The Korea Magazine

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SEOUL, KOREA

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

The custom of sending the MAGAZINE to friends abroad is growing, and it must be pleasing to all concerned.

We need more copies of the first three numbers of THE KOREA MAGAZINE and will pay cash for them. If you do not have them all, please send the ones you will part with, tell us the price, and check will be sent.

Any person writing for publication should be informed that his name must always accompany the manuscript. The name will not be published without authority being given, but anonymous manuscripts cannot be published.

Bound copies of THE KOREA MAGAZINE, in half leather, with handsome gold stamp, may now be obtained at this office. We also have the full cloth binding, which is serviceable and cheaper. Both for appearance and lasting worth we recommend the half leather binding.

We shall be pleased to have an early communication from you in regard to the excursion to the ancient city of Songdo in June. Not only will there be a pleasant pilgrimage with kindred spirits, but undoubtedly much additional information concerning Wang Gun and other Korean rulers will be received at that time.

While giving much attention to the men and women of the past who have been prominent in the life of Korea The KOREA MAGAZINE does not intend to limit its pages to articles dealing with the past. Articles are already in preparation which will show the up-to-date character of present-day development in Korea. These articles together with those relating to the preservation in printed form of records which would otherwise soon be forever lost, will be appreciated by our readers for the contrasts presented.



Old-school Korean Boys and Teacher

The Korea Magazine

March, 1918

Editorial Notes.

IT seems to be definitely settled that a large flour mill will be established this season at Chinnampo. The company has been formed and machinery ordered. This may make more difficult the work of cornering the flour market in this part of the world, a matter which is now being investigated by the authorities.

PARTICULAR attention is ca1led to the suggested pilgrimage to Songdo in June, as noted in the article “A Thousand Years.” There must be a number in Korea who would like to visit Songdo for the purpose of learning more about that ancient capital, and especially to honor the name and fame of one whose reign was established just one thousand years ago. Further suggestions for making the occasion memorable, and applications for membership in the party, should be sent soon to the office of THE KOREA MAGAZINE.

THE Seou1 Chamber of Commerce has done a good work in investigating the reasons for the high price of coal and its scarcity in Korea. Improvement in conditions has not been very marked, but we may expect further action. We would like to see the Chamber of Commerce interest itself in the movement for additional Parks in Seoul, and especially in the suggestion that the ground opposite the head office of the Oriental Development Company should be set apart for a Park. If this influential body of men will devote some attention to this constructive work we may expect soon to see definite plans made for improving and beautifying the city in a way to be of benefit to the entire country.

KINDERGARTENS IN SEOUL.

Considering the attention this branch of education has received in Japan Proper, one can hardly say that a beginning has been made in Chosen. This is not because there are no children to attend, for the country swarms with youngsters of the proper age. Nor is there any lack of desire for instruction; any visitor will be struck with the zeal and enthusiasm of the children in any of the few kindergartens now in operation. In the case of the few who can afford to maintain such a school for their own children, there is often only indifference and lack of appreciation of any plans for modern education of small children. And in most cases, bitter grinding poverty makes it out of the question for parents to furnish any private facilities, and often to take advantage of what the Government provides for the older children, to say nothing of educational luxuries like this.

The resources of the Government and of the Missions are already taxed to the limit, and while Primary and Secondary Education is still unprovided for a great share of the population, there seems small chance of any general provision of kindergartens in the near future.

Outside Seoul there are private kindergartens in some of the larger Japanese centers, and the Women’s Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church (North) maintains two for Koreans, one in Chinnampo, and one in Chemulpo. There may be others also, concerning which information has not come to the writer. In any case, it is safe to say that the bulk of this work, for Japanese and Korean children alike, is in the Capital.

The Government reports two classes; Private, and (supported by the Japanese School Association of Seoul) Public. In addition, there are schools doing kindergarten work, though not officially recognized, in connection with three of the Missions in Seoul. With this elaborate classification, one is scarcely prepared for the total under instruction to be 400 Japanese and 255 Koreans, with 17 Western children in a little home kindergarten that is open only 3 days a week. Just here we might refresh our memory with some figures. The population of Seoul is (roughly) 160,000 Koreans and 60,000 Japanese. The old-style Soh Dangs alone enroll 2,010 students. On the Emperor’s Birthday, the procession of school

children of all ages and grades, that went to pay its respects at the office of the Governor-General, was estimated at 12,000 or 15,000. There should be in Seoul fully 30,000 of school age, that is, from 7 years to 15, and there might be 6,000 more eligible for the kindergartens. The task of providing school facilities for the growing population of this city is a staggering one.

All the kindergartens but one are Private. That is for Japanese, has a staff of 4 teachers, and enrolls 82 boys and 58 girls. The tuition is Ɏ 1.50 per month, and the running expense totals Ɏ 2,688 a year. The writer visited this school just as they were preparing for the “Dolls’ Festival.” Some 30 youngsters were gaily decked in ceremonial costumes of various sorts, and practicing diligently a complicated marching figure. The music was furnished partly by a bright lad in his eighth year, whose chubby fingers pounded out a lusty melody on the piano, though to get the volume of sound, he had to put two fingers together for the sake of strength. How many American kindergartens have a boy pianist of this tender age? It was pleasant to note the freedom of action and opportunity for initiative in even this large and crowded school. It seems that there is a movement in this direction, compared with a visit to the same school some time since. The change may make the work of the teacher harder, but surely the advantage of an opportunity to learn by one’s own efforts is a distinct gain to the pupils.

There are 3 kindergartens privately conducted for Japanese children. The total enrollment is 82 boys and 78 girls, with 6 teachers in all. The fee is Ɏ 1.00 per month. It must be more than a coincidence that as the fees are less, the enrollment of girls increases. The annual expense is Ɏ 2,289, and the amount not received from fees is made up by private subscriptions, from patrons and friends of the school.

With a single exception, all the kindergartens for Korean children are Mission institutions. The Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has three; one at the East Gate, one at Chong No, one at Ewha Haktang. The total enrollment is 50 boys and 40 girls, with 7 teachers, in addition to the Directress, Miss Brownlee, who gives her

full time to this work. The annual expense, including her salary, is Ɏ 2,150. The first school was opened in January, 1914, and since then 10 have finished the full course of 2 years, and graduated, while 9 more will graduate this spring. Since 1915 the Presbyterian School for Girls, Ching Sin Hakkyo, has maintained a kindergarten. The organizer and first teacher, a daughter of the Vice-Governor of Kyung Keui Province, studied in Peking. She has done much original work, particularly in translating from English into Korean, and has produced material of permanent value, with a freshness of style, and adaptation to the Korean mind, beyond the hope of any but a Korean. The school enrolls 20 boys and 30 girls, with an annual budget of Ɏ 25.00. The two teachers are not paid for their work in the kindergarten as they are also regular teachers in the school itself.

In connection with Paiwha Haktang, the Southern Methodist school for girls, there is a kindergarten, now in its second year. It enrolls 65 girls, and no boys, with two teachers, and involves an annual expense of Ɏ 480.00.

Only the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society schools mentioned above have any fee. They charge 10 sen per month, and the Directress says of this “Some pay, and more do not.”

Though the number of graduates from the Mission schools is small, their influence is not confined to these. More than a hundred students are reported as having taken part of the course and dropped out, and as shown above, there are now over two hundred in attendance. Even a short contact with the new world of songs and games and directed self-expression cannot fail to make a decided impression on a plastic little mind. The change that comes to the Korean boys and girls while they are attending is marked. Cleaner and better clothing, attention to care of the hands and face, general neatness, and a habit of obedience to authority, are all “outward signs of an inward grace.” The reflex effect they have upon their families and home life is less evident, but possibly more lasting.

Any of the schools mentioned above is well worth a visit, but for those who have little time, the most picturesque, and most accessible kindergarten in Seoul is the Kyung Sung Yuchiwon,

at 34 Insa dong, immediately behind the Pagoda Park. “Yuchiwon” the happy translation of Kindergarten, it means literally “Garden of little children.”

This is a private school, recognized by the authorities as being of the same grade as the public schools. It is maintained for the children of wealthy citizens of Seoul. The fee is Ɏ 2.00 per month, and out of the 60 students, only 9 are girls, one of them a Japanese. All the boys are Korean. There is an endowment that yields a good sum, and private gifts also help to bring the total annual revenue up to Ɏ 1,910. Of the 3 teachers, 2 are Japanese, and all the teaching is done in the National Language. Some of the little girls are dressed in Japanese style, and the visitor was hopelessly puzzled when he was asked to pick out the one little Japanese girl from among them.

The children bring their lunch., as they do in many other schools of the same grade. But there is one feature of this school that all the others lack, a bevy of Korean nurses in attendance on the younger children. The building is a new one, in Korean style, the equipment is lavish, and the children themselves, coming from the best homes of the city, leave nothing to be desired in clothing or appearance. There seems also to be more of personal liberty and attention to the individual than is found in some other schools. This is due partly to the smaller enrollment as compared with the number of teachers, partly, doubtless, to the fact that the age limit is higher than in the Japanese schools.

E. W. KOONS.

A THOUSAND YEARS.

It is a matter of interest that the dynasty that gave us the name Korea, the name that finds itself on the cover of THE MAGAZINE, came into being just a thousand years ago, 918 A. D. It was Ko-ryu. In all the history of the peninsula where some fifteen names of different kingdoms appear, none attained to a higher place of honour than she.

In literature, in religion, in arts, in sciences she finds no

equal. Her pottery alone, before which the world stands in wonder, is but a single witness of what her skillful brain and hands could do.

A Chinaman, Su Keung, (1031-1153 A. D.), who came as envoy in the days of Ko-ryu, tells many interesting things of this kingdom. He writes, “The people of Ko-ryu are very deft at handicraft, and show a skill most wonderful. Their special workers are singled out and rewarded and encouraged by the state.”

This would explain the law of competition by which she rose to fame.

The writer possesses a quaint old set of books, published in 1241 A. D., that show how the people of Ko-ryu understood the art of paper-making and printing. Two old pictures, as well, that have come down on thinnest tissue-paper from 1138 A. D., tell of how they built and made to stand the wear of time.

Among all Korean writers, poets, essayists who can equal the men of Ko-ryu?

This will suffice to say how great the kingdom was, that came into being in 918 A. D.

As an answer to how it came about, and who was its founder some notes gathered from the writings of An Chung­bok (1712-l791 A. D.) will serve;

Wang Gun we are told was a native of Song-do, whose father, Yoong, lived at the foot of the Sonak Mountains.

Once the famous priest To-sun, on passing his home, stopped for a moment to rest. He was heard to say, ‘In this house a great sage will be born.’

Yoong, hearing this, hurried out to greet the passer, and together they climbed the hills at the rear of the village and looked out over the landscape.

Here To-sun wrote a letter, sealed it and addressed it thus: “To the Lord of the Three Hans, yet to be born, the Great Prince.”

He gave it to Wang Yoong and said, “Next year you will have a son, and very precious he will be. When he grows up give him this.”

The time came about and Wang Gun was born, it being then the year chung-yoo (877 A. D.)

On that day lights and haloes encircled the home, and finally ascended by a long sweep of the dragon up to the sky. From his earliest youth Wang Gun showed special gifts. He was marked in feature as well, for he had a ‘dragon’ face, a ‘sun-horn’ on his brow, a square jaw and a wide forehead. His cheerful broad minded soul spoke through a deep and mellow voice. His one great purpose was to be a blessing and a help to the rest of the world.

When he was seventeen years of age To-sun called again. “Your young Excellency,” said he, “has fallen on happy fortune; for the people of the state in their distress look to you.”

To-sun taught him military science, geomancy, astrology. He had him offer sacrifices at noted places in the hills, and taught him how to get into touch with the spirits that rule from the world of the unseen.

At nineteen he became a military officer under the usurper Koong-ye, who ruled in Chul-wun, now one of the stations on the Wonsan railroad. A horrible monster he was, seemingly a small and badly ordered edition of Herod the Great, or Nero of Rome. Every fit of temper that took him cost scores of lives. His wife, his sons, his best friend were speared to death with red-hot irons, till his name became a stench and a terror throughout the land. Wang Gun was given service under him, but soon his name in contrast rose high in public esteem.

In the third moon of the year 918 A. D. there came by a Chinese merchant from the Tangs, Wang Chang-keun, who had in his possession a very ancient mirror that when turned to the light, revealed a number of characters from its depths, which said, “God will give to Chin and Ma a son, who will first catch the Chicken and finally possess himself of the Duck.”

It also read, “Two dragons, one hiding away in the pines, and one under the shadow of black metal toward the east.”

There were in all 147 characters in the mirror, a mystery surely, and so Wang presented it to King Koong-ye.

Koong-ye called three of his wisest men to have them make known to him the meaning of the inscription.

They counselled together, “Chin-ma means Chin-han and Ma-han” said they, “or Korea as a whole, Pines mean Song-do—a man of Song-do it will be. Dragon means King. This can refer to none other than General Wang.”

“To catch the Chicken, means conquer Silla or Kerim (Chicken-forest) and the Duck is the Yaloo River or Duck River. Black Metal means Chul-wun (Metal Capital) Koong­ye’s home. It points without question to Wang Gun as destined to the throne but we dare not whisper this to His Highness Koong-ye,” so they improvised an explanation of quite another sort to suit the ears of the king.

Three months later, as the shadows had grown darker still over the state of Tai-bong (Korea), four generals came one night to see Wang Gun.

Said they, “Our country is ruined; the King is a brutal murderer, bloodshed and slaughter are his handiwork. We ask Your Excellency to do as the heroes of China have done. Rise and save the state.”

Wang Gun gave a start of terror, “Far be it from me to act the traitor. I have given my oath of allegiance to the King and, good or bad, I must stand by it.”

But they reasoned, “He is no king. He is a usurper. Already his jealous eye is on you, and it is only a matter of time till we all come under the knife.”

When they came to call, Wang Gun, in order to get his wife Yoo-si out of earshot, told her to go to the garden and get some melons.

Yoo-si pretended to go, but instead, took up her position in the rear room behind the thin paper partition where she could hear everything. Suddenly she hurried in and said to her husband, “Up man, to do the right is always right. My soul too awakens to this occasion. Should yours do less than mine?”

With her own hand she had out his coat of mail and fastened it on him while the generals eagerly watched.

When day dawned he took his place on a heap of rice bags while his courtiers circled round to do him honour. They summoned their soldiers with a shout, “King Wang has raised his righteous flag.”

The rush from all quarters was so great that even the drums in the palace gates beat to announce his welcome.

King Koong-ye, hearing the uproar, said with a start “Prince Wang has got it, and so there is an end to me.” Disguised in civilian dress he made his escape from the palace and ran for his life.

The chamberlains and others set the palace in order to receive King Wang.

Wang then ascended the throne and announced the name of his kingdom as Ko-ryu. He issued the following proclamation: “The past king has played the tyrant in his rule, has employed cunning and deceitful ways, has found delight in the torture of his subjects, has loaded burdens on men heavier than they could bear. The population has diminished, the land lies desolate. Kingship has failed in his hands and thus the end is come.

“I am here by compulsion of my ministers seated on the throne with a new world before us and joy and hope our portion. Let us be glad and let the sea shine with light.”

The ministers bowed saying, “We have come to a great and enlightened king whom we shall serve with all our might”

Koong-ye fled and hid in a cave. To satisfy his hunger he stripped heads from the wheat and ate them till at last the farmers of Sam-bang found him and speedily beat him to death.

Wang Gun was a great and gifted king. His revolution was accomplished without bloodshed and his reign was blessed. He won over Silla and later Paikje and made Korea one kingdom. The defeated Kings, Kyung-soon and Chin-hun, he treated kindly and called his brothers. He built temples and received missionary priests from India. He travelled here and there in the interests of his kingdom. He welcomed ambassadors from the Tangs. Long caravans of camels from

the Ki-tan Tartars came bringing gifts and goods to do him honour. He built the walls of Pyengyang, called it the Western Capital and established schools for her youths.

Thus was begun the kingdom of Ko-ryu that lasted nearly 500 years, a great and enlightened state, whose honourable memory has lived a whole millennium.

We would suggest a pilgrimage to Songdo, say June next, under the auspices of THE KOREA MAGAZINE, on the part of all those interested in Things Korean.

There they could fittingly pay their respect under the same old hills and on the old palace site to the memory of her great dead, and her achievements that have outlasted all the wear of time.

KOREAN CUSTOMS OF THE YEAR

BY

KWUN SANG-YONG (written about 1840).

Custom requires that on the first day of the New Year bread-soup be offered before the ancestral shrine.

People rise early on new years and take the greatest care to avoid sneezing, as sneezing is a sure sign of sickness to come.

On this day a new suit of clothes is donned and the wearer wends his way to make his bow before father, older brother, senior, calling it New Year Salutation (Pai-sin-se, Se-pai) .

The women send greetings to one another, and special good wishes for the year to come.

At evening time the hair that has been gathered from combing the head during the past year is burned. The burning is supposed to drive away evil spirits.

The shoes of the children must be safely hidden away for this night as the Spirit of Darkness (Ya-kwang-sin) or other Emaciated Spirits (Chuk-pal) travel about from house to house. They try on the children’s shoes and thus bring sickness. This spirit, however, has a mania for counting objects that are

alike and numbering them off. If it meets a sieve, for example, it begins diligently counting the meshes. So a sieve is hung on a post beneath the eaves where it may count to its heart’s content, and so lose the opportunity for dispensing evils.

With the festival called the Opening of Spring (Ip-ch’oon), poems of good luck arc written in the Palace and sent to the various official homes. These are posted up on doors and pillars. Pictures of the two spirits Ool-loo and Shin-ch’a are also posted on the main doors. Sometimes three falcons are pictured instead, as guardians of the home against misfortune.

On the first myo-il or Rabbit Day, of the year, no wood is ever brought into the house. The reason for this is that myo for Rabbit, and mok for Wood fall into the same class in the philosophic table, and this custom is observed in order to keep Wood from gaining predominance over the other Primal Elements.

On this day cotton strings are looped and hung to the belt or pocket. These are called Rabbit Strings and are a charm to insure long life.

On Rabbit Day the outside gate is kept firmly closed to keep out women. If a woman by any chance should enter to see to her natural wants, a great evil will assuredly overtake that home.

One the 14th day of the 1st Moon it is customary to bind straw into shapes to represent the different members of the household, and the mannikin thus made they call a che-yong. A little money is placed inside and it is then thrown out on to the road before the door at eventide. Beggars pass from home to home on their way seeking che-yong. On being given one they greedily tear it open to find the money. Thus do they rid the home of evils, for in this process the evils are supposed to pass from the members of the household to the beggars who possess themselves of the che-yong. Children buy nuts on this 14th day and eat them early on the morning of the 15th. They call this “biting away their boils” and hold that if any eat thus, no boil will trouble them for the year to come.

On the 15th day early in the morning people take a drink of sool (wine) and call it ch’ung-i-choo (Wine for clearing the ears). This is a charm against deafness and also a cure for it.

On the same day glutinous rice and other grains are steamed, mixed with dates and honey and called yak-pap) (Medicinal Bread). It is offered to the ancestors at the spirit shrine. This was a sacrifice to the crows in the days of Silla that finally became a fixed ancestral custom.

Dried greens are eaten on this day, such as sliced melons, radishes, etc., as a safeguard against diseases caused by heat during the summer.

On this day if you meet anyone and call them by name they will suddenly reply “Buy my heat,” or “Take my fever.” On this day too, people dig earth from the roadway and scatter it in the kitchen, and at the four corners of the house calling it Lucky Earth.

They throw clothes out into the street also as an offering to good luck.

No food is given to the dogs on this day, for if a dog eats on the 15th of the 1st month he will fall a victim to a vomiting sickness.

Paper kites are made at the new year season, square in shape, and held by three strings, one from each ear-tip above the face, and another from the pit of the stomach. These kites have no tails, for a kite with a tail cannot be made to do tricks, and so is never used in the lists.

Those who enter the arena have their string covered with glue and then coated with ground glass, or porcelain filings to make it rough and sharp. Thus they strive each to cut the string of the other. In these kite contests people lose thousands of yang without any hesitation.

Another use made of the kite, is to write on its face an inscription asking it to bear away all the ill-luck of the year, and then let it go. Anyone flying a kite after the 15th day is called a butcher or basket-maker.

At this time boiled millet is prepared, pan-ryong，Food for the Dragon, and thrown into the river, or well, to

propitiate this great spirit. The Dragon must ever be satisfied if all would go happily aboard ship, or on the sea.

At night the children take torches and go up the hill, to await the rising of the moon. They bow to it and call this act yung-wul, Greeting the Moon. They also judge of the probabilities of the season on this first sight of the moon. If it is red it presages a dry season; if white, great rains; if yellow, a rich harvest.

People of the Capital walk over the bridges on this night. All night long they are out in the streets to have a good time, the most popular resort being the Kwang-tung Bridge.

Each year, as well as each day, has a cycle name. To guard against ill-luck from the birthday’s having the same name as the birth year, a piece of red paper is cut round, inserted into a stick and stuck on to the roof of the house on the 16th day of the 1st Moon. If the birth month of the year happens to have the same cycle name as the year itself that is also considered unlucky. The Natural Element is then taken as a guide, so that if it is Water, the Dragon is fed; if it is Wood, a bath is taken, and one bows toward the East which is associated with Wood. If it is Fire the wearer buns his outer garment in the agoong, (kitchen fire). If it is Earth he goes up to the top of a hill and scatters boiled millet about. If Metal be the Element, he bows to the T’ai-baik star (Sirius).

If the Na-hoo star be met with on the birthday of a man he makes a straw image, while a woman makes a paper pocket. A piece of money is inserted in each and they are then thrown out into the street. If the Ke-to star threatens one, a picture of a pair of socks is made on a piece of paper and is stuck up as a protection. All these customs are more than useless and yet the ignorant people put implicit faith in them.

Stone-fights, yoot-throwing, tethering, Buddhist drum­ beating and begging, are all customs that begin with the new year and last till the 15th after which date they gradually cease. Stone-fights are carried out by reckless youths who go forth in crowds to throw stones at each other, or fight with clubs. Many die at this sport, and officials have tried to put a stop to it but have failed thus far.

Yoot is a game in which four pieces made of ssari wood are used. They are thrown and if one falls on its back the throw is called a to (Pig); if two it is called a kai (Dog); if three, it is called a kul (Hero); if four, it is called a yoot (Scholar). If all fall on their faces it is called a mo (Archer).

A yoot board is made with 29 points in the circumference and the diameter in form like the character for field. It is said to be modelled after Hang-oo’s camp before Tong-sung. Sides are taken, the sticks thrown and credit given accordingly. The effort is to get quickly round the course. If one can but cast a mo every time, he gets around quickly.

A see-saw board is balanced over a rest so that it can go up and down. A girl takes her place on each end. As one jumps, up goes her end and down goes the other, and vice versa. A common saying is, that this is the way a girl glimpses her lover over the wall, while the lad on the other side rises on a swing. So the lad swings and the girl see-saws.

Begging priests go dancing about the streets during this season of the year like ordinary actors, dressed in black and wearing grass caps with a peacock feather or artificial flower stuck in the top. They carry drums and cymbals and wear a yellow robe. Thus they go about begging money or grain and offering their Buddhist prayers as people may require. They also move about at night tinkling triangles.

At this season, also, wind mills and shuttlecocks appear. Some of the windmills are made like swallows, some like cranes, some like umbrellas, some like kites.

The shuttlecock is made of earth, rolled round like a marble having pheasant feathers stuck in to it, or pieces of paper.

It is kicked through all the seasons of the year.

On the 1st day of the 2nd Moon everything in the room is carefully dusted.

On the 6th day the Pleiades are looked at to see if they are before the moon or behind it. From the position of these two, people judge as to the coming season whether it will be a year of plenty or not. The moon is called rice and the

Pleiades children. If the children are hungry and are seen running in haste to catch the moon, it will be a year of want. If, on the other hand, they are satisfied and are going sweetly along with the moon behind them, it means a year of plenty. If they both journey together it will be just a common year. To see a white butterfly in this month means trouble ahead. On Han-sik or Cold Food Day, all repair to the graves of their ancestors to sacrifice.

On the 3rd day of the 3rd Moon, worship is offered with cakes made of azalea flowers.

The night of the 8th day of the 4th Moon is the Feast of Lanterns. On the 1st day of the month, posts are erected and lanterns of various shapes bought or made. For lantern stands bamboo poles arc bound together with a tuft of pheasant feathers at the top. If no pheasant feathers are available then a bunch of pine is used instead. On the top a coloured flag is hung with a short cross-piece fastened below having rings at each end and a string attached to each. By this means the lanterns are raised and lowered. When one has no bamboo pole available the lantern may be hung to the end of the eaves, or to the limb of a tree. In the market streets and outside the anxious as to the coming luck of the year. Even sightseers arc interested in it, and made glad if all goes well, but upset if aught goes ill. In the market streets there is the greatest display of lanterns.

In the hanging of these lanterns various groupings are followed, for example the ha-do form, the nak-soo, the p’al­kwai, the hong-bum, also the 28 Constellations and the 12 Hours. With each year the order changes.

Lanterns are made of various shapes with pictures painted on them, drums, be1ls, gourds, fish, boys.

One form with many on one frame is called kon-teung (Cluster Lantern). Silk lanterns are also made but not according to any set pattern, fairy lanterns, Buddha lanterns, butterfly

lanterns. Birds, hills, flowers, grass, all have a part. The aim seems to be for each to make his as different as possible from everyone else’s. Some are made in the shape of cranes. some like turtles, some like lions, others tigers, etc. These are not real lanterns however, but objects of amusement only.

On this day cake is made of the leaves of the Salisburia, and eaten with black beans parched. When night falls the lanterns are lighted. The smoke and dust that rises in the excitement of the occasion hides the moon. In the three main streets, and the nine market squares of the capital, crowds of men and women appear beating drums and singing songs. Such a row you never heard.

Lanterns are hung according to the members of the family, men, women and children. As they shine brightly or look dim people estimate the luck of the year. If the lanterns are bright all the family will be happy, but dim there will be sorrow, at the thought of which the women of the house sigh and shed tears.

On tan-o (5th day of 5th Moon) written mottoes are sent to the official homes from the Palace and offerings of cherries are made at the family shrine.

The children, with their faces washed in chang-po perfume, and a chang-po pin in the hair, and dressed in new clothes go with their mothers and sisters, who are specially dressed out with all the ornaments possible, to enjoy the sport of swinging.

In the 5th Moon the Governors of Kyung-sang and Chulla, as well as the military chiefs and admirals, send gifts of fans to the king, and to the high officers and ministers of state as well as to their special friends.

On the yoo-too day (15th day of the 6th Moon) vermiceli, melons, apples, etc., as well as soo-tan cake is offered at the ancestral shrine, while the children have yoo-too balls made for them to play with. Soo-tan cake is made of cooked rice, beaten, rolled up into lengths and then cut into pieces and mixed with honey. Yoo-too balls are made of wheat flour rolled round and hard like marbles. They are dyed scarlet, strung on a string and hung at the waist.

During the Sam Pok (Dog Days) dog-meat soup, and red

bean porridge are eaten as a preventative against harm from the heat.

The 15th day of the 7th Moon is called paik-choong (Middle Day of the Hundred) and on this occasion special prayers are offered to the Buddha. Great preparation is made for this day in all the temples.

On the choong-ch’oo (Mid Autumn) day, the 15th day of the 8th Moon, sacrifices are made before the graves.

On the 9th day of the 9th Moon chrysanthemum cake is offered at the family shrines.

The first o-il of the 10th Moon, called Horse Day, is observed by a sacrifice to the spirit of the house. The reason for this sacrifice is that o is the Positive Principle in nature, and so the day’s sacrifice is intended to aid this positive or vital principle.

On tong-ji (Winter Solstice) Day red bean porridge is made and with it sacrifice is offered before the ancestral shrine. Some of the porridge is thrown outside the front gate as well, to guard against the demon of disease. This particular demon is the spirit of a wilful son of a Chinaman, called Ko Yang-Si.

On this day the calendar for the coming year is given out.

In the 12th Moon officials residing in the country and their relatives give gifts to one another which they call se-chan, Closing-Year Dainties.

Nap-il is the day on which bird flesh is eaten.

On the last day of the year all the members of the family bow to each other and say, “A bow for the old year.”

This is Masker’s Day in the Palace when fire-works are let off. Lights are kept burning in the homes of the people all night, before the shrines, in the bedrooms, at the outer gate, in the kitchen, in the stable, in the water-closet.

Children are afraid of this night and say you must not sleep or your eyebrows will turn gray. Some children never sleep a wink all the night through.

Besides these there are throughout the year many occasions for rejoicing that are not necessarily attached to a special moon or day. Most of these pertain to the world of the women and children.

TEETH.

The question of teeth is one that interests the whole wide world. From the time that they come in with their fever and fits or temper, till they drop with a wrench into the dentist’s gruesome receptacle, they are among the oddest riddles that confront human experience.

The day may come, let us hope so, when human beings will be able to dispense with teeth altogether and take their nourishment by some kind of concentrated tablet that will but touch the tongue and leave the recipient with a satisfied feeling of soup, and fish, and entree, and pudding and all the rest, an abundant meal. Under such gentle tutelage teeth may resolve themselves back into the original dark elements from which they sprung and leave the earth free of one of the worst evils bequeathed it by old Adam.

They are a contradiction all the way through. Naturally their presence should spell health and cheer. A man with good white teeth, all sound, should be as strong as Ajax, and hale and hearty as Michael Angelo’s David. But this is by no means so. Some of the worst cases we have ever seen of dilapidation, dyspepsia, yellow blotches, and no end of bilious eructations, have had back of them a perfect set of ivory teeth, the envy of the gods. Truly they are a great and insoluble mystery!

But if I were an Oriental and should set about explaining the defects and ailments of the foreigner, I should start with the tooth and conclude that there must be some devil or other who sowed seeds of infection in every foreign baby’s mouth, and then dances with glee over the pains and aches that follow, till he sees his prey drop finally into the dentist’s box, What a world of expense, of misery, and of humiliation teeth are!

Three Korean friends, who happened to be sitting by when these notes were made, were inquired of :

“Kim, how old are you, please, and how many teeth have you out?”

“I am fifty-one,” said he, “and all my teeth are sound,” opening his mouth to show.

The next man was Yi, fifty-one also. He has two unbroken rows of molars. They can crack walnuts and peach stones with an echo like a small revolver shot. Of late, however, I have noticed a twinge across his countenance that tells me he fears there is a ‘worm’ working at the root of one of his teeth, that the tooth-devil has planted at some unwary moment. Let us hope not.

The third friend is Yi also, forty-three years of age, and not a defective tooth in his head, all sound and well. “When a Korean’s teeth go,” says he “he dies.”

I ask them what they make of us in this respect and they tell me that foreigners eat sweets. and the flavour sweet is associated with Earth, and earth devours water, and Water has to do, not with liver, lungs or kidneys, but with the teeth. So you have it: Sweet, that has to do with Earth, eats into the teeth that are in the category Water, Earth’s sworn enemy.

Here we are in the region of the Five Elements with a large measure of proof in favour of what they say.

As I peer into the oriental world I feel that teeth are a greater mystery than ever.

We saw exhumed once on a time the bones of an ancient lord from a mound that had adorned the hillside a hundred years. The bones were all counted, every one of them, and from the skull not a tooth was missing. The ancient record said that he died at 60 years of age.

I had just come to the conclusion that Asia was blessed with sound teeth above her kind, especially Korea, when I found the following poem by Yi Kyoo-bo written about 1200 A. D.

“Man lives by eating, and he eats by means of his teeth. If his teeth ache he cannot eat. It looks as though God intended that I should die. If you have them pulled out, you get relief from the agony, but the toothless gum that shows, puts me to shame. The few I have left are all loose, and have no grip at all upon the jaw. These, too, begin to ache and my whole head suffers, for tooth-ache goes clear up to the crown. With it, one cannot drink cold water, nor can he drink hot. Even with rice gruel he has to wait till it cools before he attempts it, and then he eats it, not with his teeth, but with his

tongue. As for meat it is quite out of the question and has to be left untouched in the dish. This is all a proof of age, One really must get rid of the body altogether to be well.”

It is not wholly as I thought, for this extract proves that there were toothless woes in ancient days. Still, taken all in all, Koreans are as superior to us in the matter of teeth, as soldiers on the “western front” are superior to a loose flung Chinese mob.

Hard chewing and salt wash every day they live, have kept them strong and white as ivory, so that you could marshal an army of a hundred thousand men in Korea without a missing tooth. Would it be possible anywhere else in the world?

The coming generation, however, what with sugars, and ices, and ami’s and chocolates, and the thousand other accompaniments of the 20th Century, will soon develop aches any pains and a “worm” for every tooth inside their head, till they know all the ills and woes that the West is heir to.

KOREAN LANGUAGE STUDY.

(REGARDING THE NOUN).

J. S. GALE.

Nouns, if we except words of Chinese origin, are made up of one syllable, two syllables, three syllables, and sometimes of four syllables.

The ordinary work-a-day nouns, so many of them, are of but one syllable like mouth (입), ear (귀), eye (눈) , hand (손), nose (코), as well as rain (비), snow (눈), water (물), fire (불), etc.

Marching along after these come a host of nouns of two syllables like breast (가심), shoulder (엇), leg (다리), back (허리), wind (바람), frost (서리), thunder (우뢰), lightning (번), and so on.

There are also a great number or words of three syllables like coat (조구리), pig (되아지), frog(구리 ), stick (막닥이), club (몽동이) etc.

A few of four syllables suggest themselves like robe (두루악이), valley (산짜구니), hunchback (곱동이) etc.

It looks very much, in passing, as though these nouns of three syllables had been so fashioned by the addition of a nominative ending, that in process of time had become a part of the noun. In the case of the four syllable nouns they are usually made up of two simpler forms joined together, as 두루 around and 막이 enclose the robe that encloses one round about.

From the simpler forms to the more complex these nouns have grown through the long ages of the past, but just how, and from what component parts, it remains for the student to find out.

From old Poo-yu, and out of the shadows of the Yu-jin kingdom, they doubtless have come in their long wanderings, but the lack of definite records leaves us hopelessly in the dark.

In thinking over some oddity or irregularity that accompanies these nouns, the question of case suggests itself. Nouns have ordinarily nine case endings, if we make the plural one of them; but the oddity I was thinking of, appears where the cases are again added to, and themselves go through a partial round of inflection.

Let us look at this for a moment, as it is a peculiarity that we do not find in English.

Supposing we take the word strength (능력), then (능력으로) would mean by his strength, or with his strength. But the Korean has a way of bringing out the force of the word much more emphatically by making a compound ending and adding 는, 그사의 능력으로는 그일을 일우지 못겟소 With such strength as that man’s, you can never do that work.

This little 는 gives a dynamic force to the sentence that is

quite lacking when it is absent. The same may be said of 셔. It gives an added force where it occurs properly. From being a humble man he became a man of note, 나진으로셔놉허젓소.

In some cases 는 may possibly be added to 으로셔 but

that would not in any special way change the force.

The dative case 의게 may take the same forms. We would say: Don’t give it to that man, 그사람의게는주지마러라. You may give it to some other, but not to him, is a thought implied.

Almost the same force is given by 셔 when we say, 그사의게셔드른말이오 I heard it from that man. To this again

may be added a 는 as in the sentence, 일본사람의 게셔는저쥬를오고, which could be translated We specially learn skill-

of-hand from the Japanese . . .

The views are specially fine from the mountains, 산에셔는경치가좃소, not so good from the lower plains, being understood.

It may be useful to the student to notice these peculiarities and see how far they enter into the common language of every day.

THE STUDY OF JAPANESE—II.

THE USE OF ROMAJI

F. HERRON SMITH.

Oriental languages are fundamentally languages of the eye and not of the ear. They are all based on the ideograph, which is the picture of an idea and does not correspond to a sound. In case of a misunderstanding or a dispute, the final court of appeal is invariably the written character. It is this fact, more than any other, that accounts for the failure to Romanize the Japanese language. Such a change would not merely revise the way of writing the language, but would make of Japanese, like English, a language of the ear and mouth, where the spoken word has final authority and the sound is all in all.

It is an easy task to write Japanese in Romaji, i.e. Roman letters. Japanese lends itself more readily to our alphabet than does English itself. The long, short, broad and other various vowel sounds are a great stumbling-block to foreigners who learn English from books. By simply looking at a vowel

you can get no idea of the way to pronounce it, but the vowel sounds in Japanese never change. The “a” sound is always the sound of “a” in father; the “e” as in pen; the “i” as in machine; the “o” as in more, and the “u” as in put. These are the pure, the original Italian or Roman sounds of these vowels, and Japanese, like Italian, is one of the very best languages in the world to sing in. The consonant sounds too, can be expressed perfectly with our alphabet and still have l, q, v and x left over.

For many years there has been a great effort made by certain progressive Japanese to secure the adoption of the Romaji system. The Romajikwai (Romaji Association) is to­day a strong organization with many branches and including many representative men in its membership. It issues several papers and magazines and is conducting a propaganda. Even though their minds, through the influence of heredity, take in the ideograms much more readily than ours, it is said that Japanese students lose at least two years, because of the necessity they are under of mastering such an awkward instrument of reading and writing. Educational authorities have been trying for years to reduce the number of the characters that are used, to the minimum, and they assert that if one knows 8,000, he can read all ordinary literature. However, this estimate is far too low, and one must master at least 6,000 or better 6,500 to be able to read freely the ordinary literature of the educated classes.

To become in any sense a master of Japanese, one must be able to read it as well as speak it, but for the first two or three years it is a great loss for the foreigner to confine himself entirely or even chiefly to the kana and ideographs. The ordinary student had best begin with the kana and use them exclusively for a few weeks till he fixes his pronunciation. Even then the exactness of the pronunciation will depend on the ear rather than on any other factor. It is invariably true that a person with a good musical ear will acquire the best pronunciation. This applies not only to the individual sounds, but also to that which is far more important, the rhythm and swing of the language in motion as it is spoken.

If the writer had his way, he would have the many in Korea who are taking up the study of Japanese spend the first month on the First Reader with a good Japanese teacher. After that he would have five-sevenths of the time and effort spent on Romaji books. Good teachers are rare and those that have had experience in teaching Japanese to foreigners can scarcely be found outside Tokyo. In the Romaji books the student will find excellent vocabularies, useful sentences and clear explanations of grammatical points, and he can succeed with a very mediocre teacher.

This plan recommends itself, too, from the fact that the spoken language, or colloquial, and the written language, are still quite different. One might secure quite a thorough knowledge of books and master the words and forms he found there, and still not be able to speak. In books he would find neither the most useful idiom nor the verb forms. On the contrary the Romaji books are made for foreigners, who have not inherited the colloquial and known it from childhood, as have the ordinary reader of Japanese books. The newer Romaji texts contain the vocabulary and sentences that one wishes to use every day. In some Missions it is a rule that a young missionary must be able to preach before he takes up seriously the study of the character, and in almost every Mission there are those who succumbed to the fascination of the ideographs and reading before they learned to express themselves, and consequently have never been able to speak with any degree of freedom .

The ordinary student will find it much easier to memorize Romaji words and phrases than those written in kana or the character. It is impossible to do too much memory work. The more words, and especially phrases and clauses, one can master, the better. Bishop Harris has only one bit of advice to students of Japanese and it is this: “Learn words.” He contends that if one knows the words they are sure to find expression in an understandable way.

The student who eschews Romaji will have great difficulty for years in using a dictionary. It requires more then a modicum of knowledge to be able to use an ordinary Japanese

dictionary, but the Romaji editions can be used by anyone who reads English. The old Brinkley dictionary or the small and cheap Inouye book will be found most useful from the very beginning.

There are four points at least that will require some special care on the part of the foreign students. It is not always easy to add the diacritical marks, as the Korea Magazine proved, when it left out the long vowel marks over the “o” in Kobe and the “a” in Hakodate, in the last article on Japanese study. The foreign student must make a distinction between long and short vowels, especially the long and short “o” and “u.” The quality of the vowel is the same but the length differs as does the length of a quarter note and a half note in music. For example puki with a long u means courage, while with a short u the meaning is snow. Kokyo means the Imperial Palace while kokyo means one’s native place. Koko is here, and kōkō means filial piety. Such example are numerous.

Where double consonants are used both must be pronounced. In the word “letter” for example in English, we really use only one consonant. In Japanese oto means sound and otto means husband. In the second case the foreigner must be careful to sound the two “ts.” Geka means surgery, while gekka means a moonlight night. Yoka means the eighth and yokka means the fourth of the month.

A clear distinction too must be made between e and i at the end of a word. Thus sake means rice-wine while saki means before or in front of. Take is bamboo and taki is a water-fall; yume is a dream and yumi a bow.

For all ordinary purposes one may say there is no accent in Japanese. Occasionally a scholar arises who will try to show the difference between hana which means nose and hana which means flower, or the hashi which means bridge and the one that means chop-sticks. But no one has succeeded very well and it must in almost all words every syllable has equal value pain our able Superintendent of Education to hear himself called Mr. Se-Ki-ya, with a great stress on the “Ki.” Each syllable should have the same force. Thus endeth the lesson.

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the February number.)

XV. HONOURS OF THE KWAGO (Examination).

Cold sweats broke out upon her body, and her mind seemed all confused. It was the fifth watch of the night and the moon was setting over the western horizon; wild geese, too, were flying toward the south. They were in a flock with outstretching flanks calling to their mates as they went clamourrng by.

“Whither ye wild geese? Are ye those messengers who carried letters from Somoo when he was taken prisoner by the northern hordes? Are you the geese who left the tender grass, the blue waters and the white sands of the Sesang River from fear of the crying spirits? Listen till I speak to you and give you a message for my master.”

When she looked, however, the geese were already gone, and were lost in the distant clouds, among the stars and moon and once more she turned stunned and dazed to the actualities of the prison. She wept afresh and so passed the time till the day began to break. The moon had set and the sun had risen. The gate-keeper of the prison came briskly out.

“Jailer!” shouted he.

“What do you want?” asked the jailer.

“To-morrow after salutation you are to have Choonyang out, and she is to be killed, the Governor says. Make ready

\*Somoo. A faithful courtier of the the founder of the Han 100 B. C. He went as an envoy to the Tartar Huns, and while there tried to kill a renegade Chinaman who was in league with barbarians. For this he was arrested and exiled for nineteen years to tend the Tartar flocks in the wilderness. He carried along with him his wand of office and used it as a shepherd’s staff this signifying that he was a sever faithful to his rightful king. In his efforts to get into communication with his own state he caught a wild goose and tied a letter to it. As chance would have it, it was shot by the Emperor of Han himself and thus he discovered where his faithful courtier was.

the paddle bastinados. What a pitiful, poor thing! She will die under it. Tell her to write to Seoul.”

The gate-keeper returned and the jailer said to Choon­yang, “Write a letter to Seoul, why don’t you? If they know of this in Seoul, will they not do something?”

Choonyang replied, “That’s so, get me a messenger.”

He called the Young Master’s former Boy, whose name was Bolljacksay, Halfwit, and Choonyang spoke to him.

“I’ll give you,” said she “ten yang now, and when you come back from Seoul I’ll give you a suit of white clothes.”

Halfwit replied, “Never mind about what you’ll give me, write the letter please, Miss. I’ll go double distances night and day.”

As Choonyang wrote the letter the borders of her dress­skirt were wet with tears. The paper, too, was marked and the writing blurred. A heart of stone would have melted to read it. To conclude it she bit the third finger of her left hand, and let her blood mark the page drop by drop, and then she sealed and addressed it. A hundred times she counselled and warned Halfwit, “Hasten, hasten on your way ; but while the Master writes his reply do not hurry him. Go and come quickly.”

After despatching him, she drew a long, painful sigh and said, “The letter goes, but why not I? How far Seoul seems away. What a lot of hills to climb and how many streams to cross! If I could only be a heron with its graceful wings, I would rise and speed through space, till I could look my loved one in the eyes and tell him my sorrows o’er and o’er, but I am not. If I were dead and in the quiet mountains, I’d become a \*Tookyon bird, and flit among the flowers and shadows neath the silvery moon, and I’d whisper my callings into my master’s ear, and he’d know me I am sure.

While she laboured through her sorrows thus, the young Master had meanwhile gone to Seoul, and had set diligently to work at his studies, waiting impatiently for the Examination came at last and he entered the arena for the Alsongkwa (Special Examination). His entry was worthy of

\*Tookyon bird. The whip-poor-will.

note. He had his book of selected Korean sayings, his dictionary, his tent, an awning, a lampstand, an umbrella, a felt carpet, pickets wrapped in bundles and carried before him by his servants. On entering the ground he saw the notice place for subject erected under the lamp-stand, and as he looked he descried underneath the main pavilion, the snow white royal dias, high perched, with waving awnings reaching out like clouds. He lifted his eyes toward the Royal Presence, and the sight was thrilling and inspiring. The canopy, the embroidered umbrellas, the green and red coats, the banners, the fans, the dragon and phoenix flags, the tiger-tailed spears and ornamented battle-axes, the three-pronged tridents and curved sabres, were all at the service of the Minister of War. A great sight! Officers, police, officials had fallen in order. In shining caps and ceremonial robes, they stood in splendid array, wearing horn-belts and belts of tortoise-shell. The special head-gear they wore indicated their rank as did also the embroidered breast-plates of double stork designs and whiskered tigers. Numerous underlings were about in felt-hats and green coats, carrying quivers full of arrows. Palace stewards, too, were in evidence through the crowd. In front was the general of the vanguard; midway the lieutenant-general of the mid corps; and behind, the general of the rear. Subordinate officers, detectives and police were present everywhere. A hundred palace guards had charge of the Examination. Around the outside were mounted soldiers, ordered there by the Six Departments. Following these were paddle-bearers, runners, etc., each in his place, and so the Examination was proclaimed opened.

“Attention!” was the call.

The officials prostrated themselves before His Majesty and then the deputy-herald posted uµ the notice which ran as follows:

“The Sun all Bright; the Moon all Clear.”

“The Stars all Brilliant; the Sea all Calm.”

Two or three times was this called forth, to the immense excitement of the crowd and the commotion and confusion of the palace.

A beautiful form and handsome as the gods was Dream­Dragon. Especially when dressed afresh in ceremonial robes, and as he stepped forth with the government runners escorting him on each side. He was the winner of the contest, whose praises were now to be specially celebrated by the King’s own hand; and who had been appointed by His Majesty to the office of Deputy-Guardian of Literature. He comes forth from the Hong-wha Gate wearing the champion’s wreath of flowers and the blue robes of honour; carrying the silver wand and shaded by the green umbrella. Silk coated flower-children lead the way, playing on jade pipes of which the music rings out delightfully. Crowds dance to do him honour, and thousands of the literati push and tug to get a glimpse of him, falling and tumbling over each other. Hearing his praise who would not envy him? Prizeman Yee however had his disappointments. He was not yet made a member of the Hallim, not being of the 5th Degree, but said he, “What can we say about it, when it is all through the favor of the King?”

Just then the palace steward, who introduces guests, came with orders that Yee Dream-Dragon, Deputy-Guardian Of Literature, champion of the Kwago should enter at once the Royal Presence, such being the King’s command

He entered. Said His Majesty to him, “The Palace is deep and shut away. The \*Four Seas are far, far off and the people greatly to be pitied, so I am sending you as my secret Commissioner to the eight provinces. Evil influences are abroad among official classes. Seeing you and what you have written, I take it as a gift from the gods, and a blessing to my nation that you are at my service. You are young and can, therefore, enter more readily into the sorrows and joys of the common people by this office to which I appoint you. I want you to go to the south as my special commissioner, in behalf of my subjects, to sec how magistrates and governors rule, to take impartial notes of who are faithful sons, and who are chaste and loyal women, to write me out a report and send it. So take care of yourself and return in safety.

\*Four Seas. A synonym for the Chinese Empire, used also for the Kingdom of Korea.

His Majesty gave him the “Horse” seal, and his wand, the insignia of office. This appointment to the Hallim and the high honours of Commissioner, overpowered Dream-Dragon. He prostrated himself in gratitude before His Majesty and said, “I am so young and have no ability. I cannot do as did Pompang, who took command and made a clear sweep of it. Still I shall follow in his faithful steps in seeing that the wicked are punished and the faithful rewarded. With all my might I shall try to repay the gracious favor of Your Majesty.”

He said good-bye and made his kowtow, and depa1ted bearing the mandate of the king. He left the city with all speed, passing the South Gate by fast post-horses, by ferry over the river, and then by climbing the shoulder of the hill, past Kwachon where he took his mid-day rest and changed horses. On he went past this town and that, leaving behind him Buddha Hall and Devil-Height Pavilion. Into the North Gate of Soowon he dashed, crossing the city, and spending his night outside the south wall. Passing countless post stations, he reached Chinwee, where the noon-day repast was taken. Here he again changed horses, and crossing the broad plain of Pyongwon, on and on and on he went till he arrived at Pyong-myong. Here he did away with post-horses, changed his dress, called his servants and attendants to him and made a special agreement with them giving to each his separate orders saying, “You will go by way of Yawsan, Iksan and such and such places, and on the 15th of the present month, meet me at noon at the Moonlight Pavilion in Namwon District.” “Yes, sir!” answered the soldier.

“You, too, will leave here and go by way of Impec, Okkoo，and such and such places and meet me this month, 15th day, at noon at the Moonlight Pavilion. I, myself, shall go by way of Chunjoo, Imsil, Moojoo, through such and such places, shall inspect, one by one, the various townships of Namwon District, noting this and that, and shall finally arrive at the county-seat. You hurry along to meet me, always remembering that one seeing is worth ten hearings.. Don’t trust to what others say. Official avarice, maltreatment of the people, lawless acts, disloyalty, lack of filial piety, take note of these. Take note, too,

of those who wrong others, of drunkards, of those who do murder and hide away the dead, of those who are disrespectful to their seniors，of those who steal from government supplies, of those who separate husband from wife, of those who steal grave-sites, of those who disgrace their home by unfaithful living, of those who beg while having enough to live on, of those who lose everything by drink and gambling, of those who set fire to other’s houses. Make notes of all such things and meet me, every one of you, on the 15th day at noon in the Moonlight Pavilion.”

“Yea-a-a!” answered they all.

XVI. INCOGNITO.

Thus having instructed them he sent them off. He himself, dressed in the garb of a common tramp, went first to Yusan District, and from there on he took note, section by Section, ward by ward, village by village. The various officials got wind of the fact that a secret commissioner was on the way, and hastily took cognisance as to whether all was right regarding government accounts, etc.

And now the Commissioner has dismissed his post-horses, post-servants, secretaries, attendants, and is wholly alone, making his way through a narrow defile, when he meets an uncouth countryman coming toward him, a rough dishevelled fellow with hempen garters tied about his legs, and his feet in

wraps instead or stockings. He has around his waist a long pocket of white cloth, and in his hand a hard-wood gad, trimmed at the ends, with which he goes swinging along, singing a sad kind of refrain that agreed with his non-mirthful cogitations.

“How shall I go? Alas, alas, how shall I go?

“ A thousand lee to Hanyang (Seoul), how shall I go?

“The road is long, so deadly long, how shall I make it, tell me, pray,

“With stones, and streams, and mud, and miles, where is this Hanyang anyway?

“Some kinds of luck are great and good, glory and riches, drink and food,

“But this chap’s luck is beastly mean and so he’s tired and poor and lean,

“And goes by day a long stage pull, to get his hungry stomach full.

“My luck and Choonyang’s, what’s the cause? Most desperate luck that ever was:

“This new born Governor is most inhuman, and doesn’t prize an honest woman.

“But wants by everything that’s coarse, to down her with his brutal force.

“While she has stood her ground sublime, just like the bamboo and the pine.

“How shall I go, how shall I go? For me it’s pain, for her it’s woe.”

The Commissioner resting under a tree listened to the song of the lad. On hearing it his eyes started from their sockets, and his heart beat a scared tattoo, his spirit melted and his senses well nigh took their departure.

When the boy came opposite to him he said, “Youngster, look here.”

The boy, however, was a country lad with a stiff neck and stubborn disposition.

“Why do you call for me?” asked he, “Who are you, you callow kid, to call a man of my age ‘Youngster ‘?”

“Oh I beg your pardon, I made a mistake. Don’t be angry please, but where do you live, anyway?”

“Where do I live? Why I live in our town.”

“I don’t mean that, I told you before that I had made a mistake. Don’t be cross now! Where do you live?” “I live in Namwon.” “And where are you going?”

“I am taking a letter to the home of the former governor.” “Let me see the letter, will you?”

“See the letter? Would you ask to see someone else’s correspondence, and that from the woman’s quarters, too?”

“Right you are,” said Dream-Dragon, “and yet you display your ignorance of literature in saying so. Have you never read the saying, ‘The man on the road meets us and opens our letters?’ It’ll be all right I am sure.”

The Boy laughed, “Ha! ha!”

“The saying runs that important information may be found in a hempen pocket,” says he to himself. “His looks are not up to much, but nevertheless, let him read it.”

He gives the letter.

Dream-Dragon takes it, breaks the seal, and sees to his amazement that it is in the hand of Choonyang. It reads :

“Since your departure three years have already gone and letters have ceased to come. No little azure birds\* bear me messages over the thousand lee, and the wild-goose carrier has failed me. I look longingly toward heaven, but my waiting eyes find nought to see; the haloed mountains have moved off into the distance, and my spirit is breaking. The tookyon bird cries in the plum forest, while the midnight rain falls on the odong trees. I sit alone and think, and think, while the earth seems lost and empty, and the heavens old and gray. This sorrow is too hard to bear. In the butterfly-dream one goes a thousand lee, and yet never breaks away from love. I dare not think of my lot. I pass the flowery mornings and the moonlight nights in tears and sighing. The new governor on taking office ordered me to be his concubine, and this has brought me very low even to the gates of death. I have been tortured but my soul refused to die. Still under the paddle my spirit will shortly take its flight. I pray that my dear husband may live long and enjoy health and blessing. In the eternal future ages, when this poor life is over, and a thousand years have borne away its memory, may we meet again and never, never part.”

\*Azure birds. The great Mother of Taoism Queen Su-wang-mo is supposed to have dwelt on Mount Kwenlun at the head of the troops of genii. For hundreds of years she has been regarded as one of the greatest divinities. She abides on the Lake of Gems near whose border grow the peach trees of the fairies. Anyone eating of its fruit will live forever. The gentle messengers that carry her royal despatches are the azure pigeons mentioned here.

Like the wild-goose foot-prints upon the silvery sand, there were blood marks, drop, drop, drop, upon the letter. Dream-Dragon read it in bewilderment, fell forward on his face, and cried, “Alas! Alas!” while the carrier looked at him in speechless amazement.

“I say, Boss,” said he, “your cryings have soiled the letter. If in reading this woman’s epistle, you take on as one would at the three great sacrifices. for the dead, what would yon have done had you read of her death? Pulled down your hair I suppose. Are you some relation of hers?”

Dream-Dragon said, “What do you mean? As I read her letter her case is pitiful and her sentences are marked with blood. Wood or stone itself would be moved by it, wouldn’t it?”

Now the carrier lad, Halfwit, was the same boy who had acted the part of messenger for Dream-Dragon when he was in Namwon, and had gone and come with letters to Choonyang’s house. After a little inspection there was no mistaking in his mind as to who this stranger was, but still he acted his part for a time, and then at last he made a rush toward his former master, bowed very low and inquired as to his honourable health. He once more gave the letter from his pocket, told all about Choonyang and what had befallen her, till Dream-Dragon ground his teeth with rage, and forgetting that Half-wit overhead him declared what he would do, “I shall dismiss this rascal from his office and send him flying.”

The Boy had drunk yamen waters for twenty years or so and was not slow to guess what such a speech could mean. When this was said, he himself chimed in, “If I could only be the attendant soldier-guard to Your Excellency, just as soon as we get into Namwon I’d help to break his bull-beast head.”

“What do you mean?” asked Dream-Dragon, “If I were the King’s Commissioner I said I would do so and so, but how could I ever expect to be that?”

The Boy laughed a broad grin, saying, “I know this, and I know that, please don’t deceive your humble servant, sir!”

To be Continued.

BLAZING THE TRAIL.

(Continued from the February Number.)

CHAPTER XXII. A NAMELESS WOMAN.

Long after the hermit had said farewell, his words echoed in Martha’s mind, like the sound of some machinery that droned on yet arrested not her attention. She was thinking of the man who had beaten her; and she prayed fervently for him.

During the following days, as she lay under the canopy in the center of the boat, in the place assigned her, she watched the shores wistfully for some familiar sight by which she might recognize the way. Her recent experience on the salt marsh warned her to make no inquiries of strangers. On the morning of the fifth day they reached the town called White Lily. Martha remembered the stop her husband made with her on their journey to his home years ago because the name had suggested the lilies that grew near her mountain home. She remembered how keen had been her disappointment when she entered the dust laden town, and at the inn how she had been pestered by miriads of flies. She now picked up her babe and bound it to her back, and from the little bundle of coin, offered the boatman a sum to pay her fare. He courteously waved her aside and in a kindly voice bade her farewell. She stepped down from the boat marveling greatly at the hermit’s power to make her secure in her journey and close the lips of the boatman, equally against gossiping but her past, or making inquiries regarding her plans for the future. Well she knew, that did they talk, word of her lonely journey would outspeed their slow moving boat and cruel hands would meet her on the way. Again she thanked her Master for the friendship of the hermit and turned her footsteps to the ferry that led westward across the river.

While waiting, the boat filled with a string of passengers with their donkeys, horses and bundles of firewood and grain destined for that part of the town situated on the opposite side of the river.

Among the number that interested her most was a group who came streaming down the bank just before the boat pushed off from shore. They looked much worn from a long journey. A man led the way carrying on his back a great load of household goods; after him followed another with an equally large load; two women walked in their rear with large bundles on their heads, one of whom carried a baby on her back; they, in turn, were followed by two small boys each carrying a small bundle like their elders. There were no seats in the boat and these last sat down on the bottom and took no interest in their fellow passengers. Martha watched their movements with great interest, and finally made her way to where the party stood, crowding past horses, donkeys, and piles of brush wood. Martha singled out the elder woman of the two and enquired in the usual formal manner where she was going, and where she came from.

“We have come a long distance,” she replied, with a dull look at Martha. “We have walked three hundred li and the road is a weary one.”

“And where are you going?” Martha persisted.

“Going, going?” she repeated, “let me see, we arc going, you, there, where are we going?” she asked turning her head in the direction of one of the men near her, and without waiting for a reply added in a garrulous voice, “We are leaving poverty and traveling in poverty and going to poverty: that is where we are going. There were no rains last season and we starved, and we have been starving ever since and we are going to starve when we get to the end of our journey. Better die now, a good deal better, than make our friends bury us when we get there. I suppose they would bury us. He says he has friends at that end,” she added looking scornfully at the man whom she had just addressed. “I wonder if he thinks they will feed us. Bigger fool than he was when he sowed rice instead of millet last year. He knew that it was

only an occasional year when there is water enough to grow rice; always dreaming about getting rich and always sowing rice on dry land. Fool enough to dream that he can get a living out of those distant mountains, nothing but rocks, and I am a fool to follow him.” Again she looked at the man as she might at a culprit from whom she had suffered great wrong. The man was evidently her husband; he ventured no reply, and turning his back upon her, looked down disconsolately at his hard rough hands as if wearied of an old subject that he was unable to dispose of. As the boat touched the shore the sharp faced woman picked up her bundle with many a grunt and groan.

You look worn and ill,” said Martha, “and I am sorry to see you so.”

“Humph! Not worn, nor ill, just hungry, that is all.”

“Why, you are not traveling without money?” said Martha, in wonder.

“Money, child,” said she turning and looking Martha over, “this is a heavy load, but the load is growing lighter; so are all their bundles; he sells something every day,” she added with a jerk of her head in the direction of the man ahead of her.

“Got to eat,” he said without looking up.

“Eat! When we get there, if we don’t die by the way, we will not have a rag left: understand, now, I will not allow another scrap sold though you all starve. Better starve now and have something with which to bury your carcass.” Evidently encouraged that she had a reply from her husband, she started off in a tirade against the things she had endured on the long journey. She had had a half bowl of millet that morning, having had to divide the bowl with that other woman; a half bowl the morning before, and not even hot water to make the insipid stuff go down. She kept her eyes on the back of her husband. He made no reply, evidently repenting that he had so far forgotten himself as to reply to her at all. At last her voice trailed off into many a puff and grumble.

For some lime Martha walked silently at the rear of the column of wanderers, fearing again to speak to this sharp

tongued woman, but finally the necessity of looking ahead for shelter for the night compelled her to again approach the irascible woman.

“Pardon me,” Martha said timidly, “You did not tell me the name of the place where you are going; I have special reasons for wanting to know.” The woman turned abruptly on her questioner and balancing her load on her head, said,

.’Tell you, sure I will tell you. Our destination is 800 li from here on the Yalu River. Do you understand? Eight hundred li, Falcon Peak is the name. Why do you ask?”

“May I go with you?” Martha asked with a fear at her heart, “I am quite alone and perhaps I shall have to travel farther even than you.” The woman put the load down from her head and sat flat on the ground, and looked Martha over from her head to her rough sandals.

“Igo!” she exclaimed, “ You don’t live here? Where is your husband? Running away from him, eh? Why, you pretty fool. Walk eight hundred li and carry that baby too?” “No,” said Martha, “I have not run away as you think.

Indeed my husband sent me forth on this journey. You say you have had trouble. We have bad trouble also and I am compelled to return for a while to my father’s family. They live in a village called Pine Tree Knob.”

“Igo!” the woman said again and looked up into Martha’s appealing face. “‘Igo!” she repeated with half commiserating wonder, and scrambled to her feet, placed the load on her head, and hastened to overtake her companions, occasionally giving vent to an explosive, “Igo!” Martha followed with a strange beating of the heart; she had banked her safety on the loyalty of this irascible woman whom she had known for only an hour. When they overtook the party the woman addressed her husband.

“See here, you, this young woman is going with us all the way, nor is she running away from her husband; do you understand?” and she looked defiance into the other’s face. “She is going with us and will carry her baby. Move along, I say, what you staring at!” she commanded when the company stopped and turned slowly with their heavy bundles to look at

Martha, who had shrunk close to her champion. After a brief stare the company moved on without a word, while the woman repeated, “Igo!” every few breaths. A little later the husband muttered, “No money?”

“Of course she has no money,” said the woman, “What use has she for money? I want to tell you one thing—this bundle is getting mighty heavy and I shall sell it so fast the inn-keepers will stare. Do you understand?” Again her voice dared any one to dispute her. Later when the woman fell behind, for her load was exceedingly heavy, Martha said,

“I have a bit of money, and I would not allow you to sell anything from your pack for me, no, not for the world.”

“Hush,” said the woman, “you have no money, of course You have none. Will you remember you have no cash? Mind, I am the treasurer of this party: he gets drunk sometimes, especially when I scold, and I am going to do a lot of that The other man is his younger brother and is a fool; that woman is his wife and knows less than he, and you know less than any of them. See that you keep your money out of sight. If you are very rich, indeed, but your jacket does not declare it, why, you can sometimes slip a bit of cash into my hand when the rest are not looking, but mind, you have no money, Igo!” she repeated again.

Martha longed for the close of the day that would compel the wanderers to find shelter for the night. Her head had scarcely healed and the black marks of her husband’s beating were as large as ever over her whole body, and she had hard work concealing them from the sharp eyes of her protectress. During the mid afternoon her strength nearly gave out; her friend noting her fatigue complained to the company that she herself was simply played out and must have a rest Martha’s gratitude brought tears to her eyes. In spite of these frequent rests that followed it seemed as if the sun would never reach the horizon. As they were directed to the women’s quarters, at the inn that night, Martha crawled across the floor on hands and knees; removing her babe from her back, she lay down by its side and was immediately lost in the profound sleep of exhaustion. Two hours later she was

awakened for the evening meal, and again she fell into a deep sleep.

Early the next morning she was awakened by the presence of some one bending over her; she looked up into the eyes of her recent friend, “Hush,” said the latter, “how much money have you “

Martha had not counted the coin the hermit gave her, so the two women withdrew from the proximity of the other women guests who had chosen various places on the bare floor for rest, and sitting down in a corner, silently counted the bright silver and nickel pieces. “Seventy yang,” announced the woman, “very good, very good, indeed; twenty days, three yang a day for the expense of the inns and a bit each day for the price of sandals. There will be a bit left, that is well. Shall I care for it, and pay your bills? I fear it would not be well for you to pay separate from our company. Should it be learned that you were a stranger to us and had no legal claims upon us, no magistrate in the country would protect you. You are a Christian, you say, and are truthful. I am not a Christian and I lie. It seems good to lie in the defense of a sweet little face like yours. On this journey, I am your mother, do you understand? Your husband is following on after us. If you think it wrong to lie you needn’t; I will do it for you.” Martha handed her the little bundle of coin with a feeling of relief to see it in the hands of the other. “But,” she said after a moment of agitation, “I beg of you, do not lie on my account; surely an evil deed can not bring good; the thistle seed won’t grow rice,”

“Now see here,” replied her friend, “I don’t expect my lie to grow a truth, if it would I would not tell it. I want them to think the lie to the end. Truth or no truth, this is not your business; I don’t want you to meddle with mine. Understand? this is my business.”

When the party left the inn the woman produced a bundle for Martha to carry on her head. She looked at it in surprise and dismay; for on the previous day she had all she could do to keep pace with the company with only her baby on her back. “It is right,” said the woman in sharp commanding

tones, “right for you to bear part of the burden of the road.” The bundle looked heavy; Martha meekly reached for it, secretly chiding herself for the lack of gratitude for the protection the woman was giving her. Her companion did not allow her to take it but herself fastened it to Martha’s head band. Martha looked up into the sharp featured woman’s face and the tears of thankfulness moistened her eyes. The bundle was filled with nothing heavier than a bunch of very loose cotton and she felt no sense of weight at all. “There you must carry loads with the rest of us,” she repeated, and the others nodded their heads in approval. She struggled to get her own huge load on her head, and Martha trudged at her heels. When they had passed out of the town Martha’s hand timidly sought that of her friend’s as it swung down a moment from the heavy load.

“Igo! Igo!” the woman exclaimed, “You must carry loads with the rest of us, indeed, you must,” and a severe look settled over her face, but her hand rested long in the hand of Martha.

Each day of the long journey was a repetition of the previous. Martha remembered it through the years, for the dusty hot days and chill nights; the continuous tramp; the curious stare of a stranger; the sweating, toiling burden bearers; the whimper of her babe; the ache of body and the thirst; and amidst it all the sound of the sharp tongue of the garrulous woman who was so faithfully defending her. At night the inns were a cause of gratitude and among the scenes most impressed upon her were the inviting doors open and the men of their party with their bovine faces setting down their ponderous loads. She formed a great attachment for the rough, half fierce woman who always carried on her lips a rebuke to cover some act of kindness, or as a tigress at bay was always at Martha’s side to fly out at over-bold strangers they met on the way.

As the days passed, Martha’s endurance increased, and the expense of the road lightened the loads of her companions, and they made better progress. As they approached the end of their journey Martha watched the mountains, their wooded

peaks, and long fiords for familiar landmarks. At last they were told that it was a hundred li to the town known as Pine Tree Knob. “Two days more,” Martha murmured to her baby, “only two days.” Hope put elasticity into her steps, and a feeling of buoyancy into her bosom. They would receive her kindly, and then, too, word must soon come from her husband. God would answer her prayer; he would come for her and it would be a joyous ride back in a richly covered chair with husband and servant to make the journey pleasant. Ah, yes, he would be a Christian and they would attend church and read God’s Word together. Thus she dreamed as she approached her childhood home and her eyes sparkled with delight over the sweet picture. The following evening she knelt longer than usual over her prayers, and her companion watched her with interest. “Martha,” she said, “that is a strange name, but better than none; strange, isn’t it, how a name gives a woman an individuality. Does your husband call you Martha?” and without waiting for a reply she added, “My husband says, ‘you,’ ‘inside-the-house,’ or when in haste even though not angry, hurls at me some epithet of contempt. I am a nameless woman. Millions of us in Korea. Some protected by their own shrewd wit and savage tongue, but you poor soft baby, how did you withstand your husband even with your name?”

“What!” cried Martha in astonishment that her companion knew anything relating to her trouble.

The nameless woman gave a sniff and continued, “What? did you think I did not know. Poor innocent fool! did you think I did not see the black marks the day you asked to go with us. Why, child, I could tell with my eyes shut that you were fleeing from cruelty, but your baby-eyes were full of innocence and I cared for you.”

“Oh, no, no,” cried Martha, “I did not flee from my husband. You guessed right when you said he beat me, but I would not leave him though he killed me,” she paused and the brightness all faded from her face and she half whispered, “He drove me from his home, drove us out, baby and me.”

“Ah, I see,” said the woman, “you set up your new religion against his.” Martha nodded.

“Yes,” said Martha, with a faraway look on her face as she gazed out of the open door at the gathering darkness. “When you obey the Christ, He is with you. No, He, Himself is in you and makes you endure cruelty and death with sweetness in your heart. You have heard me say no ill of my husband, no, nor could I have other than tenderness for him.”

“And you say it is only to believe?” asked the nameless woman after a long pause, and not waiting for a reply she called for their hostess and made some enquiries about their evening meal, the character of the road ahead of them, and the distance to Pine Tree Knob. She saw to it that Martha had the largest bowl of millet and dainty bits of salt fish.

About noon the next day, the wanderers passed around the foot of a large spur of a mountain and suddenly they found themselves looking up a beautiful mountain fiord. It stretched away before their eyes a seeming interminable distance. At the end of the fiord a mountain buttressed the sky, beyond it was another peak majestic, grand, and far beyond that the blue spires of God’s temples pierced the sky.

Martha stood a long time looking upon the scene with a feeling of its familiarity. She was good to look upon as she stood with parted lips and flushed cheeks and animated eyes. I know it, I know it!” she exclaimed pointing up the fiord.

“See,” she called, “there it is, that village up there on the mountain side. There, do you see, back of those tall pines? That is my old home.” She laughed a soft silvery laugh, clasped her hands and still gazed at the mountain.

“Igo!” exclaimed her companion, looking earnestly into the face of Martha, “Igo, you pretty thing, why don’t you pray?”

“Pray for what?” asked Martha in surprise. “Because you are safely home.”

“I will.” said Martha, and seizing both hands of the older woman pulled her down on her knees; she prayed while her friend gazed at her pretty face, then closed her eyes and continued to repeat softly “Igo!” “Heaven1y Father I thank

you,” Martha prayed, “for bringing me safely home and for raising up for me this kind friend. May she know you as I know you and repent of all her sins. Amen.” “Igo!” said the nameless woman.

They arose to their feet, and Martha still holding the hand of her companion walked slowly to the point where the road divided. The other members of the company had preceded them to the forks of the road and had set down their loads for a rest. They were surprised that Martha had reached the end of her journey, and expressed their regrets for having to part from her company. They, however, took the matter with the same nonchalance with which she was received into their company. Life had been hard with them, friends had come and gone, gaunt famine and death had stalked through their families and clan, leaving behind only painful footprints, and memories of hushed voices. Tragedies were so frequent that the scene had become commonplace. They had wept their eyes dry, and, what advantage is there in a moan that neither brings relief or awakes attention? As the dumb beast of burden receives the lash with patient endurance and closes his eyes at the flash of a descending blow, only to open them with a dumb look through blurred vision at the cause of the smart and hurt, so these toilers suffered and endured and knew not why life was bootless. Martha had come and was going, what mattered? Had one of their number fallen by the way and a little mound alone been left to mark the spot, they would have simply bent the head lower under the blow, and, without understanding, toiled on.

Tears were in Martha’s eyes when she turned from them up the long fiord. Her heart had been knit into the heart of the nameless woman, and she understood something of the world tragedy that rested upon the lives of them all.

The party, immediately on Martha’s departure, lifted their loads to their backs and started off on their toilsome journey. After a few moments Martha looked back at her friend who still stood gazing in Martha’s direction with the heavy load balanced on her head; as Martha nodded a final farewell the woman beckoned her to wait, and putting her load down she

came swiftly to where Martha was standing, and, half out of breath, she abruptly asked,

“Does it bring you peace and rest when you are weary and lonely, and hungry, does it now? It is a strange name you have; does it, Martha?”

“Yes,” said Martha, “you will always be at peace when God is within you.”

“Ah-a, believe and pray, is that all? You arc sure the Christ would listen to me?”

“Assuredly he would. Believe and pray,” said Martha.

The nameless woman laughed softly to herself, and looked down at her rough hands and soiled clothes, and repeated, “Me? listen to me?” She laughed again while she brushed a tear from her cheek.

Martha watched her as she retraced her steps and again lifted the load to her head and hastened on to overtake her comrades, then Martha turned and hurried up the long fiord to her childhood home. Her mind echoed with the question that had been on her lips since the day she had turned her face to the north, “Would they receive her?” And her doubts and trepidations increased as she approached her old home.

THE TOWN OF PINE TREE KNOB.

There was a general stir in the village of Pine Tree Knob when Martha arrived. Her marriage had been the wonder and the envy of the citizens of the town. While her father’s family had been thrifty land holders, they in no wise compared in wealth with the rich Cho. What a disgrace to the family of Martha! Would they ever dare lift their heads from this shame? They would not have thought such a deed as leaving a husband possible to one of that honorable clan, but then women are women and one can never tell what they will do, especially a pretty woman. Before many hours had passed gossip had said many things not complimentary to Martha. It was unthinkable that any thing but moral delinquency on her part could have caused the separation. “Of course,” they said, “now that the deed was done there was no help for it, and they felt sorry for the excellent gentleman, Mr. Cho. As

for the woman, she could probably be consoled by some widower who was too poor to secure a wife in the regular way.” They began suggesting the names of different ones in the neighborhood who might condescend to accept of such a hussy, provided she could prove her skill in washing and cooking.

When Martha had explained that she was driven from her home because of her new faith the town was filled with consternation. “Well it was,” they said, “that her husband had dealt with her summarily. Who but the husband has a right to dictate the form of religion that shall be used in his own home. Better would it have been, had he first of all dealt with her as is proper for husbands to do. A shallow woman as she has proven herself lo be could have been speedily punished into shape and obedience; strange how weak some men prove themselves when there is a crisis. The whole thing was unreasonable, wholly insane. Perhaps this young woman would have the presumption to attempt to teach the people of Pine Tree Knob her new faith; persuade her brothers to practise the new cult.” The idea amused the villagers hugely.

All who had seen her admitted that she was pretty and wholesome to look at, and it was curiously interesting to see her read books like a man, but what use was there in women reading books. It only served to pit the woman against her husband, and moreover, made the mothers of the people disloyal to the teaching o[ the sages.

“ I have seen,” said the elder brother while talking with a sympathetic neighbor over the calamity that had befallen their home, “the seed of a parasite fall into the bark of the most beautiful tree, and spread its roots till the ugly shrub had sapped all the life of the tree. Such is the case with my beautiful sister; her mind is brilliant and her face winsome, so much so that I am sometimes almost persuaded that she is innocent and good, but a Christian idea has settled in her mind and, now, see what has been the result; a ruined home, a world of trouble for her, and trouble for all our clan.”

It disturbed her family not a little that Martha mixed freely

with all the women of the town, meeting them at the mountain stream where the daily washing was done; keeping her voice in tune with the rat-a-tat of the ironing stick, behind a closed door at night. She was so gentle and filled with so many acts of kindness that she was soon a favorite with the women of the village, and faces always brightened when Martha appeared. She was so unselfish and industrious, one could not reproach her. Her conversation was so queer one could not understand it. Martha was so interested when she told the story of her new faith that her cheeks were wet with tears and if she cried and laughed thus while discoursing, how could one help but be interested? It was not so pleasant. however, to listen to her telling one that one was a guilty sinner. Sinful? Who does not sin? But it was not pleasant to be reminded of it. Her visitors often asked her questions. Martha would answer and quickly propound another that staggered her questioner. The interest in Martha’s teaching became general. They laughed at first and repeated her talks for each other’s amusement, then they went to their husbands with many of the questions. Unsatisfactory answers piqued them to further inquiry. Finally, Martha announced that she would ask and answer questions at a certain house during an evening of each week, and as the room adjoined another with a small opening between, if the men wanted to sit there out of sight but within range of her voice she would be willing.

Thus on each Sabbath evening Martha’s discourses were listened to by a room crowded with women, and from the opening in the wall the clouds of tobacco smoke testified to

the numbers of men who had come, as they told each other, just to hear the strange creature talk. The people were not aware of it but Martha was preaching and the interest of her women companions was deeper than it had been in any thing since their first baby was born. They giggled and asked questions; swung their babies on their backs, and when Martha knelt to pray, they laughed aloud, talked about their fall pickle making, and gossiped about their absent neighbors． They were astonished to hear Martha quote teachings from a book just like a man and a scholar. They returned to their

homes chatting and repeating distorted fragments of what Martha had told them.

Martha fervently wished she were old and wrinkled so that she could sit in company with the men and teach them the truth as she had learned it. Then she sought out a pool of water and looked at the bright reflection, and laughed, and knelt in prayer for her husband.

At last, there was singing in the town each Sabbath morning and evening, and Martha went out on the mountainside above the town and listened. The noise was an inharmonious roar, but what mattered, men and woman were trying to sing Christian hymns.

Months past, the winter’s cold, the spring’s balmy air and life-giving hope, the rainy season and its dismal downpour passed and there was no news from her husband. She waited patiently, refusing to join other Christian women on their pilgrimages to other Christian communities for the privilege of prosecuting their studies of the new faith. News would certainly soon be at hand, for God had promised to answer prayer, and how earnestly she had prayed.

(To be Continued ).