The Korea Magazine

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| Entrance to Pool-gook Temple, Kyung-ju. Side view. | Ancient Stone Buddha, Chin Chun, North Choong-Chung |

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August, 1917

EDUCATION TWENTY YEARS AGO.

More than twenty years ago Rev. D. L. Gifford had two articles in the *Korean Repository* concerning education in the capital of Korea. We reproduce below most of the first article, that our readers may get a glimpse of the educational situation of that day. In a subsequent number we hope to present an article or a series of articles on education in Seoul as it is to-day. Mr. Gifford’s article follows :

The scope of this article will deal with a variety of educational institutions that flourish within the sweep of the mediaeval walls of Seoul, which fall like widely draped festoons from the peaks of the North and South mountains. Imagine yourself, please, in a factory where a planing machine and three or four circular saws are tearing the air into shreds with their din. You can then form some conception of the noise of a native Korean school room when the pupils are conning their lessons. Let us take a look into such a school. Perhaps a dozen bright-faced lads are sitting cross-legged upon the floor, their Chinese books laid before them. The upper parts of their bodies are swaying violently, each with his own time and motion, some from side to side, others forward and back, and all of them vociferating, in every musical pitch, the lesson assigned for the day. In contrast with all this movement and din is the quiet form of the school-master, sitting at the end of the room where the flue-heated floor is the warmest, on his head a crown-shaped, horse-hair hat, his nose surmounted by a pair of scholarly goggles, with a book before him, and in his hand a rod; and now and again his stentorian tones mingle with the shrilling trebles as he hurls in a word or two of correction. This is the ordinary Korean school.

From early dawn till the sun goes down these lads drone away, now studying aloud, now writing the characters, now reciting to the master the contents of the Chinese classics, filled with the lore of the ancient sages and a pseudo-history, but

scarcely an idea to lead them to understand the world in which they live in the year 1896.

And one who knows the Korean people, even in the most superficial manner, must be aware that there is something radically lacking in the time-honored system of education of the country.

I would by no means condemn it as an utter failure. Let no one beguile himself into thinking that the educated Koreans are a dull class of people. The study of the Chinese classics has much the same educational value for the Korean that a classical course in Latin and Greek has for a student in the Occident. The effort to master the difficult language is in itself a mental discipline. The writings of Confucius and Mencius, as a system of mere ethics, together with much that is defective and a disproportioned stress laid upon the virtue of filial piety, contain also much that is undoubtedly beautiful and true. Then again, to such an extent have the Chinese words and phrases embedded themselves in the native speech, that no Korean can obtain mastery of his own language without a preliminary study of the Chinese. But when all has been said, the popular education of Korea leaves very much to be desired. The best way to judge of a system is to examine the finished product of that system. Let us consider then the average educated Korean. He has a certain mental brightness and polish. His memory is noticeably well trained. He seems indeed to be much like a mill fairly well fitted to grind, but with no worthy content upon which to grind. He has, in a measure, the intellectual power of a man, with the actual knowledge of a child. And the discouraging feature of his case is that he has, in many instances, become so self-conceited that Socrates himself could not convince him of his ignorance. He is color-blind to every thing modern. His eyes are set on the past, especially the Chinese past. He is a slave to the traditions and customs transmitted from antiquity. His thinking has no breadth nor originality. But the fault is moral as well. Among people of his own station in life he displays a ceremonious politeness, that is certainly charming. But do not for a moment be deceived. There is very little

heart in it. What Korean unreservedly trusts another Korean? And for the man below him in social rank he has all the contempt of a Brahmin. Again, he has a false pride which leads him to starve rather that do a stroke of honest, manual labor. The ruling principle of his life is apt to be a selfish individualism, which leaves in his heart but little room for a disinterested public spirit, or a true love of his neighbor. Two things the naturally bright and in many respects interesting people of Korea especially need and which their present system of education certainly fails to give them, are a broader intellectual view and a deepened moral sense. Their present system of intellectual and moral training then, needs evidently much to supplement it. The Chino-Japanese war, in a number of respects, deep-soil plowed the life and institutions of Korea. One of the institutions which early disappeared was the “Koaga” or royal examination, held periodically through the spring and fall, when the streets used to be filled with country scholars all aspirants for literary degrees. The literary titles were in the ante-bellum days greatly prized, largely no doubt because the rank thus obtained was believed to furnish a stepping-stone towards the acquisition of government office, the summum bonum of the Korean scholar. But with the passing of the Koaga and a change in the methods of government appointments, it may be questioned whether much of the incentive to the acquisition of an education of the time-honored variety has not passed away. It may be further queried, if this be true, that the interest in education is waning throughout the country, what other educational forces are there at work, whose. influence can be counted upon to stimulate in some measure this flagging interest in all education; and can they be said to give promise of supplying the lacking elements mentioned above, a broadened mental outlook or a deepened moral sense. The answer is that there are three classes of schools whose influence radiates from the Capital, government vernacular schools, government schools for the study of foreign languages, and missionary institutions of learning, all of which aim to impart nineteenth century knowledge, and in varying degrees seek the moral culture of

their students. Referring now to the first class of government schools mentioned, the writers information was largely derived a few months since from Mr. T. H. Yun, the then Acting-Minister of Education, at present a member of the embassy sent to represent Korea at the coronation of the “Czar of all the Russias.” It may be remarked in passing that his experience and education in a foreign land seemed to have peculiarly fitted Mr. Yun for usefulness in the position he then held. These schools came largely into being during the late “reform era.” The scheme of education embraces a system of primary schools, with a normal school for the training of the teachers. The normal school, located in Kyo Tong, was organized last year with a Japanese instructor in charge. Two Korean teachers now guide their studies. The subjects taught consisted of history, (Korean and universal), simple arithmetic, geography, Chinese and Unmun for Korean) composition, and the Chinese classics. Candidates for admission to the normal school must be able to read and write Chinese; and the age limits range between eighteen and twenty-five years. It should be noted that throughout this article the ages mentioned are according to foreign count. The aim was to accommodate fifty pupils, fed and lodged at government expense. It was expected that, after order was restored in the country with teachers drawn from this normal school, primary schools should be started in each of the twenty-three provincial capitals of the country. Already there exist in the city of Seoul five flourishing primary schools located as follows: one in Kyo Tong, one in Chai Tong, one in Mi Tong, one in Chong Dong (next the English Legation), and one in Su Hyei Tong. With the exception of the last mentioned which numbers about 150, the average number of scholars enrolled to each of the schools is 100. The monthly wages paid are as follows; for a normal school teacher, forty yen; for a primary school teacher, fourteen yen.

Referring now to the second variety of schools for the study respectively of Japanese, French, Russian and English; the Japanese school, located in Kyo Tong, has been in existence since1890. It is at present in the charge of the genial

Mr. I. Nagashima, a graduate of Tokyo University and a teacher of five year’s experience in Japan. Associated with him is Mr. M. Oya, a graduate of the Kanagawa Normal School and they have one Korean assistant. The students are divided into two classes, and number forty. The average age is nineteen, ranging from sixteen to thirty years. The studies embrace the learning of Japanese, the study of western branches through the medium of the Japanese, and physical drill. The writer heard one day the advanced class read in concert, in alternation with the· teacher, and to judge by the sound the reading was remarkably fluent and accurate．

The French and Russian schools are located in the spacious school property at Pak Tong, south-east of the palaces. These schools are among our most recent acquisitions, the Russian school having been opened May 10th and the French school about the first of January. In charge of the Russian school is Mr. N. Birukoff, late captain of light artillery in the Russian army; and the teacher of the French school is Mr. E. Martel. Both have had experience. in private teaching. They have each a Korean assistant. The students in attendance at the Russian school are thirty-six, in the French school thirty-four. The average age in the Russian school is twenty-two, ranging from sixteen to forty; in the French school seventeen, ranging from fifteen to thirty years. The study in these schools is yet largely linguistic : but western branches will be rapidly introduced in the respective languages taught. Daily physical drill is given the pupils of both schools under the superintendence of members of the Russian Legation guard. These schools, altho so recently established, are in a flourishing condition, and with a bright class of pupils, and excellent instructors, a highly successful career may be anticipated for them.

English education in Seoul had its origin in Mr. T. E. Hallifax’s School for Interpreters, which from the year 1883 was held for a period of three years in the Foreign Office. The Pupils numbered thirty-five and their ages ranged from fifteen to thirty. Very good work was done, as is evidenced by the fact that fifteen former members of the school now hold positions

in the various ports. In the spring of 1885, Gen. John Eaton, the well-known Commissioner of Education, in compliance with a request to the U.S. Government from His Majesty the King of Korea, received instructions from the Government to secure three suitable men, who should repair to Korea to take charge of a Government school for the teaching of English. His choice fell upon three students in Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. City, two of whom were about to graduate, Rev. G. W. Gilmore of Princeton ‘83, Rev. D. A. Bunker, Oberlin ‘83, and Rev. H. B. Hulbert, Dartmouth ‘84. The Government School was organized Sept. 23rd,1886. Each teacher had a Korean interpreter. As soon as practicable western studies were introduced, which were taught through the medium of English text-books. In addition to the ordinary elementary studies, the Elements of International Law and Political Economy were taught. The pupils enrolled were about 100. Two examinations of the school were held before His Majesty, at one of which the writer had the honor of being present. Sickness in the family of one of the instructors necessitated a temporary withdrawal from the country, and for a number of months of the year 1889 he taught as a substitute in the Government School. In the latter part of June came the three days of examination at the Palace, a scene that will remain ever memorable in the mind of the writer. There were in the apartment the three Presidents of the School in palace-going attire seated on the floor at one side, back of them the three foreign teachers in dress suits, the King and Crown Prince in handsome robes seated upon their respective platforms at the rear and side of the room, and on his Majesty’s handsome face a look of the utmost kindliness; then the crouching interpreters, the sallow faced eunuchs, the storming floor managers, and lastly the frightened students.

As the result of the work of the school a number of good men were turned out, one of whom is the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, another is Secretary of Legation at Tokyo, and a third is assistant Post Master in the Korean Post Office at Chemulpo. Capable, earnest work was done by the

instructors: but in some respects the school did not prosper as it deserved; for His Majesty’s good intentions were frustrated, after the fashion or those ante bellum days, by the peculating officials connected with the school, who diverted to the extent of their ability the funds of the institution to their own Private uses; so that becoming disheartened, first Mr. Gilmore, then Mr. Hulbert, and finally Mr. Bunker resigned and returned to America, the last two mentioned however, coming back later as members of the Methodist Mission. We come now to another stage in the history of the Royal English School. Mr. W. du F. Hutchison was engaged from the fall of 1893 in teaching English upon the island of Kang Wha, between Chemulpo and Seoul; in connection with the school for naval cadets. In the late fall or 1894 he was transferred to Seoul to fill the vacancy made by the departure of Mr. Bunker in the English School at Pak Tong. He brought with him a score of his former pupils; four old scholars of the Pak Dong school were added; and the Government sent still others, aggregating sixty-four students. The Royal School continued at Pak Dong till the first of 1895, when the school property was turned temporarily into police barracks, and the school was transferred to its present quarters in the Telegraph Office in front of the Palace, just west of the offices of the Department of Agriculture. Much time was lost from the middle of the school year, while getting the buildings into proper condition to suit the needs of the school. Time and students—who withdrew to the country—were both lost as the result of the political disturbances in Seoul. But in spite of all draw-backs creditable work has been done, as is evidenced by the excellent written examination papers prepared in June of the present year. The teaching force consists of Mr. Hutchison, Mr. F. Halifax and three Korean assistants. These three assistant teachers receive each a monthly payment of from twenty to twenty five yen. The number of pupils is 103, with daily average of ninety-two. It may be remarked in passing, that an indication of the discipline of the school was seen, when the writer on a very rainy day visited the school and found the entire body of pupils in attendance. Their average

age is nineteen years, ranging in fact from sixteen to twenty-eight years. The branches taught consist of a study of colloquial English, reading English, English composition, arithmetic, grammar, writing, translation to and from English and Chinese, also the same with Unmun and English, and lessons in general knowledge, in the form of practical talks. Physical training is at present imparted by a Sergeant from the English Legation Guard in the form of marching, calisthenics, and a drill with staves, known technically as the “Swedish physical drill.” As the Foreign School uniform has been recently the subject or adverse conservative criticism, a word or two regarding the same may be of interest. This spring at the request of the scholars and after samples had been seen and approved by the Department of Education, the scholars were put into a neat foreign uniform consisting of jacket, trousers and cap of white duck cloth, with red trimmings—white for mourning for the deceased queen, and red as being the royal color. These uniforms were bought by the students themselves. Later, on the 25th of May, a drill of the scholars was held by royal request in the presence of His Majesty at the Russian Legation, upon which occasion he expressed much pleasure with the uniform and drill. The aim at the school is to turn out men with a good general knowledge, in addition to proficiency in the use of English.

TEA RITES

Tea is not seen in Korea though used so extensively in both China and Japan, and yet the common name of the ordinary sacrifices of the year is Tea Rites. Tea Rites are said to have come from the custom of simplifying the sacrificial table, and placing only tea and fruit on it. I find no trace of the use of tea in this country and yet to-day the sacrifice of the First Moon 1st day, 16th day; Second Moon, Hansik; Fifth Moon, Tan-o; Seventh Moon, Ch’il-suk : Eighth Moon, 15th day; Ninth Moon, 9th day; Winter Solstice and Twelfth Moon, Nap-hyung, are all known by the name *Ch’a-re*, Tea Rites.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE LANGUAGE

Many foreigners when speaking Korean make mistakes in their use of the descriptive verb.

The other day a friend referred to so and so as a *Yoo­myung ha-nan sa-ram*, forgetting that *Yoo-myung ha-ta* is a descriptive and not an active verb. We should say *Yoo-myung han sa-ram a man of note, a man of name*, but never *Yoo-myung ha-nan sa-ram*.

A similar mistake is seen in such an expression as *Pool­sang ha-nan sa-ram*. It should be *Pool-sang han sa-ram, a man to be pitied*. *Pool-sang-hi yegi-nan sa-ram*, would be an active form, and mean *a man who pities*.

KOREA’S NOTED WOMEN—VI

Before the days of Saxons and Danes when China was in all its ancient glory, there lived a famous woman named Yang Kwi-pi or Princess Yang, of surpassing beauty, who has dazzled all the dynasties of succeeding ages. Korea, forgetful of the fair faces that have adorned her own court, speaks still of Yang Kwi-pi as though she were wholly hers and had lived but yesterday.

She was the daughter of a certain Yang Hyun-tam of far off Western China. So famous was her excellence that she was sought over these long miles of distance and made a secondary wife of Prince Soo, eighteenth son of Emperor Hyun-jong of the Tangs. Three years later, on the death of the chief mistress, daughter-in-law though she was, she was mentioned as a possible successor. The Emperor having caught a glimpse, and become enamoured of her· beyond all bounds, set the claims of his son aside and appropriated her at once as the leading princess in the land.

Then her sphere of action began. By a wave of her fairy

wand she completely mesmerized his Imperial Highness and held him a prisoner for eleven years. China’s sun, moon and stars revolved around this fair maiden, who was indeed the centre of the celestial sphere. What was there she could not do! Her brothers and sisters came trooping into the palace as ministers of state and ladies-in-waiting.

The arduous labours of kingship went by the board and China was left to go as it pleased while Princess Yang held high revel in the ancient palace of the sages.

Once, as the best of human affairs sometimes go, she offended, and the Emperor, we are told, in a fit of temper, ordered the eunuch Ko Yuk-sa to ship her away to her native country. Yang Kwi-pi, in tears, said to her jailer, “All I have of houses and lands, everything I know of honour, were graciously given me by His Majesty the Emperor. My only possession is my hair,” and she cut it off and sent it with a humble request for forgiveness. The Emperor, moved by this proof of her devotion, repented of his unkindness and had her restored.

Among the Emperor’s companions was a Turk called An Lok-san, a fat man, fatter than G. K. Chesterton and much more famous in his day. Princess Yang, of the slender waist and pointed toe, called this mountain of flesh her little son, and had him add his part to the imperial revels. An grew tired at last of these unchanging days of idle sport. Besides, some insult had been done him, and he would pay it back with interest. He rose in rebellion, and in place of the endless delights of music and dancing, there arose a cry in the city of fear, and the stampeding of frightened multitudes.

We are told that the Emperor had to fly for his life, taking Princess Yang with him. They reached the Horse Pass amid the murmuring of his soldiers, who at last rebelled, claiming that all these evils had been brought upon them by Yang Kwi-pi, and demanding her execution. There was no help for it, she had to die, and Hyun-jong beheld his favorite come under the knife. To him she was all the world, and he joined her spirit shortly after.

We see, during the days of her ascendency, long lines of couriers riding furiously between Chang-an, her capital, and the distant borders of Anam. What dust is this that rises as though all the motor cars of the West-front were racing toward their goal, horse with foaming bits and men at the last gasp? It is on His Majesty’s service, hot haste, let all the world give way. What was the purpose of it with its lavish expenditure of human energy? Answer: To bring lichi fresh and sweet-tinted from the South so that Princess Yang might eat and be refreshed.

It is a far-gone age, that of Yang Kwi-pi, for she died in 756 A. D. but she lives in the Korean mind, beautiful beyond compare, though not good.

DISTURBANCES OF NATURE

BY

YI IK (1750 A. D.)

“Wang An-suk of the Songs boldly remarked that we need not fear natural calamity, and so he was regarded by religious people as an offender. People now do not often venture to say that disasters are not meted out as we deserve. Tong and Yoo of the Hans show how they come as a definite result of certain evil conditions, and yet most people do not accept this view.

“From the time of the “Fighting States,” (age of Confucius) when religion failed and governments had fallen to decay, with no end of calamity and disaster accompanying, people learned to say “God has rewarded us for our many evils.’

“Again when natural calamity came first and national evil later, it was said to have simply fulfilled the indications of

Providence. Time might pass and yet in the end every jot and tittle would find its fulfilment

“When omens, signs, and evils accumulated it was said that God in His love was calling men to repentance.

“During the ten years of the reign of King Yang-kwang of the Soos there were no providential happenings and the earth brought forth plentifully. He was an evil man and so it was understood that God had cast him aside and left him to his ways.

“At the present time, also, we have many instances of natural disturbance, and yet they cannot all be said to be due to such and such an act. Men do not really fear or regard this fact in their hearts, but simply make a show of fear, the empty form and not that true inner reverence of God. The Book of Changes says “The pok combination reveals to us the mind of Providence, which is one that tends to the production of all things, a combination of the eum and the yang. When the yang in our nature rules, then we understand the mind of God. It is a mind unchangeable in its being. It is not like man’s mind, that is delighted with what pleases and angry with what displeases.

“If therefore man regards his evils as of little account, and clings fast to them, God in love, will make His presence known. And if man still fails to heed the warning he will visit him with punishment that will sharply follow. Thus men dare not treat His dealings lightly. This is the order of God’s providence.

“How then can we say it is God’s love? The great forces of nature evidence in, love, in life, and ai, love, in service.

“If we, regard things present or past we will find no age in which Providence has not shown evidence of His love. Providence does not wait for man’s evil to manifest itself. We find in summer that it is warm and in winter cold; the day is light and the night is dark, this is God’s appointment. Convulsions in nature then are due to a change in the natural order, blessing being the natural, and evil the unnatural. The propitious is the usual, and the unpropitious the unusual.

The harsh is seen as well as the gentle, and God cannot do otherwise. Still the character love always rules in His mind. All things good or bad are under His control. Man is born at God’s appointment and so if he follows gently God’s will and way, and turns from all disobedience, he will escape the evils of the world. This is doing God’s will. But if he does not do this he cannot escape misfortune or evil, and yet this is no proof that God desires either the one or the other. Therefore we say that God awakens men through the troubles that He brings upon them. We might illustrate it by a sailor at the tiller awaiting the wind. He hoists his sail according as the wind proves favourable or unfavourable. If he is not clear in his own mind as to the wind he will assuredly court disaster. This again would be due to the fact that he had done contrary to the wind’s announcement. The wind, too, has no wish or desire in the matter.

“When disaster comes sometimes it does so in fulfilment of a definite act and other times again not so. How do you account for this?

“When nature and conditions change, things included change accordingly. The sun and stars have their pathway to the south, and their pathway to the north, and there are the degrees that mark off east and west. Proximity has its part to play, so that those nearer suffer, while those at a distance escape. The earth has its compass-points and when these agree with astral correspondence all goes well, but if they disagree evils result. Some men are naturally law-abiding, some lawless; some false, some true, and so some escape and some suffer.

“All men walk on the earth. One step outside the gate and the blue heaven is overhead. Even behind the window shade or within enclosed walls or caverns, streams of light come shooting in. So evil too will thus find us out and there is no escape.;;

NOTE:- This kind of essay is rather difficult to follow in its lines of argument, but one impression it does leave, and that is that the Korean is deeply impressed with the immanence of an overruling Providence.

CHOSEN GOVERNMENT GENERAL ORDINANCE No. 83.

The rules governing the propagation of religion as promulgated by the Government-General of Chosen August 16, 1916, are not well understood by many foreigners. We therefore give space for the following translation in this issue of the Korea Magazine believing it will be of important service

ART. I. ― In this ordinance Shintoism, Buddhism and Christianity are specified as religions.

ART. II.—Those wishing to engage in the propagation of religion shall notify the Governor General of Chosen, shall furnish information in regard to the following matters and shall append documents proving their qualifications as well as their life histories: but those belonging to sects or denominations having Superintendents of Propagation, or to Korean monasteries may omit the matters contained in Part 2.

1.—The name of the religion and of the denomination or sect.

2.—A Summary of doctrine.

3.—Methods of propagation.

In case any change is made in any of the above mentioned items, the same shall be reported to the Governor General of Chosen within ten days.

ART. III.—In case any Shinto sect or any sect of Japanese Buddhism wishes to begin propagandism, the Chief Priest of the denomination or sect shall appoint a Superintendent of Propagation, shall furnish information regarding the following matters, and shall receive the sanction of the Governor General of Chosen.

1.—The name of the religion and of the denomination or sect.

2.—Doctrinal or sectarian regulations.

3.—Methods of propagation.

4.—Limits of the authority of the Superintendent of Propagation,

5. —Methods of superintending propagandists.

6. —Location of the office of the Superintendent of Propagation.

7. —The name and life history of the Superintendent of Propagation.

In case it is desired to change any or the above items the sanction of the Governor General must be secured.

ART. IV.—In case the Governor-General of Chosen deems the methods of propagation, the limits of the authority of the Superintendent of Propagation, and the methods of superintending propagandists, or the Superintendent of Propagation himself unsuitable, he may order changes.

ART. V. —The Superintendent of Propagation must be a person living in Chosen. The Superintendent of Propagation shall make a list of the propagandists under his control as they stand on the 31st of December each year and shall report the same to the Governor General of Chosen by the 3lst of the following January. The names and addresses of the propagandists shall be inscribed in the above mentioned list.

ART. VI.—In ·case the Governor General of Chosen deems it necessary he may cause sects or denominations other than those mentioned in Art. III to appoint Superintendents of Propagation.

In case a Superintendent of Propagation is appointed in accordance with the preceding clause,. he shall within ten days report to the Governor General of Chosen regarding the various items mentioned in the first clause of Art. III. In case any change is made the same course shall be pursued.

ART. VII.—As regards the Superintendent of Propagation mentioned in the preceding article, the regulations of Art. V. are applicable. In case denominations or sects aside from those mentioned in Art. III appoint Superintendents of Propagation in accordance with their rules and regulations, the Provisions of Art. IV, and or the second clause of the preceding Article, shall be applicable.

ART. VIII.—In case a propagandist of religion changes his name or address or ceases the work of propagation he

shall report the same to the Governor General of Chosen within ten days.

ART. IX.—Those intending to establish churches preaching places or similar institutions for religious purposes shall obtain the “permit” of the Governor General of Chosen by reporting to him concerning the following matters.

1.-The reasons necessitating the establishment.

2.-The name and location.

3.-The area of the grounds and building in tsubo, the names of the owners, and ground plans or drawings of the plot and building.

4.-The name of the religion and of the denomination or sect.

5.-The qualifications of the propagandist in charge and method of selection or appointment.

6.-The expense of founding and the method of defraying the same.

7.-Method of superintending and maintaining.

In case the propagandist in charge has been appointed in accordance with item 6 of the preceding article the Founder or the Superintendent of Propagation shall report the fact to the Governor General of Chosen within ten days and shall send in his name, address and life history. In case of any change the same course shall be followed.

ART. X.—When it is intended to make any change in items 2 to 7 inclusive of clause I of the preceding Article, the reasons shall be presented to the Governor General of Chosen and his permission secured.

ART. XI.—In case a church, preaching place or other institution used for religious purposes is abolished the fact shall be reported within ten days to the Governor General of Chosen.

 ART. XII.—Superintendents of Propagation or Abbots of Korean monasteries shall prepare each year a report of the number of believers and the increase or decrease for the year as the roll stands on the 31st of December for each monastery, church, preaching place or other similar institution and shall present it to the Governor General of Chosen by the 31st of January of the year following.

Denominations or sects and Churches, preaching places

and other similar institution not having Superintendents of Propagation and not affiliated with Korean monasteries shall make the above report through the propagandist in charge.

ART. XIII.—In case a person belonging to a denomination or sect that has a Superintendent of Propagation, or to a Korean monastery, wishes in accordance with this Ordinance to obtain a permit, or make a report he shall secure on his documents the counter signature of the Superintendent of Propagation or the Chief Abbot.

ART. XIV.— Those infringing the first clause of Art. IX (1 to 7) or Art. X shall be liable to a fine of yen 100 or less.

ART. XV.—In case he deems it necessary the Governor General of Chosen may apply the provisions of this Ordinance to organizations recognized as resembling religious bodies.

Organizations to which this Ordinance will be applied by virtue of the preceding article shall be publicly notified.

SUPPLEMENTARY RULES.

ART. XVI.—This Ordinance shall be enforced on and after October 1, 1915.

ART. XVII.—The Residency General Ordinance No. 45, Promulgated in 1906, is . hereby abolished.

ART. XVIII.—Persons who received sanction according to Arts. I, II and III of the Residency General Ordinance No. 45 in 1906 shall be considered as having reported according to Art. III, or to have received permission according to Art. IX, but those coming under Art. II of this Ordinance shall report to the Governor General of Chosen within three months concerning matters included in Item 2 of Clause I of that Article and those coming under Art. III shall report in regard to items 3 and 5 of clause I and shall furnish the names and life histories of the propagandists in charge

ART. XIX.—Those actually engaged in the propagation of religion at the time of the promulgation of this ordinance, those already having Superintendents of Propagation or those superintending churches, preaching places or like institutions used for religious purposes and not coming under the preceding article shall report to the Governor General of Chosen

within three months from the promulgation of this Ordinance on matters mentioned in Articles II, III and IX.

Those who report on matters under Art. IX in accordance with the preceding Article shall be considered as having received “permit” according to this Ordinance.

WHY READ KOREAN LITERATURE?

After all is said and done, the mental world is the real world. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. If, then, we would really know a people, we must know their inner thoughts.

Is it possible to live from day to day through a period of years without coming to know the thinking processes of the race we live with? The writer, judging from himself, thinks it is. He had lived with the Korean for nearly a score of years, had sat with him on the floor, had eaten his rice with chopsticks and spoon, without really knowing anything about the mental world in which his friend and neighbor dwelt. Perhaps it may have been due to a slow and unreceptive spirit on his part. He would think not, however, for others of quicker minds seemed just as wholly unacquainted as himself. They were just as ignorant as he of what great men Koreans walked with, of the great women they talked of, what religious ideas they held, what their poets dreamed of, what endless catacombs of superstition their souls wandered through, what palaces they bad built in fairy land, what their logic was and how they added two and two together.

The Korean is a very secretive and silent man. He has learned from sad experience that it is not safe to speak all one’s inner thoughts. Little by little he has suppressed these till he has become wary and reserved, and tells you little or nothing of the inner life that belongs to him.

A scholar who has been by the writer’s elbow for ten years remains as great a mystery as ever. He speaks of nothing concerning himself. By a system of cross question and answer you might extract certain statements from him,

but that would only prove the truth of what is said, namely, that the Korean tells not willingly the secrets of his soul to any foreigner. He tells them to his bosom friends only. The man with whom he walks along the street, as he holds his hand, he tells him. He never tells us.

What he loves most to see, he does not speak of; what his ears delight to hear, is no special concern of ours. We know them not. We may think we do but a little closer consideration of the question will convince the most ardent doubter that it is not so.

Broadly speaking the Korean is to the foreigner what he thinks the foreigner would like him to be. Hence if the foreigner would know what the Korean is, he must find it not from the man himself; but only from what the man has written down concerning· himself, and which he never dreamed the foreigner would one day look upon and read.

For example the writer had no idea, though he had lived with the Korean for a score of years, of the part the Taoist genii and the fairies play in his world. They are now, that acquaintance has been made, friends of the most subtle grace and charm, always good and kind and yet wholly of the earth non-earthy. As I have read what the Korean has written I have lived with these sin-sun (fairies) in their palaces, have partaken of their choicest fare, have listened to their voices, sweetened and mellowed by age. Yes I have lived with these fairies, heard their music and seen the soft winsome workings of their way.

On the first surprise o£ this acquaintance I reprimanded my secretary for not telling me before, and his answer was, “Why everybody knows of them, why should you be told?”

“But,” said I, “I did not know of them, and never dreamed that they existed.”

Now I may say, since being introduced to Korean Literature, that I have gone time and again to the Crystal Palace that sleeps in the bottom of the sea, as well as to the Chilly Halls (Kwang-han Chun) of Queen Hang-a in the moon. In one I have met the Dragon King and in the other Wul-lo. the gentle old fairy, who sits under the cassia tree and weaves

those threads together that unite lovers in marriage. No Korean ever talks readily of these things, especially to an unsophisticated creature such as he finds the foreigner to be.

Again there is a whole world of prayer and sacrifice to be introduced to. How great it is can be judged from the large place it occupies in the writings of the literati.

What do they think of God, the great creator, a being infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His wisdom, power and goodness? This surely is worth knowing something of, and yet if the reader be like the writer, he may have passed these twenty years without knowing that the Korean ever thought of God.

Their ideas of society too, are of interest, especially in these. days of social upheaval, through they cannot be learned from the lips but only from the pen.

The thousand and one things that they talk of with their friends but cannot speak of to the foreigner are all found faithfully recorded in their writings.

As regards his travels too, what would a Korean see or note down if he went to Peking, for example, or to Tokyo?

Will the reader with his knowledge, be able to imagine such an itinerary? I think not.

 As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. The Korean’s heart is reflected in his literature as in no other way. One may be an experienced missionary, may do excellent work, and be able to bring Orientals to his way of thinking, without having glimpsed the mental world in which the Oriental lives. He may interest the East and yet be in no sense qualified to interpret it. Still a correct interpretation of the East has. its value. Its worth is evident even here and now, and also it has a part in acquainting the great world at home· with the great continent of Asia. In view of the changing conditions to-day it is surely clear that the West and East are destined to come closer and closer into contact. The door of acquaintance is as yet exceptionally narrow, and can only be widened by each student interested getting into touch with what Asia thinks in heart. Therefore we say, if you have opportunity read her books and acquaint yourself with her literature.

A FLOWER OF THE HILLS

Hyang-nang (Fragrance) was the daughter of a humble farmer who lived in Sang-hyung Valley. Sweet and lovely she was by nature, dutiful to parents and helpful to all about her. Her step-mother was a shrew of the most venomous kind, but Fragrance accepted her submissively and did every­ thing in her power to please. She married later and fell heir to an exacting and overbearing husband who hated her as one might hate an enemy. She had failed to please her mother-in-law, and now was persecuted by her husband. Her father-in-law seeing this, felt sorry for her, and suggested that she make her escape and go and live. with some one else, but Fragrance scorned all such thoughts. She asked only that she might have a little hut by the side of her husband’s home where she might live, but her father-in-law refused this, and would not give his consent. Thus it came about that all doors of hope were closed and she decided finally to take her life. Making her lonely way to a great rock that stood by the river side she met a woman there gathering wood. She took off her head-cover and her skirt and gave them to the woman, saying “Please take these to my parents and tell them that I have died, and ask that they search the river for my body.” When she had said this, she wrote this verse on a piece of paper, gave it to the woman, and then plunged in and was drowned. Her age was. twenty.

“How high the heaven above,

How broad the earth and sea,

So broad and high, the earth and sky,

Yet not a place for me.

Beneath the pool there will be room

And minnow fish will build my tomb.”

Later the magistrate of the district Cho Kwi-sang (1690 A. D.) made a report of this to the king and a gate of honour was erected to her memory with the following verse attached written by the Master of the Literati.

“The soft sweet breezes of the spring,

Blow o’er her pair of lonely shoes.

Her soul that has returned to God

Lives in her name forever more.

Such sorrows not a hundred years

Can bear the loneliness away.

With dry choked throats we sing her praise,

The sweet sad flower.”

(This story illustrates the one world in which a woman wins undying fame. The land is dotted with memorials of these faithful women. Her devotion is one of old Korea’s great national thoughts. She must decrease and in that alone is her immortality to be sought. Faithful to one husband, be he ever so hateful, even after his death she must never marry again.

Suicide as we see here is not necessarily a disgrace in Asia. It depends entirely on what thought lies back of it. )

TRIBUTE TO A NEEDLE

BY

MRS. YOO (date uncertain)

“Sad to relate, in such a year, and such a month, on such a day, I, So and So, write out the story of my sorrow that tells about my needle.

“Of all the useful things that touch the hand of woman first and foremost is the needle. That people of the world should think so lightly of it breaks afresh my broken heart. Thou dearest one! Seven and twenty years have passed since first you came between my fingers. Should I not love thee well? Thou precious one! I’ll wipe away my tears and with my resolution firmly set, write out your life, and tell how, heart to heart, we’ve lived and worked together. Thus will I bid adieu and say my last farewell.

“Long years ago my uncle was selected envoy to the Imperial Court of Peking. On his return he brought home many packages of needles, which he distributed among his relations near and far. He gave the servants each a few.

From among them I selected you and used you with a practised hand, and spared and guarded you most safely. Though all unconscious as you were, yet how I loved and cherished you. Alas, but what a pity, and what a tale to tell! Blessings to me have been but few and far between. No prattling child has ever played about my knees, and yet my life refused to yield its hold and I lived on. Poor and unblessed 1 was, my only joy, my needle. With thee I overcame my sorrow and made my way through life, till now to-day, I am compelled to speak my last farewell. Alas, the Creator seems to have grown jealous of my joy, and the gods have wished me hate. My dearest needle, how graceful your form, and sweet your finished shape! Among, all created things you were indeed a spirit dearly loved. Among metals the finest of the fine! So sharp, and smooth, and swift, outdoing all thy fellows, straight and true, surpassing faithful courtiers. Keen was thy point like autumn bristles, as though to speak to me; clear thine eye to see. When you embroidered the phoenix and the peacock on the silken fabric. your flashing speed and high­ wrought skill were wonderful to see, as though the gods gave fire and life. How could man ever hope to equal you?

“However precious a child may be, there comes a time to part; the best of servants, too, will fail. When I think of all Your faithful years you were better than the truest son, or staunchest courtier. Your little case of silver, tinted with many colours, that hangs suspended at my girdle string, is the maiden’s sweetest ornament I used to finger you when I ate my meals, and hold you in my hand all night asleep. You were my nearest friend. In the long days of summer, and longer nights of winter, under the light, I bated, and hem­stitched, and bound, and fastened, and embroidered, using a double thread and working round the piece like a phoenix tail, jumping with long fast running stitches, till head and tail raced flashing after one another. How wonderful your ways! My hope was that we might live our lives together, but alas to tell, on the 10th moon, and 10th day at eight o’clock at night, when underneath a dimly lighted candle, joining the collar to my master’s robe, all unthinkingly I blundered on,

when suddenly a snap was heard, at which my heart stood still from fear. My needle, was, alas, broken in two! My eyes failed to see and my soul sank within me, as though a blow had struck me on the head. I was dazed and stupefied. At last with my returning sense I sought and found the broken bits and fitted them together, but it was all in vain. There was nothing I could do. Even the greatest physician cannot retain the departing life. My needle, alas, alas! I feel my bosom now, but you are no longer there. I was not careful and thus you died. Who but myself to blame? Your high wrought sense and girted skill, how can I ever hope to see again? Your glancing form still shines before my eyes. My heart bleeds for you. Though but a lifeless thing still you had sense and reason. Would that we might meet again in some future life and never part. Alas! Alas! My needle!”

OLD-FASHIONED MARRIAGE

If there is any matter in which the old-fashioned Korean’s whole mental capacity comes to a perfect state, of not only lively consciousness, but of white heat, it is in regard to marriage. He is a born match-maker, a born marrier. He will have who married to whom finished and done before the sun goes down. What money is to a son of the West, so marriage is to the Korean, every man is after it. I have tried long and hard to see the full bearing of the marriage question on the race, but I feel that I am as yet unable to measure its mystery. The Korean’s ideas are not ours. He never, never associates with marriage such a line as “ Kiss me softly and speak to me low.” Theoretically he says “Let me be married in the spring, when the plum blossoms greet you and when the peach flowers and apricots tint the hill-side,” and yet he never thinks of his bride as his peach or his plum blossom. Spring is the mating season, and he would mate. He wants to be married, not for his selfish pleasure, not because there is a little soft­coated heart and soul that longs to rest in his love and be looked after, not a bit of it. He wants a son, a son of his very

own to be born—anything to get him. Wife, and love, and poetry, and domestic joy are unseen in this drive for the *summum bon*um of existence.

In the choice of bride the old elements are consulted, *metal, wood, water, fire* and *earth*，(*keum-mok-su-wha-do*)．Everybody has his fixed element according to the day, month, hour, year in which he was born. A girl marked “metal” is crossed off when a “wood” boy is in question. A fire-girl and a water-boy mated would mean fuss and sizzle, while a wood-girl and a water-boy would fall within the encompassing sphere of good luck. Also an earth-girl and a metal-man might walk hand in hand and be partakers of harmony, bliss, and never-ending posterity. A foreigner would go crazy under the absurdity of it but the Korean has kept it up faithfully for 3000 Years .

When the lots are cast, and the elements juggled sufficiently with, and the bride chosen, and the day settled, with its heaps of sewing· and stitching done, the wedding takes place.· The bride rides in a tiger-bedecked chair, and the bride-groom on the back of a prancing palfry. They meet, not easily, but in the stiff posturing manner of the East, drink, bow, and are married. $he swims in all the colours of the summer sunset; but never smiles. Her face is bedaubed and pipe-clayed and her eyes are sealed shut. The groom is in a garb of a courtier of the king, but he looks scared and unmagnificent They are married and live happy ever after. This is the only real marriage. Second and third and fourth marriages are mere makeshifts and only a shadow of the genuine thing.

As for second marriages, Kim’s home was desolate . Typhus had his wife in its grip, and the chances were all against her. In the struggle of it she went under, and Kim leant over his book-case and cried an honest heart-broken cry. The funeral was held and words of comfort were spoken for Kim. Two days later a hurried invitation comes: “Kim will marry at once, make haste to the wedding. Grace abounding, somebody has been caught for him on the fly.” Kim is married and is happy ever after. For a land that takes a

long time to move under ordinary conditions Korea is quicker that Napoleon Buoneparte when it comes to marrying.

To-day my old friend of seventy-seven lost his wife. Says he “I got her when she was a girl of seventeen and we have lived sixty years together,” and tears brimmed over from his old filmy eyes. Did they love? Why, yes., they seemed to, and yet I am not sure. The whole sex relationship is a great mystery.

I suppose ere long boys will wed whom they· please, and girls will consent in coy and bashful manner, the old days of juggling with wood, fire and water will depart into the shades, and the intense desire for a son will give place to modern twentieth century feelings of indifference or perhaps dislike of the burden of children who might in their baby days interfere with one’s own imperial freedom.

PAK’S EXPERIENCES.

Pak is an old friend, head-man of his. town, a big town too with no end of timber interest and wood craft on the river. Pak is rotund and bald and shiny. His beard is a bit stringy and shot through with gray, and his eyes are filmy and blurred somewhat by the dust and cobwebs of fifty-five years, but they smile still, and the round face beams with hospitality. Small beads of perspiration usually stand out along Pak’s brow and fringe the back wrinkles of his neck. These are not from the heat of over exertion, but simply from the tight rotundity and high pressure of his body.

I was invited to dine with him at his home, so we dropped our shoes off and bowed our way through the narrow paper door into the inner room of his thickly thatched dwelling. I sat on the boat’s mat, my friend Yi sat cross-legged under the paper window while Pak himself was near the door. We three occupied nearly the whole floor space for the room was only six feet by eight. There were pieces of furniture in it too and piled up cases of books and other things that showed the host a man of affairs. A Korean room lends itself

easily to a close and interesting conversation. For him who can smoke the room fills rapidly by a few well distended puffs of tobacco and the spirit of the raconteur develops. But Pak does not smoke, and this is not a story but an experience.

“We have not seen the like of this for years,” said he. “This thing has got on my nerves till I can feel it up and down my back. It began in this way: There was an old pear tree that stood just behind the room between the line fence of me and my neighbor, which the town has worshipped for a hundred years. I concluded, being headman and a Christian, to do away with the nuisance and so down came the tree. You may be sure there was a row. The people of the town came out like bees, old and young, big and little, and made a formidable demonstration. But I explained that it was my pear tree and that I had a perfect right to cut it down devils and all. I felt at the time a sensation of crawling up my back and browsing round under my ears.

“Did the honored stranger ever hear of fire devils? In Chosen in old days we had no end of them, goblins that set a blaze going on the outer rim of the thatch, or along the paling, on in the middle of a tree. We had devil-fires enough. But of recent years they seem to have ceased. I hadn’t seen a devil-fire now for a long time. Well on the 10th day of last moon directly after I cut down the pear tree I was awakened at first cock crow by the cry of fire. Out we tumbled to find the whole place lighted up, the neighbor’s back fence and out­house going off in flames of fire and smoke. I saw at once that it was a devil-fire, and after putting it out came back to sit down and meditate. Never before had such strange crawling sensations gone up and down me, whisking about under one ear and then the other heusal-heusal like. Here was a predicament sure enough. Not only had I roused a whole village but now a raft of fire-fiends was on my track. Next day the village met.in solemn .conclave. Fire-devils were about and Pak-the-Papist had done it by cutting down the pear tree. They then called together a religious seance or koot of sorcerers, witch-men, fakirs with drums, gongs and squealing pipes. They made the whole place a pandemonium in their efforts to

get at the evil of it. I called in our religious people. We sang psalms and prayed in order to neutralize the confusion. They demanded that we stop, and cease praying. They demanded also a money contribution to help them, but l said “No, no. That’s your way and this is ours, yours is yours and ours is ours. I give you no money.” When they had done all the koot they planted a new pear tree, and blessed and prayed and sacrificed and had a feast and went home.

“It was a time of anxiety such as I never knew. I’ve been a Christian you know for six years, but I had not heard much of the Gospels except at meetings. .Now, however, I felt constrained to read, and did so, while housal housal up and down my back went these devils,” and Pak’s brow was beaded round with perspiration while he told me. “Six times I went through those Gospels and all my bad deeds and unfair works came back to me; all the lies1 had told. My heart melted at the thought of the many sins I had committed. I made resolves to be a better man. Next night again fires blazed up, and it was my comer paling this time.”

Western-like I said “Somebody set fire to your fence, friend Pak.” “Ah ha,” said he, “the Stranger has drunk much Eastern water and yet he knows not the East. You Westerners may play with dynamite, but no Easterner ever plays with this kind of devil thing, no, no. Besides, all our gates are closed, there is no entrance for strangers, and certainly the neighbor across the way would never endanger his own thatch by fooling with fire at second cock-crow of the morning. The Stranger never felt them up and down his back did he? The Good Book too is in line with my experience. We have had nine devil fires in the last month.” “Yes” said Yi, “I saw one at four A. M. on the 8th.”

I went with Yi to examine the back paling. There it was about half gone and the remaining parts charred and blackened. The neighbor’s outhouse was roofless.

The village now concludes that their special pear tree is virtueless and the only way for them to find escape from terror is to become Christian like Pak the Papist.

SPECTATOR.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

(Continued from the July number.)

“A poor throw, devil. You play dice badly, as the maid will have a chance to testify. I am an expert and shall throw to a better purpose.” He drew from his inner coat a long knife and twirled it as dexterously as would a Korean juggler. “See here friend, or enemy, which ever you choose to call yourself, you can’t contend with this. I might tell you a secret. It might be pleasanter for you to learn it that way rather than by experience. I am-a wrestler and am familiar with all the tricks known to man. See, fiend, your head reaches not to my shoulder, trust not in the muscles of your back. The Prince of the Road has never met defeat. Now, what think you of my dice?”

During the harangue, he had gradually approached the hermit, who was standing between him and the woman, his feet wide apart, his teeth showing, and his eyes fixed upon the face of the robber chief. Save the steady rise and fall of his huge chest, not a muscle moved. Martha crouched against the wall, her eyes dilated with terror, her glance shifting from the handsome face of the robber chief who still dexterously twirled the long knife and at the same time divested himself of his upper garments to the statue-like figure of the ugly creature who was offering his life for her. How it happened she did not know, but, like the darting of a shadow the hermit had moved and the long knife spun from Bali’s hand to the rafters and fell between the two men. Bali sprang for the knife but before his fingers touched it he was again seized by the middle and lifted from the floor. He was not wholly surprised and like a cat that rights itself in mid-air, Bali straightened himself and his weight came down on his feet and in an instant the hermit rolled under him, but immediately the two men were on their feet, the knife still between them. Bali panted for breath, the work being furious, but the deep chest of the hermit rose and fell with even motion. The

robber circled around his antagonist for advantage. He realized that the issue would be death either for him or the hermit and summoned his courage to fight as he never had fought.

The hermit kept his face to the robber and turned warily with him.

“Welcome?” he said, without seeming to open his lips, “the man who murdered my daughter is a thousand times welcome.”

Bali stopped in his tracks. “Your daughter?” he exclaimed, “I did not do it. I give you the word of a man who however lawless his life, never broke his word to a friend or foe. l never did.”

“Your gang did it, and the eager nimbleness with which you follow this woman forces the lie in your teeth. You are welcome here as long as you live. Death never welcomed its victim more than I welcome you.”

Suddenly Bali saw an opening and sprang in. The impact was like the shock of two bulls in conflict. Bali was tight, the hermit went down under his superior skill, and wrapped in each other’s embrace they both fought for the other’s throats; they rolled upon the mud floor, writhed and fought with astounding fury. Finally the robber changed his tactics and

struggled to gain possession of the knife. His agility and skill seemed more than a match for the hermit’s enormous strength; inch by inch they moved nearer the knife, then of a sudden Bali’s hand shot out and closed over the hilt. To do so he loosed his hold upon the hermit, and with equal swiftness, the hermit flung his long arm around the robber chief, pinning his arms to his sides. The hermit’s legs locked around those of his antagonist, his long chin settled in to the robber’s neck, forcing his head backward. The robber chief gasped, collected all his mighty strength to throw off his antagonist. The huge muscles on the hermit’s back and shoulders bulged as those of an ox and his chin sank deeper into the robber’s neck. Presently the robber’s arms and legs relaxed their struggle and he lay quiet. The hermit was loath to relax his hold but at last raised his ugly face and looked at the man under him, then slowly arose, picked up the knife, ran his

finger over the keen edge, his chest the while rising and falling, as a blacksmith’s bellows. With deliberation he walked to the furnace, placed the knife on the wall and picking up his long wooden fork, he filled the furnace with pine brush and gazed into the fire as if the scene just past had been merely a dream which he had already forgotten. Presently the man on the floor moved, then with a snarl and the quickness of a tiger the hermit sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, dragged him to the fire, and with incredible swiftness bound him hand and foot. Again the hermit bent over the fire, and within the building profound silence prevailed. The subdued whining of the fire as it leaped up the chimney, the fretful bubbling of the cauldron and the lap, lap of the tide on the outside of the kiln, the corpse-like figure stretched before the fire, and the ugly face bending over the flames, had in the scene more terror to Martha than the battle of these two giants: the silence had in it a prelude to something still more ghastly and terrible.

Presently, Bali gasped and moved, then tugged fiercely at his bonds. He raised himself partly on one elbow, scowled fiercely around him till his eyes rested on the back of the hermit, then again tugged at his bonds till he found the effort useless.

“Here you,” he called, “what are· you going to do with me?”

The hermit extended his long fork, dragged a bundle of pine to the furnace, and forced it through the door. The fire caught it fiercely. The hermit’s lips flattened out on his ugly teeth, his rumbling breath gurgled in his throat, and without moving his lips said “Not hot enough yet.”

Bali’s face grew ashen for a moment; then collecting himself said, “Into the furnace, is it? To sizzle, am I? Bali is under this time, Bali—the prince of the road. Ah! ha! The prince of the road at whose name Governors and Magistrates tremble, gone under in a square fight Ha, ha, now see here,” he continued, “I have seen many a strong man go down under the iron of my will. On whom I would, I had mercy, and I never turned down a brave man. See here friend, I love a good

antagonist. I never yet ran from death, nor will I shrink today. I had rather die for the sake of a brave man than anything else on earth, and, sir, you are a brave man. Why man there is a fortune in that mountain of muscle on your back; man, you have been blind, your bit of mirror never showed you anything but your ugly face; I can see on your back, if you but will it so, gold, silver, houses and lands. What, eating millet and broiling your shins over that fire every day until you tum gray? Give me a chance, sir, and the magistrates will have reason to envy you. Come with me and I will do it. Bali, the Prince of the Road says it, and Bali never broke his word.” The robber chief spoke with engaging animation and persuasiveness.

Without replying, the hermit entered his small room and immediately returned with a bundle in his hands and spread it out before his captive. It was a silk jacket and in the center was a pair of delicate hemp sandals.

“It has only been three years, but it seems like an age, since I brought my daughter home on my back. She was as light as a bundle of pine boughs, so light was she that I wearied not on the long, dusty road; a hundred li with Po-bai was but a morning walk. I brought her home,” he continued with his eyes on the tiny roll of silk. “For a day she warmed this dark kiln and this salt plain with her sweet presence, but she was a bruised broken flower, and one night I watched her till the tide went out then I carried her across the salt marsh and these ugly hands have kept the mound green and through many a long boisterous night when the cold and wet sought her prison house, the mound was a pillow for my ugly head.” He raised his head and looked long at the robber and his face grew stern, and his eyes burned with a relentless purpose.

“When I laid away my wilted flower, I bowed before her grave and I vowed a great vow that I would meet the robber chief somewhere and wipe him off the face of the earth. You talk of making me contented and happy with something to wear and something to eat, you foul vermin, pestilence of innocent homes, make me happy with your purring promises—happy? Yes you have,” he continued with the fierce gleam

deepening in his eyes. “Love will make a man happy, so will hate. I told you, you were welcome. I have not seen such joy for years．I will treat you as you treat others. Sizzle? In all your miserable life you never labored for your salt and it would not be fitting for you to do more at your death, nor would I receive a benefit from you not even from the fat of your carcass in boiling my brine. It would be more fitting for you to boil in the brine. You must needs groan and howl long and loud many times to atone for the sighs, tears and misery you have brought to others. Yes, there will be long howls of pain to lull my nights of rest; to satisfy my soul of hate you shall boil in that caldron. Listen,” he said, turning and thrusting fuel beneath the caldron, “you hear the bubbling, they are demons dancing in anticipation of your embrace.” From the hermit’s throat arose a series of explosions that resembled laughter but was not laughter, nor did his face change a muscle. From a corner of the room he picked up a long rope and proceeded to fasten it around the waist of his victim, and threw one end over a cross beam in the roof of the building over the boiling caldron. Horror filled the face of the robber chief. “Friend,” said he, “I might ask of you an easier death did I not know you had no mercy. I could prove to you if you but had ears to hear my voice that I was not guilty of the crime against your daughter, nor did I countenance it in members of my band. The knife! man, it has a keen edge, the knife!”

Without replying to these words filled with horror at such a death, the hermit quickly brought two poles as crooked the rafters of the roof. He placed an end of each on the ground and leaned them against the furnace to form a skid up which he intended to pull his victim above the vat. When all was ready he gave the rope a tentative pull which swung Bali parallel with the poles, then, all the diabolical look of his face sprang out in his voice, he laughed a hideous laugh, triumphantly cruel and altogether savage. It came from his deep chest and struggled gurglingly in his throat as if overgrown with hate, too large to get through so small an opening.

“Ha, ha, he, he! the prince of the road will not sizzle but boil; he will boil! “

He seized the end of the rope firmly and placing his feet against the masonry leaned backward, bent his enormous strength to the rope, and Bali slid up the skids toward the boiling pan, and a groan escaped his lips．

“He, he!” the hermit chuckled again, “I may grant him his last request—he may sizzle after he boils. Don’t groan, Prince, I will simply dip your feet and warm them up a bit, he, he! then let you in to your knees and take the wrestling tricks out of them, he! he! “ Again he bent his strength to the rope.

Martha had been looking at the drama of hate till the horror of it filled her soul and made her faint and helpless. Suddenly recovering herself, and forgetful of her danger, she rushed to the hermit and seized the hands that held the rope. “Stop!” she called, looking up into his face, “Stop, in the name of all that you have loved and lost, for the sake of the memory of your lost daughter, I implore you to stop.” She tugged at the huge fingers. “I implore you, do not the crime, do not murder; you saved my life and honor, sully not the noble deed by murder.” Again the hermit bent his enormous strength to the rope and Bali reached the top of the skids and below him the brine boiled and tumbled. He waited for the next move, numb with horror.

Martha threw her arms around the mighty hands, and placed her cheek against them while the tears flowed down over the hands and fingers. “Mercy!” she said, “as you hope for mercy for your soul spare him,” she cried. She let go his hands and thrust in an abandon of horror her arms around his neck. “As you love your daughter do it not.” The giant bent once more to the rope, then paused and looked down into her face. He stood a moment regarding her, then the rope slipped through his fingers an inch. Martha saw the act with a great throb of hope and loosening her hold ran to the opposite side of the furnace, extended her puny arms and called to the hermit to let go.

Slowly and with great reluctancy the rope slackened and Bali slid down by degrees upon the floor.

The hermit walked around the furnace where stood

Martha silently regarding the robber. He sat down and looked Martha over from head to foot in profound astonishment. Martha shrank from his look.

“Ha-a-a! “ said he at last, “what interest have you in the man?” and his eyes burned like two coals, “I say what business have you with him?”

“Business with him?” she gasped, “I never saw him till to-day. Ask him. I did not tell you that I was a Christian, sir. Your act was murder and if l had not protested with all my might I would have also been guilty of the greatest of all crimes. Believe me,” she urged, her voice and attitude expressing the horror she felt. “God forbids it. He says, ‘vengeance is mine and I will repay,’ You think that you are administering justice, but it is murder. Give the man over to the law and let it take its course. If the law deals with him, right and good, and if not your hands are justified, and not red with guilt.”

“Law?” echoed the hermit with indescribable scorn, “‘The thing you would save is outside of law, whom he wills he destroys without mercy. Law” he again repeated with his frightful laugh. ‘“Law is for the strong—not for the weak, for the protection of magistrates and for such creatures as this. When you meet a snake or centipede you must crush it; or it will strike you.”

“But,” pleaded Martha, “there is a divine law that knows no favor. and strikes at him who takes revenge with unerring swiftness. It will measure to you both justice,” then added, turning quickly to Bali who had been listening with bated breath, “You will not strike or sting when you cross the path of the hermit will you? Vow it now in the name of your ancestors, in the name of all the spirits you fear, you will not seek revenge for your defeat? If he cuts your hands loose will you keep your oath?”

“Swear it?” repeated the voice of the hermit,” would such a thing keep an oath?”

“My ancestors,” said Bali, “while sacred to memory, would not add solemnity to an oath of mine. Neither do I fear the spirits, no more do I than I fear man, I fear not death.

So there is nothing in life nor death that would make my oath solemn. Yet I give you the word of Bali, the Prince of the road, that I will not seek the hermit to harm him. Bali swears it by his own name, what greater can he find?” “Atheist,” muttered the hermit.

“Yes, atheist,” returned Bali,” why not so? what religion have you? I rob and you try to kill. Glorious religion is it not? It is the religion of brawn and wit. In that case, sir hermit, your god is greater than mine, at least your muscle is greater though I am inclined to think your wit is not. I take it that your mighty brain hoards but one idea at one time, ugh! you can’t measure wit with a block. Your witless tenacity nearly boiled my feet. But come, the oath—will it do? Bali never broke his word.”

“But me, me,” broke in Martha, “you will never more follow me?”

“I will never again follow you to your harm.”

Martha reached for the knife with an appealing look at the hermit. The hermit turned his face to the furnace fire without a sign, as though he had lost interest in the robber. Martha rapidly cut the cords that bound the robber chief and flung the long knife past the hermit into the fire.

Bali arose, stretched his huge legs, and picked up his discarded garment. Martha returned to her baby, who had sat on a bundle of pine boughs against the wall, with silent, open-eyed interest at the scene. Bali stood a moment at the door looking hard at the huge back of his recent antagonist.

“See here,” said he, “good devil, or bad devil, the latter you certainly are though you may be something of the former, as the unboiled condition of my legs testify, I verily believe,” he added after a pause, “with that knife beyond my reach, if you were to renew our little scrap I would take to my heels, yet never man before saw my back in a fight. Ha! man, where did you get the muscles? Still I think if I had not loosed my hold I would have throttled you. See here devil, good or bad, have you not a word of farewell. At a word from you I might sit down to a glass of wine in spite of your ill nature. My throat feels fearfully dry since a gentle massage

massage given it lately by a dear friend of mine. What! no farewell! Well I will struggle not to grieve.” He turned from the door and then directly returned and said, “Remember mountain of muscle, that my offer still remains, I did not speak in haste. You carry on your back a gold mine. You know where I live. If you come as a friend, good, if as an enemy, good. The world knows where Bali lives. The Governor and Magistrates know and search the country diligently, and know better than to look through my village for me.”

“And you, madam,” he added, turning to Martha, “that was a kind word for the sake of a man who was down, but such an act is the nature of women. Yet the act was not without praise as it took courage. Nay, shrink not from me, you have my word. Still, save the privilege of carrying away my legs unboiled, I had rather carry you away than anything else in the world.” He looked at the bronzed figure of the hermit and turned away.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER THE CARE OF A PROTECTOR.

Martha listened till she heard the Robber Chief splash through the water below the mound. The hermit still bent over his fire motionless as the walls of the furnace, the wearisome bubble, bubble of the brine and the lap, lap, of the tide oppressed her senses, then hunger and exhaustion overcame her and curling up on the pile of brush she was soon lost in sleep by the side of her baby.

The hermit seemed to notice nothing but saw everything. He tip-toed to where she slept and looked long at the pinched suffering face, then hurried away.

Two hours later he brought two small tables of boiled millet and condiments made of cabbage, pepper, turnips and fish. He set them down and walked over to the sleepers and with a loud cough awakened the baby whose cry instantly brought Martha to her feet.

“Come,” said the hermit, “your dinner is ready.” Martha glanced thankfully into his face and complied immediately with his invitation.

They ate their coarse meal in silence and the hermit’s lips puckered with pleasure that his guest did not despise his coarse fare. Their meal ended, he set the tables aside, and then picked up Martha’s hemp sandals and deliberately poked them into the fire. She looked at the act with startled surprise, then watched him cross the room to his living quarters where stood a huge jar, the top covered with boards. Around the top of the jar was tied a rope, fastened to which was a pair of much worn straw sandals. He untied the string, loosened the sandals and brought them to the fire. The side of one had been worn loose and the straw stood up like a scrub brush. He looked them over attentively, then brought in a handful of rice straw and selecting the longest, he proceeded to bind them into a long string. Martha watched the labor till the sandals were repaired and reduced in size to fit a small foot: then she understood.

“Why,” said she, “I can travel barefooted if the hemp sandals are dangerous. You have deprived your barrel of condiments of good luck and have offended the household demons by giving me these sandals.”

He looked at her for a moment. “1 understand,” said he, “I am not good at talking unless I have had a long time to think it all out. I have done more talking to-day than during many months. My tongue was loose to-day, for hate and thirst for revenge was long upon me. Why I offend the demons for you I know not, but if offended they be, so be it, I fear not them in this matter.”

“Did they ever do you any good in all your life?” Martha asked. “On the contrary they have done me much ill. At least they did not prevent ill from befalling me. Still I know not how much more ill they might not have done had I not propitiated them. Whether I offend men or demons I must befriend you, Madam. You and a certain preacher of the new doctrine are the only ones who have spoken kind words to me for many months, perhaps that is the reason.”

Tears came into Martha’s eyes and she marvelled at the present mood of the strange hermit which contrasted curiously with the furious passion of a few hours previous.

“Tell me,” said he, “what is the new faith?”

“Such a long, long story” said she, with a sigh, “I know but little of it. I am a learner. So much to learn is there, one’s whole life is not long enough to learn it all, and the span of many generations is too short; yet the strangest part of it all is that a fool may live the doctrine to the salvation of his soul, indeed, it would seem the more ignorant and simple learn it the soonest and best. No, it is not a riddle,” she hastily added interpreting his puzzled look. “I see something in your face sometimes when you purse up your lips that fills your ugly face with a glance of sunshine. You are ugly,” she added with engaging frankness, “but God made you so but it is only on the outside. He will put the smile on your soul and it will shine forth in great beauty if you but accept Him. The revenge, the hate, the fury, the murder in the heart is a thousand times more ugly than your face could possibly be. They are the work of the devils, and the more you sacrifice to them and fear them, the more ugly will they make your soul.”

“Do you mean that the devils are not to be served? that they have nothing to do with our lives?”

“On the contrary, they have much to do with men as I have just said, but they are only found in men’s hearts creating crime and wantonness.”

“Do you mean that God is good and took delight in making my ugly face and that the devil had nothing to do with it?”

“God gives many graces. I think when Bali hung over the boiling pan he would have given all his personal beauty for five minutes of your wonderful strength. With what God gave, you are able to protect the weak and helpless. That is the work, perhaps, that he ordained you to do. God rules all our lives. Every act, when we commit it to Him, is for our good. I am fleeing from a terrible danger, driven from my home, yet I know it to be the best thing that could happen to me. I do not ask why, but I know that it is for the best, and I know that it was His providence that sent me to you. O! sir, trust Him, that is all, just trust Him, He will clean the heart of all ugliness.”

The hermit had not ceased from his labors while talking, but seemed pressed for time. and worked with speed. Finally, he arose from the inner room, brought out a woman’s well-worn jacket and handed it to Martha . She took it and removed her outer jacket and slipped the coarse soiled one on. The hermit picked up the delicate silk garment and committed it to the flames. Martha slipped her feet into the course sandals and rising tried to walk, but her feet were so torn and blistered that she found the task nearly impossible. He stood gazing at her a moment then brought from among the brush, the rack used in carrying the pine from the mountain and placed it before her. Martha understood, nor did she hesitate, but lifting the baby she seated herself on the rack and the hermit proceeded to fasten around the frame the long pine boughs till when be had finished Martha was completely hidden from view.

“Do you think he will follow,” Martha asked.

“He, or they will follow,”

“Will they visit you again?”

 “He, or they will visit me.”

The hermit knelt with his back to the rack, ran his arms through the loops of the frame and rose to his feet, and stepped swiftly out of the door and moved across the plain with long rapid strides.

The great stretch of water had slipped back into the sea leaving the salt plain slippery and soft to the tread. The hermit strode northward over the slimy surface as if it had been the hardest road bed and he free of any load. They had traveled some time without a word, when the hermit said :

“Madam, what is providence?”

“Providence is this,” said Martha, with some hesitation, “You were about to murder a man and I was there to prevent it, that was providential; then I was about to be seized and carried off by the robber and was sent to you for protection, that was an act of providence. God used us both to carry out his purpose—those were acts of providence.”

“Did you say that I was about to murder?” again asked the voice beneath the load of brush.

“Not only were you about to commit murder, but in your heart you already committed murder, for before God the purpose is the same in guilt as the act.”

“Then, dear madam, I wish I had boiled him, that is if you think l was guilty any way.”

“O, O! I beg of you, sir, think not thus, for in doing so you add crime upon crime. No, the sin is not so great as if you had really killed him; and in that case not only would you have added to your crime but you would have hurled the robber into eternity, a lost soul, then would your crime have stared at you through his eyes for all eternity.”

“Will God forgive me of my crimes?”

“Most assuredly.”

“Will He also forgive Bali of his crimes, and in that case will we both live together in heaven?”

“Yes,” was the eager reply.

“Then I will not do it, I will not live in the same place.”

“But you would want to live with your daughter.”

“Ah, speak not of it, would not a father follow the love of his heart?”

“Then if you loved Bali as you love your daughter would you not want to live with him?”

“But I love him not, I hate him much.”

“Ah, sir, you know not of the power of God. If you ask Him to forgive you of your sins, he will take out the hate and implant the love so that you will love. You cannot put the love in the place occupied by hate but He can and He will.”

There was a long silence beneath the pine boughs, then the hermit asked: “My daughter was almost as beautiful as you are, Madam, but she knew not that I was ugly; and I was angry whenever a man came to my hut, for .their faces were all better to look upon than mine, and I did not want her to know it.” Again he paused, then added, “Do you think that He will make my face wholesome to look at, not beautiful, but just wholesome to look at?”

“The Bible says that we shall be like Him, when we awake in his likeness, and He is gloriously beautiful, Moses

once looked upon God and he became so beautiful that men could not look upon him, so he covered his face.”

“Then if I look upon Him, all the deformities and ugliness will change to a likeness of Him before I should meet my daughter?”

“Undoubtedly, if you love Him.”

A long silence followed while the hermit’s shoulders rose and fell, waving the branches in air, keeping time with his long strides. Finally he spoke:

“Will He really love me even as my daughter loved me?”

“Yes, many times more than your daughter loved you.”

The hermit stopped suddenly in his tracks. “More, did you say, love me more than my daughter? My daughter only saw the ugly outside, but you said that my inside was more vicious and ugly than my face, and He sees it all. Does he love such ugly things?”

“Yes, only that He may make them beautiful.”

The hermit strode on nor did he ask another question till he finally set down his load and told Martha to climb down. She found herself standing beside the river beneath an overhanging bank with the rays of the setting sun streaming into her face. The hermit disappeared and was gone till the twilight had deepened and the stars came out one by one. Then her companion returned and bade her follow. At first she walked with great difficulty, and it was only by shutting her teeth resolutely that she kept back the cry of pain; soon, however, she could endure her weight, and in fifteen minutes found herself winding out and in among a long line of boats that crowded the river bank. She was glad that it was too dark for any one to be curious regarding the two travelers. Finally her guide paused near a long narrow boat used in transporting brush and other light cargo up and down the river. The hermit carried on a short conversation with the boatman and then motioned Martha to join them. A man met her politely and conducted her over a pile of bags containing grain, to the center of the boat, where was arranged a shelter. She crawled beneath as directed. The dark figure of the hermit stood above her for a moment, then dropped a

bundle at her feet with the remark “It is yours.” He turned away and faced the head boatman with directions about the journey and said, “Treat her as you fear me,” and a gurgling rasping sound followed the command that brought out a long obsequious, “Y-e-a.”

For a moment the hermit stood in the dark, facing the she1ter, and finally said :

“Do you think He will make my face tolerable?”

“Assuredly, as there is a God.”

“Ah-a-a-a!” he said, and she listened to the sound of his retreating steps.

CHAPTER XIV

A SEARCH

When Mr. Kim came to himself he was lying in the garden behind the house of his enemy. He felt weak and when he tried to sit up his head swam. He crawled to the corner of the yard where was a spring, and after washing the mud and blood from his face, felt better. He finally got to his feet. He wondered at the silence in the house opposite. Twilight was settling over the town. He again cautiously crawled up to the aperture in the wall where he had· received the blow and listened; he then climbed over the wall and walked around to the front. It was too dark to recognize any one on the streets. A beating of the ironing clubs in a neighbor’s house was the only sound that came to him. He cautiously opened the door and examined the room. No one was within. He stepped inside and struck a match; the light showed a room in perfect order as if the owner had just stepped out to return immediately. So impressed was he with the appearance that he brushed his sleeve across his face, wondering if he had been mistaken and the screams that he had heard were only a dream. He went out into the quiet street. A group of young men were in advance of him and he hastened up behind them till their voices were easily heard. They were talking of the events of the day.

“It is right and proper for a man to drive his wife from home if she does not obey him,” said one.

“There is a sample,” another said, “of what the new religion is doing for us; they make high claims of bringing peace to the earth and good will to men, but as I have seen it it is discord, and bitterness, and the breaking up of homes.”

“Where did the woman go?” some one asked.

“No one seemed to know and it was not their business to enquire; of course some one would take up with her and there would be men who would think of her as a prize but it would not do in that town just now to seize her. They would have to wait till they saw whether Mr. Cho would relent and take her back; she has now been taught such a lesson she no doubt will be mighty glad to come back and be obedient.

Mr. Kim passed the company as they turned ta enter an inn and made his way with a heavy heart to the church. For him to make direct enquiries among the townspeople would lay him open to vicious charges, so he visited the women of his congregation and urged them to use every means in their power to find out where Martha had gone. They traveled from house to house with great diligence to make enquiries; and several times during the next day they visited the home of Mr. Cho; but the house was empty, and the neighbors marvelled at his absence. No one but Mr. Kim was able to surmise the cause of his disappearance, and Mr. Kim knew Mr. Cho would soon learn that the man he had felled to the ground was still alive, and be would return as vicious as ever.

On the second day, without informing anyone of his purpose, Mr. Kim left and followed Martha’s footsteps to the town of Riceland. Here he easily found what had occurred the night that Martha had taken refuge in that town; and he took his way to the river where were tied the boats that brought loads from the north. At that point he found no trace of her. No one had ever seen or heard there was such a person as Martha. No woman with a baby on her back had ever in the history of the town made a trip up the river alone. There might have been such a thing, but they did not know of it; they informed him of these facts in a manner that plainly said he had better attend to his own business.

Mr. Kim retraced his steps to Riceland and resolved to visit the one man who might know the direction of Martha’s flight. The answers to his enquiries gave him much matter for reflection.

Common report had it that this man was a robber, but if you should ask anyone in his town if Bali was a robber you would be informed with great indignation that such was not the case; but that he was a good citizen who was a friend to all; that he had been so slandered for the last ten years, was true, but none but a fool would believe such idle reports.

“If,” the people argued, “he were a robber, why did not the magistrate seize him? He had his home among them, and a good one it was, the best house in the town; true he did not work, but what rich man did work? If his trade was really to rob he would be without a home.” This argument was sufficient. One’s eyes might deceive one, but such logic was irrefutable.

Some were willing at times to admit that Bali’s companions were loose fingered and such persons had actually, when smarting under the pain of some loss，started out to complain to the magistrate, but before reaching the Yamen had always thought better of the matter and had returned to grumble in private. It would be unwise to grumble too loudly because some of Bali’s friends might hear, and it would be unfriendly to offend one so respected as Bari, and so dangerous. Yes, it would be decidedly dangerous. Then, too, had he not, on occasion, helped different ones, when they had trouble with the magistrate? When that official had become unusually humorous and had tried to entertain the town with the idea that their property was naturally a part of that which belonged to the government, Bali had sometimes interfered. They recalled the philosophy of the magistrate who argued that if the people were true citizens, the government owned them, and all that belonged to them, although in that case, they should be delighted if at any time the government should happen to claim its own; and further, as the magistrate was the administrator for the government, he had the indisputable right to send around and invite any or them to participate in the joyous privilege

of handing over to him what they possessed. Should they, by any means, delay in producing the little items in which the government was interested, which it had, up to the present, denied itself out of love for its good people, why, he, the magistrate, might entertain them at public expense in a small guest room well planked and protected with heavy bars across the windows—a room that he had made for such purposes near his own residence. He was ready to invite such guests before him on occasion and stroke them lovingly with the soft side of a paddle.

Bali had appeared on some of these occasions and politely hinted to the magistrate and, indeed, at times carried on persuasive argument. that the great and parental government could get along with a small fraction of what it had so considerately proposed to take, and, then, too, it would be a good thing, Bali sometimes argued, in as much as the government loves its subjects so much, to bestow a part on the humblest of all citizens, even Bali himself. This had occurred many times, and while Bali seemed to eat the people’s lice, yet he had saved their homes.

No one could tell how soon such freaks of humor would again attack the representative of the great country, therefore, the people of Riceland would stand by their unselfish fellow citizen. It was always remembered that Bali had never asked to share the property of a poor man and had always seen to it that the magistrate did not love the poor to the extent of ruining them. No sir, Bali was a good citizen and they were ready to defend that assertion with their lives.

Mr. Kim had no difficulty in finding the house he sought, and was greatly pleased to find the master at home. Bali politely invited Mr. Kim to enter his guest room. It was much in contrast with the ordinary home. The walls were papered in immaculate while oiled paper covered the floor and had been polished till it shone like a mirror; paintings adorned the walls and the doors; rich silk cushions were laid about the floor; a beautiful charcoal brazier stood ready for the convenience of the long pipes of guests.

When Mr. Kim took his seat, the two men looked each

other over and entertained the same thought that they had never looked upon so fine a specimen of manhood. There was mutual respect in the observation. After the formal introduction Mr. Kim presented the purpose of his visit.

“I have lost a friend,” said he. “That friend is a woman. I have traced her to this point but beyond here I can find nothing definite regarding her. It occurred to me that you may have heard something of her whereabouts. I am told that to suspect you of knowing most secrets is not vain flattery. I have learned that the woman fled from this town at night, but to trace her flight baffles all my efforts.”

Bali looked into the face of his visitor and a smile played about his bold face. “You will pardon me friend,” he said, “but it seems curious to see a man frankly confess that he is hunting a woman, one who is described simply as a friend. You are sure you are not husband, brother, or relative of some sort?”

“There was a time when I would have been as greatly mystified as you are,” replied Mr. Kim. “Some years ago I became a Christian and I am now a teacher of that religion. This woman was one of my pupils and I am searching for her, as I am morally responsible for her. Even though I had not better reason, I should act as I am doing from the knowledge that harm to her would recoil heavily upon me.”

“It is a curious religion,’ said Bali musingly, “to send its devotees out searching for runaway women. Her relatives should do that, it seems to me, according to all the laws of the ancients. I myself have thought a good deal on the question of religion,” he continued pensively. “I have visited nearly all the important shrines and monasteries in the country, and I did not see but that the best of the devotees were just about like the rest of us; men who love the things that I love and obtain them by the same principle. Why should we expect any thing more of a religion from the West, which is younger than the cults of the East, and, in the nature of the case, less experienced with the weakness of man?”

“Perhaps I can easiest explain my position in the matter,” said Mr. Kim, “by telling you all about the cause of this

woman’s flight,” and he told the outlaw how Martha had become a Christian and her husband had threatened her with death, and how in the face of all commands she persisted in her faith, even in spite of beatings, cruel and relentless. During the recital Bali’s eyes sparkled with interest.

“Good,” he said, “that was good. No coward, eh? good! that was good.”

Mr. Kim looked at his host in surprise but continued :

“ At last Martha came to me and begged me to let her know what she should do. I told her to obey God rather than man and let Him take care of the results . She did, and now she is a helpless wanderer, in prey to any brute who would roam these streets to devour the innocent and helpless,” and he looked sternly into the face of Bali.

“That is good,” repeated the robber, “that was a good story. Fearless woman, I hope that she will have many children and they will take after their mother. If your religion could make all people brave as that I think I would endorse it; it might be a good thing for magistrates and for a few others I know. But see here, friend,” he continued, half closing his eyelids and looking into the face of Mr. Kim, “I am a man of leisure and plenty, but I have seen many a wild game in my day, yes, many a wild frolic, and I have met many men who have placed themselves uncomfortably in my path and they have uniformly become very sorry for doing so. The fact is, and I am sure you will pardon me for saying it, I don’t like the way you look at me. If you mean to infer that I have had any thing to do in causing this admirable young lady to run from her rightful husband you have badly blundered. But even though I had intended to appropriate a pair of dainty sandals I would not expect people to look at me so proudly.”

Mr. Kim looked his host over from head to foot in utter amazement.

(To be Continued).