The Korea Magazine

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SEOUL, KOREA

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

“I have not had time to read “Choonyang,” but my wife says it is fine.”-A busy missionary.

The Index for the 1917 MAGAZINE has been printed, and many orders for binding are now being filled.

“Blazing the Trail” is worth the entire subscription price of the MAGAZINE.—An enthusiastic reader.

The G. H. Morrison Library of Tokyo proposes to keep up to date in its new location, and forwards check to pay for the MAGAZINE for the use of its patrons.

It is because they can secure in THE KOREA MAGAZINE material obtainable nowhere else that the Imperial Library of Japan renews its subscription for 1918.

Contributors will kindly bear in mind that all manuscripts and communications of every kind must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Anonymous manuscripts, however worthy, cannot be published. A nom de plume may be used but the real name must be known by the editor.

“We call our readers’ attention to a well got up and exceptionally interesting little magazine called The Korea Magazine published in Seoul and edited by Messrs. S. A. Beck, J. S. Gale, W. G. Cram and W. A. Noble. We have just received the January number, which is the first issue of the second volume, and in which the high Standard reached in previous numbers is thoroughly maintained. To those interested in things Eastern this little magazine can be confidently recommended as dealing in an instructive way with many phases of Korean life, folklore and traditions. The present issue contains amongst others an interesting article on Chess as played by the Koreans, and Chinese we presume, a game that bears considerable resemblance to the European game, but is, if anything, more intricate. Many of the articles in the magazine are pure translations from the original Korean, and, as such, are particularly interesting to readers who do not know that language.”—The China Illustrated Weekly.



GREAT SOUTH GATE, SEOUL

The Korea Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1918

Editorial Notes.

IT is a pleasure to us to call attention to two or three features in this number of the Magazine. The two articles on the Korean and Japanese languages will appeal to many of our readers, especially those pursuing studies in one or both of these subjects. Many will be gratified to learn of still another Korean invention, the *kang* floor; while others will take more or less delight in the knowledge of how the *chang* is manufactured.

THE following verses are chosen from a poem addressed to the “Flag of My Country,” written by one who is now doing service in France, son of a missionary: For thee I live, for thee I’ll die,

For thee my last life’s blood I’d shed ;

Or, glory, ‘neath the starlit sky,

To lie on battle’s gory bed.

When I shall reach death’s darkened shore,

Flash, thou, through gloom and flutter there;

Then go, wave on for ever more

O’er God’s blest land, my country fair.

WHEN Mr. McLeavy Brown, at that time Commissioner of Customs, commenced the work of removing the native buildings surrounding the Pagoda, and started what is now known as Pagoda Park, he builded better than at that time he was aware of, and in these recent years literally tens of thousands are annually benefitted by having free access to this open-air garden near the centre of Seoul. Not only do the people flock there by thousands, gratefully enjoying the

refreshing shade and the beautiful flowers, but the trees also entice many birds, and their joyful antics bring more joy to the children who can escape there for a little time during the hottest part of the day. But Pagoda Park, beneficial as it is, cannot suffice for a large city like Seoul. Small breathing spaces should be provided in various parts of the city, but these small places are not sufficient. The suggestion made by *The Seoul Press* that the open space near the Oriental Development Company building should be made into a park is most heartily seconded by THE KOREA MAGAZINE, and we trust the Yi Household will at once take the matter into consideration, realize the real service it is in their power to render to this great city, and with suitable restrictions set apart this large open space whereon may be developed a first-class Park. If the land is contributed by the Yi Household, certainly there can be found public-spirited men of means who will supply the funds for the development of this unoccupied ground into a beautiful Park. The ground is mostly vacant now, but the location could be considerably enlarged and made far more valuable by the purchase and removal of a few small buildings, and then there would be access to the Park from four different streets. If this work is to be done this season it is high time to commence. Very much can be done by public-spirited citizens, and we hope to be able to record next month that a most substantial start has been made.

FOUR IMPORTANT FEATURES THIS MONTH

1. The Korean Language

2. Schools of Seoul

3. The Kang (On-tol)

4. The Study of Japanese

KAN CHANG

(Soy).

Koreans are great users of soy with their food. Always, on even the poorest table, will be found this dish, salty as the brine and dark in colour as black molasses. It is the ordinary seasoning for every food. Meat always cut up into small pieces when served is dipped into the soy and then eaten. Vegetables and greens are dipped in likewise.

Korean soy lacks the suggestion of sweetness that goes with Japanese soy. It is somewhat crude and harsh and yet it suits this people, who have lived and flourished all these years without ever having made the acquaintance of sugar.

In the making of soy *me-joo* is used. Now *me-joo* is bean pulp rolled into the balls that are frequently seem hanging from the ceiling of country homes, made fast by wisps of straw.

The process of making *me-joo* runs thus: Korean white beans are soaked over night, and then taken out and placed in a cooking kettle, barely covered with water and boiled.

At first by a very hot fire they are made to boil quickly. Little by little the fire is decreased and they are cooked more and more slowly for half a day. The lid being firmly placed on the kettle the water remains at just about the amount put in.

They remain in the pot for another half day and are then taken out and placed in a mortar and beaten with a wooden pestle till they are thoroughly pulverized.

After this they are rolled hard into balls and dried in the sun till the outer coating has well hardened. They are then placed in a warm room and left till a white mould gathers on them. This takes several days more or less according to the heat of the room.

When they have taken on this white furry bloom they are placed in the sun for several days more till they have dried hard, after which they are put in a bag and left for a month or so till the inside of the ball turns perfectly black. The longer they are left the better. These are called *me-joo*.

In the making of soy the *me-joo* balls are placed unbroken in a jar. Brine is then prepared, one tongeui of water to three t’oi of salt, and poured into the jar till it just covers the *me-joo*. This is left for some three months with the cover off in the sun. It must be covered at night, however, and protected well from the rain.

After this a common long narrow basket, to serve as a strainer, is pushed down into the jar, thus separating the pulp from the liquid. The liquid then dipped from the jar is called new soy (*hait chang*). It is of a yellow colour and represents the poorest quality. The longer it is left the better its flavour becomes and the richer its deep brown tint. Soy that has been left for thirty years uncovered in the sun during the day takes on a rich colour and an excellence of flavour that rates it number one.

A PROPHECY FROM THE DIAMOND SUTRA.

The Buddha said to Soo-po-ri, “All that we see of the material universe is vanity, and so we must view it as nothing if we would see the Coming One.”

Soo-po-ri said to the Buddha, “Thou, Highest, if mortals hear such a word as this can we ever expect them to come to the faith ?”

The Buddha answered, “Soo-po-ri, do not say such things. Five hundred years after my death there will come One who will bring the law, with glory and blessing, and, understanding what these words mean, know their truth. This One will not only plant a virtuous seed through one, two, three, four or five existences of the Buddha, but, planting it through eternal ages including all the Buddhas, will know my words and with a single heart and undefiled faith accept them. Soo-po-ri, I know it all, have seen all, and all mortals will thus likewise receive endless blessing.”

NOTE:-The Buddha was born 658 and died 479 n. c. Some scholars regard this as a prophecy referring to Christ.

THE KOREAN LANGUAGE.

Various influences have been acting toward a change in the Korean written language so that in the short space of ten years almost a new method of recording speech has come into being,

One influence comes from the elimination of the Chinese Classics from Korean life. In olden days ordinary native script was loaded with the endings arid connectives used in the reading of the Chinese character, *sse, ie, hayokom, karatai*, etc. They have gone out of use almost altogether and we see them no more. A long farewell has been spoken between the native script and the old classic Wun-li.

Another influence that has come into being is the increasing power of the colloquial. In old days the colloquial counted for nothing, or next to nothing with the written speech. They might almost have been the languages of two different peoples. To attempt to put colloquial down in the written character, in its bald and naked form, called forth a look of amazement from all the learned pundits. It had never been heard of; no man had ever tried it, and assuredly it could never be done. The writer remembers squeezing into a church paper once a story, I think it was of George Washington and the apple tree. The father talked to George in plain colloquial 웨이테냐 George answered in like style 몰나서 그리십다

It was turned over and examined much as I saw two Frenchmen once aboard ship examine a piece of English plum­pudding on the point of a fork. When they had looked it well over with a “Qu’est-ce que c’est que ca?” they laughed and chucked it into the sea. So these learned men smiled a deep smile at this benighted story of the first president of the United States.

Now, however, George Washington’s story holds the field and books and papers contend for first place in out and out colloquial.

For this reason a thorough knowledge of it on the part of the student is even more necessary than it used to be, for it holds a wider field. But !he colloquial can be learned only by speaking, not by reading, no matter how many books we may have printed in that form.

The common phrases pitched and tossed and tumbled about the streets by all sorts and conditions of men are the things to learn first and foremost, and they can only be acquired by coming into touch with the conditions where they live, and move, and have their being. Across the table with a teacher, or out of a book before the fire, your phrase is a dead phrase; but where it arrests you, delights you, astonishes you, or makes you feel like taking to drink, there the sentence lives and there you truly learn it.

Colloquial to-day like other democratic forces has arisen and possessed itself of the whole world of the written language.

A third influence is that of the modern world that comes in through Japan loaded with thoughts and expressions that the old Korean never heard or dreamed of: modem philosophic and scientific terms, terms pertaining to government and organized society, business, education, and a thousand other things. Korea did not need these in the old days, but now that she has become a part of the modern world they are already here and here to stay.

It would be foolish for the ordinary Western student to learn them unless he expects to use them. We arc pilgrims and strangers and can only touch the fringe of the language at best. To attempt to learn all the words and phrases that pertain to modern life would be quite hopeless.

One of the greatest difficulties that the student meets, however, is with words that are common coin of the realm at home that have not yet found their place out here, such words as “character,” a man of character; “ideals,” a high ideal; “influence,” many influences bear upon us, “manhood,” the manhood of the nation, etc., etc. It will take time for such words to find their just equivalents in Asia.

Since the world of Korea has widened the task of acquiring the language to-day is even greater than it was in the early days of the missionary, but with these influences bearing upon it new helps and opportunities for study come.

THE SCHOOLS OF SEOUL A SURVEY

BY

E. W. KOONS.·.

1. The Soh Dang—a Vigorous Survival of the Old Days.

Seoul presents to the observer a tangled skein of schools, such as no other city of 200,000, and few cities of far greater population, can show.

There are schools for Koreans, for Japanese, for Chinese, for Westerners, one for the blind, deaf, and dumb, one for training Roman Catholic Priests, and a Theological Seminary for Protestant Ministers. There are Bible Institutes for men and women, training schools for Salvation Army Officers and Buddhist Priests. There are Kindergartens public and private, and Colleges of Medicine, Law, and Technology. We find an orderly system from Kindergarten to Colleges, turning Korean and Japanese boys into Doctors, Lawyers, Mining Experts, and Teachers; and making Korean and Japanese girls ready for Teaching, Business, or Home-making.

Outside this system we find a bewildering number of Private schools, some of them almost duplicating the Government Courses, some “recognized” as giving the equivalent of the regular schools, and some almost independent. Each school varies from the others according to its purpose and the source of its support, though more and more the ordinary private school is approximating the Government standards, and official supervision of text-books, rules, teachers’ qualifications, and general affairs of the school, make the private Schools more a part of the Government system each year.

The writer on Seoul’s Schools stands bewildered by the wealth of material, but searches in vain for a satisfactory

principle of classification. There are natural lines of racial cleavage, as suggested above, but Korean boys are studying in schools for Japanese, from the Kindergarten to the Middle School; and in the Government Colleges Korean and Japanese students are side by side. This is true of many other schools as well.

The distinction of Public and Private Schools is made much of in all official publications, but as shown above, this also is largely a difference of nomenclature and financial support.

The purpose of instruction, if carefully followed, might afford a satisfactory basis of classification, but the result would be a score or more of minute divisions, practically a catalogue of various sorts of schools, or else so general a division as to amount to nothing. For example, every Higher Common School for Korean boys gives a large part of its time to vocational training, in Agriculture, Commerce, or Manual Work, yet it cannot be classed as a Vocational School, for its graduates go directly into the Colleges of Law or Medicine, or into the Normal Training Course.

The purpose of this series of sketches of the Schools in Seoul will be neither an exhaustive study of all the schools of the City, nor a rigidly exact classification of the system of education. Instead the most prominent and important typical schools will be taken up one by one, and described as individuals, while with these “high lights” in the educational picture there will be given from time to time figures and other information about the general problem of educating the young people of the City, and the thousands of students who have come up here from the whole of Chosen, and what is being done by various agencies to solve the whole problem.

Outside the whole graded system of schools we find an institution that is anomalous, that has no recognized place, but is the predecessor of all other educational organs not alone in Chosen, but in Japan and China. The Soh Dang, Kul Pang, or Soh Chai, as it is variously termed, is the “school” where the Chinese Classics are taught as the main subject, to boys large and small, and, occasionally, to a girl or two as well.

The Soh Dang is as much a survival of a past age as is the Sequoia of California, and while the giant trees may be too stately for comparison with the humble schools, yet even in Seoul, the Sob Dang has a large place, and throughout Chosen, China, and Japan Proper, tens of thousands of students get their only education within its walls.

No one who wants to see for himself what the Soh Dang is need wish in vain. Unless he is deaf, a walk of 15 minutes through the narrow streets of the residence parts of the city, between 10:00 of the morning arid 3:00 or 4:00 of the afternoon, will bring to his ear the murmur of boyish voices repeating at desperate speed the stately syllables of “Thousand Character Classic” or the “Hundred Year Pattern,” with occasional assistance from the teacher, in the form of correction, and possibly verbal or physical castigation.

It is easy to enter the school-room, which is usually a single 8 x 8 foot room, with no marks of its scholastic uses beyond some strips of used copy-paper hung on the wall, and a good supply of inkstones and pens. The students are bright-eyed little chaps, in Korean clothing, instead of the uniforms required by many other schools, and some even have the long braid that was only a few years ago the mark of every Korean boy. Writing the complicated characters is hard for them, as writing is for any normal lad, and their clothes are usually well marked with ink, while their hands and faces, by the end of the day, show signs of the conflict with the brush pen.

The teacher is a polite, often a stately gentleman of the old school, whose heart is wrapped up in the Classics, and who is glad to spend hour after hour and day after day driving strings of syllables into the heads of his little charges, in the expectation that some day some of them may come to appreciate the great thoughts that are embodied in the words of the Sages. Many teachers receive no pay of any sort, and most of them find from teaching a scanty living. But the title of Sunsaing, literally “Elder Scholar,” is compensation for anything that lacks.

At the end of May, 1917,（Taisho 6th year) there were in Seoul 171 Soh Dang, with 171 teachers, and 2,310 students, of

whom 5 were girls. The annual expenditure was Y12,146, making an average of more that Y5 per student, with less than 14 students to a school. Many of the schools enroll 25 or 30 students, and those with the smallest enrollment are not necessarily the least lucrative, for often a rich man has a teacher for his own son, and perhaps a neighbor boy or two, and in this case the “Honorable Teacher” has a good home, and wants for nothing. Last year 17 schools reported an expenditure of less than 20 yen.

Soh Dang are not evenly distributed all over the City. Note that the term “City” is used here, and will be in all these articles, to denote all that is under the jurisdiction of the Kyung Sung Pu, that is, from New Ryuzan and Mapo east across the city proper, and even some villages outside the East Gate and the West Gate, with a total population, at the end of 1916, of 183,866 Koreans, 67,030 Japanese, and 2,172 foreigners, in which Chinese are the most numerous.

Soh Dang are thickest around the Independence Arch, outside the Great West Gate, and next numerous along Koganecho. The Soh Dang is the poor child’s school. As a rule the children of the rich and well-to-do are in regular schools, though many a lad is grinding the classics at home outside school hours, to supplement the course in Chinese characters and literature in the regular school curriculum.

This table shows the comparative strength of Soh Dang year by year, as far as records are available. The figures are those gathered by the Educational Department annually on the last day of May, for the year then closing.

 1914 1915 1916 1917

Soh Dang 80 88 144 171

Teachers 80 91 151 171

Pupils, Boys 914 918 1953 23015

,, Girls 2 -- 2 5

Expenditure ¥5160 4419 9633 12,146

The increase coincides with the Government’s more rigid requirements for Primary Schools, and this, taken with the fact that some of the larger Soh Dang are adding to the Chinese elementary Arithmetic, and some even a little Japanese

and Geography, usually taught by a lad who studies in one of the Higher Schools in the city; makes it clear that some of the one-time Primary Schools have discreetly retired behind the sheltering name of Soh Dang.

The Soh Dang is showing its right to survive, even in these days of newer ideas, and while at its best it is far short of a real Primary School, and at its worst it is poor indeed, yet all honor lo the veterans who would rather wear out teaching what they know than rust out in idleness. Let us hope that the lads who drone the characters that often mean nothing more to them than irksome tasks, may come to understand the finest things of the old philosophy, and that the beginning they make in the Soh Dang may be a start that shall carry them on to modern education, with all its fuller content and wider range, yet not make them lose what is best in the ancient heritage of the Eastern World.

THE STUDY OF JAPANESE.

F. HERRON SMITH.

It is often said in missionary circles that the ordinary man or woman, who takes up language study earnestly, may preach in Chinese in two years, in Korean in two and a half years, and in Japanese in three years. The comparative study of the three chief Oriental languages has never been taken up scientifically, and there are such differences in the abilities of the students and the teachers and the methods of instruction, that it would be difficult to prove absolutely which is the most difficult. The Chinese is certainly the most difficult to pronounce, but it is said that the composition so nearly resembles English that it is very easy for westerners. Japanese pronunciation is very easy, the long and short vowels being the only serious stumbling blocks for foreigners.

One is willing to risk this statement even though he often hears new-comers talking of Kobe and Hakodate, and calling out to the rikisha men to mate instead of mat-te (wait). It is

one of the simplest tasks in the world to get a smattering of Japanese and scarcely anyone goes through that charming country without acquiring at least “Sayonara” and “Ohayo.” The distinguished editor of a famous Boston paper insisted on greeting all whom he met with “Illinois” instead of “Ohayo,” saying that from Massachusetts all those Western states looked pretty much the same anyway. A Korean missionary met a much-travelled man at home who was proud of the fact that he still remembered the most polite Japanese salutation. On being asked to produce his treasure, he brought out the phrase “Ikura desu ka!” (How much is it !)

That which makes Japanese difficult is the composition and the vocabulary. The general make-up of a sentence is as different from English as is possible. It is never safe to use a word with a certain sense unless you have heard some Japanese use it that way. Many words have special meanings and special uses. Then the particles are the bane of one’s life. In this respect Japanese most nearly resembles Latin.

Korean seems to be about midway between Chinese and Japanese. The pronunciation is more difficult than Japanese, but the composition is not so trying nor are the words so numerous.

In English we have a fairly abundant supply of words. For example we may say “very,” “exceedingly,” “extremely,” “terribly,” “awfully,” etc. In Japanese there are words for exceedingly, extremely, terribly and even for awfully, with several to spare, and in addition “taihen,” “taise,” “goku,” “hanahada,” “nakanaka,” “shigoku,” “itatte,” at least, that can be translated only by “very.” This is but one simple illustration of the wealth of the Japanese vocabulary, and all these words must be mastered if one would understand what he hears. He must study till he knows “narau,” “manabu,” “benkyo suru,” “kenkyu suru” and “keiko suru,” all of which are common words meaning “to study.”

The Japanese language includes not only the pure speech of ancient Nippon but also great numbers of Chinese words that came with the ideographs and many Korean and Western importations.

One great advantage is that Japanese can be easily Romanised, that is, the sounds can be expressed accurately with our “a, b, c” alphabet, and there are splendid Romaji books and grammars, which make the way easy for the beginner.

During recent years the interest in the study of Japanese has greatly increased in Chosen. That being the language of the government, the schools, the post offices, railroads and most of the banks, it has become a necessity, and we are witnessing something here that may not be seen on any other mission field on earth. There are no doubt many places where the missionaries learn more than one dialect and there are certain individuals who master several languages. But here in Korea we have men and women, who can be numbered by the scores, who after mastering one difficult Oriental language, are undertaking to master another that is only slightly related to the first. In a few cases, we have those who are taking up both languages from the beginning at the same time. Surely these are difficult tasks and we have only the greatest admiration for those who are attempting them. During this transition period, it is necessary that many, especially those who are engaged in educational work, shall know both Japanese and Korean.

The classes carried on at the summering places gave a great impulse to the movement and served to introduce the Lange and Chamberlain Grammars and the Rose-Innes books to the uninitiated.

 As is fitting, the capital is setting the pace for the rest of country. The second year class, after one and a half years of work, has still seventeen members who are studying faithfully. They meet twice each week, on Monday and Thursday evening. The first hour, from 7:30 to 8:30, is spent on the school readers, the chief teacher being Mr. Ueda, one of the most efficient of the educational experts in the government Service. He is now school inspector for the peninsula and often away. At such times his place is taken by Mr. Ando of the Girls’ Higher School or Mr. Okuyama of the Genera1 Educational Bureau. The second hour, from 8:30 to 9:30, is under the direction of the writer. Lange is supplemented

with exercises in idiomatic phrases, and with useful sentences from the new Rose-Innes book and from other sources. Difficult examinations are given two or three times a year, and a high standard of work is being maintained. The members of the class can already talk with some degree of freedom,

The first year class at this date numbers fourteen, and in the short four months of its life has already registered many changes. No doubt a sufficient nucleus will be left so that good work can still be done. It meets from 3:30 to 4:30 on Wednesday and Friday afternoons. Many of the individuals in the class are studying the Japanese reader with Japanese teachers, but as a class they are using only the Romaji books with the foreign teacher. Most of the time is spent on the Lange Grammar and sentences, this being supplemented with the Ross-Innes and other exercises.

Taikyu is just in the process of organizing a class that is to use the same text-books and course of study that are used in Seoul, and with the expectation that the writer shall have the general direction of the class and conduct the examinations.

The Southern Methodist Mission has adopted a Course of Study in Japanese which their educational missionaries will be expected to take.

We venture to prophesy that in two more years there will be numbers of men and women in Korea who can speak three languages and speak them well, and to those who are now engaged in such language study we extend our best wishes.

THE KANG (ON-TOL)

The name *kang* for heated floor is Chinese, not Korean, the Korean name being *on-tol*.

For a maximum of comfort with a minimum of outlay, surely the Korean *kang* takes a very high place. We admit that a good *kang* is hard to make, and that a badly constructed one is enough to drive the owner thereof to suicide; but a *kang* that rightly takes the draught, does not emit smoke; and

has above it the oil-paper floor, the embroidered mat, the screen and other accompaniments of a good Korean room, constitutes one of the best and cosiest methods of civilization known.

A few days ago a friend who called informed me that the *kang* had come by way of the Mongols, and that they were the inventors of this most useful means of heating. He said it was not known in China before their day, but that since then Korea had profited by it as well.

On mentioning this to a Korean friend, one of the best posted men I know on Things Korean, he brought me the following extract from the *Tang-su* or “History of the Tang Kingdom” written by a distinguished literati Yop Hoo about 940 A. D.

It reads: “In the way of games Kokuryu loves patok, dart-throwing, and shuttlecock. Among her utensils she uses bamboo ware, wooden dishes of various kinds, ornamented tea-pots for wine, and flat basins.

“As for house sites, she favours the shade of the hills, and tucks herself up into the valleys. She covers her houses with grass thatch; only palace halls, official buildings and monasteries are tiled. In winter the people make a long hollow under the house, build a fire here and so heat the room.”

There is no mention that it resembles anything of the kind already in use in China. We conclude that while patok, shuttlecock, and such things must have existed in the Tang Kingdom, this *kang*, being a peculiar and somewhat extraordinary invention, had no counterpart in his own country. Otherwise the writer would have mentioned it. As far as this little piece of evidence goes, and it is very definite, it would show that to Kokuryu goes the invention of most economical and satisfactory way of heating. As this was written about 940 A, D. and the Mongols did not come to a place of rule till the middle of the Thirteenth century they can have no share in it.

We thus reckon the *on-tol* as one of the great inventions of ancient people.

THE KWAGA.

W. CARL RUFUS.

The national competitive examination for official rank, like many Korean institutions, came from China during the palmy days of Silla’s supremacy. King Wun Sung (784-799) is credited with the honor of introducing “The Kwaga” into this country in order to surround himself with the ablest scholars and to strengthen the bonds of union between his realm and the Celestial Kingdom.

At the time of its inception and later during honest administrations the state examination provided an open door for the humblest subject of the realm to aspire to the highest position by the side of the king himself. Like all other Korean institutions it suffered a checkered career, sometimes during a corrupt reign even sinking to a means of showing favoritism by trickery and fraud.

Frequently its use was discontinued and it dropped out of sight for years. Indeed so soon was it discountenanced in Silla that we are told competitive examinations were renewed by King Kyung Chong in 976. In 1024 candidates were admitted according to population, three from a thousand-house village, two from a village of five hundred and one from a smaller place. So numerous did the candidates become that several examinations in succession were necessary.

Although the kwaga was fundamentally Confucian, King Sun Jong in 1084 instituted an examination Buddhistic in its essential elements. He attended the exercises in person and in the procession had a Buddhist volume carried in front of him. So highly honored were the successful candidates or so low had military prestige fallen, that military rank was conferred upon some unsuccessful candidates as a consolation prize.

The Chinese Classics, however, continued to assert their supreme importance and formed the back-bone of the

examination system. About the middle of the fourteenth century King Chung Mok added to the ordinary procedure by requiring the exegesis of obscure and difficult passages and made excellence in penmanship an additional criterion of scholarship. His most striking innovation was the requirement of an essay on “The Most Vital Current Issue.”

At times during the Ming influence successful candidates in the Koryu kwaga were required to go to Nanking for further examination. Near the end of that dynasty the institution fell into disrepute on account of questionable practices in connection with it. At this time mere infants were sometimes decorated with a literary degree, which Mr. Hulbert fittingly designates the “Pink Baby-Powder Degree.”

Sindon, the monk raised to power by General Yi, founder of the last dynasty, practically did away with the kwaga for several years during Koryu’s decline; but it was restored and became a prominent feature or the new regime. King Chung Jong, patron of learning and literature, emphasized its value and instituted the decennial examination, a measure designed to give special prominence and reward to the best scholars of the country. During the latter days of the Yi dynasty the institution suffered decline and it was discontinued in 1894.

The following stories typify the memory of this age-long national institution that lingers in the Korean mind.

JUSTICE IN OFFICIAL EXAMINATIONS.

King Se-chong encouraged learning throughout his realm and was kind and compassionate toward all his subjects. Frequently at night he visited the homes of the people to learn their condition of life and find out if there were any just causes for complaint. Truly, he was a virtuous and illustrious sovereign,

One dark night he went out on the street. Nothing could be seen but the sparkling stars; no sound could be heard but the barking of the dogs. About midnight he saw a bright light shining in a small hut. He approached quietly and listened. Looking through a crack he saw two young men discussing composition. He went in, bowed to them and looked around

the room. On the eastern side he noticed an inscription: “This year there will be sorrow, because two frogs are lacking.”

Failing to understand the meaning he enquired of the scholars, but they pleaded their ignorance. The King repeated his request so eagerly, that they explained the meaning of the inscription.

Once upon a time there was a contest between an oriole and a heron as to which possessed the more beautiful voice. Each one was proud of its own ability and there seemed to be no end to the contest. At last they decided to refer the matter to the eagle, the king of the birds.

The heron, thinking over the affair, began to realize that his voice was inferior; but he greatly desired to win. He pondered the matter through the night. At daybreak he flew away. Where do you suppose he went? Up from his nest into the sky he soared; then he came down near a lake where there were many frogs. He caught two frogs and went joyfully to offer them to the eagle. The greedy eagle accepted the gift and promised his assistance. Poor oriole, what will be your fate!

When the time came for the judgment the two birds sang with loud voices before the eagle. The sweet notes of the oriole came out clearly from his swinging perch on a willow branch. The heron stood on his stilt , stretched his long neck and uttered a few harsh notes.

The eagle plumed himself and said gravely : “Since you have honored me by selecting me to act in this capacity, I must judge righteously. The oriole’s song is sweet, but it is not true. The heron’s song is not sweet, but it is cheerful. I decide in favor of the heron.”

Then the scholar said: “Our inscription is like the oriole’s complaint ; ‘This year there will be sorrow at the time of the examination, because we do not have two frogs.’ Although we have sufficient knowledge, we are poor and can not offer gifts to the examiners; so other candidates will receive favor and secure positions of rank, while we can only chant our sorrow.”

The King, surprised by this complaint, returned to the Palace. The next day he ordered an examination to be held for all the scholars. He gave the subject for composition. “A Complaint, two Frogs are Lacking.” The two scholars previously visited were present and wrote excellent compositions, but no other candidates could understand the meaning of the subject.

The king gave them good marks and raised them to a high rank as officials. Afterward he was very judicious in the choice of scholars for official positions.

A STRANGE HOUSEHOLD.

Many years ago a young man, who had lost his father, sat in the evening twilight playing on his flute. A friend passing by chided him for his apparent unfilial conduct during the season of mourning. The dutiful son, however, showed that his mouth was gashed and full of blood, as a proof of his fidelity. So he continued his lonely pastime.

A Buddhist nun attracted by the plaintive notes came and took up her abode in the mourner’s hut back of Back Oak mountain. Similarly an old man bereft of friends and home joined the strange household. The three kindred spirits without other occupation passed their time with flute and dance and mournful chant. Their lonely surroundings lent an added charm to the sense of sorrow. In the night they could hear only the sound of the water of the mountain brook, and they could see only the light of the silver moon. Yet the heart of the mourner remained unsatisfied. In vain his tears unchecked flowed down his cheeks. His sigh was like a storm. Reading the classics or composing lamentations gave him no relief. His troubled mind knew no passion but sorrow unalloyed. How beautiful were his mourning days! How pure the service for his father!

One evening the sun set in fiery glory under the western mountains. The dark night settled down and enshrouded the little cottage. The biting wind mingled its doleful noise with the sound of the rushing water like the voice of an angry

beast. The fir trees swayed as specters ogling the dismal scene.

King Chul-chong, walking out at night incognito, as was his custom to learn the condition of his people, reached the little hut. Quietly he approached and looked thru a hole in the paper window. The scene surprised him: a mourner was piping, a nun was dancing, and a white-haired man was chanting. He entered the room and was taken for a traveler. They ceased their mourning and asked him why he was out so late. Presently the King enquired concerning the strange things he had seen, and the old man replied :

“To-day is my birthday; but we are so poor that we had no food for a feast, so my dutiful daughter-in-law cut off her hair and sold it. My son here had no new clothes, so he put on this mourning dress. When you came we were playing at merrymaking.”

When the King heard this pitiful story he was very sad and thoughtful, Finally he asked, “Why have you not tried the official examination ?”

The old man continued : “Our family has always been ill-starred. I often tried the examination, but never met with good fortune. I spent all my property attending them, but always failed to pass. It seemed like the disappearance of flies in the mouth of a toad. Finally, I was reduced to these circumstances.”

The King consoled the pitiable old man. “Kang Tai-kong who fished with a straight hook, met with good fortune. Kan Yung, altho he was only a farmer, became renowned thruout all China for his righteousness. I believe that your exemplary family will meet a change of fortune.” He then bade them all farewell, and returned to the palace.

After a few days he sent a servant to this poor house with new clothes, a sum of money, and other necessities for attending an examination. They were delighted with the presents, but they did not know the donor. It seemed like a pleasant dream.

The King appointed an examination day and scholars

flocked in from every province. The subject set for the examination was: “Mourner play, nun dance, old man chant.” The mourner of the little hut immediately recognized his opportunity. His hand fairly danced as his brush traced the characters of his inspired composition. His feet merely touched the air as he flew with his production to offer it before the king. His gracious majesty accepted it and ordered the chief authorities to award him the first place. He rapidly arose in rank and finally became prime minister. All his trouble and sorrow ceased and good fortune favored him forever.

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the January number.)

XIII

UNDER THE PADDLE.

When the Governor heard this defiant speech, his two eyes grew dim, his nostrils closed with smothering tightness, his head-band cracked from pressure, and his topknot stood sharp on end while his chin quivered.

“Here !” shouted he.

“Yea-a-a, Yes sir,” answered the Boy.

“Haul this wench out.”

“Where’s the crier ?” called the Boy.

“Here!” answered the crier.

“Have Choonyang out.”

“You runners, haul Choonyang out of this.”

“Out with her,” roared the governor.

The runners rushed in, caught her queue, twisted it round and round the hand, gave her a jerk, dragged her forth and fastened her securely into the torture chair.

“Director of Torture are you there?” shouted the Governor.

“Yes I am here,” was the response.

“This wench is to be beaten to death, write out a statement of her offence “

“All right, sir.”

He wrote it out and thus it ran:

“You, an insignificant keesang, dare to disobey the strict orders of your governor, pretending that your wretched self is exercised over the virtues of womanhood. For this a thousand deaths would not suffice. You shall be beaten till you die, that your punishment may be a warning to all others. Die, you wretch, as you deserve, and no complaint about it.”

The Director of Torture, having written this out, went to Choonyang and told her to affix her signature to it, which she did without in the least showing any signs of submission. With a soul like iron she wrote the character ONE, and beneath it the character for HEART or MIND. “Of one and the same mind am I” is what it said. With that she threw down the pen and remained silently waiting.

The rough head-beater, with an arm like an arrow quiver, bared from the shoulder, brought in a bundle of bastinados, which he threw down with a clatter at Choonyang’s feet so that even a heart of stone would have quailed before it. He then selected from their number this one and that. Any that had a flaw, or was weak in the back, he cast aside, and thus he made ready.

The Governor called out, “You may beat this creature to the breaking of her bones, but if you beat her lightly you will pay for it with your own life.”

The beater bowed low and said, “Shall I look with any favour on such a wretch as she? I’ll see that she gets a breaking in.”

When the command came “Beat her,” he jumped well back, came to attention, and then sprang forward giving a fierce blow on the front of the legs just below the knee. With a sharp snap like the crack of a rifle the broken paddle went spinning off through the air. Dull and dead, and yet fiery as the acupuncture needle was the effect on Choonyang, so that a great trembling came over her as if her soul would melt. To support her self-control she counted off the blows, one by one, as one might dictate sentences in the Examination arena.

“.....one long departure separates me from my husband;... one hour seems like three autumn seasons;....one master only shall I love and serve;...one hour’s beating I shall laugh to scorn; ....one thousand times though I die...one jot or tittle change I never shall.”

A second blow! Two!

“.....second moon with its soft plum blossoms and our sweet contract;.....two names united; two thousand lee divides us....two minds never, never shall I have;...twice eight green summers have I seen;.....two, God and the King, will surely avenge my wrongs.”

A third blow! Three!

“...three chances of life to nine of death;....three bonds I hold to like the.....three great lights of heaven;.....three relationships of home hold fast;.....three existences of my soul are bound in our happy contract.”

A fourth blow ! Four !

“....four years old when I first began to study; four Classics and three Sacred Books all teach the same;....four Virtues and.....four Deeds of Worth such as a good governor would long for in his people;....four seasons with their never failing virtues.”

A fifth blow! Five!

“....five ranks that wait upon His Excellency;....five virtues that he should show forth;.....five punishments that he will not escape;......five and fifty counties, and yet the worst of all is he.”

“Does not this woman know something of the Great Law?”

Choonyang replied “What is the Great Law, please I wish to know?”

The Governor them called to the Director of Torture to bring the Great Law, and to read out to her her sins.

The Director bows and says, “Yes, sir.”

“Choonyang, listen, the Great Law reads, ‘Rebellion is a sin for which men are beheaded and quartered. Disobedience is a sin for which exile is fitting. Don’t bemoan your lot, you simply get according to the law.”

Choonyang replied, “I know it reads thus, but what docs it say, please, in regard to those who force their way between husband and wife?”

The governor gave a great start.

“Be quick with your paddle and lay it on to this impudent creature.”

A sixth blow! Six !

“..six kings who did evil and were remonstrated with, so reads the story; \*Six Boards lock up the helpless Choonyang, and lay on torture;...six portions of her body torn in agony.”

A seventh blow! Seven!

“...seventh evening the Herdsman and the Damsel meet year by year;...seven hundred lee, when will he come to me?.... seven years, how can I pass them?...seven feet long, the keen headsman’s knife will be my lot;....seven chances to ten and I shall be among disembodied spirits.”

An eighth blow! Eight!

“....eight tens of years great Kang Takong had lived when his good word of warning saved the king;...eight deformed monsters of all antiquity, none ever equalled this.”

A ninth blow! Nine!

“...ninth heaven is where the fairies live. Could I become a heron bird I’d sail off through the.....nine reaches of the sky, and tell my nine woes in the palace of the king.”

A tenth blow! Ten !

“....ten births and nine deaths could not make my soul forget its woes;.... ten times have they tried to beat down my spirit;....ten and eight years cannot long withstand this agony, but must go soon into the shadows of forgetfulness.”

Fifteen and more they beat her.

A twentieth blow!

“Oh that the Young Master could come to me and help me bear my pains.”

A thirtieth blow was given with a stinging force that seemed to break its way through the tender flesh and bone.

• The Six Boards. Civil Office, Revenue, Ceremonies, War, Punishments, and Works.

The Governor in disgust said, “Who could dream of the determination of this wretch? Like a poisonous viper she is, sharper than pepper-sauce. Put a cangue on her neck, her feet in the stocks, and lock her up in prison.”

“Yea-a-a, Yes, sir,” replied the beater.

\*Cangue. A wooden collar of great weight that is locked on to the neck of the prisoner.

XIV.

IN THE SHADES.

They dragged her out and threw her underneath the terrace. She was unable to get her breath and seemed all but dead. The prison guard, cried over her as he fastened the cangue upon her tender neck, calling the governor a hundred evil names, whistling out his horror with wild glaring eye; grumbling to himself. He put a seal upon the. cangue, and bore her gently out beyond the yamen gates.

At this Choonyang’s mother came rushing forward and taking her daughter in her arms, cried, “Oh dear me, he has killed my daughter.”

She put her arms around her neck and fondled and caressed her.

“Oh, God,” cried she, “Who seest and knowest everything, my daughter is dying. Save her, save her! Alas! she is dying, what use for me to live?”

She jumped up and down, and fell over gasping for breath, and gurgling like imprisoned water.

“I say, Governor,” continued she wildly, “why have you killed my daughter? You put no store on her being a faithfu1 and virtuous woman, but in a brutal and horrible way attempted to destroy her. You have beaten her to pieces under your frightful paddle. In the face of death I thought her spirit might have given way. God seems to have no mercy and the Buddha is soulless. Hyangtanee! Go at once to the drug-store and get me a restorative.”

The medicine was brought and after a little Choonyang seemed to revive. The mother wept aloud and Hyangtanee

bewailed her lot also. Servants, runners, attendants, crowds of people heard and came in to see. They stamped with their feet, stormed and imprecated, for who could look on unmoved. Had Choonyang really been a dancing-girl, the ordinary keesang would have called to condole with her at such a time as this, but because she was not, there were no such callers.

In pain and suffering she lifted the cangue while Hyangtanee helped her. The old people of Namwon and the widows wept for her, as they said to each other, “Noble girl! Wonderful!”

Thus they extolled her virtues as they helped to bear her gently to the prison. The jailer went ahead and the Director of Torture walked behind. When they reached the entrance, the great gates, like the barriers of a city, opened with a creaking, grinding noise, and she was taken in and the place locked. Then the mother fell in a faint, and Hyangtanee beat the ground with her little fists.

“Oh, my dear mistress,” said she, “what shall I do? What shall I do?”

The crying of the women that followed made such an uproar, that the jailer stamped with his foot, and said to the Director, “Shameful! Pitiful! Stocked, and locked, and cangued! The thing will die yonder if left so.”

He heaved a sigh, and went in where Choonyang had recovered her consciousness somewhat.

“Don’t cry, mother,” said she. “Be careful of yourself. I am innocent, I shall not die. Water, fire, swords and spears cannot kill me. Don’t be anxious. Please go back home. If you stay here and cry so, (it’s an unfilial thing to say,) but I shall surely die. So, please go home. I cannot bear to see you so.”

There being no help for it, Choonyang’s mother left her daughter in the prison, made her exit, and staggered away, while the women who had followed her, helped her to her home.

Choonyang, thus left, moaned to herself, “Alas, my mother, who brought me up without help from my father. How many kindnesses have entered into your faithful years.

So tenderly you regard me, finding no enjoyment for yourself but giving up everything for me. I can never repay it even though I die. What a wretched creature I am!”

“Hyangtanee !”

“Yes I am here,” said Hyangtanee.

“Don’t be anxious for me but hurry home and ask the friends that they help to comfort mother. Have something specially nice prepared for her in the way of food. In my jewel letter case you’ll find some ginseng, have it steeped and give her some morning and night. Tell her not to worry. If you do this I’ll not die but shall get well and reward you. I know you will. I cannot stand the crying, it will break my heart, so dry your tears now and go.”

After she had sent Hyangtanee away Choonyang was left alone. She looked about the prison. There were only slats in the front door, and only the outside part of the rear wall remained, so that the cold wind came searchingly through like pointed arrows, blowing up the dust from the old matting.

“What is my sin?” said she. “Have I robbed someone that I am here? Have I counselled murder? Why am I fast with neck pinioned and feet in the stocks? A mad world surely! But what is the use of complaining or crying?”

Wishing for death and hopelessly confused, she beat her head on the wooden block and cried.

In his dreams \*Changja became a butterfly, and again the butterfly became Changja. While his soul was thus transformed, it rode away on a breath of air and on a cloud till he reached a region where the heaven was void, and earth had passed away. Into the mountains and valleys of mystery he went, and there found in a fairy bamboo grove a Picture Palace

\*Changja. A great teacher of Taoism who flourished about 300 B. C. He wrote many things about elfs, fairies and the genii. One of his verses runs thus ;

There is a fish in the great North Sea Whose name is Cone,

His size is a bit unknown to me.

Though it stretches a good ten thousand lee,

Till his wings are grown,

With an endless back and a ten-mile tail

And he covers the heavens with one great veil,

When he flies off home.

on which the night rain was falling. This is the manner in which a spirit travels about on the wind and through the air, mounting high up into heaven or going deep down into the earth. Thus the spirit of Choonyang in the flash of a moment, had gone thousands of lee to the \*Sosang River. She dreamed not where she was, but went on and on, till she was met by angels dressed in beautiful white garments, who came up to her and bowed courteously, saying, “Our Lady Superior invites you, please follow.”

They trimmed their lights and led the way, while Choonyang accompanied. Arriving at a raised terrace with an inscription on it in large gilded letters, she read “The Whang­neung Temple of Faithful Women.” Her soul was filled with dazzled wonder as she looked about her. Upon a raised dais she saw two queenly ladies, holding in their hands, each, a jewelled sceptre. They invited her up but Choonyang being a cultured woman, and acquainted with the proper forms of approach and salutation said, “I am a humble dweller in the dusty world, I dare not mount to the place of honour to which you invite me.”

The ladies hearing this replied, “Wonderful! Beautiful! We always said from ancient times that Chosen was a land of courtesy and faithfulness. The teachings of \*Keeja remain still with you, so that even one born of a dancing-girl is chaste and true in life. The other day when I entered the glorious portals of heaven, I heard your praises being sung filling the celestial spheres with music. I longed to see your face and could not further resist, so I have called you all this distance to the Sosang River. I am greatly anxious, too, for having given one so good and dear so great a trouble. Since the beginning of time glory ever follows in the wake of the bitter pains and crosses of this life. The same pertains to women as to men.”

Choonyang bowed twice before the dais and said, “Though

\*Sosang River. The place where the Emperor Soon died and where the two faithful wives Yo Yong and Ah Whang were left to mourn.

\*Keeja. The first civilizer of Korea who arrived in this country1122 B. C. bringing the literature and the laws of China.

I am untaught, I have read in the ancient books the story of Your Ladyships, and my wish was ever to remember it waking and sleeping. I had even wished to die so that I might look upon your faces. To-day l now meet and see you in this temple of the Yellow Shades. So let me die and I shall have no murmurings any more to offer.”

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

She had scarcely finished speaking when her sister broke out into tears, and all the ladies to right and left were greatly moved. Then the lady lifted her hand and said, “Choonyang, you will know all those who are here, this is †”Tai-im; this is Tai-sa; this is Tai-gang; this is Maingkaing.”

Again a spirit was heard sobbing by the south wall, and at last a lady came forth, who stroked Choonyang lovingly on the back and said, “Are you Choonyang? Noble, beautiful! You will not know me. I am ‡Nangok who played on the flute in the ancient Chin Kingdom , and became an immortal; the wife of Sosa I was. We bade each other goodbye in the Flowery Mountains, and he became a dragon and I a flying phoenix. I played out my sorrow on my flute hoping for his

\*Your Ladyships. Ah Whang and Yo Yong referred to above.

†Tai-im, Tai-sa, Tai-gang, Maing-kang are all famous Chinese women mentioned in history.

‡Nangok. (6th century B. C. China). She was the wife of Sosa the most renowned of all China’s flutists. She learned from him and when they played together it is said that they brought down angel-birds (phoenixes) from the sky to hear them.

return, but have never learned where he has gone. Spring comes back and the plum blossoms bloom but he returns no more.”

Before she had done speaking, from the east side there came in a very beautiful woman, neatly dressed who took Choonyang by the hand, “You are Choonyang, I know, but how could you know who I am. I am Nokjoo, wife of Sok­sung, for whom he gave ten grain-measures of jewels. The awful Chowang-yoon, out of hatred toward me, threw me out of the pavilion into the trampled snow. But flowers have their time to fall, and jewels their time to crumble into dust, so beautiful women, too, who have lived and died for virtue, fade and disappear.”

When she had finished speaking an uncanny wind suddenly rustled through the place, and a chilling air settled down; clouds gathered over; the lights burned low, gave sputtering gasps, and then went out. Then something came creeping forward through the shadows. It was not a human being, nor did it seem a spirit either. Dimly it appeared and then a great outburst of demon crying followed, “Look here Choonyang, you will not know who I am. I am the wife of the founder of the great Han Dynasty. After my lord was dead, Queen Yaw poisoned my son and severed me member from member, dug out my two eyes, called me a swine and threw me into a cesspool. For a thousand years I have had no place to tell my woes, till I found you and my soul is rested.”

Before she had finished this, the two wives of Soon called Choonyang saying, “The place where you now are is the place of the dead. Its ways are different from those of the living, and so we must part, you must not stay longer.”

They called the attendants, had her say a hasty goodbye, and urged her to be gone quickly. When Choonyang had taken one or two steps toward the east side of the room, the crickets were heard chirping in the prison of Namwon, and it was a dream from which she awoke with a start. The distant village cock crowed and the bell in the watch-tower beat Deng, deng!

To be Continued.

BLAZING THE TRAIL.

(Continued from the January number.)

CHAPTER XX.

AN ENCHANTED RIVER.

Around their tables of rice, in a crowded inn they rehearsed the scenes of the day. “I told you it was caused by the Water Devil,” said the man who had insisted that such was the cause of the stream drying up in the midst of a rain storm. “The devil closed his first and the river was dry, he opened his hand and the town was destroyed. I tell you the river is enchanted, and the Water Devil is at work; ah, but I don’t see how you Christians escaped when so many faithful people were drowned.” The Hermit looked around the circle and for a moment his voice thundered deep in his chest, and then he spoke with his eyes on Mr. Kim. “Two miles above here the two ranges of mountains nearly close in on the valley by projecting two huge spurs from their sides, eh, you have seen it?”

 Mr. Kim nodded in reply. “The whole mountain side gave way and an avalanche of earth and rock filled the valley at this point Creating an enormous dam and an ocean of water. The water pressure broke the dam and all villages in the way are gone. I felt the earth shock in the early evening and raced miles to find the cause, and finding it I tried to warn you but was too late.”

A babel of voices took up the discussions and pressed the Hermit with a score of questions, but he only shook his head and ate ravenously. He finally leaned against the wall in profound slumber while the clatter of excited conversation raged around him and tobacco smoke darkened the air.

 When Mr. Kim arose early the next morning to return to the stricken village the Hermit had gone and he saw nothing of him for many days.

Mr. Cho was the first one to secure workmen to rebuild his wrecked houses. Part of the buildings required only the straightening of a post and the replastering of the walls while others needed to be entirely rebuilt. The work was pushed with such vigor that in three weeks no one visiting the place would have known that any thing unusual had happened to the place.

Mr. Cho had been very quiet; he spoke kindly to his workmen and to his servants and he had been surprised in the act of carrying food to the destitute after dark. The people remarked upon the change in the man but did not trust him, nor would they even under the great pressure of need go to him for aid. Every thing he did was noted and faithfully reported to the gossips of the village. It was told how he had opened up the boxes of wet wearing apparel and from the disarray he had carefully selected the garments of his discarded wife, had them re-ironed and packed exactly as they had been before the flood.

The Christian church was a complete ruin. The foundations had been so undermined that all that had not fallen must be taken down. There were no funds to rebuild and Mr. Kim visited the place every day as he would visit the grave of his loved dead. During’ the restoration of Mr. Cho’s house he had not seen that gentleman, nor had the latter expressed any appreciation of the service Mr. Kim had rendered in saving his life. On one of his daily visits to the ruined church Mr. Kim was standing looking at the heap of ruin, working over oft repeated estimates and plans for a new building.

He was startled at the sound of Mr. Cho’s voice at his elbow. “Bad, eh, could’nt be much worse?” Mr. Kim turned on his visitor a cordial look and immediately launched forth on the problem of restoring the church building. He ended by pointing out a post that was on the point of giving way. “I must call men to pull that post down or some one prowling around for wreckage of doors and window frames will stumble against it and there will be another loss of life or a man maimed for life.”

“Right and just would be his suffering did such a one while pilfering fall beneath yonder death trap,” was the sharp rejoinder. “Did he escape then should he find justice beneath the Magistrate’s paddle.”

“It would be poor satisfaction to me should such a man suffer for taking lumber not his own. When your Magistrate’s paddle falls not only does the victim’s flesh quiver beneath its blade, but there is a sob wrung from the lips of wife and children, while the clan and often a whole village feels the sting of pain.”

“That is the best argument I have heard for our method of administering justice,” said Mr. Cho. “A whole village or clan should feel pain from the wrong of one of its members and if sometimes the innocent man gets under the paddle the benefit to the many in admonishing them against crime justifies the suffering of the innocent. I have heard you yourself in public discourse affirm that every man, some time, some where, must meet the just reward of his deeds.

“If you practise as well as preach then I am persuaded that were you a Magistrate your paddle would find much to do.”

“If I were a Magistrate,” said Mr. Kim slowly, “I would punish every man who became convicted of wrong doing. I would pardon no man the law forbade me to pardon, I would punish with mercy and justice, as God would teach me justice, but,” he added steadily looking full into the eyes of Mr. Cho, if violent wrong was done and the matter concerned me and that man alone, I would forgive him, however great that wrong, yae, I would, indeed, forgive him.”

 “Ah-a-a!” exclaimed Mr. Cho, and his voice ended in something like a sob; he turned his back on Mr. Kim and walked away in the direction of his home.

CHAPTER XXI.

A STRANGE COMMOTION.

At last the church was rebuilt. Funds had come from strange sources. It was whispered that Bali, the Hermit and Mr. Cho knew something of the matter. Mr. Kim was questioned

but was as silent as a stone Buddha. The building was nearly twice the size of the old one and the members were content. Two months after the flood the town had made wonderful strides towards recovery. True in many places where tiles once darkened the town, the straw thatch glistened in the sun, long prosperity alone would replace the tiles on the roofs of the town; the East is always patient.

On a certain night the people in the neighborhood of the church were astonished at the sounds of wailing that issued from the church building. This continued for some time and the people concluded that death had visited the Christian ranks. It was observed that “Did the Christians suffer sudden distress and evil, it was what all had expected, and proved that none could deny the Spirits with impunity.” When the wailings continued for days without abatement the town became alarmed at the enormity of the calamity, and some gossips at the markets hinted of dark things of which the Christians were undoubtedly guilty. At last curiosity prevailed over their caution, and one by one then by scores, they crowded the church and the compound eager to see and listen to the strange events.

Mr. Kim stood before the people as a denunciatory prophet. He was preaching with great vigor and the congregation yielded to his sway with abandon, and made public confession bewildering in variety, and terrible in character. “Madness,” the people said, “Sheer madness, search history and tradition as far as you will, and you can find no precedent for such conduct. Confessions of envy, malice, hate and hypocrisy are bad enough, and cost any man his face; but what words are there to describe the folly of confessing a theft, and to confess murder is madness. It must be the work of the devil.”

After due investigation the town concluded to stay away from the Christian gatherings, agitation is dangerous, too much levity is not good and too many tears is worse, they always bring painful results. Confucius’ ideals were self control, imperturbable calm. Alas, the decay of the people! But when finally the congregation voluntarily turned out to call from door to door of their acquaintances, and in

paroxysms of grief confessed all manner of evil perpetrated against those to whom they came and insisted on making restitutions, the town was thoroughly alarmed. They were glad enough to have stolen property returned but did not want it returned in that manner. Why should these Christians recall deeds of irresponsible childhood? It was uncanny.

Sleeping memories awoke and they were painful. What if they also should be seized with this new madness and feel compelled to make similar public confession, and restitution! Some among these agitated citizens left the town for a season and tried to lull their conscience back to quiet and forgetfulness. But the time for sleeping seemed to have passed and soon they were back crowding the church doors.

As this period of religious commotion continued three men of remarkable appearance were discovered sitting in these nightly gatherings. In the center of the room sat the Hermit of the salt marsh. So ugly and fearful in appearance was he that the people shrank from him, till the church filled and they crushed up against his rugged person. He took no note of those about him, and seemed utterly oblivious of all but the face of Mr. Kim. On the pastor’s face the Hermit fixed his eyes and only withdrew them when the people were dismissed, then he would rise and leave immediately, nor would he return a salutation.

On the floor opposite the Hermit and at the side of the building sat the gigantic figure of Bali, the robber chief. His head and shoulders towered above all those seated around him. His handsome face turned continuously from preacher to the people. Bali watched with mocking quizzical interest. He too would immediately disappear at the close of the service. At the farthest point from the pulpit, near the door, was the dark face of Mr. Cho. He was so nearly hidden by those around that Mr. Kim could get only an occasional view of his face nor could he tell from the sparkle of his eye that he was not there for the purpose of some mischief . Down in the heart of Mr. Cho a battle was raging. Good resolutions in the past had often sprung up in the heart of this much dreaded man, bitter battles had been fought. There had

been victory but it was not his. The struggles of past periods for a better .life, however, were different; then the desire for good was itself meritorious, so he thought, and, while after a brief struggle, he returned to his old deeds of evil and perhaps surpassed the past in their turpitude, he congratulated himself on the fact that he had desired good. Now he was disillusioned, he hated himself, he hated the complacency he once had; he desired the good, and utterly loathed himself. The evil deeds of the past came to life as personal entities and were jeering and mocking him. In another way his experience was different. Before, while the contention lasted, he seemed to improve and spoke more gently to others, but now he grew more irascible and his neighbors fled from him. He arose each morning with the sun resolving to drive these days of remorse to their kennels forever, and in a measure he succeeded but at the approach of the evening hour their fangs settled within. his soul.

Under the influence of these Christian gatherings, men braved his presence in his home and kneeling, confessed the sin of long regarding him with feelings of hate, and then they asked for his forgiveness. Forgiveness? the word was a sword thrust. He would forgive if there were aught to forgive. But the word challenged his relations with men. If he were to forgive then he must seek forgiveness. This moral demand filled him with terror, and the approach of a neighbor started the cold perspiration over his face and stirred within him the spirit of panic.

During this period, Mr. Cho often walked the streets through whole nights battling against the remorse that burned in his soul. While passing the streets, the confessions he had heard in the church, which had named vices and crime, was the touchstone that called to life similar and greater deeds of wrong hidden in his own life, Many of these evil deeds had been almost forgotten, still their shadow had ever been on the horizon of his memory; they had not in the past really risen to mock and condemn him, but their distant shadowy presence filled his mind with unrest and irritation, and under their haunting presence his irate disposition found

new avenues for inflicting suffering upon his weaker neighbors. One wrong was pregnant with a multitude of others and brought forth a swarm of violence and excess. He strove to forget his evil deeds in the multitude of his excesses. Now, these specters of forgotten crime drew aside the curtain of the past and stalked uncompromisingly before him, awful, hideous.

On one of these vigils his footsteps led him to the front of a thatched house, on the outskirts of the town; darkness made it indistinct and shadowy. During the passage of time it had undergone many changes. He was not thinking of it as it would now appear did the light of day stream out upon it; his imagination pictured it as it was long ago when he entered it and a man had perished. Mr. Cho would have passed on, but the fascination of the scene once enacted held him as with a vice and his mind relentlessly traveled over its details. He was conscious of a surprise that he had never observed the building so closely; there were the worn door steps; the marred door frame; the hinge swinging loose from the door, the discolored thatch roof; on the ground lay a tool with a nitched edge, cast there by some careless workman. He again saw the wife of his victim and heard her weeping; the face of the ruined man looked out at him with its appeal for mercy. He had schemed to secure the man’s property and had done his work well.

 During this review of his past, he had been unconsciously fingering the front of his rich silk coat. Suddenly he was aware of the feel of the garment as a flame and it scorched his fingers; he tore the garment from his back and flung it from him and ran from the place. The horror of his soul drove him on; chased him into new terrors of awakened remorse.

The population of that section was composed of not more than half a dozen clans. Suffering inflicted upon one family was felt keenly by the whole clan which the family represented, therefore, Mr. Cho’s walk was lined with the homes representative of those whom he had wronged. His mind unbidden by his will traced out the relation of each family to

some one of his unholy deeds, and he marked to a nicety the proportion that each had suffered.

His course through the town led him by the Christian chapel and suddenly it loomed up before him and brought him to a halt as if arrested by a blow from out the darkness. He saw the faces of the penitent congregation and heard the eloquent uncompromizing sermons of the pastor. The pastor! his face, his glance, how he hated them! He was the incarnation of the new movement; the one responsible for the ruin of his home and a long train of suffering.

For months he had been humiliated with the knowledge that Mr. Kim was a mightier man than he, and he knew that in the long struggle to dominate the other he himself must suffer defeat, as he was contending with forces of which he knew nothing, and so much the more did he hate his opponent; but all that appeared to lay in the past and seemed to be bound up with another personality. Perhaps he would some day return to his own and then he would take up the old contest. Feeling thus since the awakening of his conscience he had not sought for the author of his torment. It was knowledge that had plunged him into darkness and remorse; he saw his heart and understood the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

Now, however, as he looked up at the dark outline of the church building he had a vision of the preacher. So real was it that long after he was still uncertain whether he did not gaze upon the face and form of Mr. Kim. As he looked, words that he had heard took on meaning; he saw for the first time that escape from his sufferings could be had only by baring his soul to the gaze of men; his mind staggered in revolt against that man with his message of this inexorable necessity:

The hallucination passed and a revulsion of feeling swept over him; there was the church building, representing the cause of all his woes. Bitterness and hate scorched his heart anew and a delirium of rage seized him. At that moment, as if to invite an expression of his hate, his foot touched a stone; in an instant he had it in his hand and ran for the church; with the fury of a mad man he beat the closed door from its hinges, dragged it into the yard and tore at the light frame

with his bare hands, then with a wolfish snarl buried his teeth in the soft wood. Presently he sprang to his feet and fled from the town; he hurried toward the river fifty li away with a fearful purpose burning in his mind.

Many of the sages had taught that a man’s life is his own, and when for any reason it becomes unbearable or in his judgment best for the satisfaction of creed or cult he may throw it away. Mr. Cho had taunted his wife when he drove her from his door with her unwillingness to comply with this doctrine. He now hastened on with the one idea that there is more pain in living than in death; he would speedily end it all and be at rest; he repeated again and again, “Peace, peace and rest.”

Before he reached the river bank the dawn arose and shook out its gilded draperies, awakening the denizens of forest and field to song: the glad music of a golden morning burst upon the wanderer. Mr. Cho paused and leaning against a rock by the way rested his aching eyes upon the glories of its new day, and listened to its throbbing life till its music stirred his heart, till the wild passion, half hate, half despair, lifted from his soul as a mist from a fetid pool. Then nature again strove to gain rational control.

Mr. Cho turned to retrace his steps, realizing that a change had come over him ; he seemed numb from the effects of the long contending passions, a welcome calm settled over him yet strange fantacies flitted back and forth in his mind as might a shuttle in a loom long after the noise and clamor of the machine has ceased. He reviewed his recent furor of soul and came acts of violence without emotion. With the calm a clearness’ of vision that he had not had before. Quiet had come to him but not deadness, his thoughts sped on; without willing it his mind picked up many details of the past which he did not remember during the period of his recent passion; they did not startle nor worry him.. How long it seemed since first arose that mental remorse and suffering; it seemed as though it must have been that of another person in whom he took but casual interest. It is amazing that one should become excited over an idea.

All the past pother, foolish battlings over an idea! or was this strange calm rather a cause for marvel? However, he was glad for the release from pain, and yet he felt a distant sense of disappointment, for during all his suffering there had been a ray of hope that with the lifting of the crushing sorrow, guilt, its source, would be destroyed. The travel in prodigious pain had been bootless. He would like to have laid his head down with the feeling of innocency as he did many years ago—it must have been ages—when he placed his head in his mother’s lap. Perhaps that wish was also a part of his recent madness, however, he would now be content and take up life at the point where he laid it down two weeks ago. Two weeks? Ah-! two years! nay, a life time! He stood in his tracks and tried to measure the vast stretch of time represented by his experience. But it was at last gone and he still here, the people of the town still his neighbors, and his old relations still the same. Yes, he would seek contentment with his lot, nay, he would glory in it and rule the town as he had always done. True, new ideas had taken possession of some of the people, and perhaps these ideas would seek to trouble him, but what mattered. It was unthinkable that he should journey over the way of misery again simply from the force of an idea. He almost smiled at the thought. Why should one be overwhelmed by the force of an intangible creed? Houses, land, and such material things are the ones that endure: these and one’s fellows with warm flesh and blood are the things that make one secure. Peace is found in the substantial presence of one’s friends and family. Family! Again Mr. Cho stopped in the middle of the street and a groan escaped his lips. It was an idea, a creed that had led him to drive Martha from his home.

During this period of remorse a multitude of scenes of his past had relentlessly marched in condemnation before him, but in all this review Martha had not been among them. Now, last of all, she stood before him, her sweet face lifted to his. He again saw the red clot in her hair and the marble face lying so still on the mat and the dark circle widening around it. As he stood there an icy chill passsed over him and he tried to

turn his head aside. Then Martha’s white face was at his knee begging for mercy. Again her parting words rang in his ears. “If you will it, we shall live together, forever, forever.”

Mr. Cho had stopped on the outskirts of the town, opposite a thatched house. Suddenly a burst of song, of thanks­giving and praise, poured out into the street and filled the air; it was the hymn Martha had sung in the early morning of the day he attempted to destroy her. The great calm that had reigned in his heart for the last two hours was swept away. It seemed to him that he had just struck Martha to the floor. He looked at his hands and loathed them. When did he pronounce those curses against her, was it but now? He could bite the tongue from his mouth for the words he had spoken. The old nameless horrors settled upon him again as he staggered down the street.

Once for all be would go to the Christian minister and confess the deeds of his miserable life．There seemed no other place of escape, however secret, in all the world. A few moments later he found himself at the front of the house that sheltered Mr. Kim, and for the third time that morning he stood still in the street while war surged through his soul.

The challenge he had seen written on the face of the pastor many months ago stirred his hostile being to the depth. He would not allow that man to triumph over him, then too there was that last act of violence; he would have to confess to the destruction of the church door. Such humiliation to a man who had ruled the town for fifteen years was intolerable. What fool impulse was this he had entertained at the behest of an idea? He would go home.

Through the long hours of the day, Mr. Cho sat on the floor of his home in a delirium of remorse, and as the shadow of evening settled over the town he lay down on his mat and slept from exhaustion; his dreams were filled with the frightful struggle. He thought he was standing by the side of an enormous tree such as are cared for in all villages, sacred to the abode of evil spirits. At his elbow was a large cavity going down into the roots. He listened and heard ascending voices, confused, unhappy murmurings, and bickerings:

picking up a handful of pebbles he dropped them into the cavity and the murmurings redoubled. He leaned over the opening and listened to the multitude of voices. Each one was distinct with an individuality. He recognized them all. Each one was recounting with many imprecations the wrongs and injuries inflicted upon him by Mr. Cho. Some were wailing at the grave, some pleading for food he had snatched from their lips; others were screaming under the Magistrate’s paddle; he heard the death rattle in the throat of others; then suddenly the cries, moans, imprecations, died down into low murmurs, sobs and sighs. Then there was a hush as if a multitude held its breath. Mr. Cho. strained his ears with new terror; he wanted to flee but was held to the spot by grizzly fear. Suddenly from the dark depth was the sound of a blow, followed by Martha’s wild scream of anguish. Then pandemonium was let loose. Mr. Cho awoke with a scream and sprang into the middle of the room. He wiped the cold sweat from his brow and strove to quiet the throbbing of his heart. The sound of singing came faintly into his room. He knew the people were gathering for the evening worship.

In the sound was a call and a promise, a promise of forgiveness and peace.

A half hour later Mr. Kim was surprised to see Mr. Cho down in front of the congregation within a few feet of where he stood. The evening service began as usual without formal introduction. The reading of the Scriptures had a large place. It was followed by a brief explanation and amplification. At the conclusion a score of people rose to their feet and waited that each in his turn might rehearse the story of his dark life as the only means for forgiveness and healing. Finally, Mr. Cho arose; staggered as if on the point of falling. He rested one hand on the pulpit for support, then turned his face upward, and tipped it to one side and waited, his face drawn and old. He was seen to grip the pulpit in the effort to steady himself to meet the shock of the coming moral cataclysm. He closed his eyes and the specters of evil deeds trooped before him in a long procession. They had haunted him for many days, yes, for many years they had troubled him. As soon as he had a

chance he would name them one by one, all of them, for in so doing he would banish them and would find forgiveness and peace from Him who said “Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.” He lost the sense of time and while waiting the voices of others making their confessions seemed to come to him from a great distance and was a part of the great conflict going on within him. Midnight passed and he still stood rigid waiting for his turn; then the early cock crew and Mr. Kim turned to Mr. Cho and in a quiet voice said, “Now my Brother tell the Master what is in your heart” A hush fell on the congregation. Bali was in his usual place. He arose and leaned heavily against a post. The Hermit fixed his great eyes more earnestly on the face of the pastor.

Mr. Cho’s lips parted and be seized the sides of the pulpit with both hands for better support, then they fell to his side and he stood rigid while his breath came in sudden explosive gusts; his words were not loud but penetrated the whole house, and cut the air with sharp knife-like stabs.

“Oh, the guilt! the guilt!” he exclaimed. Then in the midst of a paroxysm of grief that threatened each moment to overwhelm him, he recounted the scenes of wrong he had enacted against his fellows, many of whom sat gazing at him. “Forgive me” he pleaded. He paused and his lips tried to frame a name and refused; finally he said just above a whisper, “Our pastor, I tried to kill him.” His voice arose, writhing, as the voice of a man under torture. “Four times I tried to kill him; once under the Magistrate’s paddle; once Bali refused my money to kill him; I set fire to the town to enflame the people to kill him, but they killed the school master; innocent Moon; his blood is on my head. Once I struck the preacher to the ground and thought him dead. Oh, I wanted his death.” There was a long pause. Mr. Cho’s lips moved without making a sound, then in a whisper he said, “My wife.” Hardly had the word fallen from his lips than he tottered and was only saved from a hard fall by a pair of kind hands at his back. His face whitened and he lay still. Some said he was dead. A half hour later the unconscious man was carried to his home and with kind sympathy laid on a warm.

place on the floor. When he came to himself his visitors, from a feeling of delicacy, immediately withdrew.

The violence of Mr. Cho’s remorse was not a surprise to the Church members, since they had seen many overwhelmed with grief during the last few weeks. The non-Christian community was greatly perturbed over the matter of his excitement. It did not argue well for the peace of the town. That he had been a hard man all agreed, and it would take many sobs to atone for all the wrongs he had inflicted upon others.

His nearest neighbors wondered at the sounds of grief that filtered through the thin walls of his home. None dare approach the irrascible man, for years of association had taught them that he was never so dangerous as when laboring under great excitement; so they fastened their doors more securely and measured the extent that some one would suffer by the amount of weeping they heard. They made many a shrewd guess as to who the victim might be, and strained their ears to catch a word that would declare his purpose and assure each listener of safety.

Early dawn brought the denizens of the town into the street and the news of Mr. Cho’s confessions flew from lip to lip. Bali, the robber, had spent the night with Mr. Kim and had become a Christian, they said. The world had become topsy-turvy. The Devil was following the preacher wherever he went as a dog at his heels and no one dare wag his tongue against the Church for fear the Devil would take revenge; he was therefore, no doubt d Christian. Mr. Cho had stated he would restore all property he had wrongfully taken from any one, any where, at any time; sure he must be a mighty rich man. Bali will make right all the wrongs of which he was guilty: indeed he must expect to live forever. The Devil proposed to be like other men, only better. At this the people laughed. “What is this new religion, would it make the Devil’s face like the face of other men?”

The people forgot to open their shops that day and they spent the whole time in listening to tales of eye witnesses to the scenes of the previous night.

Just before the dawn, Mr. Cho checked his grief and

reaching for a candle carried it to a huge iron bound box in the corner of the room and unlocked it. He swung the door wide open and carefully drew out several women’s garments made of delicate fabric. One of the number be held long in the light. It was a light blue silk and had the appearance of having been worn many times. He touched it tenderly then drew out others and lay them in an orderly pile on the floor. At the bottom of the box he drew forth a pair of delicate sandals made of hemp. Inside of each was a tiny sandal made for a baby’s foot. He held them in his hand a long time, turning them over and over before the light; then placed them on the floor side by side; the heels of the baby’s sandal by the side of the larger one; the toe of the smaller reached only to the instep of the other. He looked at them for a long time, then knelt with his head by the side of the sandals in a paroxysm of grief. Suddenly he raised himself from the floor and laying the silk goods together carefully replaced them in the iron bound box and locked it. He wrapped the sandals in a bit of soft paper and hid the bundle in his bosom; rising to his feet he reached overhead to a shelf under the rafters and took down a dust laden bundle. He carried it to the light and unwrapped it with trembling fingers. A much worn Bible and hymn book lay in his hands. Some of the leaves were stuck together and the white pages were stained red: as he looked them over his face became drawn and pinched; again he placed his head to the floor and sobbed. When his grief was spent he took from another box a bundle of coin and strapped it around his waist, and opening the lining of his under jacket he slipped many silver coins into the lining. He bound the books in a bundle of clothing and strapped them to his back. He stepped out into the street and lifted his face to the star­lit heavens of the north and faced the road taken by Martha many months ago.

Silence reigned about Mr. Cho’s house all day and his neighbors’ curiosity was raised to fever heat. They wanted to see the man who had so long exploited the town and now begged for forgiveness and promised to make restitution. They were not sure that it was really safe to present their

bills. Would he really do it or could he really make right, could he blot out years of suffering? Could he raise the dead? As the sun fell into the west a crowd stood on the opposite side of the street from his house and discussed the matter with great animation.

“I was there and heard it all,” exclaimed a young man who had assumed the position of spokesman. “His crying was nothing, that was easy, they were all crying, and I felt like it myself, though I don’t know why. But he stared around at those who were sitting there whom he had wronged and calling them by name said he would restore all their property. He lied I think, though rich he may be he can’t do that, unless, indeed, he squeezes some one else to get the money.”

“Fool,” some one replied, “don’t you see that when a man begins the new religion that he loses all his skill to squeeze other people. Sorry am I for the old fellow but it looks as though he would, indeed, starve.” Mr. Cho starve! the thought was preposterous and was greeted with a shout of merriment.

As the twilight deepened there was a stir at one side of the jostling crowd and Bali’s tall figure was seen pushing his way through the company. He glanced neither right nor left, and the people gave way in recognition that he was master; a homage they always had paid this remarkable man. He strode without pause into the Cho compound and the street crowd pushed up to the doors.

Bali found the house empty. The frightened gate keeper informed him that his master ceased weeping just before dawn, but since then he had heard nothing from him and knew nothing about him, however the gate was ajar and he was sure that it was well fastened on the inside the night before. If Mr. Cho were not in the house, he, no doubt, had left the place early in the morning. Bali looked the man over sternly. The latter earnestly protested that he had not been negligent. “I beg you,” said he, “do not suspicion me, for no man dare enter his presence unbidden, and I have waited here faithfully for his call all day.”

1918 BLAZING THE TRAIL

Bali was by profession a hunter of men. For many years he had hunted them to inflict some savage wrong or in a spirit of generous caprice he would hunt with equal energy to redress a wrong or to bestow a magnanimous favor. He stepped from the door and sniffed the air, and his quick glance took in the details of the place; the roofs of the houses and the distant hills. Like a mastiff on the trail, he shook himself and began the circle of the town. He searched every nook and corner, every house, and then extended his search in widening circles. Report came to him that Mr. Cho had sought the river and ended his troubles there. Bali ran the report to its source and dismissed the fabrication from mind. At last he struck the trail and sped northward. On a certain midnight he entered a village and sought out an inn well known to him. Sharp inquiries of the inn keeper followed, then Bali entered a room where the light of a tallow dip burned low. The tread of cat could have been no lighter than his. In the corner was a bundle. He trimmed the candle and held it low; there lay the man he sought, his face turned away and his head resting on a wooden pillow; the front of his jacket was open and there peeped out the toes of a delicate sandal; by his side lay a red covered Bible with the white leaves stained red. Bali stood many minutes, solemnly looking at the figure before him, then the sleeper moved and Bali blew out the candle. A puff of fresh air announced the opening of the door and Bali stood on the outside. “It is well,” said he to the inn keeper, who protested at Bali leaving before morning, “he is my friend; treat him kindly and say nothing of my visit.” The inn keeper knew better than to ask questions of this dread man of the highway and breathed freely when Bali had disappeared down the village street.

When Bali returned without Mr. Cho it was said that if the Robber Chief could not find him then search was useless. Bali took charge of the deserted house and effects, and no one dare question his right to do so.

(To be Continued)

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

 *The Japan Salesman* is a new monthly publication intended as “the commercial bridge across the Pacific,” with offices in Yokohama and New York. Its pages will put American business men in closer touch with the leading commercial houses in Japan. In connection with the magazine is also “The Japan Sales Service Bureau” which will serve firms wishing to either buy or sell in Japan. The department is in charge of an American businessman and the interests of a number of important firms are even now being looked after by this bureau.

The Bank of Chosen sends us a 50-page book *Economic Outlines of Chosen and Manchuria* nicely bound in silk manufactured by Korean workmen from Korean cocoons. There are excellent illustrations of the exterior and interior of the Bank premises in Seoul, a map showing the location of the various Branches in Japan, Chosen, Manchuria and China. Much information concerning Chosen and Manchuria, Situation, Climate, Area, Population, Traffic, Cities and Towns, Finance, Agriculture, Forestry, Mining, Marine Industry, Manufactures and Trade, may be found in the various chapters, in addition to the distinctive work of the Bank of Chosen.

A publication comes to our desk this month as No. 1 of Vol XIV having nothing but the name *Korea Mission Field* to identify it with any publication previously issued. It not only has an enlarged page, but the engraved title, the colored cover, and two-column arrangement of most of the contents entirely differentiates it from any Korean periodical bearing the name *Mission Field*. A hasty glance reveals but two things that might in any way connect the new publication with the old, the names of A. F. DeCamp as Editor-in-Chief, and Gerald Bonwick as Business Manager. A year ago when the first number of THE KOREA MAGAZINE appeared one would hardly have supposed that it was blazing the trail before its staid contemporary, but now we see the latter adopting the plan of an enlarged editorial board, a heavier paper, a page devoted to table of contents with talks by the publisher on the reverse side, an illustration insert facing the first page, Editorial Notes and all appearing in large type. We arc only too glad to have had features which commended themselves to our friends as they undertook the task of rejuvenation. The work has been well done and we extend hearty congratulations to the *Korea Mission Field* and its Editor-in-Chief, Editorial Board, and Business Manager, and wish for the enlarged and improved publication an ever-widening circle of readers.