The Korea Magazine

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SEOUL, KOREA

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

Any desiring to themselves arrange for the binding of their own copies of the second volume of THE KOREA MAGAZINE may obtain without expense a title-page by making application to the Business Manager.

The insert in the December Magazine headed “For Your Convenience” has proved its worth and been a convenience not only in the renewal of subscriptions but in the forwarding of names of friends to whom a sample copy could be sent. We appreciate the use which has already been made of the page, and include it in the January number for the benefit of those who will now see it for the first time.

In a recent call for additional copies of the Magazine it was interesting to note that the family of the subscriber, a business man, not only read every page of every number, but then sent them on to relatives in another country; and the relatives in turn passed the copies of the Magazine on to missionary families, so that here was an example of at least three complete households benefitting by the one subscription. We trust this is but a sample of what many are doing.

We are sorry to have caused disappointment to some whose orders for bound copies of THE KOREA MAGAZINE either Volume II or Volume I, or both, reached us too late to be filled before the holidays. The binders who are doing our work have been rushed with business, and it will be some time yet before all the orders can be filled. Kindly be patient, and the bound volumes will be mailed in due time, in the order in which they were received. We hope the binders will very soon get caught up with their orders.

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THE KOREA MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1919

Editorial Notes.

AS Japan before the great war was gradually becoming a manufacturing nation, and then during the last four years leaped into the office of competition with other world powers in the production of shipping, munitions, armament. equipment for infantry and cavalry, at home and abroad, so now is she compelled to look around and carefully consider how her diminished resources for supplying food may be augmented. Rice is the principal article of diet in all these Eastern lands. and in the life of the Japanese the time has passed when they can depend on the paddy fields of Japan. Men and women flocking from the villages to the cities create greater difficulties than the mere housing problem. While they are needed in the industrial centers, there mere presence presupposes a house in which they may comfortably live and at least two meals a day for every member of the household, whether or not he is a producer. And there is no one back in the village to prepare the field and sow the rice and hoe the vegetables for himself and his household and for a few other households. And when the government starts an investigation after a series of rice riots it finds not only that rice is higher in price than ever before but that there are practically no surplus stocks on hand, and if the people are not to die by the thousands there must be immediate purchases of foreign rice in distant markets, with long voyages and consequent delays.

JAPAN will unquestionably continue her industrial development. and even so she must at once provide amply for her industrial workers. Wages have been good when compared

with pre-war-prices, but rice and all other provisions have been proportionately high, and a pocket full of money will not secure enough rice for all when there is not on the market enough for all. And if it has not been harvested it will not be on the market There are adept Japanese farmers, but not enough of them. There is an abundance of unskilled Korean and Chinese labor, and there should be no great difficulty in providing skilled management for the unskilled labor and setting it to work in the agricultural districts of Korea and China to produce the needed rice and other vegetable products for Japan’s industrial population. Both China and Korea a.re now exporting rice to Japan, but judicious effort could largely increase the exports without injury to either country, but only in the event of the intensive cultivation which has in the main been lacking. The Oriental Development Company has undertaken some of this work, and we will later have one or more articles descriptive of their operations, but if the conditions are to be relieved there will be required a far more extensive plan than that vast organization has yet evolved or had in mind.

AMONG the exchanges coming to our desk none from China is more appreciated than *The Chinese Recorder*, published in Shanghai by an interdenominational editorial board with Rev. Frank Rawlinson, D. D., as Editor-in-chief. The *Recorder* has had a long and useful missionary career, and now proposes to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary by raising a Jubilee Fund of $10,000 Mex. with the hope that this amount will materially assist in pushing the magazine to the position it should occupy in the minds of the missionaries of China and may also place it prominently before a larger public. It is said that there is an increase of about five hundred missionaries a year in China. This new fund will help to bring the *Recorder* to the attention of all of these, provide more illustrations, special articles and additional features. The magazine is greatly needed, and the modest Jubilee Fund should be provided by its friends without delay. Contributions to the Fund may be sent direct to the Editor of The Chinese Recorder, 5 Quinsan Gardens, Shanghai, China.

CERTAINLY the railway company has its difficulties in endeavoring with a limited number of engines and cars to keep up with the ever increasing demand for coal that comes from all parts of Manchuria and Korea. The mines also, mainly at Fushun in Manchuria and Pyeng-yang and Hamheung in Korea, do not as yet have the equipment which can make possible the summer accumulation of surplus stocks to meet the demands of the colder season. Two things seem to be very essential. First, the installation of more and better machinery and dumps at the mines, and employment of more laborers during the entire year, so that there will always be a supply of coal ready to ship; and second, several additional first-class engines with full equipment of cars and train crews which can be set apart exclusively for the transportation of coal, not for one or two months in the year, but all the year round. Even then there should be no halt in the development of additional hydro-electrical plants in Korea wherever a sufficient water supply is available. No legitimate industrial or agricultural project should be held back for want of fuel or electric power, and at present the railroad is the key to the situation. Recent accounts shew a shortage of at least a million tons of coal, and heroic measures are needed to make good the deficiency. The. recent reported discovery of a paying vein of anthracite in southern Korea may in time help to relieve the situation, but just now orders for coal that were given last April show no prospect or being filled.

GREAT difficulty is reported as being experienced in Tokyo in securing enough qualified motormen for their electric motor service. They endeavor to have 1,000 men under training constantly so that vacancies can be promptly filled. Even though the training period is for only two months it is said that at least 500 drop out during that time, and the authorities cannot maintain the needed supply. Other Japanese cities have the same difficulty. Recently Kobe or Osaka has been experimenting, and have undertaken to train a few Koreans for motormen positions. It is too early yet to learn the

results, or even to hear what kind of material was available; but in Korea so far as known Japanese companies employ Korean motormen and conductors exclusively, and have done so from the beginning. This as not due to sentiment, or out of a desire to assist the Koreans, but solely because the Koreans have demonstrated their ability to do the work as well or better than it can be done by others, and at a satisfactory price. There are very few accidents, considering the number of passengers carried, and when one is reported and investigation is made it is usually found to be due to the stupidity, ignorance or carelessness of pedestrians who have had little or no knowledge of electric cars. Traffic conditions will be harder in Japan, with a faster schedule, more frequent stops, and a longer period of rush hours; but we believe Koreans even if given but a limited amount of direct training, will make as good employs for electric work in Japan as they now do in Korea.

IT is true that the government can do much in the way of encouragement of live-stock interests, the securing of better horses, cattle, sheep, goats and fowls for breeding purposes; but this work should not be left entirely for the government to do. Men of means, both Japanese and Koreans, could do very much to stimulate a healthy interest in live-stock. It is not putting the aim too high when we express the hope soon to see within an easy auto ride from Seoul a number of first-class farms, with an abundance of pure running water, well stocked with full-blood and grade animals that will be a credit and source of pride to their owners, and become an incentive to neighboring districts to emulate the example. There is profit in raising rice, and improved seed and methods of planting and cultivation will make the proposition still more attractive, but far more energy and time should from this time on be devoted to the live-stock industry in Korea, either as a specialty or in connection with other farming interests, and in either case the returns will amply justify the expenditure of money and time.

FROM NAK-SAN MONASTERY (洛山寺)

(On the east coast of Korea looking off onto the sea of Japan.)

BY

RIM UK-YUNG (林億齡)

(graduated in 1525 A.D.)

Note: —In the year 1545 a terrible political convulsion took place in which the young In-jong, thirty years of age, was compelled to take poison and die. Rim Uk-yung in order to get away from the noisome capital asked to be made Governor of Kang-wun Province. While on his way to the east coast he wrote the following:

“An old man from anywhere, an exile from the capital, comes stumbling in humble shoes at even-tide and reaches this far-famed temple, more glorious even than Keum-san of the south.

“The mighty ocean throbs beneath my feet and tells how small his world.

“Across my line of vision comes a whale, heaved mountain high with nose and back in air. His beard and flapping fins obscure the sun. The watery world flies, feared at his approach. He strikes the wave and darkness falls with dripping rain. He blows his snowy drift and all the world is white. They fight, these whales and every sea turns blood, while giant bones line far the sandy shore.

“Again I see a dragon beast arise (a waterspout), [the earth quakes underneath and thunders wake and call. It wriggles up through space into the clouds, with teeth and claws like pointed spears. Into the wide expanse its coils are gone. It carries trees and stones in its wild wake, while silver shafts strike downward to the sea as though the Milky Way had broken and fallen across the world. It picks up fish and shrimps in its long train, while Yang-ho, spirit of the deep, attends its way.

“The priests in wonder say, ‘Behold the rain with drops

like pointed spears that strike the window shades and walls.’ The passing wind clears all the line of vision and leaves the world swept clean.

“I fall asleep till morning tide when heaven’s great cock flaps broad his wings and wakes. The mountains sit cross-wise and block my view, till from the depths come shafts of burning steel and all the east a melting-pot appears. Its boiling kettles glow when upward rolls the sun with footlights unimaginable. It rides across the sky till even-tide.

“Again a lotus-bud of glorious white from out the Palace of the Sea rides forth, the moon and changes this bare coast into the crystal halls of paradise. I call to Hang-a on her way. She seems to make reply. I touch her cassia trees with easy hand.

“How wondrous are the wonders of the world. I drink and sit beneath the pear pavilion, while flowers fall and crown my head with light.”

PRIVATE HIGHER COMMON SCHOOLS

FOR KOREAN BOYS

IN SEOUL—II.

Not Conforming to the Educational Ordinance of March 24th, 1915.

CHUNG ANG.—The name of this school embodies a long chapter in the history of Private Schools in Chosen. In the closing years of Korean independence, during the time of the Japanese Resident-General Regime, there was all over the country a spurt of popular interest in education, which resulted in the founding of Primary schools almost without number, and the organization of several “Educational Associations” with their offices in Seoul, to encourage higher education for boys. These were geographical in their origin, as

follows: North and South Kyung Sang Provinces, the “Kyo Nam” Association; North and South Chulla, the “Ho Nam;” Kang Won, the “Kwan Tong;” North and South Pyeng An, North and South Ham Kyung and Whang Hai, the “Su-Puk” or “Northwest;” and Kyung Kui, with North and South Choong­chung the “Kei Ho.” Of the five associations, the two last named founded schools of Academy grade in Seoul The O Sung school, founded by the “Northwest” Association, and named “Five Stars” in commemoration of the five Provinces that joined in the Su-Puk Association, was obliged to close about a year ago, for lack of funds. The Kei Ho Association founded the Kei Ho school in 1909, but 2 years later all five Associations united in the “Central Association” calling itself “Chun Ang,” and supporting the former Kei Ho school, now named the Chung Ang or “Central” School.

Of late years even the Central Association has not been able to finance the school, but two wealthy Korean gentlemen are backing it, to the extent of something more than ¥5,000.00 a year. They are brothers, and have a son between them! One brother having no heir, adopted one of the sons with whom the other had been blessed. The young man was educated in Japan, and after graduating from Waseda University, came to Chosen, ‘with a wish to do something for the cause of education in his native land, He urged his fathers (sic) to found a school for boys in Seoul, and they were upon the point of doing so, when it was suggested that the Chung Ang School would be forced to close for lack of funds unless it secured help. The two men wisely decided to put their money into a going concern, the young man was made Principal, and the school put on its feet. As the old Korean buildings near the center of the city were crowded, and not very well fitted for the purpose, the new Founders built a new modern building, on the most beautiful site occupied by any school in the City, and in December of 1917, the school moved into its new quarters.

The new building cost ¥ 20,000.00, and the land half as much, while equipment, which is not complete, is put by the school authorities at the modest figure of ¥ 3,000.00, though

¥5,000.00 would probably be a safer amount The whole investment is less than ¥80 per student, if the school had the full 320 that it could accommodate. The apparatus is new, well chosen, and in excellent condition, and the desks deserve special praise. They seem to the writer the best for the purpose he has seen in Seoul. Each boy has his own seat and desk, all in one piece, with a rack for his books, a place for his lunch-box, and a place for his cap. The units do not need to be fastened to the floor, so each room is supplied with just the number needed for the students in attendance, and the extras are stored away, obviating the disadvantages of unused desks. The desks were designed by one of the teachers, and made by a Korean carpenter, and though of hard wood, they cost only ¥ 4.00 each, in the Fall of 1917.

The first class, numbering 61, graduated in 1911. The demand for teachers for Primary schools made it necessary to graduate them after only 18 months of study. The total number of graduates to date is 364. The records of graduates are incomplete, but 50 of them are Teachers, 10 Officials, 10 are dead, 20 studying in Japan, 1in America, and 20 in higher schools in this country. Many of the others are in business, and some are farming.

The course is four years in length, and equal to the prescribed Higher Common Course, though not exactly identical. For one thing, this school has 33 periods a week, while others have 34. The extra 2 come on Saturday afternoon, giving no half-holiday. English is taught in all grades, and taken by all students, though it is officially an optional study. The lower grades have 3 hours a week, and the higher 4, and the plan is to cover 4 books of the Modern English’ Reader.

The enrollment is now 234, at this time last year it was 221, and in the Spring of this year, 310. The First class is taught in 2 divisions, the others in one each, making one division include 68, while the smallest is 31. Almost 20 per cent of the students are from Seoul, the others are divided among all the Provinces, with Kyung Kui leading, and Kang Won last, while 2 are from Manchuria.

The staff includes 14 teachers, 2 of them Japanese. Three

of the Korean teachers are on part time, the others full time, making an ample teaching staff, exceeding the Government minimum of 3 teachers for 2 divisions. Aside from what is taught by the Japanese, and a few special subjects like History the teaching is in Korean, and some special attention is given to the grammar of the Korean Un Mun character. The hours are 50 minutes each, with 10 minutes for intermission, and a half-hour at noon. As the school is located a long way from the center of the city, students do not go home for lunch (except in a few cases). Each class eats in its own room, under the supervision of the teacher in charge, and after the “bento” has been eaten, hot water is furnished by the school for all to drink. There are no dormitories but a plan for building them is under consideration. At present the out-of-town students live where they like, and the teachers give as much attention as they can to the living conditions of the boys in their own classes.

The entrance fee is ¥ 1.00, and the tuition the same, for 11 months, with an added fee of 10 sen per month for athletics. Also 20 sen a month is collected for the expenses of the annual Educational Excursion. This year 90 students paid an additional ¥ 7.50 each, and went to Kyung Ju, while those who could not afford this went to Suwon. In both cases the students paid all their expenses. Uniforms for summer cost ¥7.00 each, and for winter ¥10.00. Board is ¥10.00 a month and up, this including room, heat and light. If a student does not pay his tuition and other fees, he is suspended till they are paid, and not allowed to attend classes. This severe rule, which I am told is rigidly enforced, accounts for tuition receipts of ¥ 3,000.00 this year, but even so it is clear that some do not pay, out of an average attendance of more than 300.

The highest salary paid a full-time teacher is ¥65.00, and the lowest ¥33.00. The total for salaries is ¥5,600.00 out of a budget of about ¥ 8,000.00.

KYUNG SIN SCHOOL (The John D. Wells Training School for Christian Workers). The writer of these sketches is the Principal of this school, but he has tried to apply his questionnaire to it in an impersonal way. The ancestry of the school

runs back, in a broken line, to an orphanage established by Dr. Underwood in 1885, but the continuous existence of the school under the name of “Kyung Sin” (“New Enlightenment” is perhaps as good a translation as any) began in 1901. The brick building at Yun Dong was erected in 1902, and enlarged to its size in 1910. The Dormitories (Korean style) were built in 1918.

The first class graduated in 1906, and numbered 1, while the total of graduates to date is 139. Of these merchants lead with 34, teachers are 30, officials 3, Church workers (paid) 3, farmers 12, unknown 14, and dead, 2; 2 are doctors, 17 are studying abroad (11 in Japan, 3 in China, 2 in the U. S. A., and 1 in Canada) while 13 are studying in Chosen, and 9 are in office and secretarial work. The total in Church and other Christian positions is almost a third of the whole, and in addition to this, many are doing church work without pay.

The present course includes the 4 years of the Higher Common School Course and one class finishing the Academy course. The total enrollment is 97 for this term, against 93 for the Spring Term. Part of the First Grade is taking a special course in weaving, looking to the opening of a full Trade School following the Government Curriculum. All students in the First and Second Grades are doing carpenter work, directed by a graduate of the Government Technical College, and are also taking theoretical work in Agriculture, to be followed by practice in the School fields in the Spring.

Tuition is lower than in any other school in the city, of the same grade, except the Government Higher Common School, which is the same, 50 sen a month. The entrance fee is one Yen, and the monthly fee for the Y. M. C. A., which includes athletics, is 20 sen. The school has dormitory accommodation for 60 students, 2 or 3 in a room, Korean style, at a rent of 20 sen per student per month. There are now 36 living in the dormitories. Private boarding-houses under close supervision furnish food at ¥8.00 per month. The student lights and heats his own room, and cares for it, taking his turn in keeping the grounds neat as well. The school buys coal and kerosene in quantities, and retails them to the students

at cost. Each room is fitted with a grate for burning coal bricks, and ¥2.00 invested in a coal ticket at the beginning of the Winter, will supply a boy with his share for the season.

Aside from the foreign Principal, there are 6 Korean teachers giving full time, and 7 Koreans and 2 Japanese giving part time. The salaries amount to ¥3,600.00, and the total budget (exclusive of the Principal’s Salary), to ¥ 5,300, only ¥ 500 of which is from Tuition, the balance being paid by the Northern Presbyterian Mission, and some friends. During the current year some ¥ 2,000.00 has been spent on building, and ¥800 on equipment.

The property is over 6,000 tsubo, valued at ¥ 31,561.00. The main building is worth ¥ 35.000, while the Dormitories and the Principal’s house bring the total real estate to ¥ 75,000.00, with equipment, including a steam heating plant, and elaborate water installation, worth more than ¥ 12,000.00. The capacity of the school would be 250 students, so the investment averages about ¥ 350.00 per student.

The hours are 45 minutes each, 34 per week for all grades with a half-hour for Chapel each morning. In addition to this, each student attends church on Sunday morning, and must be able the next day at chapel to show his church attendance card properly marked by the officers of the church he chooses to attend. The Bible is studied 3 periods a week in each class, by all students.

Students come from all the Provinces of Chosen, and from Siberia and Manchuria as well. Fully a third are from Seoul and another third from Whang Hai Province. All are Christians, and nearly half are church members.

Formerly there was connected with the school an Industrial Department, where needy students learned weaving and other trades, and when they became proficient, were able to earn part of their expenses. This has been discontinued, and will soon be re-opened as a Trade School, teaching Weaving and Dyeing, in a two-years’ course, to students who are not taking the regular Higher Common Course.

E. W. KOONS.

A REMEDY FOR THE HEART

BY

HONG MAN-CHONG (洪萬宗) (About 1675 A. D.)

About the time that La Salle was taking possession of the mouth of the Mississippi in the name of Louis XIV and calling it Louisiana, there lived and moved in this peninsula a Korean named Hong Man-chong. He was a member of an old aristocratic family, with a long line of distinguished ancestors that first make their appearance amid the shadows of early Koryu. While La Salle, as I say, was measuring off the mouth of the Mississippi, to see how broad and deep and swift it was, Mr. Hong was questioning the whole nature of the human heart, how inclined to evil that overflowed all its banks, how foul with every sort of sediment gathered all the way from Missouri to Alabama. In what way could he correct its waywardness and find a remedy that would stem its evil impetuosities?

He searched through the various pharmacopoeia of his day but concluded that there was no hope there; he thought of dieting but that did not appeal; of getting away from the noisy crowd, but that too seemed to lack virtue, so finally he wrote out the following as a receipt against the onward march of every human ill:

“*Po-wha-t’ang* (保和湯) Medicine that keeps one at peace.”

Says he: “This medicine will cure such ills as doctors can do nothing with. It is the remedy by which the ancients cleared their minds of evil, held to the right way, and lived out their lives in peace. I found it, and its ingredients, in the various books I read, and now write it our clearly that all may see.

It is made up of:

*Sa-moo-sa* (思無邪) No selfish thought.

*Mak-chil-too* (莫嫉妬) Avoidance of jealousy and hatred.

*Haing-ho-sa* (行好事) Doing good works.

*Che-kyo-sa* (除狡詐) Rooting out wrong and evil motives.

*Mak-keui-sim* (莫欺心) True to one’s own conscience.

*Moo-sung-sil* (務誠實) Working out truth and honesty.

*Haing-pang-pyun* (仁方便) Using one’s opportunities.

*Soon-ch’un-to* (順天道) Doing God’s will.

*Soo-pon-poon* (守本分) Faithful to one’s duty.

*Chi-myung-han* (知命限) Knowing one’s limitations.

*Ch’ung-sim* (淸心) Having a pure heart.

*Chi-keui* (知機) Knowing one’s part.

*Kwa-yok* (寡慾) Limiting one’s desires.

*Po-ai* (保愛) Fostering love.

*In-nai* (忍耐) Being patient.

*Yum-t’oi* (恬退) Giving up readily.

*Yoo-soon* (柔順) Being gentle.

*Soo-jung* (守靜) A quiet manner.

*Kyum-wha* (謙和) Humble and kind.

*Eum-jil* (陰質) Doing good without advertising.

*Chi-jok* (知足) Being satisfied with one’s lot.

*Kye-sal* (戒殺) Not taking life unnecessarily.

*Yum-geun* (廉謹) Modest and careful.

*Key-no* (戒怒) Stifling one’s anger.

*Chon-in* (存仁) Being kindly disposed.

*Kye-p’o* (戒暴) Keeping down resentment.

*Chul-keum* (節儉) Careful and frugal.

*Kye-tam* (戒貪) No envy.

*Chu-joong* (處中) Being moderate.

*Sin-tok* (愼獨) Circumspect when alone.

“If these 30 ingredients be well masticated till they be reduced to powder and then over a brazier filled with the fire of the heart (心火) they be steeped in a bowl of the water of life (腎水) they form the remedy that may be taken when opportunity offers or occasion requires.”

THE YEAR OF THE SHEEP (1919)

The year of the Horse (1918) departs and the year of the Sheep (1919) comes on apace. War that clothes his neck with thunder and makes the horse the symbol of victory by the sword is gone and peace that is represented by the sacrificial offering is here. 1919, the year of the Sheep!

Does the year of the Sheep mean good luck?

I turn to Kang-heui’s Dictionary, greatest authority on this side the hundred and eightieth meridian, and I read “The character for Sheep is a sign of good luck.” Very well!

Not much is said or written about sheep. To the Korean the sheep is a stranger and a foreigner. He is like the negro boy with a woolly head, a creature from another planet. It thrives not on Korean bamboo grass and has found use here only as an object for sacrifice. The highest sacrifices of all such as those offered before the table of the Master in the Confucian Temple, or before the spirits of the kings in the Royal Mausoleum are honoured by the sheep.

Looking through history I find but little mention of his kind. Here is one note from the Koryu-sa (高麗史) that says that when the King of Korea was in the Mongol capital of Peking in 1297 A. D., his mother-in-law, the Empress Dowager gave him a birthday present of 40 sheep and 10 pigeons.

I can imagine Marco Polo, who was in Peking at the time, if I mistake not, seeing these sheep go by and asking, “What mean all these sheep?”

“A present to the King of Korea, Your Excellency, from the Empress Dowager, his mother-in-law.”

“Indeed, that’s a very interesting item for my book,” and then he went home and forgot all about it. His lapse of memory may have been due to the fact that the year 1297 was the year of the Crowing Cock. I will leave it to any traveller in the East if an Oriental cock, sitting just outside your window, as no doubt it did with Marco, and letting off a blazing stream of raucous notes at two o’clock in the morning would not drive any notion out of your head. However it came about, Marco Polo doubtless saw these sheep and the Korean King and all the rest of it, but failed to make mention of it. 1919, year of the Sheep! May we not forget!

Yi Soo-kwang (李睟光) (1563-1628 A.D.) who was a year older than Shakespeare tells an interesting story about sheep and the instinct that moves them. In the Japanese Invasion of 1592 the enemy moved north with great rapidity, but before they got to Hai-joo, the capital of Whang-hai Province, the flocks of sheep, kept there for sacrificial purposes, moved off of their own accord and hid in the hills. When the Japanese retired and even before the people of Haijoo dared come back, the sheep returned in full confidence, not one of their number

missing. He remarks that in some things sheep are wiser than men. 1919 the year of the Sheep! May it be a wise year!

The character for ‘sheep’ enters into many of the Chinese ideographs and, I believe, always in a good way. When the Chinese, the Koreans, and the Japanese write the characters

for ‘good, virtuous,’ they first write ‘sheep’ (羊) and then put ‘mouth’ (口) underneath it., It seems to indicate a man with a gentle mouth, or a mouth like a sheep; such is a good man (善).

Again the character for ‘righteousness’ is made up by writing ‘sheep’ (羊) first and then putting ‘I’ (我) underneath it (義). ‘I’ beneath the sheep or sacrificial lamb means righteousness, a very significant character. 1919 the year of the Sheep! May it be a gentle and a righteous year.

We have not interpreted the word Sheep in English as favourably as they have in the East. We speak of a person as sheepish, over-modest, stupid, silly, or we call another person a sheepshead, a fool. We can say also sheep-faced, bashful.

Still we are all agreed as to the old parable of the Sheep and the Goats where the sheep are on the right side and all is well. All want in the end to be represented by the sheep.

1919 the year of the sheep! May it end well and be the best year of all its kind!

ANCIENT KOREAN REMAINS—IV

IK-SAN (益山)

In the year 218 B. C. when Hannibal was driving his one hundred thousand men over the Alps, the Emperor Chin-si (秦始皇) with lash in hand was engaged in building the Great Wall of China. No trace of Hannibal’s work remains, but modern photographers, from every possible angle, take pictures still to-day of this world-famous barrier against the barbarian.

The building of it was like the building of the Pyramids—the work of slaves, and many Chinamen refused. Like the

Pilgrim Fathers they set out by boat to seek new lands and new fortunes, and arrived in south Korea, where we begin to hear of new kingdoms being set on foot, Chin Han (辰韓) and Ma Han (馬韓).

The latter, Ma Han, is marked in the old chronicle as beginning in the year 194 B. C. with its capital at Ik-san. It included about 50 counties of Chulla (全羅), Ch’oong-ch’ung (忠淸) and Kyung-keui (京畿) and remained a kingdom until 9 A. D. when it fell before On-jo (溫祚) of Paik-je (百濟).

When our Lord was a little boy in Galilee, on this side of the world Ik-san saw the fall of a kingdom that was one of the foundation stones of Korea.

The first king of Ma Han was Keui-joon (箕準), also called Moo-kang Wang (武康王), a descendant of the great Keui-ja, who set up Chosen in the north in the year 1122 B. C. He was driven out of Pyongyang by a semi-barbarian called Wi-man (衛滿) from Yun (燕), who took possession of the kingdom. Coming south by boat he must have landed at Koonsian or thereabouts, and set up his rule with capital at Ik-san.

In the *Government Album of Ancient Remains* we find illustrations Nos. 664 to 670 taken up with this interesting region.

About two and a half miles to the north, north west of Ik-san is a hill called Rong-wha (龍華山) Dragon Glory or Hill of the Merciful Buddha (彌勒山) on the top of which are the old remains of Keui-joon’s ancient capital, heaps of fallen stones, that hands carried there two thousand years ago.

One tries to visualize somewhat the world that lived and moved in those days, but the records are very meagre. In the Hai-tong Yuk-sa (海東繹史) we are told that the people of Ma Han cared little for silks and satins, but that they loved gems and ornaments. They did up the hair on the top of the head and wore straw and leather shoes.

The huts they lived in were partly built underground with mud walls and thatch. The on-dol or fire beneath the floor had not yet been discovered in those days.

In the 5th moon they held a great festival with drink and wild dancing to celebrate the end of seed-time. A similar

festival to the gods took place at the end of harvest in autumn.

To the south of Ik-san, some two miles distant, on the east side of the road that goes to Chun-ju (全州) stands one of the most interesting pagodas in Korea. Though we cannot say that it was built at that time, we wonder who would have zeal sufficient to build such a pagoda to Keui-joon’s memory. Did Paik-je set it up later to mark her victory over Ma Han, as So Chung-pang (蘇征方) did his pagoda in Pu-yu (夫餘) to mark the end of Paik-je?

Could we induce this pagoda on the road from Ik-san to tell us whose hands erected its stately pile that stands five stories, thirty feet high, how interesting it would be.

In the *Yu-ji Seung-nam* (輿地勝覽) or Geographic Encyclopedia we find this note under Ik-san: “Tradition says that King Moo-kang won the support of the people and set up the Kingdom of Ma Han. On a certain day he went with his queen to see Sa-ja Am (獅子庵), Lion Temple of the Buddha, and when they arrived at the lake by the foot of Ryong-wha Mountain three Buddhas came forth from the water and stood on the shore. The Queen said ‘Let’s build a monastery here’. The kind consented. He applied to the Buddhist Master Chimyung (知命法師) asking how this lake might be filled up and a monastery put in its place. The priest answered ‘Only by the power of the Spirit’ and in a single night, we are told, he levelled the hill and filled the lake and there a temple was built with the images of the three Buddhas standing in it.

“King Chin-pyung (眞平王 579-632 A. D.) of Silla sent a hundred workers to lend a helping hand. Here a great pagoda was erected, the first of its kind in Korea.”

It is hardly necessary to comment on this fable. Buddhism did not arrive in China till 5 A. D. and not until 372 A. D. in Korea. Chin-pyung who did not live till 800 years after Moo-kang could hardly have lent a hand. Buddha’s dates and years are all topsy-turvy. However the old pagoda or rather its remains, a masterpiece of workmanship, still stand on Mi-reuk San.

Doubtless it was build about King Chin-pyung’s time 600 A. D. The one standing by the site of the old palace, stripped of all tradition, seems to be of about the same date.

In fact nearly all the Pagodas of Korea cluster about the dates six, seven, eight hundred of the Christian Era.

At about an equal distance from the town of Ik-san on the road running to Ri-ri (裡里) is a tomb called Ssang-neung (雙陵) known as the grave of Kuijoon and his Queen. Keui-joon died in 190 B. C.

Ik-san is one of the most interesting places of all Korea’s ancient landmarks.

THE INN-KEEPER’S DAUGHTER

FROM

THE KEUI MOON CH’ONG WHA (紀聞叢話)

Note: Is such a matter as this a leading of Providence or is it a case of pure chance? Koreans have an idea that the minor events of life are a definite part of the great warp and woof that make up the world and its doings. Doubtless many such stories as this have been written after the events happened; but many again seem true to fact and have the mark of the prophetic imprint upon them.

Yi Keui-ch’ook was a slave in a wine-seller’s shop. He was a very stupid fellow who did not know east from west, but thought only of what he ate. Strong, however, he was a giant as to the power of his arm. The inn-keeper made him his general servant. This inn-keeper had a daughter about fifteen years of age who had been educated somewhat, very highly gifted and bright for her years. Her parents loved her dearly and sought high and low for a young man to whom she might be wedded, but all such proposals the daughter refused to listen to. Said she, “I have found my good man. Yi Keui-ch’ook is my choice.”

Her parents were greatly scandalized and furiously angry over this proposal. They scolded her saying, “For what earthly

reason can you wish to wed with a slave? We forbid your ever mentioning such a thing again.’

She replied, however, “I shall die rather than allow anyone else to be given me.”

The parents advised and coaxed but all in vain, and having no other recourse at last gave consent.

The daughter said, “Now that I am married to Keiu-ch’ook I do not wish to remain here. I shall go up to Seoul, where we can get a little house and live together.”

The parents realizing that her presence at home was a cause of mortification gave their approval, and providing them with so much by way of a start let them go. Thus they went to the capital and settled in Chang-dong where they sold drink.

The spirit they vended became noted for its excellent flavour and was praised by all the neighbourhood.

One day the wife brought out the first volume of the *Sa-ryak* (史略) and having marked the page that tells how Yi Yoon (伊尹) drove out Tai-gap (太甲) and locked him up in the O-dong Palace (1753 B.C.), gave it to her husband and said, “Take this book to the pine grove by the north gate of the Palace where you will find a group of men gathered together. Open it and place it before them and say, ‘I’d like to learn this part of the book, please teach me.”

Keui-ch’ook went as his wife directed him, and there he found seven or eight men seated and talking together. Hearing what Keui-ch’ook said they looked at each other with a start and asked, “ÂÖ sent you here on this errand?”

He replied, “My wife sent me.”

The group inquired, “Where is your house?” and thither they went together.

The wife brought out mats on which they could be seated and added wine and refreshments. She then said, “I am aware of what you gentlemen are about. My husband is a fool as regard most things but he is a veritable Samson as regards strength. If you have any occasion to use him he is at your service, and may his name be finally recorded among the faithful servants of the King. We have plenty of wine

here well flavoured. If you have occasion to meet and consult, meet in my house. It is quiet too, and unknown to anybody.”

The group was greatly surprised at this but agreed to her proposal. Among them were Kim Yoo (金瑬) and Yi Kwi (李貴) (1623).

Later when the soldiers arose to put out the wicked King Kwang-hai and put In-jo on the throne, they entered by the West Gate of the Palace. Keui-ch’ook led the way by breaking with his own hands the bar that held the doors.

When they had accomplished their purpose and the names of those specially praiseworthy were recorded Yi Keui-ch’ook was found among the highest officials of the 2nd class.

LANGUAGE STUDY

(The Question of Translation)

Hardly any subject could be of more interest to a student of Oriental Languages than translation. What is translation? What laws govern it? What constitutes a good translation?

The *Century Dictionary* says, “Translation is the reproduction of a literary composition in a language foreign to that of the original.” In this conveyance the first thing to remember is that the thought is supreme. It is the thought that is to be conveyed over, the whole thought, no more, no less. This is the translator’s one great care to which all other things must give way. Am I conveying the thought? Does the reader of the translation catch what I mean?

Words walk through the world of thought in many different guises so that in translation there is nothing more misleading than mere words. The natural line of error for the inexperienced translator is in a word translation, where, amid the confusion that results, the thought is lost. This danger lies in thinking that there are exact equivalents for English words in each and every other language, whereas there are very few exact equivalents. While in the majority of cases a word may seem an equivalent there will be exceptional uses that provide it otherwise. The word *saram* in

Korean means *ma*n, but not necessarily *a male*. The word *sanaheui* means *male* but not the male of animals. So it goes on, words in their meanings cross, and lap over and interlap. Amid this maze the translator must pick his way. He requires a sufficient knowledge of the language to be constantly on guard lest he allow a word that in most cases would be suitable to get into his sentence where it fails to convey the meaning.

Therefore in translation, the question of individual words is a most important one. Do not be deceived, nothing can ruin a composition quicker than a tendency toward word-translation. We cannot say *cho-heun at-ch’am* for Good Morning any more than the good woman from the west in the French restaurant could say what she wanted: “Mary,” was her exclamation,” what is horse-’reddish’ in French?” Mary was not sure. The old lady all undaunted went on: “Horse I know is *cheval* and red is *rouge*. Now if I only knew what ‘ish’ was I’d have it.” She might be denominated a very literal translator. The writer thinks the greatest defect to-day in work done by foreigners, and the more newly educated young men is in this word-translation.

A second point to consider is the phrase. As soon as words begin to group themselves and combine, there is danger of being misled. To put on a hat, put on a coat, to put on one’s shoes, take the same verb in English but in Korean quite a different one in each case. A man rises from his bed, the sun rises, the mists arise, and all take different verbs.

A student is master of a language only in proportion as he possesses a knowledge of its phrases and has them on hand ready for instant use. Probably the best way to study a language is by phrases rather than by individual words.

A third point to bear carefully in mind in translation is the matter of idiom. How soon common words take on an idiomatic colouring. ‘Nothing doing’, ‘Not in it’, ‘Call it off’, ‘Don’t give it away’ *ad infinitum*. To-day they are slang, tomorrow they are a part of the language. While these are extreme cases, they illustrate the nature of speech that seeks to stereotype itself in idiomatic expressions.

As a translator is not endeavouring to teach the idioms of a foreign language, but to convey the thought, he seeks first to find if there is a corresponding idiom, if not he simply renders the thought and sets the idiom aside. We see an example of this in the New Testament, Romans 12th chapter and 20th verse. Most translations read ‘For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.’ This is an idiomatic expression that has no reference to literal coals of fire at all. Is it safe then to render it word for word into Korean? Many would say Yes, and then proceed to teach the reader what it means. Such a method surely runs counter to the law of translation, for it is not a question of teaching idioms, but of conveying thought. Granted that Koreans have no such idiom or expression, had it not better be rendered as it is in Moffatt’s new translation? “For in this way you will make him feel a burning sense of shame.” Surely the rule should be: Do not convey the idiom over literally but convey the thought.

A final matter to be observed in translation is the paragraph. Koreans build their paragraphs on different lines from us, so much so that sometimes the last part of the paragraph should be pushed up well toward the beginning and vice versa. The paragraph, apart from the words, the phrases, and the idioms, requires careful study to see whether it is properly hung together. The consecutive order of Korean thought differs from ours and this fact enters specially into the construction of the paragraph.

These four points we think should be carefully considered and safe-guarded by all translators, the words, the phrases, the idioms and the paragraphs.

J. S. G.

A SECOND WIFE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

A gentleman by the name of Kwun, well to do and prosperous in all his affairs, lived in Andong. He was a very severe and exacting man, however, and ruled his house with a rod of iron. One son only did he have whom he had married off early in life. His daughter-in-law turned out to

be a jealous and evil-minded wench most difficult to get along with. No one could manage her but her father-in-law and he held her in only by main force as with bit and bridle.

When anything specially roused Kwun’s ire he would spread his mat in the main hall and sit like an ogre, master of the supreme court. Sometimes he would have disobedient or disorderly servants beaten to death. In case of a fault that did not call for so severe a handling and yet merited punishment he would beat them till blood marks impressed the lesson upon their naked bodies. Such was the fear of him that when he spread his mat in the open hall the whole house trembled and waited with bated breath to see whose turn next it was to die.

Now the daughter-in-law was away once while the son had gone to pay his respects to his wife’s parents. On his way back he was overtaken by rain and took shelter in an inn where he found a young man sitting in the open verandah, a palanquin in the court and five or six fine horses tethered in the open stall. There seemed to be a great number of men and women servants about, as though some woman of the gentry were making a journey under their special care.

The young man arose to greet Kwun and then had wine and refreshments ordered. The wine was very good and the refreshments likewise. They inquired as to each other’s name, and where they lived, and while Kwun gave frank and full answers, the first comer gave his surname only and nothing more. He refused to tell. Said he, “Here I am on a journey overtaken by rain and find refuge in a country inn and now meet this very agreeable friend, how delightful!”

So they drank together. “Let’s drink till we are drunk,” said the friend. Kwun agreed and was the first to be overcome. He rolled over and lay unconscious till midnight, when he awoke and opened his eyes in wonder. There was no evidence of the young man anywhere, but, instead, he seemed to be in the inner-quarter of the household. At his side was a young woman dressed in white, very comely, about eighteen years of age.

Her face and general appearance bespoke of a refinement

such as one finds in the homes of the gentry of the capital.

Kwun gave a great start and asked, “How came I here, and who are you that you find yourself in this room with me?”

The young woman, apparently overcome by shame, made no reply. He asked again and again but still no answer was forthcoming. When he further insisted, however, she spoke in a low voice: “I am from Seoul where our family holds high rank and office. At fourteen I was married, and at fifteen lost my husband. My father also died and so my older brother became master of the house. A most exacting and difficult person he is, and his special dislike seemed the idea of having to live a life with his widowed sister. Contrary to ancient custom he sought to marry me off again, till the matter became a scandal in our clan that threatened no end of disgrace. Finally my brother gave up his plan. Instead, he made ready a palanquin and took me off with servants and supplies not specifying where we were going. Hence it comes that I am here. His idea was to rid himself of the whole unhappy matter by putting me off on the first likely person we met. Yesterday when you were overcome by wine he had you brought in here and immediately took his departure.” She pointed to a box and said, “There are five or six hundred yang there that will serve as clothing and food for my life to come.”

Kwun, greatly surprised at this strange occurrence, went out and looked about and lo, all had gone. There was no sign of anyone about except two stupid looking maid-servants.

He then returned to the inner room and so passed the night. But as he thought over the affair the fear and terror of his father arose before him. For him to take a concubine thus was out of the question, and would assuredly end in an awful scene. His wife’s jealous and venomous disposition would add doubly to his difficulties. What could he do? However much he thought and pondered it over, there seemed no way out of the difficulty. His strange meeting with this refined young woman was the cause of a head-splitting ache to him.

He waited till breakfast was over and then ordered the two maids to stay fast by their mistress and guard her. To her he said, “I have a very unreasonable father to deal with, so I must go first and see him before I bring you. Wait here for a day or two.” He then called for the master of the inn and gave him special instructions.

Instead of returning home he went direct to the house of a friend who was a specially wise and far-seeing man, told him fully of the dilemma that he found himself in and asked help.

The friend thought for a time and then said, “You are in a difficulty, I admit. I am afraid I know of no special plan, and yet there is one thing I would like to try. You go home and wait. In a day or two I’ll order a feast and invite my friends. On the day following you do the same and invite your friends and I’ll see what can be done.”

Kwun then returned home and in a few days a servant of this friend came with an invitation. It read: “Wine and refreshments in abundance, and many good friends gathered together. We need you to complete our joy, come at once.”

Kwun told his parents and then went. On the day following he said to his father, “So and so entertained me yesterday; I must order a return feast to-day and have him here.”

His father gave a willing consent and so the board was spread and many guests invited. As they came they went first of all to speak to Kwun’s father and make their bow.

Kwun, senior, said, “You youngsters are here for a good time, and yet you have not invited me; what kind of treatment is that?”

The reply was, “If Your Excellency were to take the place of host we youngsters would be under such constraint that we would not dare to move. Your exalted nature is dignified and severe beyond our little world so that even this coming and bowing takes all the courage we have. How could we possibly venture on an entertainment together? If you, Sir, were present it would kill all the joy and freedom of the occasion.”

Kwun laughed and said, “When people meet to drink and have a good time, what account do they take of age and rank? I am going to be master of ceremonies to-day so you must just put aside all your fears and have a good time. Never mind how often you fail to keep the law of exact deportment, I shall have no desire to reprimand or correct you. Have a good time and so let me have a day of relief from all my grinding cares.”

The young people on hearing this were delighted and thus they mixed together, old and young.

They raised their glasses and when they had partaken freely the wise young man came forward to elder Kwun and said, “I have a story to tell, a very wonderful story of what happened long ago. It will make Your Excellency laugh; that’s why I tell it.”

Kwun said, “Good. Let’s hear.”

The young man then went on with the story of Kwun’s son and how he had met with the young woman, but he told it in terms of an old-fashioned tale.

The elder Kwun expressed his appreciation every little while, saying, “Very wonderful, indeed. Such things as this used to happen in days gone by, but one never hears of anything of the kind now.”

The wise young man inquired, “If Your Excellency should come on such a surprise as this, how would you act? Suppose you should meet such a person in the night would you accept of her or not? Then afterwards would you bring her home or would you cast her away?”

The elder Kwun replied, “Being a man, if I were to meet such a one I could not do otherwise than accept of her, and bring her home of course. To cast her aside would be to give her over to a life of evil.”

The young man said, “Your Excellency is of a specially stern nature and I know you would not fall a victim as easily as the ordinary man. I doubt if you would deign to look upon her.”

Kwun shook his head and said, “Not a bit of it, I should

do quite otherwise. Under such circumstances I should forget all else. This man’s going into the inner-room was not his affair; he was so placed by others. It was not an offence therefore as though he had designed it. A young man meeting a beautiful girl thus could not do otherwise; the girl too, being of good family and in circumstances most pitiful. If he had taken her but for the moment and then cast her aside she would have died of shame and mortification; and a most grievous sin it would have been on his part. No gentleman would ever do that.”

The young man again asked, “Then Your Excellency thinks that under such circumstances there would be nothing else for a man to do than to take the woman for good?”

Elder Kwun said, “Certainly he would have to do so. To do otherwise would prove him a man of very poor spirit indeed.”

The young man then said, “This is not an old story at all but something that has happened to your own son even this very day. Your Excellency has said two or three times that to do otherwise than take her would be a great wrong. I am so happy to think that your son will not die for this offence of his, but live.”

Kwun hearing this was silent for a moment and then with a countenance suddenly changed to wrath, he exclaimed, “Away with you all, I’ll settle this matter.”

The guests scurried off in a state of wild alarm, while the old man called in a loud voice, “Spread the mat in the main hall.”

All the people of the house were struck with fear and wondered as who was destined now to come in for punishment.

The old man sat on the mat and roared out in stentorian voice, “Bring me the straw-chopper at once.”

The servants in wild alarm brought it, and the plank as well that goes below. Again he called, “Bring my son and have his head off.” He was brought at once and his neck placed where the sheaf of straw should go.

The old man shouted out at him, “You ill-begotten knave! With the smell of milk still on your lips and without asking

your parents anything about it, you have dared to take to yourself a concubine. A disgrace to your home you are! You have done this before my very eyes while I live, what evil deeds will you be up to, pray, when I am dead? There is no hope of such a creature as you. Better off with your head and done with these abominable worries.”

When he had said this he shouted to the servant, “Down with the knife and off with his head.”

All the household were paralyzed with fear and stood with faces pale as death. The young man’s wife and his mother hurried into the court where they plead with tears for his life. Said they, “His offence merits death, and yet we ask, How can you think of beheading your only son?” They cried and begged him to desist.

Old Kwun shouted his disapproval and ordered them ejected from the court. The old woman went but not the young man’s wife. She beat her head upon the ground till blood covered her face, saying, “I am guilty of disobedience I know, and yet I would remind you that this is your only son. How can you do such a thing as this and cut off the family sacrifice forever? Take me instead, I pray, and let me die in his place.”

Kwun roared out, “A rascal like this brings disgrace not only upon the living but upon his ancestors as well. Better kill him here and now put an adopted son in his place. Still, whether he live or whether I take an adopted son, the honour of the house is gone all the same. Since we are ruined anyhow let it be a clear-cut ruin with no rag-ends to it. Off with his head!”

The servants answered, “Yes sir,” and yet refused to press down the knife.

The young wife took on at such a terrible rate that old Kwun shouted, “You and your jealous ugly disposition could not tolerate another woman in the house for a minute. What a combination it would be, and what a dreadful time we would have of it. ‘Tis better that I do away with this wretched creature and make an end of it.”

The daughter-in-law said, “I have a face to save and a

heart too. Seeing such a pass as this how could I ever think of being jealous again? If you will but forgive this offence, I’ll be most careful that we live in peace hereafter for all time. Be not anxious on my account but only grant forgiveness and spare his life.”

The old man said, “It’s all very well for you to say these fair words in the face of to-day’s uproar, but I know right well that your heart’s not in it.”

The daughter-in-law replied, “How can you say so? I mean it all. If I show the slightest failure in this direction, let God deal death to me, and let the devils take off my head.” The elder Kwun then replied, “This may be true while I live but after I’m dead I’ll not be here to take account of your tricks, and this contemptible creature will have no power over you. That also would bring ruin to the house. Better have off his head and so insure ourselves against disgrace in the future.”

The daughter-in-law went on, “Please do not say so. Even though Your Excellency depart this life I shall forever guard against such a mind. If I fail may I be a dog or a pig. I swear it and give my pledge.”

The old man said, “Then if you really mean to swear write it out on a paper and sign it.”

She wrote it out: “If I break this oath in the slightest degree let me be counted as one who eats his father’s and mother’s flesh.” She added: “If after this oath of mine Your Excellency will not grant my request I shall die by this knife here and now.”

The old man Kwun said, “Let him go. Let him go.” He then called the head servants and gave orders: “Take a four-man chair with servants and horses and go to such and such an inn and bring my son’s secondary wife with you.”

The servant this ordered brought her and at once she paid her respects to her father-in-law and mother-in-law and also bowed to the first wife and so they lived together. The daughter-in-law did not dare ever again to lift her voice, and to old age they were a happy family living in joy and sweet accord.

THE KOREAN ENVOY’S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712.

(Continued from the December number.)

CHAPTER V.

*Peking 5th moon, Clear cold wind. Sand flying and beating against the windows*.

One of the Chief Interpreters, Pak Chai-pun, brought me a pot of orchids which has in it over twenty stalks. The leaves are thin and some six or seven inches in length. It looks as though it had been newly planted in the pot, and as if the root had not yet taken hold. I asked where it came from and was told that it came from the master of the yamen., so I placed it along with the narcissus under the mat shelter where I live.

After dark, the wind fell somewhat and l went to call on the Secretary. When the envoy’s meal was over we took a leisurely walk in the north court where we examined the water of the well. It is over 3 *kil* deep (18 feet) and the well mouth is covered with stone. An opening has ben made through the stone by which water is drawn, but it is so small that the bucket can scarcely pass. This, I imagine, is to prevent people from falling in. Wells hereabout are all so constructed. The bucket for drawing it is made of willow staves, and formed in the shape of a scoop and yet does not spill. It is light and very easy to handle. The taste of the water is something terrible, and yet the servants drink of it freely. How they do is more than I can understand. As for quantity there seems no limit. Our men and horses drink freely and there still remains as much as ever.

The mapoos, drivers and servants who remain outside have all made huts for themselves where they huddle together underneath them. Two companies however, have to sleep in the open, which is a distressful sight to see. Fortunately it is not very cold, though it is the dead of winter. This year the weather has been specially warm, something seldom seen before.

Though the wind blows fiercely as it did to-day it is not so keen and cold after all, more like a wind of the 2nd Moon. On this account the people seem able to bear it. The horses of the embassy, having no place in which to be stabled, are left out unsheltered in the court. The fodder, too, is very limited in quantity, so at night they get loose and race about the courtyard eating up the mat-sheds under which the men sleep. Sometimes, too, the horse-keepers steal the fodder belonging to each other and feed it to their own horses. The fightings and strugglings of these animals that go on at night make sleep impossible.

*Peking, 6th moon. Weather fine.*

After breakfast, Pan Tuk-yu, Secretary of the Office of Ceremony came to call, and we talked together in the outer court. I gave him a pen and some ink, and he went away very much delighted. I asked him if he could get me an artist who would able to paint the portrait of my brother, so he called one whose name was Na-yun. His age is about forty and he seems a very nice man. When he came in he stood before the fire-place and made me a polite bow. I invited him up onto the *kang* and after again bowing he accepted my invitation. His home he said was in Chi-choo County, Kang­nam Province. I inquired as to why he had left and come to the Capital, and he said he had been summoned here to paint the frescoes on the Palace wall. He had my brother dress in ceremonial robes and seat himself in a chair. I, too, sat beside him with a table between us.

He, first of all, sketched us on paper and then transferred it to silk, after which he put in the colours. We can not tell as yet, what the real character of the picture will be, but his use of the brush is very wonderful and his manner of work exceedingly skilful. He could not finish all, however, in one sitting. So in order to make his exit before the doors closed he made his bow and departed.

To-day Dr. Kim Tuk-sam went to the Summer Palace and returned at nightfall. He told me that a palace assistant and a eunuch had come with a cart early in the morning to take him with them. There were also two interpreters in attendance.

Said he, “We went out by the West Gate of Peking and kept on for about seven miles till we reached Chang-ch’oon Palace. A high wall encloses it through which we entered by a large gate-way. Inside the gate is an artificial lake with two boats upon it. At two points we crossed bridges the railings of which are painted red. At the side of the lake are palace halls and other public buildings not specially neat or clean. .At last we reached the part in a room of which the prince was lying. Along with the interpreters I made my bow before him. A mat was brought and I was invited to sit down. After having had tea I asked concerning His Highness’ illness. He is a little over thirty years of age, and this trouble had been upon him for five years and more. He was exceedingly thin and all the colour had gone from his face, so that he was as white as snow. It was evident from the symptoms that be had tuberculosis. His knees were stiff and his head ached he said. I gave him the acupuncture needle in two or three places in his head, but as to medicine, I said I would have to see him again before I could prescribe definitely. Then I made my bow and took my departure.

“I went outside the main gateway to a separate pavilion where I was asked to be seated, and there they brought me all sorts of dainty fare on which I dined.”

Dr. Kim also said, “The Prince asked for my hat and looked it over, but when I said Good-bye, he gave it back to me.”

“The dress the Prince had on and his quilts and pillows were of very coarse material, not even equal to those of a low class Korean at home. Neither did the dishes or pieces of furniture have any special value.”

He told me as well that on his departure be suggested a

horse to ride as simpler than a chair, but they would not consent and insisted that he ride a cart.

The cart had a cover enclosing three sides, the front only being open. The carter sat just in front and interfered greatly with the view. “When we first approached the Summer Palace they put down the front curtain so that I could not see at all. I wished to know what the surrounding country was like, and so asked to have it open, but the interpreter said ‘If

the dust gets on your clothing the Emperor will reprimand us for having treated you badly; we must keep it down just now.’ Thus he spoke but by the looks of his face I knew that some other thought lay behind it.”

Interpreter, O Chi-hang, found a book to-day the name of which is *Tai-keung Hyun-ji*. Now within the walls of Peking there are two great wards the one to the east called Tai-heung and the other to the west Wan-pyung. All the Palaces in and about the east part of the city, with the shrines, hills, settlements, streams, the people, their habits, customs etc., are recorded in this book, the flora and fauna as well, flowers, birds and beasts, all made note of. When I had seen something of the book I desired more than ever to venture out and see the city. I consulted with my brother as to using some of the extra tribute supply to get possession of this book, and later to present it to the Hall of Records (Ok-tong).

On this day the Chinese interpreters sent some special water saying that it had come from the north of the city, but it was not good.

The horse that O Moon rode fell ill and has died.

*Peking. 7th day Weather fine. Wind not cold.*

After breakfast Na Yun came in with his portrait finished, even to the colouring and the final touches, but it was no likeness at all It was a full-face portrait and so I asked him to try a side-face. He said he would take it away, correct it and do the colouring afresh. As I saw the way in which he did his work I admired but it was not a portrait in any sense true to the original. He did not seem to me to be a true artist, or a man specially gifted in artistic taste.

He gave me a roll of writing which was taken from a tomb memorial of a faithful woman, Madame Cho.

This lady, it seems, was a native of Yo-dong, who at 17 years of age became the wife of Ma-i Kil-to. When Kil-to died the lady was then 29 years of age and had four children, who were still small and helpless. She had no means of making funeral preparations, so she sold her house, her living, all that she had, and used it for this final journey. For 19 years she lived in poverty and starvation, doing needlework

and the like till her sons and daughters were grown. Then she had them married off. The neighbours all praised her virtues and excellence by a memorial to the governor, and had a gate of honour erected to her memory.

The woman’s father was the chief of Po-ji County and had died in office. According to the custom of the place his body was cremated and his ashes were buried near his official residence. In a little the mother died also and her remains were buried to the east of the capital. The father’s bones were to be removed and buried by the mother’s, but before this was done the older brother had died as well. Yoo-in in tears said, “My father and mother brought up us four children, one brother and one sister dying early. One sister alone remains, poor, miserable and old. Who will see that my father’s and mother’s remains are finally buried together.” On a certain holiday with her remaining sister she went to Po-ji County, but the house near which the bones of her father had been buried had fallen to ruin and the place was a desolation. No mound had been raised at the time or trees planted, and now 60 years had passed; so there was no way of knowing or finding out. Yoo-in cried and called on God, and prayed to the angels to help her as she went here and there seeking the place. At last she came to a spot at which she said, “Let’s dig here.” Before they had dug more than a shovel or two of earth the jar with its inscription and the bones appeared. With this she returned and had them buried beside her mother.

But she thought again, “The graves of the Na’s are to the north of the city and so if we bury our parents to the east, their spirits will grow hungry by and by and be unattended.” So she found another hill near the hill of the Na’s’ tombs and there she buried them saying, “Children, when you bury me do not forget my parents.”

Yoo-in also prepared a neat room in her house, and there she offered incense night and morning before the Buddha. When she died she gave away all her possessions to her family slaves and servants, called her sons, grandsons, and relatives and spoke her last words. She addressed them in a clear and

distinct voice not different at all from when she was well and strong.

Yoo-in was born in the year *pyung-sool* (1646) of Sim-ji, and died in the year *sin-myo* (1711) of Kang-heui, so she was 65 years of age.

Na Yun said Cho Il-yung who had written the inscription was a relative of his, and so he had brought the memorial rubbing to let me know of his family.

The main characters were written according to the law of Chin or Wang Heui-ji (王羲之). The seal characters of the name were also well and skilfully done. The artist desired that foreigners should know of the good acts of Yoo-in, and her sterling worth and character.

On this day we made an experiment at wine by a special receipt that I had had copied off, called paik-wha choo (hundred-flower wine). We made it carefully according to the receipt and yet everyone pronounced it a failure, The reason given was that the water was so bad, and the dish used for making it different from our own. The lower part of the dish was narrow and the top very wide. Besides it was an inch or two thick and big enough to take in a score of measures, while the wine that we wished to make was only about one measure altogether. We tried to find a more suitable dish but failed.

(To be Continued)

THE CRIMSON DAWN.

(Continued from the December Number)

CHAPTER VII.

RETRENCHMENTS

When Farmer Ye rode away that memorable night to meet his weird experiences on Tall Pine Ridge those who were left behind could only watch and wait for his return. He had scarcely spoken to them that day, had been so glum

and taciturn that the family dared not even ask when they should expect him home. The evening passed in that peculiar tenseness which is brought about by the suspense and anxiety of waiting. Mrs. Ye sat with folded, nerveless hands and gazed with unseeing eyes at the sputtering candle. Kumokie and mother went to their little room, the child to the undisturbed slumber of childhood, the mother to lie awake and cough and muse upon the strange compensations of life. Noch Kyung walked up and down the courtyard; he had wanted a part in this experience himself, but to have only the waiting, a woman’s part, bah! This was far from his taste. However the orders of the robbers positively forbid any one to accompany Ye to the place of meeting and when the boy had suggested that he go with him to the foot of the ridge his kindly offer was met by a gruff refusal. Although the boy had little love for this harsh old fellow, he nevertheless realized, being a part of this household, that all that concerned it must concern his welfare also. Midnight came and passed, still Mother Ye sat by the candle. When it burned low it was replaced by another; when guttered up with grease she took the snuffers from the hook and carefully tended it, then sank again into her abstraction and gazed with a fixed stare at the tiny blaze. In its unsteady, wavering flame she saw reflected pictures of the distant past, pictures of memory that came and went in its flickering light; faces of long ago, scenes of her childhood, when far distant, happy days passed before her. Her thoughts were not with the man yonder who faced present danger on the bleak hill side alone. He would come back all right, there was little doubt of that in her mind. Nightly vigils were nothing new to her, so she had long ago given up worry on account of these. She waited, for her husband’s return, but her mind and heart were far away. At times through the long night Noch Kyung came and sat near her though few words passed between them. The crowing of the cocks announced the coming dawn, and still Ye Chung­Sook did not come. The sky was pink and gold, flushed with the rosy light of a new day when a familiar bray announced an arrival. The watchers rushed out to the gate, unbarred it

and hurried to greet the master. The donkey, glad to be home again, and knowing that he had done a good night’s work, rubbed his friendly nose against the boy’s shoulder, flapped his long ears in his affectionate way, then brayed again loud and long as though calling their attention to the fact that this wise and crafty fellow had been through some exciting perils himself. The Master was exhausted, hungry and in a terribly bad humor, so he vouchsafed no information concerning the vigil of the past night. His wife hastened to do his bidding about the breakfast, guessing that all must be well since he was back safely. In fact it is quite probable that to her dying day she never heard all the details of that night’s experience for he spoke of it very seldom and then only to intimate friends.

After some days the stolen body was exhumed from the robber’s hiding place beneath the flat stone and was again buried with the usual pomp and ceremony in its original and proper resting place.

This disagreeable experience cast a gloomy cloud over the. disposition of Ye Chung Sook whose nature was already inclined to be sullen and austere. From the time of the marriage, his temper had been gradually improving, and during the few months that he had allowed himself and his family some comforts and the enjoyment of a moderate use of money, he had felt a very agreeable glow of respectability. This catastrophe had brought him to a sudden halt, and caused a reversal of feelings; like a which horse that has been on a head­long plunge towards death, drawn back suddenly, rears, and turns wildly in the direction from which he has come. He determined now to practice the strictest and most pinching economy. Ye’s conversation on this subject became one continuous harangue. He raved and stormed at the small, necessary expenses of the household until the patient little wife was almost desperate. Thus several months passed away while the situation in the home grew steadily worse; Mrs. Ye tried to do as he desired in all things but abuse and not infrequent blows were the only reward for her trouble.

In olden times the true Korean gentlemen felt that any

kind of manual labor was degrading; he might starve but he could not work. One thing which constantly brings amazement to the foreigner visiting this land is that there are so many of this class who subsist with no more occupation or visible means of livelihood than the birds of the air, or the flowers of the field; they toil not, nor spin neither do they dig, hoe or plough. Ye, however, was not posing as a Yang Ban, and the consuming desire of his nature just at this time was that no one should become suspicious of his income, or that he had a secret source of funds. Thus with farming lands sacrificed it became necessary to have some other means of visible livelihood that the neighbors’ curiosity on this point be not aroused. After much concern and deliberation he determined to become a fisherman; there were several considerations favorable to this decision, the chief of which being that he could then come and go without so much danger of arousing suspicion or curiosity. An old fishing­smack made its appearance and he announced to his astonished family that since he was now a poor fisherman that they would please behave themselves accordingly.

“This big house I have sold to Mr. An, and next week we must move to that small house near the beach”—this he said with the assurance that there would be no question of remonstrance on the part of that well-trained family. Should his wife have raised any question about leaving the only home she had known for thirty years, the home she really loved, Ye would have been utterly shocked and surprised.

Noch Kyung’s one faithful friend, the little gray donkey, had been long since sold, and he stood now looking at his hard visaged father-in-law and pondering this new development. Turning to him the old man said:

“As for you, make ready to go with me on our first fishing trip. We will start at the turning of the tide.” He did not wish to be bothered with the boy’s presence and yet his idleness aggravated him beyond measure. He was used to unquestioned obedience, but this boy stood now tall and straight, and as he stood and looked at the older man he seemed to grow taller. Ye was fascinated by the cold gleam of disgust

gust in the boy’s eyes, it held some subtle power over the hardened bully. They looked long into each other’s eyes, then with curling lips and a flash of perfect white teeth Noch Kyung spoke in the short, jerky tones of suppressed anger:

“Sir, if work I must, I shall at least choose the calling of a gentleman. Remember that I am still a Kim, and no son of Kim ever becomes a common fisherman!”

“Oh, you are proud of being a Kim are you? Small good it did you! I would have you remember that you are now a member of the household of Ye Chung Sook, and if you remain such you shall obey me! See that you are on deck at the turning of the tide!” This was said in a domineering voice of authority; but he did not look at the young man; it was difficult for him to meet that look of indignant disgust and to know that he was bitterly despised by this lad whom he had for a while hoped to win. As he spoke he turned and started to the gate, his heart hot and angry against the turn fate had taken with his plans for a high bred son!

It is scarcely necessary to add that Noch Kyung did not go on the fishing trip. The boats of the villagers remained out all night and when Ye returned with them at sunrise he had decided that the most diplomatic way to treat this was to ignore it as though forgotten. It was not forgotten, however, neither was his temper improved by the painful episode. As he ate his breakfast Mrs. Ye hovered near. His eye roved about seeking some object on which he might vent his wrath. Poor Mrs. Ye found life unusually difficult that morning. None of the carefully prepared food was as it should be, and he roared loud complaints at her as he rapidly emptied the bows of food. An this inopportune moment Kumokie entered the gateway with a happy skip of childish joy. In her hand was a beautiful dove, the gift of a friendly neighbor. The child’s happiness was complete, governed by the pleasure of the moment. and somehow this vision of innocent happiness only made the half-crazed Ye more angry.

“What now, my little lady?” Kumokie stopped as she saw her grandfather and the look of condemnation in his eyes; the happy look fled from her face; her eyes filled with

apprehension and fear; her hands relaxed their hold on the gentle dove and she would have fled from the yard had she dared but her feet seemed like lead,—so she only stood before him helpless and trembling. The released dove with a friendly “Coo-oo” fluttered to her shoulder and perched there.

The searching eyes of her grandfather had found the occasion they sought:

“Take off those shoes instantly,” he demanded.

Obediently, though half benumbed Kumokie slipped her little feet from the red leather sandals. As she leaned over to pick them up the bird on her shoulder fluttered to the ridge-pole of the thatched roof above. She was not left to face the stern judge alone, however. Noch Kyung was taking in the scene from the outer court-yard. He was not deceived for he realized that this fit of anger was caused by his own rebellion and he determined that the innocent, helpless child should not bear the brunt of that anger. True. before this he had been an unwilling witness on more than one occasion to harsh, unjust blows on the women of the family from this household tyrant But this was different in that he himself had caused the tempest and he would not see his child wife suffer in his stead.

Again the high, angry voice rang out:

“Bring me those shoes!” With ‘hesitating steps Kumokie came nearer and held out in her trembling. dimpled bands the little red sandals.

He took them roughly into his huge, clumsy paws, turned

them over several times, looked at the soles and grunted while she stood waiting in an agony of suspense.

“Huh, worn out already! How do you dare, you extravagant chit to wear your best leather shoes at play? Soon you will have none at all, no not even straw sandals!” his voice grew louder and louder as his pent up passion found expression. He rose and towered above the frightened child : “Why don’t you go barefoot like other poor children? There,—now, off with those stockings, make haste too!” Kumokie knew not how to defend herself. She had

always had shoes. None but the very poorest coolie children go without. No one had ever told her before not to wear them, how did she know? But no sound of this came from her parted lips. Speechless she stood before her judge.

“Quick! Didn’t you hear what I said? Off with those stockings! Disobey me, will you, my fine lady? I’ll teach you to obey, and to be quicker about it, too!” Much too terrified to move now, the cringing offender stood helpless before the uplifted hand of the strong, angry man. Before the hand struck a new voice sounded :

“Stop!” at this one word spoken with authority the lifted arm of Ye fell to his side and with great surprise he confronted Noch Kyung who also stood there almost princely in his indignation. Such a thing in Korea was unheard of, for a man who is head of his family is absolute lord over his own house. To defy a father in the chastisement of his child is an unpardonable offence of etiquette. The two men again confronted each other, one dark-browed, passionately angry, the other cool, self-controlled, but with the glint of suppressed wrath in his eyes. The boy’s aversion to all that was common and vulgar had grown into a positive loathing for Ye. As they thus faced each other and the older man knew that he was despised for the vile coward that he was, his eyes fell, then shifted to the child standing motionless between them.

“She is my wife.” He put a world of meaning into these four words and it made it seem the right and proper thing that he should defend the child chosen as his wife from even the cruelty of her natural guardian. In the loving heart of Kumokie these tender words lingered through long years of sorrow and loneliness. He called her his wife, and thus bound her to him for life with bonds more secure than did those of custom or law.

Whatever thoughts may have been in the mind of Ye he did not utter them. More blustering and quarrelsome than courageous, he was completely conquered before the just wrath and indignation of Noch Kyung, though he chose to ignore the interruption, which was his favorite way of dealing with matters out of his control.

“I am talking to you!” he said turning to Kumokie. He preferred to deal thus with those whom he could intimidate by his tyrannical manner. The child having regained her power of action in this moment of by-play, stripped from her feet the offending socks and placed them by the shoes. There was a warm glow of gratitude in her heart for her rescuer. Ah! What a hero was this and what deeds of glory would he not do in the world! As her eyes now turned again to her grandfather’s face, he might have read there, had he been wise in matters concerning a woman’s heart, the dawning devotion of a life time.

“So you have decided on obedience, have you my little lady?” said he.

“Well, just as well for you! Now get out of my sight!”

Which last injunction she very gladly and quickly followed.

Such domestic scenes were of constant occurrence in the house at Saemal, and not always did they end so favorably. After the removal of the family to the small, crowded hut on the beach the intensity of Ye’s temper and injustice seemed to grow with his physical discomfort. This was the house of a very poor man, the tumble down mud walls had been but imperfectly repaired, the thin layers of mouldy thatch would surely leak with the rains of summer, unless new straw were used in lavish quantities. There were two tiny rooms and a single court-yard in contrast to the spacious comfort of the former home. These hardships were bad enough but Ye’s perversity, his violent and volcanic outbreaks sometimes made his wife wonder if he were not losing his mind, so well did that crafty gentleman act his part, the role of a bitter and dis appointed man who has lost all of his earthly possessions.

Noch Kyung had seen many things, some of them small and insignificant in themselves, which taken all together were to his keen mind conclusive evidence that the old fellow was playing a part. Then also the boy was growing more and more suspicious of the secret trips made by him. Since the addition of the fishing boat Ye spent much time away from home supposedly at sea, but if this time was spent in fishing

he was clearly a very poor fisherman. Many times when the other boats returned with a heavy haul his boat would be nearly or quite empty. What was this mystery? Where did he go and what did he do on these long trips alone? Thus while the boy was making up his mind to find out the secret of these vigils and to see if they were as poor as Mr. Ye pretended, Mr. Ye was also reaching a conclusion concerning the lad. This Noch Kyung was altogether too bright, and Ye had read in the searching looks the suspicion of the boy’s mind. Either he must take him into his confidence or get rid of him and with him the danger of discovery·

The limit of Noch Kyung’s endurance was reached, however, when he found that Ye was not sending the regular instalments of grain to the family in the city. His remonstrance was a call for an outbreak :

“Well, of all the stupidity! Do you not see that I can not support my own family? We have sold our home and by my daily labor I support my children in misery whereas we once lived in comfort. And can you have the impudence in the face of these facts to ask me to send rice to Seoul to your family while we eat miller? Let the Kims work as I have to do. I’m tired of your idleness; why don’t you go and earn their rice and your own too?”

“But, sir, we do not eat millet! We have food of the best and in plenty. Can you not send my father part of your contract amount even if not all? He will be expecting it and depending upon it”

“No, not a grain! And if these wasteful women are extravagant with the food they must stop it! What fools they are! Can I watch every leak in the gourd?” This speech boded more trouble for poor mother Ye, she would most probably be reduced and that right speedily to the expedient of making brick without straw, or more correctly to the making of good tasty pan-chan with neither oil nor vinegar, chicken or beef. Ye was inconsistent in the matter of food. He liked good things to eat and had always demanded it for himself, neither had it been denied the family, but evidently consistency in household management was required by this clear-

eyed young judge. So he would doubtless have to be content with poor folks’ food also.

“No, not a grain,”—he repeated. “You sit here like a gentleman and I work like a slave in the fishing-smack to support you, isn’t that enough?” This smarting taunt cut pretty deeply and a harsh reply was on his tongue, but Noch Kyung caught himself as he realized that to lose his self-control was to give up some of his dignity and self-respect. When at last he felt that he could speak calmly he said :

“I am only asking you to keep your contract with my father. I had no part in making that contract, it was against my desire, but surely you expect to keep honorably that which you have yourself sought?” A hope was dawning in his heart. Suppose this miserly old cheat would go back on his bargain, could he not be free again? While he was turning over this possibility in his mind the man was saying:

“Contract? Huh! Didn’t the beggar get a good round sum besides? That was enough too. Changed times make changed circumstances. I was then a prosperous farmer, now only a very poor fisherman. You are trying to lead an ox through a rat hole!”

“Do you really mean that you will not send any more rice to my father?” This, was too good to be true and yet as a faithful son it was his duty to gain this patrimony if possible and in his heart he knew that Ye was little poorer now than a year ago.

“I mean it! If Kim Chung Sook had not eaten so fast he would not have choked himself! What if he dies, it is none of my business. A lot he cared for you, too, did’nt he? Sold his son for an easy living, so he did, that is a gentleman’s honor. Now let him lick the outside of the melon!” With a nod of finality he went into his room and slammed the door, while he cursed the whole Kim family and the trouble they had brought upon him.

Midnight. A tall, slender figure steals quietly from the house. It is Noch Kyung. On his back tied up in a small bundle are a few of his books and dearest treasures. Whither? He himself scarcely knew, but somewhere in this wide world

there must be a place where willing hands could find congenial work, where fortune and honor could meet. He knew that Ye would be glad of his going and felt that since he had broken the marriage contract that he also was no longer in duty bound to this sordid life at Saemal. His heart beat high with new ambition and reawakened hopes. He might still make a place and name for himself in this world! With head held high and with bounding steps he hastened along the beach. He stopped a moment when he came to his favorite spot by the sea. He looked around and smiled as he thought of the hours of bitter loneliness and of the suffering there which even now seemed in the distant past. Such is youth, that speedily forgets the old and sad past as it enters into new promise of better things. Tender thoughts of little Kumokie came to him now that he was leaving her: “Soon she too would pass out of his mind and heart as a cloud passes over the face of the moon.

“She is a sweet child. But they will soon marry her to the son of some farmer and she will be far happier.” With this comforting assurance he pressed onward and faced the beginning of a new life.

CHAPTER VIII

A CHILD WIDOW

Noch Kyung was gone. The morning following the boy’s quiet departure from Saemal Father Ye found a little note written in elegant, carefully formed Chinese characters :

“To the honorable Ye Chung Sook, greetings:

“When you receive and read this I shall be far away. The life at Saemal has for us become mutually impossible. You are tired of your part of the contract and wish to be rid of me, and I therefore consider myself free from the agreement. “Kim Noch Kyung wishes you happiness and prosperity.”

Ye laughed as he read this. The first time for many weeks that he had done so, laughed loud and long. A cynical, harsh laugh it was with nothing of mirth in its tones, but showing nevertheless a great relief that the boy who had

gotten to be quite a problem under present conditions, was at last out of his way. His wife hearing this unusual sound, and fearing some new danger that it might portend, hurried from the never ending tasks in the kitchen, drying her hands on her apron as she came. Kumokie and her mother huddled together in one corner of the tiny court-yard and all of them gazed in awe upon the man as he stood there shaking, with mirthless laughter, a sheet of crumpled paper in his hand. They dared not ask the reason for this sudden and unwarranted glee, but stood in silent wonder. At last he waved the paper in a triumphant flourish about his head and proclaimed in great good humor:

“Well, he stood it longer than I thought be would! A pretty fine chap, I almost had to drive him off and I don’t believe he would have gone now if I had continued sending the supplies to the city! Yes, he did ‘eat’ a whole lot of abuse!” Neither of the two women grasped the meaning of these words, their minds had been cramped for so long that they had many years ago given up trying to understand when man spoke in a cryptic language. Not so Kumokie, her mind was now preternaturally alert. Kindled by a great love, the dormant intellect was expanding day by day and a woman’s intuition had come to her during the past year. Some strange presentiment gripped her heart with a deadly fear, unconsciously she clenched her hands and her voice came low and trembling :

“Is he gone?”一it was almost a whisper.

“That’s what! Gone for good I guess. Now we can have a nice time and be comfortable without any one spying around all the time!” He gave another dry laugh as he tossed the letter in the direction of the rubbish heap.

“Sure, he’s gone, all right!”—he repeated as the wild-eyed girl continued to stare at him.

“Yes, my little lady, you are a widow now! But for mercy’s sake don’t look so disconsolate! There, there, be more cheerful! We’ll have you married to that spry son of neighbor Han in no time at all.”

There was tragedy in her broken heart, though the rough

man failed to see aught but sheer comedy, and the young girl proudly lifted her head and declared vehemently :

“I am his wife! He himself said so, and he will come back!”

“His wife, you say? Hear that now will you! My life, isn’t she funny? Come back again? Not very likely. He has just thrown you away, that is every man’s prerogative when he so desires. Oh, he will have a sure enough wife by the time you are a daughter-in-law in the house of the rich Mr. Han!” With these comforting words Ye strode off towards the nets and boats along the sea shore. The child, a widow before she had been a wife, turned her stricken face to her mother. By his never failing kindness and courtesy to others, most of all by his big brother attitude of protection towards Kumokie, Noch Kyung had finally won a grudging approval from even this stern judge. Now, realizing that he was gone out of her life forever she looked at her daughter’s stricken face and her fond mother eyes saw the anguish in the child’s heart.

“Poor darling! Come to mother!”—Before this Kumokie had known no sorrow that mother’s love could not soothe, no pain those loving hands could not charm away. But in those few moments she put away forever childhood and childish things. From this day her pain was to be the secret agony of a loving woman’s heart. Those dear arms held out with such longing? Yes, her mother understood and she would have gladly given even life itself to bring happiness to her loved one, but no, that can not be. No, mother, the time has passed when your love sufficed! The girl turned blindly to the open doorway. With a pitiful, dry sob she threw herself on the floor. The two women outside mercifully left her alone with her sorrow.

Ye thought the whole matter where Kumokie was concerned a huge joke. The women tried to shield her as much as they could from the torture he found such pleasure in inflicting upon the suffering girl. He would have had boundless amusement over the affair had he known of the soft silk vest that had found its way to the bottom of Kumokie’s bridal

chest. There the worn little garment reposed among the embroideries, the new silks and linens of the treasure box. The other belongings of the boy were carefully packed away to be returned to him if the occasion arose, and no one missed the garment which having been worn and liked more than any other was most eloquent of its absent owner.

Those were trying days for the sensitive girl and more than any other place she loved the spot by the sea, the place where her boy husband used to sit and muse. Here, somehow, his spirit seemed yet to linger. Often the sunset hour, which be had loved best of all, found Kumokie at this shrine of memory. There, in the very place he used to stand, stood the deserted wife, the child-wife who had learned to love him with all the passion of a wilful child and with the tenderness of a woman. Her yearning eyes searched the sea and distant horizon in just the same restless way as had his, revealing the discontented unquietness of the spirit within.

The flame of an unusually gorgeous sunset had died, though golden glories still flecked the western clouds. This glow paled to gleaming silver, still, as though there were nothing else worth doing she continued to gaze on the distant horizon. The song of the sea grew sadder, more mournful, as though it too sighed for a day that was gone. The chill of coming night was oppressive. The girl shivered, for she felt the depressing future, and she feared what life might hold for her. The sadness that had fallen upon the sea was cold upon her heart. Over and over like the refrain of some sad dirge, she murmured the words :

“He will come back. He called me his wife!”

The flaming lights in the west had faded to a dull gray. Far away the sea and sky blended in the soft shadows of night. Day had passed in a burst of dying glory and its light was gone. There were no more golden, purple gleams to watch. Kumokie realized that she was tired and cold. She turned and went down the narrow path to the sandy beach. Each step of the way was fitted, dedicated to some memory of her husband.

(To be Continued).