The Korea Magazine

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CHATS WITH OUR READERS

Orders will be received for binding The Korea Magazine in half leather or in substantial cloth.

Arrangements have been completed for a series of articles on present-day educational matters in Seoul, the first article to appear in the January number.

A MISSIONARY WRITES: Send me the Korea Magazine for the coming year, together with all back numbers. I wish to keep them on file. Enclosed is check for ¥8.

For binding The Korea Magazine in an annual volume a title page and index has been prepared, and will be supplied free of cost to all who make application to the Business Manager.

Cash will be paid for copies of Nos.1, 2 and 3 of The Korea Magazine received at our office in good condition. Parties preferring it may have their subscriptions extended in lieu of cash.

A miner does not wish to miss a single copy of the Magazine, and sends his check to pay in advance to the end of 1921. That would indicate satisfaction on the part of the subscriber, and certainly gives satisfaction to editors and business manager.

Wholesale stocks of paper having been depleted to the vanishing point, it is difficult for the printers to guarantee paper of exactly same grade and color for an entire year, but under the adverse war conditions we arc gratified at the degree of success they have attained.

A very practical person was the one recently ordering The KOREA MAGAZINE as a birthday present. Many others may have done the same thing, but the idea is such a good one that we pass it on for the benefit of any who may not have realized how appropriate the gift would be.

From CHINA: I am enclosing a Japanese money-order for four yen in payment of the Korea Magazine for 1917. I should have paid it before, but did not know how best to send it. I like the Magazine very much. I have one or two years of the first Korea magazine ever printed in English, I think, edited by Rev. F. Ohlinger. I was always much interested in Korea, and welcome any information about the country and people. I hope you will meet with success.



KYUNG-JU OBSERVATORY

Built in 647 A. D. Believed to be the oldest Observatory in existence

The Korea Magazine

December, 1917

Editorial Notes.

IN common with all countries Korea is at present suffering because of inflated coal prices. So great has been the difficulty that a meeting of managers of electric companies has been held to see whether or not relief could be obtained. Some advocated the increase of rates to consumers, but nothing has as yet come from the meeting. As is usually the case, the multitude of small firms and private families are the greatest sufferers, and the ones with the least chance of having a protest heard and heeded. There will be no complaint if coal prices bear their proper proportion to prices in general, but any indication of a raising of prices for the individual benefit of producer or middle-man will be strongly resented.

THERE has been a steady increase in the amount of cotton grown in Korea, the best returns coming from the improved grades of seed imported from America. There is an unlimited demand for cotton goods in the East, and the farmers in Korea not only need good seed and modern methods of cultivation, but they also need training in the use of commercial fertilizer and a realization of the possibilities of their lands when intensively cultivated. The Korean farmer is a hard worker, with long hours to his credit, but he will count as a benefactor the one who points the way by modern methods to double his income with no greater expenditure of brawn. Cotton acreage is increasing, but there should be still greater increase. There is no reason to think that cotton will displace rice as the principal crop, but there is every reason to expect a steady increase in the amount of land devoted to each of these crops, and especially to look forward to the time when there will be a very material increase in the yield per acre.

SOME light is thrown on conditions in the shipping industry by the report of the regular general meeting of the share-holders of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. There was a total net profit of 29,514,075 yen, of which 5,500,000 yen was put in the special reserve account and 7,190,480 yen was to be used as a dividend, equal to fifty per cent of the paid up capital stock. Other shipping companies have almost equally favorable reports, and still there are not nearly enough ships to carry the freight piled up on the wharves. The abnormal price of coal can in part be attributed to these conditions.

UNDER the the heading “Religion and Royalty” *The Herald of Asia* contains the following: “In a letter printed elsewhere Mr. John Eills counsels our young men to remain true to the ideals of our national culture instead of allowing themselves to be “semi-hypnotized by the things of the West.” Stated thus in general terms, his advice looks excellent and would call for no particular comment. Misgivings, however, crowd into our mind as we follow him into particulars. We are especially disquieted by his apparent endorsement of the claims of that antiquated school of thought which tries to make the Imperial House the centre of our religious faith as well as of our political aspirations. To begin with, it is an open question whether the Shinto can properly be considered as a religion. Even conceding this point, it does not follow that, according to Shinto ideas, the headship of the Japanese nation should necessarily imply the headship of the church. As a matter of fact, the accepted official view strictly dissociates the Throne from all pretensions to religious control over the people. True, certain Shinto formalities are held at Court, but they partake more of the nature of family ceremonials than of religious observances. Attempts are being made by a small group of men to revive the movement to get the Shinto accepted as the national creed with the Emperor as its divine high-priest. Professor Kakehi, of the Tokyo Imperial University, is the most noted champion of the cause. Should the ideas advocated by these zealots be adopted, it would mean a serious set back to our progress in civilization. For one

thing it would practically mean the withholding from us of the much valued freedom of religious worship. Another disastrous consequence would be the weakening of the sentiment of loyalty toward the Throne. For once the Throne is dragged into the vortex of religious contentions, it would inevitably become an object of hostile criticism and even active opposition from the section of the people unable to espouse the Shinto. At the difficult juncture in our history now confronting us, nothing would be more calamitous than a weakening of our traditional loyalty to the Imperial family, that mysterious sentiment born of long centuries of a common destiny which unites the Japanese people more strongly than in the case of any other nation. And nothing could be more calculated to undermine this rock of national unity than to pull down the Imperial office from its lofty pedestal of impartial aloofness to the nether arena of religious strifes and controversies.”

POVERTY.

BY

SUNG KAN (1427-l456 A. D.)

(A great literati, though he died at twenty-nine).

I eat my breakfast cold and make off to the eastern hills, and when night comes return to weep within my cheerless home. My clothes are out and both my elbows show. My jar is empty where the millet was. My children hold me by the coat and cry. Whence shall they find their rice and needed fare? The yamen-runners come to make me pay, and my old wife is gripped and pinioned fast. I scale the wall and scamper up the cliff, and hide for ten long days within the thicket’s hold. I creep and crawl amid the tangled grass. When night comes on, the place is inky dark. Uncanny spooks sit by to grin and whistle, while cold winds rise amid my rustling fear. I shiver till my soul jumps from my skin. At every move I gasp and hold my breath lest these most dreaded runners come to bind me close. T’is not the king or his high lords I fear, but his most cruel servants of the brutal runner band.

A TRIP TO KYUNGJU.

W. CARL RUFUS.

“This is what I call thrilling.” Moon Sung-chan, my Korean student secretary, held to the seat in front of us with both hands; as the automobile for Kyungju, the capital of ancient Silla, whirled eastward from Taiku.

“Did you ever ride in an auto before?” we enquired.

“No; but I once rode in a Chinese cart drawn by six mules. I thought that was exciting, but it isn’t in it with a seven passenger Ford.”

A Korean yangban occupied the front seat with the driver. In front of us were a Japanese cavalry officer, and two employees of the Oriental Development Company, one a Japanese and the other a Korean. Mr. Moon and I brought up the rear with a Korean dancing-girl from Seoul, who I wrongly suspected was traveling with the officer.

“This is a good lesson in Physics,” Moon remarked later, as he lurched against me after a similar encounter with the demure passenger on his other side.

“How is that?” I asked.

“We have to study the center of weight,” he explained.

We came to a bridge which prompted the question by the eager student, “What is the longest bridge in the world?” and the poser “How long is *Cambridge*?”

The next river had no bridge but we crossed safely on a ferry poled by a single keeper and our chauffeur.

Fields of ripening barley stretched along the valley, patches of various shades of green and yellow; also muddy paddy fields, with here and there a one-ox plow and wooden harrow, or an occasional group of laborers both men and women wallowing in the mud transplanting rice seedlings to the music of a folk-lore song. Small fields of wheat, patches of potatoes and tall green flax, helped to enliven the checkered scene.

The two O. D. C. employees dropped off at a small village and Mr. Moon jumped at the chance to climb over the back of the seat and ride with the cavalry officer; who asked, jerking

his head to the rear, “Does she belong to him?” Another mistake. The officer then enquired her residence, destination, and why she was traveling alone. “Oh, that is all right,” ventured Mr. Moon. “It was not proper according to the old custom, but it is all right for the ‘new woman’ of Seoul.”

We passed a galloping one-horse buss on the way. Later we stopped to pick up an old farmer and his daughter-in-law, then I also climbed into the middle seat. An interesting conversation followed on the European war, Chinese revolution and Japanese politics. Bang! No, it was not a cannon report, just a Goodrich tire. We dismounted, stretched our limbs, and the dancing-girl rearranged her attire. The lumbering buss hove in view, raised a dust, and was lost on the winding road. All aboard! Soon huge artificial hills, resting places of Silla’s kings, rose in view and announced our destination.

A Japanese inn-keeper accosted us in quite acceptable English, “Come to my hotel.” We accompanied him and learned that he had lived in America several years ago, made some money, joined the Klondike rush, and returned a penniless wanderer.

We sent our card to the magistrate, Mr. Yang Hung-muk, a former Pai Chai student, who called upon us immediately, kindly offering to assist in any way to make our visit pleasant and profitable. We explained to him that our chief object was to see the old “Observatory” and to obtain all the information possible concerning it. With our limited knowledge or Korean history and literature we had found little reference to this monument of the civilization of ancient Silla. We had heard, however, that he was an active patron of the Kyungju Historical Society, and were confident that his kind influence would enable us to gain access to the findings of the organization concerning our special subject of investigation.

He graciously offered to have the books of the society containing reference to the Observatory sent to the hotel for our perusal; but expressed his doubt that they contained any information additional to the records in the Mun-hun-pi-go with which we were already familiar.

At our leisure during the visit the books of the society were diligently searched and in addition to confirming historical information previously obtained, we found three short post­Sillan poems bearing on the Observatory, whose beauty of poetic conception and depth of pathos are excellent.

After lunch we went to the Museum to look up and to photograph an anti-foreign tablet erected by Tai Won-kun about fifty years ago. The curator assured us that there was nothing of the kind in the institution, but following a clue previously obtained we found the object back of the main building under the trees near the wall of the compound, A picture and free translation of the inscription were previously sent to the Korea Magazine.

After securing the photograph we walked to the Observatory, three li southeast of the village, part of the way along a new road, evidence of Japanese occupation, passing several artificial hills, the tombs of ancient royalty; on one of which a cow was grazing peacefully and on another were a goat and two capering kids.

At a bend in the road the Tower came in view. The accompanying picture gives a correct impression of its present appearance. The symmetrical form built of well-dressed stone rises thirty feet high on a level plain. The round part 17 feet in diameter at the base and 10 feet.at the top rests upon a square foundation and is crowned with a capital also square. Two layers of the foundation stone reveal a solid construction, as the upper layer entirely above ground is 18 inches high, the stones at the corners being 6 feet square. The round part contains 17 layers of well-hewn stone about12 inches high, and the square capital 2 layers of equal height. The square portions were evidently intended to face the four cardinal points, but we cannot vouch for their accuracy as the base is not exactly square. An open window or doorway on the south side 2 feet 5 inches wide by 3 feet high, whose bottom is 12 feet above the foundation, affords an entrance to the tower; which appears to be solid from the base to this height either by construction or by later filling, but is hollow like a well from this

point to the top, excepting obstructions due to the long tie stones whose exterior ends appear in the picture in the 19th layer of stone, and a flat slab, 5 ft. x 2 ft. x 10 in., near the top which covers half the well and apparently provided a platform for observational work.

Formerly the top of the tower was held together and strengthened by the interlocking of the four long stones, 10 ft. x 9 in. x 12in., forming the upper layer of the capital. One end of both of the tie stones, however, has broken at the mortice and the ends have disappeared, leaving the top stones together with the under layer of the capital stones, 10 ft. x 12 in. x 12 in., unbound, and the upper four rows of the round part loose and uneven, their wedge-shaped forms being spread apart unequally.

We scaled the exterior to the window, crawled thru, and climbed the rough interior to the summit, where the loose stones rocked and rattled with our movement, adding zest to our enjoyment.

A delightful view rewarded our effort. The winding valley varying in width and filled with fields of ripening barley and muddy paddy fields was encircled by distant mountains. Dozens of tombs (Mr. Moon counted thirty-four) were scattered far and near. Less than half a mile to the east is the Half-Moon Fortress, a high artificial semi-circular ridge built as a defense from warlike neighbors by the peace-loving sovereigns of Silla. In this embankment may be found a royal ice house, 60x 20 x 20, whose ceiling is composed of massive stone arches supported by solid walls. Nearer in the south is the celebrated Keirim forest, where a native attracted by the crowing of a cock found an egg from which came forth the first sovereign of the kingdom. Beyond the forest rises the bare head of South Mountain in striking contrast to the verdant green. “School” village to the right, containing an interesting Confucian temple, quietly nestles among the trees. A broad sweep to the green hills in the west takes in the roadway lined with trees winding its way to Kyungju. A long vista to the north is filled with rural scenes and activities, barley fields to the northeast even covering the sites of ancient temple and

palace, where the bells once called to worship and the Jade Flute music called to play.\* The nine-storied pagoda built 1283 years ago by Queen Sun Tuk in which to keep her jewels, has recently been repaired arid marks a historic site. Near the pagoda may be seen a temple which contains a modern golden Buddha weighing 5,360 pounds; this image, however, according to our informant is merely a finger when compared with its predecessor six times the height of a man and weighing 306,700 pounds, which was constructed during Silla’s prime. The well-made road from Kyungju passes at the base of the Tower and continues eastward to Ool-san, while a branch extends southward along the edge of the Keirim forest. Just across the road stands a native sool house. In the fields bands of scantily clothed natives were at work; along the roads leisurely trudged men with jiggies on their backs and women with loads on their heads; a yangban passed by on a donkey; and men tugged at a load of logs on a clumsy wagon evidently carting the material for road construction beyond the Keirim forest.

No inscriptions were found on any part of the Observatory. Nor could we discover any .marks or carvings in the stones at the top designed as footings for the temporary mounting of instruments, similar to those visible in the former Astronomical Mount within the East Palace grounds. No astronomical instruments of Silla have been recovered to our knowledge, excepting a quadrant of an old stone sundial with a radius of one foot now lying in the open yard in front of the Kyungju museum. Our knowledge of the use of the Observatory, therefore, must be entirely drawn from history and from astronomical and meteorological records.

According to the Mun-hun-pi-go the Observatory was constructed by Queen Sun Tuk during the sixteenth year of her reign, 647 A. D. We believe that it is the oldest structure extant and intact built solely for the observation of the heavenly bodies. From other sources we are told that the Chinese, and consequently the Koreans, were acquainted with the 365¼·

\*The celebrated pair of “Jade Flutes” now on exhibition in the Prince Yi Museum, Seou1, are said to have produced exquisite music when payed within Silla’s bounds, but in foreign bounds they refused to make a sound.

day year long before the days of Eudoxus and made records of sun spots centuries before the time of Galileo.

After wandering amidst the ruins and visiting the sites previously referred to we returned to the inn at sunset tired but well pleased with the experience of the day. Clouds and rain in the evening prevented our return to the Tower to view the heavens and to make some simple observations so we retired early. A geisha performance in the restaurant next door prevented sleep before one o’clock. The next morning we visited the museum, a description of which would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that Mr. T. Okuda, the curator, who speaks English quite fluently, gave a very interesting and instructive description of the articles on exhibition recovered from the ruins and grave sites of Kyungju, which greatly enhanced our knowledge and appreciation of the civilization of ancient Silla. The Big Bell bears close inspection of its master workmanship, also the choice specimens of plastic art including ornate roof and floor tiles, wall decorations and urns for human ashes, as well as the ordinary pottery，all of which has a hard metallic ring. We were especially interested in the geometrical designs, in which the circle forms a prominent feature, being divided in different specimens in equal parts ranging in number from six to twenty-five. Some of the oldest grave relics indicate a race of large stature, the skeleton of one sovereign measuring eight feet

In the evening we returned to the Observatory to make some simple measurements upon the polar star; but clouds interrupted our observations. As we stood waiting for the clouds to roll away, our minds went back to the men who stood there nearly thirteen hundred years ago. We had no instruments excepting a meagre outfit chiefly of our own invention, as we tried to sight Polaris; so we had a fellow feeling for those ancient astronomers. Viewing the same heavens, facing the same problems, on common standing ground, we were one,—one in our desire to penetrate the vast unknown, one in our effort to peer into the great beyond,—and we felt as never before the unity of the human race. We are still waiting for enlarged vision and for the clouds to roll away.

In the meanwhile time has wrought great changes in the works of man. The Observatory of Silla once the proud production of the hand of man surrounded by the splendor of a rich and illustrious court, now stands a mere monument among the desecrated tombs of ancient royalty overlooking the ruins of a glorious past. Perhaps the post-Sillan poems previously mentioned will fittingly express our emotion as we muse upon this survival of the civilization of ancient Silla. In the following translations we have tried to interpret the spirit of the poems rather than the mere flesh and bones.

An Took, the author of the first, was a famous poet and scholar of the fourteenth century, but for some reason he did not occupy any prominent official position. The name of the writer of the second as given in the findings of the Kyungju Society, Po Eun Chyeng ( ) may contain a typographical error in the first character; for it is given Kook Eun Chyeng ( ) in a collection of Korean poems, and is identified with Chyeng Mong-choo, the last great patriot of Koryu, who fell at the famous Blood Bridge near Songdo. The author of the third poem, Mai Kei-cho, was a prominent official of the fifteenth century, who met with disfavor and was banished to the island of Wee Ju; but he was afterward permitted to return and spent his remaining days in private life. In the lives of these men, as well as in the sweet pathos of their poems we may read the tragedy of a race once branded the Hermit Nation, but now known as Chosen a province of the Empire of Japan.

SILLA’S STAR TOWER.

AN TOOK.

Tho Silla’s grandeur rose to mountain heights

And fell beneath the crushing weight of time’s

Unending change, her Tower stands. It cleaves

The blue, where once her royal sages peered

To read a message in the sky and bring

A boon to earth.

Alas! Alas! Who comes to fill their place?

We cry in vain.

THE OBSERVATORY.

CHYENG MONG-CHOO.

Beneath the Half;-Moon Fortress,

Near Keirim’s stately wood.

Where chimed the Jade-Flute music,

The Observatory stood.

It witnessed Silla’s glory;

Whose history and lore,

Shall sing the nation’s honor,

Till time shall be no more.

To-day o’er hill and valley,

There comes a mournful sigh:

The lonely tower murmurs,

“I grieve for days gone by.”

SILLA’S OBSERVATORY.

MAI KEI-CHO.

The site of Silla’s glory,

Her palaces and halls,

Her temples, grand, majestic,

With ornate roof and walls.

Her battlements and statues,

Widespread o’er hill and plain,

Lie hid in dismal ruin,

‘Neath shroud of grass and grain.

Yet o’er departed grandeur,

A sentinel stands true;

Unchanged by changing ages,

It links the old and new.

Its rock-bound feet are planted

Beneath earth’s yellow loam,

Its star-crowned head is circled

By heaven’s broad blue dome.

Its deep-set base so mighty,

Its granite crown so high,

It forms a lasting structure,

It links the earth and sky.

Thrice happy ancient Silla,

The land that gave thee birth!

The land that honored heaven,

And owned its rule on earth!

The faithful constellations

And wandering planets all

In measured orbits traveled

Before thy monarch’s fall.

The smallest starlit cruiser

That sailed thy sky of blue

Was ordered by the captain

And guided by thy crew.

So peace and plenty caroled

Within each cottage door,

While seasons in succession

Heaped wealth in Silla’s store.

Celestial gods delighted

To aid her heroes bold,

While poets, priests and sages,

Massed wealth unmatched by gold.

Alas! Her clay has vanished,

Her swords have turned to rust,

Her palace walls and temples

Lie mingled with the dust.

Her choicest wall, engravings,

Her pottery and tiles,

Her sacred books and treasures,

Are scattered weary miles.

Amidst this desolation

The Tower sends a beam

To flash thru earth’s dark midnight

A ray of light supreme.

My life is far too fleeting

To give sufficient praise;

So tears shall be my tribute

And grief shall end my days.

KOREA’S RECEDING PANTHEON.

In the changes taking place in this country there is a general exit noticeable on the part of former gods that ruled in the spiritual sphere. Worship is disappearing from its ancient haunts, where it held sway through the slow-going and unchanging years of the past.

Of these changes, we notice first the Sa-jik, or Worship of Heaven, Sa being applicable to God and jik to Earth. God and Mother Earth, they were, the spiritual originals of all parental existences, before whom the king used to bow, asking that rain be given and good crops to bless the land. The people had no part in this worship, only the king, whose part was like that of the emperor of China when he visited the Temple of Heaven. The Sa-jik gates are closed. The spirit of the crops goes unpropitiated. No complaint is made or regret spoken regarding him. The grass of the future will grow over his grave, and his name will be a far-off memory only.

Second, the Chong-myo or Royal Ancestors, have likewise had written across their immoveable Countenances. “it is finished.” Near the middle of Seoul, just before the East Palace. is this abode of the spirits of the once ruling family. In 1396 A. D. a famous minister of the House of Plum was given tbc responsibility of rearing this spirit temple. He made it in twenty-eight rooms, each room intended for one spirit.

The king asked, “Why twenty-eight?” Chung To-jun replied, “Twenty-eight will be sufficient,” and so twenty eight rooms were made in these Halls of Hades. Chung was also asked to name the building and he called it *Chang-yup Chun* Green Leaf Palace (蒼葉殿).

 “That’s a peculiar name,” said the king. “Peculiar it may be but will Your Majesty let it stand? Its meaning will be evident in days to come.”

“Very well,” said King Ta’i-jo, and Green Leaf Palace was the name that continued to mark this quiet house of departed spirits. Now let us take these characters apart and see in how far the prophetic element enters into them. Green ( 蒼 ) is made up of “twenty” (卄) and “eight” (八 ) which, thrown together, would mean “twenty-eight.” The lower part of the character is *kun* ( 君 ) or “king.” “Twenty-eight kings” is what “green” expresses when resolved into its component parts; and this is the number of kings that have actually ruled from T’ai-jo till the last emperor made his exit.

We shall try “Leaf” now and see what it is resolvable into (葉). It is made up of “twenty” (卄) and *sei* (世) or “generation” and *mok* (木) “tree.” This character then might be read, “Twenty generations of the House of Plum.” Twenty-eight kings, but only twenty generations, is, strange as it may seen1, what it actually reckons up to be. The spirit of the prophets was in Chung To-jun. The twenty-eight rooms are occupied, the twenty-eight kings of “Green” have come and gone; the twenty generations of “Leaf” are complete: the temple is closed, the story is ended, no jot or tittle of the prophetic name having fallen to the ground.

The third object of worship is the tablet of the family ancestor. This has really been the symbol of Korea’s allegiance to the divine from time immemorial. To lose the tablet from the home; to fail to bow before it on the 1st and 15th days; to forget the “greater and “lesser” sacrifices would mark one as cut off from the house of Isreal. There are few or no temples in Korea to be seen by the passer, for the temples of the tablet are the home and the

quiet grave, and these truly exist. Sackcloth, and ashes, and tears, and loud wailings, have accompanied this diminutive symbol of the world of departed spirits, and its place as a household god is strongest of all. But the ancestral tablet, too, is receding into the dim vista of forgottenness. The spirit of the new age is one that pays little heed to the common everyday kind of ancestor. The tendency, if any exists at all is toward hero-worship. Democracy is disappearing from the world of spirits, and only the god-like among men will remain to be remembered and prayed to.

The fourth form of worship to he noticed is that of Kwan­kong. The only great temples in and about Seoul, if we except the Confucian College, are Kwan-kong’s. Kwan was a Chinaman of the Han dynasty, who died in 219 A. D. A seller of bean-curd he was, who yet, through various temptations, proved his constant fidelity. The Korean calls him a master of Eui or Righteousness. He is looked upon as the special guardian divinity of this peninsula. In the great invasion of 1592 A. D. he is said to have appeared at the South Gate of Seoul, where a temple to-day marks the spot, to have passed over the city and disappeared outside the East Gate, where another temple stands. He is to come again they say. One title he wears is Sung-je Koon, the Holy Imperial Ruler, for he is regarded as the special intercessor with the Jade Divinity. His image and portrait represents him as very fierce and awful. He has blazing eyes, a thunder-cloud for face, and a three-fold bristling beard with whiskers that blow off wrath and fiery indignation. The worship paid him must be offered in an atmosphere of fear and uncertain expectation. The worshipper thinks that if he can but repeat Kwan­kong’s formula, that deal with truth, faithfulness, etc., he will be free from all forms of danger by land and sea, and will finally reach the home of the Jade Divinity.

But no longer does the state share the worship of Kwan­kong. The crowds that used to frequent the temple have fallen off. Wind-bells tinkle disconsolately over the grass­ grown court-yard. Kwan is dead.

The fifth form of worship, universally spoken of and

believed in by the Korean, is that of the Mills and Streams. The hill everywhere present is the guardian of the human pigmies that congregate under its wing. Seoul was safe in the shadow of the Three Horned Mountain; Song-do likewise, under its protector. Each hill had its attendant spirit, called the San Sillyung. He is represented as riding comfortably on the back of a tiger, one of his special menials. He is great in power and can bestow special gifts in the way of strength, making men *cha-ryuk-koon*, so that they can pull apart a bar of steel, can jump over the moon or bite through armour-plate. The hunter prays to the mountain deity for success in the chase and for a never-failing aim. The writer once met a man going into the hills at the fall of night. I asked if he did nor fear to enter thus into the realm of darkness. But he answered “No, I am an attendant upon the Mountain Spirit (San Sillyung) and have no cause for fear.”

The seeker for ginseng, too, prays to this spirit that his eyes may be enlightened so as to see the precious weed.

“A hundred days of prayer” is one of the common sayings that have to do with the Taoist worship of the hills. Away, alone, where scarce the fall of a leaf can disturb the quiet, is this mystic worship carried on. The temple ever stands open. It requires no rickety old gate-keeper to dispute the right of entrance with anyone; it is forever and forever in good repair, a great temple, high-roofed with the lamp lights of the sky, and walled by the green eternal hill, accompanied by the silent flight of birds or the murmur of falling water. It would seem, indeed, a grand kind of worship, beckoning all hearts to come to its bosom and taste of the inner quiet of the soul. Will it go like the other deities of the Korean Pantheon? Undoubtedly.

The sixth form of worship is Buddhism. For several centuries it has been in a decadent state and needed a great revival if it ever hoped to live. To-day has this revival come? From Japan Proper new Buddhist forces have entered that seek to revive the fallen fortunes of the faith, but its task will be a difficult one. In Korea so many unfavourable associations cling to Buddhism that a revival of it is all but impossible.

For generations the state, while frowning with one eye on Suk-kamoni, has nodded and winked all sorts of requests with the other. Prayers were asked, sutras were said and sung at her bidding. The ringing of bells, the call of the gong, the intoning of prayers have kept many a mountain valley awake at the bidding of king and queen. The common classes went to the Buddha to ask a son or long life or happiness. The silent god, never vindictive or threatening in countenance like Kwan Kong, gave a quiet hope for the future. To-day we find temples given up, we see gilded Buddhas stowed away. Buddhism for the present seems likely to still further decline.

The seventh form is what is called in Hebrew parlance “the worship of the host of heaven.” Attached to every Buddhist temple, and sometimes off in a quiet valley by itself, is the *Chil-sung Kak* or Temple of the Dipper. The Seven Stars circling round and round the pole, had to do in some way with the fortunes of the family, and so were worshipped. Many a little boy in Korea wears the name Chil-sung-ee (Seven Stars) under whose favouring influence his birth came to pass. “You may thank your stars” illustrates the same faith on the part of our ancestors. Good fortune is said to attend the star in the ascendant here as it did with us. But the spirit of the age upon which we have entered will pay but little heed to the Seven Stars or any other deity unless quick returns are made in the way of profit.

The eighth form of worship is associated with the road­way. The pilgrim must be accompanied with well-intentioned spirits. At each pass or elevation, there is usually an old tree with rags or tatters hanging to it, a pile of stones underneath, and often a tumble-down shrine. The passer spits, or casts an extra stone on the pile at the foot of the tree, or ties a rag to the branch in the hope that the frowsty spirit that has to do with the place, will give him a safe journey and good luck. These wayside shrines are unsavoury places, that look like pest­houses gaping at you as you go by, marring the beauty and the sweetness of the eternal hills.

The ninth form of worship is that of trees and rocks in general. The Koreans say “When a thing grows old it becomes

a spirit.” Trees, especially the ginko, and rocks have an unchanging character, which suggests eternal life, unending posterity and the like. Women will say their tearful prayers to the hoary trees and the adamantine rock, in the hope that the spirits will hear. They will cut off the bark and make spirit-tea of it and believe themselves into great and lasting benefit therefrom. The writer has a ginko tree that he has had to defend as with a shot-gun against the crazed old wives of the neighbourhood, who, beaver-like, if left alone, would strip the bark all round the stem. One old dame lay down in front of the tree and had a “conniption” fit because she was interfered with in the holy exercise of peeling bark and saying prayers. Only by main force was she dragged off the premises, against which procedure she protested in language that would have made the ordinary spirit’s hair stand on end.

As the tortoise, that never dies, presents a back from which Sages read all sorts of spiritual mystery, so the horny back of a tree, like the weather-worn surface of the rock, is full of messages of spiritual intent.

The tenth form of worship includes in its embrace household gods, the spirits of rats, snakes, weasels. Some are bottled up and buried; some are seen alive in the flesh and prayed to; some are invisible. They are petitioned, sacrificed to, and called on imploringly for help and protection against this troubled world. This form of worship is on the wane in the more enlightened parts of the country, and will disappear with this generation.

The eleventh is the worship of the Dragon, be he snake or fish in form. He frequents pools and waters. Sailor lads in Korea instead of singing out the ‘good ship tight and free’ pray to the sea dragon, and feed rice over the gunnel into his seething, dusty gullet. The dragon will probably stay, for a time at least.

The twelfth and last is the ancient worship of Confucius. His temples are found in each county and the capital, the one is Seoul being called the Sung-kyoon Kwan. As told of in the July number of the MAGAZINE, officials, aided by the literati, repair to these temples and make their obeisance before the

tablets or the greater and lesser Sages. There are in all one hundred and thirty-seven of them, of whom one hundred and twenty-one are Chinese, and sixteen Korean. Sacrifices of raw food are offered, never cooked fare. The Master Confucius has been one of the greatest prophets of the ages, and his teachings have had incalculable influence for good on the Far East. His worship, however, is very closely locked up with the scholarship of literati, and as this is on the wane, o ne asks, Will his worship, also, not begin to go?

These twelve forms that have beckoned to the Korean of the past to pay his vows, his prayers, his tithes, his tears, are receding into the vistas of the by-gone and the forgotten. Soon we shall see them only folk-lore records, and among customs defunct and dead. We watch them recede with some­ thing akin to sorrow unless a better be on hand to take their place, and make good the defects that were inherent in them.

ON A FRIEND’S GOING INTO EXILE

BY

YI KYOO-BO (1168-1241 A. D.)

“I have heard that the island of Ko-je is the very hottest of the far south; that people build their houses there on the water, and that everywhere about them are the rolling waves or the deep; that miasmas and mists roll up with the winds that never cease to blow, that in the stifling days of summer mosquitoes and sand-flies as big bees come in swarms to feed on their victims. It is indeed a dismal place, and thither political offenders are sent as exiles.

“Now, behold, you go also, a man of great and exalted ability, who ought rather to dwell in the Pong-nai Hills with the genii. You were the honoured historian of the state, and had all the affairs of the world before your eyes, filling your great and noble office right well. As a reward you should have been promoted, but instead you have been degraded, a most· unjust and unheard of thing.

“Still there are two reasons for which you can be sincerely congratulated. One: We read that when God wants to make perfect an instrument for His service He puts it to severest trial. This too, is the law of the hang and the yin. You are going into exile but not through any fault of yours. This is evidence of great blessing that God has in store for you. For this I sincerely congratulate you.

“Again: Those who would enter deep into religion to find its truths are helped by solitude, silence and confinement. The reason for this is that the mind needs opportunity to concentrate on this one thing. Whither you are going is a land of silence with people few and far between. There are no official duties to distract, or things to do. No enticements are there to draw away the heart and you can be alone in unbroken calm. With no other kin or companion about you, your thoughts can go back to first principles and deep into religion. When truth fills the heart the face shines and it shows in all one’s ways. Once again you become a child, and like an angel among men. I doubt not when the wheel revolves on its circle and you come back you will be transformed into a Chang-ja or a No-ja. If not equal to those, you certainly will be the peer of An Ki-saing or Son Moop-ja. We too, then, will gather our robes about our knees, bow low, and inquire of you concerning religion. This is the second reason why I offer my congratulations.

“On your way, do not feel disturbed; at times, too, be comforted by what I have said.

“It is a thousand li you have to go, who would not shed tears at so sad a parting? Still we must bear up for even though I take you by the sleeve and try to hold you it will not avail.”

NOTE:-This is a very interesting statement to have been written 700 years ago. It could be taken to-day almost without word or comment, and given to a Christian as a message of hope and comfort. While it is written with the suggestion of a smile it gives a serious view of the religious thought of the day. To be in touch with God constituted a man’s highest hope and aim.

The references are to noted Chinamen of the distant past: Chang-ja (330 B. C.) a famous master of Taoism, next in rank to the founder himself, No-ja (The Old Philosophcr).

No-ja (550 B. C.) the founder of Taoism, a contemporary of both Confucius and the Buddha.

An Ki-saing (220 B. C.) another Taoist who lived in the days of Chin-si the famous emperor who built the Great Wall of China. He was called and inquired of by the great monarch for three days and three nights. Finally on leaving he assured the famous Chin-si that they would meet again in the Isles of the Blessed Genii.

Son Moon-ja was also a mystic philosopher of the Taoist school.

It is an interesting fact that the Confucian scholar, Yi Kyoo-bo should call forth his ideal saints from the world of the Taoist.

SONG IK-PIL.

Song Ik-p’il was the descendant of a slave, and yet, like Epictetus, be became a master of the divine craft and left a set of writings that have been the wonder of his countrymen for many years. His dates are 1534 to 1599, so he died when Shakespere was thirty five years of age. What he wrote shows him to have been a man of lofty thought and purpose, one who realized that the things unseen are the weighty things.

Here are two samples of what he wrote as literally translated as possible.

GOD.

“The good man and the bad both know of God, who is always near and just above our heads. The good man of the past, the good man of to-day, have just the same good kind of God; but evil men have views of God that vary in a thousand ways. Each makes his God from his own inner thoughts, and when he fails to gain his end, he tries to cheat his God. Cheat

all you can, you never can cheat God; and· this man lifts up his eyes and blames God for the evil that besets way.

“The good man has a God who dwells apart from selfish ends, one just and holy is this God. Though poor he never slacks his hold on God; though rich and great he never breaks what God commands, and never for a moment leaves his sure retreat. Hence is he called a man who worships God. He bows to God’s commands. In life and death his thoughts are only God. ‘When I rejoice in God’ says he, ‘my gladness is the gladness of all others who find their joy in God.’“

ON BEING SATISFIED.

“How is it that the good man always has enough, and why the evil man should always lack? The reason is that when I count my lacks as best for me I always have enough and some to spare; but when I have enough and crave for more I always find me poor. My heart is glad, and so no lack is mine, I always have enough; but worrying goes with poverty, and worrying souls, are always poor. If I take what comes as good and count it best, what lack have I? But to complain against Almighty God, and then my fellow man, means grieving o’er my lacks. If I ask only what I have, I’m never poor; but if I grasp at what I’ve not, how can I ever have enough? One glass of water, even that may satisfy, while thousands spent on food may leave me poor in soul. From ancient days all gladness rests in being satisfied; while all the ills of life are found in selfishness and greed.

“The son of Chin-si (who built the Great Wall of China) lived in luxury within the Mang-i Palace and yet; said he, “Though I live out my life ‘tis all too short,” and so his worries came. We, poorest of the poor, when we wish only what we have, how rich we are, and how poor kings and princes who reach out for more! The son of Heaven (Emperor), himself, may be the poorest man, while he who’s poor may be the richest. Riches and poverty lie within the soul and never rest in outward things. I now am seventy, and my house has nothing, so that men point at me and say “How poor.” But when I see the shafts of light tip all the hill-tops

in the morning my soul is satisfied and filled with richest treasure: and in the evening, when I behold the round disc of the moon, that lights the world and shines across the water, how rich my eyes! In spring the plum trees bloom, in autumn the crysanthemum. The flowers that go call to the flowers that come to take their place, how rich my joy!

“Within the Sacred Books what deep delight! As I foregather with the great who have gone, how rich! My virtues I admit are poor, when I see them, but when I see my hair grown white my years are rich. My joys attend unbroken all my days. I have them all. All those most rich and satisfying things are mine. l can stand up and gaze above, or bend and how full low, the joy is mine. How richly has God given his joy, my soul is satisfied!”

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the November number.)

IX. THE GLORIES OF OFFICE

Time runs his rapid course. The former governor had gone and a new one had been appointed in his place. Months had flown by, and Choonyang had lost heart and fallen ill. Her doors were closed and she was shut away alone with her broken-hearted thoughts dreaming of the distant husband.

“My husband, handsome as polished marble, I long to see thee. The soft breezes rise and awaken my longings. How sweet is spring time, when the happy flowers break forth with smiling faces. But dearer than the flowers I long to see him. Whom can I tell my sorrows to? Only those who know it, know it. God cares not for me. My tears would cause the Yellow River to o’er flow its banks. My anxieties would flatten out the horned peaks of yonder mountains. No one can surpass parents in worth and dearness, and yet the longing for a lover, who can fathom it? In my sleep the tears cease not to flow. One grain of heart’s love makes a thousand sacks of sorrow. If we could but meet again my griefs would

all assuage, but when will that be, and when shall we clasp hands and tell our love together? I suppose some would not mind it, hut I shall die to see my love. Still I must not die. As the gods have decreed so let me live. Some time, some day, we shall meet, my love and I, and we’ll tell over all our pent up sorrows of the past.”

A new official had entered upon office, had spent a year and then had been removed to Najoo, and now another new one was to come, a man of some repute from the west ward of Seoul by name Pyon, son of the gentry, a very handsome man and highly gifted in music and singing. A master hand he was in all the ways of a fast and dissolute life, lavish with money and fond of drink. He had one great defect, namely a stubborn and stupid nature. He doubted what was true and faithful, and readily believed what was false. When it came to excess and riot he was ever in favour of it as a man carelessly rushes into the flames with bags of gunpowder on his back. He was like a bad egg with a heart mouldy and ill of flavour. However, by virtue of his ancestors, he had secured the place of governor of Namwon and now the various office-bearers had gone up to the capital to meet him, and were having their audiences one by one.

“This is the first secretary of ceremonies; this the head office-boy; this the chief runner; this the crier; this the number one attendant; chief beaters, body-servants, etc.”

The governor interposed,

“So you are here! All safe are you?· Nothing special in your district?”

“All well, sir,” said the chief secretary.

“Is it true, as I have heard, that there are a lot of pretty girls in your town?”

“The prettiest girls in the world,” said the secretary.

“Does a famous beauty, named Choonyang, live near you?” asked the governor.

“Yes, sir, the greatest wonder since ancient times,” was the answer.

The governor hearing the word ‘greatest wonder’ gave an appreciative shrug of the shoulders.

“Is Choonyang well?” asked he.

“Yes, she’s fine,” answered the head secretary.

“How far is it from here to Namwon anyway?” asked the governor.

“About six hundred and ten lee,” was the answer.

“With a good horse could a man make it in a day?”

“Why, yes, though it takes five or six days usually, still if Your Excellency says ‘one day’ we’ll make it one day; or if it be ten days distant and you say one day, sir, we’ll make it one day.”

“Your way of putting it just suits me,” said the governor. “You have a great future before you my good fellow.”

On the following day immediately the first streak of dawn the new official made preparations for his journey. After bowing before His Majesty and thanking him, he called at the various government offices to say good -bye. He recited his prayers and prostrated himself before the family tables, and then like a glorious summer cloud he set forth in a horse palanquin to travel to Chulla Province. Beautiful as a cluster of peonies was it. There were the swastika designs in the windows; the four bird wing shades out over the sides; a beautiful horse between the shafts; and tall chair bearers in swallowtail coats holding to the rear. Thus equipped away they went through the South Gate, passing the Spring Flower City, and all the sights of the season, with the gently waving willows by the roadside, on over the sands of the Han River, over the South Pass, heralded by out-runners ahead, soldiers, secretaries, drummers, flag-bearers, messengers, hangers-on, sweeping gaily and easily onward, in step, while the ringing calls of the company made the hills to echo. There were on horseback as well, soldiers, umbrella bearers, retainers, stretching out into a procession of three miles or more.

“Look here *mapoo*, keep your eyes on the horse will you, and see that the chair does not swing to one side,” calls the leader.

“Look out for stones!” shout the bearers.

Thus they go lightly onward. The chief secretary, dressed in silken coat and trousers and grass cloth flying duster,

sitting high upon his pack, keeps close behind the palanquin. A special secretary also, in quilted trousers, and outer coat of Chinese silk, decorated with perfumed pockets, crane-jointed spectacles and felt hat, sits mounted on his charger.

Here, too, is the chief crier, tall in stature and graceful in swinging motion, handsome and highly gifted at repartee, with headband ornaments, tortoise-shell buttons, well twisted top-knot, and coral pin stuck firmly in it. His amber wind-catcher shines from underneath his head gear with wondrous colour, and he wears a hat with two hundred strands in its widely reaching brim, and dons it straight as the horizon line across his head. His trousers are of white corded silk, and he has a Hansan outer overall, gathered at the waist and tied behind with grass-cloth fastenings. He wears also a Chinese silken vest and carries a silver mounted knife attached to a belt of sky blue. Hanging from his waist are figured silk pockets, pocket strings, and tobacco pouch. He wears grass shoes of four strands each for sole, fastened across the instep with things made of old examination paper.

On they go.

“Look here *mapoo* don’t watch your own feet, watch the horse’s feet. Take care of those stones! Keep a sharp look out! Hold the chair even!”

“All right, here’s another stone,” comes the reply.

Behold now the chief of the beaters. He has a ‘wild beast’ felt hat on, with red lining underneath the brim and the letter for ‘Brave’ printed square in the middle. His outfit includes a suit of Chinese silk, a wide red belt, short wristlets, a silver knife, a handkerchief of many colours, a blue fancy girdle, silk pockets, several of them tied to his girdle string. With wild fierce eyes he glances here and there. “Clear the way, clear the way, out of the road with you,” shouts he.

Here is the soldier man too. He has a Tongyung hat on, with a long feather in it, yellow beads for hat-string, wide sleeves, and long divided outer coat. He carries a willow paddle over his shoulder, and a bell attached that clatters as he jogs along.

“Out of the way there, you beast you, clear the track.”

Into the Provincial Governor’s town of Chunjoo they stream and await orders from His Excellency. Then they pass Grandmother Rock, hasten on away beyond Imseel and sleep at Ohsoo Post Station. Then again at break of day they ride on over Paksook till they meet outrunners from their own town, with the various secretaries in charge of office, the deputies, marshals, orderlies. Like a flock of wild geese they come. The head steward with a Tongyung hat on his head, amber beads beneath his chin, and a gay sky blue outer coat, sits majestically on his horse holding to his wand baton. By twos and twos come the captains, sergeants, corporals and other military men dressed in yellow plate armor, on fine horses looking like the “braves” of China’s ancient kingdoms; centurions, chiefs, headmen, leaders in full uniform and horse­tail hats.

The commander in chief gives his orders in stentorian voice, and they all deploy outward into lines of stately attention, with drum fore and aft, gongs to right and left, flutes in pairs, trumpets, cymbals, bugles, staff flags. Pretty girls burst into view, like the fairies, gracefully capped and dressed to do honour to the occasion.

“*Kwang*!” go the drums.

“*T’ong*” the guns.

“*Choi-roo-roo*!” say the cymbals.,

“*Doo-oo*!” blare the bugles.

X. THE WORLD OF THE DANCING GIRL.

When the drums sounded the convoy got into motion, and at the piping calls of the runners the way opened to proceed, At this time the governor, seated in a chair, held a fan before his face and shouted

“Call the head \**Keesang* will you!”

\**Keesang*. These were the dancing-girls attached, one of the recognized classes of women slaves attached to public offices in old Korea. They were frequently well educated, gifted in music and singing, and were entirely at the service of their masters. They were obviously of the lower class but no special disgrace or degradation attached to them as it would to a daughter of the people who had departed from the way of virtue.

“Yes, sir!” someone answers.

“Are all those girls yonder *Keesang*?” asks he.

 The head *Keesang*, in amazement at such a question replies “Yes, sir, they are all *Keesang*.”

Then the governor, with evident delight, says “I’ve met my fate surely with all these pretty girls.”

He goes first to bow in the tablet house of His Majesty the King; then enters his office and takes his seat. According to good form he should wait three days before running over the list of office holders, but his impatience fairly grinds its teeth at the delay. In the shortest possible time after inspecting the list of those attached to the six departments, he summoned the head steward, saying,

“Let’s make haste and run over the list of *Keesang*.”

The head steward, thus directed, opened the record of names and called them out in order. He did it in a fantastic and extravagant manner as follows: “Far to the south, where the sailor boys bend at the oar, rides the cinnamon mast and silken sail of the ORCHID BOAT.”

The chief *Keesang* thus named, answered the call and stepped out gracefully in her silken skirt, that she caught in folds and held before her. “I am here, sir,” she answered.

“Looking over the hills where the great writer So Tongpa dipped his pen and cheered his friends, are you there RISING MOON?”

‘RISING MOON’ entered dressed in a red. skirt, that she gathered before her, and stood in a sweet and pretty manner, expectant like the willow leaf before the breeze.

“I am here, sir,” said she.

Then the governor remonstrated, “If you call them over in that long-winded fashion, you’ll never get through in a hundred years. I can’t stand that. Call them off quickly.”

The head steward thus admonished, began calling them off in verse couplets of fives,

“The morning rain has laid the dust,

And brightened up the WILLOW GREEN.” “Here!” answers Willow Green.

“Aslant behind the silken blind,

The shadow greets the SILVER MOON.”

“Here!” says Silver Moon.

“Chittering in the gentle breeze,

Pass and repass the SUMMER SWALLOW.”

“Here!” says Swallow.

“Off on the winds to far Kangneung,

Goes the soft-footed, TINTED CLOUD.”

“Here!” says Tinted Cloud.

“Transplanted from the fairies’ dell,

Queen of all sprites the LOTUS BUD.”

“Here!” says the Lotus.

 “Among the spirits of the shade.

 Stealing so softly, PLUM FAIRY.”

“Here!” says the Fairy.

“SILKEN FRAGRANCE!” “ORCHID SWEETNESS!”

“MOONLIGHT PERFUME!”

 “Look here steward,” said the governor.

 “Yes sir,” answered he.

“You said that Choonyang lived here but you have not called off her name from the list, What is the meaning of this?”

The steward replied, “Choonyang is not a *Keesang*, sir. She is the daughter of a retired *Keesang*, however, but her name is not on the list. She grew up in the village near here, and has had her hair done up (been married), by the son of the former governor.”

“The son of the former governor did her hair up did he? Did he lake her with him?”

“He did not take her with him, she is at her former home.”

“I have heard,” said the governor, “that she is the child of a *Keesang*, and that she is a matchless beauty. Write her name down in the list and have her report to me at once.”

The head steward hearing this order politely bowed, and while making a pretence to carry it out, and thinking of his own safety in the matter called the head dancing-girl (*Keesang*)

saying, “His Excellency has ordered that Choonyang’s name be placed on the list, so I want you to go to her house, see her mother, and ask that she come at once and make her obeisance.”

The head Keesang received this order and set out to summon Choonyang. She hastened by the Moonlight Pavilion, crossed the Magpie Bridge, entered Choonyang’s house and laughed saying, “I say, Miss Choonyang, Her Ladyship from Seoul and the Governor ask that you make haste and come.”

Choonyang colored slightly and replied, “Does the Governor really call me? He is the father of his people and has a right to call anyone, but if he calls me as a dancing-girl, I cannot go. I have been unwell now for several months and should not really go out. Please, sister, if you return answer that I am very ill, I think he will excuse me. Do your best for me won’t you?”

The head Keesang replied, “The new governor’s disposition is a very overbearing and masterful one, and there’s no playing tricks with him, but I’ll do my best to arrange it so that you’ll not be called:”

She said this and then returned to the yamen, where she reported to the head steward, but she did not report at all what Choonyang had said, jealously desiring to get her fangs into her as a great saw devours wood, “Choonyang says that if she dies she will not come.”

“What does she mean by that?” inquired the steward.

“She made answer, ‘If His Excellency calls me, why do you come to give the order?’ and I replied that the head steward had directed me to do so, but she made answer, ‘If the fool head steward should order me himself I would not go.”

The head steward, however, knew Choonyang better than this and thought to himself, “She would not say a thing like that, she is not that kind of person.” Guessing the real character of what had taken place, he went in and reported to the governor “Your humble servant went to call Choonyang, but she has fallen ill from anxiety over her husband, and so cannot come. What does your Excellency command?”

(To be Continued).

KOREAN ARTS AND CRAFTS—II.

The real beginning of art in Korea dates from the introduction of Buddhism in the fourth century A. D. Without doubt the missionaries came from China and the foundation of the cultus necessitated the co-operation of all the arts and crafts in its ornate worship. Cunning artificers in wood, stone and bronze furnished the temples and shrines that were so magnificently founded. For at least ten centuries art was the handmaid of religion, drawing all its inspiration from that source, and such samples as remain testify to its greatness.

Let it be admitted that figures of Buddha, pictures and bas relief, pagodas and lanterns usually fail to arouse any enthusiasm in the westerner on first acquaintance. Nevertheless, provided that he first makes an effort to grasp the main tenets of this religion and its wonderful mysticism the door of sympathy opens, to admit him to a fascinating realm of art. We should begin with a visit to the Dai Buku of Kamakura (Japan) and also see some of the carved wood figures in the Kyoto Museum of the eighth to eleventh centuries, these last undoubtedly influenced by Korean teachers, and spend several periods of lime before the bronze Buddha in the East Palace Museum, Seoul, an eighth century masterpiece in a sitting posture with the left leg resting on the right knee. Grasp this principle thoroughly: The way to appreciate and enjoy any branch of art is to look only at the best specimens, and look long enough.

It is to be hoped that keen persons, longing to discover new worlds will turn their attention to the subject of Buddhistic art in Korea. Think of the charm and beauty of the quest, the glorious situations of the countless monasteries to be explored, their superb natural situation amidst the most romantic scenery of the peninsula. In the dawn of history Korea consisted of three kingdoms, to the north Kokooryu, passionate, warlike and artless; on the west and constantly influenced by China, Pakche; to the east, Silla, governed by wise and enlightened kings made progress in literature and art. The remains of Silla’s civilization do not disappoint us,

for if we examine either the great temples at KongJu and their bas-reliefs or their ornaments, in gold and silver gilt or bronze they are all finely conceived and of excellent workmanship. Silla pottery is of dark gray clay and well fired in the kiln, the decoration has been hatched with a tool before placing in the fire, simply circles, lines, and wicker work motives. Contrary to expectation the shapes are more Grecian than oriental.

Aided by China, Silla became by degrees the sole master of the peninsula, and ended a brilliant career ingloriously.

Despite the decline and corruption of the Court of Silla the Korean Kingdom then extended widely into what is now Manchuria. Five days’ bullock ride from Mukden can still be seen a Korean monument of this period and an imposing tumulus.

Korean graves are still in existence in many parts of Manchuria, and near Newchwang the ignorant Chinese peasants have excavated many old Korean bronze. Most of these alas have been destroyed as useless.

From A. D. 900 to 1390 the Koryu kings reigned at Song-do, and Korean art reached its apex. During the last twenty years excavations around the old capital and particularly on the historic island of Kangwha have almost exhausted the supply of superfine pieces of pottery and bronze. Korean graves were case hardened with lime and we owe to this preservative the almost perfect condition of recent finds; after ages of immersion they come forth with beauty unimpaired.

The famous Tang dynasty of China (A. D. 618-906) supplied the ideas and Chinese art of this period reached its highest point of strength and perfection even if later ages excelled in delicacy and superior finish. In many branches of art we may safely claim that the men of Koryu are not far behind their teachers. This fact needs continual emphasis: The Korean craftsmen were not content to be feeble and servile imitators，but gave their own originality full play. The student of any branch of Chinese art has easy access to a voluminous literature on the subject. The Chinese have always been collectors, and it is not a little amusing to read a twelfth century writer warning his readers against fraudulent imitations of earlier pottery and porcelain.

It is not a rare occurrence to find that China has the descriptive literature and no known examples, while Korea has no contemporaneous writings on her arts and crafts but many examples. The rice eating peoples of the orient have always attached the highest importance to pottery and porcelain, and it should be described first.

During the period we are discussing glaze was first used. The premier colours are green and white. Both are important but the green by reason of its frequency claims our first attention.

The green glaze is called celadon by all European writers on the subject. The origin of the name is curious. In the XVII century in France a certain pastoral play was most popular and one of the characters “Celadon” appeared in a charming green, hence arose their term “Celadon” pottery or porcelain. The colour is said to have originated in the desire to imitate the precious green jade. Chinese merchants carried this ware to India, Borneo, Sumatra, Arabia, and specimens have been found at Zanzibar. The first porcelain seen on English soil by English eyes was a bowl presented to Archbishop Warham in the reign of Elizabeth, and this was a celadon piece. Korean celadon can never be confused with that of China. The latter is more verdant green. The colour of fresh onion sprouts was the desideratum of the Chinese potter. The potters of Koryu produced many tints, always refined, now green to blue, now green to gray, sometimes browny green but never brown, never green, never blue, but always restful to the eye and charming.

We of the West have to acquire the taste for this colour and it is worth the effort to acquire. The body or paste of this ware is pottery, not porcelain, and highly fired in the kiln, the presence of oxide of iron in the glaze under extreme heat producing the colour. The natural colour of the clay used varies from gray to yellow buff and some specimens if sharply tapped ring like porcelain.

The only historic reference to this manufacture is found in a Chinese record made by a certain Hsu-ching, an officer in the suite of Lu-yunti who went on an embassy to Korea about

A. D. 1125, and among the notes which he made on that country are the following instructive paragraphs. “The wares of Kaoli (Korea) are green (ching) in colour and are described as Fei (Kingfisher) by the people of the country. In recent times the fashion of these wares has been clever, the colour and glaze even better than the form. The shape of the wine pots is like a gourd with small cover on the top in the form of a duck squatting on a lotus flower. They have, besides, bowls, platters, wine cups, flower vases and soup bowls, all closely copying the style and make of Ting ware ..... only the wine pots present novel features. In Kaoli the drinking vessels and dishes for the banquet table are mostly of gilt metal or silver, but green pottery vessels are also highly prized. There arc besides lion incense burners which are also “fei” colour. The creature squats on the top of the vessel, supported by an up­turned lotus. Of all the wares only these are of exceeding excellence. The rest have a general resemblance to the old Pi-se ware of Yueh-chou and the recent ware of Tu-chou.” In illustration of what we have before noted this reference has enabled students to realise the colour of the two above mentioned wares of which authentic specimens do not, at present, exist.

We have already called attention to the colour of Koryu celadon (Japanese, Kori Jaki) and in variety of form they are no less admirable. Bowls and dishes for common usage are plentiful, and examples can be acquired at reasonable prices. A word in season to collectors: as a rule it is wise to eschew broken pieces, but as quite 75% of the finds are broken in excavation, and many good pieces were buried in a damaged condition, provided a piece is entire, though mended, buy it. The few perfect specimens that are now found are high priced and will go much higher.

The bottle shaped vessels with long slender neck and flaming mouth (used for wine) are very graceful. Another striking shape is the baluster vase with short narrow neck made to hold a single spring of plum blossom. Wine pots are common and may be easily mistaken for those used for tea or coffee, which they resemble in shape. I am open to correction,

but I believe the Koreans were never a tea drinking people. Such pots are gourd shape, double gourd, fluted melon and occasionally tubular, some resembling ribbed bamboo. The lids are small and dainty, handles are also of clever and varied design. There are no such forms in Chinese ceramics of this period. Rare and precious are the examples carved and pierced—”reticulated” as they are technically called, rare too are water droppers for the ink stone and rarer yet figures.

Perhaps the gems of the period are the small and dainty pieces made for the ladies’ toilet, boxes for cosmetics of all sizes, and sometimes four small boxes enclosed in one large box. No other age or people produced such masterpieces.

Small bottles of squat shape, never more than one inch to two inches high to hold hair-oil are too works of art, and little vases of a like kind are worth a knight’s ransom.

When we turn to the decoration it is only fair to admit that the motifs came from China, but the Koryu potters added, improved, and developed and in at least two important cases invented styles of decoration which are entirely their own. The period is one of the pure art of pottery; that is to say the beauty of the ware depends solely upon the legitimate use of the glaze, added clays, impressed and graved designs. Later periods rely for their effect upon the use of brilliant colours, heavily applied enamels until the paste is completely obscured by these adventitious additions. This distinction should be clearly grasped by those who desire to appraise rightly the potter’s art in its purity.

For example the common bowls of the Koryu period, usually plain outside have au incised design within, which was stamped by a mould upon the partly dried clay before glazing and firing. These motifs are worth careful and minute study. One could make a hobby of collecting this class alone and copying the designs into a book. Such a book would be a revelation to the expert designer. They are as right and true to nature as they are perfect.

In rarer cases designs were engraved with a tool upon the paste not stamped with a mould; the lotus, the peony, the phoenix, but strange to say I have never seen the dragon.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

(Continued from the November number.)

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

THE LAW INTERPRETED.

The magistrate looked at the young man suspiciously but that youth was looking meekly at the mat, on his face the gravity of Buddha.

“It seems to me,” said the magistrate, “that the complaint of some who say your method of talking is like Bali, the robber chief, has some foundation. By the power of my office I would have you beaten to death were that to be the case.”

“Could you hint so foul an association?” the youth replied with an aggrieved look. “Bali’s fortunes are too fickle as well as vicious for honest men like me. I fear he has fallen into trouble.”

“In trouble!” exclaimed the magistrate eagerly, “that is bad news, what was it, what! can we rid ourselves of Bali also?”

“I heard by the way of gossip that he had a fight with the devil who lives out in the salt swamps and the devil beat him.”

“So! who tells it?”

“You know your excellency that Bali never speaks well of a man whom he thinks is a coward; you remember he has nothing to say commendatory of a magistrate because in some sections of Korea there are some not brave. Well, he is all the while shouting the praises, gossip has it, of this ugly brute called the devil. Now, Bali would not say that unless he has been beaten in combats and Bali himself is the only man who dares say he has been beaten; indeed he plainly hints of a struggle and defeat.”

“Do you think now we could get this good devil of yours to run as a servant,” said the magistrate rising and walking across the floor excitedly, then he paused suspiciously, “Why did you not tell me this before?”

Chang-ding-i turned his face to the magistrate with an innocent look; “Knowing that your excellency is above all petty prejudices or vulgar conniving, always resting the justice of all your acts on the law of disinterested truth, I thought the Devil’s case would interest you only so far as it might become your duty to punish him in case or some evil deed, unless, indeed, your excellency found it your duty to aid the poor government by inviting him to divide with you. I have been watching him closely for your interest. Wealth I have not seen, but, sir, he is reputed to be the Devil, and the Devil is certainly evil, else why is his face painted so ugly in the shrines and it seems to me you have abundant reason for hailing the Devil of the salt marsh into your Excellency’s presence. Such a course would be just, right and good.”

“Fool,” said the magistrate, “drowning ideas in a cess­pool of words, out with you now, before I have you paddled.”

Chang-ding-i turned away with an aggrieved look, while the magistrate strode into his quarters with righteous hauteur.

CHAPTER XIX

MR. CHO AND BALI.

Mr. Kim was moved to Grandmother Pagoda’s home and she nursed him as women only know how. The fight for life was long and doubtful and for many days friends crowded the door way and listened to Grandmother Pagoda’s monotonous replies, “Wait and see.”

That Mr. Kim might die was a matter of poignant concern on the part of the magistrate. Chang-ding-i had said that Mr. Kim was a servant of the foreigner and it would be dangerous to kill such a man. The result was that all this time the heavy hand of persecution was lifted, but when the magistrate heard that the wounded man was on the way to recovery his choler awoke with new fury. He would destroy the whole clan, root and branch, and he sent out spies to ascertain their strength and was astonished to learn that the little group had increased to over a hundred, that they were enlarging the building of worship, that the dangerous sect had spread to

other villages and in some villages had become so numerous that there were not enough non-Christians left to purchase a cow for the annual sacrifice to the village demon. These conditions worried and bewildered the magistrate not a little, and he fumed with impotent rage.

The winter quickly passed among the most stirring times of Mr. Kim’s life. In every direction groups of Christians had started up seemingly without any influence on the part of other churches. People would be found gathering each day trying to spell out the meaning of some passage of Scripture and talking over the strange power astir in the land. Mr. Kim would give them a day or two of attention and then hurry on to another group. He had repeatedly tried to make friends with Mr. Cho but his approaches were· all met with strong rebuffs and explosions of hate. The preacher had ruined his home, that man declared; he had sent from him the best woman that ever man had. Finally Mr. Cho informed his sympathetic neighbors that he had buried his wife; he would in time build a mound for her and hold the usual burial rites. Dead she was, dead she would always be, and Kim, the gospel talker, had killed her. It was a great grief to him that the magistrate had not killed the preacher.

“Kill them?” he said to one of his neighbors, meaning the Christians, “you can’t do it, they will not die. Now, there was the old school teacher that some one rapped lightly on the head and he was dead before one hardly knew it, but,” said Mr. Cho, “I myself killed the gospel talker once, the magistrate killed him once; and many schemes had afoot to kill him at other times, but he would not die, been can’t kill them in an ordinary way. There is only one man who could kill him and do it in a manner that would appear a natural and reasonable thing for him to die. I will find that man,” he declared with vehemence. “Strange the more you try to get rid of the preacher the more influence he has upon the people.”

After mysterious hints as to whom that one could be who could successfully destroy the preacher, he made Bali a visit and out of the abundance of love that he had for that outlaw whom he now met face to face for the first time, he made him

a present of considerable money. Bali knew that it precedented a demand, so he accepted the money with imperturbability as he did all that came to him for his own advantage. His starched coat spread out with added dignity, his face assumed more benignity, and when Mr. Cho attempted to present his own affairs he disposed of the conversation with the comprehensive decision that a connoiseur would bits of brick-a­brac in a curiousity shop. He would lead the conversation in some other direction with an imperiousness that compelled Mr. Cho to follow, and it was not long before Mr. Cho began to feel that he had been doing himself the greatest favor imaginable in making this remarkable man a present. His host seemed to fill the house. While he conversed with evident animation, a word in the direction of an adjoining room would bring a servant pell mell at his feet to do his bidding and with equal haste to scurry away upon some errand. They came and went with such frequency that it was evident that Bali was conducting his affairs with astonishing vigor, as if no guest had interrupted him. Mr. Cho could hardly get rid of his servants when he called one and they all had a part in his private affairs. Here was a man around whom all his affairs seemed to move for him, and him alone, with bewildering rapidity and with the order of a machine. Bali directed the conversation to moral subjects and deplored the amount of injustice that was being practiced by the magistrates and the rich against the poor and helpless.

“A rich man who has all he needs, like you and me, for instance, who can make each other large presents without thinking of a return of the compliment, ought to show a spirit of unselfishness toward the poor and needy. Speaking of mutual gifts, I may say I appreciate the spirit of your coming immensely, as it expresses the spirit of altruistic generosity. I, myself, have often given considerable in that way without thinking of a return of service simply for the purpose of establishing a new order of things; then, too, the consciousness of having done something for any one for which one never expected a return of advantage is a delight. Ah! to have one’s life filled with such deeds, the yellow valley will not be a hard

place to rest when the blessings of many who have been helped follow one there.”

“You have your sorrows,” said Mr. Cho, speaking with desperate haste for fear he would be compelled to leave without mentioning the object of his errand.

“Sorrow,” interrupted Bali reflectively, “well now, sorrow may be as one regards the vicissitudes of life, some things which seem to be sorrow to one person is nothing of the sort to another.” “I have seen a child cry over the loss of a toy and a man laugh al the same kind of a loss. Now I have learned that it is far the wisest to laugh at one’s losses, as they will then become a pleasure and not a regret; to cry over them is to be childish.”

“I lost my wife,” exclaimed Mr. Cho.

“Yes, yes, ah yes, so I have heard, and I have also heard that you proposed to do the proper thing, that is, to have a mourning rite over her and dismiss her from your memory. Now that is right. I have noticed that there is, as a rule, more pleasure than sorrow experienced at funerals. Now, as you are right and would not do things by halves, you would call together a company; say two hundred, and you would prepare a good feast with plenty of wine: taking it altogether, it would express the inimitable spirit of friendship for which you are so well famed. Then, too, mirth is the best cure for all ills, and in this particular case there will only be a hole dug in the ground and an empty box placed there, so that it will be really a very respectable affair and a delight to you all. I congratulate you on your broad thoughtfulness in the matter, and the commendable purpose you have of dismissing the whole matter from your mind. That will be capital! why I have seen more people drunk at a funeral than at a market, and that is not saying little; it will indeed be a joyous occasion.”

“You know Kim the gospel talker?” asked Mr. Cho in order to get another start Bali laughed, “Know him? I have met him. He carries the biggest stock of curious ideas that I have ever seen burden one man. His head is full and not being a small head the amount of his ideas is bewildering. He has a strange idea of

reforming the country, so he runs around picking up all the curiously mismated people he can find, the old, the ignorant, the young, both men and women, and also children: a great medley. He sat with me a while ago and he insisted that I should become like a little child so that I could join his crowd.” Here Bali laughed again. “Think of Bali becoming like a simple child! Went so far as to say I should be born again, he even visited the devil on the salt marsh and tried to make him over into one of his gang. Think of the devil going to church and prattling his prayers humbly with the people who have become children.” The idea seemed to amuse Bali greatly and he laughed immoderately.” Why the gospel talker is better fitted to hunt the tiger. Now, Kim the gospel talker in matters of philosophy may not agree with you or me but I think he is a man who would put up a splendid fight if pushed to a corner, and I love a brave man. I understand that he and the magistrate had a misunderstanding and the magistrate tried to straighten the matter out with the paddle, which, by the way, is an excellent short-cut to making your neighbor think as you do; just put him under the paddle, that will fetch him; he will generally think as you do as long as he smarts. I understand, however, the gospel talker did not agree with the magistrate even after that gentle father of the people had petted and caressed him till he was really hypnotized. Strange, isn’t it, that the fellow who agrees· with you is a good chap while the fellow who disagrees is anything but good? I, rather suspect that was the great sin of the gigantic gospeller. It seems that even after the interview his independence of ideas still exasperates the magistrate. Now it is so seldom that such a sturdy disagreement occurs that I have a pretty warm feeling for the gospel talker.”

“I hate him!” exclaimed Mr. Cho in a fervor of exasperation. “I hate him, I wish he was dead, I say a thousand times dead!” and he sprang to his feet with a fury that was astonishing for one so small.

Bali looked at him with an air of shocked surprise, and said :

“I am exceedingly sorry to have trespassed upon your

feelings in mentioning to you a man against whom you have such strong resentment. Your present agitation would lead me to infer that you had been greatly wronged by him. Now, we shall never again call up his name. I am profoundly sorry to have so rudely treated my guest;” He spoke in a voice of soothing dignity as if he had been addressing a fretful child. “No,” he repeated, “we will never mention his name again.”

Mr. Cho was irritated by the voice, but its deep bass drawl was in such contrast to his own angry screech that he sat down somewhat abashed. It was evident that Bali was not ready to commit a crime at least against Mr. Kim, and Mr. Cho soon left with rage filling his breast but scarcely knowing how to give vent to it. When he departed, Bali again thanked him for his great kindness in the gift, and expressed a wish that a friendship so happily begun would continue in its ideal disinterested character till they, one or both, should have entered the yellow valley.

Mr. Cho made no audible reply, but within his rage knew no bounds, and while on the way home he wondered much what was the real character of the man of whom he had heard so many rumors. He seemed to know all about his affairs and was insistent that the way of the righteous was the best and refused to fall into his plan of revenge. Could it be that the gospel talker had indeed exerted his insidious influence upon the outlaw? That he was a financial loser without returns also galled him not a little. “If I could get acquainted with members of his gang,” he thought, and the reflection stopped him in the middle of the road. He stood a long time looking at his feet, lost in his new purpose. “l will do it,” said he aloud, and started back for the town.

It was not difficult for Mr. Cho to find the men whom be sought, nor was it difficult for him to persuade them with a generous gift, and a promise of much more, to agree to rid the country of the hated gospel talker.

The gang of toughs had heard considerable regarding Mr. Kim but had never concerned themselves about him, after they learned that he had no money, and did not seek their harm, but when it came to a matter of business they could as well

interest themselves in him as any one else. They wanted to know what they were going to do with him. Mr. Cho had angrily stated that he did not know nor did he care only that they must rid the country of him and bring proofs that they had done so.

They had heard that he was a very mild mannered man and they thought it might be managed without trouble.

When Mr. Cho returned home he was in high spirits. He had set loose a gang of men on the heels of the man whom he hated, who would not leave his tracks till they had destroyed him.

Soon after these events Mr. Kim noticed strange men sitting in his services, men whom no one seemed to know. They would sit till the services were ready to close and then would go out and linger about with seemingly no purpose, but as there were many who would begin visiting the church in that manner and then stand aloof from any approach he thought little of it, till finally he discovered that the same men appeared at different places and were compelled to make long rapid journeys in order to do so

It was on one or these journeys that Mr. Kim was made acquainted with the strange character of the robber chief. He had been out all day attending service in a certain village and was returning to Standing Stone where he had made his head-quarters for some time. He was light hearted; he could not be otherwise, both his faith and his temperament forbade it. Whispers of coming evil had reached his ears, and the men who had so frequently followed his footsteps had been pointed out to him as a sinister sign, but in a land where dangers were common and most men’s hearts were big with fear, Mr. Kim knew no fear. On his way home on this particular night the road led through a long stretch of moor land. Here and there was a mound crowned with a cluster of low bushes and at great intervals stunted trees stretched their naked withered limbs to bathe in the bright moonlight. Half way across the plain was a deep gully worn into the soil by the feet of many generations of travelers. The ridges on both sides were lined with shrubs. Mr. Kim on reaching this point strode rapidly

into the deep shadows of the ravine with no thought of danger. He had hardly reached the center when footsteps echoed behind him and at the same time dark shadows crowded the narrow gully in front. He stood still in his tracks and threw a hurried glance at the approaching shadows and then up­wards at the bank on both sides of the path. The soil was soft and the rainy seasons had worn them away so that the top, which had been supported by the roots of underbrush, hung out beyond the batik and seemed on the point of toppling over into the gully twenty feet beneath.

With a sense of impending danger Mr. Kim sprang up the bank and seized the tops of overhanging bushes while at the same moment his assailants from both directions met in the path he had left. They gave an exclamation of surprise at the agility of the huge figure who now stood fifteen feet above their heads, and immediately started up the steep bank in pursuit. Mr. Kim lifted himself from the ground and swung his feet upward as an acrobat would over a vaulting pole. In a moment he would have been beyond his assailants, when suddenly the whole over-hanging bank for many yards in both directions with tons of earth gave way and hurled itself into the road carrying Mr. Kim with it and overwhelming his pursuers in its descent. For a moment there were cries and imprecations. A dozen arms and legs contended with loose soil, sod, and bushes, while their owners struggled half buried under the mass. When Mr. Kim came to his senses a pair of unsandaled feet were playing a tattoo upon his ribs while the owner’s head and shoulders were buried in the soil. Mr. Kim seized him by the legs and dragged him out and left him coughing and spitting while he turned his attention to other half buried knaves. Two of his assailants had fared better and were sitting in the middle of the road stupid with the shock of their fall. Soon the four buried men were dragged out and lay upon the road coughing, gasping, with many a lugubrious groan. Their recovery was rapid and in a few minutes they were all on their feet following Mr. Kim out of the gully into the bright moonlight of the open road beyond. Excepting a brief word in reply to Mr. Kim’s question now

and then as to how they fared there was nothing said. The knaves seemed quite cowed by their efforts till they reached the open moor land and then their spirits returned and they engaged in low whispers just beyond Mr. Kim’s hearing, who recognized their sinister purpose and turned to confront them. “See here, stranger,” said one of the men as he stepped in the front of his companions. “You may think we ought to be grateful for being pulled out of the heap of dirt, but we don’t like the way you did it. You dragged us out by the feet, and that was an insult. Then, too, what business had you in rushing up the bank and sprawling around like a turtle and pulling the hill down upon us? A hog could have done as well. We have lost our hats, sandals, pipes and nearly every­thing else. What do you mean by attacking us on the public highway? It has come to a great pass when peaceful citizens walking through the country must be attacked by such fiends as you are. We won’t stand it! we won’t! I tell you we won’t!” and the man bristled with fury while his companions gathered about Mr. Kim with faces of menace. It was an open piece of moor land and they surrounded him like so many wolves to pull down a stag, and the preacher understood his peril. At this juncture Mr. Kim threw back his head and laughed long and loud as though convulsed with wild uncontrollable mirth. So sudden, so unexpected was this burst of seeming merriment that the men paused in their tracks and responded with foolish grins. Mr. Kim seemed to control himself with difficulty and after looking from face to face went off into another fit of laughter so hearty and impelling that the highwaymen joined him. He again struggled to control himself and when after wiping his eyes a moment he abandoned himself to another convulsion of mirth it was hard to tell whether he or his companions were the most hilarious. He sat down on a low mound, and as if by common impulse they squatted about him, still grinning from the effects of their recent mirth.

“That was a good joke,” said Mr. Kim, and seemed on the point of again losing himself in laughter, then checking himself said:

“Injure any one? Listen. I will tell you a story. Years ago in my distant home a tiger came into one of my neighbors’ yards at night, while my neighbor was sleeping on a mat in front of his door, and the tiger carried him off. The next day we found a few bones of our neighbor, and his widow wept over them, but I was angry, furious that the brute had dared to enter our town and bring us so much trouble, so the next day I took my spear and tracked the tiger to a ledge of rocks. Like a coward he was. When he saw me coming, he crawled as far as he could under the ledge like a whipped dog. I called to him and shouted defiance at him. I hurled a stone at his head. The aim was good and brought the brute to the edge of the rocks lashing the ground with his tail, growling and furious. In a moment he had launched himself in the air and came like a thunderbolt of fury. My nerve was as cool as if I were spearing a rabbit. A white spot underneath gave me my aim. and the butt of the spear touched the ground. The angle of the spear was not perfect and it snapped in the middle, but the sharp point had done its work. It had entered the underside, passed through, breaking the spine, and the brute rolled down the hill beyond me. I carried home a deep cut from the shoulder to the wrist and also the tiger’s skin. Now let me truly say that it was the only time that I ever planned mischief in the spirit of anger for any living thing.”

While Mr. Kim was telling his tale those nearest him shrank away from his burly form.

“The fact is,” he continued, “I have another mission the opposite of violence, and I am here to fill the lives of people who will hear me with something better than houses and lands.” Mr. Kim launched forth with great energy with his gospel story till one among them began lo ask questions. It was a signal for impatience on the part of the man who had first been aggressive. At that moment Mr. Kim glanced up over the heads of his assailants and discovered the huge form of Bali calmly looking over the group of men in front of him. Simultaneously the group of knaves noticed him and sprang to their feet with an exclamation of surprise. The new comer gazed at the men about him as they came each and all obsequiously

bowing at his feet. They were evidently greatly embarrassed and their confusion grew each moment as Bali said nothing but silently observed them.

“We just happened along,” the leader said, “and we ran across him. We did’nt have time to tell you.” “You know,” one whined, “we have not had anything of late. You haven’t given your consent, and yet we have to eat.”

Without replying, Bali pointed down in the direction the road led out across the moor land. “Yae,” said the spokesman, and the six men shuffled off. Bali stood statue-like in the moonlight, his face turned upon his departing companions in crime, his whole attitude commanding, imperious. Mr. Kim gazed at him in astonishment. How huge he seemed in the moonlight! What astonishing power over men! Directly he turned sharply upon Mr. Kim and the latter rose to his feet.

“Didn’t think you would do it,” said Bali. “I thought you would play a better part. What, you no better than the rest, play the part of a coward and run? You play a trick of a buffoon to keep these dogs from your throat? You who acted so bold a part with a mountain tiger?” and a sneer curled Bali’s lip. “If the branches had not given way you would have carried your heavy carcase to a place of safety like any other coward. Ah! a piece of that moral sentiment inherited from our race: not a coward, eh? just sentiment, one that your religion promises to cure but has not yet cured it in the preacher. How many generations think you it will take to get this sentiment rooted out?”

“And you stood by and watched them attack me?” asked the preacher quietly. “I infer that you saw them do it. Such consent on your part comports strangely with your attitude toward the miscreants just now. I don’t understand.”

“Who has asked you to understand?” Bali replied. “Stupidity and cowardice always go together. I am privileged to walk moonlight nights without question if I choose.”

The two men stood a moment, their eyes on a level. The robber chief aggressive and threatening, and no chill of fear in

the heart of the preacher. In the quiet look the robber saw courage that matched his own, and the irritation slipped from his voice as he said:

“How is it? you appear to fear, and yet you say you are not afraid?”

“Fear the tiger?” Mr. Kim replied slowly, “no, I fear him not. Fear men? There is not a man, woman or child that I don’t fear, yes I fear them greatly.”

“You are mocking me,” said Bali sternly.

“ ‘Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck and he be cast in the sea.’ You do not understand us because you do not know the spirit of the Master whom I serve. Fear men? yes, I fear greatly—but to die—no, I fear it not.”

“Ordinarily I should say you were a bit crazy. Judge I not rightly that your dreams have turned your balance?”

“Strange, is’nt it,” Mr. Kim replied, “that the man who agrees with you and speaks in terms with which you are familiar is the sane man while the one who has another language is crazy. You have an abhorrence of cowardice, and it seems to be your religion, and it is hard for me to understand it. I have a love for men, which is a large part of my religion, and you do not understand it. For me to submit to violence is from your view cowardice, and for you to administer violence is bravery from your standpoint, but from mine it is cowardice. I once thought much as you do, but now I have learned that to suffer violence without returning a blow may be courage of a rugged type.”

“Of a truth,” replied Bali, “I believe you are crazy.”

Without replying Mr. Kim swung into the street in the direction taken by the robber band and Bali strode at his side.

(To be Continued) .