The Korea Magazine

Editoral Board

S. A. BECK, J. S. GALE, W. G. CRAM, W. A. NOBLE

Vol III MARCH, 1919 No. 3

Contents

Editorial Notes 97

Cattle Disease in Korea

Chosen Branch American Red Cross

When Kings Die 98

Letters from France.—Alden Noble 104

Korean Playing Cards 108

An Old-Time Religious Fraud.—By Yi Kyoo-Bo (1168-1241) 111

Language Study (But).—J. S. Gale. 113

Ancient Korean Remains, VI.—Kaya 114

The Korean Envoy’s Journey To Peking

Chapter VII 116

The Crimson Dawn—Continued

Chapter XII—School Days 125

PRINTED BY Y. M.C.A. PRESS, SEOUL, CHOSEN

The Subscription Price of The Korea Magazine is Four Yen or Two Dollars a year, postpaid, to any part of the world. Remittances may be sent by Draft, Money Order, or Personal Check

Address: THE KOREA MAGAZINE

SEOUL, KOREA

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

“May you have every success.”

“Your Magazine is very interesting. May it ever flourish.”

“Herewith check to pay for another year of KOREA MAGAZINE. Keep it up, it is good.”

Evidence of appreciation is always a tonic. A recent instance was furnished when a very active and prominent business man subscribed for the KOREA MAGAZINE rather late in the year, and then asked to have all the earlier numbers sent to him. And now there comes a renewal order for himself and a yearly subscription for five others, a total of ¥24. While this was a tonic for us, Spring is approaching, and we are prepared for several such doses.

The funeral of the Emperor and the many distractions connected with the event have made difficult some of the educational visits which would be necessary in the preparation of the next article on the schools in Seoul, and in consequence that article will appear in the April number.

The high-cost of living has greatly affected the Korean people, and among others the printers of THE KOREA MAGAZINE have been disturbed over the difficulties of living. While this is a matter that in no way concerns the MAGAZINE, as our work is done by contract, yet we find ourselves under the necessity of announcing a delay because of a difference of opinion between the printers and their employers. The matter has happily been adjusted, presumably to the satisfaction of all, and the usual promptness of the MAGAZINE is once more assured.

The Korea Magazine

MARCH, 1919

Editorial Notes.

VERY great concern is felt over the appearance of thrush among the cattle in Korea, several thousand bead having already been discovered within the last six weeks. Rigid quarantine is being maintained, and every suspected case is isolated. The first cases were found at Fusan among cattle from the north awaiting shipment to Japan. In a short time individual cases were reported from other sections, but the capital has been free until within a week, when two cases were discovered in Seoul. In Manchuria the disease has also appeared, but no extensive infected areas have been reported. At any time a scourge of this kind is a great calamity, and the entire country shares in the loss; but just now with a shortage of cattle both for market and breeding purposes it will not be possible to return to normal conditions for years to come. Not only will prices be higher, but there will be very few cattle at any price.

SOME supposed that when the armistice was signed the Red Cross organization would disband, for lack of an objective, but the members of the American Red Cross in Korea were not long left in ignorance of the plans of their wide-awake officers. In January a general meeting was held and a Chosen Chapter was organized of the membership formerly belonging to the Chosen Branch of the Japan Chapter. In the election of officers R. S. Curtice, American Consul, Seoul, becomes Chairman; W. A. Noble, Vice Chairman; A. W. Taylor, Secretary; and E. H. Miller, Treasurer. On the Executive Committee are prominent men from the diplomatic, business and missionary circles, and there was an expressed determination to go over the top and secure every American in Korea as a member of the Red Cross. So far as reported no other Chapter can make a better membership showing, as

out of 704 Americans resident in Korea 660 are now members of the American Red Cross. The ladies have worked very hard, and medical supplies, hospital equipment and refugee clothing boxes follow each other to the forwarding agent in quick succession. The efforts of the officers have been strongly supported by the entire membership, and the Chosen Chapter is ready now to quickly answer any call for help.

WHEN KINGS DIE.

NOTE:-The late Prince Yi, Senior, who died on January 21st and is to be buried on March 4th, was King of Korea from 1864 to 1907 A. D. According to present announcements it looks as though he would be interred after the manner of the ancient kings. If this be so, the funeral rites will follow somewhat this outline taken from the state Book of funeral ceremonies (國朝混編補禮) . Editor.

All ceremonies respecting royalty have long been decided on in Korea even to the smallest detail. Especially is this true of what pertains to the king’s death, the greatest event that can happen in the land. When it is seen that mortal illness is upon him he is taken to a specially designated place in the Palace, and watched by his faithful eunuchs. As he breathes his last they test by cotton wool before the nose the exact moment when life ceases, and then turning the body with the head toward the east, remain for a time in silence.

Following the death, the first act is the summoning of the soul, when a eunuch with the king’s inner coat in hand hastily ascends the roof of the palace and shouts, “*Sang-wi Pok, Sang-wi Pok, Sang-wi Pok”* (Soul of the Highest, return, return, return). At this call, the spirit that has been shot off into space by death hurries back into the garment, and, from this on, is the constant companion of the body till its final placing in the tomb.

This done, the remains are then set in order, hands, feet, face. A small horn tablet is placed in the mouth to keep the teeth from setting too close, for in the performance of the rites it is necessary that the jaws be kept slightly open.

A table of food is brought in, and the attendants bow. Though the king be dead, his spirit lives, and food is as faithfully prepared as for the living.

The Crown Prince, now the king, and other relatives, with hair down, outer garments off, and the left shoulder bared, begin the wailing, aigo, aigo. Ministers are called in, and the state is informed.

It would seem as though the land had fallen under an interdict. For seven months, while the body awaits burial, all sacrifices except those to the Sajik are done away with; no markets are held for five days; no music is heard for three years. For the seven months weddings are forbidden. Ordinary officials may not marry for a year; the highest not for three years.

Three officers of state are specially appointed: one to see to the mortuary, one to the funeral, and one to the tomb.

In the death-hall the body is at once closed round with screens and covered with an awning. Eunuchs, with the aid of the king’s relatives perform a ceremonial washing with rice water, and water mixed with incense, comb the hair and put on the royal robes specially prepared. Any hair that comes away, along with the parings of the nails, is placed in a pocket and finally buried with the body.

When this is finished, food is again brought and officials take various parts in doing honour.

Weeping places are assigned to the Crown Prince and others, the points of the compass always being kept carefully in mind.

The pouring of rice and pearls into the mouth of the dead is a very solemn rite, performed by the Crown Prince, the Prime Minister and others standing by. The horn tablet of course has been removed. The writer is unable to say as to the exact meaning of this ceremony.

During these preparatory days, when the weather is warm, ice is placed under the catafalque.

Three days after death a minister is sent to make the announcement to the Sajik, the Mother-Earth God, and to the ancestral spirits in the Royal Mausoleum.

Then comes the wrapping of the body, a complicated and difficult ceremony, done in two parts, one on the 4th day, and one on the 6th. When finished the body is at once removed to the mortuary, a little hut built of bricks inside the main hall.

The coffin, lacquered over, is sealed up in this little hut, the door on the east side being closed and papered so as to stop every chink. Outside to the south stands the chair with a folded silk tablet on it to which the soul retreated after returning to the inner garment at the call from the roof. On the east of the mortuary is the myung-jung a banner with the king’s name written on it, stating that he is the one lying in the coffin. It accompanies the body to the tomb and is finally buried with it.

Beside this coffin-banner, stands a red silk tent erected as a sleeping apartment for the soul, with quilts, pillows, etc. On the south side of the sleeping tent stands a table having on it the last will and testament of the king and his appointment of successor

Thus the seven months pass by, with the daily round of food offered night and morning to the spirit, the bed chamber being kept constantly in order accompanied by the prayers, sacrifices and wailings.

Three days before the great procession, word is again sent to the Sajik and the ancestra1 spirits, saying that the funeral will take place. Immediately an audience is held, not an audience before the new king, but an audience before the spirit of the dead. Incense is burned, candles lighted, libations offered, and food placed before the soul. Prayers are read and an order announcing that the chamber of the dead will be opened. All the officers wail, pass before the seat of the soul and then retire to their appointed places. The prayer roll is then burned, and the soul’s seat removed to the outside of the hall. Then the mortuary is unsealed and the coffin taken out and placed on the bier.

When all has been made ready the procession goes forth. Leading it is the chief constable of the city, who rides ahead as a warning to evil spirits. Other officers follow―the Mayor

of Seoul, the Chief Justice, the Minister of Finance; then a division of soldiers. Then follow archers, sixteen of them, armed and accoutred, each carrying a red club. They march ahead as guardians of the burial implements that follow.

On each side red-arrow flags announce to men and angels that this is the procession of His Majesty the King.

Here also are seen the four Gods of the compass points—the Red Bird and Blue Dragon on the left, and the White Tiger and Black Warrior on the right. These represent royalty and are protectors against evil spirits and baleful influences. Riding high in the midst is the God or the Middle Region, a yellow dragon pictured on a flag. Thus was China the Middle Kingdom when yellow ruled.

Then come cymbal and drum-bearers in red coats and leather caps, beating time as they march. Six pikes pass, three on each side having the characters *chung* (丁) written on their tablet board, *chung* being a great lord of the spirit world. Dragon horses and flying: creatures appear pictured on flags.

A huge banner carried in the middle of the procession has written on it “Peace on Earth.’ One asks why this should be, seeing the king is dead. The answer is, Though the king be dead, his spirit lives and all is we1l.

Six trumpeters pass, three on each side, two having long trumpets, two smaller ones and two still shorter, all of them being blown.

Two huge bamboo horses saddled and made ready come next, just as in the royal procession when the king lived.

Six men carrying bunches of leopard bones tied high on the end of a pike-pole march, three on each side; other bearers have bear’s bones instead.

Again saddled horses pass by, flags and banners, and again horses. Ten bearers swing by, five on each side with long poles sloping over the shoulder.

On comes the procession with golden stirrups, flags marked, “Long live the King,” though he be already dead; sword­bearers, gilded palanquins, purple coats and cloth caps. Still on and on, Gods of the Compass Points, silver dishes for dipping

water, silver bowls, horses with saddles, green umbrellas riding high on either side.

Then comes an imitation spirit-chair carried by 30 men wearing purple coats. The imitation chair comes down from the Emperor Cain-si who built the Great Wall of China, and who used a false chair when he went out, in order to mislead those who might wish to do him harm. The practice has been followed by China and Korea and as it is the custom for the living, so the dead are likewise served.

Following come groups carrying battle-axes, phoenix fans, dragon fans, then bands of music, a small chair carrying the last words and wishes of the king, then an officer with royal seals, and a chair with other seals attached.

Then come officials dressed in black, with crystal staves, and gilded halberts; then red-lantern bearers; then the chair with the spirit of the king carried by 30 men. Again red lanterns, green umbrellas; then a censer-chair borne by 15 men; then a wheeled-chair for the soul borne by 60 men; then half a hundred banners with poems written on them, implements for burial, etc., chair after chair.

Then comes a light bier that is used to convey the coffin from the larger bier to the tomb, borne by 140 men, 500 torch­bearers accompanying, 250 on each side. Following these pass 500 candle-bearers; many bell-ringers, symbol-flag bearers, metal lanterns carriers, and finally the great coffin carried by 200 men, while hundreds of torch-bearers with gags in their mouths, to insure silence, keep step.

A general rides just in front as guardian of the dead, with two attendants, one on each side. Two directors dressed in mourning follow, 20 palace maids, numbers of eunuchs, grave-guards carrying white sticks; saddled horses; then bearers with the great seal; a false chair carried by 30 men; officers and soldiers armed and dressed in mail; 40 stewards of the palace. Officers follow some bearing the king’s coat of mail, others his helmet, others his bow and arrows, others his clothes; then the princes, ministers, royal secretaries, and an endless throng of people. Such is the general order of procession.

On the day of the funeral, sacrifice is offered at the ancestral shrines, and at fifty other places, as well as at the hills and streams along the way. With much form and ceremony, the tablet, made of mulberry wood, with its case and stand, is carried to the tomb, but as yet no characters are written upon it.

On reaching the tomb, which is built on the face of a hill, with two chambers, one inner, and one outer, and an entrance in front, the eunuchs take off the outer cloth covering and carry the coffin into the first chamber. There the Prime Minister brushes it clean of all dust and defilement, and covers it with three palls, green, blue, and red. The name­banner or myung-jung is then placed on the top.

At a call from the Minister of the Left the coffin is then taken into the inner chamber, and put in its final resting place, with the head to the north. All wail, the Crown Prince and others included, bowing four times.

The condolences, written on silk or paper, are placed in a box and put in one part of the tomb; while, to the south of it, is placed another box of presents, silk and jade ornaments. Symbol banners are set up round about the chamber. Eunuchs then bring the clothing formerly worn by the dead and place it on the coffin. Wailings and genuflections follow. Thus ends the service, and the new king, or Crown Prince, takes his departure.

The gates of the inner chamber are closed; a ceremonial dropping of clay about the outer circle takes place, and the final rounding off of the tomb.

The biographical tablets, made of porcelain into which are burned the recorded life of the king, are buried just under the north side of the sacrificial table that stands before the mound. Not only does this large stone table stand in front, but a stone lantern as well, guardian pillars, sometimes called squirrel stones, to protect the dead from any obnoxious spirit of the woods. Two civil officials and two military, cut in stone, stand on each side. Four tigers and four sheep, seated alternately with faces outward, encircle the large mound, guarding the dead as well. These animals represent the two

classes that wait upon the king: the sheep the civil officials; and the tiger, the military. .

When the entrance is closed, the officials gather in the palace hall erected not far from the tomb to complete the last rite connected with the royal burial. The master of ceremonies places three stands in order, one to the north of the Soul Seat for the tablet, and two others at the side, one for the inkstone and one for the pens. Every thing needed is made ready, ink, towels of fine linen, incense water. The officers appointed to the service take their places staff in hand, each bowing forward heavily as though to steady his trembling frame. The appointed official reads the prayer, bathes his hands, steps before the Soul Seat, kneels, takes the box with the spirit tablet in it, and places it on the first stand, He removes the cover so that the tablet of mulberry wood may be seen. This he washes with incense water, dries with the linen towel, and places on its back so that it may be written upon. The Director then leads the Crown Prince (King) in before the tablet, while the writer writes the names, titles, and honourable designations of his late majesty down the face of the tablet. It is lacquered over and placed on its stand. The silken tablet that occupied the Soul Seat is buried, having fulfilled its duty, and the wooden tablet is placed in the Royal palace for three years, after which time it is removed to the mausoleum. This ends a bare outline of the burial of a king.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE.

Very, France;

Nov. 30,1918.

Dearest Ones:

At last we are where we can send letters again. From the time I left the hospital we have been hiking with the 36th Division. I don’t know why, but I think we will get back to our old outfit before long. At present, however, we are attacked to the 36th.

The 42nd, I think, is going to occupy Rhine towns and I sure would like to get there, but am enjoying myself all

right with the rest of the casuals attached to this outfit. There are three others from my Company with me. Since the Armistice has been signed we are allowed to write more fully of dates and places, so I shall summarize chiefly all the movements we have made in the war. First of all I may as well tell you that the 36th is a division composed of the Texas National Guards. They just came on last July. Of course like most divisions they have a large number of drafted replacements.

Well, after colliding with one of our own transports and fighting two U boats we landed at Brest, France, the 17th of November, 1918. We took over a great sector in Lorraine near Baccarat, Loinville the last part of February. Since then we have been in every big battle the Americans have fought except in Picardy where some of our marine detachments helped the British last March and April. My first time over the top was in the Lorraine sector with 400 selects on a big raid. From there we went to Champagne, reaching the reserve lines on the 14-15 of July. On the night of the 14-15, as was expected, the Germans launched their final desperate drive. I was wounded the following night and was in the hospital when my outfit went west of Rheims and took Chateau Thierry in the counter offensive. I reached my Division in time to start with them on the attack on the St. Mihiel salient. I went over in the front wave as automatic rifle-man and fought all the way through seventeen kilometers without a scratch, reaching our objective as expected. From there we were hurried away on trucks, drafted men relieving us to hold our gains, and went into the Argonne Forests and hills where I saw war as I never dreamed it could be. We were at constant bitter grips with the enemy day and night and on the 16th of October I was wounded and was in the hospital until three weeks ago. You see being with shock troops and the famous Rainbow Division, I have seen as much of this war as anyone. l would write more but this is all the paper the Y man would give me, so I shall have to wait a while. Your loving son.

Alden,

Dec. 3, 1919

Ervy, L’Aube

France.

Dearest Ones:一

You see I have captured some paper on which I can write a little more fully than I was able to do last time, concerning the summary of our movements since we left the States.

Our regiment crossed on the “Agamemnon,” formerly the “Kaiser Wilhelm Il,” on its first trip since taken over by our government. All the transports were converted German boats, among which were also the “Von Stuben” and the “America.” We were convoyed by a large battle cauiser, a number of destroyers and a dirigible attached to the cruiser. Of course the transports were all well armed with naval guns and “one pounders.” We ate with the Jackies and sure had good eats. We had a little battle with two submarines just off Brest. Most all the boats opened up and there was quite a bit of firing. They claimed that both were sunk, but of course I don’t know. I clearly saw the spray from one periscope and thought I made out the marks of a torpedo past the “America,” but that may have been imagination.

The most exciting was when the “Von Stuben” hit us amidships in the fog. Our boat literally turned on its side. I was thrown the length of the dining room against the wall with all the tables and dishes and the soup. The collision made a hole in our ship just above the water line, smashed all the life boats on that side and drew the upper deck on end. The “Von Stuben’s” prow was split open and she nearly foundered. So much for the trip across.

Talking of narrow escapes, I think I can claim to be the luckiest man alive. Really, now that it is over and I can coolly think back about it all, it seems a miracle that I am alive. I’ve been buried by big shells, been blown off my feet by them, had my pack riddled by machine gun bullets, a German shell exploded between my feet, at one time was at bayonet points with a Boche and some one shot him through the head before either of us made a thrust, and have been in a thousand places where it’s hard for myself to believe that I really escaped.

Don’t think I am exaggerating. It would be impossible to think up any exaggeration of what we have been through. I’ve fought where dead men lay so thick we had to step over them. I lay one whole night in a shall hole with a dead German lying not ten feet away and a rotten horse directly in front, behind which two boys were hiding from snipers. At Champaigne I fired on that mass of gray that kept moving toward us and watched them pile up in front of our wire until it made me sick. Our orders there from General Gourand were to fight to the last man. “No man will look back,” the order read. We were ordered to shoot the first man or officer to shout retreat. Gourand said, “We will stop them now or die.” We did. I went .three days there without a bite to eat and three nights without sleep. The last night before I was wounded a couple of fellows and myself found a cook wagon blown to pieces on the road. A Frenchman lay dead on each side of the road and some of the boxes were strewn over the dead horses and over their insides, while there was blood all over the ground and the stench was fearful. Well, we were so hungry we sat right down there, tore open the boxes, ate, and then threw it all up; while a German machine gun swept the road.

The odd part about the American soldier is that he will always see the funny side of any thing; no matter how terrible. A man with his leg blown off can generally find a joke to crack about it and he can always laugh. We laugh at every close call whether there is anything funny about it or not just out of the force of habit. On the other hand when a German is hit he will squeal like a stuck pig, so that you can hear him a mile away.

By the way I used to have a lot of Boche souvenirs, but I am afraid all I can take back with me now is a Boche knife I have in my pocket and an overcoat button.

To change the subject to something more cheerful, we now are all looking forward to the time when we shall be “Homeward Bound.” I am anxious to feel the old boat rolling beneath me and above all to see old Miss Liberty face to face again. Some of the boys used to say that if they could ever

see her face again, she’d have to turn around if they were to see it a third time.

I wonder how they celebrated the Armistice in Korea and Japan. The people went crazy here. A dozen or so old ladies kissed me at different times and the younger ones looked as if they would like to. I am sure I had no objections, but didn’t like to tell them so. Old men cried out loud. French soldiers celebrated by getting drunk and every body shouted “finish” to each other as a sort of salutation understood by all nationalities. The towns were all one blaze of color, red white and blue.

This is rather a gruesome letter but it is pleasant compared with some of the things I just could’nt write.

KOREAN PLAYING CARDS

鬪牋

Gaming with cards has proven itself a hurtful form of amusement in Korea, and the law has been after it for many a year. Still it lives.

It has been the writer’s experience to know Koreans who were addicted to the game, playing it not for Monte Carlo stakes, but for poor little pieces of cash, and yet with an appetite so entrenched in the soul, that they trembled with terrific emotion at the sight of a pack of cards. They would swear to give them up, and yet would steal a way on the sly to try again, even though they knew that every trial meant another loss. It was a sad sight and could not but fill the beholder with pity. An old Scotch woman was heard to say once on a time, “I dinn’a like the cairds wi’ the spotties on them.” Still she may have done the bits of paper a wrong, for the evil did not lie in them but in the habits of the people who misused them.

Herewith I have an account of a very common game that is played in Korea, usually in some hidden corner, for it is against the law to play for money, and money always goes with this game.

The pack of cards numbers sixty, marked with fantastic figures, one to ten, so there are six sets. They are made of card paper and are about six inches long by half an inch wide.

Certain agreements are entered into by the players, first as to the number who will play and second as to the length of time. From two players up to ten may share in the game. Sometimes an outsider will sit by and have another man play, while he furnishes the stakes. As for time they may desire to have it last all day, or all night, or till cock-crow or till one man has gained all the money.

As regards the players they are not all of equal standing, for one is the master and the others are the players, *mool-joo* (master of supplies) and *agi-pai* (little hand). The players put down the amounts each as he pleases, ten *yangs*, a hundred *yang*, a thousand *yang*. It is the player’s privilege in each case, to set his own amount; the master on the other hand must equal each with a like amount. If therefore four are playing, the master and three others, and one player puts down ten yang, another a hundred, and the third a thousand the master must put down in all one thousand one hundred and ten *yang*.

In the matter of stakes each player has his own amount to see to; he never can take the stakes of the other under any circumstance. The master however may sweep the whole circle in at one play as we shall see later.

The cards are shuffled. Those accustomed to handling them, shuffle the long thin paste-boards with great skill. Then the master holding the pack close in his hand has the player to the right draw a card from the bottom where it is quite unseen. The next player draws the next till all have drawn. Then the dealer draws one likewise and sets it aside.

At the second drawing the real game begins. The object is to draw two cards so that the sum total will make nine. Nine is the winning number. If the player draws five in the first round and four in the second, these two make nine and form a perfect hand. If his two cards equal eight or seven he may let his chance rest, though if he wish he may draw a third card to make up the nine. Ten however, is zero, and

should he draw cards the sum total of whose number make ten his hand is ruined. Should his hand go beyond ten, say twelve, the ten, being rated at zero, is dropped off, and the hand amounts to two. Therefore on the second ‘draw’, the player must judge for himself whether he will let his hand rest at two cards, or draw a third.

We will suppose the second ‘draw’ to have been completed, and the master’s sum-total to be seven. He calls for the first player’s number and that is, we will say, six. The master is winner and takes the twenty yang, his own and the player’s ten. The second player, however, has eight, and he, therefore, takes the two hundred yang, his own and the master’s. The third player has nine the highest number and so takes the two thousand, his own and the master’s; and so the first round is finished with the master having lost one thousand and ninety *yang*. If, however, it has been decided to play through say till cock-crow of the morning, there is no saying how they will stand at the end. Should anyone, master or player, become bankrupt before that time of course that ends the game as far as he is concerned.

Whenever the numbers are equal it is a drawn game and no stakes pass hands.

Exceptions occur when the master draws what amounts to ten and a player draws what amounts to ten, or eleven, for in either case the master takes the stakes.

Also if any player’s hand shows two cards alike and a third card marked ‘one’ he takes the stakes even though the dealer, or master, has nine. On the other hand if the master’s hand shows three cards all of the same value, all one’s or two’s or three’s as the case may be, he sweeps in all the stakes even though the players may have nine.

In case a player should draw two cards alike with a third marked one, while the master should draw three cards all alike, the master is accounted winner and takes the stakes.

There will be seen here two combinations to the advantage of the master, namely, when he draws a sum-total of ten, or three cards all alike.

If the reader wishes to know more of Korean game we

would recommend a perfectly wonderful book on the subject by Mr. Stewart Culine of the University of Pennsylvania, published in 1895. There were only 550 copies published in

all so the book is practically unpurchaseable. Through the kindness of Bishop Trollope the MAGAZINE has had a chance to look over its interesting pages. In its notes on Playing-cards it tells simply what is used and how the cards are made without going into any explanation of the various games.

AN OLD-TIME RELIGIOUS FRAUD.

BY

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

NOTE: Without in any way being disrespectful to Christian Science one might ask if there is anything in this article that reminds you of it. After all if we depart from the law of Common Sense in this age or any other we are likely to run up against something like this.

In the year 749 A. D. the Emperor of the Tangs was called the “Prince of Peace”. and though he finally lost his throne, still he was a very wise king far beyond his peers. I shall give you an example of his wisdom: In his time there appeared in the south of China a man named Il-om, who called himself the Buddha. It was reported of him that he could cure sickness of any kind. Even the blind, the deaf, paralytics, and lepers were made whole at his hands. When the people of the capital heard this they eagerly awaited his coming.

As it was difficult for His Majesty to run counter to the wishes of so many he sent a minister of the Household first of all to see him, and find out if these reports were true . The minister came back saying that it was indeed as reported. There being no help for it, the Emperor then sent an official and had the priest conducted to the capital, and stationed in the Hong-pup Temple just outside the East Gate.

When he first came he wore a gray cowl on his head and rode a beautiful horse; he carried a silk fan with which he hid;

his face. The crowd that followed, calling themselves his disciples, were impossible to number. They hid even his horse from view so that no one could see what he was like. Officials and people of the capital crowded day and night to the temple, more that ten thousand of them there must have been. They kept calling “Ami Ta-bool, Ami Ta-bool” till the sound of it could be heard for miles. There were ministers and high officials with their wives as well as unmarried daughters who gathered together like the trees of the forest. They used their hair as a cushion for Il-om’s feet to rest on. They collected remnants that were left over from his meals, and bottled up the water that he had bathed in. A crumb of the one or a drop of the other was as precious as a thousand pieces of gold. There was no one who did not wish to taste of these.

If at a time like this His Majesty had received him into the palace and treated him as a special guest, the whole world would have been carried away with his outrageous doings, and there would have resulted a state of affairs socially among men and women that would have been something appalling, but, wise king that he was, he looked carefully into the matter, recognized the priest to be a fraud and sent him off. Such was the wisdom of the Emperor Hyun-jong.

His children and his children’s children held to the way of rectitude that we may well say was due to this decision of his. The fact that there was no minister at that time like Han Toi-je, who remonstrated against accepting of the Buddha’s bones, is a matter of sincere regret.

Looking into the reason for such a phenomenon as this, we find that the priest taught the people saying, “The universal law is mind.” If you diligently count your beads and say, “My sickness is cured” your sickness will depart. Never say, “I am not well.” Because of this the blind were wont in their stupidity to say, “Why I see,” and the deaf to say, “Why I hear.” In this way many were deceived. Was it not a source of danger to the state? Alas a little more and the whole world would have gone after him.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

(But)

The little word *but* lends itself to a variety of translation that is interesting. In English it may be a conjunction, an adverb or a preposition, consequently it will require a varied form of treatment in Korean.

I ask what the English word *but* is in this language, and my friend says man-eun (만은). This is right as far as it goes, though it represents only a portion of what the word but really does.

Let us take some examples, first as a conjunction :

I shall go, *but* will you?

나가겟지만은당신도가겟소

Ten can try, *but* only one can win first place.

열사이이험을여도인등은 사이오

I did as well as I could at the examination, *but* failed.

과거힘써보앗셔도지못엿소

Here 게싲만은 may be used for 여도 or 모앗지만은 for 보앗셔도

As an adverb :

We only live *but* once.

우리세샹이오

There is *but* one God.

하님분이오

In such sentences of course 만은 a conjunction has no part whatever.

As a preposition :

There was no one left alive *but* him.

스사밧게산사업소

No one can do it *but* me.

나밧게사업소

Its adverbial meaning is rendered by  and its prepositional by 밧게.

J. S. G.

ANCIENT KOREAN REMAINS—VI.

A day’s journey by pony, twenty-five miles south-west­ward from Taiku brings you to the town of Ko-ryung (高靈), the ancient capital of Kaya, a kingdom that arose in the year 42 A. D., when Caligula the third Roman Emperor had just been murdered.

This little kingdom stretched all the way from Kim-hai to Sung-joo (星州) and took in most of the territory of South Kyung-sang west of the Nak-tong River. It lasted in all 520 years, and had in succession sixteen kings. It was one of the inferior states of Korea, and yet it has left some interesting foot-marks. Stories of its kings born from fairies or hatched from eggs come down through misty ages.

To the north of the town some 2 *li* there is an old tomb of a king who was called Keum-nim, Red-wood Forest, such a name as might have suited Robin Hood. Yoo Teuk-kong (橫得恭), a great master of the pen, who graduated in 1775, visited the place, and wrote :

How sad it is, no word of all its past;

The coloured leaves that fall, weave red the wood.

The *Yu-ji Seung-nam*（興地勝覽) speaking of Ko-ryung says, “It was the site of the capital of Great Kaya (大伽耶).” A *li* or so to the south is a well called *u-jung* (御井), not Jacob’s Well, but His Majesty’s Well. Probably from here the sixteen kings had water drawn that they might quench their thirst.

The Government has taken an interest in this old town and in the year 1910 sent Professor Kuroida to make investigation. His conclusions drawn from history, from tradition, and from the old remains of tiles and broken pottery, are that the royal palace stood where now the Confucian Temple stands.

To the west of the town on Choo-san Mountain (主山) he

found an old wall that marks the ancient fortification. Broken bits of tiles about it have evidently come down from Kaya’s distant day.

On the top of Choo-san he found a number of ancient tombs, that had been rifled sometime in the past, so that little remained of any special interest. It would raise the question in one’s mind as to how it comes that the ancient tombs of North Korea are apparently unmolested, while those in the south have been dug into and desecrated.

In these tombs were found vases, bowls, cups, etc., done in clay, with perforated bases and tops ornamented with wavy lines. These may be seen photographed in the Government *Album of Ancient Remains* (朝鮮古蹟圖譜). Vol III, Nos. 780-790. They are not so interesting as the Etruscan ware seen in Rome, and yet they tell a tale of a people of the past who were interested in pretty things and the gentler modes of life.

In some of the dishes are found sea-shells that quite fill them. What relation those could have to the departed spirit one can hardly guess. Would they placate the waters of the hateful Styx, I wonder, and make them less eerie for the timid passer?

However that may be, what we most remember Kaya for, is not her old site, nor the old pieces of pottery picked up, not the royal well, nor the mountain tombs, but for her love of music. To-day the Korean harp is called the Kaya harp, *Ka-ya-keum, Ka-ya-ko*, and an echo of the old kingdom comes down with it, expressed somewhat like Moore’s lines:

The harp that once through Tara’s halls,

The soul of music shed . . .

Differing from the harp of Tara, however, the harp of Kaya is not dead for only the other day the writer heard its modern day successor thrummed most skilfully, while two musicians with bamboo and jade pipes accompanied, and an old man with a bald head, a long white beard and two streamers one from under each ear, sang in a tone of voice and with a manner such as only the genii of East Asia could ever have imagined.

A great musician of Kaya named Oo Reuk (于勒) who

lived in Ko-ryung and has a little village still marked by his memory, called Keum-kok, Harn-valley just north of the town, really began music in Korea. He modelled his harp some­what after the musical instruments of the Tang Kingdom, and made twelve tunes to please His Majesty the King, suited to the twelve months of the year.

But Kaya gradually fell into evil ways, and Oo Reuk seeing that the end was coming made his exit and joined Silla. Chin-heung, the king, gave him a hearty welcome, and had him turn his hand to developing the music of his own state.

In 562 A. D. Kaya fell and her territory was incorporated in that of Silla. One of the ministers protested to the king against the use of Kaya music “Why should you have anything with Kaya tunes seeing that Kaya has fallen?”

The King answered, “Kaya fell through evil ways, and not by reason of her music,” and so he had Oo Reuk prepare for him nearly two hundred tunes that form the base of Korea’s music to-day.

Paik-je passed on literature and religion to Japan; Kaya gave music to Korea’s succeeding ages.

THE KOREAN ENVOY’S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 17I 2.

(Continued from the February number.)

CHAPTER VII.

*Peking 10th day，(Continued).* A half *li* or so before we had reached the South-east Gate we turned off and went by a narrow alley toward the east quarter. The reason for our taking this road was that I wished to see the Shrine of the Faithful (忠節崩). On the side of the way was a small prayer house and thinking this to be the one I sought, I dismounted and went in, but it was not the one I sought but the Shrine of the Warriors (眞武順), and the gate was fast shut. I sat in

the court and rested for a little, when several sightseers came following after me. With my whip I wrote on the ground the three characters Shrine of the Faithful (忠節社), asking where it was, but none of them could read and so they made no reply.

My Boy, Wun-geun said, “Only a little way from here is the Monastery of the Ten Regions (十方) where the embassy used to be entertained. It is a large temple and many priests are connected with it. If we go there and ask I am sure some one will tell us.” We went on a hundred paces or so and came to a high gate on the left side of the road, that was covered with upper and lower tiles. It is the custom in China that only official buildings, temples, Taoist Halls, Imperial Palaces, etc., be so tiled. Apart from these, upper, or “male” tiles, are not used. I concluded therefore, that this was not a private house but some public building. Before I could ask, however, I had already gone past the gate some ten paces or so, when a young Manchoo came running after me to say, “My master invites you in.”

I asked, “Who is your master?” He replied, “He is an official.”

I felt some doubts of him but since he had thus invited me I thought I would enter and see, so I turned my horse and arrived at the gateway. A little maid-servant who was there, seeing me coming, hurried in. Then a Manchoo came out through the middle gate to greet me. The court was very large and the house imposing. Toward the east was a little gate where three or four women peeked out at me, the little girl servant, whom I had seen, being there also.

I arrived at the main hall but there was no one sent to greet me. The servant in charge lifted his hands in salutation and indicated that I should step into the east room. Here I met a young man of about thirty years of age, whose face was extremely handsome. He got up, bowed, saluted me, and had me sit down. I sat on the mat while he sat with his feet hanging over the side of the *kang*. Thus I continued on my knees till he asked me to sit comfortably, sans ceremonie. Then another young man brought a pen and ink from the inner quarters, took a chair and sat before us, below the *kang*.

His age I imagine to be about twenty-five. Though slightly freckled and thin he had a very intelligent face and nice expression.

Unfolding a red piece of paper he began writing, and his first question was my name. Two other people came close to me and turned back the edge of my thick cotton clothing to examine it. They asked also about the rice of our country as to whether it was good or not, and did I have things to sell. I told them I had brought nothing.

Again they asked, “Would it be agreeable to you to make an exchange of some paper, pen, and ink?” I replied, “Let us not exchange, I’ll send you some that I have with me.” The young man hearing this seemed greatly pleased.

He again wrote, “What office does Your Excellency hold in the Government?”

I replied, “I have no office, and am on1y an idler, a mere man of leisure.”

I asked his name but he wrote only the character, “Yi” (李)．

Again I inquired, “In what Department do you hold office?”

He replied, “My office has to do with compiling Government land-records.”

He asked me if I ever wrote poetry, to which I replied, “Occasionally.”

The young man, seated below, then hurried into the room and brought out a special kind of note-paper, yellow and red, placed it before me and asked me to write something of my own composition.

I replied, “I am a poor writer and have written nothing worth your seeing.”

But he still insisted, “Never mind, please write.”

I then wrote what I had composed on New Year’s eve. It ran:

As I come thus within those walls remote,

The year draws to a close;

The night is long, I sit with silence round,

By candle-light’s repose.

Attending lads who come to build my fire,

Add comfort to my stay;

A dream it is, a misty heart’s desire,

For home so far away.

The young man seeing this was greatly delighted and wrote. “This is like what the Tangs used to write;” and he added, “What do you say to our being friends?”

I laughed and replied, “How could I look up to such an one as thee?”

The young man said, “Don’t be so humble-minded, please.” He had tea brought by the hand of the lad whom I had seen in waiting. Again he went into the inner room and brought out a quince. This he placed before him and then wrote me a couplet, seven syllables to the line, concerning it

He wrote me also several songs, taking up two sheets of the paper, and said that as they were composed by himself. I really must say they were very well done. They each had a note appended as by some man of distinction. One sheet was signed “Ko-yang, Yi Wun-yung,” and one, “Yi Wun-yung, Song Poon-jai.” Wun-yung being the name of the young man, Ko-yang his family seat, and Song Poon-jai his pen-name. I had some wine with me that my servant had brought along, so I ordered him to bring me a small glass. The master then had two cups brought, that were dark in colour as though varnished with lacquer. They were ornamented in gold, beautifully and wonderfully done. I poured out some of my spirit, the colour of which sparkled in the dark glasses. Then I took one glass in my hand and asked the master to take the other. He asked me what kind of drink it was, and I wrote the two characters so-joo, distilled liquor (燒酒). He drank it off and then asked if he might send some to the inner­quarters. I called the servant and poured out all I had, one large bowl. This I gave him as well as two packages of candy. He asked what the candy was made of and I wrote, “Oil, honey, and flour.” He tasted it and then sent the candy along with the wine into the inner-quarters. I presented him also with some dried octopus and clams. He did not know what they were, evidently, and so asked the names.

To the north-east of the room there was a small door by which the young man went and came. When this door was opened a shadow was dimly outlined as though some one was looking.

On the east side of the room was a scroll picture, and beneath it a book-shelf on which several books in cases and a few pots of narcissus flowers were placed. I asked him if he had any orchids. and if so, said I would like to see them.

The young man replied, “We have two or three varieties.” I then asked the price of them but his reply was, “These flowers do well here but can not be carried away.” The reason he gave was that climate not being the same, he feared they would die. I said that some had been successfully brought to Korea, and when he asked if they lived, I said, “Yes, lived and bloomed beautifully.”

He then brought a set of books from the case and opened them before me. The title written on them was *Kwang-koon Pang-po* (廣群芳譜) by Pai Moon-jai. It seems it was a new book by His Majesty the Emperor Kang-heui. Every kind of flower, medicinal plant, vegetable and fruit was recorded in them, also directions as to how to cultivate them. There was scattered through the book poems by famous writers of the past. Also Kang-heui’s own verses were interspersed. The preface too, was by the Emperor. I saw books at the Summer Palace that were marked in the same way, namely, Pai Moon-jai. This was evidently the special name of the Emperor. This book had four cases in all, 20 volumes, each volume being of many pages and the print small.

There was another book which I asked to see that he brought, and showed me. It was the Choa-jun (左傳). The style of binding was like that of the Kwang-koon Pang-po and on its white pages it had red dots to mark off the phrases. As this, too, was edited and issued by the Emperor, the cover was of imperial yellow.

I asked him if he would lend me the Pang-po for a little and he did, the first part, saying, “As soon as you are through with this and return it, I’ll send you the second part.”

In a little, fruits and sweets were sent us from the inner

quarters, five different varieties. In one dish were pumelos, in one oranges, in three dishes candy made of sugar and flour. One kind was very like our kang-jun, or rice candy. Among these the one prized most by the Koreans was a kind of cake much like the Kap-san Sam, but more delicately flavoured, Another kind looked as though it were wrapped in thin rice paper, not unlike our Yo-wha candy.

The host asked me to taste this. I did so and it was light and tender, somewhat like sweetened custard. After I came home I heard that it was not made of eggs but of cows’ milk. They regard this as a very special and rare kind of candy.

Again another young man, about twenty years of age, came in and sat down by my side. The first whom I had met by the *kang* was Wun-yung’s older brother, and the others his younger brothers. There were three other people beside, and many others standing before the *kang*; some were educated and some uneducated.

The older brother was a very distinguished looking person, but he sat aside busily playing chess with some other person, while Wun-yung talked to me by the pen. It looked almost as though he was unacquainted with the character and unable to read.

The soldier reminded me that the day was growing late and that we ought to go, so I made my salutations and came away.

In front of the main hall there were four octagonal lanterns made of silk and ornamented with flowers. The cords that held them were decorated with a variety of gems and beautiful stones. Beneath the terrace, in the outer quarters of the court, there was a scroll of landscape painting, while in the main hall a glass screen was hanging that looked something like a clothes frame. The width of it was some three feet, and the length, I should think, four. As the people passed by they were reflected before and behind. How many panels there were in it I really do not know. Near the wall by the middle gate was a large tree the name of which I wished to know. On inquiry I learned that it was a persimmon.

Wun-yung came with me as far as the outside gate and there again was the young lad who had followed me so diligently from the four cross-road towers. On my way home he continued on after my horse. Evidently there are idle boys here as well as in Korea. I gave him an orange and then returned to the Ok-ha Kwan.

It was already evening and time for dinner; later I called to see the Secretary.

*Peking 11th day. Weather fine, warm.*

After breakfast I wrote a letter to Yi Wun-yung, also a poem in twelve couplets, and sent him three pens and some ink. He wrote his reply on a small piece of paper, besides which he sent one sheet of paper, two pens and a fan. He did not say anything about my poem which I thought rather strange.

My servant, Sun-heung, reported that he had said he would like to see samples of Korean paper, tobacco, beche-demer, rice, glutinous rice, etc. The interpreter Pak Teuk-in had told me of quinces that had been sent by the chief Chinese interpreter. These I found are not to be eaten but kept simply for the sweet fragrance they emit. Chinese quinces are larger than an orange, though otherwise like quinces I have seen elsewhere.

As the evening drew on, the moon was so bright that I came out into the court and sat and talked with the officers. One of the mapoos, named Chick-san, I had heard could imitate all kinds of birds and beasts, and sing comical songs to no end, so I called him and had him try. He sang exactly like a Chinaman. It was so amusing that all who heard fairly split their sides with laughter. He also sang the *Man-sang Pyul-gok* (灣上別曲), a Eui-joo song that tells how their merchants go from place to place and fall from bad to worse, lose all they have and then buy other goods on credit, go to Peking and lose again; how they go back to Eui-joo and sell themselves as slaves, and how their children are beaten and tumbled about the official yamen. He pictured all the difficulties of their way most vividly, just as though one saw it

before his eyes, even to their talks with wild Chinamen (Manchoos), interspersed here and there with Chinese words to make it more that ever realistic.

He told also how the secretary of the magistrate of the district of Choong-joo fell a victim to a dancing-girl, and could not bear to say good bye to her, while she cared nothing for him in the least, but wished him gone, in fact when he did go, turned about and sang him off.

This Chik-san could sing with a perfect girl’s voice; no one would have guessed otherwise. He was a servant from the official stables at Choong-joo, and the dancing-girls there hearing that he made fun of them in his songs secretly desired to kill him.

He again sang of a military officer. This officer, going ahead, arrives first at the rest-house with handsome face and uniform decked to perfection. He sees the dancing-girls come forth to greet him and sits up straight and tall, looking majestically to right and left showing great satisfaction. The song was rendered to perfection.

At that time Kim Choong-wha, the officer in charge, took a dislike to this fun being made of one of his kind, and tried to stop it. The moment he did so the silence that followed was so profound and noticeable that he himself shouted out, “Go on then, go on.”

Chic-san was in charge of the cart on which the secretary rode. He had had this to do on successive occasions when the embassy came. In the year *kap-sin* (1704) when Minister Yi from Yun-dong was envoy, the three officers frequently called Chick-san and had him perform. Minister Yi when he called him did not designate him Chick-san but the wife of the Secretary. The reason for this was that he sang women’s songs so well. Yi Myung-joon was Secretary at that time and he was a very modest man and when he heard the name *pyul-sil* (wife) applied to him he was put to no end of shame.

The *materia medica* man, Han Tai-myung, brought me two lanterns, one a peony lantern and one a shadow lamp. In shape they were the same as our own lanterns but within

this shadow-lamp there was seen moving birds, beasts and other things.

The interpreter informed us that tomorrow the Emperor would go out to the Man-se Hills to bunt tigers.

*Peking. 12th day. Weather fine and cool. Ground frost at first but thawed 1ater.*

I heard from Wun-geun that even in very cold years one could drive a stake at any time into the ground within the Ok-ha Kwan. Judging from this I should say that the weather is much less severe here than in our own country.

Again I wrote a letter to Yi Wun-yung and sent Wun­geun with two rolls of paper, two packages of tobacco, and one measure each of plain and glutinous rice. When I visited his home he seemed very pleased with the willow box in which I carried my lunch, so I sent him a new one. I also asked him to send another volume of the Pang-po. He replied, “This book is not mine but belongs to the Office of Home Affairs. Because I had something to copy out of it I had it brought but cannot keep it longer. If I can get another set I shall send you that instead.”

I asked Wun-geun to inquire of Wun-yung the place of the Ch’oong-jul Shrine and.so Wun-yung sent a servant from his home to show him the way but they failed1o find it.

On this day the Emperor went out to the Man-se Hills but he did not get a tiger. He received, however, a tribute of horses from Mongolia.

The moon shone so brightly at night that I came out and sat in the court where the various guards and military assistants were congregated. One of them a soldier named I­man recited selections for us from the History of the Three Kingdoms (221-277 A. D.). He chose the part about Che Kai­yang’s defeat of Wi in the plains of Pak-mang. So-ryul and Chang-pi were men of Tak-koon, and Tak-koon is modern Tak-joo not far from Peking. Hearing this it seemed more real than ever. The Secretary also came and listened. Pak Se-jang sang for us till late at night and only then did the company break up.

(To be Continued.)

THE CRIMSON DAWN

(Continued from the February number)

CHAPTER XII

SCHOOL DAYS

The wonderful new life in the home of her uncle was a revelation to Kumokie of what a child’s life may be and of rich blessings of which she had never dreamed before. The days passed all too quickly, each freighted with some new joy: the weeks lengthened into months crowned with love and happiness; the months all too quickly drew themselves into beautiful years fi1led with memories dear to childhood. Days, weeks and years alike seemed much too short to hold the pleasures and blessings so abundant in the life of the little girl whose earlier experience had been so starved and lacking in these things. Quiet Kumokie, sweet and gentle, had found the best of friends in gay, happy Elizabeth .and they shared alike their household tasks and pleasures. The happiest hours of all to Kumokie, however, were those spent in the school room. When she found that she too was to be allowed to study, to learn the real characters in books such as Noch Kyung used to read, her joy knew no bounds. It seemed too good to be true that now at last she was really to have the opportunity to fit herself to be his companion. In spite of her grandfather’s sneers she still cherished the belief that if she was his wife, as he had said, he would come for her some day. Her secret ambition was to so improve herself that when he came he would not be ashamed of her, to become a bright useful woman like Maria to whom her husband was not ashamed to pay honor, yes, and like Noch Kyung’s mother, of whom he was so proud. The eagerness of the child over her books,

and the rapid progress she made was a constant source of wonder to her relatives. After the first year in school she easily passed the other children in their studies. Her mind was always craving more knowledge, yet never for a moment did she shun or neglect the common household tasks. There was no servant in this humble home, but many willing hands made light work, and most eager to help was the homeless orphan who owed so much to these unselfish friends.

The tiny church building erected by the village people through much self sacrifice and endurance; the patient efforts of the little group of believers to win their friends and neighbors; their struggle against opposition and persecution; the final victory in Okchung—the story of these struggles is like that of hundreds of other little groups scattered over these mountains and valleys. Maria, wife of Uncle Tochil, had been the first believer in Okchung, and he never tired of telling how she had won him to Christ and had finally overcome the opposition of the village. He was now class-leader, Sunday School superintendent and Brother to all the nearby country side, while his wife taught the little school for girls, the first the people had ever seen—cared for her family and home, and still had time always to go to those who were sad or in need. Under the sheltering of these good people five years soon rolled by,—and during this time Kumokie had no news from the far away city, no word from the old people in Saemal. During this time there were hours too of care free frolic under the old nutie tree with Elizabeth and jolly little Yohon, when Kumokie almost forgot the blighted years of her childhood and the sad burden of being a deserted wife.

One night soon after her fourteenth birthday Pastor No preached at the village church, and as was his custom, came home with the class leader to spend the night. The men were seated in the outside reception room—the sarang, and being summer time the windows were opened into the inner court. Kumokie sat alone on the verandah—for the others of the family were probably lingering at some neighbor’s house and were not yet home. As she sat thus her thoughts drifted idly over the past years, the blessings they had brought to her, and

her heart overflowed with gratitude and love to her benefactors, while the drone of deep voices came from the room beyond.

Then suddenly she was startled from her dreams and her attention called to the conversation in the sarang by hearing her uncle use her name:

“Kumokie is getting to be quite a big girl now and a brilliant student too—she is the brightest star in our little school.”

“Yes,” answered the old Preacher—”One can easily see that she is an unusual girl—spiritually minded, too. I feel that she has a great future ahead of her, Brother—yours is a great responsibility. I asked you about her because I wanted to tell you about her husband―” The listening girl never thought of the dishonor of eavesdropping but her hungry heart was craving even the sound of the beloved name—so unthinkingly she crept close under the little window and listened to the low voices within—what was she about to hear? Her heart pounded until she feared they might hear it and she clasped her hands over her bosom to still the throb of it while she eagerly listened.

“I did as you asked me and the last time I visited the city I hunted up Kim Noch Kyung. A nice gentlemanly fellow he is too—a rice merchant, doing very well. He is married again. That was to have been expected I suppose—What noise was that?”—as a queer moan-like sound came through the window.

“Probably the dog,” said Mr. Chung, “he sleeps in the court. So Kim is married? What kind of a woman is she?”

.”You can judge her part there by the fact that she is still called ‘Cusagie’— (What-you-may-call-her). From what I saw and heard I judge that when he left old man Ye’s house and set out to earn a living for himself, Kim found it necessary to have some one to cook, sew and work for him. She does this as well as any one; stupid, ugly, and most nonde­script, but she is not considered a first wife. A small wife of course has no position or rank and since all knew that a wife had been chosen for him by his parents he could not take

the daughter of any man of position or family standing—”

“That is true,” answered Mr. Chun. “If my poor little, sad hearted Kumokie were seeking revenge she would have it in this: although she is thrown aside and deserted she has been chosen by his parents. Empty honor though it be, by law she is a first wife.”

The girl who crouched without had a thousand questions trembling on her lips but she knew that she could not even speak his name much less ask the questions burning in her heart—so she crept still closer to the men and listened eagerly as the preacher continued; “That is the important point, Brother. Kumokie is now getting to be an attractive young woman; she is like your own child, and it is your duty to see that she has proper divorce papers. She is not a wife according to our way of looking at things, she has never been. That arrangement was nothing more than a betrothal—nevertheless according to our old queer Korean customs she is not yet divorced for he did not give her back her marriage contract papers. Now under the Japanese law a woman can not get a divorce unless the man consent, no matter what her ground for action.”

“There is no hurry, plenty of time yet. He was glad enough to get rid of his child wife—I expect no trouble there! Then, too, it will be a long time before I expect her to marry—Maria and I have been saving money to send our two girls to the school in the Pine Capital; that means at least four years of school. Plenty of time yet.” How bitterly he regretted that decision in after years!

The eaves.-dropper outside, with bated breath, pressed her clenched hands closer over her heart and looked wildly about. She must be alone a while; she felt that just now she could not face the searching loving eye of Maria. Without a candle she tripped away to her little room and pretended to be asleep when Elizabeth came in, but far into the night she lay with wild startled eyes searching the darkness :

“What does it an mean?” Then slowly, carefully she recalled word for word of the stolen conversation, and lingered over its strangeness.

“But he first said that I was not a wife and then at last he said ‘Although she is deserted she has always the honor of a first wife until divorced.’ Oh, I can’t understand!” The timid, self-conscious maiden dared not go to even these who loved her and ask about these perplexing problems. After a long time of anxious thought she reached the conclusion that the one thing she did not want was that which they called a “divorce.” As long as things were as they were, now there was some kind of a legal bond uniting them. Her mind was a maze of tangled questions, though, with a firm determination to cling to this frail link as long as possible, to pray and hope that all would come right, to study hard and make him proud to claim her when the hour should come, she at last fell asleep.

True to their decision the class leader and Maria had made every sacrifice possible, and with high hopes and expectations for the future prepared to send their two girls to the school in the time-honored Pine Capital.

We will pass over those days of eager preparation. Who among us does not remember such times of joyous anticipation of happy days to come? Then, too, nervous dread of the new teachers, new companions, new duties, and new surroundings came to the young students at times. When the morning of their departure finally dawned both girls were so filled with dread of the unknown and untried, that both would most gladly have unpacked the fresh neat clothes they had helped stitch so carefully and with so much hope.

Uncle Tochil had borrowed a neighbor’s strong bullock to carry their loads and he strapped and tied the boxes and bundles in place with great precision for they must balance each other exactly or there would probably be a great spill of baggage on some steep mountain-pass. While he busied him­ self the two girls clung to Maria and declared with tears that they would not leave her at all.

“Go along, you foolish dears!” and she lovingly and very tenderly shook the sobbing girls.

“I do not want you to forget me or your old homestead.

We should be very sorry if you should do that, but down in the valley yonder are new friends and happy days awaiting you. I have given my book-worms all I can give them now, you must go to others who can teach you other things that you must learn. But always remember your home and those who love you here. Then, when vacation comes, you will return in triumph and tell us the wonderful things you have learned. Come here, Yoban, bid the students a happy journey.” So with words of comfort Maria sent them on their way, but her eyes were dim as she climbed to the top of the hill to watch the little procession trailing down the narrow road. Turning to the steady boy by her side she said, “You too, little man, will be leaving us before many years to seek for knowledge.” “No, never, mother, I shall not leave you even to study, for when I know all the characters you can read I shall know all my head can hold!” Thus with tears and laughter the two returned to the home while the others turned their faces to a new world.

The two new girls had thought that they would feel very lonely and sad at first in the big school but what was their surprise to find that they did not seem strangers at all, and the other girls soon were like old friends. There were few days of home sickness and loneliness, there were so many new interesting things to see, and the “big sister” under whose special care they were placed was most eager to show them all the wonders of the place and to initiate them into the mysteries of the large buildings. But why linger over the first days at school, or other school days? Are they not all much alike? These two girls from the distant mountain village had been well coached by the faithful Maria, they knew many things about life in a mission school, and very quickly the feeling of strangeness gave way before the warmth of welcome and the kindness of the other girls and so with study, work and play, the passing years went swiftly by.

The times of vacation were looked to with great joy, not only by the girls but also by the folks at home. Such times of rejoicing as they had at these family reunions. Then there

was high carnival in Okchung village and all celebrated the glad return. Three summers had thus seen the girls come and go, each advent marked by some development of character that brought an added pride to those who loved them. Realizing that their education was to be a severe financial strain on the entire household, Kumokie and Elizabeth had made the joyful discovery of a way to relieve Uncle Tochil of the greatest part of this burden. They had found that it was possible to work their way through by taking a year longer in the “Self Help Department.” Many such as they, had found helpful, congenial work, beautiful work with silk and wool and flowers, where, under the wise eye of a loving teacher, they learned to do many wonderful things and by so doing could earn their own board and save the burden at home. Oh, that was the most wonderful of discoveries and great joy it gave them both to know that they could help, instead of being a burden. It was Elizabeth’s quick fingers that first caught a new stitch, her eyes who saw through the most elaborate designs, but it was Kumokie who could explain to Maria some difficult passage in the classics or solve the knotty problem.

Mr. Chun had just returned from his fall visit to the city. The two girls were safely settled for the winter work, and as he talked of the trip and the school Maria sat near by him intent on the sewing in her hands and listening to his story.

“They say, and of course we already know, that Kumokie is a very unusual girl. She is beautiful as well as good and clever, an unusual combination!”

“Yes, she is unusual. We shall be very proud of her some day.”

“We are proud of her now. you know you are. and how thankful that you rescued her from that awful life in Saemal.”

While they sat thus they discussed the future of the two girls who were so dear to them. The result of this conference was that before many days, a letter was sent to Kim Noch Kyung concerning Kumokie whom he had once called his wife.

“To Kim Noch Kyung, greetings. It may be that during the eight years since you left Saemal you have probably

forgotten the child wife Kumokie. Certainly you have taken no interest or responsibility in her fate and I take it for granted that since you are married again that you will be generous enough to approve the divorce papers which I wish to procure for her.

“You probably wonder who or what I am and why I should be so much interested in her. I am her uncle, the only brother of her mother. When her mother died I took the child to my home and she has been the same to me as my own daughter. I am a Christian and our ideas about the sanctity of marriage are very strict, and while she was no real wife we recognize the law in such cases and desire to have a divorce. If she had remained with her grandmother she would have been married again long ago, she has no such scruples about these fine moral points. May I hope to meet you before my lawyer at the local office of the county at 10 o’clock the 20th of October!”

It would be most interesting to know just what Mr. Kim Noch Kyung’s thoughts were as he read this letter. He must have been greatly surprised that the friendless, shy waif of Saemal had found a friend and protector of such high moral standards as this Chun seemed to be. He must have realized that this was true, that although there was a divorce law, very few bothered to take advantage of it, perhaps not one cast-off wife in a thousand paid any attention to such legal forms before going to the home of a new husband. The fact that the first marriage only was attended with any ceremony or formality whatsoever shows that these “small wives” or concubines had no rights or position, a thing which seemed to matter little or not at all to the great mass of people. No doubt he thought that Kumokie had long ago been sent to the house of a new “mother-in-law” if he thought at all of the fate of the child. Perhaps the first thing which made him wonder about the girl and her present life was the evident high minded ideas of the man who was now her champion. His reply to the letter was very non--committal as to his opinions on the subject, he merely stated that he would meet Mr. Chun as he desired at the legal office on date indicated. This answer

brought much relief to Mr. Chun, for he was just beginning to realize that Kumokie being now an attractive and well educated young woman this old affair of her childhood might make trouble for them if the man was so minded. This relief, however, gave way to greater anxiety when after waiting at the office a whole day no Kim appeared. What did it mean? Was the man not going to keep his word?

After receiving the unusual and unexpected letter Noch Kyung’s thoughts dwelt much upon the subject of it. He was now a well-to-do merchant, with all of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Several years before he had been made a partner in the firm where he had been first apprenticed when he fled from the house of old man Ye. His wife was ignorant and stupid though she kept his house, did the house work and cared for their two children with unselfish devotion. The more he thought of the proposed trip and divorce the more insistant became the thought that if these people were Christians and had educated the girl that she might be just such a woman as his wife should be. Surely he was able now financially to support two households if he so desired, this would be but replacing his first wife in her rightful position. The outcome of his meditations was a determination to find out what be could about Kumokie before be should appear before the court and give his consent to the papers of divorcement.

The first objective of his search was Okchung. Here in this obscure mountain village where no one knew him it was easy to get the neighbors to talk of Chun Tochil and his household. Only praise and words of loving admiration were heard from any one concerning the adopted daughter. The things he should concerning the beauty, the character and sweetness of his child wife only strengthened his plan to see her before he shall decide definitely concerning the future and whether he cared to lose her or not.

It was not a difficult matter to obtain information from the unsuspecting neighbors concerning the whereabouts of the girl, so he set forth again with a light heart for the far distant city.

CHAPTER XIII

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

After gaining what information he could at Okchung, Noch Kyung lost no time in making his way to the Pine Capital. One bright, crisp day in the late fall be entered the ancient gate of that city. He stopped after passing through the great South Gate, and gazing upon the old grey walls and the ponderous, double roofed archway said to a fellow traveller: “Well, I’ve long thought that I’d have a sight-see of this city. Truly it does not seem much in comparison with the beauties of Seoul, but before we leave we must see the crumbling foundations of the old palace and those relics of by-gone days for I love the study of history and like to think that our country was old and our civilization hoary with age when the ancestors of these upstart western nations were still wild savages. The conceit of them! Coming here to teach their little mushroom classics and so called “education” and “refinement” to the people of an ancient city such as this! Americans too, they say, the very newest nation of all. Why their little island in the midst of the western ocean had not yet been discovered when the great Wangs reigned here. What under the sun do they have of value to teach our people who are taught in all the learning of the sages? It is disgusting!”

So with mumbled defiance he made his way in search of a friendly inn, which is not a difficult matter when one has plenty of the coin of the realm and is possessed of the manner and airs of a gentleman. After settling in a comfortable place for the time he should be in the city, Noch Kyung began to make inquiry concerning the school for girls. Perhaps the majority of the people here would have felt as did he, that girls had no use of any knowledge outside the four walls of their homes. There was, however, even twenty years ago a little group of Christians in this the seat of the glorious dynasty of the Wangs. The vision of these people was unlimited by the prejudices of their ancestors, they saw beyond the narrow confines of their surroundings and sought for wider fields of development and usefulness for their

daughters as well as for their sons. The beginning of this school was not instituted by the missionaries but by the Christians themselves who saw the need of educating their daughters if they would build up a strong, intelligent Church of Christ in Korea. Just about the time that our story opened at Saemal the faithful, energetic men and women in the old capital had gathered the funds to pay the salary of a girl from a Seoul mission school who came to do the work of teacher, and asked the Board of Missions to send a lady to direct the work. The beginning with twelve little girls and one teacher was small but developed rapidly and was soon housed in a more comfortable building with larger financial aid from the friends in America. However, Noch Kyung knew nothing of these things, he only felt that these insolent, undesirable foreigners were trying to graft something alien into the ancient civilization of his people. He resented the idea that they should be leading the young women away from the old ways which had been good enough for their mothers; yet he was so inconsistent as to be willing to reap whatever advantages there might be from the education of Kumokie. He thought bitterly of the things he had heard concerning the lack of filial piety on the part of the new women of the west, he knew nothing about what they were teaching the girls here, but the more he thought about it the more he feared that their minds would be turned away from the duties of home and “the four principles of conduct.” Like a typical old timer of the orient he thought that a woman’s place was to obey her father and her husband, to work hard and keep the home, to bear children. What need had she to read the classics? In the bitterness of the moment he forgot his lady mother and her boasted knowledge, but then he always thought of her as a brilliant exception to a general rule.

As he jauntily lighted a cigarette our young friend emerged from the inn ready for his first battle with modern thought and said to the landlord:

“My good fellow, can you tell me where or in what direction I will find the Christian school for girls? I understand there is such an institution in your progressive city.”

“O, yes, any one can tell you the way. It is that large building on the hill in yonder north part of the city. You can scarcely lose your way. Are you a teacher?”

“A teacher in a girl’s school? Well, hardly. But tell me, pray, what kind of a place is this school? I have a very poor idea of a place and people that give their time to teaching stupid girls, putting foolish ideas into silly heads. They would much letter leave them to be taught by their husbands and mothers in law. What sort of people are they anyway?”

“O well enough. I suppose; I never heard any special harm of them. I have a niece who went to school there; she is a nice girl. Is married now and doing very well. I have enough to do to attend to my own affairs and don’t pay much attention to the new-fangled ideas of these Christians, but I don’t think they do any harm!’

“Harm! Harm! What do you mean, harm? If leading young girls from the paths of obedience and virtue as taught by our sages, if that isn’t harm enough what is it?”

“Yes, sir, well I’m sure I don’t know.” The old fellow was servile in his desire to please this peppery young patron. “I’m sure I don’t know, haven’t thought much or deeply about these matters as your excellency has undoubtedly done. As I said they let me alone, and I leave them alone; I don’t know much about them.”

“Seoul is already contaminated by this new education idea, but I was surprised to find it getting a hold in this conservative city of an ancient civilization. This Pine Capital has a reputation of being very devoted to the old code of our ancestors and I am astonished at this nonsense here!” With this parting word the gentleman passed out of the noisy court of the inn and with the gleaming stones for a guide made his way with something of anxiety towards the school building. Noch Kyung was much changed since the early days of his youth spent in Saemal He was now a successful man of business with an air of command and a somewhat haughty manner. He had found the business world a hard place in which to hold ideals, much of the fine sheen of his youthful days had been sadly rubbed off in his contact with a godless world.

In daily touch with men of dishonor and dishonesty he was tainted by the atheism and materialistic tendency of the age. In fact he was unconsciously somewhat of an Epicurean. “Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die,” might have been his motto. The higher ideals of his sages were no longer pondered, he merely tried to be honest and respectable because it was the safest way. His two chief aims in life were the pursuit of success in business and the pursuit of happiness. To desire a thing meant that he would bend every energy to obtain it. As for his home life, it was the counterpart of that of numberless young men such as be. The ignorant woman who did the work of the house, the cooking, washing, sewing, was little more than a slave. To him home was merely a place to go after all business and pleasure was over. For companionship and happiness he searched elsewhere. “Cussagi” or “What-you-may-call-her” had a great dread and fear of her master, yet she would have given her life to have been able to please him. She yearned for a kind word; her eyes dumbly sought his approval like those of a faithful dog; whether she served his food or answered his call it was always with the hope that perhaps he might give her a kindly glance, that she might win a word of approval. Yet with all this passionate desire to please him she would have been the most astonished person in the world if he only once had turned to her for advice or companionship. She was only the “inside of the house,” a nonentity. Was it strange that her dreams and aspirations were not very high?

As Noch Kyung turned his face to the school on the hill his mind went back to the Kumokie of the old days. What would she be like now? She had been devoted to him in her childish way and would now no doubt be pleased and flattered if after seeing her he should desire to reinstate her as his first wife. Thus in his masculine vanity he reasoned, with never a thought that the young lady in question might have some ideas of her own about her future. So with great assurance and a cock-sure air of self confidence Mr. Kim approached the gate-house. The old man who answered his summons asked him to state his business, but pushing by the

old man with scarcely a glance at the object impeding his progress he continued on his way,

“Wait, please wait, sir, you must tell me your message and I will take it for you to the school.”

“I want to see my sister, of course. Call Kim Kumokie and tell her that her brother wants to see her. Hurry up,” with a haughty stare at the uncomfortable servant

“Yes, sir, certainly, just come this way to the office and wait a few minutes, please.” So Noch Kyung was led into a little room near the front entrance where he seated himself stiffly in the big chair in front of the desk and with a pleasant feeling of adventure awaited the next act of the drama.

After a short time of waiting there was the soft thud of sandalled feet in the corridor outside, the door was opened quickly and Kumokie was before him. But what a different Kumokie from the child he remembered in those far distant days by the sea. That had been a quiet, timid child, too shy and easily frightened to even answer when spoken to; pretty in a way, yes, but scarcely giving promise of the loveliness of this young woman who stood in the door. Modest and quiet she was still but there was some undefined quality in her poise that spoke of a beautiful spirit; that calm brow; those mobile tender lips; the soft steady light in the limpid depths of the sweet brown eyes all told of the purity and peace of a heart at rest. Her abundant hair, black and glossy as the wing of a blackbird, was wound like a coronet about the shapely head, framing a face of rare beauty and throwing into contrast the creamy skin.

Kumokie had been greatly surprised to hear that her brother had come, this could be no other than Yohn and perhaps he bore an urgent message from the loved ones in Ok­chung. So she hurried down to the office and there found a stranger before her. She did not recognize the visitor and thinking that it was a mistake, a message meant for some other student she murmured.

“Excuse me, please,” and was about to close the door when an amused voice called to her:

“Kumokie! Don’t you know me?”

“You? Here?” Surprise and indignation filled her heart as she entered the room and closed the door. This man was one who seldom stood in the presence of women. As a favored lord of creation he was used to receiving homage from them. It would have been in line with his usual conduct for Kumokie to stand while he remained seated but something in the queenly grace of the young woman before him called him to his feet and not realizing what he was doing he had risen and was facing the little one whom he had left—thrown away like a worn-out shoe with scarcely a thought, certainly with no care for her future or regret for a blighted life. Now he looked at her as he might at one who had risen from the dead. Could this really be the Kumokie whom be had pitied and despised? He scarcely knew what he had expected to find, surely nothing like this wonderful creature.

“How dare you come here?” The fear which had gripped her heart at the sound of his voice—the voice much loved, long waited for, was giving way now before the indignation of her heart. He did not answer, merely gave a supercilious laugh and looked at her in a way which made her flush hot with shame and humiliation.

“You have no right to come here like this. You deceived me and have made me break the school rules.” With a quick action she turned to the door and would have slipped out in another moment, but he saw her intention and had no idea of letting her bolt in this way before be had his say. So springing past her he shoved the door shut again, put his back against it and faced again the helpless, angry girl. His lips were curved with a smile of scorn as he said :

“Don’t be impolite! Now you cannot go until you hear what I have to say. I have come a long difficult road just to see and talk with you, and now would you run away and treat me like this?” The man watched the rich blood mount to her cheek and the flash of the beautiful eyes and he knew that his search and journey were well worth while; that this treasure was even more lovely than he had dared to dream; best of all that she was his own after all these years. But she did not answer this taunt, neither did she tremble with fear, but

stepping to the window calmly looked out on the tennis court. Only her high color and the proud tilt of her head marked the indignation she felt as she waited for him to speak.

“What? No word of welcome, little lady? Not one word? You liked me well enough in those days long ago, have you so easily forgotten then? You ask why I came thus. There is no reason why I should not tell you at once. It seems that you have an uncle, Chun Tochil, who is more or less anxious about your future. This meddlesome gentleman wrote to me about a divorce, so I just decided that I would come and see you and talk with you, and,—ah, eh, well just see what your mind was on the subject Now that I’ve seen you again I like your looks. Why you are a real little beauty!” The girl at the window turned towards his as he talked. She was fiercely indignant now.

“You are insolent; impertinent, sir. Please remember that you are speaking to a lady and a stranger!”

“Indeed? Well, my lady; please excuse me!” He mockingly made a deep bow but he realized nevertheless that this slip of a girl was more and more commanding his respect as well as his admiration.

“A stranger’ did you say? Well perhaps we are somewhat strangers, but you are still my wife, you know.”

“Your wife?” What scorn and contempt she threw into her voice.

“Surely. Your uncle realized this or why should he have asked for a bill of divorcement. If he had been lacking in honor like your grandfather he might have long ago sent you to the house of a mother-in-law but you see he realized my legal rights and did not do so. As for me I had about forgotten all about that child marriage, but I shall not forget again.” His admiring eyes dwelt caressingly on the perfect form, the soft womanly curves. His glances seemed to scorch the sensitive girl and the bright color fled from her face, leaving her pale and shaken.

“Why should you be angry? I was not to blame, neither were you for that mistake of our childhood, but since the law still acknowledges it as valid why should we not make the best of it?·

Kumokie forgot all her fear and from her pale lips tumbled all the things she had been thinking these many months.

“Why should I be angry? You left Saemal and the child there with no care for what ill fate might befall her. With a selfish desire to carve a future for yourself unhampered by such burdens you left in the night like a thief. For many years that child did not understand the meaning of this and her devotion followed you as she foolishly looked and longed for your return.” The listener’s eyes grew brighter at this confession and he drew a step nearer, but she lifted her hand with an imperious gesture of warning as she continued:

“Now I understand, and later years have proved how utterly childish were those hopes. I also realize how miserably low and selfish are your motives in coming here now to destroy my peace of mind. Your wife? Never! What of the wife and children at home? Before God she is your only and lawful wife and you insult and enrage me by coming here in this manner. Do you not know that to us Christians death is preferable to dishonor?” Pointing to the door—”No, leave me instantly. Not one word more will I hear!”

This commanding, queenly woman was something new to Noch Kyung and infinitely more attractive and interesting than the insipid, clinging thing which he had expected to find. The result of her defiance was but to strengthen his determination to convince her of the right of his position.

“Why so hasty in your judgment? There is much to be said.”

“Go! I will not listen,—go!”

“Yes, you shall listen. You can not help it, you have got to listen. If you call out you will bring some of those foreigners here and they will expell you in disgrace for immodestly talking thus to a strange man. So,—as I started to say—” but his light, jeering words had given the desperate girl a new idea and before he saw her motive she had thrown up the window sash and called to a girl who was crossing the court:

“O Alice! Please help me just a moment, won’t you?” The younger girl came near the window and showed her

willing eagerness to do anything for the much adored Kumokie.

“Thank you so much! Please go to Miss Keith’s room and tell her that there is a matter of great importance concerning which I need to see her here at once. If she is not there then please find one of the other teachers, for it is something specially urgent” With her back to the dismayed and out-generalled young man she stood by the open window and gazed out over the city, ignoring his presence completely. Dismay, unbelief and anger were all visible in his face; the way he clenched and unclenched his hands showed that he would have liked very much just then to have exercised his rights of chastisement by giving this unruly, disrespectful woman the beating she so richly deserved; astonishment sealed his lips and he could only stand there dumbly and stare at the now thoroughly composed young lady. Then with a start he saw that he had committed an unpardonable offence against good custom and that if the teacher found him here that serious trouble might result There was nothing for him to do but to accept his defeat as gracefully as he could and to retreat while the road was open, but so angry and humiliated was he at this unexpected move on her part that he fairly hissed:

“This is not the end, proud lady! You think that I am vanquished but although you seem the victor now the battle has just commenced and I swear that you shall pay for this and pay dearly!”

A few minutes later Kumokie still stood by the window and gazed with unseeing eyes out over the grey old city as quick footsteps sounded without. The visitor had just passed the inhospitable gate-keeper as Miss. Keith entered the office. She gave an exclamation of distress as she saw the face of the girl. The meaning and possibilities of Noch Kyung’s last threat had reached her understanding and she was no longer a tragedy queen, no imperious airs now, this was only a frightened little child who ran to her friend with out-stretched hands.

“Kumokie, child, what is the matter? Are you sick?”

“No, not that, but something awful has happened. What shall I do, Oh, what shall I do?” Putting her arm about the weeping girl the missionary drew her gently to her side and waited for her to speak. Something serious had happened she knew, to so distract Kumokie who was usually so calm.

It had never been known at the school that this favorite pupil had been married. Her uncle, feeling that in reality it had been nothing more than a betrothal, thought to save his adopted daughter this shame by saying nothing about it So now for the first time Miss Keith heard the story of Kumokie’s childhood and of the old days at Saemal. Between sobs and in broken snatches the sad, pitiful tale came from the trembling lips, with an account of that day’s incident.

“You dear, brave girl! You answered him well. Your uncle and aunt will also be made happy by your stand for the right.” Then with a few words she tried to comfort her. After all, the story was easy to understand, and that which under the circumstances one would naturally expect. The man, after forgotten years of neglect, on seeing this beautiful, accomplished young woman, was determined to claim her again even though he darkened her life to accomplish it. Ten years before under the old Korean regime it would have been a simple matter to have acquired the divorce. If he had not been in such a hurry on leaving Saemal, a few words before witnesses, the torn documents, (wedding contracts) and the deed would have been done. With the present day, after the Japanese occupation, the laws were more strenuous, but that concerning divorce brought no more relief than the former. The requirement is that husband and wife appear at the local office before the proper officials with the application, but if the man refuse his consent then the woman can do nothing, she has no recourse or defence if he refuse to grant her the legal papers. Hundreds and thousands, in fact nearly all, save the higher classes, really pay little attention to this troublesome formality and frequently women who have been deserted as was the little widow of Saemal would think it quite a matter of course to go to another husband with little or no ceremony whatever. Knowing old man Ye as did Noch

Kyung, he had thought, when he considered the matter at all, that this old tyrant of Saemal had followed this custom, as he doubtless would have done but for the timely interference of Uncle Tochil. He had said that he would not release her. Was she thus to be bound to him as long as she lived although another woman was his wife and the mother of his children? This was an intolerable situation for an earnest Christian woman and the two friends wept together over the bitterness and pity of it all. Kumokie’s cold, little hands clung to the older woman’s dress. As she buried her face on her teacher’s ‘ shoulder deep, painful sobs shook the slender body:

“What will he do? Can he take me away? I hate him: yes, I do, and I used to love him so, for he was good to me in those days.”

“No, dear, of course he can not take you away. I do not know the law or very much about such matters, but he certainly has no right to you before God or me. We must send for your uncle and he will have a good lawyer to advise him as to what steps it will be best to take. But of one thing I am sure, he can never take you against your will. If you remain true to the right and trust you Master to keep you from harm you need have no fear for the future, dark as it may seem just now.”

Ab, yes, true enough, but while her lips were still declaring her hatred and distrust for Noch Kyung she instinctively knew that the hardest battles would be those to fight in her own heart, that if she could remain true and strong to oppose this evil thing the victory would be hers. That had come at last for which she had longed and prayed during so many weary hours, the man she loved had at last claimed her, but too late! The barriers which separated them now were insurmountable if she remained true to the principles which she professed. Suddenly this truth like a flood swept over her, leaving her weak and faint. Then sinking on her knees beside her friend she gasped :

“I am so weak, and I feel so helpless, please pray that I may have His grace and strength for the struggle.”

(To be Continued )