The Korea Magazine

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SEOUL, KOREA

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

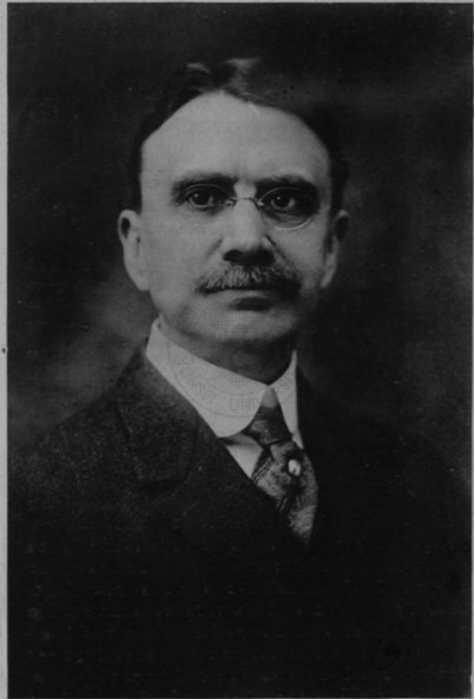
We want to make this a very interesting department of the Magazine, and all suitable subjects will be given attention. Send in your questions about things Korean, and they will be referred to the Question Editor.

OUR BOOK TABLE

A Book Table will be one of the departments of the Magazine, and books of all kinds will receive treatment at our hands. Books about the Far East, or published in the East. and those having to do with missionary work and problems will be given very special attention.

ILLUSTRATIONS

There is no lack of good material with which to illustrate the pages of the Magazine, but that our friends in Korea may have a part in making this feature diversified we invite them to send in pictures of temples, mausoleums, features of missionary work, photographs of all kinds whether unusual or not, and for those found available payment will be made.



BISHOP HERBERT WELCH, D. D., L L. D.

The Korea Magazine

January, 1917

Editorial Notes.

THE KOREA MAGAZINE believes that all missionaries should be thoroughly acquainted with the people among whom they labor, having a knowledge of their thought processes, the lives they live, their habits, customs, literature and religion, and that knowledge possessed by one should be passed on for the benefit of all. Also that which will make the missionary in Korea better fitted for doing his work will not only be welcomed by government authorities, but it will be of particular value to those in the home lands who desire an intelligent understanding of the lives of the missionaries, the fields in which they work, and conditions under which their work is accomplished.

To that end the KOREA MAGAZINE proposes to print stories, anecdotes, translations from literature, all helping to show the Korean attitude of mind.

We believe a man or woman with a broad, open mind, will make a better missionary than one who has but a narrow vision, and it will therefore be a part of our mission to furnish the information we believe to be needed to make the missionaries thoroughly acquainted with the work being done by others in this field and in other mission fields, by those of the same denominations, and those of other denominations.

We shall undertake to get the best for our readers in original contributions and in information secured from many sources in many lands, not the least being that found in other missionary publications not accessible to most of our subscribers.

It is well for missionaries to be sympathetically awake to the work being done by the authorities in educational, philanthropic and kindred lines, and we also hope to make the work of the missionaries to be better understood.

The KOREA MAGAZINE will not undertake to represent a single group of missionaries or a single phase of missionary

work ; but we have the desire to represent all phases of work being carried on in the name of Christ, not alone in Korea and by the missionaries here, but in as large a measure as possible convey information about missionary work in other lands and by other agencies.

In other words, we wish to contribute our share toward the better equipment of the missionaries everywhere, and to make their work better understood by those not directly engaged in missionary work.

Seeing that there is the *Korea Field*, a missionary publication, already in existence, what object can there be in another magazine of a missionary character! We would answer that the purpose of THE KOREA MAGAZINE differs entirely from that of the Field, for the latter simply reports missionary doings for the benefit of those who are interested in them. The MAGAZINE on the other hand, while it may report missionary doings proposes to interpret this part of the East for the benefit of the missionary student and any others who may be interested.

Recently one of the members of a Board of Foreign Missions visiting Korea, was asked the question “What do you regard as the greatest lack on the part of the missionary?” His answer came quick and incisive, “A knowledge of the people among whom he lives?”

THE MAGAZINE makes no pretension to possessing any superior knowledge, but it is sincerely interested in the East, and has an earnest desire to aid in its interpretation. We, Occidentals, must remember that the Far East represents the oldest civilization in the world, a civilization that has come down by a continuous line, not through centuries only, but through long millenniums, and surely nothing could be more interesting or profitable to those who desire to deal with the mind and spirit of a race, than to read into their souls and to see what their ideals are. what their hopes, their fears, their longings. This is the wish of the MAGAZINE, to interpret sympathetically the great world in which we live, and of

which we really know so little. It is not too much to say that while we modestly think we have something to teach Asia, we must also admit that Asia has much to teach us. The mysteries of Buddhism alone ought to cause all religious people to pause and look in wonder, in order to get some inkling of its power and persuasive influence over men.

Confucianism too, so high and uplifted in its view, above everything the Greeks, for example, ever imagined of a powerful and holy God, is a subject worthy of consideration by every student of men. Taoism likewise has a world of light to throw on the mystery of the human heart. These are some of the larger questions that the MAGAZINE hopes constantly to touch upon.

In a day like the present, when conditions in Asia and especially in Korea. have so greatly changed, when, instead of an ancient hermit kingdom, we have an increasingly intelligent part of the great Empire of Japan to deal with, it is imperative that students of the East put forth effort, not only to learn the language, but something of that much more difficult subject, the inner mind and soul of the people. This is the first desire of the MAGAZINE. She may do her part very poorly, but her desire, her wish, her purpose, we think will appeal to all lovers of the East.

At the Central Mission Conference of the Methodist Epis­ copal Church for Eastern Asia held in Nanking, China, in November, 1915, Bishop M. C. Harris, D. D., LL. D., publicly announced his determination to take a retired relation at the close of twelve years of service as Missionary Bishop of Korea and Japan the closing period of a term of forty-two years spent in Christian work in behalf of Japan and the people of the Orient. In his speech Bishop Harris suggested the desirability of electing a General Superintendent as his successor, and later the conference passed a resolution to be presented to the General Conference asking for an additional General Superintendent for Eastern Asia, with Seoul as an episcopal residence.

At the General Conference Bishop Harris was given an ovation, and later he had the privilege of accompanying the newly elected Bishop Herbert Welch, D. D., LL D., to Japan and Korea and lovingly inducted him into his new office.

The whole Christian community will be the gainer by the coming of Bishop and Mrs. Welch to the Orient. A thoroughly trained and trusted educator and administrator, in the prime of life, elected on the first ballot, earnestly sought for work of his Church in the home-land, he felt the need and call of the East, and gladly answered the call. Official and private enthusiastic welcomes have been ex­ tended, and the Bishop has heartily entered upon the duties of his new work.

After assuming his new position as Governor-General of Korea, Count Hasegawa was able to. call attention to the agricultural development of Korea in recent years. For the period under consideration he was able to report very great increases in all the principal products of the peninsula. The rice crop had ·increased from 7,900,000 koku to 11,400,000 koku; wheat from 3,500,000 koku to 6,600,000 koku; Indian millet from 2,600,000 koku to 3,500,000 koku ; a gain of 1,000,000 koku in soya beans. Raw cotton had increased nearly 400 per cent, now reaching 45,000,000 pounds. Silk cocoons had increased from 14,000 koku to 59,000 koku, and cattle from 700,000 head to 1,350,000 head. The money received from agricultural products had doubled, and now amounted to 300,000,000 yen, and agricultural exports had increased from 15,000,000 to 50,000,000 yen in value while the excess of agricultural exports over imports was more than 27,300,000yen. This year the rice, wheat and bean crops as a whole were excellent, with good prices prevailing.

THE BIBLE SOCIETIES AN EVANGELISTIC AGENCY.

In the propagation of the truths of the Christian religion an intense evangelism is generally recognized as the central fact. An evangelism that brings the message of life with dynamic force to the human consciousness ; that brings the

virtue of Christ in healing contact with the open sore of the human race is the true fulfilment of the idea of Christ’s universal conquest.

In its effort to conserve and foster this spirit of evangelism, the Christian Church has established many agencies. Some are of doubtful value, others are good and helpful, while there are some that are indispensable. Among those agencies which are reckoned as indispensable and whose origin is recognized as providential, the Bible Societies come first and are entitled to especial consideration, as a force conserving the evangelical and regenerating ideas of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

This is apparent, because the Bible Societies stand before the world as the custodians of the Word of God. The interpretation of the message of life and the principles of its propagation ; the unfolding secrets of personal communion with God and the duty of individual life in Christian service and sacrifice, are to be found in genuine simplicity in the Scriptures themselves. The Word is its own best interpreter. Systems of theology have their place in the study of the philosophy and science of the Christian religion but they cannot suffice to supply the masses with a knowledge of the original sources of spiritual life. Often have we heard that the simple reading of the Word, has awakened a consciousness of sin. A gospel portion stored away in hiding, covered with the dust of years, is suddenly brought to light and brings its message of healing life, of overflowing joy and comfort, at just the time when the unawakened soul is feeling out into the darkness after something desired, but unknown. The Word preaches its own message. It delivers its burden. Its evangelistic note is sounded. A soul hears and is saved. The agency which has brought this miracle to pass is the Bible Society.

It prints the Word and puts it within the reach of the poorest of the masses. They buy and read—and in reading find life. Truly it is one of the greatest evangelistic agencies because, as custodian of the Word, it serves all men regardless of nationality or language, and all churches regardless of creed or name.

That the Bible Societies are an evangelistic force is again evidenced in that the printing of the plain text of the Bible, without note or comment, is a perpetual testimony to the fact that the Holy Scriptures are the Word of God. The Bible Societies do not countenance a destructive criticism. They will not publish a dissected or amputated Bible. Many a critical comment has fostered a spirit of unbelief. Often such comments have not produced research but on the contrary pride and arrogance. In printing the plain Word and spreading it broadcast the Bible Societies have done more for a sane and helpful interpretation of the Word, and the application of its principles to every day life, than any other agency of the church. It bears a silent but impressive testimony to the authenticity and credibility of the Holy Book.

Lastly the evangelistic value of the Bible Societies is manifested in their distribution of the scriptures through a well ordered plan of colportage. Always in cooperation with the Church, these colporters are· sent out laden with Bibles , or portions of the same, printed in an attractive form, to be sold at a price which even the poorest can pay. The colporter is truly an evangel of light. Often he brings the Word in contact with raw, untutored life for the· first time. He does not always see a miracle of grace but he has brought this raw, untutored human life into touch with a spiritual force; he has brought to it a message of love and life—yea abounding love and everlasting life. Such an agency as this is incalculably valuable as a real evangelistic force. The Bible Societies are the greatest asset the modern missionary movement possesses.

W. G. C.

The Bible Woman

BY MISS KATE COOPER

I. The Bible woman of the early days.

It might be profitable in trying to tell something of the Korean Bible woman to speak first of what the term meant in the early days of missionary effort. The work of the missionary

then was of course the constant telling of the story to those who had never heard it and in this she must be assisted by some native woman who could interpret her thought to these women who had never even heard the name of Jesus. Consequently the first women believers were used in the capacity of Bible women, the only requisite being that they must learn to read. To require anything more in the way of training was hardly considered and very few who saw the ignorance of the first Korean Christian women had any idea of anything but the simplest teaching. One old Bible woman tells of how the missionary who proposed to employ her said in answer to her protestation of unfitness that if she knew John 3:16 she was fit for the service. Thus it was that the first Bible women were women of no education, with no equipment save that they knew they had been saved from sin through the name of Jesus, and that they wanted others to receive a like salvation. Some of them tried to teach other women to read, and the missionary of fifteen or twenty years ago rejoiced greatly when she could gather around her a little class of women who could spell out. the simple native script of the New Testament.

Another requisite of these women we must not neglect to mention was that they must be able to travel long distances on foot. It was no uncommon thing then for one of these Bible women to travel with the lady missionary walking a distance of 90 *li* a day and at night talking to a late hour to the women who gathered not so much to listen as to sight-see.

A foreign woman was a wonderful sight in those days and as soon as she would reach a village the crowd would gather and from early morning until late at night. the women would crowd into the little room where she would stay for one or two days trying to tell “the old, old story.” In this the Bible woman was the invaluable assistant and she would preach to crowd after crowd the whole long day Then she would take trips alone carrying with her tracts and Gospels that she would endeavor to sell. To sell to women has never been easy, as a book to the average Korean heathen woman means simply paper, and as she cannot read is of no value. However in

those days many gospels and tracts were distributed by our faithful, earnest although ignorant Bible women.

II. The Woman of the Transition Period, which includes the present.

Now a great change has come, and among the many transitions in Korea Bible，women’s work is having its share. A Bible woman who only knew how to read soon taught the women as far as she had gone herself, and thus further training for leadership became a necessity. Various classes in which women were taught soon demonstrated the fact that some of the women were able to take more advanced teaching, and so the missionaries began to plan for women’s Bible Institutes in which these could be trained. Some of these Institutes began by receiving women of no education at all, and in many cases even those who could not read were admitted to the Preparatory grade. Then because of the large number of new believers and also because of the great opportunity of carrying the Gospel to the heathen who needed to hear, some women were accepted as Bible women who were not fitted for service after a few years when our standard for Bible women was greatly improved.

Some of the outstanding qualifications for our Bible women at present are she must be without home responsibilities; widows are preferred. She must be able to give her whole time and service to the Lord’s work ; she must be a woman whose life has proven her to be a doer of the word and a follower of the Master not for any earthly gain but because of her love for the salvation of souls. She must be a graduate of a Bible Institute able to teach the home course for many of the country women are dependent almost entirely upon the Bible women for all their help in the study of this course. The wives of helpers or colporteurs are no longer considered for salaried Bible women, and wherever we can secure volunteer workers we are using them to do Bible woman’s work. The appointment of the Bible women vary in some cases according to the need but the general rule is to give one Bible woman charge of a circuit or city church. She visits among the churches, teaches the women and also helps the missionary

in the classes held in her circuit. We have thanked God many times for the improvements we have seen in our Bible women. Many of them had lived until 40 years of age without knowing anything of Christ or even their own alphabet. Many of them know little of the common school subjects, yet through the teaching of the spirit are able to grasp spiritual teachings and pass rather difficult examinations on Bible subjects. The woman missionary has had a wonderful personal influence over the lives of the Bible women with whom she has worked, and by travelling side by side with the missionary the Bible woman has learned much she could never have learned in any other way.

III. The Bible woman of the future.

If we may be allowed to indulge a prophetic spirit we would say that the future Bible women of Korea will be women of some education and while they may not be able to take the journeys on foot or endure some of the hardships that their grandmothers did yet if they have only been rooted and grounded in the Gospel of Jesus Christ they will be able to do more thorough teaching, and help in the singing and other features of the work in a way our older Bible women could never do. At present and for years to come woman’s work must be done by Bible women and volunteer women workers, but the changes in social conditions are making it possible in many places to use younger women as Bible teachers and leaders than we were able to use in the past. While we feel that our better educated school girls and younger women will gradually take the place of Bible teachers and helpers, yet we cannot do without our good old women who have been chosen and used of God to do a lasting work, and who still have a most important mission to fill in the Master’s vine-yard.

Young women of the best education that Korea affords should be encouraged to attend Bible Schools and Institutes if they give evidence of having a true experience of conversion. The women who have already graduated from our Institutes should be encouraged in every way to go on with their Bible study.

Having seen something of what God has done for and through our Bible women in Korea, the prospects for more spiritual, more capable, and more fruitful Bible women are as bright as the promises of God. We believe our Bible women have it in their hearts to study to show themselves approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of God, and complete unto every good work.

OLD KOREAN STORIES.

THE DRAGON

BY SUNG HYUN (成但 1439-1504, A. D.)

“There was in the days of Koryu an official named Yung-Tai who dearly loved a practical joke. It seems a snake appeared on the shore of a dragon pool near his place when the priests of the temple (Buddhist), thinking it a young dragon, caught it, kept in a cage and fed it. Yung Tai, hearing of this, had his naked body painted over carefully with scales and in all the colours of the dragon. In this guise he came and called at the temple saying, ‘Have no fear, l pray your reverences, I am the dragon-spirit from the pool. I have learned that you have kindly taken in hand my unworthy posterity to teach and bring up, and so I have come to express my thanks. On such and such a day I shall call again specially to see the teacher.’ He said this and disappeared.

“On the appointed day, the priests all dressed in their best, assembled to await him. He came, and calling for the teacher, took him on his back, and straightway made off toward the pool. When he reached the edge he said, ‘Now let go, be careful not to hold on to me, but just shut your eyes and we shall be in the dragon-palace in a moment.’ The priest shut his eyes and released his hold. At once Yung Tai swung round and flung him into the water with all his might and then made off. The priest, almost drowned, floundered out at last, his clothes in a dreadful state, and his body full of aches and pains. He made his way back to the temple and went to bed.

“On the following morning Yung Tai called again, but this time in ordinary guise, and asked ‘Are you ill? What’s the matter?’

“The priest replied, ‘The old dragon of the pool, knave that he is, has lost all his senses. He lied to me and got me into this plight.’”

A FAR EAST FRANCIS OF ASSISI

BY SUNG HYUNG (1439-1504 A. D.)

“There was once a Buddhist priest, very kind and very honest. He saluted everyone, even a minister of state, by his own name. Whatever was given him, great or little in value, he accepted with all simplicity, and whatever was asked of him he gave willingly even all that he possessed. He wore only a ragged suit and a battered hat, and went about Seoul, a sight familiar to all the people. He never asked for anything. If anyone gave him food, he ate it. If no one gave him any he fasted. If given the finest fare he made no special treat of it, but accepted it as a matter of course. Poor fare he took with equal appreciation. Whatever he spoke of he called Brother. In speaking of a stone, he called it Brother Stone, or of a tree, Brother Tree. Thus he addressed everything.

“A group of Confucian scholars saw this priest once hurrying along the road toward evening time, and they inquired ‘Hullo! Where are you off to? ’ I’m looking for a pair of trousers,’ said he, ‘and am off to the house of Brother Bird.’ All laughed at this.

“He had an ugly scar on his face and someone asked him how he came by it. He replied, ‘Once I was out among the hills looking for wood, when I saw a bear and a tiger fighting. I went to them and said ‘Why do you fight? Why not be friends instead?’ Brother Tiger on hearing this looked ashamed and went away, but Brother Bear was resentful and turned and scratched my face. Some of the hill folk came and helped me at the time.’

“Once when I (Sung Hyun) was sitting in conference with the other ministers of state this priest came and called on us.

We asked him, “Why don’t you go to the hills and study instead of knocking about in all kinds of wind and weather building bridges, placing stepping stones, mending roads, and digging wells as you do?’

“The priest replied, ‘When I was young my teacher told me to go to the hills and spend ten years in earnest study, assuring me that if I did so, I would understand the meaning of the Buddha. I went to the Diamond Mountains for five years, and to the O-tai Hills for another five, and worked very hard, but no profit came of it.

“ ‘My teacher then told me that if I would read the Lotus Sutra one hundred times I would understand. This I did and yet found no profit From that time on I understood that the Buddha was hard to fathom. Nothing else was left to me in the way of rendering helpful service to my fellows, so I turned to to aid in building bridges, placing stepping-stones, making roads and digging wells.’ “

KIM IN-BOK

BY YI CHE-SIN (李濟臣 1534-1583 A. D.)

“There was once an official named Kim ln-bok who was a great joker though be had but one eye. Now when Sim Kong­joon was governor in Chun-joo this Kim went to pay him a visit. Sim’s desire was to play a joke on Kim before he himself was played upon, so he selected him as servants, a secretary, a gate­ man and a runner each and all with but one eye. He also found a one-eyed woman servant to set apart for his entertainment whom he dressed as a maid of honour. He had him lodge at a one-eyed man’s house who became Kim’s host. This house, too, was distant from where he was (mu-o distant or blind). The master sent every morning to inquire for Kim’s health but always by the hand of some one-eyed person.

“Kim seemed quite unconscious of this and took it all as a matter of course. To the servant who came one morning to inquire as to his health he gave this message saying, ‘I am greatly obliged to Your Excellency for all your good care. One matter only troubles me. Supposing a thief should come, I fear

we are somewhat shorthanded to safeguard and watch the place. This is my only anxiety.’

“Sim inquired as to how that could be. Were the servants neglectful or unwilling to do their duty? He had the matter looked into, when Kim said ‘Not at all. The servants you have given me are as good as gold, and are constantly on hand, but having only one eye each they are equal to only two and a half sound persons when it comes to keeping a sharp 1ook-out.’ The people about the yamen hearing this all laughed heartily.”

YUNG OON.

CH’OI CH’I-WUN. （崔致遠)

As truly as Chaucer is the Father of English Poetry, so is Ch’oi Ch’i-wun the Father of Korean Literature. He was born nearly 500 years before Chaucer, being a contemporary of Alfred the Great. A son of Silla, at twelve years of age he went to the kingdom of the Tangs, when China had reached the greatest period of her history. The capital was then called Chang-an(長安) now Si-an (西安), the city to which the old Dowager fled in 1900. There he studied and graduated with honours in 875, when he was only seventeen years of age, and entered service of the Emperor, as chief secretary to General Ko-pyung (高餅). He became widely known as a talented literati and his works were included in the literary masterpieces of the Tangs. In 885 A. D. he returned to Korea, being 27 years of age, and became Queen Chinsung’s chief minister of state. No tomb marks his last resting place, for, like Moses, his departure was a mystery. It is said that when nearly a hundred years of age he disappeared in the hills and became one of the genii.

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

(The poems of a people tell perhaps better than anything else what the heart thinks and the soul delights in. Evidently Ch’oi Ch’i-wun loved the birds, if we can judge from the following.)

THE SEA-GULL

“So free art thou to ride the running white-caps of the sea, rising and falling with the rolling waters! When you lightly shake your feathery skirts and mount aloft, you are indeed the fairy of the deep. Up you soar, and down you sweep, serenely free from taint of man or of the dusty world. Your practised flight must have been learned in the abodes of the genii. Enticements of the rice or millet fields have no power to woo thee, but the spirit of the winds and moon are what your soul delights in. I think of Chang-ja (莊子) who dreamed of the fairy butterfly; surely I, too, dream as I behold thee.”

THE SWALLOW.

“She goes with the fading summer, and comes with returning spring, faithful and true is she; regular as the warm breezes, or the chilly rains of autumn. Old friends we are, you and I. You know that I readily consent to your occupying a place in my spacious home, but you have more than once soiled the painted rafters. Are you not ashamed?

“You have left hawks and other uncanny birds far off in the islands of the sea, and have come to join your friends, the herons and ibis of the streams and sunny shallows. Your rank must be equal to that of the gold-finch, I should think, but when it comes to bringing home finger-rings in your bill as rewards to your master, you fail me.”

THE TIDES.

(The majesty of the sea impressed him, too.)

“Like a rushing storm of snow or driving sleet, on you come, a thousand rollers from the deep, thou tide. Over the track so deeply worn, again you come and go. As I behold how you never fail to keep the appointed time, I am ashamed to think how wasteful my days have been, and how I spend in idleness and dissipation the precious hours.

“Your impact on the shore is like reverberating thunder, or as if the cloud-topped hills were falling. When I behold your speed I think of Chong-kak and his wish to ride the winds; and when I see your all-assailing majesty I think of the sleeping dragon that has awakened.”

TEA.

(Koreans have never been a tea-drinking people, and yet the first writer of Korea has an interesting note about tea, and has expressed an appreciation of it that would do honour to a modern Englishman.)

“To-day a gift of tea comes to me from the general of the forces by the hand of one of his trusty aides. Very many thanks! Tea was first grown in Ch’ok ( 蜀 ) and brought to great excellence of cultivation. It was one of the rarities in the gardens of the Soo Kingdom (隋589-618 A. D.) The practice of picking the leaves began then, and its clear and grateful flavours from that time were known. Its specially fine qualities are manifest when its delicate leaves are steeped in a golden kettle. The fragrance of its aroma ascends from the white goblets into which it is poured. If it were not to the quiet abode of the genii that I am invited to make my respectful obeisance, or to those high angels whose wings have grown, how could ever such a gift of the gods come to a common literati like me? I need not now a sight of the plum forest to quench my thirst, nor any day-lilies to drive away my care. Very many thanks, and much grateful appreciation!”

A PRAYER.

(He was a deeply religious man as one can judge from this prayer written when he was only twenty-four years of age, as secretary of General Ko-pyung, of the Tangs.)

On the 15th day of the 1st Moon of the year 882 A. D. General Ko Pyung asked a certain Buddhist priest to make a prayer for him in Chon-wang Hall of the Law-cloud Temple, and this prayer Ch’oi Ch’i-won wrote.

“I make my petition to the shining Buddha who is all loving and all merciful, the great Kwan-se-eum. When the forces of evil rise up against us and overcome us, then the dust of the earth hides all one’s vision and the waves of the sea lash furiously. At such a moment it is vain for kings to fix their eyes on great leaders, for the very stars themselves afford no hope. Our king is like the great rulers of Han, but

still the mid-heaven sun never shines but once on the same day. I wonder why God feeds the vultures and owls, why the earth supports the caterpillars of destruction, and why the forces of evil fight and find peace and content, while brave soldiers are broken and defeated.

“With the insignia of military power in hand, and with a heart full of purpose and desire to set fire to the dry remnants of the enemy, and to save these who have fallen, I with an earnest heart that looks up to the Buddha, anxious to observe and do the righteous deed, and ever remembering the Merciful One’s goodness, come to make my prayer.

“In this world of ours there are those pierced and fallen from the spear, and those dying from disease. Give me the power of the great Physician and make me like a loving Father to the worn-out in body, and to those diseased in mind. On this 15th day of the 1st Moon I have cleansed and brought the offerings as the fresh dew is still upon the ground and the clean breath of the morning stirs the fragrant flowers. My thought is that here in this quiet abode of the Buddha, where the elders have their disciples about them, and where God himself rules from His holy temple, my prayer may be heard by the all-merciful and all-loving One whose religion has come to this Eastern land of ours. Thy footsteps mark all the way from the West. Save now, I pray Thee, all those bound for Hades. Please leave for a little your high office in heaven, come and comfort the sick, and touch them with the hand that heals; and grant that by virtue of calling on Thy Name we may escape from this net of destruction. May Thy life­boat quiet the waves of the restless sea, and Thy sword of wisdom defend us from the forces of sin and from the darkness of the night. Let the Lamp of Thy knowledge, which enlightens the heart of God, and the sound of Thy drum, cause the spirit of the enemy to melt. and let Thy silence dissipate all the evils of the world. Open the gate of peace and safety to all mortals so that they may gain entry to Thy house of love and mercy.”

NAMPO MEMORIAL STONE.

(To anyone interested in antiquities the old stone of Nam­ po, that stands some 30 miles west of Kong-joo, with a magnificent dragon cap on its head and a long inscription down its face, will prove a delightful subject for consideration. Ch’oi-Ch’i-wun wrote the inscription and saw the erection of the stone when he was 82 years of age. It records the life and labours of a noted priest Nang-he.)

SELECTIONS FROM THE INSCRIPTION.

“Her Majesty (Queen Chin-sung) (887-897 A. D.) said, ‘His Excellency was indeed the Buddha incarnate once again on earth. His late Majesty and also King Moon, my uncle, made him their teacher and through him the state had long been blessed. And now I have come to the throne with the same mind as they, expecting to make him my guide, but God ( 天 ) has taken him away. Alas, how sad I am. My desire now is to honour him who was so truly honourable, hence I give him the name Tai Nang-he, Great Enlightened One.”‘

She commanded Ch’oi Ch’i-wun to write the inscription, referring to which we find recorded “I refused at first saying ‘I am Your Majesty’s true servant, and yet when good grain is to be had, why use chaff? Your Majesty has asked me to do honour to the Master with my pen, but such an honour is beyond my power to record. His Excellency was a great and commanding chief, and also a profound and enlightened thinker. Gifted as I am with only mediocre ability my attempts to write his unbounded praise will be like loading a frail bark with heaviest burdens, or attempting to draw water with a rope too short for the well. Still, if the stone itself makes no protest, and the turtle underneath has no resentment to offer, I will try, but my efforts will bring no glory to the hills or streams about me. I fear the woods may be ashamed and the little rivulets that flow by.

“As I think it over, the Master and I both went to China to pursue our studies together ; how is it that one of us be­ came the great teacher of the state, while the other remained but a poor servant? The difference is that one learned from

the heart and the other with the lips only. The heart is high, but not the lips. The ancient sages therefore were full of great care as to how they studied, for he who studied from the heart attained to virtue, while he who studied from the lips learned merely human speech.”

“The world’s best thoughts upon religion seem,

But drops of dew upon the blades of grass.

To think that Buddha can be won with ease,

Is fishing for the shadow of the moon.

All great religions surely are the same;

At first the Buddha seemed most dry and bare,

Until one tasted deep His hidden way.

And then all other wines as nothing were,

No other food could satisfy the soul.

He urged his hearers thus to cleanse the heart

Of fame’s poor chaff and riches’ shrivelled straw.

And to the world his word of counsel was:

‘Arm you with love, and wear truth’s helmet high.’

He never turned a thirsty soul away,

But stood to all mankind, a help from God.

Thus while he lived and laboured here below,

The state was pure as crystal lights that shine.”

J. S. GALE.

FLIES.

The past year (1916) has been specially interesting as regards flies. The interesting part is that they have suddenly ceased to be, and we now see them no more. A shot-gun, lance, or sword is of no avail against this creature. In fact his breed seemed well nigh invulnerable until the authorities took him in hand, and most skillfully compassed his destruction.

We remember the fly as one of the ancient possessors of the city. He drew up his forces by battalions, brigade and fighting corps, millions strong, encamped everywhere. Particularly did he enjoy the warm sunnyside of life, and seek it out with remarkable perseverance and skill. He made his

rounds daily, something in the following order-: Starting from his sheltered ledge where the new sun had quickened him into life, be would make his way to wine shops and other exposed places, and have a light breakfast. From there, as the day advanced, and the rays of light peered down into the noisome holes and dens of the city, he gaily took his flight, calling at the most unnameable pools and awful places for a substantial meal. He would then come back delighted with himself, an optimist, hopeful about everything, and join Kim so-pang or any other man of leisure in his afternoon siesta, would take a long running jump from the corner of the swinging door right into the unconscious Korean’s face. Automatically, though sound asleep, Kim would drive at him with his hand, but just as well try to put salt on a live bird’s tail as to catch a fly when you are sound asleep. Quick as light he would drop down again and continue his travels just where he had left off. Round and round and round be would go into the corner of Kim’s mouth and under his chin. Fearless? The like was never seen. Then he would join the family in the evening meal, play football all over his fresh cooked *toi-gak* cakes, or go sightseeing across the mountain face of Kim’s heaped up rice dish.

The fly is rather a stay-at-home creature unless he can get suitable conveyance abroad. One favorite method of transportation is to ride on a coolie’s warm back and go comfortably across town, entering the home and wiping his feet on the baby’s eye-lashes or the comers of his ears, cantering all round its little mouth, and over its neglected nose. What a lovely day the fly used to have, but it has come to an end ; his picnic is over, and we practically see him no more.

These are modern ideas regarding the fly. Some more ancient views as to his character and habits may be interesting. Yi Kyoo-bo (1168-1241 A. D.) Prime Minister of Korea in the Koryu Dynasty and a contemporary of Richard Coeur de Lion, says “I have ever hated the way in which the fly continually pesters and bothers people. The thing that I dislike most of all is to have him sit on the rims of my ears and settle squabbles with his neighbour. When I am ill and

see him about me, I am afflicted with a double illness over and above my original complaint. In seeing the multitude of his breed swarming about, I cannot but make my complaints to God.”

“Your buzz and fuss drown e’en the crowing cock,

And all your marks speck every whitened thing.

I chase you off, and yet you fail to go;

I trust the King will make an end of you.”

This seems almost to have come true to-day, for His Imperial Majesty’s Government is a very uncomfortable one for the fly to live under.

Again he says:

“I’m worn to death in driving off these flies,

I wrap my head but fail, alas, to sleep;

No use to scold, or rate at them, or swear;

They drop into my wine and die with g1ee.”

Sung Hyun (1439-1504A. D.) leaves among his literary notes the following: “There was a military official once, whose name was Yang, sent south as governor of Kong-joo. In summer, it seems, the place was particularly plagued with flies, and Yang hated them with unspeakable hatred. So he set his secretaries, his writers, and all his runners, maids, slaves, everyone in fact, to work, ordering that each bring him a bowl of flies every morning. He made it a serious matter and urged them under penalty. The company fought each other over these flies. They feared to fail. and yet they hated the task. Some went about hiring others to catch flies for them, while they gave the governor the name *p’a-ri mok-sa* (fly-governor). If one were to rule his district with the same zeal that this man exercised in catching flies he would doubt­ less be a model governor.”

Kim Rin-hoo (1601-1560 A. D.) one of Korea’s great pre­ Shakespereian writers, says: “I beat my fan about and swing it round till I have cleared my room of their breed, and now my books are free to rest beside my bed. They like to come and walk around my eyes, and peer into the regions of my nose. Their buzzing fuss outside my window shade I leave to them to do just as they please.”

Kim Sang-bun (1570-1652 A. D.), who was taken captive in the Manchoo invasion of 1635 and kept for a year or two a prisoner in Peking and Mukden has written down his opinion of the fly. Here it is:

“Among the trees the dainty oriole calls.

High on the limb cicada sings his song;

My friend Yang-soo writes of the flies he sees,

The filthiest creature that creation knows.”

Chang Yoo (1587-1638 A. D.), who first introduced tobacco into Korea, says of the fly : “I got a chill once and was laid up for a day, when all the flies in the neighbourhood, seeing my plight, came in troops and sat around me. In revenge I wrote the following :

“Through freezing frost you still live on, you fly!

Whence came your breed and all your noisome ways?

Stay in your holes, I pray, and leave me in peace.

Where filth abounds you fight as for a crown,

But what you win I fail to understand.

You drink, and scrap, and drown, and die,

Within my wine-cup e’en your corpses float,

No mortal pity meets your hapless fate.”

Song Si-ryul(1607-1689A. D.) for many years the greatest of Korea’s literati writes: “Men, after all, are more hateful than flies. My Chinese friend Yang-soo says ‘Why hate flies when there are other creatures far more unlovable all round about you?’ If flies could have spoken in the days of Yang-soo they could have put a world of men to shame.”

How grateful these old masters of the pen would have been to write us to-day ringing verse on the departure of the fly. The kindly compliments they would have paid the police and city authorities who have wrought his destruction can be more easily imagined than expressed.

SPECTATOR.

CONCERNING THE OCCULT.

It is undoubtedly true that the Korean has a bent in the direction of the occult. To him its strange unseen world is full of a fascinating influence that few things in this mundane

sphere can compare with. He likes to hie himself away to these regions of the quiet, where he can meditate off into the realms of the spiritual to hear those voices that speak apart from bodily existence.

The old fortune-teller was a proof of this as he sang out, “Come down, come down, come down!” Possessions, exorcisms, necromancy are all matters of everyday converse. The automatic hand, too, he has heard of, and second powers of vision. Sir Oliver Lodge, and others, like W. T. Stead, have nothing to tell the Korean.

My friend Kim who loves this world of mystery related the following: “An acquaintance of mine was taking a siesta one afternoon while a friend was sitting at the foot of the bed reading a book. Some time later a third party called and the two proceeded to con over the Chinese together. They came at last to a passage difficult to construe, with a word in it that neither of them understood.

“Chang, my acquaintance, who was dozing, heard them discuss the matter in loud and emphatic tones. He grew tired of it, and at last got up and said, ‘Don’t you two ignoramuses know that that word *suk-chong* means honey?, but they paid no heed. ‘Look here,’ said he,’ I tell you it means honey.’ The afternoon sun shone square on the book, while the two sat on each side, with the disputed character between them. Chang incensed at their taking no notice of him, said, ‘You fools, it means honey,’ and went back and laid down. He fell asleep and when he awoke it was evening and the third party was gone.

“I say,” said the friend, “but you did sleep.”

“What’s the use of staying awake,” s:iid Ching, “when folks pay as little attention to one as you did? ”

“What do you mean? ” asked the friend.

“Why, I mean about that word *suk-chong* honey, that you were arguing over.”

“Yes, we were, we didn’t just know what it meant” “Yes, but I told you that it was honey and you paid no attention.”

“Honey? You never said honey to us that we heard.”

“Go away,” said Chang, wearied out by it, “Didn’t Yi So and So call? ”

“Yes.”

“And didn’t you and he read the book together? ”

“Yes.”

“And didn’t you get into a dispute and argue in a loud way over *suk-chong*?’ ‘

“Yes we talked over the word, but only very quietly, for we did not wish to disturb you.”

“But I got up and told you what it meant.”

“Oh no you didn’t, never got up at all, had no part in it, but was sound asleep all the time.”

Chang went on to explain certain features of the afternoon, the sunshine on the book, etc., showing that he was most definitely aware of the conversation, while his friend vouched for it that he had been sound asleep all the time.

Still this might all have been but a dream, or a piece of imagination on his part.

Here is another story trustworthy witnesses being still on hand to vouch for.

Kim fell ill and died. He had been an average, uninfluential Christian for a year or two. Great was the consternation in the house, for Kim was the support of the family, and was still a young man. Friends called to condole with the stricken family. All the accompaniments that bespeak the greatest loss that can overtake a Korean were present, tears and desolation.

A startling thing happened in that home: Five hours after the so-called death, Kim suddenly rose up, shook himself back into consciousness, and spoke to the congregated mourners.

“Friends,” said he, “I have seen wonders. I have been all the way to heaven and back to earth again.”

With startled faces the mourners looked at him. Was it a dream, or was he alive, for of a surety, according to Korean custom, he had been dead? Inquiry was made as to where be had gone, and what he had seen.

“When I died,” said he, “I was taken by an angel company up into the high heavens, where I met Yi Yo-tam, the Christian preacher of the town of Tam-yo, who had just died also.”

The assembled company knew of Yi Yo-tam, and the announcement of his death was a startling piece of news to them. “We were carried up to heaven where were indescribable delights, such as the heart never dreamed of. We were both lovingly welcomed, Yi especially. Passing by an archway that seemed to lead to the Eternal City, he was asked to enter while I was directed to another. I separated from him with regret, but was shown a portico of such splendour as these eyes had never looked upon before. Into it I entered, but was stopped by an angel who said to me, “Your companion, when on earth was a faithful servant, and told others of God’s goodness, and so has passed to great reward, but you are to go back to earth once more, for new opportunity to be faithful.’ “My regrets at having to return from that region of bliss were. very great. I begged that I might stay forever, but it was not to be, and so I am here and would tell of the mercy of God, and of how we should give our hearts to Him.”

“But how about Yi Yo-tam? ” asked the company.

“Yi Yo-tam is in heaven,” said Kim, “for I have just been with him and we have walked to6ether on the celestial way.”

So emphatic was he in his statement that one of the hearers started at once on foot to Tam-yo to see how it fared with Yi Yo-tam. Arriving at the village he inquired as to the leader of the church, where he lived, and how about him?

“He is dead,” said the man addressed. “Dead? ” Sure enough the signs of mourning were evident. On going to the house he found that the master, and faithful leader of the church, had passed away that day, according to the message brought by Kim on his return from heaven.

These facts are correctly stated though the proper names are changed. They are vouched for as I said by unquestionably honest and competent witnesses.

J. S. G.

GUARDIANS OF THE YEAR

The New Year season in the Far East is enlivened by picture post-cards and other illustrations of the tutelar animal of the year. Nineteen and sixteen, that has just passed, was the year of the Dragon, and 1928 will be the next dragon year to come. This, upon which we have now entered, is the year of the Snake, an uncanny creature to have over us in control. There are twelve animals in all that are set as guardians of these great circles of the sun, the Rat, the Ox, the Tiger, the Rabbit, the Dragon, the Snake, the Horse, the Sheep, the Monkey, the Rooster, the Dog, the Pig.

It may interest the readers of the MAGAZINE who have not yet discovered just which animal they were born under, to seek out and find just in how far each resembles the creature that presides over him. Nineteen hundred was the year of the Rat, 1912 was also a Rat year, and every other year which adds or subtracts twelve. Taking the order indicated above, you can find by going back on the list, a year for each animal. just when your own comes. The last year of the Pig was 1911. that of the Dog 1910, that of the Rooster 1909, etc.

It would be interesting to guess your year from your own knowledge of your inner self. For example you might mark your leading characteristics thus : I, so and so, Love of hard work, 10 %, love eating and sleeping, 50%, like crowing over other people, 25 %, and so on, making it evident that your year is that of the Pig, the greatest eater and sleeper in the world, or some other equally comfortable animal.

Another person finds that he is naturally inclined to grimace, and make other people laugh. He is evidently not born under the year of the cow, for the cow does not do this. Undoubtedly his year is 1884, the year of the monkey. Another is given to blowing about what he has done, and wants to be looked at. He cannot help it, for the rooster is his guardian, and he is just 32 years old. Some men are born to go steadily along at their work day by day, having no opinion about anything, eating their hay or branmash just as it is given them, and stepping through life at a pace of two and a half miles an hour. Such folk are 28 years old or 40

and have to do with the ox. Others again who love cheese and Welsh rare-bit and are inclined to nibble into holes and corners in a way to displease their neighbours, belong to the Rat year 1876 or 1888.

The whole list might be run through thus ; or again we may judge of it by the looks of the person. Some people wear the expression of a horse, so that you never see them without thinking of that noble animal. They belong to 1882 or the Horse year. Others again have a timid glance and a peculiar flat note in the voice that suggests the sheep, 1883. Thus might the whole list be expounded.

It is supposed that this guardian group came from the Tartars and was introduced by the Mongols who pitched their tent in the far distant region of the Altai Mountains, always barbarians, and yet conquerors and rulers of the world. Genghis Khan brought them with him into China and China sent them to the farthest ends of the East. Fortune-tellers at home never dreamed of anything so picturesque as these twelve animals of the cycle, in their forecasts of the future. E. T.

KOREA’S NOTED WOMEN.

In the Western world many women have attained to places of highest honour, where their name will endure as long as the world stands ; and yet if we were to record, say twelve of the most distinguished, no English, French or American woman would appear, not even Queen Elizabeth, nor Joan of Arc, nor Pocahontas. They would doubtless be Bible names, beginning with Eve and running down to a group of Maries.

Korea, too, has her list of famous women, and yet not one among them a Korean. Her heroines have come down to her through the Sacred Books of the East ; some of them by the medium of myth and folk-tale, but they have all come to be definitely recorded and live as truly here in the homes of the people, as do the Jewish women in the Anglo-Saxon world.

The writer proposes to give in the MAGAZINE twelve of the most distinguished, with the historical references and legends associated with them.

I YO-WHA·SI (女禍氏)

Yo-wha-si was an angel who first made her appearance in the Seung-pi Mountains of prehistoric China. She married and became the wife of P ok-heui-si伏( 羲氏), the first of the Five Great Rulers (2,852 B. C.). He it is who is said to have evolved the Eight Diagrams out of the circle of red and white that was seen on the old Korean flag. While her husband was thus taken up with setting in motion the philosophies of the East, she was exercised over a quarrel that was going on between Kong-kong-si(共公氏) and Tai-jung-si(大定氏). They were not her children, but her subjects, and a fierce battle they had. It is said that Kong-kong butted the heavens and tore a great hole through the canopy thereof. Yo-wha-si, while her husband was engaged in copying from the back of the tortoise the first Chinese characters, mended the rent in the curtains, and propped up the sky. How she did it is not quite clear ; the record simply says “By means of stones of the five colours.” Later she stopped a deluge that threatened the earth by means of dykes of ashes gathered from burnt reed straw.

She it was who brought with her musical instruments that played in harmony and awakened the sweet sounds of earth. With a harp of fifty strings she made her worship to God. This was sweet and tender, but too sad, and so she changed it to twenty-five strings, and then set the notes of joy dancing into motion.

She was the first of all women to do up her hair and bind sweetly her flowing locks. She rode in a chariot of thunder, with six outspreading aeroplane wings. When she worshipped and cast the horoscope a voice said “You are the chosen one to be sun and moon and to give light to the far-reaching provinces of China. Your mission is to comfort the world and to bring peace to men.”

We are told that she killed the black dragon and saved the East, and that then she pitched her tabernacle and worshipped the Bright Spirit.

A later writer, named Cho Sul-hang, cast doubt on these

myths saying with some apparent heat. “To imagine that any woman ever went up ten thousand *li* into the sky, and with stones made whole the broken rifts in the immensities is nonsense.” She was the first to make combs and to set going this part of the woman’s world. She mysteriously disappeared from earth, but many hundreds of years after, when one of the kings of the Tangs was passing by night the region where she lived, there appeared suddenly out of the shadows a woman bearing a basket of live fish, who said she was Yo-wha-si. If you drop the *si* which is honourific, and say simply Yo­wha its sound is not unlike that of the Hebrew H’a-wa which is Eve.

STUDENT OF THE ORIENT.

Questions and Answers

1.-What is the oldest monument in Korea?

The Altar of Tan-goon on Ma-ri-San, Kang wha. It stands at the southern end of the island on a peak 1500 feet high, so it is clearly visible to the north-west from Chemulpo harbour. It is said that Tan-goon built.it about 2300 B. C.

It was repaired by King In’jo in 1639 and also by King Sook-jong in 1700. The hill is easy of access to good climbers and makes an interesting point of pilgrimage for a two days trip from Seoul.

2.-What is the oldest building in Korea?

The Po-t’ong Gate in Pyeng-yang, recently restored. It was built about 960 A. D.

The South Gate of Seoul probably ranks next, built in 1396.

The oldest building of which definite proof remains is that of the temple to Tan-goon in Pyeng-yang erected in 1429A.D.

3.What is the oldest monumental stone in Korea?

The stone on Pi-pong peak two hours walk northwest of the city of Seoul. It marks the northern boundary line of Silla, and was erected in 555 A. D. A few characters still are decipherable from its time-worn face, *faithfulness, devotion. wisdom, sacrifice, heaven.*

BLAZING THE TRAIL

BY EARL RAY

There are many characteristics of the Korean life that are rapidly disappearing under the relentless impact of the new world-forces which have entered the country during recent years. This tale is the effort to preserve some of these characteristics by crystalizing them in the form of a story.

Strange as it may seem to an outsider, Korea has a world ambition, it is not political, but moral. The Korean dream to serve the world is not without warrant in the eyes of those who have wrought with them in the service of the Christian Church during the last quarter of a century. This native Church has already begun missionary work in other lands.

One purpose of this story is to show that the Koreans have a courage and devotion that justifies such an ambition, and further. we may be able to point out that they have a simple faith and deep conception of Divine truth which marks them a separate type among the peoples of the world.

CHAPTER I

MAIDEN FALLS

Situated in North Korea, in the province of Pyeng Yang, was the home of a remarkable man, Remarkable because of the ancestral history that was represented in his person as the sole survivor of his clan; remarkable for his achievements, and remarkable that he was unaware of being remarkable. His home was a straw-thatched hut nestled at the foot of a rugged mountain. So tiny was it in comparison with the mountain that it seemed almost microscopic. The mountain towered skyward till its mighty peaks pierced the clouds. At this point. it divided and shot upward into two enormous crags resembling

human forms. So high were they that in stormy weather they were always hidden from view and they looked down to see the winds raging about their knees. In fair weather they could be seen leaning together in sociable contemplation of all the world at their feet. Beneath these two figures the mountain sides shouldered out in vast piles of rock and naked boulders, like knotted muscles of a colossus from which long ridges of sinew ran downward half way to its base, to where nature had clothed its huge sides with the green and the brown of living and dead forests. Here and there white patches of granite glanced out from beneath the folds of green, as though, during the struggle with the elements of nature, the giant had been wounded, and robbed of part of his dress. On the side of the mountain facing the south and overlooking the hut was a broad expanse of black rock, presenting a smooth surface which resembled a face of huge masonry. In one section of this black rock there was a sheer drop of one hundred and fifty feet At the top and near the center was a depression that ran downward, and was deeply cut into the face of the rock, a pathway worn by many centuries of rainy seasons. When the rains sent their flood over mountain and valley, a torrent poured down this water way. At the top, it was a noisy, uproarious flood, and leaping from the cliff it spread out fan-shape till, in its downward plunge to a point fifty feet below the brink, it struck the face of the rock, and rebounding, shot forward into a broad sheet, and, near the ground, thinned into innumerable tiny threads, the play­thing of the wind, swinging here, there, yonder; light and graceful as a thing of life, playing with the rays of the sun ; now encircled with a golden bow, then retreating within the shadows of the overhanging cliff’, white and ghost-like. So light and airy was this water wraith, so ready to invite a caress, that it was called Maiden Falls. But woe to the man who might get beneath her dainty feet.

In stormy weather, when the winds hurtled up through the mountains, and heavy clouds tugged and wrung at their peaks, curious sounds were heard, a long, low bellowing, that rose and fell with dreary persistence and ended with a sigh.

In explanation of this strange phenomenon, the people said it was the sound made by demons sliding down Black Rock over Maiden Falls. The moaning was the sound of the sleds of the rollicking crew as they shot downward, and the sigh was an echo vibrating through distant mountain peaks. If you should be so skeptical as to doubt the truth of this explanation of these strange sounds, you would be met with a glance of pity at your ignorance. It would be stoutly maintained that dark forms, engaged in their hilarious game, had been witnessed on stormy nights by many. But if positive proof was the only kind of evidence that would satisfy your foolish doubt. you might climb the side of the mountain and see for your self the sled-like rocks under the feet of the Maiden. On inspection you would discover that the sleds were worn thin and smooth through many centuries of use by these frolicing midnight riders. If further proof were needed to satisfy your stubborn doubt you would be invited to examine both sides of the bed of the stream where the water shot downward over the face of the rock. You would note that here and there were streaks and white splashes from the hands and long nails of this strange crew as they balanced themselves by a touch of the hand during their downward course.

This mountain represents one peak that stands out above all the rest of the range. It appears as a sentinel watching over the peace of the great army of slumbering mountains, hills, and knolls that lie twisted in all sorts of grotesque contortions below this one hoary head. To an observer standing on the shoulder of this mountain and looking northwest, the mountain range with its narrow valleys seems to rise and stretch upward to the horizon. Winding down from that distant point could be seen, at the date when the incidents of this story occurred, a silver thread, lost yonder behind an obtrusive mountain, again showing there, along a narrow strip of valley, lost again in a sharp turn, now glistening near on an elevated plateau, vanishing beyond a rugged mountain crest, at last reappearing at the observer’s feet. Above this point, tower the two huge spurs already described. below which glistens the long slope of Black Rock leading to Maiden Falls. The shoulder of the

mountain was the divide over the range, and the silver thread marked the path where during thousands of years of travel. the sandaled feet of man had worn its way into the granite surface. At the head of Maiden Falls was a stretch of sloping rock and, where the path crossed this water way, the rock was so precipitous that travelers had pried loose boulders and shelving bits of rocks and piled them up on the side of the path. They were held in place by roots, sods, and loose earth carried from long distances. It would happen sometimes that the rains of summer washed out the earth and then the whole mass would thunder down Maiden Falls. At other times only a portion of the embankment would be washed away leaving a trap for travelers who had the hardihood to attempt the pass at night. From this point the road zigzagged down the mountain, making, in its descent, three times the direct distance to the bottom. The path at last wound around the side of the mountain and passed within fifty feet of the Falls, then it rose over a slight elevation and ·finally plunged down an­ other interminable descent till at last it passed the hut at the bottom.

We have been somewhat particular in describing this mountain and Maiden Falls, as here occurred certain events of the history which we are about to relate that has made Maiden Falls a dread so that to this day many speak of her with bated breath.

The hut at the foot of the mountain had stood there two thousand years, so declared the occupant, and to prove his assertion he would, on occasion, bring from a dust filled corner a book, some of the leaves of which were old, so very old that they were yellow and the edges were ragged with handling. while other leaves of the book were white, and written with great neatness, evidently by the present occupant. The hut had been owned, so the book declared, by the Kim clan for eighty generations. If any one should have the hardihood to suggest that the new straw on the roof, and the sound condition of the timber did not suggest such great age, the owner would look with pity or contempt upon such an one as if an explanation was an insult to ordinary intelligence.

“Of course,” he would say, “there has occasionally been a beam, post, or rafter replaced. Now and then the thatch has been renewed and again, as the prosperity of the clan changed, it would be replaced with tiles. You yourself,” he would exclaim with growing earnestness, “eat, sleep, grow, change, but through it all, year after year, you are still yourself. So with this house of my ancestors. While the mountain is torn by storm and frost and acres of it are hurled into the valleys year by year changing its form. my house has remained through the past centuries built up by the undying hand of man.”

A half mile away, just where the road sank from sight over a bluff, a cloud of smoke hung heavily in the air, marking the site of a village. On Sundays a white flag bearing the Maltese cross struggled upward through the heavy billow of smoke. It marked a Christian chapel, and took the place of a bell to call the people to worship.

The man who represented this ancient clan, and appeared at the time of our history as a bubble delayed on the vast receding tide of his race, was named Kim. When free from the duties of the paddy field, he might be seen sitting on the floor of his hut writing notes in the clan history or committing to memory passages of the Chinese classics. His calm imperturable face, and his grave demeanor, gave him the name of Buddha. He was not an old man but his brain was very ancient. It had taken toll of all that he had read in the classics and was the aggregate of all the traditions and superstitions of his ancient clan. Some of those who had written their record in the clan book had been brave men ready to fight the mountain tiger or sacrifice for right and truth, and, we venture to assert, that before the events of this history are all recorded it will be proven that Mr. Kim was not a coward. In some western lands where the command to earn one’s bread by the sweat of one’s brow is taken with such earnestness as to mean the earning of bread for the succeeding generations, Mr. Kim would not be charged with being over ambitious, but in a land where to have an extra bag of rice was a temptation to the officials to arrest and squeeze the owner

out of that bag, a due portion of time spent in deciphering the meaning of Chinese characters is a highly laudable manner of spending one’s life.

In every particular, Mr. Kim was in direct contrast to his wife. She was thin and sharp of face, sharp of disposition, and her tongue was sharper than either. To some persons she might seem less attractive than many other women, but if such a thought ever crossed the mind of Mr. Kim he never gave a hint of its presence ; indeed while Asiatic imperturbability prohibited any suggestion of emotion on his part, Madam Kim sometimes had a lively suspicion that he really liked her. It is related that on a certain time when family infelicities resulted in high words on her part and volumes of tobacco smoke on his, a neighbor had the hardihood to suggest that Mr. Kim follow the custom of all well regulated homes and punish her into submission and good temper. It is also reported that the neighbor escaped with his life, but so terrified was he at Mr. Kim’s fury that he never ventured near his home thereafter, and some slanderous tongues said that he would always take a side street when he saw that gentleman coming his way.

At the time when our history opens, a great change had come over Mr. Kim. For many days he had taken no interest in the writings of Confucius and Mencius, but frequently sat for long periods in his door gazing persistently at the smoke that floated over the village below. His attention to the village smoke and his disregard of the paddy fields caused Madam Kim a great deal of uneasiness and her words were sharpened to a surprising degree.

CHAPTER II

MR. KIM BECOMES A CHRISTIAN

Mr. Kim had been sitting in his accustomed place on a mat in one end of the room. It was on that part of the floor known in the Korean language as the seat of honor. It always happened, because of its location directly over the fire place, to be the hottest place in the floor. Being a warm June

morning, the perspiration rolled in profusion from Mr. Kim’s head band, but he did not seem to know that the floor was hot. He was writing imaginary Chinese characters on the palm of his left hand with one of the digits of the right. Suddenly the door swung open and a shrill voice called out:

“What are you there for? You lazy thing, you unhatched egg! You rotten cabbage! you—you eat while I slave!”

Madam Kim had spent most of the morning in the paddy field hoeing and weeding rice. She had wondered what had become of the head of the home, who should have followed her to the field, and she had returned to find out the reason of his absence.

Mr. Kim evinced no concern over the interruption of his meditations. There was a moment’s silence, then a head and pair of shoulders shot up into the door way. Mr. Kim glanced up as a shadow fell across his imaginary writing. He held his finger poised in midair and looked absently past the sharp featured woman in the door way. At that moment a breeze pounced upon Madam Kim’s dishevelled hair and flung it out in wiry tangles and tufts. “You,” she cried, and each particular hair rose up threateningly, “You eat, you sleep, you wear holes in the mat, you withered bean stalk! you pig! you c-a-t!” Her voice ended in a scream as she clambered up into the room.

Mr. Kim’s eyes came slowly back from the distance and rested on the frouzy head of his irate wife, and leisurely passed down over her mud-bespattered clothes to her bare shins and water soaked feet.

Madam Kim paused in her position of advantage to get breath preparatory to a second onslaught, while Mr. Kim brushed the perspiration from his forehead and again returned, undisturbed, to his imaginary writing. After repeated futile explosions, Madam Kim sat down in the middle of the floor and watched her husband’s pantomime. She really thought him a wonderful man and did not much care if she did work hard for him. Every woman from the days of Confucius had slaved for her husband and why not she. It was wonderful how he could make Chinese characters on the palm of his hand, without making a mark, and yet know what they

meant. She had seen him even trace the outline of Chinese characters in mid air, while discussing something with a neighbor, and the neighbor could read them. Perhaps it was the knowledge of his own greatness in this particular, that led him at times to use the art to mollify his irate wife.

She would not go to the field again that day. What could any one do, any way, when the head of the home spent his time writing Chinese characters on the palm of his hand.

“I have it,” Mr. Kim said at last, “I have it right here.”

“Have what? ” Madam Kim gasped, uncertain whether he meant that he had a centipede or the smallpox.

“I have the right characters, they mean clean and holy,” and his fingers described with vigor what he meant.

“Hump,” was Madam Kim’s disgusted reply, “you have been down to the church.”

He had, indeed, been attending the church services. He had heard a great medley delivered by one of his countrymen. Adam was the first man, ancestor to the Koreans, Americans, English, Germans, French, Chinese, Japanese, and even the Russians. There was once a great flood and Noah had made a boat that had saved Shem who was the father to the Korean people. Abraham, Moses, and Confucius were all great men together.

Mr. Kim had dreamed over the matter all night, and had been sitting through the greater part of the forenoon trying to trace his ancestors back to those notable persons. It was a failure. Abraham and Moses did not exactly fit into his clan. The last words of the preacher, however, though seemingly added to the discourse as an after thought, stuck to his mind, and he had been struggling with the characters “clean” and “holy” for the last hour.

“I tell you what,” he said to his unsympathetic wife, “I have heard a great deal about being holy. Holy is holy whether it is made by studying Confucius, or trusting in the new religion, and I am going to--” Here Mr. Kim glanced up and the expression on his wife’s face forced him to a pause.

“Ha-a-a.” said she, in a long guttural dissent. “You think I know nothing? I have talked with them too. Holy doesn’t

mean sitting on the floor all day long and making rat tails in the air with your fingers, or strutting about stiff kneed in a white coat that your wife has blistered her fingers in ironing. It means getting into the paddy field till you are mud to the chin. Holy on the inside and mud on the outside is all right. The teacher told me so.”

“Fool,” said Mr. Kim, “fool woman, prating about things of which you know nothing. mixing religion with paddy field mud!”

There were symptoms in Madam Kim’s face of a gathering storm which he knew by experience would be beyond the power of Chinese characters to hypnotize : so he arose and strode out, scorning the disagreeable question of paddy fields. Madam Kim watched her husband march down to the spring, his head high and his starched coat standing out with aggressive dignity. She was proud of him and had always tried to obey him, for that is women’s lot, and she knew that she always would.

Mr. Kim was in earnest The following night just before twelve o’clock, when all was quiet. save the barking of a dog in the neighboring village, he might have been seen creeping from the shadows of his own house, and out across the moon­ lit fields, bareheaded, to the spring. His strident step was gone. He glanced this way and that as if in terror of being discovered, and crawled along in the shadows like a thief. The hoot of an owl filled him with panic. But Mr. Kim had a high purpose that neither the hoot of owls nor cry of demons could change. He soon stood over the spring and waited eagerly for the moment of midnight when the water spirit should flash out deep in the water. He would make his vow over the water and ask for help, then wash in the stream and pray to the Christian’s God. He lay long over the water, his eyes down to its surface, till his joints stiffened with the effort. “Hump,” he grunted at last in disappointment, “fool devil, mad because I am going to be a Christian.” He seized a stone to hurl it in the water, but thinking better of the matter dropped the stone gently to the ground.

The next morning he put on his stiffened white coat, but

Madam Kim scenting symptoms of more rat tails in the air, saw to it that he accompanied her to the paddy field. He worked with unusual silence and found unwonted comfort in his pipe.

“I will do it,” he declared at last with energy as he hurled a huge bundle of weeds to the distant bank.

“*Hugh*? ” Madam Kim said, straightening up and looking him over. “Skull cap on in the mud!” she exclaimed, “where is your head cloth? ” Then she opened her mouth wide in astonishment, and closed it again as if she had lost the power of speech.

“It’s wire,” he said, answering her look. “Wire!” she gasped.

“Yes, wire, don’t you see? ’. he continued. “I have woven the cross in my skull cap, from a piece of copper wire. It is the sign of the Christians, and I am a Christian ; I began yester­ day, and I want you to begin too. You must go home and take a bath and begin today.”

“Ha-a-a!” said she, and dove for a weed with such energy that mud and water plastered her front with a new coat. “Do you hear? ” he repeated. “I expect you to do the doctrine.” Madam Kim pulled weeds with increased energy. “It is easy,” he added, “you just believe, that is what they say. I haven’t learned all about it yet, but the Chinese character says it is to be clean, and I heard the preacher say so too. You must take a bath and then pray. You had better go home now. Supposing you should die? ” he added anxiously, “You could not go to heaven with me.” Here he paused at the startling thought of a family mix-up. Then he looked hard at the stooping figure of Madam Kim. She was working like a fury and her back was radiating wrath from every fold of her tight drawn garments. He watched her for a moment and then stealthily worked his way to the bank on the farthest side of the paddy field from Madam Kim. He pulled his long pipe from the waistband of his trousers and immediately was lost in a profound contemplation of tobacco smoke.

Mr. Kim became very earnest. He committed many hymns that would fit the only tune that he knew, which was a

tune of his own invention. He secured other books and consulted teachers, but his wife still remained obdurate. He said “please,” once, but after the first shock of surprise she was as hostile as ever. She would not attend the chapel services, and the morning devotions of her husband she scorned. Mr. Kim finally presented himself to his pastor for examination for the rite of baptism. Some of the questions were searching, and some of them cut closer to his manner of daily living than was pleasant.

“Yes,” he said, “I have read the New Testament through and can answer all the questions of the Catechism, attend church every Sabbath and Wednesday night, and I pray daily. I have thrown away all my fetishes and pass devil trees with­ out thinking of them and am in harmony with all my neighbors.”

“Do you work steadily and industriously in the fields? ,.was asked.

“Y-e-e-s,” he hesitatingly replied, “my wife helps me to do so.”

“Do you get angry? ”

“Not as much as I did,” he replied uneasily, “my wife however, tempts me in that direction sometimes.”

“Are all the members of your family Christians? ”

Mr. Kim did not reply for some time. He twirled his fingers and cleared his throat, and when he spoke it was with an apprehensive look on his face. He had not thought of Madam Kim’s non-belief as standing in the way of this much coveted privilege.

“My wife hasn’t given in yet,” he replied at last with an effort.

After a long exhortation regarding a Christian’s relation to the members of his family and his duty to win them to the faith, it was suggested that he wait one or two months before being baptized. Mr. Kim replied with a dutiful “yea,” but his heart sank within him.

“I will try,” were his farewell words. There was a tone of quiet decision that pleased the ears of his pastor, but would have startled the lady whom it concerned if she had heard it.

Some of the neighbors had called him “Crazy Kim” because of late he sang at the top of his voice wherever he went. They noted his silence as he walked homeward on this particular afternoon, and wondered. That evening he filled his pipe industriously till Madam Kim choked with the smoke, then he laid his pipe aside and looked at her a long time. “Nomi,” he said softly. She started violently. It was the first time he had called her by that name since they had built play-houses of mud in the village streets many years ago. “Nomi,” he repeated persuasively, “won’t you do it? ”

“Do what? ” she asked.

“They said today that I could not be baptized because you had not given in.” A sudden stiffening of her shoulders was his answer. “From the days of Confucius,” he continued with a touch of severity, “there has not been a woman who has not obeyed her husband. The man must determine what religion shall be used in his house. What do women know besides washing, cooking, eating, or pulling weeds in the paddy fields,” he added generously.

A long silence followed during which Madam Kim swayed her body back and forth with the rhythm of a clock’s pendulum, and the mat on which she sat seemed to stir aggressively.

“Mind,” said he, “in the morning when I command you-­ you come in to prayers. Do you hear?” Madam Kim made no reply, and Mr. Kim congratulated himself that there had been no scene. Presently she turned her back on him．He could always read more defiance from her back than he could from her face, and it worried him, and that night the coming struggle got into his dreams.

The morning meal passed in profound silence. When it was over Mr. Kim said with studied gravity, “Come, now, it is time to pray.” There was silence a few moments during which Madam Kim gazed across the little table at her husband, her eyes narrowed down to tiny points; then at a bound she was out into the yard and the door slammed behind her.

Mr. Kim laid out the Bible and hymn book very leisurely, then went out into the yard. Madam Kim was on the point of leaving for the paddy field. He walked across the yard to

where she stood, quietly, as if bent on some benevolent purpose, and raising his hand struck her a resounding blow across the cheek. She sprang back against the wall astonished, and the blood mounted her swarthy face; darkened her brow and temples to the roots of the hair; her lips parted showing two rows of white teeth, and her eyes shot fire. Her shoulders and arms were bare and her short skirt revealed feet and legs bare to the knees. She crouched, lithe and strong, and, like an animal at bay, looked him over piece by piece. He approached her again with the same benevolent expression. “Come in now and pray,” said he. The last word choked in his throat. Madam Kim shot out from the wall like some wild thing,—not her hands or her feet, but the whole of Madam Kim. She seized him by the top-knot and screamed at the top of her voice. Handfuls of hair, dark brown mixed with gray, floated about the compound. They did not belong to Madam Kim ; her’s was as black as a raven. Her tongue, tuned to a dialect created for the purpose of reviling, was set loose. The neighbors heard and marveled. Mr. Kim tried to lay hold of her but she was elusive. His eyes smarted, nose bled, and at last, bewildered. he sat down on what he took for a stone, but which proved to be an open pickle tub. In his confusion he did not know what had attacked him; then he saw Madam Kim pass out of the compound, and remembered. In due time he discovered he was sitting in a pickle tub, got up and wrung out his trousers. He then retired within the house but presently came out, and, let it be said to his credit, with the benevolent expression still on his face, though somewhat marred by scratches and bruises. He did not go to the paddy field, but to a neighbor who was a doctor. He asked for the longest surgical needle the quack had.

“I have a patient of my own,” said he, “and need a good needle.”

When Mr. Kim declined alike to explain, or accept assistance, the man was inclined to be offended until the condition of Mr. Kim’s face suggested to him that the patient was not a sick man.

Late in the forenoon Mr. Kim took his place in the paddy field by the side of Madam Kim, but without a hint of the

morning’s incident When she glanced into his face, however, it worried her. She had never seen that look there but once before. That was years ago when a tiger had carried off a neighbor. Mr. Kim had shouldered a spear and announced that he would return with the tiger’s skin, and he had done so. All day his voice was subdued and really gentle, yet the following night fear disturbed her sleep, and the morning meal was prepared with many a nervous jerk and start.

“Nomi,” said he gently, when the morning meal was over, “yesterday you did not pray when I suggested it, but you will this morning,” and he drew out from his waistband the long surgical needle and felt of its sharp point. Madam Kim sprang through the open door but found the compound door locked. Mr. Kim very leisurely arranged his books then stepped slowly out into the yard. Madam Kim was again at bay, but fled on his approach. He did not hurry, but holding the needle at arm’s length, half stooping he followed her around the compound. She dodged and tried to seize the needle, but it left its mark in the palm of her hand and she fled again; around and around she went and he followed. She attempted to defend herself with her tongue, but she had long ago used up all her strongest expletives, and now, the crucial time they had no effect. Wherever she went the needle. was behind her, coming, incessant, relentless. The expression on Mr. Kim’s face frightened her. If he would only rave she could understand, but that look of benevolence, how she hated it! The full purpose behind the mask filled her with fear. Suddenly terror seized her and she sprang into the room and closed the door, but before she could fasten it he crowded in, and motioned her to sit down. She did so, and he stuck the long needle back into his waistband. He then took up the Bible and read a passage of Scripture and ordered Madam Kim to kneel. She did so, and in the prayer he said “O Lord, I thank you that Nomi has begun to believe.”

Madam Kim did not give up without further struggle, but Mr. Kim was really a great man and was resourceful, so that, every morning thereafter she waited with sullen face while her master prayed.

Two months later Mr. Kim walked ten *li* with joyous steps to meet his pastor, and was eager for the examination to begin. He had faithfully worked up the weak points, and when it came to the question regarding his family he was triumphant. When asked how Madam Kim had been led to believe, he hesitated and then told the whole story, and wound up his rehearsal with the assertion that she had been a good Christian ever since. The result was quite different from what he had expected. When another period of probation was prescribed. the shock of disappointment was painful.

The evening of his return, he moved very softly about the house and Madam Kim was surprised to see him dis­ regard the points of the compass when he knelt for prayer ; neither the North nor the South was honored. He knelt in the middle of the floor with his face down to the mat. A sob shook his burly frame, then the hard look left Madam Kim’s face. During the night she awoke and saw him sitting beneath the lighted lamp looking at her. The next morning he tried to arrange the books on the floor as usual, but his hands shook and there was an awkward pause. At last he straightened up and after several efforts pulled the long needle from his waistband and handed it to her, but Madam Kim did not take it.

“You needn’t pray any more if you don’t want to,” he said, “and I will never strike or prick you again ; --and Nomi, I have been thinking you remember how we played in the streets making mud houses, years ago? Your face was prettier than all the rest and I liked you. Then when we were older and our parents arranged for our marriage you pretended that you had never known me, but I knew what you meant and was glad.

“The pastor told me that I must love you. That is easy. I always did that; but he said that it must be on the outside where you could see it ; and that loving is better than praying. And, Nomi, I will.” After a pause he continued, “I wish you had a real name. I don’t like to call you by a name that has in it a meaning of contempt. They give names to the women when they are baptized, beautiful ones, like Truth, Perseverance,

Peace, but then—you will not give in and be a Christian, so can not be baptized, and I will not make you.”

“But I will,” said Madam Kim.

CHAPTER III

A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION

Three years had now passed and many changes had taken place in Mr. Kim and his wife and also in their home. The straw on the roof of the house had been replaced with tiles. Bright clean paper glistened on the walls, and carefully oiled paper covered the once dust laden floor, which gave the home an appearance that called in the less thrifty neighbors to enjoy the cozy atmosphere of the home. The yard had been swept clean and a flower bed took the place of the pickle tub in the middle of the compound. Madam Kim had shaken all the frouziness out of her hair, combed it back straight and plastered it down, giving it a look of severity suggestive of her own decided nature. A neat fitting jacket now covered her shoulders and arms, and her feet were carefully sandaled. Mr. Kim had seemed to expand greatly since his wife had “given in.” His face was all aglow and his white starched suit stood out with greater dignity than ever.

It was late in the afternoon on the Sabbath, and he had been striding back and forth in the yard in front of Madam Kim who sat in the door way. He was profoundly happy, and she was happy and proud too.

“It is all wonderful, Nomi.”

“Not Nomi,” she corrected with a hint of the old irritation in her voice.

“Oh, yes, I know,” said he half reproachfully, “I know that your name is Patience but when I say ‘Nomi’ somehow we get nearer together just as we did years ago in the village street. And this is another beginning!” he exclaimed and he watched the light spring up in Madam Kim’s face, and added, “How could the Missionary think of me among all the thousands

from whom he has the opportunity to choose ; strange he should think of me as a coming preacher.”

Mr. Kim paused and looked deprecatingly at his wife and continued, “He said hat I was good and could talk well,” here Mr. Kim laughed with genuine mirth, “why”, said he, “the last time I tried to talk to the people I forgot all about the congregation except the big red faced Yi wha gets drunk and beats his wife; indeed, I did not ‘preach to any one but to him. and when he stared back into my face and his big lower lip dropped and he began to cry, I noticed the other people and felt scared, and as for goodness―,” here Mr. Kim felt in his waistband for his pipe, then remembered that it had been two years since he had given up the habit of smoking. He had paused in his walk and was looking Patience steadily in the eyes and said “Shall I do it? For reply she gave her head a toss. The question had in it a hint of a desire for a compliment. Madam Kim was the last person in the world to tell him that he was either good or could talk well. Instead of running the risk of flattering any vanity remaining in Mr. Kim’s nature she did the next best thing, she announced that the evening meal was ready. Over their bowls of rice where, as usual, a word settled most of their difficult questions, she said in her sharp decisive tones, “You know you will do it. Does a husband come to his wife to get permission?

He was satisfied, for he knew that before Madam Kim had ‘given in,’ under any similar request for approval, he would have found it convenient to go out and sit by the spring to escape her sharp tongue. After a long pause he said:

“It will be a long walk, eight hundred li, and I will not dare wear my white coat, but you had better put it in my bundle. It will be a long time before I get back. Ten years since we were married, Patience,” he added reflectively, “and 1 don’t like to leave you. I will try to forget-not really forget you,” he hastily corrected, “but I will try not to think of you overly much—I mean I will not feel too bad.· You will not forget to put my Bible, hymn book and tablet in the bundle? and you will keep the weeds out of the rice? Of course you can do that almost as well as I. Don’t forget my

pencil,” he said with a spirit of concern, while holding the articles named in his hands. “We have been happy since we became Christian, and I am only just going to take a bit of it to others. You will not mind, will you, Patience?”

That night when Mr. Kim laid out his books for evening prayers he drew from the leaves of his little red covered Bible a carefully folded sheet of paper. He touched it reverently and then spread it out on the floor. He examined it carefully, read and re-read the beautiful Chinese characters, and with his fingers traced the marginal embellishments.

“It is for a whole year,” he explained to Madam Kim,” and it authorizes me to preach anywhere in the whole world, wherever I may travel. Think of it, rank from the government would be of value only in our own country, but this parchment makes me a preacher anywhere in the world.”

“But,” said Madam Kim, “it does not mean rank, it means work,—work as you would work in the paddyfields; it means a permission to be plastered and daubed, a chance to sweat, a chance to be hated, stoned, killed!” and Madam Kim shook her head at him in her old irate way.

Mr. Kim looked at his wife uneasily. “I know,” he said at last with a faraway look, “it does frighten me,—no, no,” he added as if in reply to a question, “it is not the stones, nor is it the hate, but it is the,—I am afraid of men.”

Madam Kim raised her eyebrows in sudden surprise. “Why,” said she, “you are not afraid of tigers.” “No,” he replied, “but I am afraid of men.”

The next day Mr. Kim might have been seen plodding southward. It had been raining the night before and he was trying to pick his way along the sides of the road. In spite of all his care the immaculate suit began to show signs of distress. The yellow streaks grew higher towards his knees and the flap of his long coat would have set Madam Kim’s nose skyward if she had seen it. For the twentieth time the mud had pulled off his sandal and as many times he had patiently worked it back on his foot. Suddenly the soil turned from yellow to red and the road led out across a plain. Mr. Kim sank to his ankles and lifted his feet with a soughing sound.

Suddenly he gave up picking his way, and straightening his shoulders deliberately swung out into the middle of the road, splashing mud to his waist A sudden splash in his rear caused him to look around. A stranger was trying to follow him but still clung to the road side. Mr. Kim looked the man over from head to foot, he looked at his own bespattered garments, and then back at the stranger.

“I say, Stranger,” said he, “come down off from it, the road is softer than the bank.” The man paused with one foot lifted, looked at the road then far out ahead at the dismal swamp that lined both sides, and without a word stepped in behind Mr. Kim.

“You see,” continued Mr. Kim, “it is just as one regards it. I have made up my mind that this is good walking. Of course my feet are somewhat soaked but they have been that way many times in the paddy fields, and my coat has been blacker than it is new, moreover, there are many things for thought that are a real pleasure, so you see I am quite as comfortable as if I were sitting on the warm floor of my own house.”

Mr. Kim spoke with one finger extended and emphasized each word with a motion forward as if he had some idea of stabbing that gentleman with his finger, and he raised his voice as though he were addressing a company. The man looked at Mr. Kim doubtfully till his eyes traveled down to a bundle on Mr. Kim’s back where a small red Testament peeped out.

“O, I see,” he exclaimed, “you are not really crazy, you are one of them, aren’t you? ”

“Not crazy? ” said Mr. Kim in astonishment, “but who do you mean by ‘one of them’?”

“Pardon me,” said the stranger, “we have not formally made each other’s acquaintance, but am I mistaken in taking you for one of these Gospel talkers?”

“I preach some times,” said Mr. Kim with dignity, as he turned his back on the stranger and strode off through the mud.

“There you are stepping on it,” exclaimed the stranger, his voice raised in a sharp threatening condemnation.

“H-a-a-a!” said ‘Mr. Kim, in a spirit of panic, and raised his muddy sandal to which was plastered a large sheet of paper that had been coated with fresh boiled rice. He pulled it hastily from the bottom of his sandal.

“I did not see it,” he exclaimed, “who would have thought that people would have come out here in the mud to sacrifice.”

“Sacrifice!” echoed the other, “don’t you see that hill yonder, and the village there running in line with it? Have you no sense? There is calamity in that village, sickness, death perhaps. Why should they not come out in the mud to petition the spirits to open the sluices of the hill that its strength may· flow downward to heal the villagers of their misery?”

The man spoke rapidly and with growing heat. “You Christians,” he continued, “trample upon our sacrifices! upon our traditions which are as old as the mountains, and upon the traditions of our ancestors; you expose us to the wrath of the spirits by creating disloyalty to these things; you enter our homes and divide our families ; our wives and our children become enamored of this new doctrine and, furthermore, they are no more to be reclaimed than if they were in their graves.”

This explosion on the stranger’s part was aimed at Mr. Kim’s back, as he had again turned and was plodding ahead through the mud. For a few moments he felt helpless under the attack. He was not unfamiliar to this method of argument, but he had never had it hurled at him with such bitterness and he marveled much that the stranger had ignored the proprieties of a formal greeting before raising such a fierce argument.

(To be continued in the February number.)