The Korea Magazine

Editoral Board:

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Address: THE KOREA MAGAZINE

SEOUL, KOREA

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| The Manchoo Stone, Song-pa, Han River. Erected in 1638 and overthrown by Korean Patriots 1894. | Koreans Taking a Rubbing from the Memorial Stone of Korea’s Favorite Saint and Scholar Yool-gok (1536-1584) |

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Editorial Notes.

WITH best sugar factories, iron refineries, paper mills, leather factories and other industries all requiring new and modern machinery, Korea is now a fertile field for manufacturers to cultivate. In some cases hundreds of thousands or dollars will be invested in the next few months.

THE foreign population of Korea is comparatively small, yet there has not been a month since the beginning of the European war when some of her people have not been on one or more of the battle fronts or on the way thereto. Business men and missionaries of many nationalities have vied with one another in showing love of country and humanity, and those eligible for service are ,either already doing their bit or eagerly awaiting the summons when they shall be needed.

SOME of the prosperity enjoyed by Japanese business interests is being transferred to Korea, and several new projects requiring large capital have either already been launched or are in process of organization. This is notably true in mining enterprises, especially iron, coal and tungsten, and hydro-electric development. The most ambitious proposal for electric power for which the authorities have been petitioned for permission is that of’ a company proposing to utilize the waters in the Diamond Mountains with which to develop 30,000 horse power, a part of which will be used for manufacturing purposes and the remainder to electrically connect the Diamond Mountains with Wonsan. Usually some shares of stock in the companies are offered to the public, but the majority of the shares are held by the promoters.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE LANGUAGE.

To anyone desiring to make a study of the Korean language, nothing could be better than an hour spent daily with the *Mai-il Sin-po*. This paper costs, in any part of the country, but fifty sen a month, and it has within its compass all that a student of the language could possibly require.

The first page takes up longer articles in mixed-script, giving every opportunity to study this form of writing, as well as the ordinary use of the Chinese character.

The second page, also in mixed-script, gives the main telegrams of the day. For example, the one before the writer of Aug. 10th gives four telegrams from Peking about the situation in China, and six telegrams from abroad, London, New York, etc.

The third and fourth pages are in pure Enmun, the latter always carrying a continued story.

All the needed vocabulary is here, ancient and modem, so that a fruitful course in this paper, even half an hour daily along with a teacher, would prove a most useful exercise.

Herewith is the first item on page three of the date Aug. 10th. The Magazine would be glad to have translations of this paragraph that refers to China and runs:

쟝훈이가선통뎨를내이나니려춍통이외국공관으로도망을가나니단긔셔의군가북경총공격을나니물듯던지나도…If the reader finds this hard to translate it is only one proof that he should make use of the *Mai-il Sin-po*.

Please translate these also as they will help to throw light on the somewhat difficult sentence given.

1- 이러니뎌러니말****거시무엇시오

2- 날이감으나니곡가가오르나니더니발셔가을이다되엿소

3- 인삼이됴흐니록용이됴흐니여도원겨잘란거시뎨일이오

*Answers*:

In response to the questions given in the July number of the Magazine correct answers have been received from C. F. B. and Presbyter Anglicanus.

The crisp, idiomatic English sentences of the latter suit admirably the writer’s ideas of translation. However some of the words are better rendered by C. F. B. for example 경졔샹곤난 “economic distress;” 리샹뎍인물 “ideal man.” P. A. renders it “somebody,” a very interesting translation. P. A. translates No. 4 “In the eyes of the law” which is very good.

The writer would render No. 7 something like this *By not answering letters at once much inconvenience is caused in the management of affairs.*

Would 관렴 be best rendered *ideals*?

It would seem as though C. F. B’s translation of No. 9 while literally correct lacks force. P. A’s misses the point slightly. It might be rendered *This of some practical calling is an age of making a specialty*

P. A. well renders No. 11 *His illness is caused by mental trouble, there is nothing else the matter*.

C. F. B translates No. 12 *That should be spoken of as a moral question only.*

No. 13 *Students should, by all means in their power , live up to school regulations*. The answers received are practically the same as this.

P. A.’s rendering of 14 is very good *Theory by itself is ineffectual*. It might seem, however, that this misses the 학문.

In No. 15 I would combine the two translations to give the best rendering *You must have practical experience to pull through*.

THE WHANG-HO RIVER.

by

YI CHE-HYON (1287-1367 A. D.)

“Down comes the thundering Whang-ho from the west. with sources in the fabled peaks of Kol-yoon. The envoy of great Han built him a raft and went to see its fountain head.

From the heart of the hills it presses forth, a thousand measures downward to the sea. He found it was the Milky Way that circles earthward and comes sweeping toward us. By nine great wheels it spans the earth out to the farthest limits of the eye.

“It is like a battle fierce between the Hans and Chos; the crash of ten thousand horse in an onset on the plain. Slantwise it comes rolling in big battalions, ever ceaseless. When it mounts and overflows the fields and meadows, the people’s hearts forsake them from pale fear. Through the opening gates of the mountains it cleaves its way eastward. The fierce strokes of its blade cut a thundering pathway toward the sea.

“When I was young I played upon the bosom of the deep, and wished to ride the fabled Koni. Now I would fain drink in the waters of this western river. As fair they seem to me as the misty lakes of dreamland, that beckon to my thirsty soul. I would launch forth by boat from its sandy shallows. As I sit high and look upon it, my soul and spirit are over­whelmed with awe. The fishy breezes kiss my startled gaze; great waves mount high in view like castled walls. The tall masts in the distance jostle the mountain tops. The sailor shouts his echoing cry, while the sweat outlines his tightened chin. Though the day darkens, far they still must go ere they touch the gentle village of the plain. I am not Maing Myong-sil who set fire to his boats in order to settle accounts with the people of Chin; nor am I the man who threw his jewels into its boiling deep, still I, like them, am one whose soul has longed to see this stately river. If the iron ox that stands upon the shore had wits to prompt his sleepy soul, he would laugh at such as me and say, ‘What brought you here through wind weather and all the dangers of the way?’ “

NOTE:- Yi Che-hon was one of the great writers of Koryu. His style is original and full of strength and a power of description quite his own. His collected writings are called Ik-jai Chip and are well worth the attention of the student.

KOREA’S NOTED WOMEN – VII

SU-SI

The weaknesses of Asia are seen and known through the group of women that constitute her goddesses. Women of great virtue like A-whang, Yu-yung, Ta’i-im, Ta’i-sa prove that she still has a heart for what is self-sacificing, great and noble, but her enthronement or Yang Kwi-pi and Su-si show that empty smiles and days or stolen pleasure play a large part in the sum-totals of the Far East

Su-si, as Mayers says, “was the ne plus ultra of loveliness in Chinese tradition.” She was like Whittier’s Maud Muller, the bare-footed lassie of the roadside, given up to a life of washing silk and gathering fire-wood till the messengers of the king went by, and the loveliness or her face and form became known.

This was four hundred years and more before the Christian era, shortly after the times of Confucius, and prior to the building of the Great Wall of China.

Two famous kingdoms, as kingdoms then went, were Wul and Oh. Wul’s capital was situated somewhere about the site of modern Ning-po, while Oh’s stood near Shanghai. Wul was secretly the sworn enemy of Oh, and so planned and thought deeply over ways and means for Oh’s destruction. It was Ning­po against Shanghai; how could she bring her down? The king of Wul knew the deep places of Chinese nature, evidently, when he picked up Su-si from the roadside, and trained her in all the accomplishments of her sex, dressed her in gorgeous apparel, and sent her as a gift to the king of Oh, pretending deepest friendship.

As we see in Burns’, Green Grow the Rushes, the wily king felt that once Su-si came within the line of Oh’s vision,

Wari’ly cares an wari’ly men

Would all gae tapsalteerie O.

So it turned out, for the wiles and charms of Su-si wrought the destruction of the state.

It was one of those endless feuds that have so constantly beset the world of Asia. Wul’s father had been carried off and

died a prisoner at the hands of Oh. Koo-ch’un, the son, vowed vengeance for his father, and from his 1ips came forth the famous saying ‘*wa-sin sang-tam’* “May I sleep on brushwood and eat gall unless I wreak vengeance that is due.” His life was haunted by his father’s ghost. Into this vortex of evil went Su-si, all unwittingly, nevertheless she was the means of Oh’s undoing, and the satisfaction of Wul’s passion for revenge.

Another Chinese saying well known to Korea is *hyo-pin* which comes from the story or Su-si. It means *to copy the wrinkling of the bro*w, or to copy without success. When Su­si was distressed, or drew a wry face, she was said to be prettier than ever, while the ugly woman, who tried to awaken beauty by a like action, found her face so hideous that she smashed the mirror to pieces.

Such was the world of Su-si Why should it have been remembered for two thousand years and more, and spoken of, and written of, and dreamed of, world without end? Evidently the empty beauty, the paternal feud, the rising on the ashes of another, are matters that all come close to the heart of Asia. Whatever it be, Su-si is one of Korea’s great women still known of all people.

THAT EVIL SPIRIT.

“A relative of my mother was born and brought up in Yang-joo County. The house in which he lived was haunted by an evil spirit, that took possession of a young maid-servant and remained with her for a number of years. She knew all about the future with its good and its evil, and everything came to pass just as she foretold. It was impossible to hide anything from her far-seeing ken. Everybody feared and stood in awe of her powers; while the home in which she dwelt remained free from sickness or trouble of any kind. The voice of this demon could be heard at times, like the call of the orioIe bird. During the day it came from the upper air, and at night from the beams underneath the rafters,

There was a neighbour living near, of long and distinguished ancestry whose mistress, it seems, had just lost a valuable and much prized hair-pin. She had her maid-servant arrested and beaten for this loss, while the servant, in her distress, came and inquired of the spirit-medium.

“ ‘I know,’ said she, ‘where the pin is, but it would be very embarrassing to tell you. If your mistress will come, I’ll tell her.’

“‘The servant returned and informed her mistress, who at once prepared gifts and offerings, and came to inquire.

“The spirit said, ‘I know where it was lost but I really dare not utter the name of the place. If l did so, your face would blush with shame.’

“The mistress urged her, however, to tell it, and never to mind, but still she refused. Enraged at this she scolded the medium.

“Then the spirit said, ‘If you are going to be angry about it. I can soon’ settle the matter. On a certain night you entered the mulberry grove in company with so and so, and the pin was caught from your hair by the bushes. It was found later by your own servant.’

“The wife, on hearing this, was overcome with shame, while the medium went on to tell that her own man-servant had found it and that it had been stolen from him, but that it was now in such and such a place. The man-servant, who accompanied his mistress on this occasion, flew into a rage and shouted out his defiance, ‘Where has this devil of a woman come from anyhow?’ said he. But no sooner had he said this, than he fell into a swoon rigid and unconscious. Only after a long time did he return to himself.

“Someone asked him what was the reason for his acting so, and his answer was—’Would you believe it, why a great red-bearded giant caught me by the hair of the head, and all my senses left me.’

“My relatives, with whom the possessed girl lived, became greatly disliked on her account. An uncle, on the mother’s side, Cheung Koo-poo, afterwards minister of state, came at times to pay a visit, and whenever he came the servant always ran away in fear and only returned cautiously after he had gone. Cheung, knowing this, called her one day to him and said, ‘Take yourself away from here and go off to your own kind. It is not fitting that you should longer remain in the home of one of my people’

“The spirit said in reply, ‘Since the day that I first came, I have ever worked for the best interests of this house and no misfortune has ever befallen it. My desire was to remain here for generations and serve the family well, but since Your Excellency has commanded otherwise I must obey.’ She then cried and wailed. took her departure, and was never heard of again.

“This story I got from my mother.”

(NOTE:- Demon possession is one of the facts of Korean experience, long recognized.

The writer, a man three tears younger than Christopher Colombus, tells many such stories by which we can see that his view of the spirit world was as common as our reading of Socialists or Labour Unions of today).

CHOON YANG

(Translated from the Korean)

PREFACE.

The story of Choonyang, one of the most famous in Korea, dates from the reign of Injo, who was king from1623 to 1649. The heroine was true to her principles in the midst of difficulties and dangers such as the West knows nothing of. Many, like her, rather than yield the right, have died pitifully, unrecorded and forgotten. In the Yo-ji Seung-nam, the Official Geographical Records of Korea, we find, however, that in county after county, shrines with red gates have been erected to her honorable memory,—to the woman who fought this battle and won. May this ideal of the Orient, dearer to so many than life itself, help us to a higher appreciation of the East with its throbbing masses or humanity.

A year and more ago on the occasion of a concert given in behalf of Belgium at the Chosen Hotel, three Korean singers won the special commendation of al those assembled, and were given the heartiest applause. Their song was the story of Choonyang.

1. RIVERS AND MOUNTAINS.

When specially beautiful women are born into the world, it is due to influence of the mountains and streams. Sosee\* the loveliest woman of ancient China, sprung from the banks of the Yakya River at the foot of the Chosa Mountain; Wang Sogun†, another great marvel, grew up where the waters rush

\*Sosee, who lived about 450 B. C., was born of humbler parents, but by her beauty advanced step by step till she gained complete control of the Empire, and finally wrought its ruin. She is the ne plus ultra of Beautiful Chinese women.

 †Wang Sogun. This marvellous woman by her beauty brought on a war between the fierce barbarian Huns of the north and China Proper in 33 B. C. She was finally captured and carried away, but rather that yield herself to her savage conqueror, she plunged into the Amur River and was drowned. Her tomb on the bank is said to be marked by undying verdure. The history of Wang Sogun forms the basis of a drama translated by Sir Joh Davis and entitled the “Sorrows of Han.”

by and the hills circle round; and because the Keum torrent was clear and sweet, and the Amee hills were unsurpassed, Soldo‡ and Tak Mugun§ came into being.

Namwun District of East Chulla, Chosen, lies to the west of the Chiri Mountains, and to the east of the Red City River. The spirits of the hills and streams meet there, and on that spot Choonyang was born.

Choonyang’s mother was a retired dancing-girl, who, after thirty years of age, gave birth to this only daughter. In a dream, one night, there came to her a beautiful angel from heaven, bearing in her hand a plum and peach-blossom flower. She gave the peach-blossom, saying, “Care gently for this, and later, if you graft it to plum, gladness and joy will follow. I must hasten,” said she, “to carry this plum-blossom to its destined place.” So saying she withdrew.

When she had awakened from her dream, and time had passed, she bore a daughter, and as the peach-blossom is a bud of springtime, she called her Spring Fragrance or Choonyang.

Although the daughter of a dancing-girl, yet, because her father was of the gentry class, she was taught Chinese from her seventh year. In this she greatly excelled, as also in sewing, embroidery and in music. She was kept pure from every touch of the stranger, and grew flawless as the jewel.

Now there was living at this time in the department of Three Rivers, Seoul, a graduate named Yi whose family and home were widely noted for-faithful sons and pure and beautiful women. His Majesty, in his appointments, had selected Yi for District Magistrate of Namwon County. A month or so after his entrance upon office, the people unanimously proclaimed· his virtues, and the streets and by-ways of the place were posted with notice boards of his righteous and illustrious rule.

‡Soldo: A famous woman of China who lived about 900 A. D. Excelling as a wit and verse writer, her name was given by her admirers to the paper on which the productions of her pen were inscribed, till at last it became a synonym for superior notepaper.

§Tak Mugun. A Chinese lady of the 2nd century B. C. famed in verse and story and associated with the charms and delights of sweet music.

The governor’s unmarried son was with him, whose name was Dream-Dragon. He was eighteen years of age and handsome as China’s Toomokchee.\*

His face was comely as the polished marble, and in ability he was mature and well advanced. Poetry and music were known to him, and for a life of gaiety he led the way. In the night he hailed the moon over the eastern ridges; and during the day he loved to go on excursions to greet the flowers and willows of the springtime, or to speak his condolences to the tinted leaves and chrysanthemums of autumn. He was a brave and gifted lad.

On a certain day the young master, unable to resist the wooings of the springtime, called a yamen attendant and asked,

“Where are the best views in this country of yours?”

“What does the Young Master want with pretty views in the midst of his laborious studies?” inquired the Boy.

“But,” replied Dream-Dragon, “in every place of natural beauty, there arc also to be found verses and poems corresponding. Listen till I tell you. In the wonderful world of the Keui Mountain and the Yong River, where Soboo† and Hoyoo‡ played together they are seen; and where So Jachum§ passed his happy days, and autumn moonlight nights on the banks of the Chokpyok River you will find them posted up. Also in the Yellow Stork Pavilion, in the Koso Outlook, in the Phoenix Tower, there are footprints of the Sages and the writers of the past. I, too, am one of these. As the fleeting hours of springtime trip by, and plum and peach blossoms

\*Toomokchee. A famous Chinese poet who lived from 803 to 852 B. C.

†Soboo. (Nest-Father）He is a legendary being said to have lived B. C.2357, and to have made his home in a tree, hence his name. He was a man of singular uprightness who greatly influenced his age for good. Once when offered the rule of the empire by the great Yo, he went and washed his ears in the brook to rid. them from the taint of worldly ambition.

‡Hoyoo. He was a friend of “Nest-Father” and equally an apostle of self-renunciation.

§Sojachum.（1036-110l) A. D. He was a statesman and poet of China, who, when banished to Hainan, spent his days in diffusing a knowledge and love of literature.

beckon to me, shall I let them pass unnoticed?” The Boy said again, “In our poor country there are but few places of interest. Shall I tell you of them one by one? Outside the North Gate there is the mountain city of Chojong, very good; beyond the West Gate there is the Temple of the God of War, where the view is wide and imposing; outside the South Gate there is the Moonlight Pavilion, which is well worth seeing; then there is the Crow and Magpie Bridge and the Fairy Temple of Yongkak, all of which are rated among the finest views of South Chulla.”

“Let’s saddle the ass,” said Dream-Dragon, “and go see the Moonlight Pavilion.”

“All right, sir,” said the Boy, and in a little he came forth with his well brushed Chinese donkey, and made tight the saddle girth. He had put in order the red tassles and purple reins, ·the embroidered blanket, the gilded bridle, the blue and red plaited halter, and the other head ornaments. He carried also the coral whip with which he gave a sharp blow to bring the creature to attention.

He called, “l have done as Your Excellency has ordered.”

Behold him go forth on his way. Well dressed he sits straight in the saddle, handsome and high-born. So he prances forth skirting the mountain spurs, and spiriting up the dust as he sails away on the favouring breeze.

At every step, as he passes the blossoms, fragrance is wafted to him. Rapidly he rides till he reaches the Moonlight Pavilion, where he dismounts, ascends the steps, and looks forth upon the scene. Off to the south is the Red City plain, where the early sun is brushing aside the light cover of mist. The sweet flavour of springtime, with its flowers and willow catkins, is borne to him on the breath of the morning. The polished floors and ornamented walls call his attention to the pavilion. The view from this kiosk is beyond compare. From it the Magpie Bridge is visible, the Magpie Bridge which

calls up the story of the Milky Way and the Celestial Lovers\*. “How can they be absent from the scene?” thought he. “I surely am the Herdsman Star, but where is the Weaving Maiden for my companion? In this vale of flowers if I could only meet with her, the choice of all my revolving existences, how happy I should be.”

“Boy, bring the glass, let’s see who is the oldest among us here.”

The Boy replied, “Yonder fellow to the rear with his dwarfish build and yellow face, he is over forty I know.”

“He’s away beyond me,” said the Young Master, “let him he placed number one among us, and you too, Boy, while we refresh ourselves, come up and take your place.”

“I am afraid to,” said the Boy, “it isn’t good form.”

“Afraid of what?” asked the Master, “Nonsense!”

The table was brought in and the rear servant took the first sip of the glass; the Boy shared as well, and when the Young Master had taken his turn he addressed them saying, “When one is out for a good lime, informally, it does not do to make too much of ceremony. If we do so there is an end to good fellowship and the interest is gone. In the country, age takes precedence. We’ve had our glass, now for a smoke.”

The Young Master, carried away with the joy of the occasion, got up and sat down, turned this way and that, looking here and there. Off to the south he saw the Jewel Curtain Outlook rising skyward with its bright and shimmering windows, also the Fairies’ Pavilion; to the rear was the Garden of the Immortals, with its ideographic flowers of white, and red, and green, and yellow. In fluttered heaps they lay scattered about dotting the landscape. The call of the oriole from the willow canopy added to the scene’s delight. White butterflies in pairs flitted by on tiny wing dodging among the branches. The

\*Celestial lovers. The Herdsman, supposed to be the star b in Aquila, and the Weaving Damsel the star a Lyra, are lovers, who by the abyss of the Milky Way, separated all the year round, till the 7th night of the 7th Moon, when the magpies of the earth assemble and form a bridge over the chasm, and enable them to meet. This is one of the Orient’s most famous legends.

world was full of sweet fragrance bursting forth, white and red, from all the variegated bowers, like fairies and angel messengers.

II. THE VISION OF CHOONYANG.

Lo, we see Choonyang. From the circle of her retired enclosure she appears, swinging free and artlessly by a high-hung rope of colored strands. Firmly she holds by each hand as she rises deftly and smoothly. Again away to the rear she goes, then forward like a kite-bird that sails low, now high, touching with outstretched wings the timid wavering tree-tops. Flowers fall at the impact of her soft embroidered toe. Back and forth, all unconscious, she swings while the Young Master, lost in wonder, peers before him, his soul tingling with inexpressible astonishment

“Boy!” called he, “look yonder.”

The startled Boy gave a jump, more astonished if possible than even his master. “Yes, sir!” ,

“What is that that I see swinging there?”

“Nothing is visible, Your Excellency, to my vision,” said the Boy.

“See, where my fan is pointing, look now,” said the Young Master.

“Fan or fairy wand, I see nothing.”

“What do you mean. you idiot? Do you tell me that low­caste eyes are not the same as the eye of a gentleman? What golden vision of delight can that be?”

“Golden,” said the Boy, “Shall I tell you about gold? In the days of ancient Han of China, one high lord in his attempt to usurp the power and privileges of another, scattered forty thousand golden dollars among the troops of Cho. What gold can you expect to talk about after that?”

“Then, ‘tis marble I see,” said the Young Master.

“I’ll tell you about marble, too. In ancient days at the Goose Gate Festival, you remember that Pum Jing smashed the imperial block of marble till it became white flakes of snow, and a fire arose and licked up the remnants. When such as

this has happened, what marble can you expect to find here?”

“Then it’s the spirit of the fairies I see.”

“But,” said the Boy in reply, “in broad day-light, under a shining sun do fairies ever wander forth?”

“Then,” said the Young Master, “if it is not gold, and not marble, and not a fairy, what can it be? Tell me Boy!”

The Boy then replied, “Oh, yonder, now I see what you mean. That’s the daughter of Moon Plum, a former dancing­girl of this county . She is called Choonyang.”

The Young Master on learning that it was Choonyang, gave a ringing outburst of surprise like the laugh of a king’s guards­man.

“Tell me, Boy,” said he, “is that really Choonyang? I have seen thousands of pretty girls but never one such as she. My spirit is dazzled, and my soul has shot half way up to heaven. My eyes are filmed over so that I cannot see. Not another word, Boy, but go and call her at once.”

The Boy replied, “Choonyang, Your Excellency, is known through all this south country. From Governor to pettiest magistrate, everyone has tried to win her. The beauty and fidelity of China’s most famous women surely never surpassed her. She is in heart a princess, though born of a dancing-girl. Her mother’s family, too, was originally of gentle origin. You cannot call her thus.”

The Young Master laughed, “You ignoramus, you, what do you mean? Every bit of marble from the Hong Mountain, and all the yellow gold from the waters of the Yaw, have each their master and owner . Go and call her.”

There being no help for it, the Boy went to call Choon­yang. Away like a butterfly he flew on the back of the summer breeze, over the ridge and underneath the trees, lost to sight, now seen, now gone again till he gave a loud call, “Choon­yang!”

Choonyang, startled, slipped in a frightened way from her perch in the swing. “What is it?” she asked in alarm. “You almost made me fall.”

The Boy grinned and said, “A young lady like you surely runs the risk of falling badly, swinging thus within sight of the

king’s highway, especially when the passers lose their hearts in inexpressible wonder. Do you think it wise? Our Young Master, son of the governor, has come out just now to Moon­light Pavilion, and his eyes have fallen on you. I told him two or three times not to do so, and yet he insists on asking you to come to him. It is no wish of mine, I am compelled to give the message, please accede to it, won’t you.” Choonyang said in reply, “I cannot go.”

“What do you mean by ‘cannot go?’ When a· gentleman calls a country girl, does she say ‘I cannot go’?”

“Is your master, pray, the only one of the gentry? I also am freeborn as well as he.”

“You may be of the gentry, but it is a lame kind you are. Never mind any more talk, please just come.”

“I cannot,” said Choonyang.

“Tell me why you cannot!”

“I’ll tell you. Your Young Master should be at his studies instead of wasting time here. Even though he does see fit to go picknicking, he has no claim to call a girl like me to him in any such rude way. It is not becoming that I should answer.”

The Boy turned his back on the roses in the shade and laughed to himself. Said he, “The Governor’s son, the Young Master, is very handsome indeed , better looking than all his companions. As a scholar too, he is unequalled. Born of a family noted for its filial piety and loyalty, he is, in goods and property, rich as Yonan. His mother’s family too, is honorable to the first degree. If you ever do really choose a husband could you expect to find one like him in this country place?” “What do you mean by husband, you impudent fellow? Is a city husband necessarily better than a country husband?” said she, “Away you go.”

“That’s just it,” said the boy, “the hills of Seoul and the hills of the country differ. Shall I tell you? The hills of Kyungsang Province are rough and jagged, and so the people born there are bull-headed and obstinate; the Chulla mountains are gentle and softly inclining, and so the people born there are smooth tongued and cunning; the hills of Choongchung are lofty, and those born under them are gifted. Now in Kyong-ke

Province, where the Surak mountain falls away, we have the Tobong peak; and where Tobong falls away we have Chongnam Mountain ending in the Blue Dragon Ridge of Wang­simnee. Then there is the White Tiger of Mallijai, which falls into the sands of the Han River. There the tides from the sea roll up and Tongjak circles them round gathering the waters together and making the place supremely rich and strongly prosperous. Thus it is that in Seoul the good are very very good, and the bad are very very bad.

“The Young Master has for maternal uncle Prince Puwon, and for grandfather the Chief of the Administration Bureau, while his father is chief of this district. If you do not come as he calls you I am afraid your mother may be arrested and locked up in the yamen enclosure. How would you like that? Would you be happy then, or would I? If you want to go, why go; but if you don’t want to go, why don’t go. I am going, that’s all.”

Choonyang, in her innocence, beguiled by the words of the Boy, said, “What shall I do? Listen to me please. Does the flower follow every butterfly that lights upon it? Since your noble master has ordered me, his humble servant to come, I’d like to, but, I’m ashamed. Please say to him \*”*An soo hai; chup soo wha; hai soo hyol*.”

The Boy left and Choonyang went quickly into her house. The Young Master ceased his impatient walking back and forth, and turned to see if Choonyang were coming, but he saw that she had disappeared, and that the Boy was returning alone. Then he repeated to himself this line of poetry.

When the fairy flits off to her butterfly home,

In the shade of the willows I winglessly roam,

And list to the clack of the jay-bird

III THE LIMITATIONS OF HOME.

When the Boy came back the Young Master glanced fire at him and said “I sent you to bring Choonyang, where is she?”

The Boy replied, “She just covered me with insult, that’s what she did.”

“What do you mean by insult?” inquired he.

“Why she said to me, ‘*An soo hai; chup soo wha; hai soo hyol*.”

When the master heard this, he sat silent for a moment thinking, then he said, “That’s all right, excellent. You ignoramus, you are wrong altogether. *An soo hai* means *an* for *wild-goose*, *soo* for *follow*, and *hai* for *sea*, *the wild goose follows the sea*; *chup soo wha* means *chup* for *butterfly*, *soo* for *follow*, and *wha* for *flower*, *the butterfly follows the flower*. As for *hai soo hyol*, *hai* means *crayfish*, *soo* means *follow*, and *hyol* means *rock crevice*, *the sea-shell seeks the rock-crevice*. These forms trebled thus mean evidently the third watch of the night, and I am to call at her house at that hour. That’s what she would say and this is her invitation to me.”

He mounted his donkey and rode hurriedly back to his study, but all other thoughts were absent from him in a thousand imaginings concerning Choonyang. All the questions of the yamen seemed to centre about her. He went into the inner quarters, and there too everything reminded him of Choon­yang. So metamorphosed had his sight become that she and she only occupied all his thoughts.

“*Ah ya*! I am to see her, Choonyang, Choonyang.”

This he sang out without thinking. The Prefect, wearied with the affairs of state, was snoozing in the upper room, when suddenly the noise awakened him. He gave a start and shouted,

“Boy.”

“Yes, sir!”

“Did some one in the study prick himself with a needle just now to make such an unearthly noise.? Go and see!”

The messenger went “Hush Young-Master,’ said he, “His Excellency, your father, has been startled out of his wits by the noise you made a moment ago and told me to find out what it meant.”

\*An-soo-hai etc. These nine syllables are given according to the sound of the Chinese ideographs composing them; and while correct as poetic composition they could not be understood by an uneducated person, though a good scholar would soon unravel their mystery.

The Young Master laughed and said, “If the Governor gets a start is that my affair? When the murmurings of the people fail to reach his sensitive ears, I don’t see how a gentle word of mine should shake him up so. This is all a joke, say thus: ‘We are greatly distressed to hear of Your Excellency’s getting a start, but it was in reading the Chinese Classics and studying aloud that the uproar came about.’ “

The messenger presented himself and gave his message. The Prefect laughed, “Ha! Ha!” said he, “Dragons beget dragons, and phoenixes beget phoenixes. The son is like his father,” and so he laughed again. He called the messenger once more, gave him two candles from his room, and told him to give them to the Young Master and tell him to study all night long till these candles were burned out, and to study .out loud so that everyone could hear him. The messenger gave the candles and the message but the Young Master threw them down indignantly. Then again he thought for a moment and said, “Boy, bring all my books here, every one of them.” He brought the Four Classics\*, the Three Sacred Books, and all the rest, and then in a loud voice he went reading them out, skipping sections as follows.: “Mencius met king Yanghay, when the king, said to him ‘You have come a long distance haven’t you . . . .”

“The Great Learning is intended to demonstrate Virtue, and to encourage the people to the attainment of perfection . . . From the Book of Poetry “The cooing pigeon on the waters of the river reminds one of the perfect lady, a mate indeed for the Superior Man.” “Namchang was an ancient county; Hodong was a new district under the Constellation The Worm, and its boundary line was Hyongyo. But away with all this uninteresting rubbish,” said Dream-Dragon, “and bring me the Book of Changes.” The Boy brought the famous classic, when he threw it open at the first page and began “The great Kon is primal, forceful

\*The Four Classics. These are *the Great Learning; the Doctrine of the Mean; the Conversation of Confucius; and the Sayings of Mencius*.

The Three Sacred Books. *The Books of History; the Book of Poetry and the Books of Changes*.

Profitable, loveable, tractable, beautiful, good-luckable but Choonyang is unmatchable.”

The Boy standing by in astonishment, said, “Where does the Young Master get all his ‘ables’ from?”

“What does an ignoramus like you know about ‘able,’ or any other literary ending?”

Then he opens the Thousand Character Classic† and shouts out “Heaven Ch’on; Earth-Chi.”

“I say,” says the Boy, “Is the Young Master only three years old that he works over the a. b. c’s of hanal-ch’on thus?”

“What? You haven’t the first idea of the inner meaning of the Thousand Character Book. If I were to read it off to you, one by one, your ignorant locks would stand on end. Let me tell you how to read and understand it. It reads on the surface thus: Heaven, earth, black, yellow, universe, expanse. etc, etc. Now about Heaven, you know it was born at one o’clock in the morning, saying nothing, but stretching over all the four cornets of the earth, blue in the distance, that’s what Heaven is. Earth appears at three o’clock, and by means of the Five Elements, bears all living things upon it:, that’s what the Earth does. Black stands for mysterious, hidden, colorless. The God of the North is black, that’s what Black is. Yellow rules the Five Notes of Music, and is the color of the earth, that’s what Yellow is. The Universe, how wide it is, unlimited is the Universe. The Expanse is what has ruled through all the world’s history the dynasties that rise and fall upon it, that’s what the Expanse is.”

“The time for lights out is a long way off yet,” says the Boy.

“Go and see again, said the Young Master.

“Oh but it’s hours yet,” said the Boy.

“Whether it’s my old *pater familias*,” said the young man, “or any body else’s, when he has too much white in his eyes, it shows that his disposition is bad.”

At last the long delayed call of ‘Lights Out’ was heard, to the great satisfaction of the Young Master. “Boy,” said he, “out with the lights.” ( To be continued.)

†The Thousand Character. This is the first book from which Oriental boys learn their first lesson in the ideograph.

TAN GOON.

Perhaps Tan-goon’s is the most mysterious and the most interesting of all the religious influences of Korea. There has been some attempt in recent years to revive his religion, if such a religion ever did exist, but it seems a mere mechanical effort. Still, the fact of Tan-goon remains, and will remain. Without attempting to draw any conclusions, or to express any opinion regarding him, we give the following quotations from various Korean and Chinese books, that have to do with his mysterious course on earth.

“Whan-in, Whan-oong, and Whan-gum are the Triune Spirit. Sometimes he is called Tan-in, Tan-oong and Tan­goon. In the year *kap-ja* of *Sang-wun* (2333 B. C.) and the 10th moon and 3rd day Whan-gum changed from a Spirit into a man and came with his heavenly sceptre and his three seals. He descended to the T’ai-baik Mountains and stood beneath the sandalwood trees. There he made known the divine truth and taught the people. The multitudes were greatly moved by his presence, and crowded about him, as men gather on market days, so that he was called the Divine Market Keeper.”

THE TRIUNE SPIRIT GOD

“Whan-in is God (*Ch’un*); Whan-oong is the Spirit (*Sin*); and Tan-goon is the God-man (*Sin-in*). These three constitute the Triune Spirit (*Sam-sin*) .” ( *Ko-keum Keui*).

“Sa-ma Sang-yo said to King Moo-je of Han, ‘May your Majesty be humble-minded and gentle in all your ways lest you lose the blessing of the Triune Spirit (*Sam-sin*), for this Triune Spirit is God (*Sang je*). (*Han-su* written by Pan-go 50 A, D.)

THE TEACHING OF TAN-GOON

“There was no king in Korea at first, till a God-man (sin­in) came down with three thousand followers and made his appearance underneath the sandalwood trees on T’ai-baik Mountains. He was named Sin-si (The Divine Market Keeper) on account of the crowds that gathered to his side. They

made him king and called him Tan-goon.” (*Hai-dong Ak-boo; Tai baik Tan-ga*.)

“Tan-goon preached the word of God (*Sin-sul*) and taught men that there are three great spirits, one the master of the winds, one the giver of rain, and one lord of the clouds; and that these three together have charge of the 366 affairs that rule in the world of men. (*Ko-keui*).

“When Tan-goon set up his kingdom he took cognisance of grain supply, of life and death, of punishments, of sickness and health, of good and evil, of the relation of the sexes, of parents and children, of kings and courtiers, of dress, food, houses, head-gear and civilization in general. (*Ko-keui*).

“There is a kingdom to the North called Chosen, whose people God has taught. They live by the sea and love their fellow men.” (*San hai Kyung*, said to have been written by Paik Ik 2200 B.C.)

“The men of Korea dress in red clothes, with white silk girdles and black caps; while. the women wear mottled clothes, and look very pretty. The sexes meet but observe the strictest forms of decorum. They speak good of one­another and never evil. When they see others in trouble they risk their lives to render the needed assistance, so they are called ‘good men, righteous men, a happy people.’ They never use uncomely or indecent speech, and they readily laugh. When one gives them a passing glance they· seem a simple people to the eye.” (*Sin-i Kyung* written by Tong Pang-sak 120 B. C .)

“Confucius’ fifty-third descendant, Wan, Prince of Yun­sung, had a second son, whose name was Kong-so, that graduated about the year 1340 A. D. and became a doctor of the Hallim. Kongso came with Princess Tai-jang, who was a daughter of Prince Ho-wi, and had her married to King Kong-min of Korea. As he was leaving his native place he thought of what his great ancestor Confucius had said, namely, ‘I should like to go by sea and live with the East Barbarian.’ He said to himself: ‘The reason they say that Korea is the land of honest hearts and good behaviour, is due the fact of its having had divine and holy kings like Tan-goon

and Keui-ja. For this reason its people are civilized. I, too, am going there, and there I shall live.’ So he took his wife Whang-bo and made his home in the East Peninsula.’ (*Tong-gook Kwol-li-ji*).

“Tan-goon was the first king born to Korea. He it was who taught the people a spiritual religion with an earnest and faithful heart, binding them together into a strong race. In Poo-yu his religion was called the Religion that stands in place of God (*Ch’un*), in Ko-ku-ryu it is called the religion of the Worship of God (*Ch’un*); and in Silla it is called The Religion of Reverence for God (*Ch’un*). In Korea it was named the Religion of Wang-gum (*Tan-goon*) and in the 10th moon of each year there was the custom of bowing before the Almighty (*Ch’un*) and offering sacrifice.” (*Sok-wun Wi-yo Pyun*).

“In our country there is a deep and mysterious religion which indeed includes the three great cults, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism and forms the basis of our national life. If we speak of filial piety, or loyalty to the king, we think of the great Teacher of the No Kingdom (Confucius). If, on the other hand, we pretend to the impossible and things beyond human ken, we say it is the religion of No-ja. Again if it is a question of doing no evil but good only, it is ascribed to the great teacher of India (Buddha), but Tan-goon taught them all.”

“The Great Spirit (*Choo-sin*), with almighty and omniscient power, rules all the world. His form does not appear to our vision, for he dwells in the highest heaven, yet all the creatures of the earth are his little servants to do His bidding. In the Book of Rites of Poo-yu it says ‘Our national religion is the Worship of God.’ “ (*Man-joo Chi*)

MIRACULOUS PROOFS OF TAN-GOON’S POWER.

“Solgo of Silla was the son of a farmer. From earliest youth he loved picture making. When out cutting wood he used to take the roots of the creeper, and with them make pictures on the rocks; and while he ploughed he would sketch in the sand with . the plough-share. Living in a secluded part

of the world he had no teacher, and there· was no one from whom he could inquire, and so his wishes to become an artist were not possible of attainment. Day and night however he prayed to God (*Ch’un-sin*) that He would divinely teach him. This he did for many years, till on a certain day an old man came to him in a dream and said, ‘I am the God-man, Tan­goon. Moved by your earnest prayers I come and herewith give you the divinely-tipped pen.’

“He awoke, and the dream was as though it had been real. In a little his hand grew skillful and by and by became the hand of a great master.

“Solgo was so grateful for the gift bestowed upon him, that he painted the picture of Tan-goon a thousand times and more. He made him according to the model of the old man whom he had seen in the dream.

“Yi Kyoo-bo of Koryu wrote an inscription for one of Sol-go’s pictures of Tan-goon : ‘Beyond the hills, house by house, I find the pictures of our spirit ancestor. Half of them at least are Solgo’s, made by him.” (*Tong-sa, Yoo-go* ).

“Kim Saing of Silla, by constant prayer to God, ( Ch’un-sin), obtained miraculous power in writing. Tradition has handed down a story saying that once upon a time a stranger came to Kim Saing and asked him if he would write out for him the *Sutra of God ( Che-suk*). When Kim had written it he asked the stranger who he was and whence he came. He replied ‘I am the angel of God (Tan-goon) and was commanded by Him to obtain this writing from you.” (*Yi Sang-kook Chip* 1200 A. D.)

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

“In the days of T’ai-jong the Temple of the Three Holy Ones (Sam-sung) in Koo-wul Mountains became deserted, and its place taken by the Temple of Tan-goon in Pyengyang. There followed upon this change a terrible epidemic in Whang-hai Province, that continued for many years. King Sung-jong, in the year 1471 A. D., sent a communication to the governor of Whang-hai, Yi Ye, in which he asked, ‘In ancient times, were there any special causes of sickness in your province? Where was Tan-goon’s Temple located, and for what

reason was its site changed? How about the sacrifices that should be offered to him? Do the people offer these now? What law governs the offerings? What medicine do the people use, and who look after the sick? What medicine do they find efficacious? Make careful inquiry concerning these things and let me know.”‘

“Again he wrote, ‘I understand that the shrine of the God (ch’un-wang) Tan-goon was originally on the highest peak of Koo-wul Mountain, but that later it was moved forward to a lower peak, and again changed to an outer spur of the hills where the Temple to the Three Persons of God (*Ch’un-wang Sam-wi*) was erected. Also I am told that there was a shrine built for the attending spirits, and that a place was prepared for the offering of sacrifices. Incense was burned there and worship performed through a long period of years. Later it became deserted, the service done away with, and then sickness fell upon the people. I want to know if the site of the Temple of God (*Ch’un-wang tang*) is still in existence, with the place for the accompanying shrines; also, if the order in which the tablets stood is still definitely known; if there is a record of the way in which the sacrificial materials were prepared, and how offered, and if the sickness, now prevalent, dates from the cessation of the worship? There will be traditions and sayings regarding the matter. Find out definitely and let me know.”

“In the year 1472, and the 2nd Moon, the governor of Whang-hai, Yi Ye, wrote a memorial to king Sung-jong in which he went on to say, ‘In answer to Your Majesty’s communication, I made inquiry of an old man named Ch’oi Chi, who was formerly overseer of the Temple of Tan-goon, and also of Ch’oi Teuk-gang, who was guardian of the same. From these I have obtained a history of the Temple of the Three Holy Ones and have taken careful notes of every thing, which I now present to your Majesty.

“ ‘Tan-goon was a God-man. His shrine on the Koo­ wul Mountains was to the west of the Buddhist Temple, Pai­yup Sa, on Tai-cheung Peak, back of Imbool Hall. It was removed to a lower elevation, further down, and again later

changed to So-cheung Mountain, where it is still known as the Temple of the Three Holy Ones. The exact site on Tai­cheung, and the one below the Temple of Pai-yup Sa, are lost.

. ‘Tan-goon, Tan-oong, and Tan-in are the Triune Holy Ones, to whom a temple was built and sacrifice offered. These buildings, having fallen to decay through the lapse of lime, were restored in the year Kyung-o (1450) by the magistrate Sin Hyo-wun; and again in the year Moo-in (1458) the magistrate Mai Choa painted them in various colours.

“In the Temple of the Triune Holy Ones, God, Tan-in faced south; God, Tan-oong faced west; and God, Tan-goon faced east, each having a wooden tablet.

“Tradition says that in ancient times wooden images were used, but in the days of Tai-jong, when the government was meditating the restoration of these, Ha Ryoon raised an objection, and the matter was dropped. We do not know, now, just in what form they were originally represented.

“In olden times there was no house for sacrifice till the magistrate Mai Choa built a thatched hut of two or three kan below the Temple of the Three Holy Ones and had a company of priests set apart for the service. When sacrifice was to be offered they performed acts of purification, slept there and prepared the necessary materials by which· the worship was carried out.

“At first the vessels used in the Temple of the Three Holy Ones were of gold and silver, but after the Japanese War (1592) porcelain dishes were used. Mai Choa was the first to make use of brass dishes.

“After the Temple was removed to Pyengyang, sacrifice ceased for a period of sixty years. Some say it ceased in the year 1400, some say in 1401 or 1402. It is not definitely known. Also as to how incense was prepared, or how the sacrifices were carried out I cannot definitely tell.

“The highest peak of Koo-wul Mountain, which is not called the Temple of God, but the Peak of the Four Kings, is where the materials were prepared and sacrifice offered. King T’ai-jong in the year 1415 A. D. made certain repairs in

the building, but there is no one who knows definitely the exact site, and now as ice and snow are on the ground it would be dangerous to climb.

“In the book *Kwan-su Seung-nam* there is a record of the ancient remains of Moon-wha which reads, ‘Under Koo­wul Mountain, by the village of the Holy Shrine on the hill of So-cheung is the Temple of the Holy Ones, Tan-in, Tan-oong and Tan-goon.’

“Although there was no official worship offered after the Temple of the Three Holy Ones was removed to Pyengyang, still, when a sacrifice for rain or fair weather was to be made, the magistrate, dressed in official robes, would perform it, using white cake, rice, cloth goods, fruits, etc. The saying was that it was a spiritual matter, that no one should dare undertake of his own accord.

“The altar where prayer was made to the Rain Dragon. was a hundred paces or so below the Temple of the Three Holy Ones. I do not know the day, or month, in which it was set up. Some say it was the year 100 A. D. and the 5th moon. In this worship they used cake, rice, wine, and a white goose. Now however they use white chickens, but never pigs.

“Beneath the Temple of the Three Holy Ones there were once many houses, but from the giving up of the sacrifices, sickness spread among the people, and the whole place became deserted. The people said that the sickness came about because the temple had been removed to Pyengyang and the sacrifices given up.

“There is no direct proof for it but still the ancient records say that Tan-goon finally went into the A-sa-tal Mountains, and became one of the genii; and that the Koo-wul Mountains of Moon-wha are the same. His temple was there and formerly sacrifice was offered to him. May Your Majesty, following the wishes of the People, have the sacrifices, as they pertain to the Temple of Tan-goon in Pyengyang, prepared and offered each year in spring and autumn. The king gave his consent.” (*Sung-jong Sil-lok*).

“In the year Im-jin of Sun-jo (1592), when the king made his escape to Eui-joo, he saw, in a dream, an old man come

down to him from heaven and sitting by his side say, ‘I am the God-man, Tan-goon, and to-night I shall be on guard at the Lotus Hall of Hai-joo to see to the safety of the queen.’

“On that night the Queen, (Princess Chung-wun) , gave birth to In-jo. Because the dream turned out true his name was called *Chong* and the meaning of Chong is “the God-man of long ago.”

“The Altar of Sacrifice to God is on the Ma-ri Mountains of Kang-wha. Here Tan-goon built a wall and raised an altar calling it the Altar of Sacrifice to God. The height of the Altar is seventeen feet, built of stones. It is square at the top and round at the base, each side measuring six feet six inches. Its circumference at the base is fifteen feet. Some say that Ma-ri Mountain is at the point where the river joins the sea. The ground there is separated from the world and free from impurity, and so is regarded as a fitting place for the home of this Great Spirit (*Sin-myung*). Thus he erected an altar and made sacrifice to Sang-je (God). They say that God loves the veiled and hidden, and the Earth loves the open and clear, so they built it on a hill that stands amid the waters. The fact that it is square at the top and round below agrees with the symbolic shapes of heaven and earth.” (*Tong-sa, Soo-san-chip*).

“In the seventeenth year of In-jo it was repaired (1639)

“In the twenty-sixth year of Sook-jong (1700), and the 5th moon, it was again repaired and a stone erected on which was inscribed :

“Among the several thousand li of Korea’s coast-line, Kang-wha is a place of first strategic importance; and of the several hundred that enclose Kang-wha Ma-ri San is the special mountain of sacrifice to God. At its west side, on the highest point, stones are built up into a pile the name given to it being *Cham-sung* Altar. Tradition says that Tan-goon erected this attar and made it a place of sacrifice to God. The ages that have passed since then are exceedingly long. Winds have blown and rains have beaten upon it, and the two sides to west and north were all but fallen to ruin, with the east side corner stones leaning far outward. The old men of the

district regarded it with deep distress. I, the governor, being chief magistrate and intrusted with the welfare of the island, in the spring of the present year, on my tour of inspection went up and viewed the site and I felt so grieved at its ruined appearance that I decided at once to have it repaired. I entrusted this matter to the captain of the port, Kim Tuk­ha, and the abbot of the monastery Chun-teung Sa, whose name is Sin Meuk, and they reordered and repaired the altar in twenty days. They set up the parts that had fallen down, and put straight that which was out of line. My effort was, as far as possible, to save the old remains intact. For Tan­goon, who was a contemporary of King Yo and was indeed the father of the Korean people, had had this altar built round in shape for the purpose of offering sacrifice to God, and for several thousand years the people had looked upon it with great reverence. Why should we not put it in order and set it right? Sin Meuk asked me if I would not write out an account of it, so that future generations might have the record and this I have written.” [Yoo-soo Ch’oi Suk-hang Ch’an).

“The Shrine of Tan-goon stood outside the walls of Pyengyang till Se-jong, in his 11th year (1429), built his temple within the city, where sacrifices were offered to him, and also to king Tong-myung of Ko-koo-ryu. In spring and autumn the government made provision and the service was duly performed.” (*Moon-hun Pi-go*.)

“In his 1st year King Se-jo (1456) changed the tablet and wrote the name ‘The Tablet of Tan-goon the Founder of Chosun.’ In his 5th year (1460) he came with the Crown prince to Pyengyang when he, himself, worshipped and did sacrifice.” (*Moon-hun Pi-go*.)

“In the 5th year of Sook-jong (1679) His Majesty sent special commissioners to offer sacrifice; and in his 23rd year (1697) he again worshipped and wrote a poem :

“A Holy One appeared on earth,

The comrade of King Yo is seen;

His shrine stands still upon the sea, (in Whang-hai)

And light begilds the sandalwood.”

(*Moon-hun Pi-go*.)

In the 5th year of his reign, Yung-jong (1729) gave a gate name to the Temple of Tan-goon calling it ‘Soong-yung Chun,’ and appointed two keepers. In his 25th year (1749) he sent a royal secretary and had sacrifices offered.” (*Moon-hun Pi-go* )

“In the 5th year of his reign Chung-jong (1781) offered sacrifice and wrote a prayer memorial which ran :

“Our hopes were centred in the hills,

Amid the groves of sandalwood.

For here a God-man came to earth,

A comrade of the days of Yo.

Like to the rising of the sun,

He lighted up the lower world.

And built on desolation’s heap,

A knowledge that was, broad and deep.

etc., etc. (*Mun-hun Pi-go*.)

In his 6th year the late Emperor (1868) issued an edict saying: ‘This year is the anniversary of the setting up of the state by Tan-goon when our country was first of all made a kingdom. Thousands of years have passed since then, and I am made king over this same realm. Great blessing is something that does not come without cause, and so I am sending a minister who will offer sacrifice.’ (*Moon-hun Pi-go*.)

“Here is the prayer that was read each year by the various kings of Korea in offering sacrifice :

“God indeed did give religion,

To our ancient far-off Chosen;

This is why we offer worship,

Praying that He give a blessing.

(*Ch’oon-kwan T’ong-go.*）

THE TAN SONG OF T’AI-BAIK.

by

SIM KWANG-SE. (graduated 1601 A. D.)

“When did the heavens unfold?

When did the earth take form?

When did the sun and moon first rise and shine?

When did the hills appear?

When did the trees take root?

The sun and moon combined their spirit’s power,

To greet the God-man neath the forest trees.

Companion is he of the sun and stars.

He had a body, true, and had a soul;

Although he laboured not he wrought it all,

And built the state of Chosen,

And now a thousand, yes, four thousand years and

more have passed.”

TAN-GOON by KWUN GEUN. (1362-1409 A. D.)

‘T’is said that in the days of waste and void,

Tan-goon came down and stood beneath the trees.

His world was in the kingdom of the East (Korea).

His times were one with Soon and Yo.

How many tribes of men have come and gone I know not,

Thousands of years mark they.

Till at the last great Keui-ja came

And called his state the same old name of Chosen.”

TAN-GOON’S TEMPLE.

by

KIM YOOK. (Graduated 1605 A. D.)

“God (Sin-sung) became our King,

And the God-man descended from the clouds,

From his day on a lord we owned and blessed,

His times were those of Yo and Soon.

The dragon’s wings outspread appeared on T’ai-baik,

And white the groups of storks arose on Asal.

The quiet shrine is all that’s left,

And dishes with their offerings made in worship.”

TAN-GOON’S TEMPLE.

by

SA DO (A Chinaman of the Mings.)

When did King Tan appear?

When Yo was here we’re told.

Four thousand years have passed us since,

And still his temple stands.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

(Continued from the August number.)

“I did not intend to offend you,” said he with quiet dignity. “l can boast of injury to no man as far as I remember, that is, in an overt act. At the present lime, my faith requires that I suffer much rather than retaliate. Our creeds are quite different, still I have seen a bit of men and the world and I have noticed that the innocent and the really brave take offence slowly. They may injure another in self defence, but I have never seen a brave man the aggressor.”

“Well spoken, well spoken, you bowled me over there, that is right, the brave are generous.”.

“Then I understand,” said Mr. Kim preparing to leave, “that you know nothing regarding this woman?”

“Who said I know nothing about her?” and he laid great emphasis on the word nothing. “Very little transpires here of which I don’t know something. Dear me, let me think. You say she was a woman rather young than otherwise, or did you say old? Young? young then, and you said she had a baby on her back? Let me see! ah, yes, traveling towards the river. It must have been she if my memory serves me right. She was taking shelter under the roof of the most fiendish looking man on the face of the earth. Tell you what,” and he leaned his face toward Mr. Kim, “I never believed in demons until I came in contact with that creature.”

“The man who lives out on the sail marsh!” said Mr. Kim. “Even the same. Seen him have you? Well, beware, for if you stir up his wrath he will boil you in his salt pan.”

Bali threw back his head and laughed uproariously. “I have met only one man and one woman who were not cowards and they were under that roof.” He laughed again and rubbed his hands together in evident pleasure. “But beware that you don’t stir up the devil, I say beware. Don’t tell him that you are after that woman, if you do”—here he laughed again. “I would like to be there to see it. Tell you what! he is the

only man who ever put Bali on his back, and I am so well pleasured that I have a comfortable place for him any time he will come and live with me,” and the outlaw again broke into a loud laugh.

“Cowards,” repeated Mr. Kim slowly. “It seems to me that I have heard the term applied to our people by foreigners, but I don’t think I have ever before heard ‘a countryman of mine unwittingly or otherwise do us so great a wrong. Friend, I think you must have walked the world blind if you have not seen more than two persons whom you could call brave.”

“Cowards!” exclaimed Bali, “cowards indeed, they are cringing and fawning at the feet or the officials who rob and destroy them as if they were so many rabbits in the bush to be trapped. What are they if they are not cowards?”

“You have used the wrong term,” replied Mr. Kim “It is a moral habit of nine tenths of our people to so thoroughly believe in the paternal character of our government, and the duty of every one to devote all to it, that when the people are robbed they regard it as they would measles, unpleasant but necessary. Sometimes they protest, yet there is no one ready to take the matter up seriously because they all have a feeling that what the parent demands the son should give though it is hard and the son may have to go’ hungry to do so. Our people are what the Eastern world has lauded for thousands of years, that means, that more than one half of the people of the world thinks praiseworthy, what you now condemn as cowardice. If a man has a moral conviction down in the elementary part of his nature, that clinging to his property is unholy selfishness, he will not fight hard for his ox when in danger of losing it.”

“Well, this moral habit, that you call it,” replied Bali, “is the most disgusting habit I know. There may be some semblance of truth in your wording of the matter, but you certainly cannot say that it holds true with the officials. For instance, the magistrate in the adjoining town has an unpardonable habit of failing to keep his agreements. If you don’t know him yet, you probably will for he hates Christians. On a certain occasion he agreed with me that there were only certain

ones in the county who were justly open to punishment for oppression of their neighbors, certain ones you know, who have become rich by squeezing the poor. I consented to point out means of relieving some of these oppressors of their ill-gotten gains, provided he would consider inviolate the property of others, they being poor and inoffensive, but his memory was evidently poor for he must forsooth seize them also. I had not visited his excellency for some time but on the next day after the seizure I did so. The fat cheeked leech was sitting on his silk cushion examining a man preparatory to using the paddle. I simply walked into the yard and pretended to be interested in the beautiful architecture of some of his rotten, tumbled-down buildings and when he arose to greet me I did not see him at all. I was deep in the problem of how many years it would take for a post to tumble down after it had rotted half way through, provided the annual rain falls lifted the great East River to a height sufficient to moisten them, passed in front of him without seeing him and when a servant, not well acquainted with me questioned my presence, I patted him on the cheek gently and he rolled in the dust, presumably to do me honor. At the moment I was simply interested in the end of an old rafter where the ants were .busy with its rotten splinters, and after a few more observations of the architectural grandeur of the place I withdrew. The paddle was not used, and I had a present that afternoon of a bunch of chickens and several strings of eggs. Coward? On your own principle that a brave man is generous he was a coward to rob the helpless man and he was a coward to be overawed by such a man as I. I hear that he has been repeating something of the sort lately. I shall visit him some night, and will rub his pipe stem between his teeth till his appetite for metal shall have been satiated.”

Bali looked into the face of Mr. Kim and smiled at the amazement he saw there.

“Why, you wonder at my frankness? I am trying to prove to you that the people are cowards, from the officials down. They all know where I live and that it is my business to rob. Go out now in this town and see if you can get a man

to say that Bali is not a law abiding citizen? I wage no warfare on the poor, but those who have ill-gotten gains I sometimes visit, and through me the magistrate visits them too, nor could you persuade that official that I was other than his greatest friend, and a good citizen. Now what say you? Are they not cowards?”

“I did not say,” replied Mr. Kim, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment, “that we did not have cowards among us. I know they are found among all peoples, and I will not deny that your magistrate is one of them, or that you can not find many among his class. The bully is as a rule a coward,” and he again turned his eyes sternly upon Bali, “and the real coward is the man who will oppress the weak and defenceless. Some day,” he added, not permitting Bali to speak, “you will see that our people have a courage equal to any people on the face of the earth, a courage created from their consciousness of what is their moral right.”

“Ah! I see,” Bali replied “that is your purpose is it to create an opposition to the present order of things, a revolution? I did not know that. I thank yon for being as frank to me as I have been to you. Indeed, you almost inspire my respect.”

“Under your own confessions,” said Mr. Kim, “you have committed many mistaken. deeds, but you never conceived an idea more false than that. With us there is no idea of violence, and we are as far from political intentions as the west is from the east. We teach men how they may have God in their lives to the extent that, if they purpose to do the right they find it a moral impossibility to do the wrong. We teach them that violence or revenge against an enemy or the wicked is a crime equal to that against the innocent; that love is the first law of living; and that hatred of another is also no less a crime than murder; that man must hate sin with intense hatred; that man must have a passion for good. We teach that your sins may not only be forgiven but that you may have a consciousness they are so forgiven, and that God dwells within you.”

During these brief remarks Bali’s face turned from anger to amusement, then to a serious study of Mr. Kim’s face, but

he made no reply and Mr. Kim continued looking steadily back at Bali, “Our people will not flinch; they will give their lives for their faith.”

Mr. Kim arose to go and Bali arose with him.

“Success to you in the search for the maiden. Your greatest friend is the man who bids you beware of that fiend,” and Bali laughed again.

The next day, Mr. Kim departed for the home of the hermit out on the salt marsh. A storm was brewing and when he looked out on the marsh late in the afternoon the cold September rain was falling and the marsh was slimy to the step and dismal to the eye. Mr. Kim waded through mud and water half to his knees, while crabs on the higher elevations would leer up at him, then scurry from his approach in every direction. He found the hermit bending over the fire in his old place. When Mr. Kim entered the salt kiln the hermit was looking down into the fire, his face close to the mirror. Mr. Kim paused on entering that his eyes might become used to the semi-darkness: when he spoke to the hermit, the latter arose slowly and gave no hint that he recognized his visitor.

Mr. Kim addressed him politely and at the same time his eye traveled over the place, the while wondering if Martha could indeed have taken refuge in so forbidding a place. The hermit eyed him narrowly out of the comer of his eyes while he again bent over his task. Mr. Kim felt embarrassed. His parting with the hermit had been one of mutual good feeling, and after a scene of the most pathetic demonstration on the hermit’s part; but now the man had received him coldly if not with aversion. Mr. Kim stood some moments waiting for the hermit to speak, but receiving no word from him, he walked further within the building and examined the process of making salt with interest, as it was the first time he had ever been in a salt kiln. All the time he was aware of the eyes of that strange creature upon him. The ugly shape and the ugly face seemed to be everywhere. When he went back of the great furnace, the face was bending over a bundle of brush at the side of the building and the eyes seemed to be observing him. When in his wanderings and inspections he arrived on

the opposite side, there stood the hermit at work with a rope braiding up the frayed ends, but the corner of his eyes were still on him. Mr. Kim was not given to being nervous but he felt decidedly uncomfortable. Whenever he attempted to approach and speak the hermit would turn to some duty and make communication impossible. Mr. Kim felt that he was wasting precious time and cornered the hermit in front of his furnace and as that gentleman reached for pine boughs for the furnace he stepped in front of him.

The hermit slowly looked Mr. Kim over and a scowl darkened his ugly face and there was a gurgling down in his huge chest:

“What do you want of her?” he demanded. The words came in a deep rumble but Mr. Kim looking at his lips could not tell whether they had moved or not.

“You have guessed right, friend, I have been trying to make enquiries of you since I came but you seemed determined not to speak. I am exceedingly anxious to learn something of the woman who fled with her baby and was seen here two days ago.”

“Who told you?” the hermit growled.

“Bali, the robber,” replied Mr. Kim.

The hermit lifted his chin and gazed steadily at Mr. Kim.

“What have you to do with Bali, and what business have you with the woman?” The words came in puffs of breath, and insistency that held menace in them and would brook no equivocation.

Mr. Kim thought of the parting words of the robber and wondered if he had found the home of a madman, and for a moment he stood looking into the horrid face of the man confronting him while in the silence, the murmur of the boiling pan rumbled around the building as if it were un echo of the hermit’s voice.

“I will answer your second question first,” replied Mr. Kim with slow deliberation. “To do so will be a long story and unless you object we will sit down on some of this brush,” and he pushed a bundle near the furnace, and the hermit again bent before the fire three feet away absorbed in keeping the

furnace hot as though it were the one passion of his life. Mr. Kim told all he knew of Martha and how acting on his advice she had committed herself to a course that had hurled her into danger. When he had finished the tale, he turned to the hermit and asked, “Would it not be less than human did I not seek her to protect her, and strive to reconcile her husband to her?”

“Bali,” rumbled the hermit.

“Bali? I saw him last night for the first time and he directed me here.”

For along time the hermit made no remark, but persistently fed the brush into the furnace, oblivious of the man at his side.

“She is in heaven?” said the hermit questioningly.

“In heaven!” exclaimed Mr. Kim in alarm, “what do you mean, sir? Where is she? What has happened?”

The hermit moved impatiently and extended his long arms through the door of his salt kiln into the beating rain, towards the outline of trees in the distance.

“O, I humbly crave your pardon,” said Mr. Kim, “I was overwrought regarding Martha’s safety and for the moment thought only of her.- As for your daughter, I have not the least doubt that she is safely housed with God.”

“And she is not out there?” he added pointing through the door.

“You,” said Mr.．Kim, “do not carry your house around with you. When you leave this salt kiln you are quite free from it, so when your daughter left the house of flesh, she was quite free from it and now is as the angels of God—free to think, to love, to feel, and act, as it was impossible for her to do while with you.”

The hermit knelt down and looked up into Mr. Kim’s face and asked :

“Does she still think of me and love me? You say she is gloriously beautiful and knows more than when she was with me : she did not know that my face was ugly: does she know it now? and and will she love me just the same?” There was a fierce urgency in the hermit’s voice.

“All who enter God’s kingdom know nothing but love, and the soul of your daughter’s father would to her be the most lovely of all on earth. But there is something of which you have not thought,” added Mr. Kim, “are you sure that you will go to her?” The hermit looked up quickly to see if Mr. Kim was mocking him, but encountering the grave look replied: “I know not, sir, I know not.”

“No man with sin on his soul can enter the kingdom of heaven,” said Mr. Kim.

“She is there, she is there,” replied the hermit, with assurance in his voice, “she didn’t have sin on her soul, I know that,” and he looked up into Mr. Kim’s face with a fierce glance as if he challenged a denial.

“To have a sinless soul is far easier than carrying with you one blackened with sin. ‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.’ “

“Believe?” said the strange man, “what is that?”

Mr. Kim took from his pocket a small Testament and placed it in the hermit’s hands, and turning down many leaves told him to read and learn.

“I will leave it with you for a while and then I will come and ask it of you again for I need it and many others. need it.”

The hermit arose and laid the book on the wall of the furnace and looked out into the dark: the wind had risen while they talked and was blowing a furious gale across the marsh. He led Mr. Kim into a small room well sheltered from the cold and bade him make himself comfortable: he would leave but they would meet when the storm ceased. He looked up at the expectant face of Kim and said, “Martha is not here nor can you follow.”

“This is fierce, terrible weather,” said Mr. Kim, “and the tide will soon be up,” and he followed the hermit to the door. “If you have urgent duties to take you hence let me share them. Toil has been my lot and always will be. Let me share your task tonight..”

The hermit paused and looked Mr. Kim over as if he had seen him for the first time.

“It is a cold wet night,” said he, “and her head will be uneasy; for me to be sheltered is not good while she is out there. She will feel better if my ugly head lies close to hers,” and he stepped through the door with a quick motion that was in strange contrast to his usual great deliberation of speech and manner.

Mr. Kim turned to the furnace and sitting down before the fire added, now and then, a pine branch lo the blaze and watched them curl up and blacken, then burst into a fierce flame. The storm blew furiously without and beat the rain in under the eaves where the roof had been raised for ventilation, and beat its way across the kiln like a fog and dampened his clothing. He lay down near the fire on the pine boughs and thought of all his strange host had said and wondered much why he had withheld information regarding Martha. Was it because he was suspicious still? Or did he know that any added knowledge could aid nothing in securing her protection? Or was he so deeply swallowed up in the memory of his daughter and having so long nothing else upon which his mind could feed he had no place for other thoughts? Mr. Kim vexed his mind with the matter till at last the beating of the rain and the low murmur of the salt pan lulled him to sleep.

When he awoke light was shining in the door and the storm had ceased; at his feet stood his host pushing the pine into the furnace as if he had never stirred from the spot.

CHAPTER XV.

CHARACTER BUILDING.

News of threatening trouble at the Magistracy filled Mr. Kim with the gravest apprehension. Messages urging him to return arrived every day, so with great reluctance he suspended his search for Martha and returned to Justice to brave in his own person the fierce tide of opposition against the faith. In the stirring scenes that now took place Martha and her peril were almost forgotten.

Grandmother Pagoda had been lingering on the outskirts

of the town many hours expecting Mr. Kim and was the first to greet him on his arrival.

This lady deserves our closer acquaintance. She was sometimes called “the widow.” Of course she had never possessed a name and everyone had long since forgotten the name of her husband, furthermore, as he died thirty years ago, few persons really knew that she had possessed a husband. Of course it was unnatural to suppose that any woman

could have lived without having had a husband some time in her life, that is, if she were a respectable woman, and this woman was certainly respectable; without the necessity, therefore, of raking up the history of the town for proof it was assumed that she had had a husband. Some added the term ‘old’ to her name. She did not object to that for in truth she was old and beside it was a compliment to be called old; the spirits had blessed her, and honored her greatly by permitting her to look back in memory upon two generations, and the word old pleased her. She was so old that it was no disgrace for her to be seen in the company of men. From this freedom she had experienced a pleasure in her latter years that she had not dreamed of during her earlier life. Now if any of her male friends visited her home, no one stirred up a row in the neighborhood under the virtuous plea of defending a widow, nor was there any danger of anyone appearing at night to carry her off. During the time of her early widowhood a powerful relative had stood between her and the amorous young men of the community who were not able to bear the expense of a wedding, with the result that she escaped a forced marriage, and choosing to make no marital alliance she had been greatly blessed in her freedom, “yea,” she would say, “greatly blessed.”

Her relatives were now all gone, nor did she need their protection. Her age protected her from the greatest of ills of unprotected womanhood, and her arms were strong enough to do washings and sewing for her neighbors, enough to keep her in a limited amount of cash. She also possessed two tiny rice fields. What more should any woman want? Sickness? Well, she was sure it would not be a long hardship, because

old people never are sick long. It would be a day or two of pain, then the yellow valley, what mattered. Now, added to all these advantages that she had enjoyed above most women, there had come this great and glorious change. It was dated from the hour when the preacher had come to the town and cried over his sins; the whole world had changed, she saw it everywhere, and there was a song in her heart and on her lips. The neighbors were astonished to hear her humming curious songs from morning till night.

She was so happy in her new faith. that she ran from house to house telling every one she met that it was good. Her earnestness was irresistible. Some people thought her crazy and told her so, but it did not offend her. She would reply that she was glad to be crazy if it made her good and filled her with such joy. “Why” she would say “there were in ancient times more than one hundred people who all went crazy at one time, and they were so happy that, in one day, three thousand joined them and became crazy also.”

A small company of men and women of middle life joined her in the Sabbath worship and they purchased a hut which was twelve by sixteen feet, and there they gathered from day to day.

Grandmother Pagoda led Mr. Kim into the new chapel and he was delighted. On inquiry he found there was no one of the old organization who attended this class, but, on the contrary some of them were bent on destroying the little company of believers. They inspired the rowdies of the neighborhood to commit many acts of violence. Among these active persons was the former leader. His ambition to reform the government had come to naught. His followers had deserted him and he had again been called into the presence of the magistrate and threatened with direst punishment, if he did not quiet down and leave the affairs of the people to the magistrate; as a result, he was exceedingly bitter against Mr. Kim and made many sinister threats.

Mr. Kim called the members of the group together for examination. It was no easy task. Their daily lives must be reviewed in great detail. Did they experience the presence of

the new life, or was the change merely on the surface? Had they given up all their old practices of demon worship and fear of demons! What had been their attendance of the means of grace? Did they study the Word? Did they contribute regularly for the support of the Gospel? These and many other questions were asked before Mr. Kim received any on probation.

He began the examination with the male members of the group while the women waited in trepidation for their turn. At last Grandmother Pagoda took her place on the mat before her pastor. She was humble, she protested her unworthiness and thought she really ought to be submitted to another term of waiting; however, she would do her best to answer his questions. Yes, she had learned to read and could repeat all the questions of the Church catechism and answer them from memory, but, she added, “what is that? anyone could do that even though one were not a Christian.” Sin? why she hated sin, and knew that she had obtained pardon from sin, and—happy? Ah-yes, very happy.

“How about persecutions?” asked Mr. Kim, “do you gladly submit to them knowing that they will work in you a better experience if you receive them patiently?”

Grandmother Padoga sat for a long time with her eyes fixed on the mat and picking up the hem of her garment fumbled at the corner as if in the act of sewing. Her body swayed back and forth suggestive of deep concern. Several times her eyelids moved as if struggling to lift them to Mr. Kim’s face, finally, raising her face, she looked steadily into his eyes and said,

“The question never came to me just in that way. I was trying to find out how my heart stood in the matter. If I tell you all about it you will know how to judge; and then please tell me what I must do. From the beginning of our organization there have been people in the neighborhood who have done everything in their power to make our lives unhappy. They seem to have had no objection to the other organization, but as soon as we wanted nothing to do with political affairs, nor anything else except salvation from sin, this class of people

seemed filled with bitter malice and have lost no opportunity to persecute us and have many times threatened our lives. Why they should have special malice toward me I cannot imagine, but so it is. It would seem that the better our hearts get the more they would do us harm. When the other group disbanded the members were more bitter than the unbelievers, and united with them to harm us. It has been many years since I have heard an insulting remark addressed to me; why, sir, there is not a man or woman in the neighborhood whom l have not seen grow up from childhood, some I have fed at my door and I have attended nearly all through fevers and the small pox. They have gratefully called me Grandmother all these years. Now these children of mine have turned against me. Even the little ones on the street hoot at me when I pass, they dodge out from behind corners and dark alleys to gibe at me, not because I have grown ill-natured toward them, for on the contrary, I have never loved them as I have since I knew Him. Yesterday I picked up a little child in my arms and repeated again that I loved him, and wanted him to know that I loved him so much that I cried till his little jacket was wet with my tears and .his bright eyes grew moist too, but when I put him down he joined his companions and turned on me with hoots and gibes. Some years ago I took a young girl into my home an cared for her. She was a widow and in danger of being seized by some lewd fellows and sold for a wife. I obtained aid and protected her and fed her many months, till she again married one of her own choice. She lives across the street from my house, but treats me with disdain. Some of my neighbors have many times threatened to pull my house down if I did no give up my faith, ‘they would stamp on me and destroy me’ they said.

“Two weeks ago to-day I was on the point of leaving home for our little chapel, when a company of these young men appeared in my compound, they broke into my kitchen and with sticks and stones destroyed all my furniture and crockery. Then they came to my front door and pulled it from its hinges, broke it into splinters and threw them about the yard, so did they also with all the doors and windows of

my house. I thought they would have respect for my gray head, but they seized me by the hair and dragged me into the yard, some one beat me with a heavy stick while they continued to drag me about the compound. Finally they set me down on a stone and gathered around me in a circle and called me all the vile names they could lay their tongues to. I tried to speak when they again seized me; for a moment there was great confusion, and suddenly I knew nothing. When I came to myself I was lying here on the chapel floor. Some of the Christians had found me and brought me here.” She ceased speaking and raising the gray locks from her forehead she showed Mr. Kim a deep scar that had scarcely healed, “Here,” she added, “here is where they struck me.” For a moment she folded her hands and her eyes sought the mat, then she added, “Still, I hardly know why I am glad, yet I am glad, there is a great peace within.” Tears stood out on her cheeks and she looked up with her hands clasped and raised to her chin. “Why, yes,” she said, “He gave His life for me and I am ready to give my life to Him for a testimony. Deny Him? no! no! I have just begun to live, there is youth in my soul. This old wrinkled body is almost worn out, these arms are withered, and my hands tremble and my legs are unsteady. A few days and this body be thrown aside as an old worn out garment. They can bruise it, they may destroy it, but I will be true to Him.” She again paused and dropped her eyes to the floor, then continued, “I said a moment ago that you would know what I must do, and would be able to tell me, but I know myself, I shall always love Him and obey Him,” she again paused and all sat in a tense silence observing her face. Presently she added, “I think 1 may not be fit to be received into the Church yet. I am only a beginner and there are many things I do not know, and as for being good; years ago I thought I was good and the people with whom I associated called me good, and pointed me out as a pattern for others, but since I have learned of Him, I could think nothing so foolish.”

Mr. Kim’s eyes filled with tears. “Would that I had a testimony of equal fidelity,” said he. At that moment, as if

to answer the wish the malicious face of Mr. Cho appeared at the open door.

The little chapel opened on the main street. So much a part of the street did it seem that pedestrians frequently entered for a moment’s rest, and to take shelter from the sun, dust or rain. On Sabbath days coolies with loads on their backs would saunter in and stand gazing at the congregation till some impulse moved them on. All day long a murmur of voices echoed about the door; there would be a shuffling of sandals, a pause, a burst of surprised inquiry at the sight of the worshipers and then the receding sound of sandaled feet. All classes of people darkened the door, soldiers, yamen runners, the idle, the curious, and all alike wondered at the strange practice of the Christians who never paused for an instant for salutations or friendly greetings while engaged in their worship..

Mr. Cho stood a moment at the door, the bridle rein of his donkey over his arm. His look of malice caused Mr. Kim to start, and as the man walked away he felt a sense of impending danger. The feeling filled his exhortation with profound solicitude for his people.

It was reported that night, that Mr. Cho held a long conference with the leader of the disbanded group, behind closed doors, and at the conclusion of the conference both men seemed filled with delight.

The next day there were many magistrate’s servants about the town and several made it their business to visit the little chapel. It was not a good sign, and some of the recent followers of the new faith found business elsewhere very pressing and left town. The consternation inspired in others did not change Mr. Kim’s plans. Danger and uncertainty were too long associates of his to cause him to be perturbed at these signs of trouble.

One of the magistrate’s runners made sharp inquiries as to what the Christians did. He was bold to address all the Christians in turn on the subject and finally sat through the greater part of an afternoon service listening to all that was said, and when it was over, he turned to someone and asked

why Christians did not sing as the Koreans had always known so well how to sing, why introduce this new noise, was it not an insult to their ancestors to introduce such innovations into the life of Koreans? Grandmother Pagoda took the matter up.

“Now, see here, friend,” said she, “I have known you all your life; I fed your father for months when he was beaten by the magistrate many years ago; I nursed him to health because there was no one else who dared to do so, but I was glad in the service. I carried you on my back many, many times for your mother while she went out to her daily washing. You called me grandmother all your life, I know every beat of your heart and every breath you draw. You were kind at one time and polite. Then you engaged in the service of the magistrate and made it your business to arrest men and watch them while they were beaten, and you fatted on the people’s miseries. I know why you have come here,” she said slowly and with conviction, “you want to see if it will be to your advantage to injure us. Now, how much do you think you can get out of the poor old widow, your grandmother?”

“What nonsense, old woman?” he said. “Have I threatened you? I only asked why you do not use the ancient tunes and songs, why you introduce these things from the barbaric West? Are not Korean institutions good enough that you should torment our ears with this strange noise? Your noise reaches the magistrate and disturbs the quiet of his excellency’s hours. That is all that I was saying. I know you were good to my parents and to me years ago. Did I speak to the contrary? My gratitude is double when I think of our past friendship, for in those good old days you did not draw attention lo your acts of kindness. I had hoped that your new faith had not destroyed the broad charity for which you have so long been renowned. Your hasty judgment grieves me. Supposing I have not visited you for a long time, does that argue that I did not come to-day to pay you my respects? And while I am doing so if I have taken occasion to make some inquiries intended to convey a delicate hint that it would be good not to conduct your affairs so as to annoy his excellency, why should you complain? Slow would I be to pose as your

teacher, yet if, as the preacher has just said, you are trying to harmonize your life with the golden rule, and I told you bow to make his excellency happy have I not helped you in your doctrine and proven to your that I am you best friend But if - ... “

“Go on, go on,” said Grandmother Pagoda, “if what?”

He cleared his throat and assumed his blandest tone and in his voice was a note that reminded one of Mr. Kim when he preached.

“I have my duties that often extend beyond my inclinations,” here he touched the tips of his fingers together and held them there, “Duty, you know, is sacred to us who try to fill these responsible positions. You Christians know what I mean. Mr. Kim here, has treated the question just now better than I could. The irresponsible herd do not understand. For instance, I am sent out to arrest someone who is a law breaker. I must of course strive my uttermost to do so. There are sometimes mistakes made, how can poor human judgment always determine the false from the true, or, in other words, how can I know who are telling the truth and who are trying to deceive? I do my duty and sometimes the people complain. If, on occasion, there are innocent gray heads that suffer, and wives and babies who go hungry, it is just a vindication of the law. The good of the law is the best for all the people, which means that it is good also for those who suffer innocently, though at the time it .may not so appear to their dull minds. Now these are our duties grandmother. and however much one may deplore suffering inflicted upon those one loves, it is a matter of duty from which one must not flinch.” The young man sighed and looked virtuous.

“You,” replied the lady. “were always a shrewd lad，making white black and black white for the sake of your ends. Suppose a slip of justice put you under the paddle, I presume you would be grateful for the vindication of the law. There is a passage of Scripture that fits your case exactly. You will notice if you have ever read the Scriptures, but of course you haven’t; everything is called by its right name. If a man deceives he is called a liar; if he takes that which

does not belong to him he is called a thief and robber; he who causes another man’s death is called a murderer. If he covers up his deeds on the pretense that he is doing his duty he is called a hypocrite. ‘Woe unto you hypocrites who devour widow’s houses.’ That you had gone far wrong I know. But that you were either so far self deceived by your greed, or so villainously wrong as to make gain out of a friend and the innocent under the sophistry of duty I did not dream. Lad, it is amazing that one so young has gone so far. Tell me, Chang Ding-i,” she looked into his eyes and shook her gray locks at him, “tell me your heart does not follow your lips.”

“Ah-a-a!” exclaimed the young man and looked again at the tears on the face of the old woman, and at the faces of those surrounding· him, ‘what mummery is this?” and he springing to his feet flung himself into the street

A few minutes later Mr. Kim motioned to Grandmother Pagoda and they engaged in close conference.

“What shall we do?” the Christians asked when the dangers had been explained.

“Why just what Christians have done in all ages—receive what God permits,” said Mr. Kim.

(To be Continued ).