

Translations of Older Texts (Goryeo and Joseon)

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January 1917

OLD KOREAN STORIES.

SUNG HYUN (成但 1439-1504, A. D.)

THE DRAGON

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

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

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

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

A FAR EAST FRANCIS OF ASSISI

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

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

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

“Once when I (Sung Hyun) was sitting in conference with the other ministers of state this priest came and called on us. We asked him, “Why don’t you go to the hills and study instead of knocking about in all kinds of wind and weather building bridges, placing stepping stones, mending roads, and digging wells as you do?”

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

it.

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

YI CHE-SIN (李濟臣 1534-1583 A. D.)
KIM IN-BOK

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

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

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

CH'OI CH'I-WUN. (崔致遠)

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

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

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

THE SEA-GULL

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

THE SWALLOW.

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

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

THE TIDES.

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

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

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

TEA.

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

“To-day a gift of tea comes to me from the general of the forces by the hand of one of his trusty aides. Very many thanks! Tea was first grown in Ch’ok (蜀) and brought to great excellence of cultivation. It was one of the rarities in the gardens of the Soo Kingdom (隋589-618 A. D.) The practice of picking the leaves began then, and its clear and grateful flavours from that time were

known. Its specially fine qualities are manifest when its delicate leaves are steeped in a golden kettle. The fragrance of its aroma ascends from the white goblets into which it is poured. If it were not to the quiet abode of the genii that I am invited to make my respectful obeisance, or to those high angels whose wings have grown, how could ever such a gift of the gods come to a common literati like me? I need not now a sight of the plum forest to quench my thirst, nor any day-lilies to drive away my care. Very many thanks, and much grateful appreciation!"

A PRAYER.

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

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

"I make my petition to the shining Buddha who is all loving and all merciful, the great Kwan-se-eum. When the forces of evil rise up against us and overcome us, then the dust of the earth hides all one's vision and the waves of the sea lash furiously. At such a moment it is vain for kings to fix their eyes on great leaders, for the very stars themselves afford no hope. Our king is like the great rulers of Han, but still the mid-heaven sun never shines but once on the same day. I wonder why God feeds the vultures and owls, why the earth supports the caterpillars of destruction, and why the forces of evil fight and find peace and content, while brave soldiers are broken and defeated.

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

"In this world of ours there are those pierced and fallen from the spear, and those dying from disease. Give me the power of

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

NAMPO MEMORIAL STONE.

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

SELECTIONS FROM THE INSCRIPTION.

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

honourable, hence I give him the name Tai Nang-he, Great Enlightened One.”“

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

“As I think it over, the Master and I both went to China to pursue our studies together ; how is it that one of us became the great teacher of the state, while the other remained but a poor servant? The difference is that one learned from the heart and the other with the lips only. The heart is high, but not the lips. The ancient sages therefore were full of great care as to how they studied, for he who studied from the heart attained to virtue, while he who studied from the lips learned merely human speech.”

“The world’s best thoughts upon religion seem,
But drops of dew upon the blades of grass.
To think that Buddha can be won with ease,
Is fishing for the shadow of the moon.

All great religions surely are the same;
At first the Buddha seemed most dry and bare,
Until one tasted deep His hidden way.
And then all other wines as nothing were,
No other food could satisfy the soul.
He urged his hearers thus to cleanse the heart
Of fame’s poor chaff and riches’ shrivelled straw.

And to the world his word of counsel was:
'Arm you with love, and wear truth's helmet high.'
He never turned a thirsty soul away,
But stood to all mankind, a help from God.
Thus while he lived and laboured here below,
The state was pure as crystal lights that shine."
J. S. GALE.

February 1917

SUNG HYUN (1439-1504 A. D.)
HAN CHONG-YOO. (韓宗念)

When a young man, Han Chong-yoo (afterwards a famous minister of state), was given to all kinds of mischievous pranks that differed from anything of the sort ever seen before. Along with his companions he used to seek out places where witches and fortune-tellers congregated and take possession of their fare and devour the sacrificial offerings that they had had prepared. A wild dance would accompany this spoliation and a song sung to a tune called the 'Willow Chorus.' He and his group became known as the Wild Willow Band.

On one of these occasions Han blackened his hands with ink and went by night to a house where a dead body lay waiting. (Three months being the appointed time for the dead to remain in the home before burial). In front the body hung a curtain, and behind it Han hid completely out of sight. In the night the widow of the dead man came in with a table of food for sacrifice and other preparations for prayer. She knelt down and wept, saying "My husband, my husband, why have you left me? Where have you gone?" Just then her startled vision beheld two black hands come poking out from behind the curtain, and an eerie voice squeaked as spooks talk, "I'm here! I'm here!"

The wife frightened to death at the sight of it ran for her life, while Han turned to and ate the food and other offerings. This was only one of the many tricks played. Later, however, when he

became a minister, his name was heralded abroad and the report of the many good works that he had done.

In later years he retired from office and went to live on an island in the Han River. He leaves these verses:

The light rain falls across the river plain,
Beyond the reeds I hear the flute's clear note;
With all the skill His Kingship needs to rule.
I hold my rod and aim to catch a fish.
With black head-band and short coarse hempen coat,
I sit, while soft the breezes kiss my chin ;
My late return beholds the moon's up-swing,
And blossoms scent my old, dry pilgrim staff.

YI CHE-SIN (1536-1583 A. D.)

EACH ACCORDING TO HIS MIND

A ferry boat was once crossing a river when the rough waves pounded and flung it about as though to drown everybody. There was a Buddhist priest aboard who kept praying 'Na-moo A-mi-ta-pool! Na-moo A-mi-ta-pool!' A sorcerer kept saying 'Kak-hang chu-pang! Kak-hang chu-pang! (Angels of the starry firmament, Angels of the starry firmament). Fearing she was going to drown, a witch-woman aboard prayed thus: 'A-wang manse! A-wang man-se!' (Long live the king; Long live the king). A medicine man in the party made his humble petition : 'I-choong-tang! i-choong- tang.' When at last the boat reached the shore a Confucianist scholar asked saying, 'I understand how the priest, the sorcerer, and the witch-woman all prayed according to their beliefs, but what the medicine man meant by I-choong-tang I cannot make out.' The medicine man replied, 'I-choong-tang is medicine for the pai, stomach, of course, but it sounds the same as pai, boat, you know, and serves just as well in a prayer. We escaped you see.'" On hearing this they all laughed.

THE CACKLING PRIEST

"There was once a Buddhist priest, a dwarf, who had a limp in one leg. He went here and there through Seoul, day after day, entering the homes of the poor as well as those of great officials. In

fact there was not a spot that he did not visit. He was the strangest creature, for he could clap his sides, pucker up his lips and crow just like a great coarse rooster. Again he would make a noise like two roosters in a fierce fight, or again cackle like a hen. All imaginable sounds, such as these creatures make, he could imitate to perfection. He would set a whole village crowing by his antics. Then he would shake himself and sing:

For my one self, one room's enough.
My body finds these rags most dear.
When old King Hell shouts out for me,
I'll simply say I'm here, I'm here.
'King Kwan-eum oh, Kwan-eum oh king,
This word I say, this song I sing;
When my time comes to say farewell,
Save me lest I drop down to hell'

"With such songs he entertained his hearers, singing them to the tunes the farmers use.

"Crowds of children used to follow him and he would say, 'My following beats the world. No minister of state ever could equal me.' He used to get as much sometimes as a bag of rice in a single day."

GOLD AS DROSS

When Ch'oi Yung (崔兪) was a youth his father used to counsel him, saying, "Whenever you see gold count it as dross."

Ch'oi wrote this saying on his girdle string, wore it on his breast, and lived it out till the end of his life. As a minister of state his honoured name became known both at court and in the provinces, for he never accepted a favour or took a penny from another. He kept on hand barely enough for his simple needs.

It was a custom among the ministers to invite each other to their homes to spend the day, and have a game of paddok. In doing this they vied with each other as to who should give the best fare and most abundant entertainment. Ch'oi, however, acted in a manner quite different from the others. At his home when the noon hour arrived and something was expected, no refreshments were forth coming. Only when the evening shades began to fall did a

coarse dish of millet offer itself to their belated appetites. Being terribly hungry they ate it with special relish, saying, "This dish is of most excellent flavour."

Ch'oi laughed and said, "This is the way a soldier fares."

At that time T'ai-jo (afterwards first king of the Yi Dynasty), a noted general wrote a line of poetry that ran : *With one short sword I saved our household gods*, and then asked someone else to add a companion line. The other ministers had not the courage to try it, till Ch'oi took his pen and wrote: *And with my whip I won both gods and men*. Those seeing this applauded and remarked how true it was.

Ch'oi found many evils in the doings of his retainers Im and Yum, had them tried, condemned and beheaded, and according to custom of the times destroyed their families as well. Finally he himself fell a victim to the malice of Tai-jo, and as he was called upon to die he said, "During my lifetime I was careful to do what was right, except in the one case of Im and Yum. With them and their families I realize that I was over severe and did wrong. If indeed I have ever had other ambitions or evil designs let the green grass grow on my grave, but if not, may the brown earth cover me only."

His grave is in Ko-yang and till to-day no green grass clothes it but the red clay only, hence its name Hong Poon, Red Tomb.

THE MAN OF COURAGE.

When Maing Sa-sung, (孟思誠) was Minister of State he acted also as Minister of Law, while Pak An-sin was his secretary. They together arrested the son-in-law of the king and after inquiry into his evil deeds decided on his execution. Without reporting the matter to his Majesty they had him summarily beheaded.

On hearing of it the king was terribly angry and gave orders to have the two offenders bound to a cart and taken to the open market for public execution.

Minister Maing on realizing his fate turned pale from fear and was speechless. His secretary Pak, however, was wholly unmoved, not in the least afraid. He called his chief by his given

name, “Maing Sa-sung-ah. We are both condemned, you and I, so there is no longer need to stand on formalities. I used to think that you were a brave man ; what can possibly make you act the coward on a day like this? Call to mind the ancients.”

He shouted then to one of the servants to bring him a tile, but the servant refused to heed him. Pak wheeled toward him with blazing eyes and said, “If you don’t do as I tell you I’ll haunt your soul after death till I drive it from your terror-stricken body.”

His voice and face were so terrible that the servant obeyed at once and brought the tile. Pak wrote on it a verse, scratching it with a cornered piece of earthenware.

I failed to do the duty of my lord,
And so I gladly die.
My only fear is that the King’s good name,
May suffer through my loss.

He gave it to the soldier with orders that he carry it at once to the palace. Fearful to refuse, away the servant went and presented it. Just at that time Minister Sung Suk-im, although unwell, came in a chair and learning of the situation, with all his might urged the King to moderation in their behalf. At last his Majesty gave way and their lives were spared.

When Maing was a young man, he was made master of the sacrifices to be offered to the Old Philosopher (Founder of Taoism). While in preparation for this he had a dream one night, when a servant came running to him and shouted “The seven stars of the Dipper, sir, have come to call on you.” Maing came out to the court to receive them with all due reverence, when six high lords came stepping in. The seventh he recognized as no other than Sun Suk-im.

Now, condemned to death in the market, he suddenly learned that his life had been spared through the efforts of Sung Suk-im. For the rest of his days he regarded Sung as his revered father, and after his death, even in rain and snow, Maing never failed to dismount from his horse on passing Sung’s shrine.

YOUNG OON.

May 1917

YI KYOO-BO

Probably the most interesting Korean writer that ever lived was Yi Kyoo-bo. He flourished in the days when Richard Coeur-de-Lion and his crusaders were struggling for the heights around Jerusalem, and when Francis of Assisi was telling the little fish about how God loved them. So long ago it is, 700 years, and yet his words are alive with touches of humour and lines of genuine pathos even today.

His name Kyoo-bo means Kyoo, star; and Bo, message, "The message of the Stars." What did the stars tell him? Why they told him on the night preceding the examination that he would win the first place, and win it he did.

His world was not a peaceful one for he lived under one of the tidal waves of Asia, when the wild Kitan Tartars, and the Mongol hordes were overflowing everything. Some of his experiences are reflected in this prayer that he wrote out for the King:

"We, the king and officers of state, having burned incense, bathed and done the necessary acts of purification for the soul and body, bow our heads in pain and distress to make our prayer to God and the angels of heaven. We know that there is no partiality shown in the matter of dispensing blessing and misfortune, and that it depends on man himself. Because of our evil ways, God has brought death and war upon our state, by an invasion of the Tartars, who, without cause, have encroached upon our territory, devastated the outlying lands, and murdered our people. More and more are they encircling us, till now the very capital (Songdo), itself, is threatened. Like tigers are they after flesh, so that those ravished and destroyed by them cover the roadways. In vain are all our thoughts of ways and means to defend ourselves. We know not what to do to meet the urgency of the situation. All we can do is to clasp our bowing knees, look helplessly up and sigh.

"These Tartars are our debtors, really, and have received many favours from us; and, heretofore, we have never had any cause to dislike them. Of a sudden has their fierce dread flood broken in upon us. This cannot be by accident, but must, we know, be due wholly to our sins. But the past is the past, and our desire is

to do right from now on. Grant that we may not sin. Thus it is that we ask our lives from God. If Thou God, dost not wholly intend to destroy our nation, will You not in the end have mercy? This will be to us a lesson, and so I write out this prayer as I make my promise to Thee. Be pleased O God, to look upon us.”

Though he was Prime Minister, and the great man of his day, still his home had its sorrows. This poem marks one of the keenest that can touch the human heart:

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER

“My little girl, with face like shining snow,
So wise and bright, was never seen before.
At two, she talked both free and clear,
Better than parrot’s tongue was ever heard.
At three, retiring, sweet and timid, she
Kept modestly within the outer gates.
This year she had been four,
And learned her first wee lessons with the pen.
What shall I do, alas, since she is gone?
A flash of light she came and fled away;
A fledgling of the springtime she;
My little pigeon of this troubled nest.
I know of God, and so can calmly wait,
But what will help the mother’s tears to dry?
I look out toward the distant fields,
The ears shoot forth upon the stalks of grain,
Yet wind and hail sometimes await unseen.
When once they strike the world has fallen fallow.
‘Tis God who gives us life;
‘Tis God who takes our life away.
How can both death and life continue so?
These changes seem like deathly phantoms drear.
We hang on turnings of the wheel of fate.
Let’s give it up since thus we are.”

Though Prime Minister the even tenor of his home was disturbed by the Korean rat. At first, toward this creature., he was a pacifist, and wrote thus:

“Man steals what right belongs to God,
While you steal what belongs to man.
We’re both alike, victims of mouth and appetite.
Why should I kill you for a common sin?”
Later he changed his mind as we see from his poem on

THE CAT;

“Your soft black coat is sleek and warm,
Your round globe-eyes have green inside.
A tiger’s cub you seem to be,
With voice that makes the deer to start.
I’ve tied you with a red string cord,
And feed you now on sparrow’s flesh.
From kittenhood you learned to claw,
And whip your tail and crouch full low.
I’ve been so poor through most of life,
I’ve had no chance to rear your breed;
Till all my place ran raving wild,
With sharp-nosed rats that poked and spied.
They ate my clothes as daily fare,
And left me rags where garments hung.
In broad daylight they fought in view,
And rolled and kicked my inkstone o’er.
I hated them with deadly hate,
And swore to take them prisoners yet,
But they were far too spry for me,
And raced me round and round the room.
Behold you come, my home is changed,
And wild rat hordes are spelled away.
My walls are sound, partitions safe,
And grain and food supplies secure.
May not a day pass o’er your blessed head,
Without at least one tasteful rodent dead!

June 1917

A SELECTION FROM THE SAM-GOOK SA,
THE DEPARTURE OF KING MOON-SUNG OF SILLA. (867 A. D.)

“After reigning for nineteen years, in the 8th moon of the autumn the king fell ill, and gave as his last will and testament these words: ‘I, the weakest of men, have been called to this high office where I have lived in fear of God above, lest I offend; and anxious for the happiness of the people over whom I ruled. Day and night this has been my constant care, as though I ever crossed a deep chasm. By the good help of my ministers, officials and officers of state, I have been maintained in my high office. Now I am ill and ten days have passed and my mind is unable to fulfil its functions. Like the morning dew I am to pass away, and yet I do not wish to leave the throne of my ancestors vacant. Its military and civil affairs ought not to be forgotten even for a moment. I desire herewith to name my faithful servant Eui-jung, grandson of his late majesty my uncle. His filial devotion is marked, his intelligence great, his heart liberal, kind and gentle, and full of love for others. Long has he held the office of counsellor and aided greatly. He is one who will see to the peace of his ancestors, and deal kindly and lovingly with those beneath him. I therefore lay down my heavy burden knowing that he is a good man and well worthy to succeed me. Nothing more remains to long for. To finish and have an end is my one desire. The length of life is fixed by God, and my going is according to the laws of nature. Those of you, who remain, do not need to mourn over much for me, but rather use all your efforts and strength to aid him who succeeds. This is my last word and wish.’”

KIM POO-SIK.
THE KING’S PRAYER TO THE BUDDHA.
(*at Sok-ni-san Temple.*)

“The three worlds of the Buddha pertain to the heart, and the truth as regards religion rests there likewise. Mortals are slow to awaken to this fact, and are wearied out treading the six ways of existence, with no means of escape therefrom, but adding, as the years unfold, sorrow upon sorrow. The Buddha, however, with his perfect mirror stands ready to enlighten all alike, pitying us poor

unfortunates, who have the treasure in the earthen vessel, and know it not. He has made known to us the way of repentance and given us the law.”

The desire that all may be good is expressed in the Wha-eun Bible. We see there that true sincerity can indeed move the Merciful Buddha. Its teaching is as endless as eternal life, and its grace like the unnumbered sands of the sea. I, (the king), a most imperfect being, have come to this high office, and have to bear the burden that my forefathers have passed on to me. I am opposed by the evils of accumulated years. Walking on the thin ice where the deep yawns black beneath me, I am the constant child of fear. My spirit thought to revive beneath the soft dews of Buddha’s grace and boundless blessing, but now, alas, I am suddenly fallen ill. I have called for physicians and fortune-tellers, yes, more than once, and have prayed to the spirits, but no relief has come, only a deeper sense my misery.

“In the year that His Majesty Sook-jong came to the throne (1095 A. D.) he had many of the Yi’s and others beheaded and sent into exile, so that even the world of spirits was shaken, and wrath filled the spheres.

“With the burden of their distressed souls upon me, and with a desire to bring them peace and to escape from the danger of such resentful dead, I find no other way open to me but only that of the Buddha. My ministers I herewith send to your far-famed temple, that they may set up an altar in the hall of worship. May the clouds of incense, the diligent reading of the sacred books, and the sincere heart, move the Buddha till the blessing be obtained, and all the dead in torment be delivered from their woes and transferred to heaven. May the mirror of grace so enlighten the heart, that the weary ones on the way to death may be delivered.

“This is my prayer: May the indescribable blessing of the Buddha, and his love that is beyond tongue to tell, come upon these forsaken souls in hades, so that they may awaken from the misery of their lot. May their resentful voices be heard no more on earth, but may they enter the regions of eternal quiet. If this burden be lifted from me I shall be blessed indeed, and this distressing sickness will give place to peace and joy. May the nation be blessed likewise and a great festival of the Buddha result.”

Note:-This is a characteristic prayer of that age. The Buddha is looked upon as a great saviour, and faith and sincerity are the requisites to win his approval, rather than any set work to do. He is the fountain of all love and mercy.

Prayer for the dead is taken as a matter of course as is the doctrine of future probation.

The haunting fear of the resentful dead so common in old Korea, is the moving cause of the prayer.

MO-RAN PONG, PYENG-YANG

BY

KIM POO-SIK.

Fresh from an audience with the king,
I reach this most delightful spot;
Where nature with its thousand tints,
Calls on my wondering eyes to see.
There peak on peak, blue-tinted, dim,
Mark off the sky's far-reaching line.
Beneath this strong embracing wall
The restless river moves along.
The willows hide from vulgar view
A place to cheer, where drink is sold.
What do I see beneath the moon?
An angler with long rod, intent.
Too Muk-joo wished before he died
To be a man of leisure, free.
I too have only one desire,
That some such luck might come to me.

THE DUMB COCK

BY

KIM POO-SIK.

The closing of the year speeds on. Long nights and shorter days, they weary me. It is not on account of lack of candle light that I do not read, but because I'm ill and my soul distressed. I toss about for sleep that fails to come. A hundred thoughts are tangled in my brain. The rooster bird sits silent on his perch. I wait. Sooner or

later he will surely flap his wings and crow. I toss the quilts from me and sit up, and through the window chink come rays of light. I fling the door wide out and look abroad, and there off to the west the night-stars shine. I call my boy. "Wake up. What ails that cock that doesn't crow? Is it dead he is, or does he live? Has someone served him up for fare or has some weasel bandit done him ill? Why are his eyes tight shut, and head bent low, with not a sound forth coming from his bill?"

This is the cock-crow hour and yet he sleeps. I ask "Are you not breaking God's most primal law? The dog who fails to see the thief and bark; the cat who fails to chase the rat deserve the direst punishment. Yes, death itself would not be too severe. Still the sages have a word to say: Love forbids that one should kill. I am moved to let you live. Be warned however, and show repentance."

A KOREAN'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Note : The author of the following article was An Chung-bok, who lived from 1712 to 1791 A. D. His nom de plume was Soon-am (Gentle House), and it is said that he took it from a desire to please God. Because he was a specially religious man, the King appointed him Preceptor of the Crown Prince. He took no examinations and had no desire to win a name as graduate, though he was fully equipped to be the first in his class.

His published works are: *History of Korea, The Story of Mok-ch'un County, Divine Things, Religion, Guidance in Study, How to Read History, Notes on Choo-ja, Marriage Rites, and Miscellaneous works*).

The Earliest substantial introduction of Christianity into Korea was that of 1784 when a .baptized convert returned with the tribute embassy from Peking and began active propaganda. The stories of these earliest years read like a tale of Sir Launfal, or the knights of the Middle Ages. Korea was astounded at the bravery and unselfish zeal of these new converts, a something entirely new in her experience of faiths and beliefs; and she watched them with mingled feelings of fear and wonder. Among the notes of onlookers is one essay by An Chung-bok who gives his views of the merits of

Christianity as compared with the old national cult, Confucianism. These notes will be of interest to any one who desires to see as the Oriental literate sees. The answers given to the questions suggested are very much the same as would be given to-day by any well-posted Confucian scholar. It was in the year 1785 that Mr. An wrote the essay, and he was then 73 years of age.

He goes on to say, "Books containing Western teaching arrived here in the last years of King Sun-jo. Officials and ministers saw them and took note. but they understood them to be like the books of the Taoists and Buddhists, and so set them aside as mere objects of curiosity. These books dealt not only with religion, but contained works on astronomy and geometry, and were first obtained when the envoy went to Peking.

"In the years Ke-myo (1603) and Kap-jin (1604) Christianity became popular with a certain class of young men, who contended for it, saying that God Himself had come down to earth and given His commands through angels. Alas, in a single day their hearts were changed and turned away from the writings of the Chinese Sages! It was like the boy who graduates in the Classics and then comes home to call his mother by her first name, a sad state of affairs indeed!

"And now I desire to give my opinion of what is written in these Christian books. Christianity has been in China for a long time, and the rumor of it we have heard for many years. I wish you to know that it does not find its beginning now.

"There is a book called *Distant Messages*, by a priest Aleni, (arrived in China about 1597) which says, 'Judea was a part of ancient Rome. It is also called Palestine, the land where God visited the earth.'

"Matteo Ricci, (arrived in China 1582) in his book called *Truths about God*, says, 'In the 2nd year of Emperor Wun-soo (A. D.), and on the 3rd day after the winter solstice, God chose a virgin and by means of birth came and dwelt among men, His name being called Jesus. This name Jesus means Saviour. He taught for 33 years on that western frontier of Asia, and then He ascended again to heaven.'

"I shall now proceed by question and answer :

“Was the worship of God known to the Far East in the early ages?

“Yes. The Book of History says, ‘God gave man his conscience, so that if he preserve it clean and undefiled, he will find the way of peace.’

“The Book of Poetry says, ‘King Moon safeguarded his heart and so served God acceptably.’

“Again it says, ‘In fear of the majesty of God, one can preserve his faith under all circumstances.’

“Mencius says, ‘To set one’s energies to the training of the heart, that is the service of God.’

“Again we ask If the religion of the literati is indeed the service of God, why do they oppose the teaching of the foreign missionary?

“I answer, The foreign missionary claims to worship God also, and in that respect we are at one, but we do so in a right and proper way, while his is a wicked and deceitful way and so I oppose it.

“But the Western missionaries, who guard their bodies in all chastity, prove something that the most zealous of us literati fail to do. In their knowledge and understanding of the principles of nature too, they surpass us. They can measure the heavens and reckon up the seasons; make all sorts of delicate instruments of wonderful precision; can make great guns that are able to shoot to the 9th heaven and overspan 80 li. Is this not wonderful? Whenever they enter a country they immediately learn its language and soon speak it. They find, as well, the country’s latitude and longitude. They are indeed wonderful beings equal to the Sages and the Genii. Why then do you not trust them?

“I answer, If we speak of the world as a whole, Western nations lie on the other side of the Kol-yoon Mountains, and so occupy a place midway in the earth. They are strong and vigorous peoples, large and imposing in stature, and rich with treasures that spring forth from the soil. They are like the stomach that contains the centres of vitality, and the food from which sustenance comes.

“China, on the other hand, lies toward the south-east quarter, and gathers into itself the light and warmth of the world. It is the

heart, and those who are born there are truly the spiritual and holy ones of earth, the real saints like Yo, Soon, Oo, T'ang, Moon, Moo, Choo-kong and Kong-ja (Confucius). If we illustrate it from the body, I should say that as the heart is in the breast, and constitutes the spiritual abode among the members, so is China. I therefore conclude that China's religion is the true religion, and that the Western religion, notwithstanding the fact that it claims to be truth and holiness, is not true.

“Some again might ask, ‘What do you mean by this?’“ “I reply, ‘The heart reflects the nature of God, therefore if we keep it and the conscience clear, and do not forget the divine commands, this is true religion and true service. Why should we, night and morning, as do the missionaries pray to God to pardon all our past sins and save us from hell? Is this not the same as the prayer of the witch and the sorceress? To prostrate oneself five times a day before God, and to keep one day in seven for fasting and afflicting the soul, do you call that rendering God service?’

“Others might make this inquiry, ‘There are three great religions, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, but the Western missionary gives to his teaching the special name Religion of God, (*Ch'un-joo-kyo*). What does he mean by that?’ “I reply, ‘The Religion of the Sages is the one and only Religion, why do you say there are three? Three is a later word of those who do not know. Buddhism is a religion from the West, that breaks right across the law of the family. Taoism, also, is a cult that pertains to the non-earthly, and has no relation to the things that be. How can you mention them in the same breath with Confucianism? For the Western missionary to call his teaching the ‘Religion of God’ is most foolish, not to say blasphemous. The region of the West has had so called religions arise within it like quills upon the porcupine. A careful reading of the *Chun-teung Nok* will prove this to anyone.’

“Western missionaries think if they claim for their teaching the name of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, that no one will dare to oppose them on account of this all-prevailing name. It is like using the name of the Emperor in order to compass one's own private ends. A very clever trick indeed!

“The Religion of the literati puts the Sage in the place of

God, to work for God in the governing of the people; to reward the good, and to punish the evil. Thus it makes God all in all, and shows that the literati act according to His divine decrees. How can the mere calling it the 'Religion of God' make it Truth and Holiness?

"Again it may be asked, 'Are there no others who speak of God but the Western missionaries?'

"I reply, 'Yes, there was once a man called Meuk-ja (450 B. C.) a Chinaman, who wrote a book entitled *The Will of God*, (*Ch'unji Pyun*), in which he says, 'Those who follow the will of God know only love for all mankind, and by love seek others' profit. Doing so, they will find their reward. But men, who run counter to His will, hate each other, and in their friendship seek only selfish gain. Unquestionably they will find their punishment.'

"The noted kings of the early ages Oo, Tang, Moon, Moo followed God and were rewarded; while Kul, Choo, Yoo and Yaw opposed it, and were punished. Anyone who looks above and serves God, who looks midway and treats with reverence the spirits, who looks down in service toward other men, will love, as God Himself loves, and will be blessed, as God can bless. This is what Meuk-ja means when he speaks of following God. He means to love others as oneself, and to seek others' profit just as one's own. The Western missionaries' exhorting us to put away enmity, and love all others is just the same as Meuk-ja's *Kyum-ai*, 'loving another as one-self.' Their enduring hardships, too, and practising self-denial are just the same as Meuk-ja's *Sang-keum*, 'taking the hard way.' The only difference is, that while Meuk-ja speaks of God, he talks of the present and visible world, while the missionaries talk only of a world to come. Comparing their words with Meuk-ja's, theirs are very much harder to accept, and harder to believe. The missionaries' talk of a world that is to come, is like that of the Buddhist; while their command to love others and to deny oneself is no better than Meuk-ja's *Kyum-ai* and *Sang-keum*. Is this, pray, what students of Confucius and Choo-ja should learn? Now the Chinese so-called literati while opposing the heaven and hell of the Buddhist and the Taoist, never question this at the hands of the foreign missionary, but at once respond, 'This is the Truth of God.' The Sages of China are very high, and very great and yet they never pretend to equal

God Himself. How foolish are these foreign missionaries to speak of their founder in such extravagant and unreasonable terms?

“Again I am asked ‘The name Jesus is said to mean the Saviour of the world. Now does the same thought underlie the teachings of the Sages?’ I reply, The thought conveyed by the name Jesus as to the saving of the world, pertains to an unseen world, and by means of the rewards of heaven and the pains of hell, urges men on to good action; but the religion of the Sages pertains to this present life, and seeks to enlighten men in virtue. Even though we admit that there are such places as heaven and hell, we still know that if men do what is right in this life and refrain from evil, heaven will assuredly be their portion; while, if they turn from good, and do evil, unquestionably hell will be theirs. Therefore men, while in this life, should diligently and faithfully seek after goodness and hold the conscience clear that God has given them. What purpose can be served for good action by constantly referring to a life to come?

“Chang-ja says that Buddha rose superior to life and death, which means that he turned his back upon all others and thought only of himself. The missionary, who prays to be saved from hell, is also a one-sided religionist who thinks only of himself.

“ ‘Do good and turn away from evil and all will be well with you,’ says the missionary.

“These words too, are misleading. The good that we ought to do, and the evil that we ought not to do, are known to everybody, ignorant and learned alike. For example I think of a man, a very wicked man, and another says of him ‘How good you are!’ He likes it; but if anyone says of him ‘Alas how bad!’ he gets very angry. So we see that even the wicked man knows the difference between good and evil. How then could there be any religion that says, ‘Do evil and turn away from the good?’ Therefore from olden times heretics have always made it their plea that their religion meant the doing of good, and the turning away from evil. These foreign missionaries are by no means the only ones who say that. But, as I said before, their religion does not deal with the present world, but with the heaven and hell that are to come, a thing most foolish and contrary to the mind of the Sages. The Sages speak of the present life as to what is best concerning it, and their words are frank and

above board. For this reason Confucius did not speak of miracles or spirits. If he had begun talking of such things, he could have stirred men's minds up to all manner of excess. We see many examples of this in Chinese history. People have come forward calling themselves the Merciful Buddha etc., whose records are definitely recorded in the historical books. In our own country in the year Moo-in (1756) a noted witch appeared calling herself by this title. People gathered to her from all parts of the country, saying that Sakamoni had come to life, and bowed and did her honor. She said that all worship of spirits should be given up, and gave as the reason that she, the Buddha, was once more alive and on earth, and that no others should be worshipped but she only. The people, following her orders, burned and destroyed their prayer altars and the dishes that they had used. In two or three months the whole of central Korea had come to follow this woman. The king seeing this, sent a Commissioner Yi Kyung-ok and had her beheaded. Even after that, for several months matters did not quiet down. People's hearts are so easily stirred but so hard to restore to reason; easy to influence, but hard to awaken to understand. The missionary says, 'We must serve God with all the heart and never cease from it' This he claims agrees with Confucianism. He also says, 'You must keep the body under, and be sparing of food and be temperate in all things, just as Confucius taught self-denial.' Therefore though the teachings and practice of these religionists differ from those of the Confucianist, the matter of doing good is the same in both, and one seemingly ought to command it. But the world is so cunning and evil, and peoples' hearts so hard to fathom, that if but one strange person appear and say 'God has come down to earth in the East; God has come down to earth in the West,' no end of people will be attracted by this kind of nonsense and believing it will be carried away."

July 1917

HONG PONG JOO (洪鳳周)

Recently a little book with some of the leaves missing came

into possession of the writer, the poetry of Hong Kan, a famous literati of Koryu., who graduated in 1266 and died in 1304. He was one of the great literary lights of his day and yet that is not the most interesting fact about the book. A stamp or owner's mark on the first page reads "The seal of Hong Pong-joo, Whi-se, of P'oong-san." Now Hong Pong-joo, a descendant of the 18th generation of the famous poet, was the friend and faithful attendant of Bishop Berneux, who died a martyr in 1866. The bishop and the priests who accompanied him were beheaded at Sai-nam-T'o on the sandy banks of the Han River; while Hong died just outside the Little West Gate where the roads cross, a short step to the east of the Standard Oil Offices.

A record of the official trial of the martyrs I find in a little book called *Pyung-in Kook-an* (The case of 1866). Hong's part I quote as follows:

The court asks, 'For many years you have had to do with bringing foreigners into this country, and giving them shelter. This you have evidently done with a willing heart; tell us the truth about it.

Reply: "In the year *eul-myo* (1855) under the direction of Father Yi, I went to Whang-hai and took boat to Ch'o-to, where I found a Chinese junk owned by a certain Shin Tuk-sung. Aboard this I made my way to Shang-hai and went to the cathedral where I delivered the letter of Father Yi to Bishop Su Ryoo-sa. I then undertook to pilot the way for Chang Kyung-il (Bishop Berneux) and we set out together, so that in the second moon of the year *pyung-jin* (1856) we landed at Chang-yun (Sorai Beach?) and finally came to Seoul where he took up his residence in the home of Yi Koon-sim.

Question: For what reason did you cross the distant sea and bring this man?

Reply: In order that I might learn the Christian religion from him while he learned the Korean language from me.

Question: Chang Kyung-il (Bishop Berneux) lived in the home of Yi Koon-sim, how comes it that he was arrested in your house?

Reply: After the death of Yi Koon-sim I bought his house

and lived there were I was taught and where I also helped teach.

Four other foreigners came last year, but who brought them, or where they now live I do not definitely know.

Question: ‘You, along with Nam Chong-sam, have made false statements and set rumors going that have greatly disturbed the people, such lies as were never told before. What Purpose had you in mind in regard to this matter? Speak the truth now and let us know.

Reply: ‘On meeting with Nam Chong-sam one evening in the 12th moon of last year I talked with him about the likelihood of an invasion by the Russians, and told him what I had heard from the lips of Bishop Berneux. Though a treaty should be made with Russia this was not likely to be the end of our anxiety. A treaty with France we felt would relieve us of that pressure. Chong-sam spoke of it to this one and that, till it became a source of talk and excitement.

Question : ‘You have made a journey of thousands of li, breaking the law of your land in crossing the frontier without a Permit; you have talked also with Nam Chong-sam about your anxieties concerning Russia which you say arose from what you heard from Chang Kyung-il (Bishop Berneux). You built on this to create fear and consternation. You are the one who set Chong-sam telling these outrageous stories, and you are also the one who gave shelter to the foreigners.’

Reply : ‘Hearing the news from the north I was naturally anxious lest trouble break out, so we talked of it, Chong-sam and I. The Russians I know are a people full of lustful greed, an extremely fierce and awful people. I was thinking how that evil might be warded off and our country kept safe.

Question: You taking to a false religion; your giving shelter to the foreigner; your disturbing the country by lies and groundless rumours have all come to light. Let the investigation be closed.

Reply. ‘My sins, first and last, I have no words with which to explain away, I give my assent.’

Sentence: “Your crimes are: Those left over of the pernicious multitude of the year *sin-yoo* (1801) have kept this evil going through all this time, and you, deceived by the obnoxious belief,

and making yourself one with this alien race, with a letter from the priest Yi hidden in your bosom, went across the sea to the distant limits of China and brought here the foreigner, Chang Kyung-il (Bishop Berneux), lived with him in one and the same, house, and finally became the master of the house yourself. Day and night it has been your pleasure to read and study these wicked books along with the wicked crowd who had been gathered together through your secret agency. Your part might be likened to the drawing of the bow of this evil propaganda. You have been host for this unclean company. The fears about what Russia would do, and the desire to have a treaty made with France was due to your conversation with Chang Kyung-il and so all came from you. The one who sent Chong-sam out to launch his groundless rumours and cause the people anxiety was you. It was a desire on your part to barter away the country that led you to fan these flames. In view of these offences though you were carved up it would be a light punishment indeed. How can you escape the consequences of your treachery, your secret dealings with the stranger, your lack of loyalty to the state, and your acceptance of a heretical faith. You are condemned.”

Dallet in his *Histoire de L'Eglise de Coree* says that Hong was taken out on March 8th to meet his fate. He was beheaded and his body left for fifteen days in the fields near by, while his head was hung from a post that was planted in the middle of the street.

We honour him as one of the martyrs who died in the hope of better days for Korea. The fact-that he was a descendant of the great poet, that he owned this little book that I hold, and put his stamp upon it, tells of his having been a man of refined tastes and gentle life.

The first poem in the book is entitled :

A Ride in the Early Morning

“The colours of the morning gild the sky

The babbling brook runs on its limpid way.

Across the light I look a thousand li,

And see old China from the mists arise.

A bridge of stone connects me with yon bank

And to the south a wide pavilion stands;

I hold my staff of office in the hand,
And gaze upon the autumn tinted hills.”

August 1917

YI IK (1750 A. D.)
DISTURBANCES OF NATURE

“Wang An-suk of the Songs boldly remarked that we need not fear natural calamity, and so he was regarded by religious people as an offender. People now do not often venture to say that disasters are not meted out as we deserve. Tong and Yoo of the Hans show how they come as a definite result of certain evil conditions, and yet most people do not accept this view.

“From the time of the “Fighting States,” (age of Confucius) when religion failed and governments had fallen to decay, with no end of calamity and disaster accompanying, people learned to say “God has rewarded us for our many evils.’

“Again when natural calamity came first and national evil later, it was said to have simply fulfilled the indications of Providence. Time might pass and yet in the end every jot and tittle would find its fulfilment

“When omens, signs, and evils accumulated it was said that God in His love was calling men to repentance.

“During the ten years of the reign of King Yang-kwang of the Soos there were no providential happenings and the earth brought forth plentifully. He was an evil man and so it was understood that God had cast him aside and left him to his ways.

“At the present time, also, we have many instances of natural disturbance, and yet they cannot all be said to be due to such and such an act. Men do not really fear or regard this fact in their hearts, but simply make a show of fear, the empty form and not that true inner reverence of God. The Book of Changes says “The pok combination reveals to us the mind of Providence, which is one that tends to the production of all things, a combination of the eum and the yang. When the yang in our nature rules, then we understand the

mind of God. It is a mind unchangeable in its being. It is not like man's mind, that is delighted with what pleases and angry with what displeases.

“If therefore man regards his evils as of little account, and clings fast to them, God in love, will make His presence known. And if man still fails to heed the warning he will visit him with punishment that will sharply follow. Thus men dare not treat His dealings lightly. This is the order of God's providence.

“How then can we say it is God's love? The great forces of nature evidence in, love, in life, and ai, love, in service.

“If we, regard things present or past we will find no age in which Providence has not shown evidence of His love. Providence does not wait for man's evil to manifest itself. We find in summer that it is warm and in winter cold; the day is light and the night is dark, this is God's appointment. Convulsions in nature then are due to a change in the natural order, blessing being the natural, and evil the unnatural. The propitious is the usual, and the unpropitious the unusual.

The harsh is seen as well as the gentle, and God cannot do otherwise. Still the character love always rules in His mind. All things good or bad are under His control. Man is born at God's appointment and so if he follows gently God's will and way, and turns from all disobedience, he will escape the evils of the world. This is doing God's will. But if he does not do this he cannot escape misfortune or evil, and yet this is no proof that God desires either the one or the other. Therefore we say that God awakens men through the troubles that He brings upon them. We might illustrate it by a sailor at the tiller awaiting the wind. He hoists his sail according as the wind proves favourable or unfavourable. If he is not clear in his own mind as to the wind he will assuredly court disaster. This again would be due to the fact that he had done contrary to the wind's announcement. The wind, too, has no wish or desire in the matter.

“When disaster comes sometimes it does so in fulfilment of a definite act and other times again not so. How do you account for this?

“When nature and conditions change, things included

change accordingly. The sun and stars have their pathway to the south, and their pathway to the north, and there are the degrees that mark off east and west. Proximity has its part to play, so that those nearer suffer, while those at a distance escape. The earth has its compass-points and when these agree with astral correspondence all goes well, but if they disagree evils result. Some men are naturally law-abiding, some lawless; some false, some true, and so some escape and some suffer.

“All men walk on the earth. One step outside the gate and the blue heaven is overhead. Even behind the window shade or within enclosed walls or caverns, streams of light come shooting in. So evil too will thus find us out and there is no escape.

NOTE:- This kind of essay is rather difficult to follow in its lines of argument, but one impression it does leave, and that is that the Korean is deeply impressed with the immanence of an overruling Providence.

MRS. YOO (date uncertain)
TRIBUTE TO A NEEDLE

“Sad to relate, in such a year, and such a month, on such a day, I, So and So, write out the story of my sorrow that tells about my needle.

“Of all the useful things that touch the hand of woman first and foremost is the needle. That people of the world should think so lightly of it breaks afresh my broken heart. Thou dearest one! Seven and twenty years have passed since first you came between my fingers. Should I not love thee well? Thou precious one! I’ll wipe away my tears and with my resolution firmly set, write out your life, and tell how, heart to heart, we’ve lived and worked together. Thus will I bid adieu and say my last farewell.

“Long years ago my uncle was selected envoy to the Imperial Court of Peking. On his return he brought home many packages of needles, which he distributed among his relations near and far. He gave the servants each a few. From among them I selected you and used you with a practised hand, and spared and

guarded you most safely. Though all unconscious as you were, yet how I loved and cherished you. Alas, but what a pity, and what a tale to tell! Blessings to me have been but few and far between. No prattling child has ever played about my knees, and yet my life refused to yield its hold and I lived on. Poor and unblessed I was, my only joy, my needle. With thee I overcame my sorrow and made my way through life, till now to-day, I am compelled to speak my last farewell. Alas, the Creator seems to have grown jealous of my joy, and the gods have wished me hate. My dearest needle, how graceful your form, and sweet your finished shape! Among, all created things you were indeed a spirit dearly loved. Among metals the finest of the fine! So sharp, and smooth, and swift, outdoing all thy fellows, straight and true, surpassing faithful courtiers. Keen was thy point like autumn bristles, as though to speak to me; clear thine eye to see. When you embroidered the phoenix and the peacock on the silken fabric. your flashing speed and high-wrought skill were wonderful to see, as though the gods gave fire and life. How could man ever hope to equal you?

“However precious a child may be, there comes a time to part; the best of servants, too, will fail. When I think of all Your faithful years you were better than the truest son, or staunchest courtier. Your little case of silver, tinted with many colours, that hangs suspended at my girdle string, is the maiden’s sweetest ornament I used to finger you when I ate my meals, and hold you in my hand all night asleep. You were my nearest friend. In the long days of summer, and longer nights of winter, under the light, I bated, and hem-stitched, and bound, and fastened, and embroidered, using a double thread and working round the piece like a phoenix tail, jumping with long fast running stitches, till head and tail raced flashing after one another. How wonderful your ways! My hope was that we might live our lives together, but alas to tell, on the 10th moon, and 10th day at eight o’clock at night, when underneath a dimly lighted candle, joining the collar to my master’s robe, all unthinkingly I blundered on, when suddenly a snap was heard, at which my heart stood still from fear. My needle, was, alas, broken in two! My eyes failed to see and my soul sank within me, as though a blow had struck me on the head. I was dazed and stupefied.

At last with my returning sense I sought and found the broken bits and fitted them together, but it was all in vain. There was nothing I could do. Even the greatest physician cannot retain the departing life. My needle, alas, alas! I feel my bosom now, but you are no longer there. I was not careful and thus you died. Who but myself to blame? Your high wrought sense and girted skill, how can I ever hope to see again? Your glancing form still shines before my eyes. My heart bleeds for you. Though but a lifeless thing still you had sense and reason. Would that we might meet again in some future life and never part. Alas! Alas! My needle!”

September 1917

YI CHE-HYON (1287-1367 A. D.)
THE WHANG-HO RIVER.

“Down comes the thundering Whang-ho from the west. with sources in the fabled peaks of Kol-yoon. The envoy of great Han built him a raft and went to see its fountain head. From the heart of the hills it presses forth, a thousand measures downward to the sea. He found it was the Milky Way that circles earthward and comes sweeping toward us. By nine great wheels it spans the earth out to the farthest limits of the eye.

“It is like a battle fierce between the Hans and Chos; the crash of ten thousand horse in an onset on the plain. Slantwise it comes rolling in big battalions, ever ceaseless. When it mounts and overflows the fields and meadows, the people’s hearts forsake them from pale fear. Through the opening gates of the mountains it cleaves its way eastward. The fierce strokes of its blade cut a thundering pathway toward the sea.

“When I was young I played upon the bosom of the deep, and wished to ride the fabled Koni. Now I would fain drink in the waters of this western river. As fair they seem to me as the misty lakes of dreamland, that beckon to my thirsty soul. I would launch forth by boat from its sandy shallows. As I sit high and look upon it,

my soul and spirit are over-whelmed with awe. The fishy breezes kiss my startled gaze; great waves mount high in view like castled walls. The tall masts in the distance jostle the mountain tops. The sailor shouts his echoing cry, while the sweat outlines his tightened chin. Though the day darkens, far they still must go ere they touch the gentle village of the plain. I am not Maing Myong-sil who set fire to his boats in order to settle accounts with the people of Chin; nor am I the man who threw his jewels into its boiling deep, still I, like them, am one whose soul has longed to see this stately river. If the iron ox that stands upon the shore had wits to prompt his sleepy soul, he would laugh at such as me and say, 'What brought you here through wind weather and all the dangers of the way?' "

NOTE:- Yi Che-hon was one of the great writers of Koryu. His style is original and full of strength and a power of description quite his own. His collected writings are called Ik-jai Chip and are well worth the attention of the student.

THAT EVIL SPIRIT.

"A relative of my mother was born and brought up in Yang-joo County. The house in which he lived was haunted by an evil spirit, that took possession of a young maid-servant and remained with her for a number of years. She knew all about the future with its good and its evil, and everything came to pass just as she foretold. It was impossible to hide anything from her far-seeing ken. Everybody feared and stood in awe of her powers; while the home in which she dwelt remained free from sickness or trouble of any kind. The voice of this demon could be heard at times, like the call of the oriole bird. During the day it came from the upper air, and at night from the beams underneath the rafters,

There was a neighbour living near, of long and distinguished ancestry whose mistress, it seems, had just lost a valuable and much prized hair-pin. She had her maid-servant arrested and beaten for this loss, while the servant, in her distress, came and inquired of the spirit-medium.

" 'I know,' said she, 'where the pin is, but it would be very embarrassing to tell you. If your mistress will come, I'll tell her.'

" "The servant returned and informed her mistress, who at once prepared gifts and offerings, and came to inquire.

"The spirit said, 'I know where it was lost but I really dare not utter the name of the place. If I did so, your face would blush with shame.'

“The mistress urged her, however, to tell it, and never to mind, but still she refused. Enraged at this she scolded the medium.

“Then the spirit said, ‘If you are going to be angry about it. I can soon’ settle the matter. On a certain night you entered the mulberry grove in company with so and so, and the pin was caught from your hair by the bushes. It was found later by your own servant.’

“The wife, on hearing this, was overcome with shame, while the medium went on to tell that her own man-servant had found it and that it had been stolen from him, but that it was now in such and such a place. The man-servant, who accompanied his mistress on this occasion, flew into a rage and shouted out his defiance, ‘Where has this devil of a woman come from anyhow?’ said he. But no sooner had he said this, than he fell into a swoon rigid and unconscious. Only after a long time did he return to himself.

“Someone asked him what was the reason for his acting so, and his answer was—’Would you believe it, why a great red-bearded giant caught me by the hair of the head, and all my senses left me.’

“My relatives, with whom the possessed girl lived, became greatly disliked on her account. An uncle, on the mother’s side, Cheung Koo-poo, afterwards minister of state, came at times to pay a visit, and whenever he came the servant always ran away in fear and only returned cautiously after he had gone. Cheung, knowing this, called her one day to him and said, ‘Take yourself away from here and go off to your own kind. It is not fitting that you should longer remain in the home of one of my people’

“The spirit said in reply, ‘Since the day that I first came, I have ever worked for the best interests of this house and no misfortune has ever befallen it. My desire was to remain here for generations and serve the family well, but since Your Excellency has commanded otherwise I must obey.’ She then cried and wailed. took her departure, and was never heard of again.

“This story I got from my mother.”

(NOTE:- Demon possession is one of the facts of Korean experience, long recognized.

The writer, a man three tears younger than Christopher Columbus, tells many such stories by which we can see that his view of the spirit world was as common as our reading of Socialists or Labour Unions of today).

MY DOG

“When I behold your glossy shimmering back, I wonder if you are a descendant of the goddess Pan-o; while again your swift devouring speed would suggest that you are a child of the dragon. Your feet are like rounded bells, and you have a black lacquered nose. All the joints in your body are alert, and your tendons on the wing. I love you for your faithfulness to your master. Your office is to guard the gates. For this reason I regard your fierce ways as commendable, and your suspicious questionings as quite the proper thing. I have reared you, cared for you, fed you, and though you are only a humble beast, you are really high-bred and born of the influence of the Seven Stars (Little Bear). For instinct and animal wisdom what creature can equal you? On the slightest call you are awake with lifted ears. Though your barkings are unregulated by any set law, still no one is harmed; if your bitings were such and you laid hold promiscuously there would be consternation surely.

Listen now till I give you good counsel: When you see a crowd of official servants crush in at my gate with rattle and clang of confusion, let them go by and do not bark. When His Majesty, pondering over the Sacred Books, finds a difficulty and sends a eunuch post-haste to call his teacher (me), do not bark at him either. Even though it be night time let him go by. Whoever it is that brings a grateful offering to your master, dainties, sauces, sweets, fragrant wines, soy, be courteous, say not a word. When the company of the literati, well-robed and with books under their arms, come to inquire concerning the ancient sages, keep yourself under control and say nothing.

I'll tell you just when to bark and when to bite. Listen now. The rascal, who peeks in to see whether the place is occupied or not, who worms his way over the wall and comes spying here and there, whose purpose is to carry off yellow gold, or whatever else he can lay his hands on, then you give the word, and grip him fast. Also the man who is fair and sleek on the outside, but is full of dark design inwardly, and who comes with purpose to injure or play the foul assassin, who goes with ladder against the wall to spy one's whereabouts, fasten your eye on him and pipe out the alarm.

“Also when the old fakir or witch come poking their noses in wanting to show off some sleights of hand, with no end of evil in their train to deceive and lead the mind astray, lay fast hold and grip them tight.

“If unclean spirits or goblins take advantage and come glowering about in the night to ply their deceptive arts, bark aloud and drive them off.

“If wild-cats or rats find their way in through waste holes or along the gutter edges, grip them till there is no voice left in their bodies.

“If there be meat in the cupboard do, not play the thief yourself or touch it; if remains of a rice meal be in the kettle do not lick it over. Do not climb up into the hall or go digging the courtyard with your feet Do not leave the gate unwatched, or sleep too long at an innings.

“If you have puppy dogs to care for let them be fierce-jawed with yellow breasts like the tiger, and tails like the flying-dragon. Thus may your breed long endure.

“If you hear and obey what I say and let my words sink into your heart, in a thousand years when I have gone to dwell in the abodes of the genii, I shall obtain some of the elixir of life for you, feed you on it and take you with me to heaven. If any man says to you that it is not so never mind him, just mind what I say and all will be well.”

KOREAN STORIES BY SUNG BYUN (1439-1504 A. D.)

A BOLD FRONT.

Minister Ha Kyung-bok said, “When I was a young man I was saved three times by a bold front and a defiant manner. When the rebellion broke out in the days of Tai-jong a friend of mine was taking his turn at office in the Palace and I went in to have a chat with him. Just as I had gone in, the gates suddenly closed so that I could not get out again. I hurried here and there till I was met by a group of soldiers. They arrested me and were about to take my head off when I drew back my sleeve and gave them a blow that sent them tumbling, and then they shouted out, ‘What do you mean by

trying to kill us, you rascal you?’ King Tai-jong got wind of the trouble, called them and after inquiry let me off,

“Another time I was on a journey through the mountains when suddenly I met a fierce man-eating tiger, with no way of escape. I gripped him by the throat and held him down. All the others of the party ran for their lives. I shouted for help but no one came. I had no knife, not even a short bladed one, but my bare hands only. There was a bank near by with a deep pool beneath and this was my hope. Like grim death I held on and dragged him little by little to the edge, almost dead myself from exhaustion. The sweat rolled over me but at last I got his head under and held him down till he breathed water so that his stomach swelled and his strength gave way. Then IJ finished him off with a stone and a club. If I hadn’t had ginger in me I could not have done it”

(I said to Kim, “I think this story of Sung Hyun’s is a bit far fetched. That part where the stomach swelled is too much for me.” “Not at all” says Kim, “such things as this have frequently happened. More than one tiger has found his match in the Korean man.” We left the third case for another day, two being enough.)

AN UNCANNY EXPERIENCE.

My uncle on the mother’s side, ex-governor An, when a young man, was once on his way to his country home mounted on a scraggy pony and with a small boy along to bear him company. Some ten li or so before he reached his destination, night came on and thick darkness. Not a soul was about. Away to the east in the direction of the old county town, lights suddenly appeared dancing about as though a party of hunters were out for game. Little by little they approached, till at last they surrounded him on all sides stretching for a length of some two miles or more. Of a surety they were hobgoblin lights, this he knew. Here was a dilemma, with no way to advance and no road by which to retire. He did not at first know what to do, till finally he laid on his whip and rode for his life. The lights, meanwhile, scattered from him and moved away.

The sky was black as ink and the rain began to fall so that going became more and more difficult, but the fact that these goblin creatures had moved away was a cause of thankfulness and his fears were less distressing. He crossed another hill and began his descent

by a winding path, when suddenly the lights appeared again and blocked the way before him. Here was a fix. There was no help for it, so he drew his knife and made a dash for their midst. The fires retired in all directions and took refuge among the trees, where they clapped their hands and laughed.

At last he reached home in a state of inexpressible fear, and finally fell heavily asleep. The servants, men and women, under the light of pine-knot torches were gathered in the court making straw ropes. Suddenly, half-waking, and seeing these fires, my uncle sprang from his mat and shouted, "These fire-devils are after me again." He drew his knife and made a wild dash into the startled company slashing at them right and left. They barely escaped with their lives.

November 1917

KOREAN EDICT AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.
(ISSUED IN THE 5TH YEAR OF HON-JONG, 1839).

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

Man has had conscience given him that he may recognize the Four Virtues, love, kindness, courtesy, and tact. Among men there are the Five Relationships that pertain to father and son, king and courtier, husband and wife, age and youth, and friend and friend.

These are all fundamentals, things inherited, not made by man. So we read, "When God (*Ch'un*) created the universe he gave

to each created thing its particular nature.”

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

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

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

Alas for our times! Our country was once a land of enlightenment, blessed from past ages with good customs and sound teaching that have long endured. Our great and holy father, at the appointment of God, set up this kingdom and made known the principles of religion, taught the people and exalted the sayings of Confucius.

Good kings of the past and their children never ceased in their efforts to warn the people to fulfil the will of God (*Ch'un*) so that blessings might ever attend them. There have been born to us great numbers of upright literati, with noted ministers, and even the common people have been greatly blessed. In the homes the teachings of Confucius have been revered, and from house to house the doctrine of the Songs has been made our own. Men renowned for loyalty and filial piety and women for a virtuous and faithful life have abounded. The ceremonies that attended marriage, mourning, and sacrifice have been faithfully observed. Scholars, farmers, manufacturers and merchants, each in his own way has lived and done his part, one helping the other to better ways, so that the state might be blessed thereby.

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

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

People of shallow judgment have helped on these evil doings; while the ignorant masses have been carried away by them. Even ministers of state have been known to frequent its groups; and homes where the ancient Classics used to be studied, have fallen victims as well. Thus even the literati have shared its unholy practices. Cho Moon-mo (a Chinaman) with his, hair cut, and disguised as a native, has travelled about our markets. Sa Yang, by letter, attempted to call for foreign men-of-war to aid him. Such evil acts and unseemly deeds have grown rampant. If King Soon-jo and the Dowager Queen Chung-soon had not dealt with these hobgoblins by axe and hammer, and destroyed them utterly, there is no saying what would have been the end for state and people.

Alas, now forty years have passed, and the laws against them have fallen into disuse, while the evil has increased and grown. Evil spirits and reptiles ever hiding their shadows, sow their obnoxious seeds, and rebels against the state go here and there under assumed names. They learn foreign languages for the sake of filthy lucre, and harbour foreigners in their midst not only once but

many times. This poison has reached the farthest limits of the land and the days we live in are worse even than 1801.

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

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

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

He whom they call Jesus, we cannot understand. Was he man or evil spirit? Is the whole story concerning him true or false? His followers say that he was in the beginning God (*Ch'un*), and that he came to earth, that he died and that he again ascended and became God Almighty (*Ch'un-joo*), the ruler of all men and things.

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

Alas! if you had no father how could you be born, and if no

mother who would bring you up? The desire to repay one's parents for all their kindness will always remain the base of every religion, but these Christians say, "The parents of the body are only parents of the body, but the priest of God (Ch'un-joo-ja) he is the parent of the soul." We should, therefore, love him and not them, and so they cast off their parents. How can men ever harbour such a gross view as this?

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

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

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

The very dual principle in nature points to our parents, a proof that can never be denied. The fact that these men do not marry is an exceedingly foolish thing, and yet they claim special virtue on account of it. Those of this faith have no law that governs the separations of the sexes, but mix in a way most disorderly. If we ceased to marry, where would the race be? And if we mixed as they do the fundamental principles of life would disappear. If we deny both king and father what meaning would there be in talking of husband and wife? All such names as "Holy Mother," "Spiritual Father," "Baptism;" "Confirmation" but add to the general

confusion. It is like the tricks of the spirit of the fox, the witch-woman, the sorcerer or the charmer, who pretend to cure, exorcize spirits, and deceive the people generally. How can any man with the slightest grain of common sense ever let himself be so led away?

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

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

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

Also it says:

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

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

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

outcasts, reprobate, evil doers, rebels, thieves, adulterers, calling themselves Christians. With all their insidious titles they go about hiding their heads and covering their tails.

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

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

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

back to the right way.

Alas, the book of History says:

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

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

(November 24th, 1839),

December 1917

SUNG KAN (1427-1456 A. D.)

(A great literati, though he died at twenty-nine).

POVERTY.

I eat my breakfast cold and make off to the eastern hills, and when night comes return to weep within my cheerless home. My clothes are out and both my elbows show. My jar is empty where the millet was. My children hold me by the coat and cry. Whence shall they find their rice and needed fare? The yamen-runners come to make me pay, and my old wife is gripped and pinioned fast. I scale the wall and scamper up the cliff, and hide for ten long days within the thicket’s hold. I creep and crawl amid the tangled grass. When night comes on, the place is inky dark. Uncanny spooks sit by to grin and whistle, while cold winds rise amid my rustling fear. I shiver till my soul jumps from my skin. At every move I gasp and hold my breath lest these most dreaded runners come to bind me close. T’is not the king or his high lords I fear, but his most cruel servants of the brutal runner band.

AN TOOK.

SILLA'S STAR TOWER.

Tho Silla's grandeur rose to mountain heights
And fell beneath the crushing weight of time's
Unending change, her Tower stands. It cleaves
The blue, where once her royal sages peered
To read a message in the sky and bring
A boon to earth.
Alas! Alas! Who comes to fill their place?
We cry in vain.

CHYENG MONG-CHOO.

THE OBSERVATORY.

Beneath the Half;-Moon Fortress,
Near Keirim's stately wood.
Where chimed the Jade-Flute music,
The Observatory stood.

It witnessed Silla's glory;
Whose history and lore,
Shall sing the nation's honor,
Till time shall be no more.

To-day o'er hill and valley,
There comes a mournful sigh:
The lonely tower murmurs,
"I grieve for days gone by."

SILLA'S OBSERVATORY.

MAI KEI-CHO.

The site of Silla's glory,
Her palaces and halls,
Her temples, grand, majestic,
With ornate roof and walls.

Her battlements and statues,
Widespread o'er hill and plain,

Lie hid in dismal ruin,
‘Neath shroud of grass and grain.

Yet o’er departed grandeur,
A sentinel stands true;
Unchanged by changing ages,
It links the old and new.

Its rock-bound feet are planted
Beneath earth’s yellow loam,
Its star-crowned head is circled
By heaven’s broad blue dome.

Its deep-set base so mighty,
Its granite crown so high,
It forms a lasting structure,
It links the earth and sky.

Thrice happy ancient Silla,
The land that gave thee birth!
The land that honored heaven,
And owned its rule on earth!

The faithful constellations
And wandering planets all
In measured orbits traveled
Before thy monarch’s fall.

The smallest starlit cruiser
That sailed thy sky of blue
Was ordered by the captain
And guided by thy crew.

So peace and plenty caroled
Within each cottage door,
While seasons in succession
Heaped wealth in Silla’s store.

Celestial gods delighted
To aid her heroes bold,
While poets, priests and sages,

Massed wealth unmatched by gold.

Alas! Her clay has vanished,
Her swords have turned to rust,
Her palace walls and temples
Lie mingled with the dust.

Her choicest wall, engravings,
Her pottery and tiles,
Her sacred books and treasures,
Are scattered weary miles.

Amidst this desolation
The Tower sends a beam
To flash thru earth's dark midnight
A ray of light supreme.

My life is far too fleeting
To give sufficient praise;
So tears shall be my tribute
And grief shall end my days.

YI KYOO-BO (1168-1241 A. D.)
ON A FRIEND'S GOING INTO EXILE

“I have heard that the island of Ko-je is the very hottest of the far south; that people build their houses there on the water, and that everywhere about them are the rolling waves or the deep; that miasmas and mists roll up with the winds that never cease to blow, that in the stifling days of summer mosquitoes and sand-flies as big bees come in swarms to feed on their victims. It is indeed a dismal place, and thither political offenders are sent as exiles.

“Now, behold, you go also, a man of great and exalted ability, who ought rather to dwell in the Pong-nai Hills with the genii. You were the honoured historian of the state, and had all the affairs of the world before your eyes, filling your great and noble office right well. As a reward you should have been promoted, but

instead you have been degraded, a most unjust and unheard of thing.

“Still there are two reasons for which you can be sincerely congratulated. One: We read that when God wants to make perfect an instrument for His service He puts it to severest trial. This too, is the law of the hang and the yin. You are going into exile but not through any fault of yours. This is evidence of great blessing that God has in store for you. For this I sincerely congratulate you.

“Again: Those who would enter deep into religion to find its truths are helped by solitude, silence and confinement. The reason for this is that the mind needs opportunity to concentrate on this one thing. Whither you are going is a land of silence with people few and far between. There are no official duties to distract, or things to do. No enticements are there to draw away the heart and you can be alone in unbroken calm. With no other kin or companion about you, your thoughts can go back to first principles and deep into religion. When truth fills the heart the face shines and it shows in all one’s ways. Once again you become a child, and like an angel among men. I doubt not when the wheel revolves on its circle and you come back you will be transformed into a Chang-ja or a No-ja. If not equal to those, you certainly will be the peer of An Ki-saing or Son Moop-ja. We too, then, will gather our robes about our knees, bow low, and inquire of you concerning religion. This is the second reason why I offer my congratulations.

“On your way, do not feel disturbed; at times, too, be comforted by what I have said.

“It is a thousand li you have to go, who would not shed tears at so sad a parting? Still we must bear up for even though I take you by the sleeve and try to hold you it will not avail.”

NOTE:-This is a very interesting statement to have been written 700 years ago. It could be taken to-day almost without word or comment, and given to a Christian as a message of hope and comfort. While it is written with the suggestion of a smile it gives a serious view of the religious thought of the day. To be in touch with God constituted a man’s highest hope and aim.

SONG IK-PIL.

Song Ik-p'il was the descendant of a slave, and yet, like Epictetus, he became a master of the divine craft and left a set of writings that have been the wonder of his countrymen for many years. His dates are 1534 to 1599, so he died when Shakespere was thirty five years of age. What he wrote shows him to have been a man of lofty thought and purpose, one who realized that the things unseen are the weighty things.

Here are two samples of what he wrote as literally translated as possible.

GOD.

“The good man and the bad both know of God, who is always near and just above our heads. The good man of the past, the good man of to-day, have just the same good kind of God; but evil men have views of God that vary in a thousand ways. Each makes his God from his own inner thoughts, and when he fails to gain his end, he tries to cheat his God. Cheat all you can, you never can cheat God; and this man lifts up his eyes and blames God for the evil that besets way.

“The good man has a God who dwells apart from selfish ends, one just and holy is this God. Though poor he never slacks his hold on God; though rich and great he never breaks what God commands, and never for a moment leaves his sure retreat. Hence is he called a man who worships God. He bows to God's commands. In life and death his thoughts are only God. ‘When I rejoice in God’ says he, ‘my gladness is the gladness of all others who find their joy in God.’”

ON BEING SATISFIED.

“How is it that the good man always has enough, and why the evil man should always lack? The reason is that when I count my lacks as best for me I always have enough and some to spare; but when I have enough and crave for more I always find me poor. My heart is glad, and so no lack is mine, I always have enough; but worrying goes with poverty, and worrying souls, are always poor. If

I take what comes as good and count it best, what lack have I? But to complain against Almighty God, and then my fellow man, means grieving o'er my lacks. If I ask only what I have, I'm never poor; but if I grasp at what I've not, how can I ever have enough? One glass of water, even that may satisfy, while thousands spent on food may leave me poor in soul. From ancient days all gladness rests in being satisfied; while all the ills of life are found in selfishness and greed.

“The son of Chin-si (who built the Great Wall of China) lived in luxury within the Mang-i Palace and yet; said he, “Though I live out my life ‘tis all too short,” and so his worries came. We, poorest of the poor, when we wish only what we have, how rich we are, and how poor kings and princes who reach out for more! The son of Heaven (Emperor), himself, may be the poorest man, while he who's poor may be the richest. Riches and poverty lie within the soul and never rest in outward things. I now am seventy, and my house has nothing, so that men point at me and say “How poor.” But when I see the shafts of light tip all the hill-tops in the morning my soul is satisfied and filled with richest treasure: and in the evening, when I behold the round disc of the moon, that lights the world and shines across the water, how rich my eyes! In spring the plum trees bloom, in autumn the crysanthemum. The flowers that go call to the flowers that come to take their place, how rich my joy!

“Within the Sacred Books what deep delight! As I foregather with the great who have gone, how rich! My virtues I admit are poor, when I see them, but when I see my hair grown white my years are rich. My joys attend unbroken all my days. I have them all. All those most rich and satisfying things are mine. I can stand up and gaze above, or bend and how full low, the joy is mine. How richly has God given his joy, my soul is satisfied!”

January 1918

HONG YANG-HO (1724-1802 A. D.)
A SPELL AGAINST THE TIGER

(This article illustrates a very interesting fact, namely that Koreans in the old days thought they could charm away evils like epidemics, or tiger raids, by means of written incantations. This Mr. Hong, a very enlightened scholar, who was head of the literati in his day, and had been more than once to Peking as special envoy, evidently believed in the same, and so lent his power of the pen to drive away the tiger from the Tumen River region).

“Near the sea-coast of Kyung-heung a terrible man-eater had made his appearance, and had gone about for a month or more carrying off numbers of people and devouring them. A great fear fell upon the district and anxiety indescribable. A prohibition against fire-arms at the time increased the anxiety, and cut off all means of taking the beast, so I wrote the following incantation, and carved it upon a tree where it could be seen by the tiger. From that time forth the place was delivered from the ravages of the creature.

THE INCANTATION.

“Glaring-eyed monster, king of the hills, with awful countenance and wildly twisting tail, horribly bedecked with black stripes and lightning flashes of the eye, before whom a thousand beasts stand in fear! Revolting! Who fiercely, when he whistles, calls the winds to rise, and makes his mane to stand on end. Dreadful! Born of the brazen spirit So-ho, under the constellation In (the Dragon)! Ugh! Sitting grimly on the rocks or lying hidden in some shaded forest, keeping far aloof from men! Abominable! When once he fixes his hold there is no escape, and his teeth are stained with blood. Fearsome! His tracks and his bristling mane are not seen among men. Ugh! How he loves the bones of the tender child, and the flesh of the fat old man. Sickening! The widow weeps for her husband and the orphaned child for the parent. Alas! He travels not by day, but, demon-like, awaits the night, to crawl forth from his loathsome lair. Shocking! With awful face of a madman, the flashing eyes of an ogre, and a roar that shakes the heavens, he creeps forth, till the spirits he has devoured pipe and wail from fear.

“God in heaven made all the creatures of the earth, beast and man, and gave to each its nature and its appointed place. Winged

creatures he destined for the trees, and scaly creatures for the sea, so that there should be no confusion.

“In ancient times king Soon commanded Paik-ik to set fire to the hills and clear out noxious beasts; also Heui-wha had destructive vermin expelled from his kingdom. A virtuous king is now born to the East, whose light shines forth as the sun making righteousness and harmony to rule the land. Wild hawks are changed to pigeons by virtue of the king. All the woes and anxieties of humanity depart. The gates of the devil and the distant sea of the barbarian are changed to places of sweet refinement. The dwellers on earth partake of his favour and become his faithful people. How is it then that you, you awful monster, have not been changed? King of the hills, the hills are your home, and not the dwellings of men. Yonder is the Tumen River beyond which the Yo-jin people live. God has placed unlimited bounds before you, and wild tracts of uninhabitable forest. Under the Ever White Mountains there is no end of far-reaching space. There is the Amoor River with its pearls and its slimy deep. Scores of wild hogs, bears, fat deer and stag! You may take your choice and still have heaps to spare. There are nine-tailed oxes and other delightful dainties. Go there, I command, live in peace and set up a home for your young. King of the hills away with you! Delay not but be gone! The spirit of the king has arisen to destroy all who do not yield obedience. His spears are like a forest and his swords gleam in the sun. His fierce guns roar like thunder to blow you up flesh and bones. He will set fire to your home and break up your den, till you have no place to hide your tracks. Deadfalls and traps are round about you, and soon escape will be impossible. Though you hold onto trees and weep like a climbing monkey it will not avail. Like a pig bound by thongs and on the way to slaughter so will you be. What will all your far-famed valour do for you then? Or your wisdom? You may shake your tail and plead for your life but who will take your part or speak for you? Your head will come off to serve as a pillow, and your skin for a mat to sit upon. Your bones will be ground down for hat-string beads, and your whiskers will ornament the head-gear of the soldier. Then all resentful ghosts will dance for joy, and scold your disembodied spirit. Though your nature be fierce still you love your

young; and though you like to kill, still your own life is precious to you. I give you three days grace, yes, ten days to take yourself out of this. Take your family, one and all, and go at once. As birds start in flight, or fires flash up, away with you to the far north. Don't stop your ears but hear what I have to say. King of the hills delay not! Though men may not take your life yet God is watching. I say again, away with you. Now that spring has come and the hills are green, and the soft clouds gather over the dark forest, where no huntsman is, wild sheep and pigs abound and a hundred other dainty creatures await your coming. Let the winds be your wings and the rainbow your banner, and off with you! Good luck to you! King of the Hills! Away! Away!"

YI TAL-CH'OONG (died 1385 A. D.)
THE NEGLECTED WIFE

I once gave you a folding fan, and you gave one most dear to me; but now your heart is changed and all your love has turned a thousand times away. No further joy have I, but thin and worn I think the long nights through. And yet, though I am cast aside, I do not blame you, for your new wife has so many graces, dear. But think, how long does outward beauty last? It flies, yes, swifter than the arrow's shaft. Can you not see that she that blooms a flower today will yet regard you through a twisted wrinkled face?

YI KYOO-BO (1168-1241)
TO A BUDDHIST FRIEND.

There was a Buddhist once who intended making a journey to the south for pleasure to see the hills and streams. He came to me and told me of his intended trip and asked if I would write him a verse as introduction to his going.

I said to him, "The world of the Buddhist should be a void and empty one, with no east and no west. His disciples, too, should have their minds emptied in like manner, as a ship without cargo is empty, or as the footprints of clouds arc invisible to the eye. He ought not to think of whether he goes east, or goes west. Now you

have come to tell me of your proposed journey; you are, therefore, according to the law of your religion, an offender. Also my accompanying you with any sort of good wish ought to be from your view point a flaw and a defect; how much more my writing verses for you. Still, you wish it, and so I cannot but comply and give you something, therefore let me say: Whatever there is in the world that I treat with forgetfulness, even though it be a thing greatly loved, still the love has disappeared. Whatever on the other hand I treat with remembrance, even though I think I never loved it, still a love is evident. You imagine that the hills and streams are well worth the seeing, and you especially think the scenery of Kang-nam (Chulla) the finest of all. That is why you are now starting off for pleasure. Evidently your mind is given over to these things and inclined in their direction. As you now go to see them the mountains will be lovelier than ever, and the streams more seductive than you have ever known them. Their beauty and magnificence of form will be beyond expression. The clouds on the hill-tops will be like dainty eye-brows that bend lovingly toward you, and the clear streams in their grace like your mistress' comely head-dress. Your band of music will be the babbling of the waters; and the branches of the pines will be the strings of your harp. You will be at a loss how to take them all in, will forget to sleep, forget to eat, and though you desire later to renounce them and go away, they will bind you fast a prisoner and not let you go. What will you do then? What will be the difference, too, between you and the man of the world who loves pretty faces and sweet music?

Whatever captivates the heart is similar in kind. When you go to see them if you find the hills and streams are too evidently taking prisoner your eyes and your heart to bind and hold them fast, remember my word and renounce them once and for all, regard them as the vilest refuse. Give up all thought of them, regain your independence and come back to the world of living men. Join us in our pleasure, and look upon the dusty world as just as interesting as the green mountains and blue water. If you can once do this you will be said to be a man who has got religion.

Here is my verse to you :

A little puff or idleness,

Was blown upon the hill,
But since it had no east or west,
It went and came at will.

YI KYOO-BO (1168-1241 A. D.)
A JOURNEY TO SOUTH KOREA (1200 A. D.)

I have a burning desire to travel, and wherever my horse's feet tread I propose to write down the strange things I see and hear, write verses about them or essays, and put them aside for future enjoyment. This is my wish.

When old, and my legs are no longer fit for service, my back bent low, and my life confined to a little room, with all my interests limited to the mat on which I sit, I shall take what I have written when I was young and strong, and have it recall to me all that has passed, so as to be my recreation and relief from close confinement.

Among my poems I find several that refer to a trip to south Korea. As I look them over I call back in imagination all that happened to me then.

Again I went a second time as an official to Chun-ju, and for two years visited many places in that neighbourhood. Whenever I came upon a specially fine view, or saw the wind or moon, I wanted to write out fully my feelings, but I had no end of correspondence and lawsuits to see to that took my time, so that I scarcely wrote anything; and what I did write I hardly ever finished. For this reason I find only about sixty short poems with a few records of the districts that I visited regarding their customs, habits, etc.

At the close of last year, *kyung-sin* (1200 A. D.) I returned to the capital. I then ran over what I had written and found that there was any quantity of useless stuff that could not be read. Though I myself had written it I could not but laugh at such rubbish. I threw the whole thing into the fire, keeping back only a few of the better specimens that could be deciphered and these I now rewrite.

The city of Chun-ju which is also called Wan-san was a part of the old kingdom of Paik-je. It has a dense population for the houses sit shoulder to shoulder. Many old-fashioned customs

prevail, and the people are gentle in all their ways. Even the *ajun*, or official recorders, are men of superior worth and models of good behaviour.

There is a hill called *Choong-ja*, (Middle Son) high and densely wooded which is the guardian of the place. The hill called Wan-san is a lower spur of the same ridge, and yet strange to say the county has taken its name from this rather than from the other.

A short distance from Chun-ju there is a monastery called *Kyung-pok Sa*, (Great Blessing). I had heard many times that attached to this monastery there was a hall, that had flown across the peninsula by flight of wing and alighted there, but being so busy I had never had a chance to go and see it. At last on a certain holiday I went and found its name to be *Pi-rai Pang-jang* (Flying House). Associated it is with a priest called Po-tuk who also came through mid-air from the Pal-ryong Hill of Kokuryu. Now Po-tuk, it seems, was a great priest who lived in the Yun-bok Temple of the Pal-ryong Hills. He once said to his disciples, “Kokuryu regards only the worship of Taoism, not that of the Buddha; destruction will assuredly overtake her. Where shall we go to escape the terrors that are to come?”

A disciple named Myung-tuk (Bright Virtue) made reply, “The Ko-tai hills of Chun-ju are a safe and quiet retreat from all life’s troubles.” The day on which he said this was the 3rd day of the 3rd moon of the year Kun-bong (668 A. D.). He then opened the door to go out when he found that the whole house had already taken flight and landed on the Ko-tai Hills though the distance from Pal-ryong is a thousand li.

Myung-tuk further said, “This hill is indeed wonderful but it has no good spring of water. If I had only known that the master was going to transport us hither I would have brought along the spring we had in our’ old home.”

It is Ch’oi Ch’i-wun who tells of these things as he writes in praise of the master Po-tuk.

On the *ki-sa* day or the 11th moon I set out to travel through the counties adjacent to Chun-ju. Ma-ryung and Chin-an are located in the hills. The people are savages and wear faces like monkeys. All sorts of unsavoury smells accompany their dishes and their

general habits are worse than those of the northern barbarian. I attempted to reprimand them for their ways but they looked like frightened deer and seemed inclined to run at my approach.

Circling the hills I at last reached a place called Oon-je. From there to Ko-san are many high peaks and precipitous ways that overlook sheer drops of a thousand feet. The road was exceedingly narrow so that I had to dismount to make my way. Among the various counties Ko-san is somewhat cleaner and more enlightened. I then left Ko-san and went to Rye-yang and from there to Mang-san, sleeping one night at each place.

The day following I intended going to Keum-ma (In-san) where I had heard that there was a dolmen stone. Now a dolmen is, according to popular tradition, a stone that the Sages set up in ancient times. A very strange and wonderful thing a dolmen assuredly is!

The next day I went on to I-sung (Chin-joo) where I found the huts of the people in a horribly dilapidated condition, with the palings and fences all falling away. The kaik-kwan or official guest-house was not even tiled but only thatched. The recorders, four or five of them, too were all badly dressed.

In the 12th moon I received a royal command to proceed to the Pyun Hills and see to the cutting of wood. Now the Pyun Hills are a great centre for government timber supply. If the palaces are to be repaired, or new ones erected, as is the case almost every year, great trees that could swallow up an ox or reach to heaven, are selected here and cut. Because I had oversight of this timber cutting, I was called Chak-mok-sa, Woodcutter Plenipotentiary. I wrote a poem on this interesting fact.

True glory must be his indeed,
Who musters troops and leads to war,
But I am called the *Chak-mok-sa*,
The Lord who cuts and piles the wood.

In the first moon on *im-jin* day I first entered the Pyun Hills whose sharp points and horns are piled up in wondrous heaps. I saw them for the first time. The heads and tails of the hills, as well as their heels and elbows run out in all directions beyond my power to tell. On one side is the open sea in the midst of which are islands,

Koon-san, Wi-do, (Porcupine), Koo-do (Pigeon Island), all quite close to the shore and easily reached morning and evening. The people on the coast say, "If there is a favourable breeze the trip is as easy as a flying arrow, yes, even to China."

In the hills I saw many chestnuts. The poorer people make this their staple and live thereby.

In some parts there were groves of bamboo like arrows standing thick on end. A fence about them, however, forbade entrance.

Passing on we reached a wide road and finally came to a town called Po-an (Poo-an). When the tide comes in, the smooth road that we saw is deeply flooded with water. The people then have to wait for it to recede in order to make their way. When I first passed, the tide had just come in and I was cut off by some fifty paces from getting by. But I was determined to cross over and so laid on the whip. The servant who followed me, however, gave a great shout and called on me to desist. I did not listen to him but went straight ahead. Then all of a sudden the water came on like an avalanche, charging in fury with great leaps and bounds like an army rushing to battle. The force of it was very terrible. With a sense of fear I drew back and escaped with my life, just managing to climb the hill and save myself. The water chased me and rose in its might as far as my horse's belly. The green hills were reflected in it and rose and fell with the approaching and receding water.

The scene here varies in appearance with shadows and sunshine and with the morning and evening. The clouds and water at times reflect all the colours even to a peacock green.

The view was like a beautiful piece of embroidery. As I looked and looked upon it I was sorry that I did not have all my best friends with me so that we might have written it down in verse. The view embraced me and entranced my soul. I could not write, but could only gaze in wonder. We passed a place called Choo-sa Pa that lay spread out before us in the moonlight with the white sands shining soft and clear. My soul was wrapped away by it, so that I dropped the reins and let the beast go as it pleased. Ahead was the measureless sea toward which my soul hummed its flight while my horse boy looked on in astonishment.

On the 12th of the intercalary moon I again received a royal command to make another circuit and see if there was anyone imprisoned unjustly. I went first to Chi-re where the hills are very high. As I entered the deep echoing valleys I felt as though I were entering another world. About noon of that day I reached the official town but the magistrate and his assistant were both away. About the second watch of the night they returned in haste, panting for breath. They tied their horses to the post at the gate and ordered that no food be given them. When horses have been driven hard this is a care that one must take if he would not injure his beast.

I pretended to be asleep but heard it all. How anxious these two were to show me honour! They had wine brought at once which I could not well refuse. A dancing-girl too, was summoned for my entertainment, who played on the harp very sweetly. Usually I did not drink wine but here I indulged freely and enjoyed the music. I suppose it was because the way I had come was specially long, and because the place I had reached was cut off from the ordinary haunts of men that I did so.

The 20th day of the eighth moon was the anniversary of my father's death. On the day previous I went to the So-rai Monastery in the Pyun Hills. Here I found posted on the walls a verse written by the hermit Cha-hymn. I, too, wrote one to correspond.

On the day following with the magistrate of Poo-an and six or seven other friends I went to the Wun-hyo temple to which a high stairway leads over a giddy entrance. I made it with the greatest of difficulty. The place hangs out over the trees. I have heard that frequently tigers have tried to make their way up to it but turn back in fear.

At the side there is a small temple where people say that Sabo came once and lived. Sabo desired some tea for his master, as Wun-hyo was ill, but there is no spring of water near. Suddenly to his surprise water burst forth from the rock that was fresh and sweet as milk. By means of it he made the desired tea.

The Wun-hyo Room is some eight feet wide. In it we found a priest whose eye-brows stood out like those of the genii. His clothes were threadbare and worn. This room was divided across by a partition, on one side of which was an image of Wuil-hyo. There

were beside this a bottle, a pair of shoes, a tea-pot and a box of sacred books. There was no other dish or means of preparing rice visible, and no servant about. From the temple of So-rai I find they bring a table of food each day.

The secretary who showed me about said quietly to me, "I first met this priest in Chun-ju where he was a great rough fellow, a terror to all the people. In view of his evil ways the town folk regarded him as an unspeakable plague. Suddenly he disappeared, and lo, I found him in this place practising religion."

I replied, "People of all classes have their peculiar gifts and calling. One who has power to inspire fear in others is gifted beyond the ordinary. When such reforms he becomes a person of special merit as in the case of this man. There was in ancient days a noted robber who met Oo-too (Ox.-head), the second Patriarch of the Church. He reformed and repented and became a man of great virtue. A priest by the name of Myung-tuk once met a hunter with a falcon on his arm who finally became a noted disciple. These are illustrations of reform like the case of the priest we have just met. One must not consider these things strange."

I asked, as to the Impossible House (*Pool-sa Eui-pang-jang*) and expressed a wish to see it. It was high up and hard to reach, a thousand times more difficult than Wun-hyo's place. There was a wooden ladder a hundred feet long leaning against the wall that led to it. The three sides of the place overlooked a bottomless pit.

Going up the ladder rung by rung we made our way. One slip and all would have been over. I am a man who fears even a height of ten feet, and when going up a steep place feel ill and dizzy. For the life of me I dare not look down. I was desperately afraid of this venture till my legs trembled and my head swam even before I undertook it; but being most desirous of seeing this interesting place that I had heard of, and for which I had specially come, I was determined to venture. If I did not succeed in getting to it and making my bow before the picture of Chin-pyo I would have felt forever humiliated, so I got down on all fours and went most tremblingly. My feet touched solid ground but my body seemed already floating through space. At last I got there.

We went in and by means of a flint and steel made a fire and

bowed to the picture.

Chin-pyo was a man from Tai-jung village, Pyuk-kol County. He came here at 12 years of age and began his studies on this rock. With a sincere heart and burning desire his one wish was to see the Loving One and the Chi-jang Bodisat. But days went by and no Chi-jang came and in his disappointment he threw himself over the rock. Two blue-coated angels caught him, however, as he fell and said, "Your attainments in the Law are yet insufficient; that is the reason why you have not met the Holy Ones."

Thus he entered more diligently than ever into his work and before three weeks were over in the trees, before the temple, he had a vision of the Loving One and the great Chi-jang. Chi-jang gave him certain commands, and the Loving One gave him two volumes of the Chun-chai Sutra and also 199 tablets to serve as tokens to his disciples.

This temple is made fast to the rocks by chain. The tradition is that a dragon came forth from the sea and built it.

On my way back the magistrate had wine brought out and awaited me on a hilltop called *Mang-hai-tai* (Sea-view Hill). Said he "I wished to have you rest here and so sent out men with mats, etc., to await your coming. Be seated please."

I went up and had a view of the great sea circling around on the west not more than a stone's throw from where we were sitting.

As we drank the wine I wrote verses. The view seemed so clear and free from all the defects of mortal existence that it was as though I had been a worm and had suddenly put off my degraded form for wings and flight. I was like a cicada soaring on high and calling to the fairies to come, come.

The ten or so who were seated with me all drank deeply. But it was my father's sacrificial day, so I had no violin or pipe music played.

These are a few of my notes among many others.

If we regard Seoul as the body and the outlying districts as members thereof the world of my travels would not measure more than the little finger on the hand. What interest will anyone ever have in these poor notes of mine I wonder. Let me put them away till I travel more widely and make further notes. Then I shall gather

them all together and make a big book so that when I am old I shall not forget.

I write these on the 3rd moon of the year *sin-yoo* (1201 A.D.)

March 1918

KWUN SANG-YONG (written about 1840).
KOREAN CUSTOMS OF THE YEAR

Custom requires that on the first day of the New Year bread-soup be offered before the ancestral shrine.

People rise early on new years and take the greatest care to avoid sneezing, as sneezing is a sure sign of sickness to come.

On this day a new suit of clothes is donned and the wearer wends his way to make his bow before father, older brother, senior, calling it New Year Salutation (*Pai-sin-se*, *Se-pai*).

The women send greetings to one another, and special good wishes for the year to come.

At evening time the hair that has been gathered from combing the head during the past year is burned. The burning is supposed to drive away evil spirits.

The shoes of the children must be safely hidden away for this night as the Spirit of Darkness (*Ya-kwang-sin*) or other Emaciated Spirits (*Chuk-pal*) travel about from house to house. They try on the children's shoes and thus bring sickness. This spirit, however, has a mania for counting objects that are alike and numbering them off. If it meets a sieve, for example, it begins diligently counting the meshes. So a sieve is hung on a post beneath the eaves where it may count to its heart's content, and so lose the opportunity for dispensing evils.

With the festival called the Opening of Spring (*Ip-ch'oon*), poems of good luck are written in the Palace and sent to the various official homes. These are posted up on doors and pillars. Pictures of the two spirits *Ool-loo* and *Shin-ch'a* are also posted on the main doors. Sometimes three falcons are pictured instead, as guardians of

the home against misfortune.

On the first myo-il or Rabbit Day, of the year, no wood is ever brought into the house. The reason for this is that myo for Rabbit, and mok for Wood fall into the same class in the philosophic table, and this custom is observed in order to keep Wood from gaining predominance over the other Primal Elements.

On this day cotton strings are looped and hung to the belt or pocket. These are called Rabbit Strings and are a charm to insure long life.

On Rabbit Day the outside gate is kept firmly closed to keep out women. If a woman by any chance should enter to see to her natural wants, a great evil will assuredly overtake that home.

On the 14th day of the 1st Moon it is customary to bind straw into shapes to represent the different members of the household, and the mannikin thus made they call a che-yong. A little money is placed inside and it is then thrown out on to the road before the door at eventide. Beggars pass from home to home on their way seeking che-yong. On being given one they greedily tear it open to find the money. Thus do they rid the home of evils, for in this process the evils are supposed to pass from the members of the household to the beggars who possess themselves of the che-yong. Children buy nuts on this 14th day and eat them early on the morning of the 15th. They call this "biting away their boils" and hold that if any eat thus, no boil will trouble them for the year to come.

On the 15th day early in the morning people take a drink of sool (wine) and call it ch'ung-i-choo (Wine for clearing the ears). This is a charm against deafness and also a cure for it.

On the same day glutinous rice and other grains are steamed, mixed with dates and honey and called yak-pap) (Medicinal Bread). It is offered to the ancestors at the spirit shrine. This was a sacrifice to the crows in the days of Silla that finally became a fixed ancestral custom.

Dried greens are eaten on this day, such as sliced melons, radishes, etc., as a safeguard against diseases caused by heat during the summer.

On this day if you meet anyone and call them by name they

will suddenly reply "Buy my heat," or "Take my fever." On this day too, people dig earth from the roadway and scatter it in the kitchen, and at the four corners of the house calling it Lucky Earth.

They throw clothes out into the street also as an offering to good luck.

No food is given to the dogs on this day, for if a dog eats on the 15th of the 1st month he will fall a victim to a vomiting sickness.

Paper kites are made at the new year season, square in shape, and held by three strings, one from each ear-tip above the face, and another from the pit of the stomach. These kites have no tails, for a kite with a tail cannot be made to do tricks, and so is never used in the lists.

Those who enter the arena have their string covered with glue and then coated with ground glass, or porcelain filings to make it rough and sharp. Thus they strive each to cut the string of the other. In these kite contests people lose thousands of yang without any hesitation.

Another use made of the kite, is to write on its face an inscription asking it to bear away all the ill-luck of the year, and then let it go. Anyone flying a kite after the 15th day is called a butcher or basket-maker.

At this time boiled millet is prepared, pan-ryong, Food for the Dragon, and thrown into the river, or well, to propitiate this great spirit. The Dragon must ever be satisfied if all would go happily aboard ship, or on the sea.

At night the children take torches and go up the hill, to await the rising of the moon. They bow to it and call this act yung-wul, Greeting the Moon. They also judge of the probabilities of the season on this first sight of the moon. If it is red it presages a dry season; if white, great rains; if yellow, a rich harvest.

People of the Capital walk over the bridges on this night. All night long they are out in the streets to have a good time, the most popular resort being the Kwang-tung Bridge.

Each year, as well as each day, has a cycle name. To guard against ill-luck from the birthday's having the same name as the birth year, a piece of red paper is cut round, inserted into a stick and stuck on to the roof of the house on the 16th day of the 1st Moon. If

the birth month of the year happens to have the same cycle name as the year itself that is also considered unlucky. The Natural Element is then taken as a guide, so that if it is Water, the Dragon is fed; if it is Wood, a bath is taken, and one bows toward the East which is associated with Wood. If it is Fire the wearer buns his outer garment in the agoong, (kitchen fire). If it is Earth he goes up to the top of a hill and scatters boiled millet about. If Metal be the Element, he bows to the T'ai-baik star (Sirius).

If the Na-hoo star be met with on the birthday of a man he makes a straw image, while a woman makes a paper pocket. A piece of money is inserted in each and they are then thrown out into the street. If the Ke-to star threatens one, a picture of a pair of socks is made on a piece of paper and is stuck up as a protection. All these customs are more than useless and yet the ignorant people put implicit faith in them.

Stone-fights, yoot-throwing, tethering, Buddhist drum-beating and begging, are all customs that begin with the new year and last till the 15th after which date they gradually cease. Stone-fights are carried out by reckless youths who go forth in crowds to throw stones at each other, or fight with clubs. Many die at this sport, and officials have tried to put a stop to it but have failed thus far.

Yoot is a game in which four pieces made of ssari wood are used. They are thrown and if one falls on its back the throw is called a to (Pig); if two it is called a kai (Dog); if three, it is called a kul (Hero); if four, it is called a yoot (Scholar). If all fall on their faces it is called a mo (Archer).

A yoot board is made with 29 points in the circumference and the diameter in form like the character for field. It is said to be modelled after Hang-oo's camp before Tong-sung. Sides are taken, the sticks thrown and credit given accordingly. The effort is to get quickly round the course. If one can but cast a mo every time, he gets around quickly.

A see-saw board is balanced over a rest so that it can go up and down. A girl takes her place on each end. As one jumps, up goes her end and down goes the other, and vice versa. A common saying is, that this is the way a girl glimpses her lover over the wall,

while the lad on the other side rises on a swing. So the lad swings and the girl see-saws.

Begging priests go dancing about the streets during this season of the year like ordinary actors, dressed in black and wearing grass caps with a peacock feather or artificial flower stuck in the top. They carry drums and cymbals and wear a yellow robe. Thus they go about begging money or grain and offering their Buddhist prayers as people may require. They also move about at night tinkling triangles.

At this season, also, wind mills and shuttlecocks appear. Some of the windmills are made like swallows, some like cranes, some like umbrellas, some like kites.

The shuttlecock is made of earth, rolled round like a marble having pheasant feathers stuck in to it, or pieces of paper.

It is kicked through all the seasons of the year.

On the 1st day of the 2nd Moon everything in the room is carefully dusted.

On the 6th day the Pleiades are looked at to see if they are before the moon or behind it. From the position of these two, people judge as to the coming season whether it will be a year of plenty or not. The moon is called rice and the Pleiades children. If the children are hungry and are seen running in haste to catch the moon, it will be a year of want. If, on the other hand, they are satisfied and are going sweetly along with the moon behind them, it means a year of plenty. If they both journey together it will be just a common year. To see a white butterfly in this month means trouble ahead. On Han-sik or Cold Food Day, all repair to the graves of their ancestors to sacrifice.

On the 3rd day of the 3rd Moon, worship is offered with cakes made of azalea flowers.

The night of the 8th day of the 4th Moon is the Feast of Lanterns. On the 1st day of the month, posts are erected and lanterns of various shapes bought or made. For lantern stands bamboo poles arc bound together with a tuft of pheasant feathers at the top. If no pheasant feathers are available then a bunch of pine is used instead. On the top a coloured flag is hung with a short cross-piece fastened below having rings at each end and a string attached

to each. By this means the lanterns are raised and lowered. When one has no bamboo pole available the lantern may be hung to the end of the eaves, or to the limb of a tree. In the market streets and outside the anxious as to the coming luck of the year. Even sightseers are interested in it, and made glad if all goes well, but upset if aught goes ill. In the market streets there is the greatest display of lanterns.

In the hanging of these lanterns various groupings are followed, for example the ha-do form, the nak-soo, the p'al-kwai, the hong-bum, also the 28 Constellations and the 12 Hours. With each year the order changes.

Lanterns are made of various shapes with pictures painted on them, drums, bells, gourds, fish, boys.

One form with many on one frame is called kon-teung (Cluster Lantern). Silk lanterns are also made but not according to any set pattern, fairy lanterns, Buddha lanterns, butterfly lanterns. Birds, hills, flowers, grass, all have a part. The aim seems to be for each to make his as different as possible from everyone else's. Some are made in the shape of cranes. some like turtles, some like lions, others tigers, etc. These are not real lanterns however, but objects of amusement only.

On this day cake is made of the leaves of the Salisburia, and eaten with black beans parched. When night falls the lanterns are lighted. The smoke and dust that rises in the excitement of the occasion hides the moon. In the three main streets, and the nine market squares of the capital, crowds of men and women appear beating drums and singing songs. Such a row you never heard.

Lanterns are hung according to the members of the family, men, women and children. As they shine brightly or look dim people estimate the luck of the year. If the lanterns are bright all the family will be happy, but dim there will be sorrow, at the thought of which the women of the house sigh and shed tears.

On tan-o (5th day of 5th Moon) written mottoes are sent to the official homes from the Palace and offerings of cherries are made at the family shrine.

The children, with their faces washed in chang-po perfume, and a chang-po pin in the hair, and dressed in new clothes go with

their mothers and sisters, who are specially dressed out with all the ornaments possible, to enjoy the sport of swinging.

In the 5th Moon the Governors of Kyung-sang and Chulla, as well as the military chiefs and admirals, send gifts of fans to the king, and to the high officers and ministers of state as well as to their special friends.

On the yoo-too day (15th day of the 6th Moon) vermiceli, melons, apples, etc., as well as soo-tan cake is offered at the ancestral shrine, while the children have yoo-too balls made for them to play with. Soo-tan cake is made of cooked rice, beaten, rolled up into lengths and then cut into pieces and mixed with honey. Yoo-too balls are made of wheat flour rolled round and hard like marbles. They are dyed scarlet, strung on a string and hung at the waist.

During the Sam Pok (Dog Days) dog-meat soup, and red bean porridge are eaten as a preventative against harm from the heat.

The 15th day of the 7th Moon is called paik-choong (Middle Day of the Hundred) and on this occasion special prayers are offered to the Buddha. Great preparation is made for this day in all the temples.

On the choong-ch'oo (Mid Autumn) day, the 15th day of the 8th Moon, sacrifices are made before the graves.

On the 9th day of the 9th Moon chrysanthemum cake is offered at the family shrines.

The first o-il of the 10th Moon, called Horse Day, is observed by a sacrifice to the spirit of the house. The reason for this sacrifice is that o is the Positive Principle in nature, and so the day's sacrifice is intended to aid this positive or vital principle.

On tong-ji (Winter Solstice) Day red bean porridge is made and with it sacrifice is offered before the ancestral shrine. Some of the porridge is thrown outside the front gate as well, to guard against the demon of disease. This particular demon is the spirit of a wilful son of a Chinaman, called Ko Yang-Si.

On this day the calendar for the coming year is given out.

In the 12th Moon officials residing in the country and their relatives give gifts to one another which they call se-chan, Closing-Year Dainties.

Nap-il is the day on which bird flesh is eaten.

On the last day of the year all the members of the family bow to each other and say, "A bow for the old year."

This is Masker's Day in the Palace when fire-works are let off. Lights are kept burning in the homes of the people all night, before the shrines, in the bedrooms, at the outer gate, in the kitchen, in the stable, in the water-closet.

Children are afraid of this night and say you must not sleep or your eyebrows will turn gray. Some children never sleep a wink all the night through.

Besides these there are throughout the year many occasions for rejoicing that are not necessarily attached to a special moon or day. Most of these pertain to the world of the women and children.

April 1918

YI SAIK (1328-1395 A. D.)
THE OFFER OF THE FAIRY.

A fairy comes to sell me herbs, and hangs his gourd before my market square. He points me to the Pong-nai Hills that lie off in the misty east. "If you could only quench those greedy fires," said he, "you'd be a champion knight above the dragon. I'll teach you from my book the Chung-ok-kyul and give you of the fairy's 'moonlight gem,' and then the lusts of earth and empty show you'll leave long miles behind, and sing us songs of loftiest cheer. You'll climb the early heights of T'ai-san and behold the round disc of the sea. You will bend down and read the footprints of the past, and gaze upon the markings of the land. You'll know that all things pass as in a dream; that victory and defeat are but the squares upon the checker-board. The sun and moon are wheels that run so fast, but you'll not fear how time may go. So far above the world you'll be of human thought and mortal strife. The changeless pine upon the river brink are you, while worldly men are but the reeds that fade. God holds creation in his mighty grasp, none but the fairy can

escape his hold. If you but once share in this magic draught, you'll ride the crane and sail the cloud-lit sky."

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE:

Yi Saik, better known as Master Mok-eun, is one of the greatest lights of Korean literature. By many scholars he is regarded as their one high chieftain.

His collected works are not easily obtainable. The writer has seen only one set, and that was marked 35yen. He offered 28 but failed to get it.

Yi Saik was a Confucianist of the most orthodox type, and yet he deals frequently, as in this letter, with the thoughts and teachings of the fairy (Taoism).

Pong-nai as mentioned here is the fabled land of the East where beautiful and sinless immortals' are said to dwell. While Korea in old days knew nothing of Europe and little of Asia, she had talked familiarly for a thousand years of Pong-nai, where you may eat the fruits of the fairy and enjoy unending bliss. The Chung-ok-kyul or Book of Blue Jade is one of the sacred writings of the fairy or genii that tells how immortality may be won, so the "moonlight gem" is another name for their elixir of life.

One reads through this poem those longings after immortality seen so frequently in the long round of Korean literature.

June 1918

THE OBSTREPEROUS BOY.

Note:-This is an interesting story showing the workings of an unruly boy's mind, and also how to handle him. It proves as well, how a kindly bearing can sweep away the long enmity of years. It is taken from the *Keui-moon Ch'ong-wha*. Vol. II; 22.

The magistrate of Hap-ch'un had a son born to him when he was about 60 years of age. In his foolish love for the child, he spoiled him completely, and failed altogether in his teaching, so that at thirteen years of age the lad knew nothing and was quite unable to read.

There was a famous priest living then in Hai-in Monastery with whom the magisarate had been on friendly terms for a long

time. This priest came one day and seeing the boy, said, "Your son is growing up, and you have never sent him to school. What do you mean by it?"

The magistrate replied, "I have tried to teach him my-self, but he is obstinate and will listen to nothing that I say. I can not bear to beat him, so there you have it, a very distressful case."

The priest replied, "If a gentleman's son is not educated, he is of all men the most useless. To merely lavish love on him, and plan nothing for his improvement, will surely never do. He is handsome, and bright, and it seems a pity that he should be so neglected. Will you give me permission to take him in hand and teach him?"

"I would be delighted," said the magistrate, "but it seems over much to ask of anyone. To educate him, and bring him to a place where he would do honour to his forefathers and be a master of the character would of all things be most gratifying."

The priest then said, "If this is to be decided upon, there is one matter that must be settled. Live or die I must have the power to command him rigorously, and for this I would ask a written contract, properly signed and sealed. Also, after sending him to the monastery, there must be no coming or going of servants, and you must give up your love, here and now, if I am to undertake the task. I shall see to his food and clothing myself, and if you have any occasion to send messages, let them be sent by priests who come and go, and addressed to me personally. Will Your Excellency consent to this?"

The magistrate replied, "I shall consent to anything you suggest."

Thus an agreement was made out, signed and sealed, and that day the boy was sent to the hills, and all communication with him cut off.

He began by doing just what he liked, all license dispensed with. He answered his preceptor back, called him names, struck him in the face; in fact, there was nothing he did not venture to do. The priest pretended not to see, paid no attention, said nothing, and left him to do just as he pleased.

After four or five days of this, the master arose early one morning, put on his official hat and robes, took his seat in the place

of command, and had thirty or forty of his priests gather before him with their books. The strictest order was maintained with the most exacting ceremonial form. He then sent a young priest with orders to bring the magistrate's son before him.

On being arrested the boy screamed, and cried, and took on in the most defiant manner saying, "You dogs of priests, how dare you put your dirty hands on a gentleman? I'll go back and tell my father, and he will assuredly have you slaughtered everyone of you." Again he shouted, "Thieves and robbers, a thousand deaths to you, though I die I'll not do your bidding."

The master then shouted out to have him pinioned and brought by force.

A crowd was on to him at once, and, fastened like a criminal, he was brought to the master's presence.

The priest then unfolded the contract that had been written, spread it out and said, "Your father wrote this, signed it, and gave it to me, and from now on your fate is in my hand—life or death. Here you are, the son of a gentleman, and yet you do not know a single letter. Evil deeds only and ungoverned ways are your accomplishments. What use for the like of you to live? Without a definite reform, you will be the ruin of your family and a disgrace forever. I shall have to punish you, and that severely."

He then heated an iron barb red-hot, had it turned against the boy and speared his leg with it. The lad had a fit, and for a time lay unconscious. A little later he revived and the priest again ordered him to be speared, when all of a sudden the boy dropped on his knees, prayed for his life, and confessed that he had done very badly, "I shall hereafter do whatever Your Excellency commands. Please do not spear me." While the master had him view in terror the threatened iron, he gave him a short but very impressive lecture. He then had him unbound, and told him to sit down beside him and begin his work on the *The Thousand Character Classic*. He gave him his appointed task each day so that he had no time to idle, and from this start, little by little, his knowledge grew and his general character developed. On hearing one thing he learned ten, and through ten he learned a hundred.

In four or five months he had mastered the *Thousand*.

Character. Day and night he was constantly at it. So diligent and faithful a boy did he become, that in less than a year he had made marked progress. In three years of this training at the temple he became a young man of liberal culture.

However, as he studied he had but one thought in mind, "I was insulted by these priests because I was ignorant. I shall study now with all my might, and when I pass my examination, I'll kill this master tyrant, and wipe out the disgrace that I have suffered at his hands." With this purpose in mind he worked harder than ever.

The priest had him taught how to write Chinese compositions, so that he soon acquired a practised hand. One day he called him and said, "Your attainments now are sufficient for you to enter the examination lists as a candidate. Come with me to-morrow and see."

The next day he took him to his father and said, "The young man's progress is such, that if he keeps on, he will be able to pass the examination and hold office without shame. I herewith resign my responsibility and give him back to you." The father then planned for his wedding, and they as a family returned to the capital.

For several years he was a candidate at examination contests, till finally he graduated with honour; and some years later became Governor of Kyung-sang Province. He thought with keen zest, "I shall now square up my account with that priest of Hai-in Sa and wipe out the disgrace he did me."

He reached his official place, and from there prepared to make a tour of the province, but before starting out he gave orders to his officer of justice, "Get ready special paddles and find me three or four skilled beaters. There is a priest in these hills," said he, "whom I intend to have arrested and beaten to death."

He started then on his tour and finally reached Hong-yoo Tong, where the old priest of Hai-in Sa came out with his disciples and stood by the side of the way to meet him.

The Governor on seeing him, alighted from his chair, took him by the hand and spoke kindly.

The priest, now an old man, smiled and said, "I still live to see Your Excellency seated in the place of honour, and surrounded by all the dignity and power of office. How glad my heart is."

He then led him to the temple and said, "The room I use now is where Your Excellency used to live, and study, and to-night you shall sleep there. I wonder if you would mind my occupying the same room with you?"

The Governor said, "No, not in the least, I should be very glad,"

When the night had grown late and all was quiet, the priest said, "When you were here and studied, you would like to have killed me, wouldn't you?"

The Governor said, "Yes, I would."

The priest continued, "Till after you passed your examination you had the same mind still, did you not?"

"Quite right," said the Governor.

"Also the other day just before you started on your tour, you gave orders to prepare paddles and find skilful hands to beat me?"

"Yes I did," said the Governor.

"Then why did Your Excellency not have me killed at once instead of dismounting from your chair and meeting me so kindly?"

The Governor replied, "I did have that thought in mind all along till I met you. Seeing your kindly face, however, all my resentment melted away like snow and only delight and gladness remained."

The priest replied, "I followed you all along your course and noted your progress and attainment, every foot of the way."

July 1918

YI KYOO·BO (1168-1241 A. D.).
AN OLD-TIME RELIGIOUS FRAUD.

NOTE:-Is there anything here that suggests Christian Science?

In the year 749 A. D. the Emperor of the Tangs was called the "Prince of Peace," and though he finally lost his throne, he was a very wise king far beyond his peers. I shall give you an example of this: In his time there appeared in the south of China a man named H-om, who called himself the Buddha. It is reported of him

that he could cure sickness of any kind. Even the blind, the deaf, paralytics, and lepers were made whole at his hands. When the people of the capital heard this they eagerly waited for his coming.

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

When he first came he wore a gray cowl and rode a beautiful horse, and he carried a silk fan with which he hid his face. The crowd that followed and who called themselves his disciples were impossible to number. They hid his very horse from view so that no one could see what he was like. Officials of the capital and the ordinary people crowded day and night to the temple, more than ten thousand of them there must have been. They kept calling "A-mi-ta-pool, A-mi-ta-pool" till the sound of it could be heard off three miles and more. There were ministers and high officials with their wives as well as unmarried daughters who gathered together like the trees of the forest. They used their hair as a cushion for Il-om's feet to rest on. They collected remnants that were left over from his meals, and bottled up the water that he had bathed in. A crumb of the one or a drop of the other were as precious as a thousand pieces of gold. There was no man who did not wish to taste of these.

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

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

Looking into the reason for such a phenomenon as this, we find that the priest taught the people saying, “The universal law is mind. If you diligently count your beads and say, ‘My sickness is cured’ your sickness will indeed depart. Never say ‘I am not yet well.’”

Because of this the blind were wont in their stupidity to say, “Why I see,” and the deaf to say, “Why I hear.” Thus many were deceived. Was it not a source of danger to the state? Alas! a little more and the whole world would have gone after him.

August 1918

YI KYOO·BO 李奎報 (1168-1241 A. D.)

THE RAINY SEASON.

The summer rains distress my soul
And pour in torrents o’er the land;
Soon men will all be fish to swim,
And streets will serve for masted ships.
Then let us work, and build, and caulk,
Since all the land has turned a sea.
The neighbouring town seems miles away;
My south court wall has toppled o’er,
While north and west hang tipsy-wise.
No power on earth can stop the leaks;
With shade in hand I try to sleep.
My wife and weans untutored are,
And so they fuss, and fume, and fret.
I tell them that it’s God’s affair,
How can they think to grumble so?
I wonder what this storm portends?
A deluge where a town should be.
‘Tis hard to know what God will do.
Please help us Lord, we bow to Thee.

Note : This is a picture handed down from the ancient days of Koryu. It rained then as it used to rain in this country about 1888. It seems to the writer that the rainy season has truly lost some of its

ancient vigour and that it does not come down in spouts and torrents as it used to. Yi Kyoo-bo was bald, without a spear of hair on his head we are told. How startling these great drops of the rainy season would be coming through the thatch and landing on his sensitive pate! We see him in the midnight hours trying to ward them off with an umbrella. Let us hope that the drip from the shade that guards him is not landing on his wife. The poem does not leave one wholly without this impression. A sermon in the midnight hours too, is a bit far-fetched, no wonder she was disinclined to listen, especially when the domestic fortifications were giving way right and left as they seem to be here.

He returns in thought to the source of all things and adds a prayer.

September 1918

YI CHANG-KON 李長坤

(THE TROUBLES OF 1498 A. D.)

From the *Keui-moon Ching-wha* Vol, iii; 27.

In the reign of King Yun-san a great disturbance broke out in the Capital and among others who made their escape was a certain Yi who held the rank of Kyo-ri, Keeper of the Records.

He fled for his life to Po-sung County in Chulla Province. Overcome by thirst as he hurried along, he saw a girl dipping water from a stream and asked a drink. She dipped her gourd, but before passing it to him, she stripped some willow leaves from a branch that overhung the stream and threw them in to the water.

He thought this a peculiar thing to do and asked, "When I am so thirsty and in so great a hurry, why do you scatter leaves over the water that I have to drink?"

"Seeing Your Excellency so overheated I was afraid you might take harm from drinking too fast, and so I scattered these leaves," was her answer.

The man, impressed by this, inquired where she lived, and

she replied “I am the daughter of a basket-maker and live in yonder little cabin.”

Yi followed her to her home and said to the master, “I desire to become your son-in-law and live with you; please take me.” Consent was given and there he lodged.

But for a son of Seoul’s ancient nobility to learn to become a basket-maker was out of the question. Day succeeded day with nothing done as he slept out the long hours. The father and mother-in-law, both of them indignant at this, scolded him soundly. “We took you in order that you might help us in our basket-making, but instead of proving a help you are an abominable loss, you simply eat your meals and sleep; nothing but a scrap-bag you are to throw good food into.” From this day on they gave him only half the ordinary amount, though, night and morning, his young wife, sorry for him, brought him the scrapings of the pot unknown to her parents. Her kindness was rewarded, for their love for each other deepened day by day.

Thus three years passed till Choong-jong ascended the throne (1506) and all the world was changed. Those who had been sentenced to death were pardoned, honourably treated and reappointed to office. Yi’s name too, was on the restored list, but he, like others, was lost to view and no one knew where he was. Advertisement was made to all corners of the land and the rumour of it spread everywhere.

Yi was startled to hear the news, and as it happened to be the 1st day of the month, and the time for the basket-maker to pay his tribute of baskets to the magistrate, he said to his father-in-law, “On this occasion I’ll take the baskets and see them safely to their destination.”

The father-in-law replied in a high key, “You, you lazy dog, you don’t know east from west, how could you take these baskets to the magistrate? I never go myself without having a terrible time with the unreasonable creature, who constantly refuses this one and that one and orders them back, telling me to bring better. How do you think he would treat you? No, no, no, you can’t take the baskets.”

But the daughter said, “Please let him try, father, it will do

no harm.”

The basket-maker was persuaded by his gentle daughter and so Yi took the load on his back and went to the official *yamen*, where he boldly walked straight into the compound and shouted out in a loud voice. “The basket-maker has come with his baskets, ahoy!”

The magistrate happened to be an old soldier friend of Yi’s. Startled by this bold announcement, and suddenly realizing who he was, he hurried down the step-way took him by the hand and led him up to the special place of honour, “Friend of friends, wherever have you been, and how do you come to me in such a guise as this? The Government is out in search for you everywhere, and a notice from the governor’s office is here in your behalf. Go to Seoul at once! make no delay” He had food and drink prepared, and fitted him out with a new suit of clothes.

Yi said, “I was under sentence of death and so stole into a basket-maker’s home and hid away, and thus I have survived these years. Never did I expect again to see such a day as this.”

The magistrate sent word to the Governor saying that Yi Kyo-ri was in the county of Po-sung, and made ready post-horses to send him swiftly and safely to Seoul.

Yi replied, “But I cannot forget the kindness shown me these past three years, by my wife whom I greatly love. I must go now and say my word of greeting to her and to my master. You will please come for me to-morrow morning.”

The magistrate yielded and gave his consent to the plan.

Yi again changed his dress to the old basket-maker’s garb and went forth to his home. He greeted his father-in-law thus, “This time he took the baskets, and all without a word.”

The old man replied. “He did, did he? Well, well! They say that even a thousand-year-old hawk can be taught the work of a falcon. This must be true for even my son-in-law has done his part once as a man. Wonderful! Wonderful! Give him an extra spoonful or two of rice,” he shouted to his wife.

The next morning early Yi got up and swept the court, when the old father-in-law, seeing him, shouted out, “Yesterday my son-in-law made a success of those baskets, and to-day he sweeps the

court clean as a whistle. I shouldn't wonder to see the sun rise in the west to-day. Ha! Ha!"

Yi then took a mat out and spread it on the ground, when the old man asked, "Look here, what are you at, putting a good mat like that out on the dirty ground?"

Yi replied, "The magistrate is coming to-day, so I am making ready."

The old basket-maker laughed an ironical laugh and said, "What wild talk is this? The Magistrate come to such a place as we have! Addled headed idiot! Seeing what the fool is about now, I begin to mistrust yesterday; I shouldn't wonder if he threw those baskets away and came home to make an empty boast about it."

Before he had finished speaking, however, the magistrate's secretary came bounding in all out of breath with a beautifully coloured mat that he spread out in the court saying, "His Excellency is on the way."

The man and his wife hearing this were greatly alarmed, and ran to hide. A moment later they heard the official criers shouting to clear the way, when suddenly the magistrate arrived, alighted from his horse, and went into the room to greet the son-in-law most politely and ask him how he had spent the night. A moment later he inquired, "Where is our sister, I pray, have her come in."

Yi called, "Come and make your bow to the magistrate."

With a plain wooden pin through her hair and in simplest linen dress she appeared and made her bow. Though evidently poor in circumstances her face and form marked her as a young woman of good intelligence.

The magistrate treated her with marked deference and said, "Dr. Yi, in the days of his desperate need, found you to be his friend and your service has proven more to him than any other person's could possibly have been; are you not to be honoured?"

The woman drew her dress modestly around her and replied, "I am a woman, the lowest of the low, and though it fell to my lot to care for this my master, I had no idea who he was, and so I fear that in my treatment of him there have been many defects and no end of lack to do him honour. My failures and faults rise up before me and render me wholly unworthy of the kind words you have spoken.

Your coming to-day to our poor home means honour beyond every dream but I fear as being too great it may presage misfortune.”

The magistrate, hearing this, sent a servant to call the basket-maker and his wife, had them treated to refreshments and spoke kindly to them. A little later other magistrates began to come in. The Governor sent his secretary to present his word of greeting. The court of the basket-maker's house was crowded with the horses and servants of state.

Yi Kyo-ri said to his friend concerning his wife, “She belongs to the lowest class undoubtedly, and yet she and I are one, and we cannot be separated. For these years she has served and aided me with all her strength, and now that I have come to a place of honour I cannot forget her faithfulness. Please provide a chair so that I can take her along.”

The magistrate at once acceded to this request, had a chair made ready and saw her start with him.

When Yi went to the palace to bow his thanks before King Choong-jong (1506) His Majesty gave command that he be admitted at once. The king then inquired all about where he had been, and what had befallen him, and Yi told him the story.

On hearing it the king nodded his head and said, “This woman must never be treated as one of low station again. I make her your wife to take the place of your kindred who have been killed, with all the honour that goes with it.”

Long years they lived together, Yi and his beloved wife. There was no honour of the state that did not come his way, and many sons and daughters were born unto them. This Yi Kyo-ri was Yi Pan-su, Chang-kon (李長坤) a great and noted minister.

October 1918

THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS,

Note: Here is an account of a visit to Pi-ro Pong (毘盧峯) the highest, and almost an inaccessible peak of the Diamond Mountains. The trip was made in 1865 by a Mr. Cho Sung-ha (趙成夏) nephew of the famous Queen Dowager. His

account shows that there was pluck and determination in the old ruling families of those days, and more that they were master-hands at the pen. Few travellers could give a more vivid picture than this. Set as it is with an Oriental back-ground makes it specially interesting - Editors.

I reached the Diamond Mountain in mid-autumn and one morning, after breakfast, decided to ascend Pi-ro Mountain. I was afraid there might be an attempt to stop me, so I secretly found a priest to choose bearers and show the way.

We passed the Myo-kil Buddha and when we had reached the turning point in the road already noon had come. From here we went straight up. By clinging to creepers and taking advantage of every stone and twig, and with the help of the men who accompanied pushing and pulling, we made our way up. What with bushes and stones it was a most difficult, obstructed path, dim and overgrown, in fact hardly visible at all to the naked eye.

Thus we made some ten miles deep into the solitudes. It was a world waste and void. I imagine there must be some regular road to Pi-ro Peak but we were not on it evidently but instead were into an inextricable tangle on the west side. There are in all several hundred priests in the Inner Hills and yet scarcely one of them has ever climbed Pi-ro, two only of our whole party could I find who had made the journey. I imagine these men, too, led us wrongly.

We finally reached a high point and looked out but there were three great peaks that propped up the heavens still ahead of us. The bearers suggested that we go back and try again another day, but I felt that to go back would be to lose all the effort we had put forth. So we sat down and thought it over. I urged them and at last got them to swear to see it through. One man shouted, 'Til see it through, live or die,' and the others followed suit.

I then tied a handkerchief about my head, put off all my outer robes, brushed the shrubs aside and went up on all fours, clinging to points and horns as opportunity offered. We skirted precipices that went down thousands of feet, and skimmed by ledges the height of which no man could measure, till finally we crossed all the obstructing peaks. We gasped, and puffed, and blew for breath, and at last stood on the top of Pi-ro, the top of the topmost peak. The blue heaven was just above us with all its vast expanse, and the stars almost touching our heads. The air I breathed

came from about the the throne of God; but oh, we were tired and thought of how Kwa-poo had exhausted himself chasing the sun.

I was thirsty and wished a drink, but where was there water? We had long passed all springs and streams, and not a drop was there to be had. We looked off toward the east and there lay the Sea of Japan, mingling with the sky. Yonder was water everywhere but it was like the cherries of Cho Cho, devoid of satisfaction. How were we to come at it and cure this thirst of ours?

In their search on the high peak, would you believe it, one man found under a stone a living spring. It was not a spring either, nor was it water from any apparent source. It must have been the melted snows of ages gone by and yet it looked like nectar of the fairies. We drank of it till all was gone. No Tong drank seven bowls and yet was not satisfied, how much less we?

We walked back and forth while the sun went down and darkness fell upon the world. Those who accompanied me were dead tired and reduced to a state of unconsciousness. They were scared too out of their wits. We sought out the smoothest part of the rock and there sat back to back and let the dew fall upon us while we dozed off.

The priests brought some shrubs and trees and heated up a little cold rice and cake which we ate. When this was done we had come to nearly the fifth watch of the night. The moon had fallen. The sound of the wind across the hill face was like the whistling of the goblins. Its cold edge had in it points of arrows. Mists arose from the lowlands and filled the valleys. As I thought it over I felt that it was indeed a mad journey, an insane venture. To come here meant really all sorts of risk to life and limb. What use was it? Still I remembered how I had longed to see this famous mountain, to taste of its hidden mystery, and now my dreams were realized. Here were the fairy cloud lights about us as we squatted among the rocks and shrubs. It was a rare and wonderful experience. I turned to this side and that, and gazed all about me. The night stretched everywhere. Yonder were the Seven Stars of the Dipper, and here the reflection of the white topped hill. The dew moistened all the world. I was on a boat sailing on ether between the Seven Stars and the Lovers' Bridge of the Milky Way. The North Star had passed the 38th

degree and the Yellow Meridian was in the constellation Soon-mi. The Red Meridian was crossing that of Great Fire. Our position on Pi-ro was not quite even with the star of God's Throne.

A little later we saw a great horn rise from the sea and mount up where the sky and water touched each other. Little clouds appeared. A little later all the sea and sky turned a fiery red, and the great yellow wheel of the sun tipped its light over the horizon. A little later it had cut loose from the watery depths and was free in its upward course across the sky, a red and beaming ball. The colours of the sun, yellow, blood red, light red are due to the proximity of the water. It looked as though it was distant from me only a hundred li (30 miles) and about 70 kil high (400 feet). The water of the sea meanwhile had grown dark and the hills red. A little later the lower world gave off numberless puffs of vapour so that all the vast expanse beneath us was turned into a sea with Pi-ro where we sat a little island remaining. We seemed to be lifting and falling as in a heavy swell with Waves about us. A little after Yung-nang came through and then in a flash Choong-hyang likewise. Then the Sun and Moon Peaks like a pair of twins showed their heads; then Soo-mi, Tan-Pal, Paik-ma all appeared each in its proper place.

We looked off toward the East Sea, where I felt like rolling up my trousers and wading in on my way to the Pong-nai Hills of the fairy.

The day was now light and all the party bestirred itself. They gave a sudden cry of alarm. What was the reason? Here were tracks of a great tiger going this way and that round and round us. He had hovered about our sleeping place evidently all the night. Then suddenly there was a great shout on the part of my company, "The master is a man richly blessed, for the Spirit of the hills has sent the tiger to guard him through the night." So each man bowed down and said his word of thanks to the God that guards the mountain top.

CH'OI CH'I-WUN (858-950 A.D.)
THE WOMEN OF SOUTH CHINA,

Note:--Here is a translation of a poem by Ch'oi Ch'i-wun

(崔致遠) who, though a Korean, was an official in Chinese service one thousand years ago. His estimate of the ways of the world then finds its counterpart to-day. To say that the world is getting better might seem in some respects ill-founded; to say that it is getting worse would seem to contradict this poem. Evidently the human heart continues about the same, world without end.—Editors.

“The ways of Southern China have fallen full low. Men bring up daughters there for evil only. Their one chief thought is dress and showy ornament, while work, like honest stitching, they hate the very name of. The pipe and harp include their aims in life, but never for the songs religion sings. What lawless men enjoy, these they count most dear. They say, ‘Let’s love the beautiful and let our youthful days be long.’ They laugh at girls who make the shuttle’s sound their one chief joy, as they exclaim, ‘However much they love to tread the loom the silks they weave are never theirs to wear.’”

SUNG KAN (成侃) (1427-1456 A. D.)
TO MY MASTER KANG HEUI-AN (姜希顔)

Note:--Kang Heui-an was a great artist as well as a great scholar, while Sung Kan one of his pupils was a distinguished member of a very highly gifted family. He died by violence however in a great disturbance in 1456 and so did not attain to the high place as a scholar won by his younger brother Sung Hyun (成俔).

A poem is a picture with a song;
A picture is a poem, but without the power to sing.
Pictures and poems, from ancient times,
 have ever been the same;
No shade of difference marks their worth or measure.
What store of wonders dwell within my master’s mind,
An artist shall I mark him or chief among the poets?
When joy inspires his heart he lifts the blunted pen and
strikes
And lo, a line of streams flow by and rocks appear.

From these green banks old trees reach down and touch the water.

You surely were the Master Chung No in an age gone by;
I gaze the live-long day with soul entranced.
But colours fade and fairest tints grow dim;
If rain or smoke but touch them they are gone.
Let's try instead a picture with a song
That enters by the ear and moves the tongue to sing;
And keeps the spirit fresh and fair through all the weary ages.

CH'OI CH'I-WUN 崔致遠 (858-951 A. D.)
AN ANCIENT THOUGHT.

I am told the fox can change into a pretty girl, the wildcat into a scholar-lord or chief. When creatures doff their forms so easily who then can tell what sort of beings really walk around us? Again I think, well, yes it is not hard to change the form or kind; what's hard is how to keep the soul and mind from changing. There is the rub. The true to false, the fair to foul, these are the changes to be feared. Keep bright the mirror of the soul I pray.

Note: Can some reader of the Magazine give us a history of the Fox. His sharpened chin and long brush tail, as they cross the stage of the Far East, have caught and held the attention of all the ages. Among fore-footed creatures he is even more renowned than the tiger. This great writer of the closing days of Silla had heard of the fox, but he was not fearful or anxious, he feared more the changing nature of the human soul.

SYUNG HYUN (1479-1504 A. D.) OLD KOREAN STORIES
POWERS OF IMITATION.

I had a neighbour once called Ham Pook-kan who hailed somewhere from the east provinces. He knew how to blow a whistle

wonderfully well, tell all kinds of odd stories, and act the part of a clown generally. He could mimic anyone he saw, and speak and act exactly as they did. He would pucker up his mouth and pipe out sounds like a flute, clarionet or piccolo, loud and strong, so that it could be heard a mile off.

He could also imitate the harp, and make sounds that twanged to any tune you wished.

He used to be invited to the Palace at times and was always rewarded most liberally.

I knew another man called Tai-mo-je who could imitate geese, ducks, chickens or pheasants perfectly. One note from him and all the roosters of the place would set up a chorus.

We had a servant too, named Pool-man-i who could imitate the barking of a dog. I once took him along to Kang-wun with me, and when we reached a town at night he would set up a barking that put all the dogs of the place into a state of terrific excitement.

THE HUNTER.

Kim Sok-si was a Yu-jin Tartar who came to Korea with his father when he was a young man. He was a strong athletic fellow and knew something, too, of literature and letters. His home was among the hills of the Oh-chong ward and the chase was his means of livelihood. He once told me the story of how he took deer. Said he, "In summer, when the grass is long, the deer come out early in the morning to feed. When they have had their fill they retire to the hills and lie down. In hunting them I took beaters along with me and followed up these marks and tracks till I came to where they were. We would then surround them while two or three of the heaters would go up to the hill-top and perhaps sing, or call, or imitate the sounds heard in ploughing a field. The deer, hearing this and counting them familiar sounds, would merely sit close and listen. This was the time for me to string my bow and let fly the arrow. Though not fatally wounded he would only get into the toils of the beater if he tried to run away.

"When the leaves and grass were gone in the autumn, my way was to find one of their runs, lie quiet near by and shoot them as they passed.

“As for hunting bears, I may say that the bear is a fierce, powerful and fearless beast. If he meets a tiger he picks up a stone with one paw and with the other takes the tiger by the throat and then gives him a smashing blow that crushes in his head. He also breaks off limbs of trees and fights with them. If he uses a limb and happens to let it fall, he does not know enough to pick it up again, but uses a fresh one instead. His turning to break off another gives the tiger a chance to pounce upon him again.

“The bear knows how to climb trees. He sits down just as though he were a man, reaches out, turns the limbs inward and then picks off the acorns and eats them. He frequently betakes himself to the edge of a stream and fishes for crabs which he eats greedily. When winter comes he goes into his hole and sucks his paw. If he hears thunder in the 10th moon he refuses a hole for his winter quarters but covers himself with leaves instead.

“When the grass and leaves are abundant, in summer, I frequently find him in a tree. On such an occasion I take off my coat and go in as near as possible toward him but always behind so that he cannot see. While he is busy picking acorns I let fly my arrow so as to take him just behind the fore-leg, and then I roll over and lie as though I were dead in the grass. Not a breath do I breathe.

“The bear shot, and with the arrow still in him, falls from the tree. He starts on a hunt for his enemy scurrying about on all sides, but even though he find me he has no idea of harming me as I am dead. In his agony he cries like a human being, pitiful to hear, then goes down to the water’s edge where he dies.

“As for tigers, I have shot many of them. Once, in the days of Se-jo, His Majesty went on a trip to the hot springs at On-yang when a messenger came from one of the homes of the literati, to say that a girl of sixteen years of age had been carried off the previous night from her inner room where she had been sitting, the door being open. A fierce tiger had suddenly pounced in upon her and now the prayer was that His Gracious Majesty would do what he could to destroy the creature.

“King Se-jo ordered his officers to follow up the beast, and he sent me as well. I went first and inquired about the girl, and then started up the hill. About half way up we found her red coat, part of

it torn away and hanging to the limb of a tree. A little further on we found the body near the edge of a stream partly eaten. Later still, a sudden roar from the pine grove startled us. Looking up I saw a huge tiger with glaring eyes staring at us. I was wild to get at him so I dashed in on my horse and let fly an arrow. I then turned to get out of his way when suddenly I was stopped by the brushwood and my horse fell. He pounced on me and caught my arm in his teeth. There we had a fierce fight till finally the others came and despatched him so I escaped."

He pulled up his sleeve and let me see his arm, and there were the marks of the brute's teeth.

THE LITERATI AN WAN.

An Wan was very fond of dogs and falcons. While he was young and a student of the classics he was consumed with this delight. Once while at the home of his young wife he had a falcon on his left hand while with the right he turned the leaves of the book. His father-in-law said to him, "When you study put away the falcon, and when you have the falcon in hand put away your book. Why do you have them both together in such an unseemly way?"

He replied, "The books I study because they have come down to me from my fore-fathers. I cannot let them go, and my love for my dog and my falcon is such that I wish to have them always with me, book and falcon at the same time. Does it matter?"

From youth up till old age he was always the same. Song Mai-tang was one day out in the country beyond the river when he heard the sound of some one reading the classics not far from the road. He asked his servant to see who it was, and the servant replied laughing, "It is undoubtedly old man An."

He turned to see and there he was holding a falcon in one hand and with the other turning the pages of the Kang-mok while he sat beneath the shade of a tree. They met and laughed as they saw each other.

He was a kind-hearted gentleman, and never showed any ill-temper in words or countenance.

When the Japanese came in and took possession of Sungjin Poo he remained quietly at home and read his book.

His servant said, "The enemy is upon us. Sir." His reply was, "I can shoot with the bow, don't be anxious." In a little the enemy went away

November 1918

HIGH-BORN PRINCE AND WORTHY GIRLS.

From the *Keui-moon Chong-wha* (記聞叢話)

Note: On account of his faithful service during the trying days of the Hideyoshi Invasion, Ye Kwang-jung was made Prince Yun-wun, or Duke Yun-wun as would be said in England. He went as envoy to the Mings in 1602 A.D. and by his upright character and high attainments won great respect of the Chinaman - Editors.

Yi Kwang-jung, while magistrate of Yang-joo County, had a falcon and a keeper who used to hunt with him. One day this hunter went out in search of game, but did not return till the next morning. He had hurt his foot it seems, and came limping home. Seeing this, the master asked what had befallen him. He laughed, as he replied, "Yesterday when I let the falcon loose after a pheasant he missed it and let it go. After searching right and left, in vain, he finally alighted on a tree in front of the Deputy Magistrate, Yi's house. With much difficulty I finally induced him to come back to me and perch on my arm and then turned to make my way home. Suddenly I heard voices from within the garden enclosure talking in a very lively manner and I glanced through the paling to see what it was about. There I beheld five strong, husky girls swinging along the hill-side hand in hand. I was filled with fear as I looked upon them, afraid lest they might pounce out upon me, and so I ran for my life and in doing so fell and hurt my foot.

"It was then late in the day and growing dark. On second thought, I wondered who they were, and what they were about, and resolved to hide behind the fence in the long weeds and hear what they had to say. They were talking together and one said, 'We are quite alone here, let's play at county magistrate.' 'Delighted!'

answered the others.

“The tallest among them, about thirty years of age, I should think, then took her seat on a rock with her sisters just before her. One she named the Deputy Magistrate, one the Secretary of Justice, one the Public Crier and one the Constable-Runner.

“She, the Magistrate, then issued the following order, ‘Arrest the Deputy and bring her here.’

“The Secretary of Justice called to the Crier, and gave the order that the Deputy be arrested. The Crier shouted to the Runner to carry out this command at once. The Runner made off at full speed and in a trice had the Deputy arrested and brought. She knelt humbly before the Judge, when the Magistrate, in a loud voice gave forth the charge thus, ‘Marriage is one of the first laws of society, and yet your youngest daughter, we take note, is past the marriageable age and not married. What shall we say as to her older sisters? How comes it that you have disregarded this law of nature in such a shameful way and left your children unmarried? Surely you deserve to die.’

“The Deputy bowed low with her face to the ground and said, ‘How is it possible that your humble servant could be ignorant of this fault? I know it full well, but I'm as poor as carking poverty can make one, and so have no means by which to arrange a marriage.’

“The Magistrate replied, ‘Marriage should be carried out according to one's means. All it needs is a pair of quilts and a bowl of water across which to plight one's troth. How dare you say, ‘No means.’ Such talk is nonsense.’

“The Deputy said, ‘Your humble servant's problem is not that of one daughter only, nor even two. How could I ever be expected to find husbands for all these?’

“The Magistrate stopped her at once saying, ‘Let me not hear a word of it. If you had any zeal in the matter you'd find them soon enough. I have heard that Deputy Song of such and such a place has a son, and Vice Deputy An of another place, also Deputy Chung, and Vice Kim, and Ch'oi. They all have sons. You could apply for any of these. They are all of your own social class; what reason pray for not taking the necessary steps?’

“The Deputy said, ‘I’ll do as Your Excellency commands, but I am so poor that they are not likely to respond to any such invitation.’

“The Magistrate went on, ‘You ought to be soundly paddled for this sin of yours, but for the present, I’ll let you off. Get the matter seen to at once. If you don’t you’ll be severely dealt with, rest assured.’

“She called the Runner to have the Deputy put out and dismissed.

“The five of them laughed over this scene and with many words and much hilarity dispersed. It was a most amusing performance. Leaving the place I found an inn where I passed the night and so returned.”

Prince Yun-wun, hearing this story laughed likewise and calling the present deputy asked about Yi as to his antecedents, how he was circumstanced, his children, etc.

The deputy replied, “He is the senior deputy of this county, but is as poor as poverty. He has no sons, but five daughters. Because of his being poor his five daughters have all passed the marriageable age without a chance to wed.”

Prince Yun-wun on learning this, sent through his secretary, signed by him, a letter asking deputy Yi as to his health, etc. Shortly after Yi appeared at the official headquarters, when Prince Yun-wun remarked, “You were a deputy, I understand, of this country, and know all the points of law. I have wanted to consult with you for some time on important matters, but have had no chance to meet you.” He then inquired as to how many sons he had.

The deputy replied, “My luck is surely the worst you have ever heard of, for I have not a single son but only five useless daughters.”

“Have you married them off?” inquired Prince Yun-wun.

The reply was, “Not a single one of them.”

The magistrate again asked, “How old are they?”

He replied, “The youngest of them is past the marriageable age.”

Prince Yun-wun then asked the same questions that the daughter who played at magistrate had asked, and the old deputy

answered just as the deputy daughter had done.

He then went on, "In such and such a deputy's house there are sons, and in such and such another house . . ." just as the daughter had said at the mock trial.

The deputy's reply was, "I'm so poor that I am sure none of these would consent."

Prince Yun-wun said, "I'll be the go-between and see that your daughters are properly married." And with that he dismissed him. He then dispatched his secretary to the five officials referred to and had them summoned. "Have you any unmarried sons?" he inquired.

The reply was, "Yes we have."

"Have you not yet decided on their marriage?"

"Not yet," was the answer.

Prince Yun-wun then went on, "I have heard that in such and such a deputy's home there are five daughters, why should you not marry there?"

The five hesitated over this and gave no answer.

The Prince then assumed a severe attitude. "He is a county official, so are you. Your station in life is the exact counterpart of his. Your not wanting to marry is solely on account of his being poor. Shall the poor man's daughters then have no chance to marry at all? I am socially a step higher than you and yet even my good office in this matter seems hardly acceptable to you." He then took out five sheets of paper and had one given to each. "Write, each of you," said he, "the Four Points that constitute a marriage application." His words were stern and full of command.

The five, fearing trouble, knelt humbly before him and said, "We'll do as Your Excellency commands," and so they wrote each his application. The Prince took them in the order of their sons' ages and appointed them to the daughters accordingly.

He then called for drink and refreshments and entertained them bountifully giving to each, as he left, a large roll of grass-cloth, "have an outer robe made of this," said he. He added, "I'll see to all the expense involved in these weddings so you need have no anxiety on that account."

He had the day chosen at once and in due time the

marriages were celebrated.

He sent supplies of cloth, cotton goods, silk, money, and grain in abundance to deputy Yi's house, and on the day of the wedding he himself went and took a most interested part. The screens used, the mats, the awning were all sent from his official headquarters. Five tables were placed side by side in the wide court where five bridegrooms and five brides bowed toward each other and plighted their troth.

The sightseers were packed like walls on the four sides, and all were most appreciative of the goodness of the Prince. Later many children were born to these five homes who passed their examinations and attained to high rank and responsible office. How much this unexpected favour of Prince Yun-wun had to do with happy homes and joyful faces.

HONG YANG-HO (洪良浩)

A LETTER TO KEUI KYOON (紀昀)

LITERATI AND STATESMAN OF CHINA

(1798).

Note:—This is an interesting letter of inquiry from the Minister of Literature, Korea, to the great statesman of China, Keui Kyoon. The religious question was ever a live one with this people—Editors.

In the last years of Man-yok (1573—1620 A. D.) there came to China Western teachers for the first time, who brought with them a knowledge of astronomy that was very remarkable. Their books and instruments were placed in the office of the Observatory, where they have remained till the present day. The calculations by which they measured the heavens, however, were not superior to the law of Heui-sii and Wha-sii, who are mentioned in the Book of History, nor was their knowledge of the movements of the celestial bodies based on other than the principles of Whang-je. What they taught is but a reflection of what we Confucianists had already known and had always regarded as but the odds and ends of knowledge.

Their worship of God too finds its counterpart in the Confucian service of Sang-je. According to them, however, one Jesus is the Creator of the universe and the Originator of all things.

This is a most unreasonable claim, not to say blasphemous. It makes light of life, the fundamental laws of nature, and certainly could not be called a religion for human kind. Right principles are lacking in it, and it cannot even be compared with Buddhism. As to heresy it represents the last limit..

I made a visit once to Peking and went to a Christian church to see it, and there were pictures hanging on the walls which the people worshipped just as Buddhists do the Buddha. Such a meaningless exercise offered no interest to me, but their astronomical instruments are wonderfully and beautifully made, such as few could hope to equal. Yes they were indeed such only as the gods might make.

I hear also that their teaching has spread throughout the world, and that government officers and high ministers of China believe and follow it. Is this so? I understand that when these people speak of the natural elements they do not refer to them as they are spoken of in the Hong-pom, nor do they make use of the Eight Diagrams of Pok-heui-si. What a pity! They talk of twelve divisions of the heavens, and of the circles of the earth, arctic, temperate and equatorial; of the lesser and greater spheres of revolution of the sun, moon, and stars, something that we Confucianists do not understand.

They have come across a wide expanse of ocean, and say that they have definite proofs for what they claim. Under these conditions we can hardly call theirs a heresy that should be hastily cast aside. It appears to me, however, that these things are governed by an infinite law that will not admit of elucidation.

An ignorant man like myself who has never read any of their teachings cannot say whether they are worthy of consideration or not, but Your Excellency has good judgment, has made wide investigation, and will doubtless have already weighed these things carefully in the balance. May I know what you think in regard to them? A history of the West is said to have been brought to China. Have you seen it, and what are the principles and laws that govern its world? The disregard they manifest for life, their lack of fear, their contempt for goods and earthly possession would upset all ordinary conditions of society. I hear that in the times of Yong-nak (1403-1425 A.D.) there was a man called Chung Wha who

journeyed across the ocean and visited the West. The account of his journey I understand too has been printed. I would like very much to see a copy.

HONG YANG-HO (1724—1802 A.D.)
ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

Since you are dead, twice have the hills been brown and sear.
The cold frosts have veiled thy face ; the sad winds have chilled my
heart.
But never mind my saddened soul, I have no strength or force left
with me.
The days and months go fleeting by ; earth and heaven stretch to
infinity,
Your little lad has learned to speak, but he knows only Mother and
Grandpapa.
So busy is he at his letters, but I cannot teach him the word for
Father.
As he grows up and asks me what it means, what shall I tell him?
Your little boy's voice sounds more and more like yours. This ought
to be a comfort to me.
Your grave rests on the hillside that overlooks the stream.
Twas here you begged me years ago to build. The house still stands
but you are absent. Alone I am, in my old age.
You doubtless have a place of rest, but my thoughts of you are ever
restless.
Now I am off on a thousand miles of journey where the distant blue
sea murmurs.
Your brothers have come to say farewell, and all the neighbours;
drink and refreshments abound, but I have no heart to taste.
I long to go to your grave and weep but I fear to make your soul feel
sad.
I was so happy when you were young, and loved to write the
character and compose verses.
When I dictated you wrote and made my couplets for me.
But now that you are dead I have no heart for verse.

I compose this as a sad farewell but who is there to write it for me?

YI TAL-CH'OONG (DIED 1385 A. D.)
MY SHADOW .

I do dislike the shadow that I have, and try to shake him off, but when I run, he runs. Were I not here, he, too, would cease to be, but as I live he dogs my every step. However much I'd like to cut adrift and have him go, I know no way to bring the wish about. A friend said once, "If you so hate your shadow, sit beneath the shade." But I reply, "You fool. What is a shade if not the very shadow that I hate."

When form appears you'll find the shadow there. When I am gone my form will disappear; where then will this same shadow be, I wonder? I shout it out and ask my shadow "Where?" but not a word of answer does he give. He's like the foolish An who never opened his lips but only listened deep in thought to all the Master said. In every act of life he imitates and does the counterpart except my words.

I wonder if it's because I'm overgiven to talk my shadow does not copy this as well? He gives no answer to my call. I expect it is; for deepest danger lies in words.

The shadow has no need to copy me, but I full sore have need his ways to learn.

YI HON.
FLEETING SPRING.

(Graduated in the reign of Wun-jong of Koryu 1260-1274 A. D.)

But yesterday the blossoms filled the trees,
To-day the branches hang wide stripped and bare.
Thou East Wind, tell me why such ruthless haste,
That flowers that bloom are jostled on their way ?
Let not the flower be happy o'er its lot,
Nor over-sad to think it has to fall.
For though the flower is fallen and passed away,
The time will come when life revives again.

Have you not seen within the gilded hall
How red cheeks fade and smiles are worn away ?
The wise and foolish all alike depart.
While round graves dot the surface of the land.
I'll give it up. Let's have a glass that cheers,
Our sorrow and our tears can naught avail

YI KYOO-BO (1168-1241)
A PEONY SONG,

All things are sad because the spring will go, and all unite to bless him on his way. The gossamer web hangs high his awning's shade, and light-shot mists provide the curtain wall. The fallen flowers o'er spread the festal board, like soft-embroidered seats to rest upon. The hanging buds that hold the drops of dew weep tears of sorrow o'er the farewell scene. The 'wine' flower brings us forth new drink to cheer, that butterflies have flavoured over high, but rain-drops fall and soften down its brew. The oriole sings his song to show his love, while swallows skip and do the dancer's part. The god of spring deep drunk falls by the way, and tides the whole procession o'er the night. He asks a maid to share the festal hour, the peach he counts too dissolute to please, the apricot too low and mean, but the sweet maiden peony who steps her forth so young and fair, she'll marry with the god of spring this night. O'ercome with bashful fear her lips refuse to part. The prince enchanted with her love spends three whole days to see her smiles break forth. By night by day the sweet soul of the flowers awaits the hot oncoming of the solstice king. How can we stay the spirit of the morn, who, when he goes, leaves his fair love, so soft of cheek, bedewed with sorrow's tears?

December 1918

YI TAL-CH'OONG (Died 1385 A. D.)
THE JOYS OF NATURE.

NOTE:— The Korean has always been a great lover of nature, and one of his sure retreats in time of trouble was the woods with its sound of bird and bee, its murmuring of the pines and the rhythmic note of its passing water.

Here is the translation of a poem written by a Korean about the same time that Chaucer was trimming off his lines:

“When that Aprille with his showres swoot
The drought of Marche had perced to the root.”

“How green these pine clad hills: They circle round the home where all the solitudes combine. I see the world with sadness sweeping by. The chittering of the spring is heard, when lo, the rice is ripe and autumn’s here. I am an exile from no choice of mine, ‘tis simply no one comes to call on me. The laughing flowers look from among the grass, and red smiles greet the green.

“Whence comes this yellow-coated bee? He hums his song of comfort and of cheer. The jaunty high hole with his gilded dress rings out his hammer notes throughout the wood. His work is no concern of mine and yet he makes my eyes to shine. Since I came here to dwell the world and all its fuss have ceased to be. I cannot meet the friends whom I recall for woodmen are my only guests. But they are busy with the fields and have no time to spare. Let them keep at it lest they miss the day, and so alone I think my thoughts and live. I sow the millet in my stony field, and wait and wait until the harvests come. The yellow bird thinks naught of mine or me, and I spend hours in driving off his brood. You did not till this field or sow the seed, what call have I to fill your stomach, pray? Though you fill out and fatten on my field your end will be the hawk who’ll pick your bones.

“Yon lonely cloud without a thought in mind floats softly through the wide expanse. He has no anxious care and yet he wears the purest whitest silk. He cannot bark and still his name is “Heaven’s Blue Dog.” To west he goes, then swings him toward the east; without a care he halts, he vanishes. Yon cloud and I are just alike, both free from care, and friends of deepest heart are we.”

January 1919

RIM UK-YUNG (林億齡)
(graduated in 1525 A.D.)

FROM NAK-SAN MONASTERY (洛山寺)
(On the east coast of Korea looking off onto the sea of Japan.)

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

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

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

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

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

“The priests in wonder say, ‘Behold the rain with drops like pointed spears that strike the window shades and walls.’ The passing wind clears all the line of vision and leaves the world swept

clean.

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

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

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

HONG MAN-CHONG (洪萬宗) (About 1675 A. D.)
A REMEDY FOR THE HEART

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

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

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

Says he: “This medicine will cure such ills as doctors can do nothing with. It is the remedy by which the ancients cleared their minds of

evil, held to the right way, and lived out their lives in peace. I found it, and its ingredients, in the various books I read, and now write it out clearly that all may see.

It is made up of:

Sa-moo-sa (思無邪) No selfish thought.

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

Haing-ho-sa (行好事) Doing good works.

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

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

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

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

Soon-ch'un-to (順天道) Doing God's will.

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

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

Ch'ung-sim (清心) Having a pure heart.

Chi-keui (知機) Knowing one's part.

Kwa-yok (寡慾) Limiting one's desires.

Po-ai (保愛) Fostering love.

In-nai (忍耐) Being patient.

Yum-t'oi (恬退) Giving up readily.

Yoo-soon (柔順) Being gentle.

Soo-jung (守靜) A quiet manner.

Kyum-wha (謙和) Humble and kind.

Eum-jil (陰質) Doing good without advertising.

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

Kye-sal (戒殺) Not taking life unnecessarily.

Yum-geun (廉謹) Modest and careful.

Key-no (戒怒) Stifling one's anger.

Chon-in (存仁) Being kindly disposed.

Kye-p'o (戒暴) Keeping down resentment.

Chul-keum (節儉) Careful and frugal.

Kye-tam (戒貪) No envy.

Chu-joong (處中) Being moderate.

Sin-tok (慎獨) Circumspect when alone.

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

FROM THE KEUI MOON CH'ONG WHA (紀聞叢話)
THE INN-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

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

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

Her parents were greatly scandalized and furiously angry over this proposal. They scolded her saying, "For what earthly reason can you wish to wed with a slave? We forbid your ever mentioning such a thing again."

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

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

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

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

The spirit they vended became noted for its excellent

flavour and was praised by all the neighbourhood.

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

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

He replied, "My wife sent me."

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

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

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

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

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

HONG MAN-JONG (洪萬宗 about 1675)
ONE OF THE IMMORTALS.

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-bok 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 of 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-bok told me to say nothing about this so I kept it to myself for years, and only now tell you."

CHO KWAN-BIN (趙觀彬) (1691-1757 A. D.)
A TRIP TO QUELPART IN 1731 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 (吟) 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 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 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 sickle 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! But as I thought it over further I came 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 thought, 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 seasickness is after all a matter of the mind and not all because one is physically stronger than others.

KIM KOO-YONG (1338-1384 A. D.)
TO A FRIEND WHO HAD BECOME A BUDDHIST

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?

April 1919

YI HON (1260 A. D.)
THE PAST.

But yesterday the blossoms filled the trees,
To-day the branches hang wide-stripped and bare.
Thou, East Wind, tell me why such ruthless haste,
That flowers that bloom are jostled on their way?
Let not the flower be happy o'er its lot,
Nor over sad to think it has to fall;
For though the flower is fallen and passed away,
The time will come when life revives again.
Have you not seen within the gilded hall
How red cheeks pale, and smile fade fact away?
The wise and foolish all alike depart,
While round graves dot the surface of the land.
I'll give it up. Let's have a glass to cheer;
Our sorrow and our tears can nought avail.

PAK KYOO-SOO (朴圭壽) (1807-1876 A.D.)
OPPERT'S RAID IN 1868.

Note: Pak Kyoo-soo was one of Korea's lords of the pen and while Chancellor of the College of Literature wrote the memorials for the King that were sent to the Chinese Emperor. Among them we find this communication regarding Oppert's expedition in 1868. Remember, it reads as though the King had written it.— Editors..

“We would humbly solicit the influence of Your High Majesty to put right certain unpleasant matters that have come to us at the hands of the foreigners.

“In the 7th year of Tong-ji, 4th Moon and 21st day (14th May, 1868) the Provincial Governor of Ch'ung-ch'ung wrote me a communication that reads as follows: ‘The magistrate of Tuk-san (德山) reports that a foreign ship put into the adjoining harbour and

cast anchor; and that several hundred westerners invaded the county-seat, broke open the official stores, carried off the military supplies and made their way directly north to Ka-ya Mountain where they dug into the tomb of Prince Nam-yun. The sight of it was too dreadful to behold. The soldiers of the district gave chase, so that the wretches did not have time to dig into the coffin, though they damaged the shape of the mound greatly and did much harm to the surroundings.'

"I (the King) learning this, was in great distress and terror not knowing what to do. Prince Nam-yun's grave is none other than the grave of my grandparents. As to what nation these pirates belong, I cannot say, or what enmity possesses them I do not know that they should land thus and desecrate the tomb of one's ancestors. Such a vile, depraved act I have never before seen recorded in history.

"On another day in the 4th Moon, I received a communication from a captain of a fort near Kang-wha Island which reads 'A pirate ship put in here before the fort and anchored. It sent a communication, impudent in its manner and outrageous in its request. I resisted it by a stern reply, when suddenly its crew of thieves came ashore and went about terrorizing the neighbourhood. The soldiers bravely made an attack on them and killed many with their spears and guns. The remainder made their escape to the ship, weighed anchor and put off.'

"I look this letter of theirs over and it reads 'I am an Ari-mang (Allemagne German) admiral,' but as to whether Ari-mang is the name of a country or a particular place I do not know. The translation accompanying the letter was not in the style of a Chinaman, but rather looked like the effort of a backwoods native of our own country. Evidently it was done by some renegade Korean who has gone abroad and is now trying to work his country damage by the hand of the foreigner. If not so why should the so-called Ar-i-mang have any reason to come here at all and pick a quarrel with us? This is an act outside all the ordinary laws that govern humanity and cannot be explained in any other way. How could foreigners too, coming alone, find their way into so intricate a harbour, and make straight for the point they desired?

“I would recall the fact that in the 4th Moon of this year among a band of religious fanatics arrested was one Chang Chi-soon who confessed that as many as seven wicked men of his county had been in communication with Westerners, crossed the sea and got into touch with them at Shanghai and Chefoo. Doubtless all the visits from foreign ships have been caused by these rascals who have planned and arranged them. After a close investigation the evidence unfailingly points to this. The foreigner’s taking up with these outlaws and visiting our shores thus, proves that they also have very bad intentions. Is this not a cause for uneasiness?”

“My humble desire is that the prestige and power of the Imperial Court which extends far and wide and rules over the outlying territories, may not let such lawless men as these escape, men who cover their tracks, turn traitors to their country and ply the craft of thief and robber. Our little state depends on the great power of Your Imperial Majesty to carry out our laws. Since therefore, the Great Empire sees to and protects us, we know that in a matter of the sort Your Majesty will give us help for our day of trouble. This we ask for in fear and reverence. Did we not speak of it we should be showing a spirit of indifference to the Ruler that has so often shown us kindness.

“Formerly when foreign ships were caught by storms and wrecked on our coast we rescued the crews and gave supplies and sent them safely on their way. Recently, however, these strange ships come without any excuse of wind or weather and while we desire to follow the example of Your Majesty and treat all foreigners with kindness, it is impossible with those who invade us, offer us every sort of insult and even dig into our ancestors’ graves.

“As for the future we cannot but regard them as sworn enemies, and we have decided not to treat them with any such liberality as hitherto.

“We state only the main facts and pray that Your Majesty will graciously condescend to help. Also as to Ar-i-mang whether it is the name of a state or place please to let us know.”

HONG MAN-CHONG. (洪萬宗)
GHOSTS AND GOBLINS.

Note:--What are we to do with a story like this? The priest who told Mr. Hong may have made it up, though that is hardly likely, seeing that Hong was a man of high standing and the priest only a humble follower of the Buddha. Hong, though a man of great learning and good sense, believed it and herewith passes it on to future generations. In those days, the waning days of the Stuarts, the world had much more to do with spooks and goblins than it has to-day, but seldom do we hear of any that had hair on them, hoofs or a tail or anything of that kind, and seldom were they caught and examined as closely as this one was. We give it as an example of what queer things men thought in those not very distant days.— Editors.

In the Chi-ri Mountains of Chulla Province there lived a priest called Nan-ya, who, among other things, used to cover up the fire in the kitchen at night so that he would have it for next day's use. He noticed that on several occasions, some-one came in the dark, scattered it all about and put it out. In the morning he found great trouble in getting the fire lighted so he determined to sit guard and see who did it. In the dead of night something large like a human being flew in through the smoke-hole of the roof and came down to where the fire was. It brushed away the cover of ashes and sat warming its hands.

The priest rushed out of his hiding-place to lay hold of the creature but it flew off and was gone.

The next day he made a trap and hung it over the opening where the creature had come, in such a way that it could enter but not get out.

Again that night it came, and as the priest rushed out to catch it once more it flew, but was caught in the trap and so taken. In appearance it had a man's face, eyes, nose and mouth, but over its body was long hair growing.

He asked, "Are you a man or are you a goblin? Why do you come here?"

The creature put out its tongue and moved its lips, but what it said was impossible to understand. He held it a prisoner for

several days and then let it go when it flew away like the wind.

We read that in ancient times a general of Soo (隋), Son Sung (孫晟) when hunting in the Yu Hills (玉山), where Chin-si (秦始皇) lies buried, he met a hairy woman that flew from tree to tree, and sat in the boughs like a bird. He made a trap and caught her and asked, "Who are you and where do you come from?"

She replied, "I was a palace-maid in the days of Chin-si (221 B. C.), who built the Great Wall and when Hang-oo (項羽) made his attack on us I made my escape to the hills, where I was overtaken by hunger and had nothing to eat but pine-needles. Thus have I lived till this day."

From the days of Chin (秦) to Soo (隋) is about a thousand years. I imagine the creature the priest met was some such being as this.

THE LOUSE.

Note:—The louse is an unmentionable insect, so let our consideration of it here be purely academic. So long ago it was a pest that even the Buddhist felt he ought to rid the earth of. Still with him there was the question of conscience. Should he take life? Did not the Buddha create all things, why should he kill even a louse? Something of Cowper's mind was his when he said, "I honour not the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Yi Kyoo-bo's world was the world of the Buddha so the killing of a louse might easily be a question to ponder over for a day, but Sung Hyun lived in the practical days of the Confucian era and has no qualms whatever about putting a quietus on the horrible beast.

YI KYOO-BO (1165-1241 A. D.) THE LOUSE AND THE DOG.

Some one said to me, "I saw a great hulk of a fellow last night take a club and beat a poor dog to death. It was pitiful, and my heart was sore for it. From now on I have sworn an oath never to eat dog flesh again."

I said to him, "I too, yesterday saw a man take from his

body a louse and drop it into the glowing brazier. I felt bad on account of it and so swore an oath that I would never harm the insect again.”

The guest sat silent for a time and then said, “But a louse is an infinitesimal creature and is not worth the notice, while a big beast’s dying is different, and is a pitiful sight to see. That is why I spoke of it. But your reply by reference to a louse is surely an attempt to ridicule me.”

I said again, “Not so, anything that has life, from man down on through the world of animals, cattle, horses, etc., to beetles, bugs, and crawling insects all have a desire to live and a dislike to die. In this they are alike. Why is it that you are disturbed only when big things are killed and have no thought for the little? As to whether it is a dog that dies or a louse it is in reality one and the same. Hearing what you said I replied in a way I thought appropriate. Why do you think I am making fun of you? If you do not believe what I say try it once on your ten fingers by biting them. Does your thumb alone hurt and not your little finger as well? In one and the same body it makes no difference as to size or to joints and ligatures. They all have life alike and so feel the sharp twinge of pain, how much more things that in themselves have breath and life. Why should one dislike to die and one not mind it?

Go now and think well over it and when once you regard the snail as you do the ox, and the wren as you do the stately war horse, come to me and we’ll talk religion together.

SYUNG HYUN (1439-1504 A. D.)

A LOUSE

Louse, whence come you?
For underhanded evil ways you beat the world.
Your haunt is in the deep recess of seam and fold,
Where eye can never reach you.
Around the trouser waist you hide.
Where hands can never trace or find.
You pride yourself on this fine skill of yours.
No end is there to all the blood you suck

With itching bites that overcome the man.
He scratches fiercely till he grips and casts you in the fire.
The fire refuses to accept.
I give you to the ants to eat,
And yet the ants say, 'No.'
The only way is on a surface hard
Beneath my good thumb-nail
I say "You rascal you, rascal you
Why do you act so one must take your life?"

KIM CH'ANG-HYUP (金昌協 1651-1708 A. D.)
PEOPLE OF THE HILLS

Note:—There were evidently little and big Kaisers in old days as well as now, and peoples lives were rendered miserable by their governments rather than secure and happy. This little poem, written two hundred years and more ago tells its tale.

Down from my horse, I ask who's living here,
And all the women rush to see me come.
I seat me neath the overhanging thatch
While they prepare my rice and seasoned soup.
"Where is the master of the house?" I ask.
"He's gone with ox and halter to the hills.
These hills are full of stones and hard to plough,
And so he comes when day has fallen full late.
We have no neighbours near to answer calls.
But only fowls and dogs to break the spell.
There are within the thicket, tiger lords.
And those who gather herbs must fearful be."
"Why do you live in such a place as this.
Mid rocks and fells of such a wasted world?"
"We'd like to live down on the lower plane,
But magistrate and rulers are our dread.

GOD.

Note:-- It is interesting to see how the ancients regarded God, the great Creator and Upholder of the universe. He was to them not an indefinite expanse of sky, as some erroneously think, but a pure and sinless personality having thought, feelings and purposes. The great aim and end of life was to please Him, or as the Westminster Catechism says, to glorify and enjoy Him forever.

Here are three illustrative statements taken from the History of Koryu (高麗) written about 1450 A. D. by the Prime Minister Chung In-ji (鄭麟趾).—Editors

In the year 1106 A. D. when there had been a long drought with no signs of rain but hail only, the King called his ministers together and had them pray to the Most High God (昊天上帝) and offer sacrifice in the Whoi-ryung Palace.

In 1142 A. D. the King of the Yu-jin Tartars sent a messenger to King In-jong of Korea urging on him a good and virtuous rule. He said, ‘God’s (天) thoughts are too deep for human understanding, and yet we know that His favour is not the possession of any one person. To him who truly loves virtue God gives a hundred evidences and signs of His approval. Do not think that because you are strong that you may rob the weak; or because you are high and mighty that you may use your possessions extravagantly. Give no place, I pray you, to gluttony or selfish pleasure. Take what I say to heart, and find rich blessing and a happy people over whom to rule.’

In 1146 A. D. King In-jong fell ill and his fate hung in the balance. He gave as a last message to his son this word, ‘I am a man of little virtue and so have held this high office with great fear as he who is on the edge of deep waters, or holds by a breaking rope. I was never sure as to how to act or just what to do. God (天) has sent trouble upon me and my sickness fails to find a remedy. In view of God’s purposes I tremble as I look up and before my people I am made ashamed. Night and day I ponder over my sins as to how to escape them. There are a thousand things to see to, for the state and the throne must not be left empty, nor should the office that God has given stand idle.’