The Korea Magazine

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THE KOREA MAGAZINE

SEOUL KOREA

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE REDFIELD URGES “GOOD-WILL” ADVERTISING FOR EXPORT TRADE.

To keep alive foreign markets at present closed to American products by war conditions, Secretary of Commerce Redfield urges good-will advertising, which he thinks could be done most effectively by co-operation. The Secretary says:

“My attention has been called to the fact that some of our far-seeing and efficiently managed export concerns are resorting to good-will advertising in foreign markets, where shipping difficulties and trade restrictions have made it necessary to mark time in a sales way.

“On the other hand, there are firms that seem to be at a loss to know what to do in the face of the export restrictions and lack of tonnage. Some are inclined to turn their backs on foreign trade until the war is over.

“Let me suggest good-will advertising for all firms that have no reason to expect improvements in their foreign business while hostilities continue. Such advertising does not aim at immediate profits. It is intended to keep the name of a firm or of a product before a community when circumstances have interfered with actual trading. It indicates an interest in the community that is always appreciated and it makes a favorable impression on the publishers.

“It seems to me that a number of advertisers could club together and make a more impressive showing than could be hoped for through individual efforts. Through co-operation, advertisements could be grouped and displayed in the most telling fashion. Association of export and manufacturers or chambers of commerce could handle such an undertaking to good advantage.

“I think the most noteworthy feature of the recent chemical exposition in New York was the fact that of all the exhibitors—and there are more than ever before—only a very small percentage were looking for orders or could possibly fill orders if they found them. They are devoting all their manufacturing efforts to war purposes, but are giving a reasonable amount of attention to keeping their goods and their marks before their prospective future customers. That is one sort of good-will advertising.

“In addition to the ultimate benefits to be gained by the firms that advertise in a far-sighted way, the money thus spent will create good-will for our country as a whole and for our business as a whole. When an advertising campaign is shown to be at once patriotic and good business, there is very little left to be said against it.

“Good-will advertising is not new, but its application to the present situation in some countries will perhaps be a new thought to many firms. Business houses in other countries are now using this method, and we should not be behind.”

The Korea Magazine

February, 1919

Editorial Notes.

AS was to be expected, the war had a very visible effect on the recorded visits of foreigners to Japan and Korea, perhaps the most noticeable change being in the number of Americans visiting these shores. Notwithstanding a remarkable decrease in the number, still about 5,000 Americans visited Japan in 1917, while there were less than 4,000 in 1918. There was a large influx of people from Russia, the total being about 10,000, approximately the some number of visitors as came from China. It is estimated that each foreign tourist spends at least twice the amount of money that a traveler from China spends, and that travelers from abroad spent at least thirty million yen in Japan last year. Undoubtedly there will be an increase of travel to and from the East this year, while in 1920 the World’s Sunday School Convention in Tokyo will attract visitors from all parts of the world. Korea will receive a good proportion of these, for she has attractions entirely her own, the Diamond Mountains, Wonsan Beach, Sorai Beach, magnificent scenery, well-equipped modern railways, and one of the best hotels to be found in the East. It will be a pleasure to THE KOREA MAGAZINE to make these attractions more generally known.

IN was a startling exhibit which was presented at the recent anniversary of the Korean Religious Book and Tract Society when it was shown that all of the publications the Society had been able to print in its exceedingly useful career of more than twenty years would not comfortably fill a single four-foot shelf. And this was the more impressive when it was made clear that in this was included not only all the Society had been able to do for itself, but also one each of every book and pamphlet printed by the Society with funds furnished by others, including Gale’s Dictionary and other language study books, and school books now out of date and obsolete. Certainly this Society is deserving a support which will enable it to do a far greater work, and broad plans should be formulated for providing the best of literature for the Korean people. THE KOREA MAGAZINE will give further attention to this subject in later issues.

The Late Prince Yi

Familiarly known as the King of Korea, the late Prince Yi came to the throne in 1864 at the bidding of Queen Cho, mother of the king who died in 1850.

He was only a distant relative of the last king, though a direct descendant of King Yung-jong who died in 1777, the fact however that he was adopted by the all-powerful Dowager more than made amends for any defects in succession. On the 22nd of January 1864 when he was a lad of twelve, joyously unconscious, flying his kite in his father’s compound, a summons was brought commanding him to come forward and play the part of king. One can imagine the vision that rose before the young lad’s mind on so great and sudden a surprise. All the fabled knights of ancient China were beckoning him on to glory. His kite was laid side and he entered on the uncertain role of actual kingship.

He was married at fourteen to Queen Min, and really came to the throne in 1873 on his father’s stepping out of the regency. From that time till 1882 the old fashioned world continued in the even tenor of its way—Korea as she was, and seemingly ever would be. Then, suddenly, an unheard of thing, an uprising of the soldiers took place, violently demanding pay which had fallen in arrears.

In this disturbance several of the Ministers were shot and the Queen, too, was supposed to have been killed. The State went into mourning, the young King of 30 being bereft of his alert, forceful helpmeet. For two months the people wore white hats as a mark of grief, when suddenly Chinese troops came in and took command, and the Queen issued forth from her hiding place, alive, and the Palace lived once more.

This, however, was but the beginning of his troubles, for modern ideas, most dangerous things for old Asia, pushed their way in past the closed gates and the whole capital went into a state of ferment In 1884 a group, who later proved themselves the most capable of the land, headed by a young

prince, arose and with the knife made short work of the old-fashioned cabinet. The attempt failed, but the King realized more than ever that it was no summer excursion being ruler in such an age as this.

It is said that the troubles of 1882 and 1884 so preyed on his mind that he was never after able to sleep at night. His sleeping hours were transferred to the day, while he watched the night through.

From now on he was in the midst of confusion. The spirits of East and West, ancient and modern, were at fierce grips. Had the King been thoroughly trained in the rule of ancient Asia; had he been, as well, a graduate of a modern university and a gold-medalist in international law, he would still have had all his hand could do to steer the ship of state. Unfortunately his training left him like Ethelred the Unready, and troubles thickened fast about him. In the year 1894 came the Tong-haks—a semi-religious fanatical sect who got into a quarrel with the country officials till war ensued that kept the king in a nightmare for months. Then came the Japan-China war, when Korea cut loose from her ancient suzerainty and proclaimed the King, Emperor. A mere name, however, is poor comfort when you feel the earth giving way beneath you. One night, like a stroke out of the blue sky, a gang of cut-throats made their way over the Palace wall, arrested him, hacked his queen to pieces before his eyes, and then burned her body in the rear park-garden. The writer still remembers the look on His Majesty’s face that fatal day when his queen was dead, and his father and older brother seemingly were pitted against him.

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” said Shakespeare three hundred years ago. True it was of Korea,

Little by little the fates spun their bewildering webs about his feet. The world was all upside-down. Foreigners were here with their perplexing customs and ideas. He could no longer be alone though he wished it. Clamourous

voices were heard on all sides. New notions were shouting for a hearing that had never been heard of before. To be left alone would have been his one best wish, but the gods forbade it.

Like a nightmare came the great Japan-Russia War, with its booming of guns and sinking of battle-ships, that filled the timid soul of the King with unspeakable terror. It was all a horrible dream till1905 when amid much noise and confusion, and the suiciding of Min Yung-whan, he signed himself under suzerainty. Later came annexation and the old kingdom that had come down from his fathers and had lasted for 500 years disappeared.

He was a kindly disposed man, gentle and winning, quite kingly in his way, but unprepared to meet the age he lived in. He knew nothing of preparing his country for self-government or self-defence, and consequently left it a menace to all the East. His lot was not easy. Let all who think of him and his difficult times, remember that many a wiser than he might have equally failed.

THE QUESTION OF OLD AGE.

It is frequently asked, How about old age; do Koreans live as long as we? Recently a very interesting book that throws light on this question came into the hands of the writer. It is called *In-su-rok* (人瑞錄) “Records of Human Good Fortune.”

Korea has ever insisted upon the one great command, Honor thy father and thy mother, as the broad base of happy family life and national prosperity. This is the first and great commandment. Its echoes have come down through the confusion of China’s ancient ages, recorded and read again and again in the Sacred Books, repeated, yes, a million times by

all pens that have written: Honour thy Father and thy Mother. Surely it is a good command and represents a high degree of civilization.

In these days of the break up of old ideals and old institutions filial piety, too, is going by the board. Boys feel that by some wretched gift of corban or other, they are free from every parental obligation.

A marked contrast to this was seen the other day when the writer visited an old Korean home. The father, a man of rank, sits king of all his widely extended household; the mother, too, up in years is crowned with the devotion of her children and her children’s children. But the faithful retainer of both father and mother is the oldest son. His devotion, beautiful to see, is one of the finest remains of old Korea at her very best.

King Chung-jong, the little boy mentioned in THE MAGAZINE, December 1918 page 540, who had seen his father die a dreadful death, was more than ever devoted to his mother. On her 50th birthday in 1794 A. D. he planned a special celebration in her honour by which he purposed to make happy as many aged fathers and mothers as he possibly could.

He begins his proclamation by the following: “From the early days of King Moon (1122 B. C.) there existed a special department where old people of the capital and old people of the country were entertained and kindly treated. On occasions of doing them honour the king would gird himself and serve them with his own hand. In this way the teaching of reverence for ancestors was advertised throughout the land. These bald heads and toothless ones seated according to age and rank were a demonstration to the people that filial piety lies back of all other laws.”

The king took a census of the country to find how many ministers and officers of state there were over seventy years of age; how many subjects over eighty, and finally how many couples, both over seventy, who had lived their lives together. The officers he proposed to promote one degree in rank; he would give the subjects a special diploma, while the old couples were to be rewarded with rice and silks.

On this survey being take there were found to be in the country 75,145 persons within the age limit, their added years making 5,898,210 circles of the sun.

Among the high officials was one name Koo Yoon-myung (具允明) a man of Princely rank, who had in his home five generations. He himself was eighty-three. His son was an official in the Palace, his grandson was a keeper of a royal tomb (昌陵), his great-grandson had just passed his examination, while he had a little son at home, the joy and gladness of his mother’s heart. Here we have five generations under one roof enjoying the same paternal care. This is one of the happy families seen only in Asia.

In the list of 75,145, I find fifty-eight over a hundred years of age that are marked as follows:

100 32

101 9 105 2

102 6 106 0

103 4 107 1

104 2 108 2

Two of these ancients were 108 years old in 1794. The reader may be interested to know where they hailed from, from the far south where they had basked in the sun for a century or from some other part of the country? One is from Eul-yool (殷栗) Whang-hai Province, mid-Korea, and one from the cold region of the Yalu, Ch’ang-sung (昌城).

We are not acquainted with the laws that govern age throughout the world but this fifty-eight seems a large number to have passed the century mark. The writer has never seen or known a foreign over a hundred, nor any beyond ninety-two or ninety-three.

Sometimes old people in the West lose account of their age and are not quite sure of their year and day, but it is not so in Korea. The exact age, year, month, day, hour, is known to the poorest in the land, so these age records are not open to question.

Once in 1902 the writer met an old man near the Tai-bo Shrine and on asking his age found he was ninety-one. He

came to call later and I had him photographed. His bearing was perfect and his eyesight good. I thought I would test him as regards his age. I asked, “You remember King Hun­jong’s coming to the throne?”

“Yes,” answered he, just as though it were yesterday. “It was the year *eul-mi* (1835) and I was a lad of fifteen.” So with other tests.

“Have you any companions of your own age?” I asked.

“Only my old wife,” was his answer, “she is ninety. Nam outside the South Gate is eighty-two—a mere child, others likewise. He walked to my house frequently, as neat and trim a little old man as you ever saw.

In the translation of the accompanying records I have subtracted a year in each case to agree with our foreign way of reckoning, so that those marked here 108 are 109 in the book.

King Chung-jong evidently felt that in the honouring of his mother his own days would probably be prolonged in the land which his ancestral line had given him, but this was not to be and he died in the year 1800 aged forty-eight.

The two volumes that he wrote the preface for, dealing with the old people of Korea, are preserved to-day in the Library of the Chosen Christian College as one of the interesting relics of the age gone by

ONE OF THE IMMORTALS.

BY

HONG MAN-JONG (洪萬宗 about 1675)

Chung Kyung-se (鄭經世) Master Oo-bok (愚伏) was a native of Sang-joo (尙州). Once on return from examinations in Seoul, he was passing Tan-yang when he lost his way in the dusk of evening and suddenly found himself among the mountains. He had gone a distance of some three or four miles when the road little by little narrowed down and the tall trees cast shadows across the way. He did not know where

he was or where to turn, when all unexpectedly he spied a little thatched hut nestled among the trees. Going up to the outer gate he rapped, but no voice answered. He pushed in and peeked through the shutters and there he saw an old man with a light sitting reading a book. There was something about his look that surprised and startled Chung, and so he pushed aside the sliding window and went in.

The old man closed the book and asked, “Who is this that calls on me and whence comes he in the shadows of the night?”

Chung told him where he was journeying, how he had lost his way, and added that he was very hungry.

The old man said, “We have no cooked food here in the hills,” but he took from a hanging pocket a piece of cake and gave it.

It was round in shape, smooth and sweet as pine-nuts, but what it was made of Oo-book did not know.

Before he had eaten half of it he felt satisfied and greatly refreshed. He wondered over this and asked, “Beholding the appearance and manner of Your Excellency, I take note that you are not one of us common mortals. How is it that I have not heard of you before, and that you have not take occasion to announce your name to the world? Why stay here and let the fragrance of your presence be lost in the silence of the hills?”

The old man smiled and said, “You are evidently thinking of a name and fame, great deeds done and literary attainment.”

Chung said, “Yes, that’s my thought.”

The old man laughed, “ha, ha” and said, “When the world talks of greatness and goodness its highest examples are Confucius and Mencius; when it speaks of merit and deeds done there is none who can equal Kwan Choong or An Pyung-choon, but to-day they are dead and their bodies have mouldered into dust. A name is all that is left [of[ them. Would you say that they are still alive? If we talk of writers we have had more or them since the days of Sa-ma Ch’un and Pan-go than can be numbered. The crickets chirp when

the dews of autumn begin to fall, and the birds come out in the glorious sunshine of the spring. They enjoy their life, have their little contests, and live their day; but when the dew hardens into frost and the flowers pass on their way these voices cease and leave behind them only a touch of sadness. So it is with the writer, he ceases and is gone. My ideas of life differ from those of yours.”

Chung then asked, “What is Your Excellency thinking of?”

The old man answered, “The grass dies first, then it rots, so with the trees; in fact, it is so with everything: decay appears where death reigns. If there was no death there would be no decay.”

Chung inquired, “Is there any place in the world where death does not reign.”

The old man said, “There certainly is. But the common saying you remember, ‘If you never go out at night you will never know whether people travel in the dark or not’, so if you never meet one of the Immortals you will never know that there are those who never die. Let me tell you, if you breathe according to the law that governs their world for a thousand days you will attain to endless life. You will mount up to heaven as on eagles’ wings in the full light of day; and even though overtaken by death you will rise from the dead husk to an endless life. Though your body be buried a thousand years it will never decay, but the features will remain eternally as when alive. Also when the appointed time comes you will break the fetters of the tomb and awake victorious. This is called *Tai-eum Yun-hyung* (Rising from the Dead). This world has lost touch with this law and so I remain alone through countless ages. This is what I mean by living forever. Why do you seek for that which is eternal among things that are transient?”

Chung rose and made a deep bow and said, “I would like to learn from Your Excellency.”

The old man looked at him for some time and then said, “You are not the material out of which Immortals are made. Do not try it.” He also said, “You will succeed in your exams this year, but three times I see you locked behind prison bars.

Still the end will turn out favorable. In seven years there will a great war when ten thousand souls will perish. Thirty three years later an invasion of bandits from the west will take place. Seoul will be taken and the state gods will fall. You will see these things with your very eyes.”

He twisted his face and said, “When these things come to pass you will know the world and its ways.”

Chung asked repeatedly that he would tell him more but the old man said, “By and by you will know, please do not inquire further.”

Chung asked his name but the reply was, “I lost my parents early in life and so do not know my name.”

It was not late at night and Chung being very tired put his head on a pillow and went fast asleep. In the morning all trace was lost of the old man.

Chung, mystified, inquired of the host where he was. His reply was, “Your humble servant lives here and the man you met yesterday is a Mr. Yoo, a scholar. He goes hither and thither about the various temples and sometimes passes here. He is exceedingly fond of the hills and loves nature. Sometimes he stays several days and sometimes only a day. I have never seen what he eats, but when he ascends the hills he seems to fly, not walk.”

Chung hearing this was greatly bewildered and acted as though he had lost something.

In this year he passed his examination, it being the 14th of *man-ryuk*, *pyung-sool* (1586). Later the Japanese War came when Korea was invaded, and then later in the year *kap-ja* (1624), Yi Kwal’s soldiers invaded Seoul, and in the year *pyung-ja* the Manchoo crossed the border. Also in the spring of *kap-sin* (1644) the Empire of the Mings came to an end.

Chung on account of the doings of Yi Chin-kil was arrested and examined by the judges. Later on account of Kim Chik-jai he was imprisoned in a distant part of Kang-wun. He found himself mixed up in the affairs of Kim Mong-ho and was arrested in Kang-neung and locked up for a year. This all took place as foretold by the Genius.

Chung wrote a verse which ran:

My life has hung three times in mortal pain,

And worldly things my soul has yielded up;

From the red dust of many a weary way

I long to hie me where Immortals dwell.

One of the scholar of Yung-ch’un, Kwen Hoo, was a disciple of Chung Oo-bok and a contemporary of my father. They were bosom friends. On his way by once he told me this story, saying, “The world laughs at the idea of there being immortals and says it is impossible, but I have heard from the lips of my master that those who betake themselves to the hills and follow this law, live long and have no desire for worldly notice just like the old man of Tan-yang. People no wiser than the beetles who fly about in summer and question as to the possibility of ice in winter, by saying that there are no genii prove themselves the laughing stock of those who are real masters. Oo-book told me to say nothing about this so I kept it to myself for years, and only now tell you.”

LANGUAGE STUDY

(More than; less than)

In speaking Korean the expressions, more than, less than occur with sufficient frequency to have one ask himself, “Do I know how to use them?”

Most foreigners are confined to the two expressions 더 and 덜 in rendering these. For example in the case of the sentence, *Give me a little more than that*, they would be likely to say, 그보덤조곰더조시오 or *Though you give less than that it will do* 덜주어도관계치안소.

Apart from these forms however, there are common equivalents for *more than* and *less than* that the foreign student is unaccustomed to though they are the common possession of the native speaker.

*Whether there are more than ten persons or less*… The question is how can you translate this without using the forms

더 or 덜? Answer, 십명이샹이될넌지이하될넌지 If you bear in mind the fact that 샹(上) means “above” and 하(下) “below” you will understand how such characters combined with 써, 이(以) give these equivalents.

Study these examples:

*Select those over (or more than) thirty years of age.*

삼십셰이샹으로뽑어라

*No boys are received less than (or under) ten years of age.*

십셰이하된아희밧지아니다

The form “less than” can be varied in an expression like *Less than ten persons were present*. 열명이츌셕엿소. Here  (內) means “inside of.”

We find in frequent use for *not more than*, the expression 불과. Do you know it, and do you use it?

The ordinary student if called upon to translate a sentence like the following, *It is not more than three or four months since he came back* would probably use the following:

도라온지서넛달밧개못되엿소 The Korean on the other hand would probably use this: 단겨온지불과삼삭이오.

Here is another example:

*The pain will not last more than a moment*.

압흔거슨불과잠시간이오

Of course these single sentences will be of little or no value to the student unless they be made pivotal points for further experiment. Can we say this or that? trying the form in other ways. The native teacher of course will be the judge.

It is well in language study to take some such form as 이샹, 이하, 불과, or whatever it may be, and test its use in every possible way. Do not rest until you have probed every nook and corner that pertains to it, and then after you have let it ‘simmer’ for a time in your note-book try it again. By such methods will you fix it firm in the mind and make it a part of your very self. All good luck attend your studies during this year of the Sheep.

J. S. G.

A TRIP TO QUELPART IN 1731 A.D.

BY CHO KWAN-BIN (趙觀彬) (1691-1757 A. D.)

Note: In 1721, after a reign of 46 years, King Sook-jong (肅宗大王) died having no sons by any one of his three queens. Kyoon (昀), a son by a palace maid, succeeded, being then 33 years of age. He was called King Kyung-jong (景宗大王) but, having no son, immediately there arose the question as to his heir. Kim Ch’ang-jip (金昌集), who went to Peking as envoy in 1712 (See Korea Magazine 1918) along with Yi I-myung (李頤命), Yi Keun-myung (李健命) and Cho T’ae-ch’ai (趙泰采), father of the writer of this article, proposed that a half-brother named Keum (昑) afterward King Yung-jong (英宗大王) should be made the heir. Two of the number, Yi Keun-myung and Cho’s father went to Peking to have their choice confirmed by the great Manchoo Emperor Kang-heui. While they were absent, they being of the No-ron (老論) or Elder Political Party, the So-ron (少論) or Younger Party, raised a hue and cry, saying they were rebels and trying to put a relative of theirs on the throne. This Younger Party being in power, had Kim Ch’ang-jip and Yi I-myung beheaded at once and all their immediate kith and kin done to death, and when Yi Keun-myung and Cho T’ai-ch’ai returned they were treated likewise. However among the Younger Party was a relative of Cho’s, a cousin of his father, who, by special favour, saw that Cho Kwan-bin was spared, he being sent into exile to Na-ro Island instead.

Later Keum came to the throne as Cho’s father had advocated but that did not lift the shadow from the son’s life, or take from him the memory of having seen his father die under such tragic circumstances. Editors.

I had heard that a great sea encircled the south of our country and that a trip from the mainland to Quelpart was 900 *li* (300 miles). Not only a distant journey but wind and sea make it dangerous. A man must be a sinner in order to see Quelpart, not an ordinary sinner but one who just escapes the death sentence. The crossing of such a strait is more to be feared than the handcuffs, the cangue collar or a deadly sickness. A man bound for Quelpart has all his friends come to see him off with tears and lamentations. Even I, whose whose

stomach was already filled with every dread and awful memory, looked upon and feared for anyone doomed to Quelpart.

In the winter of *sin-hai* (1731 A. D.) I, Chief Justice, having ventured to speak my mind concerning certain rebels, relatives of the King, and other flatterers, who basked in his favour, brought down upon me a burst of the King’s fury. I was arrested and brought into the royal presence, having no idea of what I was in for. I, however, spoke my part and staked my life on standing by my convictions. It meant death, and only by the gracious favour of the King do I live and am sent instead an exile to Quelpart.

I am a poor thin specimen as far as physique goes, given to all kinds of ills and ailments and overly sensitive to every change of climate. All in my home who bade me farewell were in tears and the greatest distress, fearing that this stretch of sea meant my death surely.

Two of the retainers of my family decided to accompany me, most faithful, kindly creatures.

I made ready and after many days’ travelling arrived at Kang-jin (康津) on the south coast. All who accompanied me were ill from the effects of the hard journey as was I myself. There we waited for a fortnight for a fair wind and at last set out on the 17th of the 12th Moon.

Our first day took us to the island of Wan-do (莞島) 130 li. There the sailors were obliged to repair their sails and asked to remain two or three days. One can judge from this what kind of weather they had just been having on their way over. Four days it took after which we set sail and drew up at Paik-do (柏島) 120 li. On this day I wrote a prayer to the Spirit of the Deep (海神) and offered a sacrifice.

The next day we proposed to set out early, the sky being perfect, clear and without a fleck. The skipper said, “We have a fine day ahead,” but Kim Sun-lyun, a man of Nam-yang, whom I had taken along as clerk of the weather, and who knew the wind and sky perfectly, was not of that opinion. It resulted in our not going, and, sure enough, from this night

on stormy weather set in and kept us prisoners four days. The the weather cleared and the elements betook themselves to rest. The boatmen urged that we set off and so we started for So-an Do. It was near at hand and having a large town on it we found liberal accommodation. Here we rested for three days more. Anxious now to be off, I would listen to no further delay. Early on the morning of the 29th, Kim Sun-lyun said, “This wind will take us over but it lacks slightly of being perfect.” All those aboard were anxious at his report. I, however, seeing we were aboard, urged them on and asked where Mount Halla (漢拏山) was to be seen.

We were off before the sun arose. With a north-east wind our two sails filled and roared at the quickening breeze. A little island called Sa-su (Sidewise Rat) that we passed glided swiftly by us. Soon we had gone 200 li. Ahead of us was only the blue sea reaching on to heaven, all the islands having disappeared. After a time a little object like a grass sickle took shape in the dim distance, and again an island as big as a piece on a checker-board. The sickle turned out to be the top of Mount Halla, and the checker-piece, the island, Wha-t’al. Again the sickled turned into a screen and the checker-piece to a huge kettle. I have no idea how many hundred *li* we must have travelled to so increase the size.

The pounding of the waves and the riding up and down of the ship with the swinging of the masts made our people dizzy. The strongest men on board were found deathly sick, vomiting in the last gasp. Some lay unconscious, their spirits completely gone. Others, now knowing what they said called on God and the Buddha. A weakling like myself who expected to die outright was not disturbed by it in the least, but talked and laughed and had a fine time. I recited poems and made verses to while away the hours. This was indeed a chance I had longed for, to sport amid the wide deep sea. By the grace of the King here I was. With a song we entered port, after 300 *li* of wild watery way. It was the 3rd watch of the night when we arrived at our destination, and the last day of the year, so that the village lights were hung high over the scene.

All the sailors in the boats already anchored, greeted us with joy. Some of them said to me, “We were most of all anxious about Your Excellency, but here you are safe and sound. How is it that your healthy and strength have stood it so well?”

I, too, in thinking it over, had no idea that my weak and sickly frame could carry me through as it did. Very wonderful! Bus as I thought it over further I cam to this conclusion: A man’s strength depends not on his body but on his mind. If the mind maintains its hold, life or death, joy or sorrow are as nothing. The Ancients found it so, I knew that, but how could an ignoramus like myself expect to attain thereto? Still I had a mind that in a measure maintained its hold. When I had that memorial to write, those who were by me said in fear, “It means death to Your Excellency if you put it thus.” Some tore up my first notes and plead with me not to rewrite, but that only made me the more determined and I put it through. Also when I was summoned before the King to answer with only a foot of space between and his threatenings of thunder and lightning, I said all I though, and did not waver for a moment. I was indifferent to life and death, reward or punishment. I conclude therefore that though I should see ten times as rough an ocean as this, I could laugh it off, sing songs and write verses. Escaping sea-sickness is after all a matter of the mind and not all because one is physically stronger than others.

ANCIENT KOREAN REMAINS—V.

(PU-YU 扶餘)

Pu-yu is a famous name both in and out of Korea. From 1286 B. C. down till after the beginning of the Christian era there existed a kingdom of this name lying north of the Ever White Mountains, the region known to-day as Manchuria. From here came the Koreans, Puyuites, who crossed the hill

barriers and rivers and moved south to set up the two kingdoms of Kokuryu and Paikje. Kokuryu dates from 37 B. C. and Paikje, a branch off Kokuryu, from 18 B. C.

The site of Paikje’s first capital is a matter of dispute, Wi-re (違禮). Some say it was at Chiksan, on the hill just above the mining centre, though it is more likely to have been on Nam-han. It was moved here and there for several centuries till in 538 A. D. it found its place in the elbow of White Horse River, and was called Pu-yu to remind the people of their first great ancestors beyond the Yalu.

To-day Pu-yu, not only on account of its ancient name and historical associations, but on account of the evidences of great peoples that mark its site, is one of the most interesting places in Korea. Should you, gentle reader, go there, then take the train from Taiden on the Mokpo line 32 miles to Non-san (Ronzan 論山). Here you alight and go by automobile to the old town of Pu-yu, distant thirteen miles.

It must have been a flourishing city in the days of Paikje, as the site, somewhat circular in shape, is about three miles in diameter. Half of this circle is made by the river, which forms a great moat on the west side of the city. The remaining half of the circle, toward the east, was formed by a huge embankment built of earth and masonry called the Half-Wall. Somewhat north of the centre of this old site is the present official town of Pu-yu.

Immediately north of the county-seat is a mountain fortress called Poo-so San-sung (扶蘇山城) about 400 feet high, enclosed by an earthen wall, the north-west angle jutting out into the river. This rock that overlooks the watery depth has for name—the Rock of Fallen Flowers. A story goes with it: Pu-yu was destroyed by the Tangs of China in 660 A. D. General So Jung-pang (蘇定方) came in with his army, and the maids and dancing girls of the palace, unwilling to yield themselves to the enemy, went up to the hill-fortress rock and three themselves into the river, whence its name, Rock of Fallen Flowers (落花巖).

The name White Horse given to the river is said to come

from the fact that when General So arrived with his army, rains and floods blocked the way. It was the Dragon of the deep that was up in arms against him. To propitiate this monster he took a white horse and driving a harpoon into its body with a rope attached, flung it into the river and dragged it about. The end was attained, the dragon quieted, the great stream crossed safely, and to-day the name is White Horse River (白馬江).

In the centre of the city limits stands a wonder of wonders—a pagoda built by these same great Tangs in the days of the beginning of their glory. They were marvels with the pen, the chisel, the trowel, and have left their impress on the East as no other kingdom. Here in Pu-yu is one of their master-pieces, this old pagoda, that has stood one thousand three hundred years lifting its graceful form against all winds and weather.

But it is a sad memorial for while it is called *Tai-tang P’yung Paik-je T’ap* (大唐平百濟塔) The Pagoda of Great Tang’s Peace to Paikje, it did not mean peace but utter extinction. On it is written the story of Paikje’s fall in characters such as only the Tangs could write. Anyone desiring to read it in the original will find it in the *Hai-tong Yuk-sa* Vol. xlvi (海東繹史).

This is the oldest pagoda known in Korea, not Korean at all, transplanted here by the greatest of Korea’s teachers—the Tangs.

About three miles to the east over Half-Moon Wall stands a hill some 800 feet high, called Neung-san or Mountain of Royal Tombs. On it are six great mounds that mark the resting place of Paikje’s kings and queens who died between the dates 538 and 660 A. D. During that period five kings passed away.

In July 1915 Professor Kuroida was commissioned by the Governor General to find what remains there were in these ancient chambers of the dead, so he came south and made excavations. It was soon evident to him, however, that the tombs had been rifled in the past, and he naturally lays it to the credit of the soldiers of Tang 660 A. D.

Speaking of the Lower Middle Tomb he says, “The main chamber is built of fine cut stone and is oblong in shape, 7 feet high, 6.5 feet wide and 10.5 feet long. There is a table in this main room of square cut stone that evidently held a coffin. The inner entrance between the passage and the main hall was closed by a large flat stone with iron bars at the top; while the outer door was walled up with stones cut as bricks, on which are special marks.

Just above the Lower Middle Tomb stands the Upper Middle. Its main room also is oblong (9.87 x 4.48 x 5 ft.) with a short passage before it. A large flat stone closes both the entry way and the room itself. The four walls are made of beautifully polished stone, one great slab for each side. Toward the top, the walls slope in and are covered with one great flat stone. This too, is beautifully polished. In the room is a large table where it would seem the wooden coffin stood. This tomb too, was evidently rifled by the Tangs in 660. A lacquered coffin they left broken, the pieces scatter about. A skull was found among them. There were iron ornaments as well that seem to have belonged to the coffin, metal nail heads in the design of flowers, also gilded ones.

No pictures are here as on the tomb walls of Kokuryu to the north, only these metal ornaments and nails, with flakes of lacquer that had peeled off the coffin. Pictures of this tomb may be seen in the Government Album of Korean Ancient Remains (Nos. 707 and 741).

Paikje was evidently a highly enlightened state, embracing in its boundaries the three provinces of Chulla, Ch’oong-ch’ung and Kyung-keui. In the year 285 A. D. she was the first to pass the Analects, and the Thousand Character Classic to Japan and to introduce her to the joys of the Chinese ideograph. In 552 A. D. Paikje also gave Japan her first lesson in Buddhism. She was evidently a master of literature, while the tiles and broken pieces of pottery that mark her way prove that she was also gifted in arts and crafts. Her end came amid tears and agony when the great armies of China crushed her.

General So took back with him the captive king, the crown prince and three other sons, eighty-eight ministers and generals, and twelve thousand eight hundred and seven of the best people.

We can behold in imagination this long procession wending its way out of Pu-yu much as the Jews did out of Jerusalem under the lash of Nebuchadnezzar. A dream-land region is this old site enclosed in the elbow of the White Horse River.

TO A FRIEND WHO HAD BECOME A BUDDHIST

BY KIM KOO-YONG (1338-1384 A. D.)

Note: Kim Koo-yong was a great minister in his day, fearless and upright. He on one occasion urged his king to have no dealings with the ambassador of the Ki-tan Tartars, who had come asking friendship. For this offence Kim went into exile that lasted seven years.

In 1384 he was sent as envoy to the Mongols in Yo-dong, but because Korea failed to send the ordinary tribute along with him he was made prisoner and banished to far distant Yun-nan. On his way thither he died, aged 46. His son sought for his body, but, I believe, was never able to find it.

‘Twas hard to bide an empty name and station

Unblessed you gave them up and turned you home;

But even there life’s worries found and dogged you

And forced your soul to make escape and flee,

To cut your hair and join the Buddhist world

And give your chastened hear and soul to God.

Your many friends admire the sainted way

The King himself bends low to do its will.

His Majesty has given an almoner’s bowl,

And left you, with your rank and high estate.

Your foot-prints now will leave the dusty earth.

Behold your form lost in the clouds and hills.

The bamboo grove emits its fragrant breath,

The moon’s soft bow looks through the glimmering pines.

With staff in hand you mount the ascending way,

Or rest your steps beside the babbling brook.

Enough, my lord, thus great I see you go,

While my belittlements beset my soul.

When shall I cut me free from transient things,

And pass beyond the world of sight, to see?

THE KOREAN ENVOY’S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712.

(Continued from the January number.)

CHAPTER VI

*Peking, 8th day, Weather fine. Wind arose at the Evening.*

In the morning along with Chang-up I looked over the walls at the Mongols, while they came to the foot and gazed up at me. Our four eyes looked at each other, but not a word could our mouths speak. In a little a soldier came and ordered me away so I had to come down. One soldier followed us whose manner was gentle and prepossessing and I told my servant Wun-geun, to make friends with him; so they made a plan to go together when we went to draw water, since it was the custom for a soldier to accompany us.

After breakfast I told the captain of the guard that I would dress and go instead of him with the water-carriers which I did. I had with me a horse, a mapoo and three servants. In carrying the water, jars were used, two being placed on each pack-saddle. An officer went ahead and two soldiers as well to guide the way. One of them was the soldier whom we met in the morning and made an agreement with. I gave him a fan as a present before we started.

We passed out of the gate of the city and went by the main roadway toward the east. The Manchoo children by the side of the way would point their little fingers at us and call “Koryu, Koryu!” In going we crossed the Ok-ha Bridge and then went by a middle way some distance to the north. Frequently we saw high gates before doors, the owners of which I concluded must belong to the official class. On the west side of the road I noticed a house with yellow tiles on it, and a watch-tower behind, of which the tiles were blue. This place I found to be a shrine where the Emperor offers incense on the morning of the first day of the 1st moon. Toward the east was a brick wall 20 feet or so high. It had plaster on the lower part but for two or three feet from the top it had only bricks. These we.re laid in open formation to serve as decoration, and I was told that it was a palace of the Emperor’s son.

A quarter of a mile or so further on we turned east along the main road. This was the way by which we had entered. The market shops seemed now more attractive than ever decorated as they were throughout with red paper lanterns. The shape of the lanterns and characters on them were much the same as we have in Korea. Carts and horses filled the streets like the warp and woof of the loom. In each cart were three or four women. They had removed the cart covers so that one could see their faces clearly. Some again were walking. Their dresses were new and beautiful and I judged from this that they were people out for New Year festivities.

I desired to find the Shrine of The Three Faithful Ones (*Sam Ch’oong Sa*). These three were Che Kai-yang (諸葛亮) of Han, Ak Pi (岳飛) of Song, and Moon Chun-sang (文天祥) also of the Song Dynasty. We asked as to whether the Tai-tong Bridge was far distant or not, as I knew that the Three Faithful Ones had their shrine at the side of this bridge.

The soldier replied, “The bridge is a mile or so from the East Gate but there is nothing about it worth seeing. Still I’ll show you the way.” So we went outside the East Gate and passed the bridge, where we sent on the horses and servants

for water, while we took the road along the bank of the moat, which at that time was frozen over. Five or six Manchoos with sleds were waiting on the shore. Seeing us come they stepped up and asked if we would not ride. Along with Colonel Yoo Pong-san I mounted one sled, while my two servants and the Chinese soldier took the other. We flew along at the speed of a falling star, a delightful sensation, and before we knew it we were at the Tai-tong Bridge where we alighted. The soldier gave of his own money to pay the sled men.

The form of the bridge was quite unusual and very imposing. On each side was a stone railing and it had an arched elevation sufficient to let boats pass underneath. From the East Gate to this bridge must be a mile or more. Between the walls and the moat there were store-houses and buildings and beyond the- bridge many house-boats. This was the end of the water-way for Teung-chow. On the east bank of the canal there were many willow trees, with graves, tombs and houses mixed among them. To the south of the bridge some ten paces or so the walls of the Manchoo and Chinese cities meet. A gate is there marked .East Side. Great crowds of people and horses were passing through it, camels as well, hundreds of them. These were said to be owned by the Emperor and now out for water.

We asked for the Shrine of the Three Faithful Ones and were directed to it by the pointed hand. I went some distance along the edge of the stream till I came to a bridge, and there by the bridge found a memorial stone, erected in the year ke-ch’ook of Mallyuk (1613). A little beyond the stone is a small shrine on the bank of the moat. The front gate was closed and so I alighted from my horse and went in by a side gate where I found the building to be of three kan only. In the hall there were three images; the one in the middle was of Che Kai-yang, the one to the right, Minister Moon; and the one to the left Ak Pi. Che wore a dragon cap, a stork robe, and had a feather fan in his hand. Moon had on a scholar’s graduating cap, and a ceremonial dress. Ak had on a military dress, a coat of mail and a helmet Their faces were just like

living beings. Ak was looking to the right, his mouth open just as though he was speaking; his features were very impressive and his bearing undaunted. Moon had a beautiful expression of peace upon his countenance. The ancients used to say, “Those greatly gifted wear an expression of quiet,” which statement I believe to be true.

Along with Yoo Pong-san I went in front of them and made obeisance. We were greatly impressed and moved.

The house itself was all in ruins which was evidence that it saw but few worshippers. We felt very sorry indeed over this sad neglect.

On the right and left of the court were two memorial stones that had been erected in the year kap-sool of Mallyuk (1574).

A Buddhist priest was in charge of the shrine and he asked us to come in and sit down in his little room that had a *kang* fire. There he brought us tea. I asked him the order of honor of the Three Faithful Ones, when an old man sitting by replied by writing. On my inquiring he gave his name as Chin Pyung-jik, and his age as 77. I gave him a package of medicine, and the priest a fan. Then we left and returned by way of the East Gate.

Inside the gate is a large stone bridge and beneath it a roaring torrent of water that made a thundering noise. I wanted to. see it more closely, and went underneath. The water was so deep that I could not guess its fathoms. It comes from the west and is called the moat within the walls. In the midst of it here and there are stone locks built so as to dam the water, with high gates in them. These are used to keep back the flood or let it free, and were called ap, or armoured gates. When a boat comes within them they are closed; the water is then let in and the boat lifted up. By a contrivance such as this there is no place in the world where a boat cannot go.

We went on about a mile and reached the South East Gate of the Tartar City which is similar in style of architecture to the East Gate. Over the canal here, is a large stone bridge and on each side a crowded market, where carts and horses

crushed through the gateway and got in and out only with the greatest difficulty.

I had heard that So-boo’s shrine was a short distance from this gate, and I wished to see it but the soldier told me that as the day was late we had better go back. But I found it was not necessary as the light was still quite sufficient.

As I ascended the terrace a Chinaman came up to me and gave me two stones out of his sleeve. The larger one was two or three inches long, round in shape and not unlike a stone washed up by the sea, but clear and soft in colour. It was of a yellowish tint with blue streaks through it. Looking more closely I found these streaks resembled men, trees, rocks, clouds and smoke. It was impossible for it to have been a natural formation yet it was hard and heavy and not at all like anything baked or made of plaster. I tried to scrape it, but could make no impression whatever. Neither was it a stone that had been dyed for the colours. were within it. It was indeed a strange and unaccountable thing. He asked only a fan as price and I knew therefore that it was a made-up object, but just how or of what I am unable to say. There are men in this country, skilful in all sorts of tricks, doing things better than even the Creator himself. I took it and gave him the price asked.

On my return I went to see the Secretary, intending to call on my brother, but he was having a consultation at the time with the 2nd Envoy so I did not go in.

The Secretary and I ate our evening meal together. We had bamboo soup of which the flavour was very good, and as fresh as though it had just been dug from the earth.

In the evening the horses in the front court were counted over and examined, my brother taking oversight as he sat in a chair and looked on.

*Peking. 9th day. Clear and bright. Strong wind. The coldest day since coming*.

I invited Pan Tuk-yoo (Chinaman) to come and see me as I had something to ask of him, but just as I had treated him to wine, he was called away and had to go.

Yi Chung-jai and his brother had come to see me and

were waiting in Chang Wun-ik’s room. He brought me five pens, some fruit and dainties. The dainties were made up of cucumber, and other vegetable preparations, but the flavour was not agreeable. He also handed me a greenstone archer’s ring which he said Yung Wun-paik had used, and asked that I pass it on to Yi Tong-pai. The ring was small and would never fit the finger of Yi Tong-pai.

Today the Emperor comes in from the Summer Palace and on the 13th he offers prayer and sacrifice for seed-sowing at the Sil-long Shrine. This shrine was said to be outside the South Gate of the Manchoo city.

It happened when my father was in Peking that General O Sam-ke of the Mings raised a rebellion. Such a state of confusion resulted that soldiers were marshalled at the South-East Gate and along the wide streets to guard the city. Soon a great army was raised and sent out to meet the rebels.

Again a rumor was heard that at the Western Hills a man named Choo had appeared who claimed to be the the son of the Emperor Soon-Jong (1628). He had an army of many thousand men and his announcement was that he would enter Peking, by way of the Ko-san Barracks. This was on the 23rd day of the 12th Moon.

He donned his royal robes and had his people begin right and left setting fire to houses. There arose a great disturbance, some attempting to put the fires out while others rushed with information as to where the trouble lay. Soldiers were sent forth in great numbers to capture Choo who made good his escape. He was never caught though his royal robe was found at his house.

A few days later, on New Years a fire broke out in the Office of Public Works. On that day also a northwest wind was blowing, and the flames drew nearer and nearer to the Ok-ha Kwan where my father was staying. Outside the north wall fire started near the room occupied by the 2nd Envoy. Our whole company were put to great confusion. The servants mounted the roof and had water sent up to them, while others broke down the buildings beyond the wall and so stopped the way for the flames. They also gathered up

the mat huts that were in the court of the Kwan and put them out of the way. At that time a Secretary of the Office of Ceremony along with the chief interpreter came hurrying in to urge that the tribute goods be put in place of safety. They were finally all piled up by the wall of the Ok-ha Bridge, and there guarded by interpreters and soldiers. After dark the fire was got under control but the smoke still kept rolling up so that no one could tell when it would break out again. This necessitated leaving the tribute things where they were for the night, the officers of the Board of Ceremony and the interpreters taking turns at watching them. Great care was exercised as well lest the tire start up again. Some said it had been set going in the Office of Public Works evidently with intent. Now, however, word was that they had caught the rascals and were putting them through torture.

All this time outside the office crowds of soldiers were riding by on horseback with bows and arrows ready; others were placed in ambush here and there ready to act. Every one looked afraid and terror marked every face. Usually the soldiers carried only a sword but on this occasion they carried bows and arrows as well. Every morning they awaited new developments.

All this I find recorded in my father’s diary.

The old interpreter Yi Yoo-yang who was with us had been present at that time also. He said; “When the fire began the interpreters were all frightened to death, great and small, fairly beside themselves, out of their wits. Your father, however, sat where he was and never moved, so that all the company marvelled at him.”

He also added, “While the trouble was under way the brokers and vendors of goods offered their wares at half price or less, the finest white silk, watered silk, thick silks for next to nothing, saying, ‘This will not remain mine anyway, so take it. If the trouble blows over you may then pay for it.’“ In this way the interpreters on that trip made such money as was never seen before. They tell of it even till today.

*Peking. 10th day. Cloudy and cold but moderated later.*

After breakfast we went out again to draw water. Wun-

geun, Sun-heung, Kwi-dong all came along, and the soldier to whom I had given the fan as well. On this day the officer of the northern guard, Ch’a Choon-gul, accompanied us on horse­ back. We went out by the same road that we had taken the day previous. The women that we saw today were even more numerous than the crowds we saw before. Colonel Yoo Pong-san came with us then but for no other reason than to see the women. His not coming today I know would be an eternal regret on his part. Whenever I see a beautiful woman I naturally think of Yoo Pong-san．Certainly I shall tell him what I saw and have a laugh.

We passed the corner of Tong-an Street, went toward the north, and there again turned east along the great horse­market road. By this way we reached the four towers marking the cross roads. I sent Ch’a Choon-gul along with the horse­boys to go as far as Pal-li-po and get the water, while I, along with the soldier, went toward the north. There were numberless shops and stores and countless strange things for sale, that I could never enumerate. Two men came along bearing between them four green lanterns on a pole. They rested for a time in the roadway. The largest of the lanterns was like a good-sized water-jar. They had red railings round them and were decorated with gems that were strung on strings, most wonderful to behold.

In the market many lanterns were hung up all about. Some were like flowers; some shadow-lanterns like these in our own country; some were like peony flowers in shape but otherwise there was nothing specially different from our own. I was afraid that if I met Chinese officers in the street they might regard my being out as strange, but they took no notice, and made no inquiry. The crowd of barbarians that followed was something terrible. If we stopped but for a moment they surrounded us, and it was with difficulty that we made our way out of the press.

We noticed within the walls of a house near by five or six bamboo poles standing erect. At the end of each was a paper lantern and a flag. Within the front gate funeral flags were seen, the staffs of which were nearly 20 feet long, and

two or three spans round. There were stakes stuck into them and both the stake and the pole were painted red. The stake handles again, were ornamented and gilded. The flags were made of red silk with characters written on them in gold, and so long were the streamers that they swept the ground. Outside the gate was a mat hut that Wun-geun said indicated a house of mourning.

When Chinese people are at the point of death they are removed from the house to this temporary straw shed. Buddhist priests are then called who circle round and read the sutras till the last breath leaves the body. They do the same also when the bier departs, and the flags and lanterns are carried forth.

From the four watch-towers we went a distance of a *li* or so, but as there was nothing special to see but market­shops I decided to return. The soldier then led the way toward the western quarter, On each side to right and left were sale-rooms and shops. Among these was one where birds were sold. Some were in bamboo cages that stood on the ground; some again were in cages hanging up. There were five or six different varieties of winged fowl each placed in groups according to its own species. Among them was a bird something like a cock-pheasant but with a white head and a white tail. Others again, rather smaller, had the head and tail of the hen-pheasant, but the feathers were white with red mottled colours in the wings, very beautiful indeed. I asked the name and they replied by writing the characters for “stone” and “hen.”

We went from here by a narrow road southwards, and arrived once more at the horse-market This we crossed and went into a narrow street where we found two people in a shop selling funeral flags. One man was writing on them and the other applying gilding. The patterns were just like what we had seen before the house of mourning. On a book-table at the side were a heap of things, dishes of various kinds and images of men and beasts made of coloured paper. Such are the trappings used at funeral ceremonies.

We then went east by a narrow path till we found a pen-

shop on the south side of the road. Here I got down from my horse to rest a little and have a look at the pens. The way they make them seems very rude and unfinished but they are admirably adapted for use. We then went out to the main streets and turned home.

(To be Continued )

THE CRIMSON DAWN

(Continued from the January Number)

CHAPTER IX

A CHILD WIDOW

On the morning following Noch Kyung’s quiet departure from Saemal, old man Ye found a little note written in elegant carefully formed Chinese characters:

“To the Honorable Ye Chun Sook greetings. When you receive this I shall be far away. The life for us at Saemal has become mutually impossible. You are tired of your part of the contract, and I therefore consider myself free from the agreement.

“Kim Noch Kyung wishes for you all happiness and prosperity.”

For the first time in many months Ye laughed as he read this, laughed loud and long. A cynical, harsh laugh to be sure, far from being a pleasant sound. Though there was no joy in its tones it showed nevertheless a great relief. His wife hearing this unusual sound dropped her preparation for the morning meal and hurried out into the court, drying her toil worn hands on her apron. Kumokie and her mother huddled together in one corner of the tiny space which served as court-yard and all of them gazed in awe and fear upon the man who shook with mirthless laughter as he held a crumpled sheet of paper in his hand. They dared not ask the reason for this strange conduct but stood in silent wonder awaiting his pleasure. At last he waved the paper in a triumphant

flourish about his head and proclaimed in great good humor: “Well at last, at last! He stood it much longer than I thought be would. A brave chap he is too! Yes, sir’ee, I surely did make things hard for him, but he ate all that abuse as long as he thought it was his duty to his family, why I almost had to drive him away.”

Neither of the two women grasped the hidden meaning of these words. Their minds had been so long cramped that they had long ago given up trying to understand when man spoke a cryptic language. Not so Kumokie, her mind was preternaturally alert. Kindled by a great love the dominant intellect was expanding day by day and a woman’s intuition had come to her awakened heart. A strange presentiment, a premonition of evil gripped her heart now with a deadly fear, but she clenched her trembling hands:

“Is he gone?” the voice was low and faltering, almost a whisper.

“That’s what! Gone for good I guess, and a good riddance too! Now we can be comfortable without someone always spying around all the time.” He gave another dry laugh as he tossed the letter in the direction of the trash heap. Then as he turned and saw the wild-eyed girl still staring at him he repeated with a show of annoyance :

“Sure, he’s gone all right. But what’s the use to look so distressed, you little fool?” Then as he saw that the child really cared he continued with bitter scorn:

“Yes, my fine lady, you are a widow now! But be more cheerful, we will have you married to that spry son of neighbor Han’s in no time, three months at most.”

The stricken girl raised her clenched hands to hide her agonized face for a moment, then lifting her head like a young princess. she declared vehemently :

“I am his wife. He himself said so and I know that he will come back for me.”

“His wife! Hear that, ye stones! My life! Isn’t she funny and tragic? Now this is real comedy. Call yourself a wife, do you? Hey? Much you know about such things. Well, who ever heard tell of such a child? So you think he will desert

the family but come again for you, do you? Ha! ha! ha! Now very likely. Get this fact into your head for good and all, he has thrown you away, like I throw away my old shoes. That is every man’s right when he so desires. He will have a sure enough wife by the time you get to be a daughter-in­law at the house of the rich Mr. Han.” With these comforting words Ye strode off to the boats and nets to spread the news among the villagers.

The child, a widow before she had been a wife, turned her face to her mother. The absent boy had won even this sorrowful mother’s respect during the trying months past. By his never failing kindness to others, his courtesy, most of all by his big brother attitude of protection towards Kumokie he had finally won a grudging approval from even this stern judge. Now as she realized something of the pain in the tortured heart of her child and opening her arms wide she murmured: “Poor baby! Come to your mother.” Before this Kumokie ‘had known nothing of sorrow that mother’s love could not soothe, no pain that those loving hands could not brush away, but in the few moments she seemed to have put from her forever all that belonged to her childhood. She was no longer an irresponsible, thoughtless child. Her pain was the anguish of a loving woman’s heart. She looked at her mother’s face, a sad face filled with longing and bearing the marks of many sorrows. Should she flee to those tender arms held out so longingly to her? Slowly and sorrowfully she shook her head. Well she knew that her mother would have given even life itself to have been able to comfort her, but this was something beyond her reach. Ah, mother, what an extra stab must have been sent to your faithful, gentle heart by the knowledge that your little girl had passed the day when your love alone sufficed! Kumokie turned blindly to the open doorway, entered her tiny room, then with a hard dry sob she threw herself on the floor. The two women outside turned away and mercifully left her alone with her grief.

The days which follow were like some awful dream and in after years Kumokie could never quite remember their

events clearly. She was only conscious of a desire to hide away from all the curious eyes and hateful questions of the neighbors; away from the caustic, biting sneers of her grand­father’s tongue, yes, even to hide from the loving eyes of her mother. Like some hunted, wild thing in pain she wanted only to get away and be alone with her heart-break. The women carefully folded and put away the clothes and belongings of the boy and waited for an opportunity to send them to their owner. What a joke it would have made for old man Ye had he known that from this bundle a soft, silken vest, much worn and now somewhat shabby, but eloquent of its absent owner, had disappeared; that the little, much worn garment now reposed in state among the fine silks, linens and embroideries in the bottom of Kumokie’s bridal chest! But he never knew. There was tragedy in her heart but the rough man failed to see aught but sheer comedy. When she could no longer endure his coarse jokes and ugly laughter, his amusement at what he termed the “child’s romantic turn,” she used to run away to the stony point overlooking the changing sea. Here alone the presence of her husband seemed to linger. Here in the very place he used to stand now stood Kumokie, the one who had learned to love him with all the wilful passion of a child, with all the tenderness of a woman. She chose this place because he had loved it. In those old days which seemed so far away she used to wonder why he was so sad and why his eyes had such a hopeless look as they brooded over the distant waves, now her own dark eyes searched the sea in just the same yearning, restless way.

The flame of an unusually gorgeous sunset had died, though crimson glories still flecked the western clouds. The golden 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 would never come again. The girl shivered. The chill of coming night crept over the darkling waves. The sadness that had fallen upon the sea was cold upon her heart. Over and over again she intoned the words, like the refrain of some dirge:

“He called me his wife! He will come again.” Yet for all her brave words she feared the future life and what it should bring. Not that she doubted her husband, no, not that. The fear that clutched her heart was that the tyrant of the home should fulfill his threats. Helpless in his hands, how could she wait for Noch Kyung to come? Suppose that he came too late?

The flaming lights in the west had faded to a dull gray. The sea and sky blended in soft shadows of night. There were no more glowing, purple glories to watch,—she was tired.

She turned and came slowly down the narrow path that led to the sandy beach. Each step of the way was fitted, dedicated to the memory of her husband. The remembrance of his kindness and his gentleness seemed only to enhance the realization that he had passed out of her life, that most probably she would never see Kim Noch Kyung again.

CHAPTER X

A BETTER COUNTRY

“The sands of time are sinking:

The dawn of heaven breaks;

The summer time I’ve sighed for,

The fair, sweet mom awakes.

Dark, dark hath been the midnight;

But Dayspring is at hand,

And glory—glory dwelleth,

In Immanuel’s land.”

The dread disease which had fastened itself upon Kumokie’s mother had nearly run its course. Day by day she grew weaker until pale and emaciated she was not able to stand. No longer could she do even the lightest household tasks. Not only were these now shifted to the frail shoulders of the daughter, but in addition to these heavy duties it was her only pleasure to nurse her mother. By day and by night the young girl stood on duty and during the suffocating hours of the long, sultry nights it was she who ministered to her

mother’s needs. It was her hand which waved the fan, she who kept away the vicious mosquitoes. Not once did that feeble voice call in vain, and she did all that she knew to relieve the pain and to bring comfort. The passionate remonstrance of the years past had given place now in the heart of the dying woman to the lassitude of passive hopelessness.

There was no money to buy medicine, so Ye said. There was no medicine to buy, for that matter, except the nauseating, filthy messes of the old witch doctor, worse far than nothing at all. Sometimes the kindly sympathetic neighbors brought some brewed mixtures of herbs or outlandish concoctions of unnamable ingredients for her to try. With as little partiality as hope, the doomed patient took whatever was brought to her. Steadily the racking cough grew more torturing, her strength less and less until finally she could only speak in a whisper and that with difficulty. Hot summer gave way to the cool days of September which in turn made way for the cooler October days and winds of November, as the flickering spark of life grew weaker.

Father Ye still spoke often of his plan to marry Kumokie to the son of his old friend Han Comchil. He knew that in spite of his pretentions to poverty that the secrets shared by this Han were strong enough to make that enterprising gentleman anxious to form a closer alliance with the Ye family. To him it brought a sort of fiendish joy to be able thus to torture the quiet Kumokie. Pale and quiet she moved among the innumerable tasks, her heart too full of the agony of her mother’s sufferings and of her own sorrow to have any room for the simplest joys of childhood. All of her life she had been a target for her grandfather’s sneers and jests, had lived in constant fear of this harsh, unfeeling man; but since life had dealt so bitterly with her the past year she had an inexpressible, dimly understood but clear realization that fate had done its worst in robbing her of Kim Noch Kyung. There was a deep, dark pool under a high bluff down below her rocky out­look and if the worst thing her grandfather threatened should come to pass there was always the possibility, the alternative of the rest it offered. Even in her short life she could remember

three darkened young lives that had ended thus in the oblivion of that dark pool.

In the mind of Ye Chun Sook the plan for Kumokie’s second matrimonial venture was well defined and determined, the only thing which delayed its immediate execution was the illness of her mother. He knew that she could not live much longer and during that time of waiting it was necessary to have the daughter to help with the house work. Grandmother Ye worked like a slave, to be sure, but she was slow and not so strong as she once was. So Ye waited impatiently for the time when the burden of the sick woman should be gone, and when the bright eyed intelligence of the young girl could also be removed, then he might be really comfortable with his dangerous work for the old lady would be as one both dumb and blind when he so commanded.

The future looked black indeed for the child widow. She felt like a bird in a cage, for by beating her wings against the bars she but bruised herself and made her condition more helpless and painful. She tried not to think beyond the present duty, she dared not know what the future held for her. At this darkest hour before the dawn a letter came to her mother from a brother, Chun Tochil. He lived in a distant village, Okchun, and she had not heard from him for many years, neither did be know of her present condition. He wanted to tell her his good news, that he had become a Christian, through the influence of a godly wife, and he wrote to tell her of his new found joy and peace and to urge upon her the claims of Jesus the Saviour of the world. The dying woman had been very near the brink. After the hopeless, futile efforts of the past years, her spirit had been sinking into the lethargy of indifference. Yet the contents of this letter aroused her, seemed to give her fresh courage, and to fan into new life the faint spark of vitality.

“I must see him,” she whispered, “I must see Tochil before I die!”

“I should like to know why!” Ye was most indignant. “He has become one of those despised Christian dogs, what have we to do with such as he?”

“No, the Christians are not bad,” she replied in that ghastly whisper, “I knew many of them long ago. They are kind, love is their watch-word. Oh! I must see Tochil!”

“A kind, loving brother would surely help a dying sister and pay her funeral expenses, don’t you think so?” This was new light on the subject. Though at first he had been sure that one of this hated religion should never enter his house, it might anger the spirits and bring bad luck and calamity upon him, yet if this fond brother could be persuaded to take upon himself the burdens of relationship and its responsibilities, surely then he, Ye, would be free from blame in the matter. The expenses of the funeral which rightfully devolved upon the father-in-law could thus be shifted to the shoulders of the other man. After thinking the matter over carefully he decided that there was a better chance to gain than to lose by this action, and posted a letter to the brother in Okchun telling of the condition of his sister. The message which found its way very slowly over the distant mountains by the overland post was to tell Chun Tochil that his sister was dying, that the Ye family was living in poverty and destitution, and that she was desirous above all things else to see him before the end, also that if he would see her again he must not lose a moment but come immediately. Meanwhile death hovered over a miserable hut in Saemal where a sad-eyed young girl kept watch by the side of a lowly pallet.

“I can not, must not die until he comes!” murmured the sick woman over and over again as she kept the grim enemy at bay seemingly by means of her determination and power of will.

One, two, three days passed in this tense eagerness of waiting and the sick woman could no longer articulate even the whispered words. Still, thin lips formed the words of encouragement and purpose. Four days, five, a week at length passed. The emaciated form was still now, very still, only the eyes appeared to live, they searched the door at every sound. Once in a while the lips moved as though in prayer and the watchful eyes were closed.

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Was it too late now? She had been so long motionless that the faithful watcher feared it was the end and in an agony of fear called out shrilly as she shook the quiet form:

“Mother! Mother! Oh Mother don’t leave me alone! Please, please don’t go away!”

Just then the opening door gave entrance to a stranger. Escorted by Ye a fine looking gentleman of middle age came into the little room. He knelt by the humble pallet and took in his the poor, tired hands, the hands now nerveless which could no longer respond to the touch of love so longed for.

“My sister? Dear little sister, do you know me?”—there was a deeper agitation of the fluttering breath, the beautiful dark eyes opened wide, the eyes which a moment ago had seemed forever closed to life’s sorrows. Slowly over their glazed dullness came a look of joyous recognition.

“You do know me! I came just as quickly as I could after I received your letter. What is it you want specially to say to me,” the brother saw that her time in which to speak was indeed short and that there were no precious moments to be lost if he would know the desire of her heart.

“See, I am listening, tell me what is your message?”—but even this tender invitation could not draw forth a response from the lips already stiff. The glorious eyes looked lovingly, with unutterable yearning into the face so near her own, and her brother saw that though her mind was clear and purposeful that encroaching death had so benumbed the poor body that it no longer responded to her will. Then slowly her eyes turned to Kumokie seated on the other side of the bed, to the child she had loved and still loved with all the deepest passion of her life, then back to him. Long she gazed into the eyes bending above her, then with a superhuman effort of will she lifted the now pulseless hand and laid it on the head of her sobbing child, all the while looking steadily into her brother’s eyes.

“Oh! Is that your child? Yes, I see. Do you want me to care for her? Is that it?”—the lids softly fluttered shut as if in assent. “It is evidently my sister’s wish that I take her child. Is this little girl the only one?”

“Yes, the only one.”

“Very well, I suppose that you will not object since she is a girl. Let us decide it right now, that the mother may die in peace. I am not a rich man, but my family lives in comfort and this little one shall have just what my own have. Do you consent?”

Ye was true to old time-honored ways of his people, he liked to do things in a very deliberate, unhurried way which he considered dignified. He didn’t like the way this man had of rushing things in this manner. Yes, he did want to be rid of Kumokie and this was a very fortunate and convenient as well as inexpensive way in which to do so but he would rather decide in a long drawn out conference which he considered more elegant, and dignified.

“Well it’s this way. I had intended marrying her to the son of an old friend and neighbor of mine, Mr. Han. This would be quite a disappointment to me,”—then in a hesitating, undecided voice; “It would be too bad to overthrow my long cherished plan.”

“Why no, surely you couldn’t be so heartless as to refuse this dying mother her last request. I believe that you are too kind at heart to really do such a thing!” The hurt, surprised tone in the stranger’s voice struck an answering chord somewhere in the hardened breast of old man Ye. To have bullied or threatened him would have only made him more determined, but the intimation that he was so kind and good that he could not refuse a dying mother’s wish, this was an attitude entirely new to him, something not easily put aside. Suddenly be had a real desire to appear at his best, to be magnanimous in this good man’s eyes, so he answered:

“This is my only and well beloved grandchild. But since you are in a position to do for her what I can not do, and if it be best for her sake that I give her up, then I consent.”

“Thank you! That is unselfish and most kindly said.” The waiting, eager eyes of the woman on the floor had not left his face for a moment, and he turned to her again :

“It shall be as you desire, little sister! Your little girl shall be my child, she is just about the age of my Elizabeth,

and I solemnly promise to love and cherish her as my own.” With these words a smile of understanding and of ineffable joy broke over the still face. The brother knew that the end was very near and his voice was vibrant with sweetness as he said:

“The Lord has answered your prayers. He sent me to you not only to comfort your heart about the child, but also to speak to you of your Saviour.” At these words Ye got up and glided from the room. In a few short, clear sentences the man pointed the way to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Kumokie no longer shook with broken sobs but listened eagerly to every precious word and when he ceased speaking she cried excitedly:

“That’s her God’s; that the God. she has been praying to all these months. I’ve heard her at night when she thought that I was asleep.”

“Bless the Lord O my soul!”—and kneeling he poured out his heart in praise and thanksgiving The trembling child beside him felt a great peace and calm, such as she had never known before, flood her heart, and while he prayed the earth­worn spirit was set free from the suffering, crumbling clay to be forever with her Lord.

The two who had loved her stood and looked upon her. No sign now in that dear face of pain or sorrow; the calm, glad smile of understanding still curved the lips and the man smiled too as he gathered the little orphan to his great, unselfish heart and whispered :

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!”

CHAPTER XL

A CHRISTIAN HOME

Never even in her wildest dreams had Kumokie imagined that there could be so much love and comfort possible in this sad world as she found in the heart and home of her Uncle Tochil. That day when he opened his arms to the lonely little orphan by the death-bed of her mother and promised her a place in his home it had meant much more than she had ever

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seen or known,—a Christian home! When he knelt by his dying sister and strove to comfort and lead her to the Savior the seed had found fertile soil in the heart of the child. This man who had come in such a miraculous way to answer her mother’s agonized prayers, this man who by a wave of the magic wand of love had cleared away the clouds from her mother’s troubled heart, this kind man who made it possible for her to die in peace with a smile of satisfaction on her sweet face, yes! this was a good man that she could trust!

In that dark hour of need when the cruelty of Ye had driven her to such extremity that she could see nothing in the future but the reflection of that deep pool beyond the cliff, in this hour of hopeless night this man had come like an angel of light and carried her away from the sorrow and suffering of Saemal to a life of care-free happy childhood in Okchung.

The welcome accorded the. little stranger in the home of Mr. Chun was typical of her sojourn in the wholesome purity of. the new life upon which she was entering.

Uncle Tochil and Kumokie had walked many weary miles on that long journey from the village by the sea to the little hamlet nestling among the foothills of the north mountains. Footsore, worn and weary, for many days the travellers had trudged along the highway. This is the mode of locomotion best known in this land even today; only the favored of fortune can afford an aristocratic donkey, or even the humble cow for a mount. Mr. Chung was in moderate circumstances, as he had told old man Ye; he was not a rich man and the best that he could do for the little girl by his side was to take the trip as slowly as possible, with frequent stops at the way-side inns. To one who had hitherto known so little of out-door life or active physical exercise, however, it was a difficult journey. The second day the little feet were cruelly blistered and after that each step was torture, but as Kumokie limped along by her uncle’s side not one word of complaint did she utter; she only set her lips more firmly and determined to bear it all unflinchingly. It was very hard at times to keep her thoughts on the words he was saying. Her uncle was trying to make her feel that she was really going home and was telling

her of those whom she would find there, of gay little Elizabeth, and Baby Yohn, of the big hearted little mother who would also welcome this new daughter into the blessed family circle. This second day’s journey had been very hard, much more than the first, because of the poor blistered feet, and the two had made very poor headway. The inn which Mr. Chun had hoped to make for the night was yet ten *li* away and between them lay a long and rocky pass. Night was fast falling. The short November day was dying in a shroud of gray clouds which promised snow before many hours. The man, so strong himself and used to long trips a foot, had not realized what suffering this day had meant to the tender little companion. Now as his eyes searched the lowering sky and he realized that they were yet a distance from their stopping place he unconsciously quickened his pace as he remarked:

“We must be getting along faster, night is catching us before we can reach our resting place, which is on the other side of yonder pass.”

They were going along at a good steady gait and the man was talking in his quiet, soothing voice, when suddenly a smothered sob brought him to a sudden halt.

“My child! Are you crying?” he peered into the pale, convulsed face of the little girl, and then knelt beside her in the road.

“Why what in the world?” the surprised man had congratulated himself, that they were getting to be good friends and that all was well, but what could this mean? But the child did not answer, she was now so ashamed of her weakness and that she was not measuring up to this splendid man’s expectations, that she could only hide her face in her arms and sob the louder.

“Can’t you tell your uncle what the matter is, my dear? Think of me as your father, for such I am now, and tell me what is troubling you.” As he tenderly laid his hand on the bent head he felt that the slender frame was all atremble, it seemed that the child could scarcely stand, but leaning against the man who knelt beside her, the almost fainting girl whispered:

“O, Uncle, its my feet. They do hurt so bad, and I’m so ashamed!”

“Well, poor baby, what a thoughtless creature I am! Those little feet are not used to such trips. Here let me see the feet.” They sat down by the wayside and by the fast fading light he removed the sandals and stockings and saw the cruel blisters on the tender, pink flesh and Uncle Tochil felt that he had been very inconsiderate when he had dreamed that he was very thoughtful and kind. It was only that he had over estimated the strength and endurance of the frail little thing that he had taken under his care. For a moment he held the trembling little girl closer to him.

“I will be more careful after this. But now we must get to the inn as soon as possible..” Suiting his action to these words he took the bundle from his back, a pitiful little bundle which held all the earthly possessions of Kumokie. None of the beautiful things in her inlaid chest were here, no, indeed Grandfather Ye saw to it that nothing of value was taken away. Mr. Chun stood looking a:t this burden, not a very heavy burden, but rather bulky, and pondered the situation. Then with a good natured laugh he said:

“Well, Kumokie, you and the bundle will have to take an ‘obuju’ (a ride on another’s back) together! Come along and let us see how heavy you are.”

“O! no, Uncle, I’m so ashamed, you are tired too and how can you carry me?”

“Tired? O no, I’m not in the least tired, and I am very sure that you are not as heavy as that Elizabeth of mine. I carry her often this way and she is larger than you even if you are nine years old.” The light hearted banter of his voice at last persuaded the weary child, for she was now so weary that she felt that she could not take another step on those poor blistered feet. So she timidly put her hands about his throat and snugged up to his back as she had done many times as a baby. She also had carried many of the neighborhood babies in this most approved style. After all this is by far the easiest way to carry a burden. Why is it that in the west people still insist on carrying children in their arms when

in the east they have found so much easier a way? As she thus fitted up to his back in this cozy fashion of babyhood, Uncle Tochil lifted her off the ground and then commenced to wind about her body and his own a long scarf that he had taken from the bundle.

“Hum, heavy? O yes, about as heavy as a nice spring chicken! Why, child, you are as light as a feather! We will have to see about that when we get you up to the good mountain air, where there is plenty of wholesome food and the right kind of exercise for children. Heavy? I wish you were heavier and stronger, little one. But that can all be cured in time. If you could see how much your uncle can carry and what he has carried when necessary you would not worry. So just ride easy now, put your arms tight about my neck and see how fast we can go.” Then taking the bundle in his arms he hastened along to the friendly shelter of the inn. It is always safest in those wild regions infested by robbers and wild animals not to be long after dark in finding such protection.

After many days the pilgrims neared the foothills of north mountain. When Kumokie had been too tired or footsore to walk she had been carried, and just how much this was she never knew. But each mile of the way had but added to her debt of gratitude and love to this kindly, gentle man. She realized that she was to have at last the care and protection of the father-love which she so much needed. The two were the best of friends and companions now and Mr. Chun rejoiced as he saw the face which had been so unchildlike in its sorrow and gravity, now take on a shade of intense interest as he talked of the home to which they were going, or heard the ripple of sweet laughter drawn out in response to his tale of some of Elizabeth’s gay pranks. But now as they drew nearer to this much talked of home the child began to feel that she was an outsider, an interloper, that she had no right in this bright sphere. She did not mention her fears to kind, fatherly Uncle Tochil, but the wonder as to what Elizabeth would think about the stranger sharing her home, held her lips sealed on this subject. Why should she not hate any

one who thus came uninvited and without warning to share the blessings which had before been hers alone? Then there was Aunt Maria. Uncle Tochil said that she was beautiful and good, that she had the kindest heart in the world and that she would welcome this little stranger. By the proud light in his eyes as he talked of this woman any one could see that he thought all this of her, that he loved her so much that he felt sure that she would do always the right and beautiful thing. Kumokie doubted this, but she could not openly express these doubts. Had she not heard her grandmother say hundreds of times that children were a great burden. There was sewing, washing and many things to do for a child. Had not Grandfather Ye said times without number that no one wanted a girl to bother with? Then why should Mrs. Chun, however lovely and kind she might be, care to have this extra burden thrust upon her? Of course, thought Kumokie, if her husband commanded her to do she would have nothing else to do. But to one of her sensitive nature it meant a great deal of suffering to be in a place where she knew she was not wanted. When evet had she known anything else? No one in all this world but her poor, dear mother had cared for her, she had always been made to feel in her grand­father’s house that they merely endured her because they couldn’t help it. Why should she look for something different in her uncle’s house in Okchung? In truth she did not look for anything better. By this time she had grown to have perfect confidence and love for her uncle and knew that he would do what he could to make her life happy, and that since he was the head of the house the others would not be unkind to her, but the fact that she was a little, unloved stranger whom no one could want was so deeply carved into her heart that it would take many months for her to realize that difference in the ideals which prevailed in this place and in Saemal’s big thatched house.

The last hill had been climbed, and the man and child made their way through the fast drifting snow towards the sleepy little cottages that clustered in friendly fashion at the foot of the big, grey mountain.

“We are just in time to escape the big snow of the winter. How glad I am that we will not have to make our way through the new made drifts tomorrow. Yonder house, Baby, there by the big old Nootie tree, that is your home!” Expectation, fear, and the dread of the new relations she must soon see were filling her heart with apprehension and the tears so dimmed her eyes that she could but see the outlines of the house indicated. The skeleton-like limbs of the big tree skipped and danced before her gaze and she failed to realize that the place they now approached was neat and clean. From the trimness of the spick and span thatch of the roof to the garden every outward sign of thrift and comfort was manifest. Though it was certainly not the house of a man of wealth it was just as evident that the people who lived here were not the ordinary, ignorant mountaineers of many of the other nearby houses. As the two strange companions passed through the narrow, winding alleys of the village several neighbors met them. Their curiosity was evident as they spoke to Mr. Chun and then stopped to watch them as they went on their way. A bright smile and a kindly word of greeting to each but he was too eager now to reach the end of this journey, the neat little nest under the nootie, to indulge in even a friendly chat with his friends. His steps unconsciously hastened as they drew nearer the heavy outer gate of the courtyard, or “medang,” which is the center of life and activity in a Korean home. The big gate swung back with a loud creak of welcome and announced an arrival to the inmates of the inner portals. For many long years Kumokie cherished the memory of the scene then enacted with the neat Chun madang for a stage setting; the frightened child, trembling with apprehension and dread of meeting the new relations, a forlorn, queer little figure in her ill-fitting, scant clothing shivering pitifully in the cold November wind at the door of a stranger; the door opened and a beautiful woman stepped out on the varanda, her beautiful Madonna eyes full of tender wonder as they fell on the pathetic child before her. She saw the timid anxiety in the sad face of the little stranger, she saw that here was one who needed her

love and care, here was one who called forth all the instinct of the mother towards the helpless little ones, as she gazed down into the little upturned face of Kumokie. Before she knew who this was or whence she came the heart of this great woman went out to the forlorn waif at her door and she stepped off the veranda and knelt by the side of Kumokie.

“Maria, I’ve brought you this little girl. Her mother is dead and she needs a mother’s love and care.” There was nothing strange to her in her husband’s announcement that he had brought the homeless waif to share their home; to comfort the comfortless, and to mother the motherless, was with her a special gift and the man brushed a tear from his face, a tear of which he was not ashamed, as he watched the pretty scene before him, this woman whom he adored, down in the snow on her knees by the orphan chafing her numbed hands and murmuring words of love and welcome. A whole flock of children came tumbling out of the open door and by their shrill voiced welcome demanding instant attention. This onslaught was led by a ruddy little girl in a bright red jacket who with loud, insistent cries claimed him as “Father.” After a vigorous greeting he was allowed to turn his attention to the crowd about him. Kumokie was taken by surprise, utterly astonished by this crowd of lovely, happy children. Where did they all come from? Uncle had only mentioned two, Elizabeth and Yohn. Who then were all these? She almost forgot to be afraid, she was so amazed. Mrs. Chun saw her questioning look and laughed as she said: “Oh, no, these are not all ours, all the time! But these fifteen girls are mine during the day time, for I teach them. This is my school.”

A school, a school for girls, and with a woman teacher! Would wonders never cease? But before her mind could quite take in just what this might mean for her in the future her uncle was saying to Maria:

“This I kept for a surprise for the little girl. Her grand­mother said that she was wild to study and become like some great lady she knows about, who can read the Classics. I can

see that she is an unusually bright child and with a fair chance in this world she may make a name for herself yet.” Then with a ringing, happy laugh as he turned to Kumokie, “So little daughter that is your new teacher and mother. This little rascal,”—drawing closer the child he held by the hand, “this is Elizabeth. And for you, Elizabeth, I have brought a new sister, and you are going to love each other very dearly, I know.” The outsider looked at the lovely face of the child before her who was holding very tightly and shyly to her father’s hand. She felt that it would be a great joy to love Elizabeth but she could not have uttered a word to have saved her life, she could only look embarrassed and take a firmer hold about the neck of the lady who still knelt beside her. She clung to Maria with an ever tightening hold. Now that she felt again the clinging tenderness of mother arms about her, she felt an overwhelming realization of how lonely she had been since that dear form was put to rest beneath the pines. The flood gates were opened and she 2&ve way to passionate weeping, clinging all the more closely to mother Chun. Maria’s heart had already gone out in longing tenderness and compassion towards the orphan, but this outburst of childish grief, those clinging little hands, opened the way into the inner recesses of her heart, and gained for Kumokie more quickly and more surely than any other means would have done her full protection and loyalty. This lost, motherless lamb was hers now to nourish, to teach, to cherish and to love always.

“Come in quick, children, and let us warm up the travellers and get them something to eat!” Gently she disengaged the grip of the tiny hands about her neck and into the house they went to find cozy comfort awaiting them. Love and happiness of a Christian home for the first time welcomed Kumokie. Thus commenced her new life, a life wonderfully rich in blessings never before dreamed of, for Jesus was the head of that house, and He had found an abiding place there in the hearts of His followers.

(To be Continued )