—make him stand by the porlice box and kape the cop looking hard at him, or make the mon love the law till he naturally kapes it. The deciples of the grreat preacher placed them­selves beside the cop and when he was not looking they clarred out entoirly, and the whole Eastern Wurrld is shure sore at hearrt.

“Now comes along the missionary and tells the paple to kape the Commandments and to love their neighbors. The

paple feel sore at the broken Commandments and other broken things and they line up beside the porlice box.

“Spaking on the side, Andy, the missionaries who’ve baen laving of their swait homes, the socibility of their broad acres, garden spots and domestic animals that make the hearrt shure soft to remember and have come to help their brothers across the sea, seem to me to be hauly only on occasion. It shure is sad to see them trying for to foind their cop with his stern eye and his shelallah. That is a figger of spache, Andy. The truth is they want the strong hand of the law of ethics to kape them. They need to hear the thunder of Sinai, to see the lightenings and to see the cross all the toim.

“They go to summer resorts and take along a powerful preacher to tell them the things they know and feel them-selves fools for not doing. They thank him for telling them their wakeness which they know better than he. He tells them the virtues that are good for the mon who has them. He tell them all the ethics they one and all have been telling others all their lives. It does them good, Andy, and they start out to find the cop with the club.

“Ethics taught by the auld Preacher, Confucious, and those found in the Bible have a strrong resemblence, Andy. Indade, they both fail to kape the mon good.

“Ouch, Andy, it hurts me hearrt when I think that the love of ethics can no more save a mon from his evil ways and the natural love of his hearrt, than the picture of a potato can fill a hungry stomach. Better say, ‘flop your hands and fly,’ than to say, ‘do good works and go to heaven.’ The auld wurrld has grown black in the face, Andy, preaching to men the philosophy of being good. Did knowledge make men good we would all have been waering the victor’s raith and be more hauly than the Archbishop of Canterbury.

“I lave it to the preachers of Theology to make it plain, Andy, but it is strange to me that the wurrld has not learned that God in a mon is the only way of being roight all the toim. Look here, Andy, if God is in a mon’s heart the first hour after a revival, He should be there inside of the mon all the hours, for all toim and the man need wape no more.”

KOREAN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

This month Dr. Gale selects three common words, used by everybody daily, and shows variations in meaning and usage frequently remaining unrecognized by the average student of Korean. Your inquiries and Suggestions concerning this department should be addressed to The Korea Magazine—EDITOR.

DIFFICULTIES IN KOREAN. II.

(*On, O-tun* and *Oa-tun*)

I ask my friend Kim what is the difference between *han* **** and *ha-tun* ****던 and he says, “*Ha-tun* expresses the past.”

‘‘But doesn’t *han* also?”

“Why you,” says he, “*han* does express the past tense, but only a little, while *ha-t*un expresses a great deal.” This is a sample of a definition that a Korean will give off-hand concerning a matter that he knows unconsciously to perfection, but not consciously.

Both *han* and *ha-tun* have regard to what is past but they differ markedly in the thought that they convey.

We say, *What that man did (han il) is badly done*, but we use *ha-tun* when we say *What that man was working at (ha-tun il) the other man is doing*.

In one case the act is regarded as completed, ‘‘what that man did”-finished and done, 그사****의****일이잘못되엇소.

In the other case we regard the act as in the process of completion 그사****의****던일 *what he was working at*.

We should say for *The man who used to travel along that road* 길가던사****. Such a statement implies continued action, nothing more.

*The man who used to come (o-tun saram) isn’t coming to-day.*

*The man who came before (oa-tun saram) has come again.*

If we should say 어제오던사****이빙드릿소 we would mean

*The man who was on his way here yesterday fell ill (*He never came*).*

But we say 어재있던사****이 병드릿소 *The man who came yesterday fell ill* (He came and went away).

If we say 어제온사****이 병드릿소 we mean *The man who came yesterday fell ill* (He is still here).

*That’s the book I was reading* (po-tun ch’aik).

*That’s the book I read* (pon ch’aik).

In the first of these sentences there is no indication of having finished reading it, while in the second it is implied most definitely.

How would the reader draw a distinction, between these two sentences in Korean? *A man I used to know called on me yesterday,* and, *A man I know called on me yesterday*.

What, then, is the difference between the three forms *on, o-tun* and *oa-tun*? We would answer, *On sa-ram* means *the man who is come*; *o-tun saram*, *the man who was coming* but never reached his destination*,* or coming so frequently that it is viewed as continuous action, and translated *used to come*.

While *oa-tun sa-ram* means *the man who came* to-day, yesterday or some time in the past. This is never “is come” but “came.”

How would you translate the following :

*The clothes I used to wear, have shrunk up.*

*The clothes you have on seem to me to be small for you.*

*Give the rice that I dined from to that man.*

*You cannot give the rice away that you have already eaten.*

J. S. GALE.

KOREAN TRANSPORTATION.

One of the interesting sights to a newcomer in Korea is to see the number of people who are walking. Roads and pathways are dotted here and there with white coats swinging off down the valley, skimming round the corner of the hill, crossing the long stretch of rice-flat, or making up the steep

face of some rocky cliff. The Korean carries a poise and a swinging step, and has a free and independent pace, that indicate a soul that stands square on its heels, and does not fear the word called distance. He has the means of self-transportation always ready, an extra pull to his garter-wraps and an inch tighter for his girdle string and away he goes.

We have tried the road with him for many a day, and for the first fifteen miles are quite his equal, if not superior. For the next ten, matters even up, and the last five, those long hollow-cheeked miles, with no stomach and an ache in their back that gives the landscape a look of woe, those miles are all in his favour.

The foreigner though gifted with an extra ten-inch length of leg, reaches his limit earlier, is ten times mote tired in the end, in fact ready to roll over and yield up the ghost. His white-coated companion is not so, he is just as he was, steps out with the same poise and an equilibrium of spirit most remarkable. The soul of the foreigner sings through the first ten miles, sweats over ten more, and finally staggers, I almost said swears, through the last ten, muttering to himself his views as to the senseless way in which Koreans measure distance.

He is a fine specimen of manhood who can step off 30 miles and be sweet and light and jovial at the end of it. The writer has heard a Korean, after all the tug of mud and weary distance, tell a good story, and give a cheery laugh to crown the day. A nation of fine walkers the Koreans surely are.

The pony continues to be one of the common means of transportation. He was a queer animal 25 years ago, and he is still as queer as ever. No amount of street repair or road making can change his soul. He can kick and bite as his father Abraham did, and be nearly as agile and unexpected as a ball of shrapnel. Once on his back and you are all right. While you sit there you are safe. He seems to have lost consciousness of your whereabouts, his ears do not hear you and his eyes fail to see backwards. While you sit thus all goes well, but just let a sudden lurch throw you side-ways, or lift your heels across the line of his vision and then see what happens.

The rebound from a 15 inch mortar is not greater than the surprise that lands you on the back of your neck in the middle of the road. The writer can still see, as in a vision, a tall Westerner endeavouring to take the worth of such a fall out of a little game-cock of a pony. He had the mapoo hold him, tooth and nail, while he circled venomously round and round with intent to let him feel the weight of four inches of Montgomery Ward sole-leather. His number ten boot, in its efforts, shot at Sirius and all the other stars of the firmament without once landing a kick in the wary pony’s side. Finally he gave it up, and found as a reward that he could not get near enough the animal, for love or money, to mount. He had to walk the last five miles under the inspiration of a broken neck without any of the honour of it, and a feeling accompanying him as though his kicking leg had been permanently dislocated from its socket. Walking is bad but it is nothing to this.

Another beast of burden is the ox. Broad of back and with a neck like Job’s behemoth, he can carry loads, something enormous; and yet he is the most docile animal in the world. He can cross the Han River, fifteen in a boat, and never say “boo.” Could Ramsey Macdonald, M. P., Ford of the automobile, and other pacifists behold him, how their hearts would rejoice at this creature after their own kind. Gad-flies and stinging beetles can sit on him all day and take their fill and not one of them be whisked into eternity. Tears may come to his eyes, but pro bono publico is his motto, and he feels that the gad-fly has its right to all that it can hold and eight hours a day.

With a load of brushwood that would crush the life out of most animals, he makes his way to the capital, guided and beaten and stormed at by an imp of a boy not more than four feet high.

One sometimes wonders if Ford were driven into a corner by a brigand with horns and hoofs, whether or not he would awake from his dream, with his eye flashing and the old spirit of the warrior upon him. Or if his ship, for example, were foundering at sea whether he would set to and pull and haul

for dear life or go down simply with the wan smile of the pacifist on his face. Doubtless he would do the latter, remembering that the crawling things of the deep have a right to their innings as well as he, and that a square meal to them, once in a while, is the spirit of *pro bono publico*.

Still I may be mistaken for I had thought the Korean bull an unmoveable pacifist till one day riding a wheel with a friend I found out the contrary. This friend had pulled ahead and then had gone down the hill like a flash of lightning, barely missing the bull tied by the nose to a stake in the ground. The animal awakened thus suddenly; and alarmed beyond measure, broke the rope and turned for his life only to behold another bicycle coming with a wild creature upon it. A change developed, lightning flashed from his eyes, and a blaze of fire from each nostril. Down went his head and forward he bounded like a raging buffalo of the plains. There was a sharp collision, bull and bicycle, flinging the rider hopelessly in all directions. A hazy memory remains of a bull crossing the horizon, with tail in the air, and with the light defiant step of a warrior seeking battle. He is not always a pacifist. The spirit is in him, but it is well under control.

The ricksha has come as a new and feeble representative of modern ideas. To ride in a ricksha is considered ‘high collar,’ but really it is not what it is ‘cracked up’ to be. After being on the pony, and seeing the mighty movings of the bull, I have no spirit to deal with the ricksha or with the cart either.

Born somewhere in the regions of Pluto, and harnessed up and made ready by his most uncanny aides, comes the motor­cycle. Could Tong Pang-saki or some other Chinese ancient have seen it I can imagine him noting down something like this, “Racing-demon-filled-spirit-eum-negative-principle, voice-impossible-locate-five-Chinese-notes, smell-defy-thinking--powers-human-man. Hope-my-speedy-die-pass-off-green-earth, number-one-bad-devil.”

Railway, automobiles, motor-cycles, bicycles, rickshas, carts, bulls, horses are all whipped into service and share a part in the transportation of goods and chattels in the Land of

Morning Calm. What a change! Hardly a dweller in the most distant hills but has seen all of these waddling about or skating over the horizon.

The coolie however remains, the man with the chi-keui, who can lift 100, 200, 300, 400, yes, and sometimes 500 lbs. Get your Korean coolie square under the burden and he’ll lift the world. He could not handle a Japanese wrestler, or spar with Fitzsimmons in the ring, but he could lift them both on his back and carry them to the top of Puk-han. Most foreigners spell the name of his equipment “jiggy” but that is incorrect. It is chi-keui and my Korean friend, who knows, tells me that chi stands for wisdom and keui for implement, wise implement. Among all the shades and varieties of transportation what can equal the coolie? In spite of his lowly calling a gentleman at heart! I lift my hat to him as one good man of the Far East.

SPECTATOR.

KOREA’S NOTED WOMEN III

T’AI-IM AND T’AI-SA

T’ai-im was the wife of Wang-ge, and mother of the famous Moon-wang, one of the master saints of China. She was a woman of exalted virtue, who has become the divine ideal for all the daughters of East Asia. Thus her mother­hood: We are informed that when she was with child she avoided all sights unfit for the eyes to see. She guarded her ears as a knight guards his castle. No unkindly word crossed her lips. She ate no food prepared in a careless or unseemly way. She rested on her mat only after all things in the room had been arranged and put in order. When she stood she stood in a dignified and graceful manner, evenly on her feet as one attentive to the call of others. Waking or sleeping her life was ordered by the law of sweet decorum, and thus she guarded her son to be. She dearly loved the stories of Yo and Soon.

Her son Moon-wang was born, and, “under the guidance of God,” came to the throne of China. The Empire had fallen on evil days when the palace of the so-called Son of Heaven was the centre of vice. Mayers says, “Wild forms of debauchery were continually practised. The Emperor formed a lake of wine and here he set men and women, naked, to chase each other before his eyes.” But God’s day of judgment came, Chow was stricken down, and Moon-wang was called to the throne under the guidance of his mother. We are told that he was like an angel among men. Sinners were moved to repentance at his presence. Prisoners were reformed and prison doors thrown open.

He found Kang T’ai-Kong fishing by the river bank, and made him his minister though Kang was 80 years old. Here are some of Kang’s quaint sayings :

“If you serve your parents well your children will serve you well; but if I fail in my duty how can I expect my children to be faithful in theirs?”

“Diligence is a priceless jewel and gentleness in action a charm about the neck.”

“If you would judge others well judge yourself first; words that hurt others hurt oneself first of all. If I spit blood on others my own mouth is sure to be defiled.”

“If you would have a loveable child spare not the rod; if you would have a hateful child give it all it wants.”

In the days of the Emperor Chow, Moon-wang suffered the hardships of prison life, and when he was behind the bars he wrote his comments on the *Eight Diagrams* and the *Sixty Four Combinations* of the Book of Changes, the greatest Classic of China. He was like Messiah for he made all the world to become gentle; made each man give up to the other; inspired the young to carry the burdens or the old; had officials step aside and yield their place. T’ai-im sat by and saw it all.

But where was T’ai-sa? She was Moon-wang’s wife. East Asia’s Book of Psalms opens with a tribute to her. It runs something like this:

“Two happy birds upon the river brink,

The modest mate (T’ai-sa) and her Superior Man” (Moon-wang)

Moon-wang says :

“I sought for her the perfect, peerless one, Awake, asleep, I dreamed, I longed to see, This way I turned and that but none

Appeared. No one appeared to me.”

At last T’ai-sa came and she was Moon-wang’s dream. Asia lacks words to tell her goodness. Some of the songs in the Book of Poetry are hers, her own composition. Here is one that tells of her weaving grass-cloth from the fibre of the reeper.

The creeper winds along the valley’s length

With leaves and tendrils where the orioles dwell,

How sweet their song!

The creeper winds along the valley’s length,

And of its threads I twist, and wind, and weave

My dress to be.”

Out of the simplicities of the world of T’ai-im and T’ai-sa have come the mightiest forces known for the betterment of ancient China, forces that have called men back to God. Not even the age of Yo and Soon or that of Confucius can equal the time when T’ai-im and T’ai-sa gently guided the thoughts of men. To these two women Asia owes more than even her unbounded admiration can pay.

T’ai-sa had ten sons and two of them were the Sages Moo-wang and Chookong: Moon, Moo and Choo-kong, with their matchless mothers, make the greatest moral force that has touched East Asia.

The famous Yool-gok of Korea, whose tablet stands No 52 on the east side of the Master, is really Korea’s greatest sage. He, like the Chinese Masters, was taught by his mother, a highly gifted woman, skilled as a writer, a penman, an artist. To-day her paintings adorn the East Gate Museum and her name stands high upon Korea’s roll of honour. Her pen-name was Sa-im Tang which might be rendered “My teacher is T’ai-im.”

STUDENT OF THE ORIENT.

FIVE KOREAN CHARACTERISTICS.

The longer I live in Chosen—now going on 22 years the more I admire and feel inclined to praise certain inherent characteristics of this lovable and worthy race. A few years after my arrival a noted platform speaker and author of pamphlets and books and who was studying the people ‘‘en passsant,” figuring on their characteristics, asked me what I considered the five main ones. Having been here a few years I could answer with more assurance than after twenty, so I plunged at once into the matter and having lived in Seoul a few months, that, of ·course, put me among the prophets, for the foreigner in Seoul has absorbed the Korean belief that Seoul is the intellectual center, and so I was qualified—tho the few years in the country with long journeys and residence at Pyengyang, where with Kija’s temple, spirit, grave and well I also sojourned—helped, I gave the following:

Procrastination; Hospitality; Inexactncss; Love of Family and a Sense of Humor.

I have yet to meet the Korean who has not in him, in her, or in it, some of each of these characteristics. We see here three positive and two negative qualities. It’s a good showing. Compare the Britisher or American and give them five typical characteristics and they will run something like this: Acquisition of money—both are after the almighty dollar in a way that ‘‘the pot cannot call the kettle black.” I leave it to the “Gentle Reader” to supply the other four, for it is not considered good taste to say everything and leave nothing to the imagination of the reader!

Procrastination is a safe guess for the first item. If any­body in Korea has not noticed it please let me know and we will see what is the matter with you. I am inclined to give the hookworm more credit or discredit for this failing than to

attribute it to general causes. When the remarkable prevalence of this parasite is known and how lassitude is a prevailing symptom we must make full allowance for the burrowing bug.

But bug or no bug procrastination is by the Korean elevated almost into a virtue so well and so artistically is it done. This thing of procrastination—almost a crime in a Westerner, is not so in an Oriental It is however so common in the Westerner, with all his hustle, that those who are free from it are in a small minority. I am inclined to think that Saint Peter will “get even” with some who are so pokey and who dilly dally so much and who say “ wait a minute” and are never on time that Saint Peter will say to them when they get to the Pearly Gate “wait a minute;” and as a minute there is the same as a century or so here they will have to stand around for a few centuries and wait that “minute,” and a just punishment it will be, too.

I was once called in haste to see a Korean gentleman who was reported in a bad way suffering from a broken leg. The enquiry showed that the bone was sticking out and the man in need of attention—a compound fracture of the lower leg. I hurried on the mile and more thru twisting alleys and muddy paths finally arriving, tired, at an imposing gateway. Was ushered into the empty sarang or outer waiting room. Waited a little time—procrastination—but was finally let into the inside room where three or four men were talking and smoking. The formalities—slow and deliberate with considerable talk between the talk were leisurely indulged in. I wondered why I was not taken at once into the room where the injured man was. More conversation and more consumption of the most plenteous thing in Asia—time. I determined that I would not “rush” things and that when they said “when” I would leisurely respond. But they “beat me to it” for after a further wait and no response and no allusion to the injured man I had to give in and ask. Oh, yes—like a forgotten idea, and glad to be reminded of it, one of the three men sitting and smoking aroused himself and most impersonally alluded to his leg as the one in question. A leisurely unwrapping of the ankle garter, a hitch at the voluminous trousers and lo

and behold *a barked shin*! Inspection showed thru the skin a speck of bone so description and fact corresponded tho I insist that inexactness was as pronounced as procrastination. Hospitality was shown, as ever, in my reception, and I am sure there was a suppressed sense of humor at the fussy foreigner wanting to see that leg within half or even an hour after coming to the house. It is not necessary to say that love of family was in evidence, too, for that is shown in every family everywhere, all the time.

As the reflection you have now done on procrastination has convinced you of its place as a leading characteristic, you will also agree that hospitality is one, too. In all the years I have been in Korea I have heard only once where a missionary had serious difficulty in getting accommodation in a village. Inns have, or course, been full, but like a street car there is usually room for one more. I was once overtaken by night and bicycling along—no pack, no food, no ‘‘boy,” and miles from anywhere I could go no further, and so stopped, exhausted, at the only house within some miles. It was full of soldiers. A bowl of the food—such as it was—a cow’s saddle blanket, made of matted straw, and a straw spread outside where the bullocs served and the extreme was hospitable.

In the boxer trouble a number of foreign missionaries in Manchuria fleeing for their lives came into Korea and were hospitably passed on from village to village from Wiju to Seoul when there was no railroad to ride on. Anybody who has touched the country people in itinerating or in sightseeing will allow hospitality to be included.

And if there is any doubt about a sense of humor—the saving grace—let them get off the groutch they have and go out and try and you will get a “rise” as the saying is every time. Riding along the road and remembering their indefiniteness and inexactness I frequently ask a stranger, “How far is it to there?” And when he understands the question the twinkle comes and he answers me ‘‘Yes.” Anybody who has any sense of humor knows that yes is the answer to such a question. Of course if the party of the first part—that is the Westerner—has no sense of humor, he can’t see it in others,

and so he just ought to go and “soak his head” until he, too, has a sense of humor.

Love of family is shown by the fact that there are practically no orphans in Chosen. lf you think you have an orphan just give it a 10 yen job and watch how quick relatives turn up. I know of more .than one such, and one especially comes to mind. Actually an outcast—absolutely no relatives or friends. Adopted—with reservations—taken care of by a foreigner—educated and given a place. The father turned up—of course. But on the other hand the love of family is shown in its best aspect by the readiness with which even distant relatives take care of their kin both near and remote, little and big. One man gets a good salary and supports a raft of relatives, as a matter of course. I know of so many instances where loafing relatives live on those who work that the virtue becomes a vice almost. But it shows love of family and that is what this paragraph is about.

Mix these five characteristics up and the composite will be a worthy one as said at first. The traveller alluded to at first wanted to dub the Koreans—confining them to one characteristic—as mediocre or mediocrity, as the leading one. I dissent for you can not get mediocrity out of it if the five mentioned are agreed on.

I rather incline to say *acceptability*, if limited to one word and to emphasize it as the most proper one if the hook worm can be eliminated, for I am sure it accounts for much we attribute to other causes

JAMES HUNTER WELLS,

MUSIC

One of the most inscrutable things pertaining to the Orient is its music. A most marked accompaniment of the Far East it is, and one of the things of which this great world thinks it has no little understanding, and yet it is as far removed from what Western people call music, as the star Sirius and its system is distant from the sun.

The subdivision *Music* in the *Mun-hun Pi-go*, or National Encyclopedia, occupies some 18 volumes out of 250, and has under its name such subdivisions as Weather, Weights and Measures, and the Alphabet. I ask my friend Kim what possible relationship the weather can have to music, and he explains it at once. Says he, “There are twelve instruments that follow the twelve months of the year, and so keep swinging step with the weather. Their notes agree with the changes that come and go. The spring’s soft gentle touch finds its note; the summer’s heat with its grasshopper and cicada has its song to sing, as well as the stern tightening breath of autumn, and the savage grip of winter. All are represented in the fundamental laws of music.

“As for Weights and Measures have you not heard,” asks Kim, “how the grain of sand in the ancient Chinese lute lowered the tone one inch?” I had not heard of that, but I understood Kim’s meaning at once, for here was a grain of sand and one inch of space weight and measure.

The alphabet too has its relationship, for it was built on the Five Notes of music and the two half notes. The makers doubtless sang as they laboured over their task koong sang kak chi oo just as Rudyard Kipling in order to get his spirit tuned properly first hummed or whistled o-deui-tum-tum-tum and then launched out:

“Oh it isn’t good for the Christian’s health,

To bustle the Aryan brown.”

One can see how the alphabet might thus be very closely related to the great question of music.

This, however, is by way of introduction, to say that all their musical world is a closed book, clasped with many seals, that we can never hope to open without a special pass from the angel who guards the treasure houses of the yellow East, so our music is a perfectly unintelligible quantity to them.

I said to Kim, “lf you don’t mind I’ll sing you one of the songs written by the great master Oo-am. I know them and I like them very much.” And so I launch out with a quaver in my throat, and a high-keyed voice, well sustained, till it

comes to the proper drop and choke at the end, just as nearly like what I had heard all classes of the people sing a thousand times and more. But Kim says, “Please don’t, I beg of you. Your excellency knows many things, but not how to sing in Korean.”

Then I ask, “How about your singing foreign hymns for example?”

“I sing at church,” says he. “You think you can sing?” I ask.

“Why of course.”

“How comes it that you can sing a foreign tune of which you have heard almost nothing, while I can’t sing Korean, though I have heard man, woman and boy sing it through long years.”

“ I imagine we are a more musical race, perhaps, than you.”

‘‘Indeed!”

I said further, ‘‘I like your music, do you like ours?”

“No, not specially;” says he.

“Why do you sing it then?”

“It’s the proper form of worship, everywhere, that’s why I sing.”

“Does it ever melt you to tears, or make you leap for joy?”

“I don’t quite catch your meaning,” says Kim.

“Let me suppose there are a hundred hardened sinners gathered in a meeting, and I call on the Korean choir to sing ‘Receiveth Sinful Men;’ would they be moved by it to confess and change their ways do you suppose? “

“Moved by it? Why no, that would not move them. It has nothing to do with moving, it is the form by which you carry on worship.”

“Does the hymn ‘Rejoice and be Glad’ make you think of joy?” I found however that there was no use of talking to Kim in this strain as he had not the faintest notion of what I was driving at. Mr. Sankey’s *Ninety and Nine* that could captivate the hearts of thousands gathered in the great tabernacle in London has no influence whatever on the East, and yet they too have their music. I quote from a famous Korean

novel, “The musician played another, when the young lady remarked, ‘This tune is very sweet and tender, the tune of Cha Moon-heui who was caught in the war and carried off by the barbarians. Cho Cho gave a fabulous sum for her ransom and had her brought back home. When she bade good-bye to the far north she wrote this tune. It is said the barbarians on hearing it dropped tears upon the grass, while the Minister from Han was melted by its strains.’“ They know all about being touched by music and being made glad. They know what it means to dance for joy, and to shed tears, but they would no more think of associating these emotions with Western music, than we would associate the notes of Paderewski with the rattle of an anchor chain.

The writer is convinced after careful study, that has continued through long years, that the thoughts and associations of the Korean regarding church music are of an entirely different order from anything we ever dreamed of.

I recall a case: The leader strikes up before the harmonium has given the key and-they launch out five notes apart, but no one in the congregation, except the foreigner, realizes it. It continues through the whole of the first line, five notes apart, while jarring sensations go up and down the back of the unhappy Westerner. Not only so but the whole verse is sung under these unheard of conditions, and to end the matter the whole five verses are driven through to a fine finish, the organist playing, and playing well too, and the leader holding to his tune as tenaciously as though his life depended on it, all the time five notes apart. The jangle and noise of it never reached the Korean soul.

A band of music, four men or five, trained by a skillful master, though now no longer under his keen gray eye, strikes out, with that confidence that the Orient shows when it writes a sign-board in English, into a discord and confusion indescribable, and yet the only ones disturbed are the foreigners. To all other listeners it is the proper thing, a noise of course, but a noise that conforms to custom. That it be sweet to the ear, that it mean something to the soul, that it carry one away on its wings and show him regions of delight that can

never be forgotten, is not for one minute associated with anything of the kind or any other variety of Western music. We would not be a whit better in any attempt of ours to render their music. We might be quicker to notice the incongruity of the thing, but would be quite as helpless to enter into its hidden mystery.

I am inclined to think that there is no exception to this rule in the East. Many will doubt the correctness of this position, especially those interested in music. but I commend to them a careful examination along the lines suggested.

At best even those who acquire a good knowledge of Western music are only phonographs, victrolas, music-boxes, lacking the expression and tenderness that goes with the soul. To truly touch the heart of the East you must awaken those chords dealt with in the article in the Encyclopaedia that has Weather, Weights and Measures, and the Alphabet for its subdivisions.

E. T.

CELEBRATING MY FATHER’S 80TH BIRTHDAY.

After a day of various and sundry doings I was sitting at my desk writing a letter to my father on his 80th birthday when my assistant came to me and asked whether I could go and make a call. I replied that I could, and asked what the case was, and how far. He said it was some distance in the country, but he added in his limited English, “The man say she very bad.” Then dropping back into his native tongue he rehearsed the symptoms as given by the messenger that there was something in the epigastric region which wouldn’t go down and kept bobbing up making great pain. The patient, a woman, had lain down and couldn’t rise nor eat He didn’t say as I afterwards learned that the condition was due to a full meal of “cooksu” (native vermicelli) and that her internal regions were the abode of many creatures also of a vermiform nature.

The distance was said to be twenty *li* (about seven miles) but twenty *li* may mean five miles and it may mean ten miles. The man said he would bring a riksha and as it was four o’clock and a riksha ought to make nearly twenty *li* an hour I thought I would start at once and get back to supper. I therefore sent to the house for my overshoes, sweater, and medicine case. An hour passed before the riksha came and I saw it was going to be a late trip but the thought of that “bobbing” something in the poor woman’s “tummy” wouldn’t allow me to hesitate. The riksha man started off at a brisk trot and our messenger friend had trouble keeping up. I was not fooled however as I have ridden in rikshas many times. The brisk speed lasted about forty rods and then lapsed into a walk. The road was excellent sleighing packed down by the impact of hundreds of cows ladened with brushwood, but was far from smooth for wheels, having the same nubbly surface as a sidewalk whose owner fails day after day to clean it. I wished for the horse and cutter I used when I called on my patients in America. The riksha jolted horribly and I tried walking for a while. We passed many picturesque groups of “namu koons” (men who bring cows loaded with sixteen large bundles of brush wood to town a distance of ten to twenty miles and sell their loads for thirty to forty cents, going home after disposing of their loads and spending the money for various articles which appeared tied to their pack saddles, a pair of wooden shoes, a new mat for the floor, a supply of tobacco, a bottle of coal oil, or a roll of white cloth for clothing). Poor fellows, I felt it was tough on me to walk as I am unused to it, but when I looked at their wet feet wound with rags and shod with coarsest straw sandals and the rest of their attire to match, J thought of my dry shod feet, warm coat, and fur cap and decided not to complain. But then they are used to it and I am not so I rode for a spell again. Contrast the economic condition which makes a city dependent on this cow train for its daily fuel supply with cellars annually stored with coal.

After a bit we came to the long crooked incline over the mountain pass. The coolie could hardly draw me on a level

so here it became impossible. I dismounted and fell to talking at intervals with my companion. “How far do you think we have come” I asked. “Not quite 20 li, l reckon,’’ he replied. “How far is it where we are going,” I inquired. “About 20 li,” he answered. Obviously we are not quite there. It seemed like a safe answer. “Who is this patient we are going to see?” “My mother.” “How old is she?” “Sang Sung, do you know what that means? “ “No,” I replied. “Well then” (in language that I could understand) she is 44.’’ “How many houses are there in your village?” “About eleven.’’ “How many are there in your family? “ “Ten.” And then we reached the top of the pass and he assures me “It we go, in a moment more we will be there.” I note that it is 6:20 o’clock. “Where is your village? Is it that one yonder?” dimly discerning a group of huts in the failing light. “No, it is just beyond, behind a little hill,” (pointing with his extended chin). We began to descend so I got back in the riksha and the coolie broke into a trot again. My companion was now willing to push, tho’ the idea had not struck him favorably before when help was really needed.

Whoa! something has gone wrong with the riksha. A glance shows that the burr has dropped off the left wheel and the wheel is about to follow. These are modern rikshas, you must know, and have ball bearing bicycle wheels. What can be done in a lonely mountain valley seven miles (or ten it seemed to me) from town in the night, in the way of repairing such a break? Plainly nothing. “You go on and see the patient, while I commit this thing to the nearest inn,” directs the coolie, and taking the same view of the situation as he, I quietly obeyed. My guide and I continued along the main road for some time, and I enquired every time we sighted a house if that is the one, but no, his stereotyped reply was “We will continue along this road a little farther then circle back around that hill and be there.” Presently we begin to “circle,” struggling along a path half to our knees in snow. By this tine with my heavy coat worn with the idea of riding, I am nearly tuckered and stop now and then for breath. As we round the point of a hill we see a cluster of houses nestled in the little cove of the valley

just as thousands of villages in Korea are located, and my companion points to one and says “That is my house.” We approach the house and Mr. Word, (for such is his name by interpretation) hurried in to announce my arrival to his mother. It is now seven o’clock. A Korean moment is therefore forty minutes. As I stood there looking at the outside of that hut in the dusk, I knew just as well how it looked on the inside as I did a few minutes later when I had actually entered. They all look alike, a box-like place with mud on all six sides. The rafters and one beam showed amid the mud and cobwebs above. The floor was partly covered with coarse grass or cane mats and the walls were variously decorated with bottles hung up by strings, and sundry dry herbs. An old fire pot containing a few coals mostly smothered in ashes and a dirty grimy lamp­stand holding a small kerosene lamp without a chimney comprised the furniture. In one end of the room on the floor, under the dirtiest of quilts, lay the patient moaning and groaning. Her face and hands were so dirty one would think they had miss their annual bath which had just fallen due. I rubbed up my glasses and ran my eye over the patient. The symptoms were not so bad as I feared. Pulse only a little rapid, no fever, no difficulty in breathing. In the meanwhile a boy and a man came in and I turned to them to get the story. She was all right till about two days before, she ate generously of cooksu which refused to settle down, seeming to have stuck fast in the region of the stomach, keeping her in constant pain. Cooksu is Korean vermicelli, so I prescribe a pain-killer for the present distress and a vermifuge for the cooksu et al, and comforted them with the assurance that she will soon be better. I would have ordered and probably given her at least a partial bath but I didn’t want them to think I was crazy, on this our first acquaintance. I then thought of those eight or ten miles of slippery walking back to town. I overheard the men discussing how much should be given the riksha coolie and one suggests that inasmuch as the vehicle broke down and I should not be able to ride back, he should receive but half pay. This reminded me to enquire if perhaps there is a horse in the village. Unfortunately there was not, but a cow might

be had. My legs seem more promising to me than a pack saddle. “But,” says the man, “is it necessary for you to go to-night, can’t you wait till morning?” I reflected that a sleepless night among crawling things with neither supper nor breakfast will not make me more fit for the walk, and replied that my wife will worried if I don’t return, so I must go. My guide of the outward trip heaved a sigh and made ready to accompany me back again, drawing on the wet stockings he was taking to dry over the fire pot. I felt sorry for him but sorrier for myself as he was used to such walks and I am not. It was dark and I did not know the way and besides he should bring out some more medicine from town. But what were we to do for a lantern? A box with paper sides containing a candle is the orthodox “light unto our path” but there was no candle to be had. However one of the little oil lamps would slip into the box. (I had asked for a second one in order to be able to read the thermometer). So with this we fared forth. The riksha coolie was waiting for us in an outer room, (I thought I had lost him) , so I told the other man he need not go, but he said be would see us as far as the “big road,” and so we three trudged off through the deep snow. The coolie’s trousers were rolled up to the knees showing his bare legs, which made me shiver—and I asked him if he were not cold. He admitted that it was a little cool, and rolled them down a few turns. After a bit we reached the inn where the riksha had been left and the young man borrowed thirty cents to pay the coolie. He disdained it and asked for sixty cents saying that would not pay for the break of his riksha and thereupon ensued a wordy battle in which I occasionally but ineffectually joined in the coolie’s behalf. Seeing it was likely to last and I was anxious to get along home I picked up the lantern and left and saw no more of either man.

About 10:30 P.M. more dead than alive I dragged into the house and found my dear wife waiting for me with a bowl of hot soup, and felt better right away, I was too stiff to move the next day and now a week later as I write I have still a hard cold to remind me of that wormy patient.

My fee was $1.35．

BLAZING THE TRAIL

A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION

(Continued from the March number.)

“What do you mean by foreign interference?” asked Mr. Kim.

“I mean this,” replied the magistrate with irritation, “one day when I had a man stretched out for a beating who had been condemned for not paying certain debts, in came this Christian leader called Chang, with twenty others at his heels and ordered me to release the prisoner.

He brought with him a small flag on which was sewed a red cross, he stuck it into the ground and placing a table beneath it, laid his Bible on the table with some other books. Then with bold affront they all opened their hymn books and sang, he then read from his Bible and began preaching to me some thing about the denunciations of a certain prophet he called down upon me the wrath of heaven and earth, and all the demons of the yellow pit and declared that the Christians would report me to the king if I did not instantly let the man go; that the foreigners were back of him and they would have my head. He harangued for an hour and when I told them I would let the man go and look into the matter later, they called on me to repent and to hand over certain monies that I had collected from other evil doers. Now what do you think of that?” Mr. Kim hesitated. “Eh, what think you of that?” he insisted.’ Are the foreigners back of that thing?”‘

“They knew nothing about the actions of this man,” was the reply.

“You mean that this insulting crew is not under the foreigner’s direction?” said the magistrate leaning forward, and looking over his fat cheeks into the eyes of Mr. Kim.

“The foreigner would disapprove of it.”

“Ah,” said the magistrate as he puffed at his pipe with vigor while a wicked gleam shot from his eyes.

Mr. Kim was distressed. He saw trouble ahead for the group of people who called themselves Christians and for himself also, and he strove to interest the magistrate in other things that be might have his personal friendship by which to mitigate the severity of coming events.

The official seemed anxious that the interview should close, and Mr. Kim left with a heavy heart. As he passed out of the small gate he met Mr. Chang, the leader, standing before the large central gate. He had just sent up his card and was waiting to have the gate opened. Both men stared at each other in surprise. Mr. Chang was decked out in a fantastic imitation of a western costume. He wore a pair of striped trousers that were so long they rolled up on top of his sandals. He wore a vest and coat without a shirt, being warm he had left his vest unbuttoned showing the skin to his waist. A collar was fastened around his neck, but having nothing to cling to at the front it had turned completely around. On his head was a straw hat several sizes too large.

“What,” said he to Mr. Kim, “you a Christian and humble yourself by entering a side gate?” It was difficult for Mr. Kim to keep the smile from his face as he answered,

“Our Lord never sought the honor of men. Humble yourself and become as a little child, is his command. The Lord resisteth the proud spirit, is that not what the Word says, Brother?”

“Yes, but the Scripture says that you must be all things to all men. I insist upon being received with honor, because of the character of this magistrate, and chiefly because of his oppression of the people. We, you and I, must free this people from this intolerable oppression : Yes, and see to it that they are ruled with equity. What is the Church for if it is not to spread righteousness throughout the world? and righteousness means that he shall treat us rightly,” At that moment the yamen runner appeared at the side gate and motioned Mr. Chang to enter.

“What! insult me by ordering me in at the side gate? Never! Tell your master to open the front gate instantly, or it will be worse for him. Go, I say,” he shouted, as the runner

hesitated. And Mr. Chang turned a suspicious look at the back of Mr. Kim who had turned and was leaving the place.

Mr. Kim returned to his inn feeling greatly depressed. Two hours later there was a stir in the town. Mr. Chang had returned from the magistrate’s, his clothing greatly disarranged and his face purple with wrath. The magistrate had refused to open the front gate for him and Mr. Chang had stormed through the side entrance into the magistrate’s presence to resent the insult.

The magistrate had ordered him seized and paddled; the runners did it with a will, till the victim had howled with pain, vowing vengeance with each breath. When he left, the magistrate had threatened forty blows if he heard of his disturbing the peace in the future. Mr. Chang called his flock together and recounted his “persecution” and planned revenge. Discouraged? No! and for an hour he harangued his followers. “Now is the time,” he urged, “to strike a blow. I.et us back to that foul fiend’s den, beat him to a pulp. The time is ripe, we have only to move and there will be tens of thousands at our heels.” But his followers did not respond as expected, they looked askance into each other’s faces then filled their pipes. “That is so,” they said, and nodded their heads with vigor, “that is so, down with the tyrants,” but they glanced each moment with increasing apprehension at the open door. Before he finished a number near the door slunk off, having recalled duties that had been forgotten till that moment.

Another went to the door and talked with his neighbor in loud voice over some trivial matter; the interruption called the attention of others from the speaker and they slipped out. When Mr. Chang had ceased speaking from exhaustion, his audience consisted of a few of his closest friends and he looked them over in deep disgust and alarm.

“Where have they gone?” he asked. “It is a busy time,” some one soothingly said, “and the people have gone to their work.”

That night some took fright and left the town, ostensibly to attend distant markets. Others found themselves at Mr. Kim’s meeting and they listened with close attention. After

the service was over they went to the preacher with their troubles. Mr. Chang had been beaten and threatened; which meant that all the Christians in the section were threatened; would not Mr. Kim help them; would he not go to the great foreigner with whom he must be on intimate terms and secure help? .Mr. Kim replied that as they had done wrong in having to do with the magistrate and had not represented the spirit of Christ they would have to take the punishment and then begin all over again. They left, and some reported him an austere heartless man.

Mr. Chang visited his flock from house to house the next day and was astonished to find none of them in town. The appearance of liveried servants of the magistrate wandering about town filled him with fear. He then sought out Mr. Kim and charged him with being a traitor.

“You are jealous of me,” he raved, “and wanted to get tho honor of starting this work. You have not only injured my prospects, but also your own. There were scores of people in this town on the point of joining us and hundreds and thousands throughout the country. Now where are they? Not only that, but, before you visited the magistrate not a dog dare wag his tongue against us: now, not only will the magistrate seize us but the people will persecute us here on our own streets and make life intolerable for us and our families. The magistrate will seize us on one pretext or another, and having flayed us, will turn us from our doors into the street. I hope now your envy and malice is satisfied.” He seemed on the point of taking revenge on Mr. Kim’s person but that stalwart figure argued prudence.

Mr. Kim frankly told him all that had been said at the magistrate’s and then added that “it gave him great pain that any one should suffer from anything he had done.” “But,” he added, “you yourself are to blame for the whole trouble. You were representing yourself as a leader of Christians, which you were not. You did not show the spirit of Christ at all. If you wished to assume the lead of a political movement you had a perfect right to do so provided you were ready to meet the consequences, but you should not have taken the name of

the Christian Church. While I did not know that the magistrate would treat you ill because of the information that I gave, yet if I had withheld my tongue the foreigner would have been compelled to inform the government that the Church had nothing to do with you, and that you had no right to the name of Christian, then not only would they have treated you worse but all your followers would have been arrested and who could have measured the suffering if hundreds were hurled into prison and thousands made homeless. I did not go to the magistrate of my own free will. Hs called me, and I was compelled to answer his questions truthfully; to lie, certainly would not have been representing Him whom I serve. I profoundly regret the turn of affairs, but think you I could have done less? Now, Brother,” he continued, “our warfare is spiritual, not carnal. I believe as you do that Christianity will revolutionize the land. Its accomplishment lies distant in the future and will be first of all a revolution of the characters of individuals. It will bring you no earthly power, or glory, not will it bring glory to any humble preacher of the cross.”

“Aha!” Mr. Chang broke out impatiently, “you talk like a child. You can’t see beyond your puny ambitions of visiting a few groups of people.” “Why do I use the name of Christian?” is a silly question, replied Mr. Chang angrily. “You know it has the respect of our people and its name would bring many tens of thousands who would not otherwise join any movement. And then, too, am I not a Christian, and should I not use own name?” As he spoke his face reddened with deepening anger. “And my followers were as much Christians as yours. Do not the Scriptures say ‘love the brethren,’ and has your action shown love for us who are just struggling into the Church? You have caused us to be beaten by the magistrate. Is that Christian according to your quotation just now? How does it appear in your case? If by men’s works you know them, then you, Sir, are evil, and Divine punishment awaits you.”

He arose to his feet and walked to the door, then turned about, walked back to Mr. Kim, and, shaking his finger in his face, shouted, “I hope, Sir, they will paddle your hide for you,

yes, Sir, I hope to see him do it. Ya-a-a, it will be done, and and I will see it.”

CHAPTER VIII

MR. MOON AND HIS JUG

At Standing Stone was a noted school teacher, concerning whom reference has already been made. He was seventy three years of age and quite unfit for ordinary work. This latter fact aroused much debate in the town. Had he died three years earlier, he would have been spoken of as a man highly honored by the spirits since he was preserved to so glorious an old age, and incidentally, they would have appreciated his good taste in departing before he became an object of charity—but—here he was, and his wife also. They must care for them. There arose a great debate. The immediate relatives of this old couple insisted that it was not convenient to support them and of course the neighbors could not find it in their hearts to deny relatives such rare privilege, so that, at one time during the dispute, the two old people were on the verge of starvation. Finally, the village compromised by trusting its youth to his care.

He had always been a public servant. For three generations he had sharpened the wits of the youth of that town by grinding them through vast tomes of Chinese characters. All day long, year after year, those boys from grandfather to grandson, had droned their lessons before this man and now why should they not know what was good for their old teacher. Five years he had been at rest. It was not good. So once more his home became a house of learning.

These lessons, now, as in the years past, must be bellowed out at the top of the pupils’ voices from daylight till dark. A jar of water placed in a comer of the school room played a worthy part in the system of education. The ancient teacher’s eyesight was· not good, nor was his hearing, so the lads had opportunity to look after their own affairs, much to their enjoyment; yet the physical disabilities of their master had disadvantages for them. They must at all times shout at the top

of their voices to make him hear. The irritability of old age frequently found vent in the use of a long willow cane that lay convenient at his side, and woe to the boy whose voice did not reach him. This vigorous regulation by the use of the willow cane was always accompanied with the astonishing information, hurled at every culprit, that the master’s ears were as keen as any man’s ears.

Through this discipline and noise the school obtained great renown, being known far and wide as the most successful school in the country. It could be heard the farthest “As far as ten li,” one declared in a spirit of pride, while talking with a friend from another village. Thus it came about that the master surprised and pleased the town in his old age quite as much as be did while laboring for earlier generations, and thankful parents often said they hoped he would live another seventy three years. A sad habit of his, however, resulted in a change which cut short any hope. for so long a period of service. An incident growing out of this habit shook the community to its foundation.

While the lads enjoyed filling the jar with water, and emptying it too, the master liked something better. Whenever there was a wedding in that section of the country, he would start a boy off with a tall jug. If on returning it should not be full the unfortunate lad would have a fresh introduction to the willow cane. The cane was not pleasant in the hands of this practised patriarch, and few dared hazard its acquaintance, so that during study hours there was a sound of industry. It was a high privilege to be entrusted with the jug at wedding; they were such jolly occasions. Funerals also were a source of joy. The pupil who carried the jug on the latter named occasions might linger any length of time to examine the gaudy bier, or the dress of the hired mourners, and pass his judgment on the quality of the chanting.

Mr. Kim was returning to this town after weeks of absence, thus keeping his word with Martha, the wife of Mr. Cho. He met one of the lads with a jug, who was industriously kicking up the dust in the road and watching it settle over his clothing, hands, and the jug.

“Where are you carrying that jug?”

‘‘To old Moon, the teacher,” was the reply, with a moment’s glance from the cloud of dust to the face of his questioner.

‘‘Who is old Moon? “

“You don’t know our old teacher, Moon? Where do you live, Sir, not to know old Moon? “ asked the lad, looking up in astonishment.

“You think him so great? In what way, pray?”

“Why, Sir,” here the boy stammered and thought a moment, “why my father says he is, and he knows, so does my brother know and all of us. It is the loudest school in the country. Our boys can be heard studying their lesson ten *li* any day, and fair weather, at least twenty li.”

“So, so,” said Mr. Kim, “ what is the secret of so much noise?”

The lad looked his interrogator over a moment doubtfully, and hesitatingly replied,

“Why, I guess it is his ears.”

Mr. Kim soon found himself face to face with the old school teacher who had opened his building for public use at his first visit to town.

“Welcome you are,” said the teacher, “welcome at any time. You can’t hurt the lads, you can’t hurt them. Mr. Cho says you are wicked, but you can’t hurt the lads. It is my judgment they can’t be worse than they are.”

The boys were pleased to listen to anything that would permit them to turn from their books. Mr. Kim talked with great gravity of their manner of living. Finally he said,

“Now I am convinced that you are all sinners,” he paused and the lads looked at one another suspiciously and glanced up uneasily at their teacher who was feeling of his cane and straining his ears to catch all that was said. “I will repeat it,” continued Mr. Kim, “you are all sinners, now tell me is that not true?”

The eyes of the pupils sought the face of the eldest lad who was usually their spokesman. The boy thus appealed to glanced around upon his school mates and a slight color tinged his cheeks.

“No, Sir,” he replied decidedly, “there is no such person as a sinner amongst us.” “Why, are you sure of that?” said Mr. Kim looking keenly into the lad’s face. The boy wriggled on his mat and again his eyes traveled over the faces of his companions.

“See,” he replied, “all these boys are young and none of them have rebelled against his Majesty, or the Government, and I believe they have all sacrificed faithfully at the graves of their ancestors.”

“Think a moment,” said his questioner, “is it possible that we have here a school full of boys and not one of them has ever committed sin?”

“It may be that some of them have not obeyed and honored their parents as fully as they ought. We are country people and have never had the training that the capital people have and perhaps we have missed some of the details,’’ he replied slowly and with true humility.

“Now,” said Mr. Kim, “1 do not mean your loyalty to prescribed customs and formal etiquette, but I mean that you dishonor God, and every day you do violence to your conscience.” “Violence to their conscience!” exclaimed old Moon with his ear close up to the lips of Mr. .Kim, “Sinners! It is only this willow stick that keeps the little criminals under! Conscience? Why, Sir, they are dead, died with their grandfathers many years ago. I know the generation. The rascals, I have to whale them out of their sins many times a day. Now see here,

stranger, if you can doctor up these wild scamps sufficient to relieve the duties of this willow stick you can come here as often as you want.” The Master laughed softly to himself, then added, “If you will change their appetite for my wine and my tobacco, I believe I would be ready to do the doctrine myself.” The thought amused him so much that he rubbed his thin hands together and chuckled again, all the while gazing over the rims of his huge spectacles at his pupils. “Sinners? My willow rod is the proof.”

“Is your teacher right or wrong? ‘‘ asked Mr. Kim.

The boys dropped their heads in confession that they were fairly judged, and no doubt the worst lot of boys to be found

in the country. Then the eldest lad looked up and said: “Is that what you came to tell us? We know those things, we know that there is a God, and that we are sinful and that we shall somewhere, sometime be punished for our sins, we know all that, Sir.”

“I have more, much more that you don’t know,” said Mr. Kim.

That evening for the second time a great crowd filled the old school house to listen to the strange teaching of this strange man who had been associated so long with the foreigner. “Some of his manners,” they said, “were part Korean and some of them were part something else. We will see what funny thing he will say.” They had already forgotten Mr. Cho’s warning against this “dangerous man.”

Mr. Kim learned their names and the next day his cheery voice surprised the town as he went from house to house. He followed the people miles from the village into the fields and talked as they worked. They listened with respect, not being in the habit of expressing their opinions, or, thinking of little besides the question of how to secure their daily bread, they said “yes” to nearly every point he made.

Thus many days passed, and a group of interested people sat each night at Mr. Kim’s feet “Good it must be if it proposed to rid the world of sin,” they said. A group of men and women handed Mr. Kim their names, agreeing to burn their fetishes, attend the Sabbath service, give up their wine drinking and, in short, do all that Mr. Kim directed. They might know little about the new religion but they knew Mr. Kim. Mr. Moon joined the number, but the question of giving up his wine staggered him.

“It is the only way,” he said, “now that I am old and am unable to attend either funerals or weddings, that I am able to enjoy them. They all know old Moon, and are disappointed not to see his jug on such occasions. Then when it comes back I can think over the festive scenes and enjoy it all with my jug just as well and perhaps better than if I were there, for I can calculate just how long the wine will last and can be moderate accordingly. If I should go I would perhaps overdo it a little,

which is not good. So you see, there are two difficulties in the way of my joining you, and not the least is the disappointment it would cause the people who expect my jug. You know there are some who do not like this new movement, and it would cause widespread dissatisfaction if the people could not find old Moon’s jug at these occasions, and I fear,” he said, thoughtfully stroking his beard, “that it might cause persecutions.”

One of the members suggested that perhaps the rising generation could get along if they did not see his jug, and as for the funerals the dead would not care anyway, and further so much wine was drunk on such occasions the people would not notice any difference and, indeed, as far as he had observed, it was always gone at the end, so that help was not really needed, therefore he should not feel badly on that point. Mr. Moon shook his white head and withdrew from the class murmuring something about being public spirited.

Mr. Cho heard of old Moon’s decision and sent him a jug of wine with words of approval and suddenly seemed to conceive a liking for the old teacher. Before this event he had hardly deigned to speak to the Master; now, he visited him and invited him to his home and old Moon had not tasted such wine since he was a youth.

“I am glad,” said Mr. Cho, “that we have a man of such scholarly acquirements to look after the education and moral training of our lads; it speaks greatly to the good judgment of our townsmen in choosing you for the responsible position; then too, you are a man of such age and experience that you cannot be influenced by every new idea that floats into the town. These are sad times,” he added with a sigh, “when disloyalty to ancient creeds and customs is rampant, the followers of cunningly devised fables grow daily. It is like a contagious disease and has no respect to members of the home. It will take a child here, a father there, it will lead a wife from her husband, and when it gets hold of people no amount of force will beat the ideas out of the victim, indeed, sometimes I fear it grows best under hard usages.”

The old man shifted uneasily, but did not know how to

answer. He had never held an argument over the matter, and just why it was good or why it was bad he did not exactly know; that it demanded a separation from ancient customs he knew, and now that it was stated that such a thing was bad, why, what could one say. He would think about it. When he left his host a boy carried a jug home for him.

On the next visit Mr. Cho enquired concerning Mr. Moon’s salary. “The boys bring me about thirty yang a month, and then I have a little patch of ground where my wife raises turnips; sometimes a kind neighbor who has learned that his boy has passed a good examination brings me some tobacco, perhaps a little wine also, and as I encourage the boys as much as possible at the time of the examinations I am not always without these comforts.”

“Thirty yang,” exclaimed Mr. Cho, in well feigned wrath, “and they expect you to keep alive and also your wife on that sum of money? hateful! inhuman! and they are using your rooms for other purposes also. People gather there for speeches, I am told. I will warrant that the preacher does not add anything to your income.”

Mr. Moon had to admit that the religious gatherings there did not add anything to his income, and admitted that so many people coming and going made sad havoc with his straw mats. “Disgraceful!” said the virtuous Mr. Cho. “Why, you see,” he continued, “I have no children to send to school. If I had only known, I might have removed such inhuman treatment. And to think that the preacher should so impose upon a helpless old man.”

Mr. Moon was greatly moved by the interest expressed by Mr. Cho. But of course hospitality would demand of him to give over his rooms to the use of his neighbors in any case, and he had never thought of receiving any compensation, and he hoped that Mr. Cho would not think so ill of him as that.

“Certainly.’’ said Mr. Cho, “that represents the greatness of your nature and the fidelity that you have for our ancient customs. That is the more reason why others who partake so lavishly of your hospitality to the extent of making your living hard, should compensate you as a matter of humane sentiment,

indeed, if their new passions contain anything humane.” Mr. Moon did not clearly see how he had been impoverished by giving over his room for the use of Mr. Kim, but inasmuch as Mr. Cho had seen some such thing, it was not for him to say it was not so, for that would be impolite and then too the great unexpected spirit of generosity that seemed about to shine forth in this hitherto cold hearted man should not be discouraged by him.

“I have thought,” continued Mr. Cho, when he had waited and received no reply, “that something might be done to help you. Of course I know that, as a great scholar, you scorn to receive money as payment for your service. Money matters with such men are vulgar considerations. I know that in the elevated sphere of your daily meditations such thoughts do not enter your mind, yet it does not excuse us, of meaner mold, who think on such thing and struggle to obtain them; therefore, I trust that you will not be offended if I duplicate the amount of your salary. Then too I feel so pleased for the noble stand you have taken in regard to keeping up the ancient and honorable custom of drinking wine, I will see that you are supplied with it, beyond the usual gifts from weddings and funerals.’’

Mr. Moon was overwhelmed with a feeling of gratitude. He could now eat rice instead of millet. He could have a better barrel of pickles for the coming winter, and never be without wine. His cup seemed to be full, it ran over, but as Mr. Cho suggested, he was a scholar and it would be vulgar for such as he to appear either gratified or displeased. He bowed his acknowledgments, and said he hoped Mr. Cho would realize all the rewards of merit that his noble self-disinterestedness demanded.

Mr. Moon found himself still shockingly interested in Mr. Kim, whose teachings ruthlessly demanded attention.

Mr. Cho, however, was insistent that it was bad and would break up the peace of all communities. He had affirmed, in one of their conversations, that the preacher had already divided families of that town, setting father against son, and mother against daughter and children against parents and not

only that, but when he had taken the matter to Mr. Kim, the latter gravely admitted that it was indeed the genius of what he was teaching.

It was a terrible outlook for Mr. Moon. The new faith fascinated him. Bad? It must be bad to break up homes and weave such a spell over him, and yet he wanted time to think it out.

Mr. Cho invited Mr. Moon to his home for further conversations. He said it did him good to talk to the learned, or even to be in their presence. Mr. Moon was pleased. Mr. Cho did most of the talking, but what did that matter if Mr. Cho felt that he was edified.

‘“I was thinking,” said Mr. Cho on one of these occasions, “that the old building in which you are teaching is hardly a fit place for one so old and whose service we are anxious to keep as many years as possible. Of course, I know that your feelings will protest and that you will say the caves of the earth are good places for scholars who live not for earthly things while they contemplate the deeper things of learning, but such is the fact that we who are of common clay should care for every one who serves us, and you are of great service to as. I have a plan and submit it for your approval. I will open one of my large rooms for your work. It is well papered and I have recently called in a man who is clever with his brush and he has drawn appropriate figures of interest, which, I hope, will help the pupils. ‘A thing of beauty is an education,’ so say the sages, therefore, l have tried in my own poor way to beautify this room for you, and if you want to do so you may bring your boys down tomorrow.”

Mr. Moon thought of his school house with its mud walls and broken roof and the problem of repairs already pressing upon him. One side of the building had sagged so much that it appeared always on the point of collapsing. Indeed, some of the people had called their children home during the last rainy season for fear of an accident, so, when the proposition was made, his heart leaped with joy, he forgot his scholarly character and expressed his gratitude like any other delighted mortal. Mr. Cho was please. He saw an end to the meetings.

A few words to one of his servants who had learned to keep a secret, and a long pole placed in his hand, a wrench at one of the posts and the old building would be in the dust. He was satisfied, but there need be no haste. The following day, therefore, it was reported that Mr. Cho had placed his name on the building as owner. The notice was in large heavy Chinese characters forbidding any one to occupy it. Mr. Kim was surprised but not cast down; that night there was a meeting in a home where a family moved out for the occasion.

“We want five hundred yang,” announced Mr. Kim, as he unfolded a piece of paper to take down subscriptions.

“Fifty yang,” called one, “twenty,” called another and Mr. Kim was busy. Soon, however, the sums dropped to one yang each and suddenly stopped as if some one had ordered a halt. Mr. Kim announced a total of two hundred fifty yang, but no amount of urging could secure another cash; the people had given all that they had.

Within the heavy shadows of the opposite side of the room sat the figure of a woman. She had slipped in so quietly that no one had noticed her. The company sat some time in silence and failure was written on their faces when the occupant of the shadows spoke up.

“ I have no money,” she said, “but I have on my finger a gold ring given me years ago by members of my father’s family—here, write not my name but simply a gold ring.”

There was a craning of necks to see who had spoken, and Mr. Kim raised the candle over his head and the rays fell on the shrinking figure of Madam Cho. Mr. Kim wrote down one gold ring. The effect was magical. Each woman of the company slipped from her finger the huge silver wedding rings. They were passed up one by one to Mr. Kim who estimated their value and wrote it down. A number of stalwart young men put their heads together, and offered each a number of days of labor. A spirit of hilarity filled the little audience. They promised to labor with their hands till the work was done. Mr. Kim said it was enough.

In a few days they purchased two buildings and used the

lumber to build the church. There was a world of bustle and the whole town was stirred by the commotion and many were angry. “Why should people leave the work of the fields to build a place for shouting and noise?” they said, “dogs of the town make noise enough.”

“A place of worship among the people built by the people,’’ the Christians said, “how different from Confucianism and Buddhism.” Many of the townsmen made sport over their pipes as they recounted how the Christians had outwitted the wiley Mr. Cho. That gentleman heard and was wroth. The Christians were independent of the school building and Mr. Cho had a school on his hands and an old teacher whose appetite for wine seemed unlimited. The students’ watchfulness for forthcoming weddings and funerals had slackened to a surprising degree. It also seemed that the Master’s grip on the principle of total abstinence for his pupils had relaxed. All these personal wrongs Mr. Cho laid at the door of Mr. Kim. He would have his revenge, and when next his hand should fall it would be heavy, and it would be as lightning out of a clear sky.

Below the church stood a spirit tree. It had grown old and for some time it had threatened to topple over on a neighboring house. One day Mr. Cho visited the tree and examined it carefully when none could see him. “One blow of an axe would bring it to the ground,” he murmured, “but who would have the courage to do it?”

One night the darkness was great and the wind blew furiously making a pandemonium of noises, with swinging windows, banging doors, lifting and tugging at the thatch houses. Those living near the chapel thought they heard the sound of chopping, but who could swear to what they heard on such a wild night. In the morning the devil tree lay stretched on the ground. It had barely missed a house in its fall and the inmates looked it over with a feeling of awe. On examination the stump showed marks of an axe, and immediately the neighborhood was in a furor. “Who could the villian be?” was the angry question on every tongue.

They carried the matter to Mr. Cho, who had long ruled the town and often acted in cases of dispute. That gentleman

appeared incredulous but consented to investigate. He set an hour in mid-afternoon for the visit, which gave opportunity for the angered people to gather. He talked volubly with the many who visited him and impatiently waited about his yard for the hour of the visit.

He did not think that it were possible for any one in that town, even its bitterest enemies, to do such a sacrilegious thing as to fell a spirit tree. Of course any such person would know such a deed was a crime that would be paid for dearly. There had been incidents of that sort during his memory when the price had been the life of the culprit; nothing but a look with his own eyes could convince him that there was such a fiend in their fair town.

(To be Continued).

AIMS AND METHODS OF MISSION EDUCATION.

(Aim of Mission Education and some Principles determining Methods.)

CHRIST’S AIM.

Christ said, “I came that they may have life and may have it abundantly.” At his word the withered hand of the paralytic was stretched forth clothed with muscle and filled with rich red blood; in his presence the heart of the extortioner expanded with liberality and the heart of a woman who was a sinner was cleansed of its bitterness and filled with purity and gratitude; in his companionship the minds of simple fishermen were quickened until they could think in the terms or a world religion. The progress of history is but a record of Christ’s efforts through the centuries to enrich the life of man. All Christian activity aims at this largeness and fulness of life for the individual and for the community.

LIMITATION UPON THE MISSION AIM.

In mission work, however, the primary aim in not to bring to non-Christians the fruits of Christianity but to introduce non-Christians to Christ, the source of the larger life.

In every mission field there are perplexing social and industrial and political questions which must be solved before the individuals in those lands can enjoy the fulness and completeness of life which is Christ’s ideal for them but the solving of these questions is not the task of the missionary. His work is not to distribute fruit but to plant trees. His task is to lead the natives into such a relation to Christ that they may have his help in the solution of all their problems. This limitation upon the immediate aim of the whole missionary enterprise naturally rests also upon the aim of mission education.

FUNCTIONS OF MISSION EDUCATION.

A school may prove valuable as a mission agency in the following ways :

l. It may be used as a means to bring the missionary and his message into effective contact with persons who would otherwise be difficult to approach.

2. Where other schools are aggressively anti-Christian the church school affords a means of saving to Christianity the children of Christian homes.

3. By bringing its various resources to bear daily upon the whole life of the student the school may accomplish results in the upbuilding of faith and character which are not possible to the less intense efforts of other agencies.

4. It is often indispensable as an agency for producing the leaders necessary to a self-propagating, self-supporting and self-controlling church. In this connection we need to ponder the statement of Dr. Molt that the failure to raise up competent leaders for the church of the future is more serious than the failure to win converts.

5. It may be necessary in order to raise up leaders in secular life who will mould public opinion and create political and social conditions in which Christianity will be allowed to exist. The principle of religious toleration was slowly learned and has not long been understood even in Christian lands. While history abounds in illustrations of the statement that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church it also furnishes many instances in which a higher form of the faith has been

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practically crushed out by an intolerant civil power. It may be that in the providence of God the early missionaries to Japan were led to emphasise the educational work in order that the missionaries in Korea to-day might have liberty to preach the gospel.

It is thus easily seen that mission education in furnishing a means of approach to the people, in saving the children of Christian parents, in its intense evangelism and in training leaders has a wide and important field. In fact we may fairly say that the educational work is indispensable to the completion of the missionary enterprise.

NOT ALL SCHOOLS ARE WORTH WHILE.

The greatness of the need and opportunity for educational work sometimes leads us to tolerate schools which are not really worth while. When the army is in dire need of more men the recruiting officer may easily make the mistake of enlisting men unable to do a soldier’s work, men who add to the burden of the commissary department without increasing the fighting power of the army. A school must reach a certain standard of efficiency before it becomes of any value. That standard varies with different places. It is determined by the local conditions but just as a sound must reach a certain degree of intensity before it is detected by the ear and passes what the psychologist terms the threshold of consciousness so the sum total of the influence of the school must reach a certain degree of power before it can make a definite Christian impression upon the character of the students. A school which for any reason does not cross this threshold of effectiveness bears an inaudible testimony to the Master, and not being for him may be against him.

TESTS OF USEFULNESS.

In determining whether a school is worth while as a missionary agency the following considerations should be kept in mind:

1. The effect of the school upon the student’s life as a whole. We have learned that life is a unity and that Christianity

concerns the whole person, not simply one compartment of his nature. The spiritual life of the student cannot be isolated and dealt with exclusively. The health conditions and the intellectual habits fostered by the school affect the soul or the student as powerfully, oftentimes, as the conscious teaching of spiritual truth.

A school should furnish a selected environment better as a whole than that in which the student would be if the school did not exist.

2. The influence of the school upon the attitude of the public toward Christianity. A Christian institution on the mission field is more representative than a similar institution in a Christian land. A friend is not judged by the clothes he happens to be wearing, but a stranger is. One familiar with the road will not be misled by the pointer on a guide post by the wayside which has been turned in the wrong direction by an accident, but it may cause a stranger to lose his way. A Christian’s opinion of the Christ whom be knows as a personal Saviour is not affected by the strength or weakness of a church school but a non-Christian’s opinion of Christ is shaped by the character of the institutions and individuals he knows that bear the name of Christian. A Mission institution is regarded as speaking ex-cathedra all the time.

The general impression a mission school gives should not belittle the importance of Christianity. It should declare unmistakably that the claims of Christ deserve consideration. Its testimony should be true to the inherent sincerity and honesty and spirituality of Christianity. Therefore when a mission school is used as bait in fishing for men the bait must be real meat not sham. The school must be educationally all that its name implies and it must not allow itself to become in any way an agent of political propaganda.

THE ONE INDISPENSABLE CONDITION OF SUCCESS.

Many factors contribute to the success of a school, such as a suitable course of study, adequate buildings and equipment, efficient administration, proper methods of teaching, etc., but a defect in any one of these things may be counter-balanced

by extra strength in another direction and the school will still be worthwhile. What is the determining characteristic of a mission school?—Undoubtedly it is a knowledge of Christ and the presentation of this knowledge to the students in a way that wins their allegiance to him. What along with other contributing factors is absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of this result? Is it the use of the Bible in the curriculum?

Recognizing the Bible as a literature of power, as a formative force in history, as spiritual food, as the Word of God, as the source of most of our knowledge of Christ and the things of God, we must recognize that it is worthy a place in the curriculum. We would wish to have for our students the privilege of standing by this mighty source or knowledge and life and drinking of its waters without restriction. And yet the essential thing is not to stand by the source but to have access to the water. And just as water from the distant hills is conveyed by the water pipes to the homes of the people so Christian truth is conveyed to the heart of the student by the teacher. Life is more expressive than language and a living faith is more dynamic than the printed page. Phillips Brooks said, “We often cry ‘Principles, not men.’ But to send out principles without men is to send an army of ghosts abroad who would make all virtue and manliness as shadowy as themselves. It is principle brought to bear through the medium of manhood that draws and inspires.” A living faith is always contagious and if the teachers possess this faith the chief condition of success as a mission agency has been met. It only remains to make the technical educational work of the school reasonably good. The teacher is then brought into daily contact with impressionable lives that turn toward him with open minds. The conditions become exceedingly favorable for imparting spiritual truth by means of personal association.

THE RESULTS ARE CUMULATIVE,

The results of educational work are cumulative. Each year brings to fruition the efforts of preceding years. Frequent or unnecessary changes in policy may therefore be as

disastrous as it would be to convert an apple orchard into a pear or a peach into a pear just as the period of fruit bearing is reached. Patience and continuity of effort will ever be characteristics of successful educational work.

THE WORK MUST BE DONE.

If with some magical magnet you could extract from the Christian life in America all that is due to the influence of church schools from the beginning of her history down to the present what would be left? Can you conceive of the establishment of a strong enduring native Church in Korea without the aid of mission schools? If evangelical Christianity intends to complete the task it has undertaken in Korea the educational work must be done. Some forms of educational work may be rendered unnecessary by the development of the Government system and the inherent limitation upon the aim of mission education. But a certain amount of educational work must be done. The same missionary urge is upon the teacher as is upon the preacher. Neither is free in conscience to lay down the work at his own personal convenience or pleasure.

Therefore instead of chafing under regulations for which we are not responsible and which we are powerless to change let us follow the more Christian way and thanking God for the measure of religious toleration which exists in Korea today let us press forward with courage and patience in the work which God has called us to do, knowing that the stability and permanence and progress of the kingdom wait upon the success of the educational work.

A. W. WASSON.

BOOK REVIEWS

*China Mission Year Book*.-Cloth 564 pp.-The Christian Literature Society for China. Shanghai

Beginning with January 1916 the China Continuation Committee assumed full editorial responsibility for the China Mission Year Book, with the Christian Literature Society as publisher, thus dividing the labors performed by the latter Society since 1910. E. C. Lobenstine, foreign secretary of the Continuation Committee, has had the great task of editing the volume of more than 650 pages for which copy has been furnished by nearly eighty contributors, while C. L. Boynton has furnished the statistics tor the numerous charts placed in a convenient pocket inside the back cover.

A wealth of information is found in this book which can be obtained from no other source, and the book is indispensable to any person wanting reliable and up-to-date knowledge of missionary work in China. One will be amply rewarded by a hasty dip into the volume, but the appetite will be so whetted that nothing less than literal hours of reading will satisfy the hunger thus created. That veteran missionary Dr. Arthur H. Smith, opens the volume with a chapter on two decades of changes in China, and Dr. McGlllivray has a chapter on the effect or war on Missions in China. A chapter on institutional development and another on economic and commercial conditions completes Part I.

Part II of 130 pages tells in some detail of the work of the leading denominations, then reports on Evangelism, Educational work, Medical and Philanthropic, Christian Literature, interdenominational Institutions, Provincial and City Surveys, and Appendices giving recent treaties between China and Japan, and three different series o! Constitutions and agreements, including the China Continuation Committee, the Educational Association, Medical Association, Rockefeller Foundation, and then Roman Catholic figures, showing a total of more than 2,000,000 members and catechumens. The statistics are invaluable. No one wishing to keep fully informed as to conditions in China can afford to get along without this most valuable· book. We are glad that it is nearly time for the next volume to appear, because it is sure to be right up to date.

*The Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire*.-Cloth 520 pages The Kyo Bun Kwan, Tokyo; Korean Religious Tract Society, Seoul.

The annual year books put out by the missionary forces of various countries are year by year becoming more valuable as they present to their own workers and other religious leaders in the home lands the results of the various activities of the year.

*The Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire* published by the Conference of Federated Missions in Japan is a perfect mine of information concerning mission work in Japan, Korea and Formosa. The fourteenth annual volume was prepared under the editorial direction of the late Rev. J. L. Dearing, before he went on furlough, after which time the work was completed by the Rev. E. T. Iglehart. A host of willing contributors furnished much of the information, but weeks of hard work were necessary to prepare all this material and place it in its present compact and comprehensive form.

After a genera1 survey, naturally much space was given to a report of the Evangelical Campaign for the second of the three years, followed by forty-two chapters on the evangelistic work of tho different Missions.

A wealth of material is found concerning literature, education, Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. work, Sunday Schools, Temperance, Survey of Village Life, Social Service, etc.

No explanation is given as to why such limited space has been occupied with accounts of the work in Korea. It is to be hoped this lack will be supplied in the next volume.

The appendices include Constitutions of the Conference of Federated Missions, the Japan Continuation Committee, lists of Missions, Schools, Periodicals, Missionaries in Japan and in Korea, and statistical tables for Japan and Korea. The book is invaluable.

QUESTIONS.

9-When was the abacus introduced into Korea?

The abacus is not a Korean instrument, but came from Ancient China, at just what date it is impossible to say.

Older, however, than the abacus are the counting-sticks (soo-ka-ji) that have been used from times immemorial in places of political office.

The abacus was used by the shop-keeper and could serve only for the most elementary problems of Oriental arithmetic; while the sticks served for the most difficult that were to be solved.