The Korea Magazine

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ANTI-FOREIGN TABLET

The Korea Magazine

November, 1917

Editorial Notes.

NOT very long ago iron from China was being landed on the Pacific coast of the United States at less expense than similar iron could be sent by rail from the iron mines of Michigan to San Francisco. Then iron and steel products were shipped from the United States to China and Japan at a price which could not be approached by iron manufacturers in either country. Now all this is changed. There are no ships to take iron to America, and there is an embargo against shipping iron and steel products from America to Japan and China except in restricted quantities. And as a consequence Japan must now not only seek supplies of iron in China, but must also develop the mines from which the ore is to be obtained. In this situation there is much to bring these two nations closer together.

THE *Herald of Asia*, a Tokyo weekly printed in English and edited by M. Zumoto, in a recent issue contained an editorial on Foreign Journalism in Japan which is so well worth consideration that we print it in full:

By the foreign press in Japan we mean primarily the English publications undertaken by Britishers or Americans, and to those of them who profess to promote better understanding and mutual appreciation of our country and theirs, we venture to suggest a study of our language at least to the extent of being able to intelligently follow Japanese papers and magazines. Those who are spokesmen of the British or American interests in the Far East, or whose journals propose to inform their nationals of our affairs, might also do their work better or more to the point if they did not rely on Japanese translators as they do now. But, as it is, their comments on our foreign policies sometimes result in rectifying mistakes

that might otherwise be committed and their criticisms of our national or popular affairs sometimes make a number of Japanese readers think. When they write off the mark, the general public knows it through the Japanese press but not much harm is done because the Japanese are accustomed to what they deem one-sided views of foreigners. Altog et he r the matter is no worse than a cause for our sympathy, as those journalists cannot read Japanese while many of us read English.

The case is quite different with the editors whose programme is the interpretation of the East to the West and vice versa. With all laudable intentions on earth they are liable to arouse feelings of distrust on account of an over dose of mutual felicitation or mistaken judgment. Japanese advisers and translators are partly to blame for these errors: they still hold to the old way of telling foreigners what they would care to know, thinking it is the best method of promoting international goodwill. This makes other foreign papers still more furious over what they hnppen to find in the Japanese press, and they are often no nearer the mark. But the foreign writers themselves, who retain the dogmatic attitude of patronizing condescension, as beore, would not take the trouble to carefully weigh real facts, even if they were brought to their notice. The real facts can only be read between the lines of Japanese publications, which also represent the two poles of diplomatic guardedness and bombastic exaggeration for political reasons.

Christian missionaries can reach the Japanese heart only on the basis of their sympathetic appreciation of our culture, combined with enough knowledgeof our language to preach and converse with the most ignorant. Diplomatic and consular services, too, are made efficient with competent linguistic knowledge and succeed to the measure of dealing with us as friends. The foreign press, from its nature, must go further and criticize things Japanese, to really enlighten the people for whose good it professes to stand in many cases. Hence a greater need for it of thorough mastery of our speech to find out for itself whether the Japanese, not their official or press representatives, but the thinking portion of the general public,

are ready to be assimilated to the Teutonic, British or American type of culture, or to wish to be out of the world struggle for any sort of supremacy after the present war. lf any British or American writers.in Japan stilldream the old dream of leading Japan or China to their own scheme for world peace, we fear they will be sorely disappointed. If they mean to keep us as friends after the war and wish us to co-operate with them in our way, for harmony and progress of mankind, we shall reciprocate their sentiment most heartily. Japan has yet a great deal to learn from Britain and America, and the best teacher, as they say, is he who is always anxious to learn.

THE SNOW.

BY

YI CHE-HYUN (1287-1307 A. D.)

The wild north wind rolls up the trembling earth, and flings its shadows over hill and river. In the bosom o. f the clouds is heaped up snow that gives the traveller anxious thought. All heaven and earth are blotted out in whirlwinds of confusion. The ground is robed in glistening white, a new and fresh creation. At first I thought it was the Milky Way had broken loose and fallen to earth or that the hill-tops driven by the storm were down upon us. The angels of the sky, robed in their rainbow garb, fluttered around like phoenix birds. The fairies of the deep flashed forth their dragon scales. My horse’s hoofs• slip as he stands in fear.. He moves not though I let him fee1 the whip. My woolen robe takes on a hundred pounds of weight, while I inside its folds thinkof Maing Yang­yang, of how he rode his donkey in the snow and thought out verses to relieve his hunger. How grateful is the master or the inn who dips a glass of wine to cheer me. I take my Seat beside the cat that sleeps upon the warm and grateful floor. Have you not seen Choo Saing’s fine pictures of the

snow, how on one little sheet he piles its vast creation? The willows by the river bank are weighted down where crow-birds used to light. The little inn has closed its door and not a breath of smoke appears. A guest is starting off upon his cart into the wilderness. Official duties make him pull his bridle rein so hard and twist his horse’s nose. How grateful is his lot who draws around his ears his quilt and floats off into common country dreams, to let the world of heat and cold drive forward as it pleases. I too have known the world that Cho Saing pictures and so shall ne’er forget the meanjng of his pen. If we some day should meet, Cho Saing and I, I’d clasp his hand and talk with him about the landscapes of the snow.

THE CAT.

BY YI CHE-HYUN

Two ears you have and two green eyes,

And claws and teeth,

And yet how rats abound and gnaw and scrape!

Why sleep? Awake, say I!

KOREAN ARTS AND CRAFTS

S. T. SMITH.

The ordinary tourist who passes through Korea has no expectation of either seeing or finding any art treasures, and who shall blame him, for there is no available literature on the subject. He fully expects to satisfy all his aesthetic tastes in China and Japan. He may have great hopes of acquiring in those countries things both old, beautiful and unique, meanwhile he wishes to have some souvenir of Korea.

What happens? The first bright thing that catches his eye is bound to be some piece of furniture plastered over with lurid brass; this he will acquire, together with some brass vessels, some pieces of amber (imported from Germany) , and the rest of his Purchases, should they have any pretensions to artistic value, are probably of Chinese or Japanese origin although guaranteed to be “genuine Korean.”

While our rich friend is acquiring these objects which thoroughly please him, a little old man with a wizened face and shabby kimono, but with the eyes of a hawk for bounty, is peering into the lumber shops in the back streets of Seoul. In his hand is a small piece of pottery, crude in shape, of old rich glaze almost black, from which emerges in small flocks a dull soft iron red colour of much beauty. He breathes upon it, and polishes it with the sleeve of his kimono, haggles much over the price, and in the end it is his very own for 30 sen.

That same night with two or three old crony friends they will look at that piece for hours, strange grunts and sibilant ejaculations proceeding the while, all expressive of pleasure and admiration.

Now what do these old cronies know? Assuredly this; any mediocre cabinet maker can make to-morrow a better brass trimmed cabinet than the one our friend has bought, but no potter on earth can produce that glaze again, or give it the softness and lustre which 300 yearsof atmosphere has bestowed upon it Let us be just: old Korean cabinet work is often beautiful, and has the additional merit of being original, and in some instances where the useof brass is restrained, or absent entirely, no finer cabinet work could be imagined. The Korean connoiseur has a code of beauty by which he judges a cabinet. Most pieces are naturally divided by a vertical line in the center, on either side are panels of rare wood often of exquisite grain, the nearer these match their counterparts in grain and colour the better the cabinet.

Having truthfully described the average visitor vis à vis Korean art, we shall now dare to tum our attention to the Foreign Resident in Korea. Surely he has risen above the level of objects in brass which are the.·bane of the lifeof his servants and cost in labour and polish a substantial sum every year? But let us face the facts. With all his opportunities, with two excellent museums in Seoul, often assisted by a real affection for the Korean and all things pertaining to the country and its history, in the majority of cases he has acquired very little more in knowledge’ or possessions than the tourist obtains in a few

days. Lamentable as this may be, the cause of it is only in part a want of taste and the trained eye and I am inclined to think arises from a spirit of cock suredness which reiterates ad nauseam “there never was much in the way of art in Korea, and what skill the Koreans·once had is entirely lost; any thing pretty that is old probably came from China.” The writers of the standard books on Korea in English were hard put to fill up even a brief chapter on Art and with the small amount of knowledge and examples available at the time of writing the only wonder is that they did so well; but it must never be forgotten that they have told us practically nothing. Dr. Allen in his very readable book “Things Korean” is an exception to the general run of authors on Korea and tells the following interesting anecdote which I take the liberty of quoting. He is speaking of the now famous Celadon Pottery of the Koryu Period. “On the occasion of my having saved the life of the Prince as mentioned in another chapter my services were rewarded by the presentation of a small piece of this ware. It was brought to me in great state by a retinue of palace runners and when the handsome lacquer box was taken from its silken wrappings and found to contain a little gray bowl, carefully packed in cotton wool, my amazement must h.ave been quite evident, for it took much difficult explanation before I could be made to realize that this was the most highly prized article the Korean court could present to me. Perhaps my expectations had been raised too high; at any rate it seemed at the time absurd that my three months of arduous and perilous work were only prized at the price of a litlle empty bowl of what seemed to me to be quite ordinary China ware.”

It may be of interest to add, that after the Doctor’s eyes were opened he used his unique opportunities to make a rare collection of Korean objects of art, probably the first of many similar collcctiens which from time to time have left these shores for America. The artistic world of America has always taken a keen intetest in Korean art and one hopes that one of the curators of the many museums there, which have good Korean collections, will sbortly publish a much needed book on the subject.

The last ten years has greatly increased our knowledge of the subject in hand and the chief credit is due to the admirable work of the Japanese Government and the many officials and private gentlemen amongst them, whose research, taste and love of the antique has done so much for those who care for these things and to whom we heartily render our thanks. During the last ten years the graves have opened their mouths and disclosed to our wondering eyes a new world or art and beauty. Under the Korean regime it was not only criminal but a heinous offence to exhume an old grave. This explains the rarity and value of·the little grey bowl in the preceding anecdote. Now what was so rare is comparatively common, and genuine specimens of Korean Celadon can be acquired by persons of moderate means.

The many excavations. up and down the country have shown us first of all the civilization of the primitive dwellers of Korea. There are the usual remains of the stone age, comprising axe-heads, domestic utensils, swords, daggers and arrow heads. These finds might belong to any primitive people and attest the universality of the race.

This age was followed by a period which promises great things for future research. The leamed Dr. Munro has discovered in South Japan many remains of a people who used iron and bronze and whom he thinks undoubtedly reached the shores of Japan from Korea. The evidence for this is, in the main, the fact that the excavated remains of pottery and bronzes are exactly the same in both Japan and Korea. Perhaps this peculiar pottery so hard in texture and vigorous in shape was made especially for mortuary purposes. But what fills one with great astonishmen is the strong family likeness of these vessels to the remains of early civilization found on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea .

At a later stage I shall have occasion to strongly emphasize the remarkable traces of Greecian Influence in the remains of the Silla and Koryu Periods in Korea. The invention of the potter’s wheel conferred more benefits on humanity than most other great and early blessings of civilization. But there are pots and vessels often brought to the light in these days

which are anterior to the introduction of the potter’s wheel into Korea. The clay was moulded by hand in a string bag and the vessel may have been baked in the sun or in a rude form of kiln. The shape is naturally uneven and the marks of the string. are incised on the outside of the vessel. Who realizes today how important pots and pans are to human life and comfort? Not the least valuable lesson to be acquired from Defoe’s “Robinson Crusoe” is the order and number of the primary essentials of life. You may remember that his struggles to make and successfully bake some pottery vessels exercised his inventive faculties more than any other problem that he was called upon to solve in his isolation. We may hopefully expect that future research and excavation will reveal much information as to the early settlers in Korea and greatly help towards the solution of the problem of the origin of the Koreans, and I am convinced that it is along these lines of research that future students of this fascinating subject will pursue their enquiries. The evidence of language and the testimony of history being insufficieht by themselves “truth must again flourish out of the earth.”

KOREAN EDICT AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.

(ISSUED IN THE 5TH YEAR OF HON-JONG, 1839).

His Majesty says, Alas for our times! That which God (Ch’un) gives us is our nature. The Book of History says, “Almighty God (*Whang-sang-je*) gives conscience, a something that pertains to every man. These two, nature and conscience, come from one and the same source. He whom we call *Ch’un* is *Sang-je* (God). *Ch’un* expresses His existence, and *Sang-je* His attributes and power. In one case we read that he gives life, and in another conscience. This does not mean that we can hear His audible voice. In the law that governs His affairs , the two primal elements have a part, and in the changing of the seasons all things live and grow.

Man has had conscience given him that he may recognize

the Four Virtues, love, kindness, courtesy, and tact. Among men there are the Five Relationships that pertain to father and son, king and courtier, husband and wife, age and youth, and friend and friend.

These are all fundamentals, things inherited, not made by man. So we read, “When God (*Ch’un*) created the universe he gave to each created thing its particular nature.”

In following the natural laws, therefore, we obey God, but in running counter to them we disobey Him. So then in our acknowledgment of God (*Ch’un*) and in our service of Him we cannot but obey the Four Virtues and the Five Laws of Relationship.

Since the days of Pok-heui-si, Sillong, Yo and Soon, men who have served God (*Ch’un*) with all the heart, and done His will with reverence and fear, have had only the Four Virtues and the Five Laws of Relationship to govern them. Our great master Confucius regarded the ancients as his spiritual parents. Till the days of the Song Dynasty, those who understood God’s law, and taught it to the people, had only these precepts to guide them. Any departure whatever from them was regarded as heresy, how much more this dark and deceitful religion that comes to us from beyond the borders; and that has no place in the Sacred Books?

There are laws in the state that demand the life of any one who practises these things! This is what we mean by the king’s rule that guards his people against error .

Alas for our times! Our country was once a land of enlightenment, blessed from past ages with good customs and

sound teaching that have long endured. Our great and holy father, at the appointment of God, set up this kingdom and made known the principles of religion, taught the people and exalted the sayings of Confucius.

Good kings of the past and their children never ceased in their efforts to warn the people to fulfil the will of God (*Ch’un*) so that blessings might ever attend them. There have been born to us great numbers of upright literati, with noted ministers, and even the common people have been greatly blessed. In the homes the teachings of Confucius have been revered,

and from house to house the doctrine of the Songs has been made our own. Men renowned for loyalty and filial piety and women for a virtuous and faithful life have abounded. The ceremonies that attended marriage, mourning, and sacrifice have been faithfully observed. Scholars, farmers, manufacturers and merchants, each in his own way has lived and done his part, one helping th, e other to better ways, so that the state might be blessed thereby.

Now our King Chung-jong, a man, blessed with the mind of God (*Ch’un*), and with all the gifts of the many kings who have preceded him, was a scholar and crowned with the grace of kingship, and yet he was pestered with abominable creatures like Seung-hoon, who purchased every sort of western book that he could lay his hands on, calling them *Ch’un­joo-Rak* (The Religion of God). Wholly unauthorized by any use in the past, with all manner of subtlety and in a way no Sage ever thought of, this cult increased and grew so as to deceive and fascinate the people, till it brought upon us a world of barbarians and wild beasts.

King Chung-jong seeing this and fearing what the end might be, severely punished the leaders, but the leaders only, letting the others go free in the hope that their love of life might induce them to turn to a better way. He could not possibly have shown more leniency. Even swine and monsters of the deep, yes owls and wolves, would have been moved by this to repent, but these people, having lost all conscience, and being incapable of reform, continued till the year *sin-yoo* (1801) when they were dealt with according to their evil ways.

People of shallow judgment have helped on these evil doings; while the ignorant masses have been carried away by them. Even ministers of state have been known to frequent its groups; and homes where the ancient Classics used to be studied, have fallen victims as well. Thus even the literati have shared its unholy practices. Cho Moon-mo (a Chinaman) with his, hair cut, and disguised as a native, has travelled about our markets. Sa Yang, by letter, attempted to call for foreign men-of-war to aid him. Such evil acts and unseemly deeds have grown rampant.

If King Soon-jo and the Dowager Queen Chung-soon had not dealt with these hobgoblins by axe and hammer, and destroyed them utterly, there is no saying what would have been the end for state and people.

Alas, now forty years have passed, and the laws against them have fallen into disuse, while the evil has increased and grown. Evil spirits and reptiles ever hiding their shadows, sowtheir obnoxious seeds, and rebels against the state go here and there under assumed names. They learn foreign languages for the sake of filthy lucre, and harbour foreigners in their midst not only once but many times. This poison has reached the farthest limits of the land and the days we· live in are worse even than 1801.

I, humble though I be, following in the way of my fathers and my beloved mother, cannot but use the power that God has given me to stamp it out. Though I cannot expect to reform or restore souls utterly darkened by it; or to rescue those hopelessly tangled·in its toils, who go forth indifferent to death, still, as the parent of my people, I cannot but feel for them a sorrow of hearl and deepest commiseration.

I have heard tha if you punish people without definitely letting them know their faults, you will raise keen resentment. I intend, therefore, to take up the matter of this evil item by item, and show its wrong, scatterthe facts among the officiaIs, and people of the eight provinces, so as to have them understand fully. Give your closest attention to this I pray.

Alas, those who believe in this religion say, “Our teaching means the worship and service of God (*Ch’un*).” Now the worship and service.of God is something that is right and true; but their way of worship consists only in forgiving sin and dispensing their so-called love. By their acts they really insult God (*Ch’un*) and dishonour His Name. Our idea of service, on the other hand, is that we follow the Four Virtues and the Five Relationships which show forth God’s purpose and will. One can see without further explanation the difference between the two.

He whom they call Jesus, we cannot understand. Was

he man or evil spirit? Is the whole story concerning him true or false? His followers say that he was in the beginning God (*Ch’un*), and that he came to earth, that he died and that he again ascended and became God Almighty (*Ch’un-joo*), the ruler of all men and things.

In essence, *Ch’un* (God) is without sound or smell, while man has a body and all that goes with it. It is impossible that man should ever be God or that the two shou1d be united. The statement that God (*Ch’un*) had come down to be a man, and that the man had gone up again and become God (*Ch’un*) is surely the limit of absurdity, intended to deceive people and lead them astray. Think this over I pray you. Is there any such statement in all history?

Alas! if you had no father how could you be born, and if no mother who would bring you up? Tbe desire to repay one’s parents for all their kindness will always remain the base of every religion, but these Christians say, “The parents of the body are only parents of the body, but the priest of God (Ch’un-joo-ja) he is the parent of thesoul.” We should, therefore, love him and not them, and so they cast off their parents. How can men ever harbour such a gross view as this?

The law of sacrifice is the grateful acknowlegment of all that parents have done, so that they are viewed by the filial son as still alive and not dead. This is a most natural thought for men to have; but these Christians destroy the tablet and do away with sacrifice altogethet, saying that the dead know nothing. If this be so what about the soul then that they talk of? Their statements, head and tail, do not agree but are most inconsistent.

The tiger is a wicked beast, put still even the tiger knows its parents and its offspring. Even wolves and sea monsters have the spirit of sacrifice to God. These religionists though they have heads that are round and heels that are square are not equaI to the brute beasts. Who would dream that man could lose his conscience to such a degree? The law of right as relates to the Superior Man can never be done away with from the eart h.

These people talk of priests and pope. This is not only

like the barbarians with their chiefs but like ordinary robber bands. It is like taking away the power by force from the officials of the land. They do not recognize the authorities that exist, and desire to do away with every law of the state. How could you possibly think of greater confusion and disorder than this?

The very dual principle in nature points to our parents, a proof that can never be denied. The fact that these men do not marry is an exceedingly fooliah thing, and yet they claim Special virtue on account of it. Those of this faith have no law that governs the separations of the sexes, but mix in a way most disorderly. If we ceased to marry, where would the race be? And if we mixed as they do the fundamental principles of life would disappear. If we deny both king and father what meaning would there be in talking of husband and wife? All such names as “Holy Mother,” “Spiritual Father,” “Baptism;” “Confirmation” but add to the general confusion. It is like the tricks of the spirit of the fox, the witch-woman, the sorcerer· or the charmer, who pretend to cure, exorcize spirits, and deceive the people generally. How can any man with the slightest grain of common sense ever let himself be so led away?

Words like Heaven and Hell are weighty and they can easily sway the mind. But such are like the statements of the Buddha—old and decayed. They have been explained away from long ages gone by, so that nothing remains to be said by anyone. Who ever set such ideas in motion I wonder? In a word it is all a lot of nonsense. Though these people are born like others, fashioned in the same mould, and have parents and relations just like the rest of us, yet they would throw all th.ese away, give up the fundamental laws, and seek their happiness in an imaginary world full of uncertainty. This surely is a case of blind infatuation.

There is, however, a law by which blessing can be won, as the Book of Poetry tells us:

“To be one with the Divine Will (Myung) is the way to win fulness of blessing.”

Also it says:

“The good man of sincere and upright life will find blessing and peace of soul. To be one with the Divine will means to be in accord with natural Law. A change of mind means a departure from the right way, and this comes from a selfish desire for worldly gain.”

One can see from these that there is a way by which blessing comes. To do otherwise, even though we seek blessing, will only bring trouble.

I have heard that Jesus died a most terrible death. One need only to look at that to see whether blessing is the true result of his teaching or not. They do not say, See how terribly he died, but they regard his terrible death as a source of joy. They have no fear of the sword, saw, or cangue but account them an honour. This is like being drunk with wine, or insane beyond the hope of recovery. Such a state of mind can only be due to gross stupidity or madness. Dear me! Alas, alas for our times! If this were a great and enlightened religion how is it that its teachings only propagate themselves in the dark and hidden corners? Why should men be called by whistle to meet in lonely places in the hills? Those who meet thus too, are outcasts, reprobate, evil doers, rebels, thieves, adulterers, calling themselves Christians. With all their insidious titles they go about hiding their heads and covering their tails.

They are like the Yellow Turban Rebels or the White Lotus Band, and yet they are people who have been born and brought up in this land of ours. Our religion, based on the Four Virtues and Five Principles, has come down to us from the times or the Fathers, and has been taught by all our teachers. On what possible ground could this be set aside for any religion that comes to us from ten thousand miles from beyond the sea? Yet they think it sweet, caught as they are in its toils.

Alas those who have become thoroughly soaked in it are dead and gone, as their sins deserve. What plans this group has hidden away or how far their influence extends who can

say? The dead, who have already died, are not to be pitied, but those who live must certainly change their ways or join them. They are my children, and I cannot but meditate on how to lead them from darkness to a place of light. I now make known my whole heart, not my words only but the Words of God. From ancient times these things have been taught by the Sages. Be careful I beg of you my people, my ministers. As a parent teaching his child, or an older brother one younger, I address you. Study how to lead these people away from their place of danger, and those, not wholly dead, urge and counsel. Those who will not listen let them be destroyed as a warning to the world so that this evil may never show its head again. Will this not be well?

Mencius says, “If you follow the Sacred Books you will prosper with no evil to disturb you.” Let your actions be such as will show forth your filial piety, reverence, loyalty and faith. Let the Sacred Books be studied till you know them all, the Books of History and Poetry, the Book of Changes, the Book of Ceremony. To give up the religion we have, to throw overboard the teaching of the Sages and do contempt to the great who have gone before us, let it not be. Let us, literati and officials honestly, all together, follow the truth of God and His laws, and then, as a natural consequence, we shall prosper; the evil too, that is. amongst us will likewise disappear. Men will be moved by it to awaken, to repent and come back to the right way.

Alas, the book of History says:

“The sins or the people are due to the king.” This evil religion’s getting such a hold is due to my darkness of soul and lack of knowledge. I have only to reprimand myself. Thus the sorrows of the people fall back on me. My anxious thoughts go out to those beneath me, their comfort, their supply. How much more should I not think of the life of my subjects and their religious views, and as to whether they become a good people or wild beasts. This is my greatest care. I beg and implore in tears and with a broken heart.

19th year of To-kwang, 10th moon, 18th day.

(November 24th, 1839),

ANTI FOREIGN TABLET. W. CARL RUFUS.

Permission was obtained from Mr. T. Okuda, the interesting and obliging Curator of the Kyungju Museum, to photograph one of Tai Won-kun’s anti-foreign tablets, now on exhibition back of the Museum. He also brought a box and assisted in finding stone wedges to build a temporary mount for our photographic apparatus, which consisted of an old 3¼ X4¼ Kodak.

The following translation we believe faithfully gives the intent of the inscription. Students of Chinese may get the meaning directly from the picture.

WHEN FOREIGN SAVAGES INVADE THE LAND, WHOEVER DOES NOT FIGHT AGAINST THEM, WHOEVER MAKES PEACE OR GIVES THEM QUARTER, THAT MAN IS A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY.

I WARN MY DESCENDANTS FOR TEN THOUSAND YEARS. MADE IN 1866. ERECTED l871.

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the October number.)

VII. PARTINGS ARE SAD.

Thus were his prospects as he made his way slowly to Choonyang’s home. At this moment Choonyang was working at an embroidered purse that she intended giving to Dream-Dragon; so she met him with a delighted expression saying, “I’m so glad to see you, but why have you come so late today? What is all the commotion about at the yamen? Have guests come? I see anxiety written between your eyes. There are marks of tears on your face too. Are you ill, or were you scolded? Tell me please, what is it? Has your father heard of you and me and stormed about it?”

“Stormed? What do I care for a scolding or a beating either compared with this?”

“What does your trouble mean, my love?” asked Choonyang. “They say letters have come from your home in Seoul. Has word come that some of your relatives are dead?”

“Dead? If ten thousand of such relatives as mine should die my eye wouldn’t moisten a wink.”

“Then what is it? Tell me, I am anxious.”

“The Governor has tumbled out of his place,” said Dream­Dragon. Choonyang gave a start. “What, has His Excellency slipped and fallen?”

“Pshaw!” said he, “Why do you take me so? If he should fall and hurt himself all he would have to do would be to put on a plaster and get well; but to be required in Seoul as a Board Secretary, that’s what I mean, and he has to leave to­ morrow.”

Choonyang heard this and said, “Oh that’s just what I’ve always wished. I shall go to Seoul. Truly I always wanted to. Is it really so that you are going?”

The Young Master was speechless.

“I hate the sound of it, I shall die,” said he.

Choonyang again, in wonder, said to him, “What do you mean? Tell me. His Excellency has been promoted. Is it because you are so happy and glad that you cry? Or do you fear that I will not be willing to accompany you? The wife must follow the husband, that’s the law of God you know. Of course I’ll follow, why be anxious?”

The young man said, “Please listen to me. If I could take you with me I should be so glad and you would be glad, we both would be glad, but the Governor’s ideas are that if a son of the aristocracy, before his regular marriage, takes a concubine from the country, and it gets noised abroad, his name will be cut out from the family register, and he’ll not be able to share in the household sacrifices. That’s my difficulty.”

When Choony:tng heard this her pretty face became scarlet, then pale, and her eyebrows unbended into a line of deadly consternation. Her foot caught in the edge of her skirt and it tore. She tossed away her handmirror, dropped upon her knees and began to cry. “Is this what I am, a cast-off bride, what use has she for mirrors? Alas, alas, am I thus, what use now to dress and be neat?” Then she drew close up to Dream-Dragon and said, “What do you mean? What have you said? A concubine? Why such terrible words to me? When you sat there and I here what was the promise you made me? ‘Till the trackless sea become a mulberry field, and

the mulberry field become a sea, let us swear never to part. Was it not so? Now you will go to Seoul and marry again with some wife prettier than the pitiful one you left. You will study and after graduation ride on the high wave of popularity. Not even in a dream will I be thought of, and our decision to live and die together will have faded away forever. So it comes that I am not to go and you are to leave me. I must not live out the watches of this night. I must die. lf you are to leave me please take my life before you go, or if you let me live let me accompany you. Please let me go too, please let me go too.”

The Young Master was speechless.

“Don’t cry,” said he “don’t cry. Even though I go I am not going forever, and while away I shall never, never forget you. Let not the fire of even this brazier melt your determined purpose to wait, till we meet again.”

All this time the mother-in-law·, like a monastery cat doubled up was sleeping comfortably on the warm floor of the inner toom, when she heard a commotion of words and a sound of crying from the room opposite. She got up and said laughingly to herself. “They are having a lovers’ quarrel yonder.” She arose in a loosely dressed and dishevelled way and forcing open the door came out on tip-toe, and listened at Choonyang’s window. To her amazemcnt they were saying good-bye to each other, at which she gave a sudden start of alarm. “It is parting from each other that they evidently mean,” said she to herself.

She hurried back, finished dressing, and then opened the shutter with a bang, and with a loud cough said, “Ha, ha, what are these tears about? I couldn’t sleep for your noise. The folks in the village will be kept awake. Why are you crying? Think of it, a girl of your age at midnight making a row like this! No thought of your mother or of outside people! Are you possessed, what is it? You have no father but do you want to kill your mother too, that you act so? What kind of behaviour is it after all the classicsand teachings of the Sages that you have read and studied? What are you crying about?”

Choonyang had gathered her skirt over her face and was choked and speechless, while tears rained from her eyes.

“The Young Master says he is going away,” said she. “Going where?” inquired the mother.

“His Excellency has been promoted and ordered back to Seoul, and so he is leaving.”

Choonyang’s mother gave a wild laugh and said, “Child, the opportunity of a lifetime! If the Young Master is lucky it means distinction for you and for me, so why cry? If he leaves right away, I shall not be able to follow at once, but you can go with him. In going you need not go ahead but keep behind five lee or so, meeting at night but journeying separate during the day. Is it because that you are not to be with him during the day as well that you upset the hours of this night? When I was young I was separated from my husband as much as fifty days at a time. Why cry? I’ll sell the things little by little and follow you.”

Choonyang replied, “The Young Master doesn’t intend to take me.” “Why won’t he take you?” demanded she, “Did he really say so?” “I did say so,” said he.

“What do you mean?” demanded she, “Did you say you wouldn’t take her?” she screamed.

“But really now mother, just listen! When a son of the aristocracy, while his hair is still plaited down the back, takes a concubine from the country, the rumor of it endangers his reputation, and he cannot share in the sacrificial ceremonies. So while we regret it for the present, we shall just have to stand by our agreement for the future.”

When the mother heard this her black face grew fiercely red and pale by turns; she caught her skirts about her and jumped up and down, while she said to Choonyang, “If Dream­Dragon goes whose affection will you work for next? Die, you wret:ched creature!” She gave a leap forward, took her seat square in front of Dream-Dragon and said, “You son of a rascal, you, I’ve got a word to say to you. Have you found any fault in the conduct of my daughter that you treat her thus? Has she grown ugly?

Is she refractory or disobedient? Is she loose in life or impure? What is there about her at which you find fault? A gentleman never puts away a faithful woman except for one or the \*Seven Reasons. Don’t you know this? You have gone here and there on the still hunt until you found my daughter, and then without cessation, day and night, you professed your delight in her. Now, behold you want to throw her away. After the gossamer webs of springtime have. been swept aside by your ruthless hand, and the flowers and leaves have fallen, what butterfly ever returns to visit the faded remains? My daughter’s pretty face, once that the day of youth has been marred, will grow·old and white hairs will follow. One’s day never comes twice. Do you not think of this, you wretch!”

She gave a wild spring, and took a grip of him with her teeth. Fortunately, for him, she had lost her front incisors early in life, so that her bite was but a savage pinch, and did no special harm.

The young. man was scared clear out of his wits. “Look here, mother,” said he, “I’ll take her, I’ll take.her. I’ve thought of a way . I just now remember that I have a tablet-chair that goes along, immediately ahead of me. I’ll put the tablet in my sleeve-pocket, and Choonyang inside the chair. Others seeing it will think it is the tablet, they will never think ef Choon-yang. I know of no other way.”

Choonyang heard this and said, “Mother, please go to your room. He has his reputation to uphold and is in difficulties. Please think of that and do not speak so. Go to your room, won’tyou.”

VIII. RESIGNATION.

After sending her mother away she turned to him and said, “So you are going. Over your long journey of a thousand lee I shall think lovingly of you still. Through the dust and the rain and the falling of the night how tired you will be. You may be ill too, but cease to think of me please and go in peace.

\*Seven Reasons. These grounds for divorce in the Orient are--Childlessness; 2. Wonton Conduct 3. Neglect toward Husband’s Parents; 4. Shewishness; 5. Robbery or Thievishness; 6. Jealousy; 7. Malignant Disease.

When you reach the capital the pretty dancing-girls of all the happy homes of Seoul will play to you and you’ll soon forget a poor little creature like Choonyang, whose fortunes forsook her and who was left to die. What is she to do I wonder?”

Thus she sat and cried bitterly till Dream-Dragon was struck blind and speechless. “Don’t cry, don’t cry,” said he,”I am not going away for long. I’ll not forget you. Don’t you know the line from the Classics that reads. ‘My husband went to far-off Sokwao, Qll duty, while I stayed in the Oh kingdom.’ The husband in Sokwao and the wife in distant Oh, thought of and loved each other till they grew old in years.

‘And how far was the way to Kwans in a for the distant pilgrims, while the faithful women dug lotus roots in the grim days of cold and loneliness waiting for them.’ They dug the roots and thought thereon. After I have gone to Seoul, when the moon shines through the silken window do not think of the thousand lee that lie between us, or that I shall find other attractions, for I shall be thinking of you only. Do not cry,·do not cry. In the haste of the journey I go, but I shall soon return.”

The Young Master then set out for the yamen and after salutations had been made to his father, he was hastily ordered to saddle his donkey. He rode out to the Five Mile Pavilion, said good-bye to.all the servants and retainers, and rode quickly away. Again he reached Choonyang’s house, which he once more entered. Her tears were like the dew-drops on the petal, and her accents like the calling of the nightingale among the shadowy branches. He rushed in and put his arms about her. “Don’t cry my love, don’t cry,” said he. But she withdrew from him saying, “Let me go, please. You sit yonder. I don’t wish it, let me go.”‘

There being no help for it he gradually released her, and so they sat apart, opposite to each other. Choonyang, realizing that it was in all probability a final parting, spoke thus: “Through tears are eyes of tears; broken hearts greet broken hearts. The willow catkins by the river have no power to bind my husbaud to rne. After the short sweet days of springtime, the glory of the season goes its way, and my husband

with it. Partings, partings, alas for partings! When once spring is over there is an end to bloom and blossom. The distant trees and river absorb all one’s store of love and bear it to forgetfulness. A thousand miles into the distance, so he recedes from me and is gone. The fleeting glories of the three moons of springtime accelerate his parting. In the rain and winds of Makweiyok the King of Tang bade good-bye to Kweepee. Great ones of earth have had to.say farewell, and hopes have dissipated like sunshine before the clouds and wind. The wild geese of springtime have to say farewell. All these are sad but was there ever so sad a one as mine? Parting seems to say ‘Let us die’ and yet the bright sunshine says ‘Let us live.’ What shall I do? What shall I do?”

“Don’t cry,” said Dream-Dragon, “I’m going to Seoul just now, and when I pass my examination I’ll come and get you, So don’t cry, but be happy.”

He took from his silken pocket a little mirror and gave it to Choonyang, saying, “A gentleman’s heart is honest as a mirror, in a thousand years it can never change.”

Choonyang took it, then slipped a ring from her finger and gave it to him saying, “A little crystal ring, a plaything of my girlhood; please wear it at your belt for me. Let its unchanging nature, and its enclosing circle stand for a husband’s faithful and enduring love.”

The Young Master said, “Yes, yes, now don’t be troubled, keep well and strong and I’ll come back to get you next spring.”

At this moment Choonyangs mother, thinking of the parting, dazed and stupefied came in. She refused to eat and like a cow-beast afflicted with distemper thought only of her misery. Helpless to do anything she came in and said quietly, “Please, Young Master, I am fifty years old and more, and I bore that girl when I was well on in life. I reared her as though she had been· a jewelled treasure. I prayed to God about her, prayed tothe \*Seven Stars about her; prayed to the

\*The Seven Stars. The Big Dipper, a special object of worship in the East. Connected with most of the Buddhist Temples will be found a little shrine to this divinity.

\*Nahan; prayed to the †Three Spirits; prayed to the ‡Merciful Buddha; sacrificed to the §Dragon King; sacrificed to the Mountain Spirits with all my heart even till to-day. Thus she grew and thus we won our place in life. I longed for a fitting companion for her and home’s joys and happiness, when beyond all my dreams and expectations came the Young Master and prayed me earnestly for this union. My mind was dazed and my sight turned from me, so that I gave permission, and now my precious child meets with this awful fate. Better out with her eyes and her tongue and cast her to the dogs. Like a fallen gate will she be; like a shot arrow spent and done for. There is no use in gettiug angry or fighting the fates I suppose. A fallen wornan of earth, a fallen woman of hell, old and wrinkled shall she grow. Her fate is sealed at such a parting as this, at the sight of it my soul would yield up the ghost. Who can stop the endless waters of the river, or make to halt the sun that falls behind the Oxen Hills? What kind of heart could let you go so coldly, or what love could ever thole to cast her off? Don’t think of mother or wife, but go peacefully. One thing I want to charge you with. I am now in age half a hundred and to-day or to-morrow, I don’t know when, I shall die and pass away. Please don’t forget Choonyang. If you’ll stand by her and your hundred year agreement, in the ¶Yellow Shades of the world to come •I’ll ‘bind the grass’ in grateful favour for your kindness.”

\*Nahan. These are the cannonized disciples of Buddha,

†Three Spirits. These are the three supreme deities supposed to preside over childbirth.

‡The Merciful Buddha (Amida)． This is thought by many to be the Orient’s interpretation of Christ.

§The Dragon King. The God of rain and water.

¶The Yellow Shades. One of the names for Hades or the next world.

• “Tie the grass.” Wi Kwa, a Chinese general of the 6th century B. C., was asked by his father when dying to take to wife the father’s favorite concubine, a most unusual request and yet one that he carried out in order to prove himself a filial son. Later on in a campaignhe defeated his enemy, and when the commander tried to escape, a spirit suddenly appeared and tied the long coarse grass so firmly in front of him that he was tripped up and captured. At night the spirit appeared to him and said, “I am the father of the woman whom you faithfullymarried, and so have tied the grass to reward you.”

Thus she wept though theYoung Master ordered refreshments brought, but she refused to eat. She stifled the mighty sobbing of her soul which moved her spirit almost unto bursting. Choonyang too wept, but quietly, while the servant girl Hyangtanee covered her face with her frock and cried with all her might.

The Boy hearing this and panting for breath said, “Look here, master, this is a bad affair. Why do you part in this long drawn out fashion? Just say Good-bye and Good luck to you, give a smile and be done with it. What sort of parting is this any how when all one’s bones are melted. Her Ladyship, your Mother, has already got far ahead on the road.”

The Young Master then awakened to consciousness embraced his mother-in-law and said, “Mother, I’m going, don’t cry but keep up heart. Choonyang, I’m going, don’t cry, stay by your mother, and keep well. Hyangtanee, good-bye to you.”

Then he mounted his horse, “Good-bye Choonyang!”

With one hand Choonyang held the gate and with one held to him. “My dear Young Master, on the long dusty road and through the weariness of the way close your eyes early for sleep and wake refreshed in the morning.”

“Yes, yes” said he “I’ll do so. I Good-bye.”

The Boy ran forward, gave the horse a stroke and said “Get up.” Away it went like a flying leopard, round one spur of the hills and then another till off into the distance like the mandarin duck-bird that has lost its mate ·and skims along the river or like the white gull over the wrinkled waves of the sea, on he went past the winding at the foot of the receding hill, and then lost he was to view and gone.

Now Choonyang watched till he had faded in the distance and then all hope departed from her life.

“Hyangtanee!” she called. “Yes!”

“Watch and see if·you can tell how far the Young Master has gone.”

Hyangtanee said in reply, “One stroke of the whip and the miles grow apace, four strokes and he is lost.” Choonyang’s senses depart and she sits dazed upon the matting. “Now I am hopeless, we are parted. He for whom I cried and who cried with me is gone. His last good-bye rings discordant in my ears. A twice eight year pitiful girl bereft of husband, how can she live?”

Choonyang’s mother dazed and speechless bewailed their lot, but Choonyang is a faithful daughter. She gradually stifled her own grief and comforted the maternal sorrows. The mother seeing the daughter’s actions ceased crying herself and made a return of kind words to comfort Choonyang. By such unselfish actions as this it was that she had won the happy name of Moon Plum.

When night came the Young Master stoped at Ohsoo Post Station, unrolled his coverlets and pillow and slept alone. Then his thoughts were all with Choonyang, for whom he longed till the tears came! He lay and thought of her; he sat up and thought of her, and as he thought and thought he longed and longed to see her till his brain seemed going wild.

“However shall I live when I want to see her so?” \*Hangoo’s song for his distant mate, and Myongwhang’s burden of a thousand lee are nothing compared to mine. He sighed sore and deeply and when the day broke he had his breakfast, and at last reached Seoul.

Later his Excellency and her Ladyship hearing of what had taken place, talked matters over, and while they thought first of sending for Choonyang, they feared that it might become an embarrassment to their son, so they sent a servant with three hundred yang instead saying, “Give this to Choon­Yang’s mother and say that though it is so little, still it may help out in the expenses of the home. After the Young Master has graduated he’ll come and get your daughter, so don’t be anxious.

\*Hangoo. He was a great giant who appeared in China about 200 B. C. between the kingdoms of China and Han. He fought many battles but at last was defeated by the founder of Han. Seeing that the end had come he sang the song referred to and then committed suicide.

Myongwhang. Died A.D. 762. The unfortunate husband of Yang Kweepee. (See Note page 418).

Her Ladyship called for a secretary, and ordered a number of bags of rice, some rich material for clothing, and three ounces of gold to be given to Choonyang saying, “Take these things and give them to Choonyang along with this pocket ornament wbich I have worn. Ask her to wear it, and tell her that we’ll soon come to bring her, so not to worry.”

The secretary got his orders, called the Boy and sent him with the money, rice, clothes and ornaments, with the message from His Excellency and Her Ladyship.

Choonyang’s mother thanked them and put the· things carefully away, thinking of Dream-Dragon with more of longing than ever.

(To be continued).

THE OPENING OF KOREA.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D. D., L. H. D.

My first interest in Korea was awakened in 1871, when, in interior Japan as pioneer educator, I stood on the west coast and gazed across the sea, where lay the Land of the Dawn. The bay of Tsuruga, in Echizen, now the terminal of the railway from Tokyo and point of embarcation on steamer for the Siberian railway to Europe, was of old, one of the.Korean gateways into Japan. All around were names and traditions that pointed westward like the morning shadows towards sunset and to Chosen. There and then, I began praying for Korea that she might be open to the gospel and to human brotherhood.

During the four years I spent in the Mikado’s Empire, now so extended, I sought diligently from books and manuscripts, with the aid of Japanese scholars, to learn all I could about the people across the sea, who lived in a hermitage, shut off from the world. Japan herself had only recently emerged, and was no longer a hermit nation; though inland there had taken pince very little change in manners or customs. Indeed,

Japan’s history, during the twelve years, from 1856 to 1868, was wonderfully like that of Korea during the first generation after tbe making of treaties with foreign nations.

Returning, after one year, from the interior to the capital, Tokyo, I talked with many of the American officers who had been in Commodore Rodger’s squadron during the naval demonstration in the Han river, when there was fighting instead of treaty-making, particularly the (now) Admirals Watson and Chester, Commodore Wadhams and others. Occasionally I met a Japanese who had visited Fusan; or some one from the legations in Peking, who had seen the white-coated strangers from the mysterious peninsula; or, I heard of a French missionary like Bishop Ridel, temporarily at Yokohama.

On reaching home in America, late in 1874, I continued my studies of Korea. I began to correspondence with the missionaries at Mukden, especially Rev. John Ross, and with friends at various legations as at Peking, St Petersburg, with members of the American Geographical Society, and with travellers who at Vladivostock, or photographers in the Transit of Venus Expedition in Manchuria in 1866, or Frenchmen who had been with Admiral Roze in the same year or ·Japanese who had been to Seoul with the Kuroda treaty expedition of 1876. More particularly from Captain Blake of the U.S. S. S. Palos and fleet-surgeon, Dr. Mayo, who had attended the wounded Koreans and mended their shot-shattere d bones, I learned much. At the Naval Academy at Annapolis were not a few trophies of 1871, which I had photographed.

I began, while pastor at Schenectady, N. Y., to write my book “Corea, the Hermit Nation,” hoping it would arouse sympathetic interest in the penisular people. At a time when it was hard to find photographers who knew how to make stereopticon slides, I began collecting these and lecturing on Korea and the Koreans. At the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, hearing (with doubt) that there was among the imported workmen, who put up the Nipponese pavilion, a Korean, sick in the Hospital (founded by Benjamin Franklin) I colled to see and comfort hin. I found my Korean to be a very homesick Japanese.

At the request of my friend, Dr. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York and editor of the Sunday Magazine, I wrote an article on Korea with illustrations, which appeared May 22, 1878, and was widely read. Many copies of this issue were ordered by members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in Congress. Soon from Washington came a request to prepare some commercial statistics and write a report on the possibilities for trade with Korea. Dr. S. Wells Williams, who had seen thousands of Koreans in Peking, and Mr. Hanabusa and Egi Takata, and Dr. Charles Lanman of the Japanese Legation in Washington, gave me some help. On the strengh of these representations, Senator A. A. Sargent of California on March 28, 1878, by unanimous consent brought in a Joint Resolution, which read :

“Resolved by the $enate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled :

“That the .President of the United States be, and hereby is, authorized to appoint a commissioner to represent this country, in an effort by peaceful means, and with the aid of the friendly offices of Japan, to secure a treaty of peace and commerce between the United States and the Kingdom of Corea; and the sum of fifty thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary is hereby appropriated out of the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, to defray the expenses of said commissioner.”

Fortunately or unfortunately, this was the year of the great contest between the “silverites” and the gold champions, of the Bland-Silver Bill and of domestic politics. The issue of “silver certificates” (a new variety of “greenbacks”) and the resumption of special payments so filled the Congressional mind that the Sargent resolution, to his bitter disappointment, was tabled.

However, I went on with book, lectures, and writing about Korea. The Harpers declined the MSS. fearing pecuniary loss, because of slight public interest in Korea; but the Scribners published the work in October 1882. In various ways, I heard of increasing interest in Korea. The U. S. Navy Department, with several happy precedents of its sailor

diplomatists, sent Commodore R. H. Shufeldt to Peking, who had had large diplomatic experience in Cuba, and who in 1867 in the U.S. S. S. Wachusett, had entered the Ta-tong river, to inquire about the General Sherman affair of 1866.

Commodore Shufeldt’s letters to me showed his earnest purpose, and after long and “watchful waiting,” he finally succeeded, as all know, in negotiating the American treaty, under which missionary work was begun in Korea. Unfortunately for tliis accomplished and gallant officer, some private letters written by him from Peking, to a friend in San Francisco, were, without his knowledge or consent, published in a newspaper in that city, which gave great offense in both Peking and Washington. He died some years later, feeling the sting of what he felt was the slight or ingratitude of his superiors, because a friend had betrayed his confidence. Pesonally, I wonder whether his peaceful achievement does not rank with Perry’s, and, whether his name does not, in Korea at least, deserve a noble memorial.

For the Chautanuza series of text-books I wrote in 1883 an outline of the history of China, Korea and Japan, and in 1884 for the Presbyterian Board of Publication, “Korea: Without and within,” with Hendrik Hamel’s Journal annotated.

However, though in the author’s experience pecuniary returns from book-writing on serious subjects are only one degree above the contemptible, and missionary biography has involved personal financial loss, yet the rewards in other ways are often very great. “Corea the Hermit Nation” was reprinted in England and numerous were the editorials in the newspapers of Great Britain, Canada and Australia, based on the information which this book furnished. Very happy was the author to hear, from time to time, of men and women directed as missionaries to this particular field, because of the reading of the book. I need hardly say that few things give more pleasure than to hear, even years afterward, from some faithful missionary, who, in its early days, read and was influenced by “Corea the Hermit Nation.” I believe the first missionary address on Korea, in Northfield, at Mr. Moody’s request if not in America, was made by the author.

On the 27th of November 1882, I had the pleasure of spending an evening with the Korean Treaty Commissioners, at the Victoria Hotel in New York. It took little discernment to note, even then, and under the veil of studious mutual external courtesy, the bitter feud between the radicals and the conservatives, which on their return home, was to break out in fire and blood.

I never saw the white-haired Dr. Horace Underwood, though I was at his funeral in. Brooklyn, when I met again the “venerable” Bishop Harris, (younger than myself) whom I knew as a young man in Japaa in 1873. Nevertheless the college student of abounding health and spirits and the writer, being members of the same fraternity, were hale fellows well met, in earlier days, and l saw him during each of his visits to America. Now, to-day, when the idea of “apostolical succession” is so handsomely illustrated, on the most promising of missionary soils, because of the presence of the children of the pioneers, I need not say that I have enjoyed seeing many of the workers for Christ from Korea. I can only exclaim, flashed in the fire of heaven tamed by man, the initial words of the first elecreic telegraph, chosen by Miss Ellsworth in Washington on May 24, 1844, “What hath God wrought!”

To-day, while the birds sing around my home in Ithaca. N. Y. (where a welcome always awaits missionaries from Korea or their children), my thoughts, for some mystic reason, go back to a quaint octagonal edifice in Philadelphia, of which Longfellow sings in his Evangeline and around which I often played as a child :

“Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church.

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.”

Why the mental associations ,vith distance, with Korea, with antiphons of praise?

Like Korea, this church which still echoes (though in English) to Sabbath prayer and song has a “new name,” which is also the old one. It is Gloria Dei!

BLAZING THE TRAIL

(Continued from the October number.)

CHAPTER XVI. THEY WHO KNOW NO FEAR.

“Dead easy? Fool,” repeated their leader, “dead easy? Go try it yourself. Come now, out with you, we have work to do, every one of you—out I say,” and he delivered himself with quick jerky commands. They were fully awake now. “What,” they asked, “has he escaped, if so pay your own fiddler.”

“Escaped? Fools. I say we have work to do. The man is safe enough, but the biggest fiend that has entered this hole since the days of Confucius,” and they explained what had befallen them in their efforts to rob their prisoner.

“Why,” said the 1eader, “he threw me out of the door as I would throw a pebble at a bird.”

“He shook me too, but I was not ready for him,” said the other man.

“Blessed thing you were not ready,” retorted the first with a sneer. “If you had been, he would have shaken the life out of you.”

“He is not a man—he is a demon,” his companion replied.

“Demon? Well, he may be, but he has some of the most serious moral convictions that I ever heard a demon possessed. Instead of breaking our heads and running away when he had a chance, he gave me the key and asked me to lock him in. H-a-a-a! I would have been under the paddle had he left. I suppose I should be grateful to him, but he has defied us, and he has fields that can be made over into money, and the whole gang must turn out.”

“To get our heads cracked?” asked some one.

“No, no, no danger,” was the reply, ‘“you have the imagination of a donkey. You know that we don’t fight with brute

force when we can help it. We are gentlemen, who can smoke a long pipe or drink a good cup of wine, but we are not so vulgar as to allow ourselves to be mauled. We leave all that to the Christians. Say, you there,” he called to a man near the door, “run and get that rope we use in emergencies, and when you pass the,prisoner’s cell do so lightly and note if .the moon is shining on the front yet—if you should hear him snoring so much the better. If I understand the chap, the little act of hurling us out doors did not raise a beat of his pulse and he is already snoring like any other brute.” The man departed to do as bidden.

“See here,” said the leader to his crew, “I noticed while I was talking, that he had been lying down to sleep before we arrived. He lay with his feet to the opening on the front side of the building and his head in a direct line towards the opposite wall. The wood pillow is a large one and supposing there were a rope with ‘a noose to it and it should drop just beyond his head and across his chest while he is sleeping; and then suppose some one should pull on that rope suddenly would it not catch under his head and don’t you think a good vigorous ptill would double that motmtain of muscle into a heap?”

“And then?” some one asked.

“The three of you will rush in at the door and seize him, see?”

“Supposing he is not sleeping? Few people sleep when expecting a beating the nextday.”

“If, if,” replied the speaker with impatience, “you might as well stir a hog out of the mire as to stir some people to do anything besides eating and drinking. I tell you, last night was the night when he lay awake. He knew by all reason that he would be arrested. Did not the man who brought him up say that he replied immediately when called, and that he was fully dressed, and can’t I tell a man when I see one. He is one of those slow blooded men who fight like a fury one moment and forget it the next. To-night is the time he must sleep, he has had nothing to eat since last night, and I tell you he will sleep.”

“I believe you are in league with the devil,” was the reply. “Go ahead, you throw the rope and we will rush the door, but you have got to tell us the truth—whether you have him or not.”

The leader replied with a scornful snort.

Soon the door opened and the man with the rope appeared. He reported that the moon was just creeping down the face of the building.

“Was he sleeping?” the leader asked.

“Sleeping? How should I know? I will go and ask him if you say so. Did you expect me to go in and enquire, or hello through the cracks? I heard nothing of him, and he may be dead for aught I know.”

Presently the six compapions repaired to the building where Mr.Kim was confined. They carried a table with them and softly placed it beneath the window out of which Mr. Kim had gazed. The aperture was large enough to receive a man’s hand and arm. The leader climbed up on the top of the table and looked cautiously in and held his face to the window a long time. .Finally turning around softly he motioned to his comrades to bring the rope. Some one did so and he motioned three others to go to the door and stand by to help him. With steady persistence he worked the rope through the aperture and coiled it up carefully in one hand. He worked the noose up till a large loop hung from his fingers, then he gathered it up and threw it. The aim was good and it landed. squarely over the sleeper’s head aad without a second’s pause the rope was pulled taut. At the first touch Mr. Kim was on his feet but the rope tightened around his neck. At first he could not tell the character of his enemy and swung out his arms wildly. Then his hands touched the rope and he seized it with a mighty grip, but his head was confused and a helplessness crept down through his mighty arms and legs and he tottered. In vain he clutched at his throat, he heard voices at a great distancc. The next he realized he was lying on his face, his hands were bound behind him and his feet were tied together. Whcu he was turned over he looked up into the face of the man whom he had thrown from his cell two hours before.

“Very good,” laughed his tormentor, “the second laugh is better than the first always. You live in the north, do you, where men wrestle with bears and tigers, but now you see we have cut your claws. When you get out of here you may tell Grandmother Pagoda if you like that her friend has outwitted the gigantic preacher. Tell her that brains are worth far more than brute force and if she would make a preacher out of me I would be the best proposition in which she could invest.”

“Out with you now,” said one of his associates; “if you have work to do get at it, and be done with it. If I mistake not you are still far from that plot of land you were speaking about.”

“Quite true friend, thank you for reminding me, I certainly had quite forgotten what we came for,” was the reply. “Now that we have this bear fast where he cannot wriggle, we will let you and your friends go to sleep. You can leave the rest of the work to us according to our previous arrangement.”

“Welcome you are,” said the other. “And welcome to all you get is my opinion,” said another; and they strode out leaving the two men with their victim.

“We shall spend no more time in arguments,” said the leader. “I see you and I stand on an altogether different basis as to moral questions,” saying which he proceeded to tie Mr. Kim’s feet high up on the wall to an iron ring that had been fastened there for that purpose. The two men pulled at the rope till their prisoner restedd on his shoulders .

Up to that time Mr. Kim had said nothing and the two men proceeded as if there were nothing , expected of him. When the victim was in place, the leader said—

“Now I want to be fair with you. I have made an exact copy of that paper you tore up so rudely; and when you say that you will sign it I will let you down and give you a chance; then your troubles will be at an end as far as we are concerned. Of course, the magistrate may have some questions to ask you in the morning.”

He waited a moment, but as Mr. Kim said nothing, the other man who had been holding a flat piece of plank in his hand brought it down with a resounding blow on the bottom of one of Mr. Kim’s feet. Again and again was the blow repeated. Nothing but Mr. Kim’s hard breathing suggested the agony it caused him. At last weary of his task the club was turned over to the one who had superintended the whole matter. “Oh, yes, I see it is my turn now,” he said with cheerful accents, “then I will tickle his feet awhile and when I am weary be ready to take your turn again,” he said addressing his companion, and he raised his club to strike, but pausing said, “Perhaps, though, our friend is ready to sign that bit of paper,” and he looked into the face of Mr. Kim. “No?— well we can keep this up for three or four hours yet before the magistrate’s turn comes,” and he struck the bottoms of Mr. Kim’s feet a terrific blow, then paused. “Corne now, don’t be a fool. We could kill you here and report that you had taken poison; men often do that you know when tired of trouble. What say you?”

It may have been from the agony of the blows that were rained upon his feet, or it may have been the strained position of nearly having to stand on his head. Mr. Kim’s head grew dizzy and he fought with himself to keep his senses. How long they beat him he did notknow. He thought he heard voices talking as if from a long distance, and he thought he was listening to singing in the church and heard Grandmother Pagoda say “amen” and he himself tried to say “amen.” When he came to himself he heard the lock rattle on the door and saw a candle burning dimly at his side. It fluttered a moment and went out. His hands and feet were free and he drew himself up into a sitting position. Silence reigned throughout the prison. He sat in an agony of pain, pain that burned at the bottom of his feet and swept upward through his legs and crept up his spine to his head. Then he was tormented with a raging thirst and wondered at his weakness.

“How hard is dying, yet how easy it is to kill,” he murmured to himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRIAL,

Mr. Kim was led out or the dark cell into the open court blinking and feeling his way into the strong sunlight. He limped painfully. Presently his eyes became accustomed to the light, and he saw in front of him the magistrate seated on the open maru ready for the examination. The image of Buddha could not have been more impurturbable and dignified than was the magistrate. His pig eyes looked over fat protruding cheeks at the Christian. Mr. Kim’s heart sank at the sight of him. On the magistrate’s right stood the dark figure of Mr. Cho, who out of respect for the magistrate had removed his overgrown spectacles and stood holding them in his hand. As he met Mr. Kim’s glance he slowly fitted the spectacles to his sharp nose and turned their moon-like surface full upon the prisoner and gazed with nonchalance as if Mr. Kirn were an ordinary specimen of unfortunate humanity in whom he had only the most distant curiosity. In this tableau, Mr. Kim read his fate and nerved himself for the coming suffering. Scattered about the court were a score of yamen-runners, each one with his eyes fixed upon the victim. Not all of them were naturally hard hearted, but, hunting men was their trade and a man under the paddlc would open avenues of gain, so they were pleased. Low comments flew from lip to lip of these yamen leeches as Mr. Kim slowly stepped from his cell.

“Any money?” asked one.

“No,” was the disgusted reply; “I spent the greater partof the night trying to coax it out of him.”

“Coax, eh? caressed him I suppose,” was a bantering reply.

“Sure,” said the first speaker, “patted him on the bottom of the feet with the soft side of a board, but he does not limp nearly as much as the one you exhorted into liberality a day or two ago.”

“Got something,” said the other, “and I advise you to learn of me and caress with more energy the next time. Bah! a wakeful night, groans for music, no one to the dance and still

a slim purse. Man, you have the back bone of a rag and the courage of a rat. Strike hard when you strike; good blows will turn any set of old bones into cash. Why, man, if the fellow has not ready cash, his friends have.”

“You talk of drawing water from a rock,” returned the first; “you may be able to do it but I don’t want to.”

“Of course we are here to perform miracles.”

“It might be blood. You forget the sages; human treatment for criminals.”

“Ha-a-a-a!” replied the other; “beat and kill if you want to but don’t be a sanctimonious fool!”

“You have the paddle to-day and we shall see if your doctrine will turn bones into cash’,” was the reply. The low buzz of voices was interrupted by a sharp command from the magistrate. “Kneel!” said he. The order was repeated in chorus by the yamen-runners as they wheeled into a half circle about their victim. Their attitude was a threat and their faces were full of menace.

As Mr. Kim fell upon his knees with his face to the ground he saw a heavy plank leaning against the wall and he shuddered.

The magistrate paused, looked down a moment to make the right impression, then extending his chin in the direction of the prisoner called:

“Your name.”

“Your n-a-m-e!” burst from the throats of the yamen­runners and they ended the cry with a rising inflection more blood-thirsty than the howl of so many wolves.

“Kim-Nak-Do,” said Mr. Kim.

“You live where?”

“Live where-e-e!” was repeated.

“Rocky Ridge,” said Mr. Kim.

“Your business?”

“Your business?” was repeated with a roar.

“I preach the doctrine of Jesus,” said Mr. Kim.

“You are charged with acts of sedition,” said the magistrate, “are you guilty?”

“Guilty-e-e?” bellowed the runners.

“Not guilty,” said Mr. Kim.

“A lie!” exclaimed the magistrate.

“A li-i-i-e-e,” screamed the runners.

“The paddle!” ordered the magistrate.

“Pad-d-l-e-e” repeated the runners with glee.

The heavy plank was dragged from the wall and Mr. Kim seized and bound with face downward upon it. He was stripped of most of his clothing and the man who had boasted that cash could be beaten out of an old pile of bones was ordered to the paddle and comrnanded to strike. The paddle came down with terrific force. Forty blows the magistrate ordered and the runners howled, while the sickening thud could be heard far beyond the courtyard, heard by a people who had long grown used to the sound—so while the blows fell, they chatted with their neighbors over trivial things; rattled their dishes, or cooed to their babies, indifferent to the anguish of the man over the wall. No sound fell from Mr. Kim’s lips, and people paused, to raise inguiry as one does when the usual ticking of a clock stops.

Just outside the wall a would-be-purchaser of a pipe contended with a shop keeper over the price.

“Forty cash,” said the shop keeper,

“Too high,” replied the purchaser.

“Forty, sir,” said the dealer, “cheap, too cheap. Yesterday it would have been forty-five. Forty blows for the,Christian and forty cash for my pipe.Lots of grit over there. Hard beating but no groans.”

“Fifteen cash,” said the purchaser.

“Preposterous,” was the reply, “fifteen cash? Impossible; my family to support, and what with the filchings of the yamen-runners. They say they take tole of my stand for the price of their protection. You know they protect me as they do every one else they can lay their hands on. Fifteen? No sir! can’t do it”

“Twenty,” counted the magistrate over the wall.

“The magistrate has named it, twenty he says; twenty it shall be. I am a good citizen and take my orders from the magistrate. I will not complain though I lose. Lots of grit

over the wall; heavy beating, but no groans; tough customer; guilty of hanging hard to his purse, won’t shell out,” and be looked severely at his would-be customer. “Avariciousness is a terrible crime and a man like that who won’t shell out ought to be paddled,” he added. “Yes, twenty cash you can have it for, twenty.”

“No, not take it for twenty? What! Not for that? Why man I was giving it to you. Eighteen did you say? Eighteen cash? Never! Times are hard when an honest man must be beaten by all his customers and live in fear of a beating from the magistrate. No! no! don’t go. Here take it,” and he reached over the pipe with a sigh more audible than came from the lips of the victim inside the wall.

“Who are the Christians? and are they wicked; you asked?” continued the talkative merchant. “Yes, exceedingly wicked, the magistrate says so, any man without cash is wicked and ought to be beaten.”

Inside the wall even the runners seemed weary with the process of the beating. With each blow there was an upward spasmodic throw of the head, but no sound from the lips of the suffering man. Presently he spoke in an even tone.

“What was that?” said the magistrate, and the paddle was suspended in mid air.

“Crazy,” said the ajun, listening.

“Out with it,” ordered the magistrate. “What does he say?”

“He says,” repeated the ajun, with his face close down to the plank: ‘He who receives you receives me and he who receives me receives Him who sent me.’

“Now what is that,” said the magistrate sharply.

“I am the bond slave of Jesus Christ,” repeated the ajun with his ears down to the lips of Mr. Kim. “He who bruises me bruises Him who sent me.”

“Strike!” said the magistrate. “What does he say now?”

“He talks low,” said the man with the paddle, “can’t hear.”

“Down on your knees and listen,” came the command.

“Ah!” said the man kneeling over Mr. Kim, “he is crazy. He says, ‘Nomie, you are the prettiest of all the girls I know, let us make mud houses together down by the willows, where the moss covers the bank and the butterflies sail.’ That is what he says, Sir, he is talking again. He says something about giving in.”

“There, I thought I would make him give in,” said the magistrate.

“He says, sir,”continued the man, leaning over Mr. Kim, ‘You have given in Nomie, and we shall walk hand in hand in God’s eternal sunshine, you and I, Nomie.”

“Crazy,” said the magistrate, “untie him and let him up.”

They cut him loose, but Mr. Kim did notget up.

“Up and to your cell!” they ordered, but he did not move. Then four men seized him, and dragged him into his cell, and the places on the cobble stones of the rough court-yard where his heels touched were painted red.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LAW INTERPRETED.

The magistrate’s minions stood watching the four men with their huge burden. Among them was Chan-ding-i whose eyes dropped from the unconscious man to the red streaks on the rough pavement and his heart stirred as does the feelings of a man whose nature has been satiated with cruelty. Passion was gone, greed dismissed and something akin to remorse sprang up in his heart. “How easy to destroy even so powerful a body,” he thought. “If he had died, what then? Is it true that he would live afterward and then what?” he murmured. As the burden disappeared into the prison yard the young man shook himself and turned abruptly towards the place where Mr. Kim had received his beating and then stared in astonishment, for by the instrument of torture stood Grandmother Pagoda. At the same moment the whole troup of runners discovered her with equal amazement. She was easily recognized for all had known her from childhood, and only.two days had passed since she stood therebefore them to answer

for her new faith. Chang-ding-i under the influence of his new emotion was filled with perturbation for the safety of his old friend and associate. He motioned her to leave.

“Hurry,” he whispered, reaching her at a bound, “hurry, Grandmother, or there will be trouble, such trouble as you have not seen during your seventy-seven years, hasten!” he urged again. “Go Grandmother, the gate is open, go!”

Chang-ding-i,” said she steadily, looking him quietly in the eyes, “I came here not to flee at the command of a lad who has forgotten the first law of the human heart. Flee from duty?” she said, shaking her gray head at him, “of course, what else could you think than to suppose that I value my body more than my principles. You must forsooth express the cowardice of your own heart; a heart that trades in torture and murder to satisfy its own lust.”

The crowd pressed around the old lady, while Chang-ding-i, fairlyabashed, endeavoured to shrink from her sparkling eyes. “What does she want,” cried a dozen voices at once.

“I want,” she replied with clear precision that mingled strangely with the quaver in her old voice, “I want to see the magistrate. He has not called me, nor arrested me, I, therefore, wish to stand before him a moment in speech.”

By common impulse the company of runners retired from before the seat of the magistrate disclosing the quiet dignified figure of the old woman. She had worn no head band and her grey hair covered her head as a halo. Her features were wrinkled but showed the marks of beauty and in every line was the sign of sincerity, and from her face beamed forth a great resolve.

The magistrate had risen as soon as the beating was over and turned to enter his office. The commotion drew his attention and he paused and scowled down into the yard, but at first he was unable to distinguish from among the crowd of heads the object of their interest; directly discovering the face of Grandmother Pagoda he called out—

“You there, Chang-ding-i? what isit? what is the matter? what does the woman want? who is it?” then he paused with a start and his face clouded with irritation. “What is she back

here for? I have had enough of these Christians. What does she want? Standing in my presence! Why isn’t she on her face in the dust?”

Chang-ding-i stepped up to the old lady and inquired in a loud formal voice what she wanted , and then came nenr enough to whisper.

“What mad freak brought you bere Grandmother? Get out quick, the magistrate has drawn blood this morning and is licking his chops for more. Tell him quick, Grandmother, that you will make him a present of one of your small fields. You can afford it. Don’t be a fool, dear Grandmother, save your bones and it will help the Christians also.”

Grandmother Pagoda looked at the young man with scorn. “Tell him,” she said, “that I have found a new law, or rather we have found new facts, relating to the law.”

Chang-ding-i dared not delay longer and he delivered her message.

“Law,” said the magistrate, “what has she, or any of this pestiferous crew to do with law? I am their!aw, tell her that,” and bis face.flushed with anger, but being a coward he was startled that anyone should brave him with a quotation from the law. Grandmother Pagoda heard what was said and did not need the repetition of Chang-ding-i·, but as the magistrate had chosen to speak in that way she waited for the young man to tell her again.

“I have found,” said the old lady as soon as she was permitted to speak, “by diligent study of God’s word, in the course of which our whole body of Christians joined all last night, nor did we pause till the late cock crow this morning, that God commands us to obey all rulers and those who have authority over us.”

“Good, very good,” exclaimed the magistrate, not waiting for Chang-ding-i to repeat the words. “So says Confucius. I must look into these teachings. Pity you did not learn that before. It would have saved Mr. Kim a beating, had he read that passage. You did well in coming, madam. You certainly have sense,” and the runners murmured their approval.

“I beg your further clemency,”said Grandmother Pagoda.

“I fear you have not understood my full purpose, or rather all that the Christians have just learned in this rnatter. We are commanded to obey the law, and we are willing to take your commands as an interpretation of his Majesty’s law. You have commanded concerning us that if we continue Christians you will punish us and have hinted darkly of death to all those who follow Christ. Now, we shall obey you. We can not give up our faith; that would be disobeying God; but, we can come here and offer up our lives, thereby keeping your law also, so that we shall neither break the one nor the other. I have insisted as I am the oldest of all the Christians in this place to offer myself first. The rest agree that this is the true interpretation of the Scriptures and they will be along shortly to give themselves up to the penalty demanded by the law.”

Before the astonished yamen runners could prevent it the old woman stretched herself out on the heavy plank. “Now strike,” said the quavering voice, “strike old Grandmother Pagoda. If I die it is all right. Strike, that if I live I may sing and pray to Him. Why do you wait there,”she called raising her head and looking at the magistrate who stood too astonished to speak.

“I was bitter once because I did not understand. God has forgiven me and I bear you no ill-will. You must keep the law and have no choice, you must strike. Come, Chang-ding-i, strike Grandmother Pagoda that the law may be satisfied. If it is death I will have all etemity to sing His praise, if it is life I shall have months, perhaps years, still to praise Him here, for He cares for me and thinketh upou me. ‘Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth those who fear him.’”

“Fiends and furies!” shouted the magistrate, “out with the old hag, drive her off! Who opened the gate for this pestifierous brood to enter?” and he stormed back and forth on his platform. They pulled Grandmother Pagoda to her feet and were roughly hustling her out, when the magistrate called them to stop. “Who did you say were coming?” he demanded.

“The Christians,” replied the woman, “you called them up two days ago. There were fifteen of us then, and since we learned the law, five others joined us. They are all coming, sir, and in a few days there will be many more.”

“Do you mean they are coming here to be punished?” he exclaimed.

“To die,” was the quiet reply.

“If they come here, I’ll ... “ then he paused, not finding a threat adequate to meet the case, and ended by stormlng at his runners, “Out with her” he shouted. “That is the way you keep the door to this place is it? Let another Christian dog in here and I will flay you alive!” and he departed within his office with his secretary, and Mr. Cho who followed fawningly at his heels.

Chang-ding-i found his way to the prison, where lay Mr. Kim on the damp ground too greatly bruised to move. He crept in softly. Mr. Kim had recovered his senses and lay 1ooking up at the roof while his lips moved in prayer. Chang­ding-i watched him a long time in silence, inwardly calling him. a fool, and then calling himself a fool. “The world is topsy turvy,” he said, “and the· biggest fools in it are the Christians.” He went out and brought in a bowl of water and knelt at Mr. Kim’s side.

“You may not want this,” he said in his usual mocking voice. When the magistrate gets so overloaded with wrath that he is in danger of boiling over I see to it that there is a bowl of cold water near at hand. A drink of water on his part has saved many a culprit a heavy blow. It is tlte best medicine I know to cool wrath, soothe pain, or put a tormented man to sleep. No, don’t thank me, I am not doing it for your sake, but for mine. Come now,” he added without giving Mr. Kim a chance to reply, “I know you would like to get out of this at the earliest moment possible. You would be a nuisance here. We do not want you. I will see the magistrate and will have you thrown out on the bank here somewhere. Ordinarily I would say, l would send for your friends to help you home if you should make it to my interest, but I see that you could hardly stand another beating, and too, I am tired of

it for today, but don’t imagine that such would be the case tomorrow, or any other time when I might have an opportunity to interview you.”

“I also think,” replied Mr. Kim in a quiet voice, “that the side of the road would be preferable to this.”

Chang-ding-i left and the hours passed wearily for the suffering man. At noon some one entered and placed a small bowl of boiled millet by Mr. Kim’s side. Twilight was again setting when the chain on the floor rattled and Chang-ding-i entered with four other men. They brought in a stretcher made of heavy matting fastened across two poles. They laid it down on the ground near Mr. Kim and then lifted him on to it. Two men with straps over their backs bent to the ends of the poles and lifted the injured man up and carried him out. Chang-ding-i led them through the gate down the main road toward the center of the town. Mr. Kim breathed in the cool air gratefully as if he had been shut away from it for years instead of days.

“Well,” said Chang-ding-i, coming close to the stretcher, “where do you want me to take YoU?”

“To the chapel,” was his surprised reply, surprised to see the young man still at his side.

They deposited him on the chapel floor, and then under a kindly impulse Chang-ding-i went to Grandmother Pagoda’s home and told her that Mr. Kim was in the chapel. That lady ran as fast as her ancient limbs would permit, to see her pastor. He greeted her with his old cheerful voice. She did not stop to inquire how he was, or where he was hurt, she had seen such cases before. She ran to call other members of the church. When they came they examined his bruised limbs. The flesh seemed to have been fairly beaten to a pulp. They washed away the blood and dressed the wounds with the simple remedies they knew. Mother Pagoda looked at the wounds and shook her head. She knew better than any present what his chances for recovery were.

The Christians gathered around their injured pastor like so many children, with great love in their hearts, talking frankly of the possibility of his recovery, and of the pain of

enduring the·suffering. They whispered among themselves i the corners of the chapel, then crept on hands and knees to peer into his face and then back again to whisper. They brought Mr. Kim a bowl of carefully cooked rice, and gathered, with delight in their faces when he ate of it. When the usual time for the evening service drew near Mr. Kim asked them to lift him upon the platform, and a dozen hands respondcd with,gladness. They laid him so that he could look into the faces of the people. He counted them, “twenty,” he said. “Who are the new ones,” he asked. He was told their names and thcy were brought forward and presented to him as if he had been some great prince. They bowed reverently and he gave them words of comfort as if they were the ones in distress and not he.

“You have not had a meeting since I was arrested?” he asked. When informed there had been no regular gathering for worship, he asked them all to be seated.

“Do you know what it means for us to engage in song?” he asked, with a grave look, and he glanced enquiringly into each upturned face.

“We know,” said Grandinother Pagoda. Then she told Mr. Kim how she had spent the night previous with the· whole band of Christians trying to solve the riddle of how to obey the law of the magistrate and·also the law of God at the same time, and told him how she had presented herself to the magistrate and with what results. Mr. Kim smiled and tears streamed down his face.

“Brave children of a brave ancestry,” he said, “we will sing a victory song, ‘All hail the power of Jesus name.’ You will need to lift your voices for this is a rugged hymn and means praise only as it is sung with delighl in the soul.” Mr. Kim started the hymn though his face twitched with pain. Until late that night they mingled their songs and prayers with tears and clung together with a spirit of fervent devotion inspired by the apprehension of a terrible separation.

At last Mr. Kim dismissed them and they insisted on carrying their pastor to a more suitable place, but he refused to be moved saying that if the hand of the magistrate fell on any

he would be in a position to inform him that he was responsible for the disobedience to his commands.

The night was silent and the sound of singing swept over the town and reached the magistrate’s ears and he was filled with fury. He swore by all the names that were both good and vile by which the Korean swears that he would have the life of that preacher and the whole obnoxious brood. Chang­ding-i was near at hand having regarded himself as important if anything of the.character should occur. He stood at a distlance among the servants, and muttered so that the magistrate should overhear, “A large brood and hatching very rapidly.”

“How is that?” exclaimed that magistrate.

“I was simply remarking to my friend, your excellency, that five more broke shell last night and according to the noise there must be somewhere near fifty to-night just ready to leave the nest. They come with frightful rapidity.”

“Fiends and furies! I will kill the whole brood with one blow,” raved the magistrate.

“They will be easy to catch,” said Chang-ding -i, having taken advantage of a word addressed to him to step forward. I have but to hint to them that you will allow them in the compound:and in they will come swarming like so many hogs to the pen at night. We.hardly have accommodations for so many, unless your excellency would kill them off one by one as they come; though it strikes me—” here he paused with proper deference to his master.

“Strikes you? who, or what strikes you, fool, out with it.”

“I heard of late something concerning treaty relations and the rights of foreigners，but you know all about the law and our international relations and I need not presume to express my opinion,” and Chang-ding-i turned to move off till ordered .to speak out what he had to say.

“I heard that no one had a right to arrest and punish a man under the employ of a foreigner. I believe he is called a body servant. But, of coµrse., I know nothing of these things. If, however, you want to have them up for punishment they will all be here in half an hour. I shall no doubt have. to

bring the preacher on a stretcher,” he added as if about to execute the magistrate’s will.

“It is like an infectious disease,”said the magistrate looking anxiously from face to face. “How it spreads!”

“Yes, it is more like a forest fire, the more you stamp it, the more it burns. You may stamp these out now, but unfortunately, I fear that many have already the new doctrine and have become infected though they have not yet joined themselves to the Church. Then too l hear that in some sections of the country the people are nearly all becoming Christian, and the real embarrassment is there is no wall around such places to keep them shut in. They might, you know, under some impulse or other come into this section, especially as they delight to throw their lives away. I do not know as that privilege has been granted them much at large, but if they hear that you have killed off a large number it may delight their heart to make this their home.”

“Out with you,” said the magistrate, “I wanted someone to help me out of this trouble and not to offer difficulties, they are a sinful pestilent lot “

“Pardon me, your excellency,” said Chang-ding-i, “I did not meanto lack solicitude. No one can hold greater reverence for your excellency and for your wisdom. If you say they are pestiferous and sinful that is enough for me, for if the just do not know what is right, what do so sinful creatures as we runners know?”

(To be Continued).