The Korea Magazine

An Independent
Interdenominational
Illustrated
Missionary
Monthly

General Index

Vol. III. 1919

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THE KOREA MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1919

Editorial Notes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FROM NAK-SAN MONASTERY (洛山寺)

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

BY

RIM UK-YUNG (林億齡)

(graduated in 1525 A.D.)

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

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

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

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

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

"The priests in wonder say, 'Behold the rain with drops

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

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

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

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

PRIVATE HIGHER COMMON SCHOOLS FOR KOREAN BOYS IN SEOUL—II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E. W. KOONS.

A REMEDY FOR THE HEART

BY

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

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

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

"*Po-wha-t'ang* (保和湯) Medicine that keeps one at peace."

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

It is made up of:

Sa-moo-sa (思無邪) No selfish thought.

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

Haing-ho-sa (行好事) Doing good works.

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

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

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

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

Soon-ch'un-to (順天道) Doing God's will.

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

Chi-myung-han (知命限) Knowing one's limitations.
Ch'ung-sim (淸心) Having a pure heart.
Chi-keui (知機) Knowing one's part.
Kwa-yok (寡慾) Limiting one's desires.
Po-ai (保愛) Fostering love.
In-nai (忍耐) Being patient.
Yum-t'oi (恬退) Giving up readily.
Yoo-soon (柔順) Being gentle.
Soo-jung (守靜) A quiet manner.
Kyum-wha (謙和) Humble and kind.
Eum-jil (陰質) Doing good without advertising.
Chi-jok (知足) Being satisfied with one's lot.
Kye-sal (戒殺) Not taking life unnecessarily.
Yum-geun (廉謹) Modest and careful.
Key-no (戒怒) Stifling one's anger.
Chon-in (存仁) Being kindly disposed.
Kye-p'o (戒暴) Keeping down resentment.
Chul-keum (節儉) Careful and frugal.
Kye-tam (戒貪) No envy.
Chu-joong (處中) Being moderate.
Sin-tok (愼獨) Circumspect when alone.

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

THE YEAR OF THE SHEEP (1919)

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

Does the year of the Sheep mean good luck?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANCIENT KOREAN REMAINS—IV

IK-SAN (益山)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He replied, "My wife sent me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

LANGUAGE STUDY
(The Question of Translation)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. S. G.

A SECOND WIFE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her face and general appearance bespoke of a refinement

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kwun said, "Good. Let's hear."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712.
(Continued from the December number.)

CHAPTER V.

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

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

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

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

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

Peking, 6th moon. Weather fine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be Continued)

THE CRIMSON DAWN.
(Continued from the December Number)

CHAPTER VII.
RETRENCHMENTS

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

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

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

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

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

In olden times the true Korean gentlemen felt that any

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Take off those shoes instantly," he demanded.

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

Again the high, angry voice rang out:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Which last injunction she very gladly and quickly followed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VIII
A CHILD WIDOW

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

"To the honorable Ye Chung Sook, greetings:

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

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

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

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

"Is he gone?"—it was almost a whisper.

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

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

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

There was tragedy in her broken heart, though the rough

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be Continued).

The Korea Magazine
February, 1919

Editorial Notes.

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

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

The Late Prince Yi

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE QUESTION OF OLD AGE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

100 32
101 9 105 2
102 6 106 0
103 4 107 1
104 2 108 2

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

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

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

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

came to call later and I had him photographed. His bearing was perfect and his eyesight good. I thought I would test him as regards his age. I asked, "You remember King Hun-jong's coming to the throne?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chung said, "Yes, that's my thought."

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

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

Chung then asked, "What is Your Excellency thinking of?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chung wrote a verse which ran:

My life has hung three times in mortal pain,
And worldly things my soul has yielded up;
From the red dust of many a weary way
I long to hie me where Immortals dwell.

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

LANGUAGE STUDY

(More than; less than)

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

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

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

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

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

Study these examples:

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

삼십셰이샹으로뽑어라

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

십셰이하된아희는밧지아니흔다

The form "less than" can be varied in an expression like *Less than ten persons were present*. 열명이ᄂᆡ츌셕ᄒᆞ엿소. Here (內) means "inside of."

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

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

도라온지서넛달밧개못되엿소 The Korean on the other hand would probably use this: 단겨온지불과삼ᄉᆞ삭이오.

Here is another example:

The pain will not last more than a moment.

압흔거슨불과잠시간이오

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

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

J. S. G.

A TRIP TO QUELPART IN 1731 A.D.
BY CHO KWAN-BIN (趙觀彬) (1691-1757 A. D.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANCIENT KOREAN REMAINS—V.
(PU-YU 扶餘)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘Twas hard to bide an empty name and station
  Unblessed you gave them up and turned you home;
But even there life’s worries found and dogged you
  And forced your soul to make escape and flee,
To cut your hair and join the Buddhist world
  And give your chastened hear and soul to God.
Your many friends admire the sainted way
  The King himself bends low to do its will.
His Majesty has given an almoner’s bowl,
  And left you, with your rank and high estate.

Your foot-prints now will leave the dusty earth.
Behold your form lost in the clouds and hills.
The bamboo grove emits its fragrant breath,
The moon's soft bow looks through the glimmering pines.
With staff in hand you mount the ascending way,
Or rest your steps beside the babbling brook.
Enough, my lord, thus great I see you go,
While my belittlements beset my soul.
When shall I cut me free from transient things,
And pass beyond the world of sight, to see?

THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712.

(Continued from the January number.)

CHAPTER VI

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be Continued)

THE CRIMSON DAWN
(Continued from the January Number)

CHAPTER IX
A CHILD WIDOW

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

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

"Kim Noch Kyung wishes for you all happiness and prosperity."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The flame of an unusually gorgeous sunset had died, though crimson glories still flecked the western clouds. The golden glow paled to gleaming silver, still as though there were nothing else worth doing she continued to gaze on the distant horizon. The song of the sea grew sadder, more mournful, as though it too sighed for a day that would never come again. The girl shivered. The chill of coming night crept over the darkling waves. The sadness that had fallen upon the sea was cold upon her heart. Over and over again she intoned the words, like the refrain of some dirge:

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

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

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

CHAPTER X
A BETTER COUNTRY

"The sands of time are sinking:
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer time I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet mom awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
But Dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I must see him," she whispered, "I must see Tochil before I die!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mother! Mother! Oh Mother don't leave me alone! Please, please don't go away!"

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, the only one."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!"

CHAPTER XL
A CHRISTIAN HOME

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"O, Uncle, its my feet. They do hurt so bad, and I'm so ashamed!"

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

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

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

"O! no, Uncle, I'm so ashamed, you are tired too and how can you carry me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be Continued)

The Korea Magazine
MARCH, 1919

Editorial Notes.

VERY great concern is felt over the appearance of thrush among the cattle in Korea, several thousand bead having already been discovered within the last six weeks. Rigid quarantine is being maintained, and every suspected case is isolated. The first cases were found at Fusan among cattle from the north awaiting shipment to Japan. In a short time individual cases were reported from other sections, but the capital has been free until within a week, when two cases were discovered in Seoul. In Manchuria the disease has also appeared, but no extensive infected areas have been reported. At any time a scourge of this kind is a great calamity, and the entire country shares in the loss; but just now with a shortage of cattle both for market and breeding purposes it will not be possible to return to normal conditions for years to come. Not only will prices be higher, but there will be very few cattle at any price.

SOME supposed that when the armistice was signed the Red Cross organization would disband, for lack of an objective, but the members of the American Red Cross in Korea were not long left in ignorance of the plans of their wide-awake officers. In January a general meeting was held and a Chosen Chapter was organized of the membership formerly belonging to the Chosen Branch of the Japan Chapter. In the election of officers R. S. Curtice, American Consul, Seoul, becomes Chairman; W. A. Noble, Vice Chairman; A. W. Taylor, Secretary; and E. H. Miller, Treasurer. On the Executive Committee are prominent men from the diplomatic, business and missionary circles, and there was an expressed determination to go over the top and secure every American in Korea as a member of the Red Cross. So far as reported no other Chapter can make a better membership showing, as

out of 704 Americans resident in Korea 660 are now members of the American Red Cross. The ladies have worked very hard, and medical supplies, hospital equipment and refugee clothing boxes follow each other to the forwarding agent in quick succession. The efforts of the officers have been strongly supported by the entire membership, and the Chosen Chapter is ready now to quickly answer any call for help.

WHEN KINGS DIE.

NOTE:-The late Prince Yi, Senior, who died on January 21st and is to be buried on March 4th, was King of Korea from 1864 to 1907 A. D. According to present announcements it looks as though he would be interred after the manner of the ancient kings. If this be so, the funeral rites will follow somewhat this outline taken from the state Book of funeral ceremonies (國朝混編補禮) . Editor.

All ceremonies respecting royalty have long been decided on in Korea even to the smallest detail. Especially is this true of what pertains to the king's death, the greatest event that can happen in the land. When it is seen that mortal illness is upon him he is taken to a specially designated place in the Palace, and watched by his faithful eunuchs. As he breathes his last they test by cotton wool before the nose the exact moment when life ceases, and then turning the body with the head toward the east, remain for a time in silence.

Following the death, the first act is the summoning of the soul, when a eunuch with the king's inner coat in hand hastily ascends the roof of the palace and shouts, "*Sang-wi Pok, Sang-wi Pok, Sang-wi Pok"* (Soul of the Highest, return, return, return). At this call, the spirit that has been shot off into space by death hurries back into the garment, and, from this on, is the constant companion of the body till its final placing in the tomb.

This done, the remains are then set in order, hands, feet, face. A small horn tablet is placed in the mouth to keep the teeth from setting too close, for in the performance of the rites it is necessary that the jaws be kept slightly open.

A table of food is brought in, and the attendants bow. Though the king be dead, his spirit lives, and food is as faithfully prepared as for the living.

The Crown Prince, now the king, and other relatives, with hair down, outer garments off, and the left shoulder bared, begin the wailing, aigo, aigo. Ministers are called in, and the state is informed.

It would seem as though the land had fallen under an interdict. For seven months, while the body awaits burial, all sacrifices except those to the Sajik are done away with; no markets are held for five days; no music is heard for three years. For the seven months weddings are forbidden. Ordinary officials may not marry for a year; the highest not for three years.

Three officers of state are specially appointed: one to see to the mortuary, one to the funeral, and one to the tomb.

In the death-hall the body is at once closed round with screens and covered with an awning. Eunuchs, with the aid of the king's relatives perform a ceremonial washing with rice water, and water mixed with incense, comb the hair and put on the royal robes specially prepared. Any hair that comes away, along with the parings of the nails, is placed in a pocket and finally buried with the body.

When this is finished, food is again brought and officials take various parts in doing honour.

Weeping places are assigned to the Crown Prince and others, the points of the compass always being kept carefully in mind.

The pouring of rice and pearls into the mouth of the dead is a very solemn rite, performed by the Crown Prince, the Prime Minister and others standing by. The horn tablet of course has been removed. The writer is unable to say as to the exact meaning of this ceremony.

During these preparatory days, when the weather is warm, ice is placed under the catafalque.

Three days after death a minister is sent to make the announcement to the Sajik, the Mother-Earth God, and to the ancestral spirits in the Royal Mausoleum.

Then comes the wrapping of the body, a complicated and difficult ceremony, done in two parts, one on the 4th day, and one on the 6th. When finished the body is at once removed to the mortuary, a little hut built of bricks inside the main hall.

The coffin, lacquered over, is sealed up in this little hut, the door on the east side being closed and papered so as to stop every chink. Outside to the south stands the chair with a folded silk tablet on it to which the soul retreated after returning to the inner garment at the call from the roof. On the east of the mortuary is the myung-jung a banner with the king's name written on it, stating that he is the one lying in the coffin. It accompanies the body to the tomb and is finally buried with it.

Beside this coffin-banner, stands a red silk tent erected as a sleeping apartment for the soul, with quilts, pillows, etc. On the south side of the sleeping tent stands a table having on it the last will and testament of the king and his appointment of successor

Thus the seven months pass by, with the daily round of food offered night and morning to the spirit, the bed chamber being kept constantly in order accompanied by the prayers, sacrifices and wailings.

Three days before the great procession, word is again sent to the Sajik and the ancestra1 spirits, saying that the funeral will take place. Immediately an audience is held, not an audience before the new king, but an audience before the spirit of the dead. Incense is burned, candles lighted, libations offered, and food placed before the soul. Prayers are read and an order announcing that the chamber of the dead will be opened. All the officers wail, pass before the seat of the soul and then retire to their appointed places. The prayer roll is then burned, and the soul's seat removed to the outside of the hall. Then the mortuary is unsealed and the coffin taken out and placed on the bier.

When all has been made ready the procession goes forth. Leading it is the chief constable of the city, who rides ahead as a warning to evil spirits. Other officers follow—the Mayor

of Seoul, the Chief Justice, the Minister of Finance; then a division of soldiers. Then follow archers, sixteen of them, armed and accoutred, each carrying a red club. They march ahead as guardians of the burial implements that follow.

On each side red-arrow flags announce to men and angels that this is the procession of His Majesty the King.

Here also are seen the four Gods of the compass points—the Red Bird and Blue Dragon on the left, and the White Tiger and Black Warrior on the right. These represent royalty and are protectors against evil spirits and baleful influences. Riding high in the midst is the God or the Middle Region, a yellow dragon pictured on a flag. Thus was China the Middle Kingdom when yellow ruled.

Then come cymbal and drum-bearers in red coats and leather caps, beating time as they march. Six pikes pass, three on each side having the characters *chung* (丁) written on their tablet board, *chung* being a great lord of the spirit world. Dragon horses and flying: creatures appear pictured on flags.

A huge banner carried in the middle of the procession has written on it "Peace on Earth.' One asks why this should be, seeing the king is dead. The answer is, Though the king be dead, his spirit lives and all is we1l.

Six trumpeters pass, three on each side, two having long trumpets, two smaller ones and two still shorter, all of them being blown.

Two huge bamboo horses saddled and made ready come next, just as in the royal procession when the king lived.

Six men carrying bunches of leopard bones tied high on the end of a pike-pole march, three on each side; other bearers have bear's bones instead.

Again saddled horses pass by, flags and banners, and again horses. Ten bearers swing by, five on each side with long poles sloping over the shoulder.

On comes the procession with golden stirrups, flags marked, "Long live the King," though he be already dead; sword-bearers, gilded palanquins, purple coats and cloth caps. Still on and on, Gods of the Compass Points, silver dishes for dipping

water, silver bowls, horses with saddles, green umbrellas riding high on either side.

Then comes an imitation spirit-chair carried by 30 men wearing purple coats. The imitation chair comes down from the Emperor Cain-si who built the Great Wall of China, and who used a false chair when he went out, in order to mislead those who might wish to do him harm. The practice has been followed by China and Korea and as it is the custom for the living, so the dead are likewise served.

Following come groups carrying battle-axes, phoenix fans, dragon fans, then bands of music, a small chair carrying the last words and wishes of the king, then an officer with royal seals, and a chair with other seals attached.

Then come officials dressed in black, with crystal staves, and gilded halberts; then red-lantern bearers; then the chair with the spirit of the king carried by 30 men. Again red lanterns, green umbrellas; then a censer-chair borne by 15 men; then a wheeled-chair for the soul borne by 60 men; then half a hundred banners with poems written on them, implements for burial, etc., chair after chair.

Then comes a light bier that is used to convey the coffin from the larger bier to the tomb, borne by 140 men, 500 torch-bearers accompanying, 250 on each side. Following these pass 500 candle-bearers; many bell-ringers, symbol-flag bearers, metal lanterns carriers, and finally the great coffin carried by 200 men, while hundreds of torch-bearers with gags in their mouths, to insure silence, keep step.

A general rides just in front as guardian of the dead, with two attendants, one on each side. Two directors dressed in mourning follow, 20 palace maids, numbers of eunuchs, grave-guards carrying white sticks; saddled horses; then bearers with the great seal; a false chair carried by 30 men; officers and soldiers armed and dressed in mail; 40 stewards of the palace. Officers follow some bearing the king's coat of mail, others his helmet, others his bow and arrows, others his clothes; then the princes, ministers, royal secretaries, and an endless throng of people. Such is the general order of procession.

On the day of the funeral, sacrifice is offered at the ancestral shrines, and at fifty other places, as well as at the hills and streams along the way. With much form and ceremony, the tablet, made of mulberry wood, with its case and stand, is carried to the tomb, but as yet no characters are written upon it.

On reaching the tomb, which is built on the face of a hill, with two chambers, one inner, and one outer, and an entrance in front, the eunuchs take off the outer cloth covering and carry the coffin into the first chamber. There the Prime Minister brushes it clean of all dust and defilement, and covers it with three palls, green, blue, and red. The name-banner or myung-jung is then placed on the top.

At a call from the Minister of the Left the coffin is then taken into the inner chamber, and put in its final resting place, with the head to the north. All wail, the Crown Prince and others included, bowing four times.

The condolences, written on silk or paper, are placed in a box and put in one part of the tomb; while, to the south of it, is placed another box of presents, silk and jade ornaments. Symbol banners are set up round about the chamber. Eunuchs then bring the clothing formerly worn by the dead and place it on the coffin. Wailings and genuflections follow. Thus ends the service, and the new king, or Crown Prince, takes his departure.

The gates of the inner chamber are closed; a ceremonial dropping of clay about the outer circle takes place, and the final rounding off of the tomb.

The biographical tablets, made of porcelain into which are burned the recorded life of the king, are buried just under the north side of the sacrificial table that stands before the mound. Not only does this large stone table stand in front, but a stone lantern as well, guardian pillars, sometimes called squirrel stones, to protect the dead from any obnoxious spirit of the woods. Two civil officials and two military, cut in stone, stand on each side. Four tigers and four sheep, seated alternately with faces outward, encircle the large mound, guarding the dead as well. These animals represent the two

classes that wait upon the king: the sheep the civil officials; and the tiger, the military. .

When the entrance is closed, the officials gather in the palace hall erected not far from the tomb to complete the last rite connected with the royal burial. The master of ceremonies places three stands in order, one to the north of the Soul Seat for the tablet, and two others at the side, one for the inkstone and one for the pens. Every thing needed is made ready, ink, towels of fine linen, incense water. The officers appointed to the service take their places staff in hand, each bowing forward heavily as though to steady his trembling frame. The appointed official reads the prayer, bathes his hands, steps before the Soul Seat, kneels, takes the box with the spirit tablet in it, and places it on the first stand, He removes the cover so that the tablet of mulberry wood may be seen. This he washes with incense water, dries with the linen towel, and places on its back so that it may be written upon. The Director then leads the Crown Prince (King) in before the tablet, while the writer writes the names, titles, and honourable designations of his late majesty down the face of the tablet. It is lacquered over and placed on its stand. The silken tablet that occupied the Soul Seat is buried, having fulfilled its duty, and the wooden tablet is placed in the Royal palace for three years, after which time it is removed to the mausoleum. This ends a bare outline of the burial of a king.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE.

Very, France;

Nov. 30,1918.

Dearest Ones:

At last we are where we can send letters again. From the time I left the hospital we have been hiking with the 36th Division. I don’t know why, but I think we will get back to our old outfit before long. At present, however, we are attacked to the 36th.

The 42nd, I think, is going to occupy Rhine towns and I sure would like to get there, but am enjoying myself all

right with the rest of the casuals attached to this outfit. There are three others from my Company with me. Since the Armistice has been signed we are allowed to write more fully of dates and places, so I shall summarize chiefly all the movements we have made in the war. First of all I may as well tell you that the 36th is a division composed of the Texas National Guards. They just came on last July. Of course like most divisions they have a large number of drafted replacements.

Well, after colliding with one of our own transports and fighting two U boats we landed at Brest, France, the 17th of November, 1918. We took over a great sector in Lorraine near Baccarat, Loinville the last part of February. Since then we have been in every big battle the Americans have fought except in Picardy where some of our marine detachments helped the British last March and April. My first time over the top was in the Lorraine sector with 400 selects on a big raid. From there we went to Champagne, reaching the reserve lines on the 14-15 of July. On the night of the 14-15, as was expected, the Germans launched their final desperate drive. I was wounded the following night and was in the hospital when my outfit went west of Rheims and took Chateau Thierry in the counter offensive. I reached my Division in time to start with them on the attack on the St. Mihiel salient. I went over in the front wave as automatic rifle-man and fought all the way through seventeen kilometers without a scratch, reaching our objective as expected. From there we were hurried away on trucks, drafted men relieving us to hold our gains, and went into the Argonne Forests and hills where I saw war as I never dreamed it could be. We were at constant bitter grips with the enemy day and night and on the 16th of October I was wounded and was in the hospital until three weeks ago. You see being with shock troops and the famous Rainbow Division, I have seen as much of this war as anyone. l would write more but this is all the paper the Y man would give me, so I shall have to wait a while. Your loving son.

Alden,

Dec. 3, 1919
Ervy, L'Aube
France.
Dearest Ones:—

You see I have captured some paper on which I can write a little more fully than I was able to do last time, concerning the summary of our movements since we left the States.

Our regiment crossed on the "Agamemnon," formerly the "Kaiser Wilhelm Il," on its first trip since taken over by our government. All the transports were converted German boats, among which were also the "Von Stuben" and the "America." We were convoyed by a large battle cauiser, a number of destroyers and a dirigible attached to the cruiser. Of course the transports were all well armed with naval guns and "one pounders." We ate with the Jackies and sure had good eats. We had a little battle with two submarines just off Brest. Most all the boats opened up and there was quite a bit of firing. They claimed that both were sunk, but of course I don't know. I clearly saw the spray from one periscope and thought I made out the marks of a torpedo past the "America," but that may have been imagination.

The most exciting was when the "Von Stuben" hit us amidships in the fog. Our boat literally turned on its side. I was thrown the length of the dining room against the wall with all the tables and dishes and the soup. The collision made a hole in our ship just above the water line, smashed all the life boats on that side and drew the upper deck on end. The "Von Stuben's" prow was split open and she nearly foundered. So much for the trip across.

Talking of narrow escapes, I think I can claim to be the luckiest man alive. Really, now that it is over and I can coolly think back about it all, it seems a miracle that I am alive. I've been buried by big shells, been blown off my feet by them, had my pack riddled by machine gun bullets, a German shell exploded between my feet, at one time was at bayonet points with a Boche and some one shot him through the head before either of us made a thrust, and have been in a thousand places where it's hard for myself to believe that I really escaped.

Don't think I am exaggerating. It would be impossible to think up any exaggeration of what we have been through. I've fought where dead men lay so thick we had to step over them. I lay one whole night in a shall hole with a dead German lying not ten feet away and a rotten horse directly in front, behind which two boys were hiding from snipers. At Champaigne I fired on that mass of gray that kept moving toward us and watched them pile up in front of our wire until it made me sick. Our orders there from General Gourand were to fight to the last man. "No man will look back," the order read. We were ordered to shoot the first man or officer to shout retreat. Gourand said, "We will stop them now or die." We did. I went .three days there without a bite to eat and three nights without sleep. The last night before I was wounded a couple of fellows and myself found a cook wagon blown to pieces on the road. A Frenchman lay dead on each side of the road and some of the boxes were strewn over the dead horses and over their insides, while there was blood all over the ground and the stench was fearful. Well, we were so hungry we sat right down there, tore open the boxes, ate, and then threw it all up; while a German machine gun swept the road.

The odd part about the American soldier is that he will always see the funny side of any thing; no matter how terrible. A man with his leg blown off can generally find a joke to crack about it and he can always laugh. We laugh at every close call whether there is anything funny about it or not just out of the force of habit. On the other hand when a German is hit he will squeal like a stuck pig, so that you can hear him a mile away.

By the way I used to have a lot of Boche souvenirs, but I am afraid all I can take back with me now is a Boche knife I have in my pocket and an overcoat button.

To change the subject to something more cheerful, we now are all looking forward to the time when we shall be "Homeward Bound." I am anxious to feel the old boat rolling beneath me and above all to see old Miss Liberty face to face again. Some of the boys used to say that if they could ever

see her face again, she'd have to turn around if they were to see it a third time.

I wonder how they celebrated the Armistice in Korea and Japan. The people went crazy here. A dozen or so old ladies kissed me at different times and the younger ones looked as if they would like to. I am sure I had no objections, but didn't like to tell them so. Old men cried out loud. French soldiers celebrated by getting drunk and every body shouted "finish" to each other as a sort of salutation understood by all nationalities. The towns were all one blaze of color, red white and blue.

This is rather a gruesome letter but it is pleasant compared with some of the things I just could'nt write.

KOREAN PLAYING CARDS
鬪牋

Gaming with cards has proven itself a hurtful form of amusement in Korea, and the law has been after it for many a year. Still it lives.

It has been the writer's experience to know Koreans who were addicted to the game, playing it not for Monte Carlo stakes, but for poor little pieces of cash, and yet with an appetite so entrenched in the soul, that they trembled with terrific emotion at the sight of a pack of cards. They would swear to give them up, and yet would steal a way on the sly to try again, even though they knew that every trial meant another loss. It was a sad sight and could not but fill the beholder with pity. An old Scotch woman was heard to say once on a time, "I dinn'a like the cairds wi' the spotties on them." Still she may have done the bits of paper a wrong, for the evil did not lie in them but in the habits of the people who misused them.

Herewith I have an account of a very common game that is played in Korea, usually in some hidden corner, for it is against the law to play for money, and money always goes with this game.

The pack of cards numbers sixty, marked with fantastic figures, one to ten, so there are six sets. They are made of card paper and are about six inches long by half an inch wide.

Certain agreements are entered into by the players, first as to the number who will play and second as to the length of time. From two players up to ten may share in the game. Sometimes an outsider will sit by and have another man play, while he furnishes the stakes. As for time they may desire to have it last all day, or all night, or till cock-crow or till one man has gained all the money.

As regards the players they are not all of equal standing, for one is the master and the others are the players, *mool-joo* (master of supplies) and *agi-pai* (little hand). The players put down the amounts each as he pleases, ten *yangs*, a hundred *yang*, a thousand *yang*. It is the player's privilege in each case, to set his own amount; the master on the other hand must equal each with a like amount. If therefore four are playing, the master and three others, and one player puts down ten yang, another a hundred, and the third a thousand the master must put down in all one thousand one hundred and ten *yang*.

In the matter of stakes each player has his own amount to see to; he never can take the stakes of the other under any circumstance. The master however may sweep the whole circle in at one play as we shall see later.

The cards are shuffled. Those accustomed to handling them, shuffle the long thin paste-boards with great skill. Then the master holding the pack close in his hand has the player to the right draw a card from the bottom where it is quite unseen. The next player draws the next till all have drawn. Then the dealer draws one likewise and sets it aside.

At the second drawing the real game begins. The object is to draw two cards so that the sum total will make nine. Nine is the winning number. If the player draws five in the first round and four in the second, these two make nine and form a perfect hand. If his two cards equal eight or seven he may let his chance rest, though if he wish he may draw a third card to make up the nine. Ten however, is zero, and

should he draw cards the sum total of whose number make ten his hand is ruined. Should his hand go beyond ten, say twelve, the ten, being rated at zero, is dropped off, and the hand amounts to two. Therefore on the second 'draw', the player must judge for himself whether he will let his hand rest at two cards, or draw a third.

We will suppose the second 'draw' to have been completed, and the master's sum-total to be seven. He calls for the first player's number and that is, we will say, six. The master is winner and takes the twenty yang, his own and the player's ten. The second player, however, has eight, and he, therefore, takes the two hundred yang, his own and the master's. The third player has nine the highest number and so takes the two thousand, his own and the master's; and so the first round is finished with the master having lost one thousand and ninety *yang*. If, however, it has been decided to play through say till cock-crow of the morning, there is no saying how they will stand at the end. Should anyone, master or player, become bankrupt before that time of course that ends the game as far as he is concerned.

Whenever the numbers are equal it is a drawn game and no stakes pass hands.

Exceptions occur when the master draws what amounts to ten and a player draws what amounts to ten, or eleven, for in either case the master takes the stakes.

Also if any player's hand shows two cards alike and a third card marked 'one' he takes the stakes even though the dealer, or master, has nine. On the other hand if the master's hand shows three cards all of the same value, all one's or two's or three's as the case may be, he sweeps in all the stakes even though the players may have nine.

In case a player should draw two cards alike with a third marked one, while the master should draw three cards all alike, the master is accounted winner and takes the stakes.

There will be seen here two combinations to the advantage of the master, namely, when he draws a sum-total of ten, or three cards all alike.

If the reader wishes to know more of Korean game we

would recommend a perfectly wonderful book on the subject by Mr. Stewart Culine of the University of Pennsylvania, published in 1895. There were only 550 copies published in

all so the book is practically unpurchaseable. Through the kindness of Bishop Trollope the MAGAZINE has had a chance to look over its interesting pages. In its notes on Playing-cards it tells simply what is used and how the cards are made without going into any explanation of the various games.

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

NOTE: Without in any way being disrespectful to Christian Science one might ask if there is anything in this article that reminds you of it. After all if we depart from the law of Common Sense in this age or any other we are likely to run up against something like this.

In the year 749 A. D. the Emperor of the Tangs was called the "Prince of Peace". and though he finally lost his throne, still he was a very wise king far beyond his peers. I shall give you an example of his wisdom: In his time there appeared in the south of China a man named Il-om, who called himself the Buddha. It was 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 awaited 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 him, 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 Emperor 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 on his head and rode a beautiful horse; he carried a silk fan with which he hid;

his face. The crowd that followed, calling themselves his disciples, were impossible to number. They hid even his horse from view so that no one could see what he was like. Officials and people of the capital crowded day and night to the temple, more that ten thousand of them there must have been. They kept calling "Ami Ta-bool, Ami Ta-bool" till the sound of it could be heard for miles. 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 was as precious as a thousand pieces of gold. There was no one 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 world would have been carried away with 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 carefully 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 children held to the way of rectitude that we may well say was due to this decision of his. The fact that there was no minister at that time like Han Toi-je, who remonstrated against 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 depart. Never say, "I am not well." Because of this the blind were wont in their stupidity to say, "Why I see," and the deaf to say, "Why I hear." In this way 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.

LANGUAGE STUDY.
(But)

The little word *but* lends itself to a variety of translation that is interesting. In English it may be a conjunction, an adverb or a preposition, consequently it will require a varied form of treatment in Korean.

I ask what the English word *but* is in this language, and my friend says man-eun (만은). This is right as far as it goes, though it represents only a portion of what the word but really does.

Let us take some examples, first as a conjunction :

I shall go, *but* will you?
나는가겟지만은당신도가겟소

Ten can try, *but* only one can win first place.
열사롬이이험을ᄒᆞ여도인등은 ᄒᆞᆫ사롬쑨이오

I did as well as I could at the examination, *but* failed.
과거는힘써보앗셔도ᄒᆞ지는못ᄒᆞ엿소

Here ᄒᆞ게싲만은 may be used for ᄒᆞ여도 or 모앗지만은 for 보앗셔도

As an adverb :

We only live *but* once.
우리는ᄒᆞᆫ세샹쑨이오

There is *but* one God.
하ᄂᆞ님ᄒᆞᆫ분쑨이오

In such sentences of course 만은 a conjunction has no part whatever.

As a preposition :

There was no one left alive *but* him.
스사롬밧게산사롬업소

No one can do it *but* me.
나밧게ᄒᆞ는사롬업소

Its adverbial meaning is rendered by 쑨 and its prepositional by 밧게.

J. S. G.

ANCIENT KOREAN REMAINS—VI.

A day's journey by pony, twenty-five miles south-west-ward from Taiku brings you to the town of Ko-ryung (高靈), the ancient capital of Kaya, a kingdom that arose in the year 42 A. D., when Caligula the third Roman Emperor had just been murdered.

This little kingdom stretched all the way from Kim-hai to Sung-joo (星州) and took in most of the territory of South Kyung-sang west of the Nak-tong River. It lasted in all 520 years, and had in succession sixteen kings. It was one of the inferior states of Korea, and yet it has left some interesting foot-marks. Stories of its kings born from fairies or hatched from eggs come down through misty ages.

To the north of the town some 2 *li* there is an old tomb of a king who was called Keum-nim, Red-wood Forest, such a name as might have suited Robin Hood. Yoo Teuk-kong (橫得恭), a great master of the pen, who graduated in 1775, visited the place, and wrote :

How sad it is, no word of all its past;
The coloured leaves that fall, weave red the wood.

The *Yu-ji Seung-nam* (輿地勝覽) speaking of Ko-ryung says, "It was the site of the capital of Great Kaya (大伽耶)." A *li* or so to the south is a well called *u-jung* (御井), not Jacob's Well, but His Majesty's Well. Probably from here the sixteen kings had water drawn that they might quench their thirst.

The Government has taken an interest in this old town and in the year 1910 sent Professor Kuroida to make investigation. His conclusions drawn from history, from tradition, and from the old remains of tiles and broken pottery, are that the royal palace stood where now the Confucian Temple stands.

To the west of the town on Choo-san Mountain (主山) he

found an old wall that marks the ancient fortification. Broken bits of tiles about it have evidently come down from Kaya's distant day.

On the top of Choo-san he found a number of ancient tombs, that had been rifled sometime in the past, so that little remained of any special interest. It would raise the question in one's mind as to how it comes that the ancient tombs of North Korea are apparently unmolested, while those in the south have been dug into and desecrated.

In these tombs were found vases, bowls, cups, etc., done in clay, with perforated bases and tops ornamented with wavy lines. These may be seen photographed in the Government *Album of Ancient Remains* (朝鮮古蹟圖譜). Vol III, Nos. 780-790. They are not so interesting as the Etruscan ware seen in Rome, and yet they tell a tale of a people of the past who were interested in pretty things and the gentler modes of life.

In some of the dishes are found sea-shells that quite fill them. What relation those could have to the departed spirit one can hardly guess. Would they placate the waters of the hateful Styx, I wonder, and make them less eerie for the timid passer?

However that may be, what we most remember Kaya for, is not her old site, nor the old pieces of pottery picked up, not the royal well, nor the mountain tombs, but for her love of music. To-day the Korean harp is called the Kaya harp, *Ka-ya-keum, Ka-ya-ko*, and an echo of the old kingdom comes down with it, expressed somewhat like Moore's lines:

The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed . . .

Differing from the harp of Tara, however, the harp of Kaya is not dead for only the other day the writer heard its modern day successor thrummed most skilfully, while two musicians with bamboo and jade pipes accompanied, and an old man with a bald head, a long white beard and two streamers one from under each ear, sang in a tone of voice and with a manner such as only the genii of East Asia could ever have imagined.

A great musician of Kaya named Oo Reuk (于勒) who

lived in Ko-ryung and has a little village still marked by his memory, called Keum-kok, Harn-valley just north of the town, really began music in Korea. He modelled his harp some-what after the musical instruments of the Tang Kingdom, and made twelve tunes to please His Majesty the King, suited to the twelve months of the year.

But Kaya gradually fell into evil ways, and Oo Reuk seeing that the end was coming made his exit and joined Silla. Chin-heung, the king, gave him a hearty welcome, and had him turn his hand to developing the music of his own state.

In 562 A. D. Kaya fell and her territory was incorporated in that of Silla. One of the ministers protested to the king against the use of Kaya music "Why should you have anything with Kaya tunes seeing that Kaya has fallen?"

The King answered, "Kaya fell through evil ways, and not by reason of her music," and so he had Oo Reuk prepare for him nearly two hundred tunes that form the base of Korea's music to-day.

Paik-je passed on literature and religion to Japan; Kaya gave music to Korea's succeeding ages.

THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 17I 2.

(Continued from the February number.)

CHAPTER VII.

Peking 10th day, (Continued). A half *li* or so before we had reached the South-east Gate we turned off and went by a narrow alley toward the east quarter. The reason for our taking this road was that I wished to see the Shrine of the Faithful (忠節崩). On the side of the way was a small prayer house and thinking this to be the one I sought, I dismounted and went in, but it was not the one I sought but the Shrine of the Warriors (眞武順), and the gate was fast shut. I sat in

the court and rested for a little, when several sightseers came following after me. With my whip I wrote on the ground the three characters Shrine of the Faithful (忠節社), asking where it was, but none of them could read and so they made no reply.

My Boy, Wun-geun said, "Only a little way from here is the Monastery of the Ten Regions (十方) where the embassy used to be entertained. It is a large temple and many priests are connected with it. If we go there and ask I am sure some one will tell us." We went on a hundred paces or so and came to a high gate on the left side of the road, that was covered with upper and lower tiles. It is the custom in China that only official buildings, temples, Taoist Halls, Imperial Palaces, etc., be so tiled. Apart from these, upper, or "male" tiles, are not used. I concluded therefore, that this was not a private house but some public building. Before I could ask, however, I had already gone past the gate some ten paces or so, when a young Manchoo came running after me to say, "My master invites you in."

I asked, "Who is your master?" He replied, "He is an official."

I felt some doubts of him but since he had thus invited me I thought I would enter and see, so I turned my horse and arrived at the gateway. A little maid-servant who was there, seeing me coming, hurried in. Then a Manchoo came out through the middle gate to greet me. The court was very large and the house imposing. Toward the east was a little gate where three or four women peeked out at me, the little girl servant, whom I had seen, being there also.

I arrived at the main hall but there was no one sent to greet me. The servant in charge lifted his hands in salutation and indicated that I should step into the east room. Here I met a young man of about thirty years of age, whose face was extremely handsome. He got up, bowed, saluted me, and had me sit down. I sat on the mat while he sat with his feet hanging over the side of the *kang*. Thus I continued on my knees till he asked me to sit comfortably, sans ceremonie. Then another young man brought a pen and ink from the inner quarters, took a chair and sat before us, below the *kang*.

His age I imagine to be about twenty-five. Though slightly freckled and thin he had a very intelligent face and nice expression.

Unfolding a red piece of paper he began writing, and his first question was my name. Two other people came close to me and turned back the edge of my thick cotton clothing to examine it. They asked also about the rice of our country as to whether it was good or not, and did I have things to sell. I told them I had brought nothing.

Again they asked, "Would it be agreeable to you to make an exchange of some paper, pen, and ink?" I replied, "Let us not exchange, I'll send you some that I have with me." The young man hearing this seemed greatly pleased.

He again wrote, "What office does Your Excellency hold in the Government?"

I replied, "I have no office, and am on1y an idler, a mere man of leisure."

I asked his name but he wrote only the character, "Yi" (李).

Again I inquired, "In what Department do you hold office?"

He replied, "My office has to do with compiling Government land-records."

He asked me if I ever wrote poetry, to which I replied, "Occasionally."

The young man, seated below, then hurried into the room and brought out a special kind of note-paper, yellow and red, placed it before me and asked me to write something of my own composition.

I replied, "I am a poor writer and have written nothing worth your seeing."

But he still insisted, "Never mind, please write."

I then wrote what I had composed on New Year's eve. It ran:

As I come thus within those walls remote,
The year draws to a close;
The night is long, I sit with silence round,
By candle-light's repose.

Attending lads who come to build my fire,
Add comfort to my stay;
A dream it is, a misty heart's desire,
For home so far away.

The young man seeing this was greatly delighted and wrote. "This is like what the Tangs used to write;" and he added, "What do you say to our being friends?"

I laughed and replied, "How could I look up to such an one as thee?"

The young man said, "Don't be so humble-minded, please." He had tea brought by the hand of the lad whom I had seen in waiting. Again he went into the inner room and brought out a quince. This he placed before him and then wrote me a couplet, seven syllables to the line, concerning it

He wrote me also several songs, taking up two sheets of the paper, and said that as they were composed by himself. I really must say they were very well done. They each had a note appended as by some man of distinction. One sheet was signed "Ko-yang, Yi Wun-yung," and one, "Yi Wun-yung, Song Poon-jai." Wun-yung being the name of the young man, Ko-yang his family seat, and Song Poon-jai his pen-name. I had some wine with me that my servant had brought along, so I ordered him to bring me a small glass. The master then had two cups brought, that were dark in colour as though varnished with lacquer. They were ornamented in gold, beautifully and wonderfully done. I poured out some of my spirit, the colour of which sparkled in the dark glasses. Then I took one glass in my hand and asked the master to take the other. He asked me what kind of drink it was, and I wrote the two characters so-joo, distilled liquor (燒酒). He drank it off and then asked if he might send some to the inner-quarters. I called the servant and poured out all I had, one large bowl. This I gave him as well as two packages of candy. He asked what the candy was made of and I wrote, "Oil, honey, and flour." He tasted it and then sent the candy along with the wine into the inner-quarters. I presented him also with some dried octopus and clams. He did not know what they were, evidently, and so asked the names.

To the north-east of the room there was a small door by which the young man went and came. When this door was opened a shadow was dimly outlined as though some one was looking.

On the east side of the room was a scroll picture, and beneath it a book-shelf on which several books in cases and a few pots of narcissus flowers were placed. I asked him if he had any orchids. and if so, said I would like to see them.

The young man replied, "We have two or three varieties." I then asked the price of them but his reply was, "These flowers do well here but can not be carried away." The reason he gave was that climate not being the same, he feared they would die. I said that some had been successfully brought to Korea, and when he asked if they lived, I said, "Yes, lived and bloomed beautifully."

He then brought a set of books from the case and opened them before me. The title written on them was *Kwang-koon Pang-po* (廣群芳譜) by Pai Moon-jai. It seems it was a new book by His Majesty the Emperor Kang-heui. Every kind of flower, medicinal plant, vegetable and fruit was recorded in them, also directions as to how to cultivate them. There was scattered through the book poems by famous writers of the past. Also Kang-heui's own verses were interspersed. The preface too, was by the Emperor. I saw books at the Summer Palace that were marked in the same way, namely, Pai Moon-jai. This was evidently the special name of the Emperor. This book had four cases in all, 20 volumes, each volume being of many pages and the print small.

There was another book which I asked to see that he brought, and showed me. It was the Choa-jun (左傳). The style of binding was like that of the Kwang-koon Pang-po and on its white pages it had red dots to mark off the phrases. As this, too, was edited and issued by the Emperor, the cover was of imperial yellow.

I asked him if he would lend me the Pang-po for a little and he did, the first part, saying, "As soon as you are through with this and return it, I'll send you the second part."

In a little, fruits and sweets were sent us from the inner

quarters, five different varieties. In one dish were pumelos, in one oranges, in three dishes candy made of sugar and flour. One kind was very like our kang-jun, or rice candy. Among these the one prized most by the Koreans was a kind of cake much like the Kap-san Sam, but more delicately flavoured, Another kind looked as though it were wrapped in thin rice paper, not unlike our Yo-wha candy.

The host asked me to taste this. I did so and it was light and tender, somewhat like sweetened custard. After I came home I heard that it was not made of eggs but of cows' milk. They regard this as a very special and rare kind of candy.

Again another young man, about twenty years of age, came in and sat down by my side. The first whom I had met by the *kang* was Wun-yung's older brother, and the others his younger brothers. There were three other people beside, and many others standing before the *kang*; some were educated and some uneducated.

The older brother was a very distinguished looking person, but he sat aside busily playing chess with some other person, while Wun-yung talked to me by the pen. It looked almost as though he was unacquainted with the character and unable to read.

The soldier reminded me that the day was growing late and that we ought to go, so I made my salutations and came away.

In front of the main hall there were four octagonal lanterns made of silk and ornamented with flowers. The cords that held them were decorated with a variety of gems and beautiful stones. Beneath the terrace, in the outer quarters of the court, there was a scroll of landscape painting, while in the main hall a glass screen was hanging that looked something like a clothes frame. The width of it was some three feet, and the length, I should think, four. As the people passed by they were reflected before and behind. How many panels there were in it I really do not know. Near the wall by the middle gate was a large tree the name of which I wished to know. On inquiry I learned that it was a persimmon.

Wun-yung came with me as far as the outside gate and there again was the young lad who had followed me so diligently from the four cross-road towers. On my way home he continued on after my horse. Evidently there are idle boys here as well as in Korea. I gave him an orange and then returned to the Ok-ha Kwan.

It was already evening and time for dinner; later I called to see the Secretary.

Peking 11th day. Weather fine, warm.

After breakfast I wrote a letter to Yi Wun-yung, also a poem in twelve couplets, and sent him three pens and some ink. He wrote his reply on a small piece of paper, besides which he sent one sheet of paper, two pens and a fan. He did not say anything about my poem which I thought rather strange.

My servant, Sun-heung, reported that he had said he would like to see samples of Korean paper, tobacco, beche-demer, rice, glutinous rice, etc. The interpreter Pak Teuk-in had told me of quinces that had been sent by the chief Chinese interpreter. These I found are not to be eaten but kept simply for the sweet fragrance they emit. Chinese quinces are larger than an orange, though otherwise like quinces I have seen elsewhere.

As the evening drew on, the moon was so bright that I came out into the court and sat and talked with the officers. One of the mapoos, named Chick-san, I had heard could imitate all kinds of birds and beasts, and sing comical songs to no end, so I called him and had him try. He sang exactly like a Chinaman. It was so amusing that all who heard fairly split their sides with laughter. He also sang the *Man-sang Pyul-gok* (灣上別曲), a Eui-joo song that tells how their merchants go from place to place and fall from bad to worse, lose all they have and then buy other goods on credit, go to Peking and lose again; how they go back to Eui-joo and sell themselves as slaves, and how their children are beaten and tumbled about the official yamen. He pictured all the difficulties of their way most vividly, just as though one saw it

before his eyes, even to their talks with wild Chinamen (Manchoos), interspersed here and there with Chinese words to make it more that ever realistic.

He told also how the secretary of the magistrate of the district of Choong-joo fell a victim to a dancing-girl, and could not bear to say good bye to her, while she cared nothing for him in the least, but wished him gone, in fact when he did go, turned about and sang him off.

This Chik-san could sing with a perfect girl's voice; no one would have guessed otherwise. He was a servant from the official stables at Choong-joo, and the dancing-girls there hearing that he made fun of them in his songs secretly desired to kill him.

He again sang of a military officer. This officer, going ahead, arrives first at the rest-house with handsome face and uniform decked to perfection. He sees the dancing-girls come forth to greet him and sits up straight and tall, looking majestically to right and left showing great satisfaction. The song was rendered to perfection.

At that time Kim Choong-wha, the officer in charge, took a dislike to this fun being made of one of his kind, and tried to stop it. The moment he did so the silence that followed was so profound and noticeable that he himself shouted out, "Go on then, go on."

Chic-san was in charge of the cart on which the secretary rode. He had had this to do on successive occasions when the embassy came. In the year *kap-sin* (1704) when Minister Yi from Yun-dong was envoy, the three officers frequently called Chick-san and had him perform. Minister Yi when he called him did not designate him Chick-san but the wife of the Secretary. The reason for this was that he sang women's songs so well. Yi Myung-joon was Secretary at that time and he was a very modest man and when he heard the name *pyul-sil* (wife) applied to him he was put to no end of shame.

The *materia medica* man, Han Tai-myung, brought me two lanterns, one a peony lantern and one a shadow lamp. In shape they were the same as our own lanterns but within

this shadow-lamp there was seen moving birds, beasts and other things.

The interpreter informed us that tomorrow the Emperor would go out to the Man-se Hills to bunt tigers.

Peking. 12th day. Weather fine and cool. Ground frost at first but thawed 1ater.

I heard from Wun-geun that even in very cold years one could drive a stake at any time into the ground within the Ok-ha Kwan. Judging from this I should say that the weather is much less severe here than in our own country.

Again I wrote a letter to Yi Wun-yung and sent Wun-geun with two rolls of paper, two packages of tobacco, and one measure each of plain and glutinous rice. When I visited his home he seemed very pleased with the willow box in which I carried my lunch, so I sent him a new one. I also asked him to send another volume of the Pang-po. He replied, "This book is not mine but belongs to the Office of Home Affairs. Because I had something to copy out of it I had it brought but cannot keep it longer. If I can get another set I shall send you that instead."

I asked Wun-geun to inquire of Wun-yung the place of the Ch'oong-jul Shrine and.so Wun-yung sent a servant from his home to show him the way but they failed1o find it.

On this day the Emperor went out to the Man-se Hills but he did not get a tiger. He received, however, a tribute of horses from Mongolia.

The moon shone so brightly at night that I came out and sat in the court where the various guards and military assistants were congregated. One of them a soldier named I-man recited selections for us from the History of the Three Kingdoms (221-277 A. D.). He chose the part about Che Kai-yang's defeat of Wi in the plains of Pak-mang. So-ryul and Chang-pi were men of Tak-koon, and Tak-koon is modern Tak-joo not far from Peking. Hearing this it seemed more real than ever. The Secretary also came and listened. Pak Se-jang sang for us till late at night and only then did the company break up.

(To be Continued.)

THE CRIMSON DAWN
(Continued from the February number)

CHAPTER XII
SCHOOL DAYS

The wonderful new life in the home of her uncle was a revelation to Kumokie of what a child's life may be and of rich blessings of which she had never dreamed before. The days passed all too quickly, each freighted with some new joy: the weeks lengthened into months crowned with love and happiness; the months all too quickly drew themselves into beautiful years fi1led with memories dear to childhood. Days, weeks and years alike seemed much too short to hold the pleasures and blessings so abundant in the life of the little girl whose earlier experience had been so starved and lacking in these things. Quiet Kumokie, sweet and gentle, had found the best of friends in gay, happy Elizabeth .and they shared alike their household tasks and pleasures. The happiest hours of all to Kumokie, however, were those spent in the school room. When she found that she too was to be allowed to study, to learn the real characters in books such as Noch Kyung used to read, her joy knew no bounds. It seemed too good to be true that now at last she was really to have the opportunity to fit herself to be his companion. In spite of her grandfather's sneers she still cherished the belief that if she was his wife, as he had said, he would come for her some day. Her secret ambition was to so improve herself that when he came he would not be ashamed of her, to become a bright useful woman like Maria to whom her husband was not ashamed to pay honor, yes, and like Noch Kyung's mother, of whom he was so proud. The eagerness of the child over her books,

and the rapid progress she made was a constant source of wonder to her relatives. After the first year in school she easily passed the other children in their studies. Her mind was always craving more knowledge, yet never for a moment did she shun or neglect the common household tasks. There was no servant in this humble home, but many willing hands made light work, and most eager to help was the homeless orphan who owed so much to these unselfish friends.

The tiny church building erected by the village people through much self sacrifice and endurance; the patient efforts of the little group of believers to win their friends and neighbors; their struggle against opposition and persecution; the final victory in Okchung—the story of these struggles is like that of hundreds of other little groups scattered over these mountains and valleys. Maria, wife of Uncle Tochil, had been the first believer in Okchung, and he never tired of telling how she had won him to Christ and had finally overcome the opposition of the village. He was now class-leader, Sunday School superintendent and Brother to all the nearby country side, while his wife taught the little school for girls, the first the people had ever seen—cared for her family and home, and still had time always to go to those who were sad or in need. Under the sheltering of these good people five years soon rolled by,—and during this time Kumokie had no news from the far away city, no word from the old people in Saemal. During this time there were hours too of care free frolic under the old nutie tree with Elizabeth and jolly little Yohon, when Kumokie almost forgot the blighted years of her childhood and the sad burden of being a deserted wife.

One night soon after her fourteenth birthday Pastor No preached at the village church, and as was his custom, came home with the class leader to spend the night. The men were seated in the outside reception room—the sarang, and being summer time the windows were opened into the inner court. Kumokie sat alone on the verandah—for the others of the family were probably lingering at some neighbor's house and were not yet home. As she sat thus her thoughts drifted idly over the past years, the blessings they had brought to her, and

her heart overflowed with gratitude and love to her benefactors, while the drone of deep voices came from the room beyond.

Then suddenly she was startled from her dreams and her attention called to the conversation in the sarang by hearing her uncle use her name:

"Kumokie is getting to be quite a big girl now and a brilliant student too—she is the brightest star in our little school."

"Yes," answered the old Preacher—"One can easily see that she is an unusual girl—spiritually minded, too. I feel that she has a great future ahead of her, Brother—yours is a great responsibility. I asked you about her because I wanted to tell you about her husband—" The listening girl never thought of the dishonor of eavesdropping but her hungry heart was craving even the sound of the beloved name—so unthinkingly she crept close under the little window and listened to the low voices within—what was she about to hear? Her heart pounded until she feared they might hear it and she clasped her hands over her bosom to still the throb of it while she eagerly listened.

"I did as you asked me and the last time I visited the city I hunted up Kim Noch Kyung. A nice gentlemanly fellow he is too—a rice merchant, doing very well. He is married again. That was to have been expected I suppose—What noise was that?"—as a queer moan-like sound came through the window.

"Probably the dog," said Mr. Chung, "he sleeps in the court. So Kim is married? What kind of a woman is she?"

."You can judge her part there by the fact that she is still called 'Cusagie'— (What-you-may-call-her). From what I saw and heard I judge that when he left old man Ye's house and set out to earn a living for himself, Kim found it necessary to have some one to cook, sew and work for him. She does this as well as any one; stupid, ugly, and most nonde-script, but she is not considered a first wife. A small wife of course has no position or rank and since all knew that a wife had been chosen for him by his parents he could not take

the daughter of any man of position or family standing—"

"That is true," answered Mr. Chun. "If my poor little, sad hearted Kumokie were seeking revenge she would have it in this: although she is thrown aside and deserted she has been chosen by his parents. Empty honor though it be, by law she is a first wife."

The girl who crouched without had a thousand questions trembling on her lips but she knew that she could not even speak his name much less ask the questions burning in her heart—so she crept still closer to the men and listened eagerly as the preacher continued; "That is the important point, Brother. Kumokie is now getting to be an attractive young woman; she is like your own child, and it is your duty to see that she has proper divorce papers. She is not a wife according to our way of looking at things, she has never been. That arrangement was nothing more than a betrothal—nevertheless according to our old queer Korean customs she is not yet divorced for he did not give her back her marriage contract papers. Now under the Japanese law a woman can not get a divorce unless the man consent, no matter what her ground for action."

"There is no hurry, plenty of time yet. He was glad enough to get rid of his child wife—I expect no trouble there! Then, too, it will be a long time before I expect her to marry—Maria and I have been saving money to send our two girls to the school in the Pine Capital; that means at least four years of school. Plenty of time yet." How bitterly he regretted that decision in after years!

The eaves.-dropper outside, with bated breath, pressed her clenched hands closer over her heart and looked wildly about. She must be alone a while; she felt that just now she could not face the searching loving eye of Maria. Without a candle she tripped away to her little room and pretended to be asleep when Elizabeth came in, but far into the night she lay with wild startled eyes searching the darkness :

"What does it an mean?" Then slowly, carefully she recalled word for word of the stolen conversation, and lingered over its strangeness.

"But he first said that I was not a wife and then at last he said 'Although she is deserted she has always the honor of a first wife until divorced.' Oh, I can't understand!" The timid, self-conscious maiden dared not go to even these who loved her and ask about these perplexing problems. After a long time of anxious thought she reached the conclusion that the one thing she did not want was that which they called a "divorce." As long as things were as they were, now there was some kind of a legal bond uniting them. Her mind was a maze of tangled questions, though, with a firm determination to cling to this frail link as long as possible, to pray and hope that all would come right, to study hard and make him proud to claim her when the hour should come, she at last fell asleep.

True to their decision the class leader and Maria had made every sacrifice possible, and with high hopes and expectations for the future prepared to send their two girls to the school in the time-honored Pine Capital.

We will pass over those days of eager preparation. Who among us does not remember such times of joyous anticipation of happy days to come? Then, too, nervous dread of the new teachers, new companions, new duties, and new surroundings came to the young students at times. When the morning of their departure finally dawned both girls were so filled with dread of the unknown and untried, that both would most gladly have unpacked the fresh neat clothes they had helped stitch so carefully and with so much hope.

Uncle Tochil had borrowed a neighbor's strong bullock to carry their loads and he strapped and tied the boxes and bundles in place with great precision for they must balance each other exactly or there would probably be a great spill of baggage on some steep mountain-pass. While he busied him- self the two girls clung to Maria and declared with tears that they would not leave her at all.

"Go along, you foolish dears!" and she lovingly and very tenderly shook the sobbing girls.

"I do not want you to forget me or your old homestead.

We should be very sorry if you should do that, but down in the valley yonder are new friends and happy days awaiting you. I have given my book-worms all I can give them now, you must go to others who can teach you other things that you must learn. But always remember your home and those who love you here. Then, when vacation comes, you will return in triumph and tell us the wonderful things you have learned. Come here, Yoban, bid the students a happy journey." So with words of comfort Maria sent them on their way, but her eyes were dim as she climbed to the top of the hill to watch the little procession trailing down the narrow road. Turning to the steady boy by her side she said, "You too, little man, will be leaving us before many years to seek for knowledge." "No, never, mother, I shall not leave you even to study, for when I know all the characters you can read I shall know all my head can hold!" Thus with tears and laughter the two returned to the home while the others turned their faces to a new world.

The two new girls had thought that they would feel very lonely and sad at first in the big school but what was their surprise to find that they did not seem strangers at all, and the other girls soon were like old friends. There were few days of home sickness and loneliness, there were so many new interesting things to see, and the "big sister" under whose special care they were placed was most eager to show them all the wonders of the place and to initiate them into the mysteries of the large buildings. But why linger over the first days at school, or other school days? Are they not all much alike? These two girls from the distant mountain village had been well coached by the faithful Maria, they knew many things about life in a mission school, and very quickly the feeling of strangeness gave way before the warmth of welcome and the kindness of the other girls and so with study, work and play, the passing years went swiftly by.

The times of vacation were looked to with great joy, not only by the girls but also by the folks at home. Such times of rejoicing as they had at these family reunions. Then there

was high carnival in Okchung village and all celebrated the glad return. Three summers had thus seen the girls come and go, each advent marked by some development of character that brought an added pride to those who loved them. Realizing that their education was to be a severe financial strain on the entire household, Kumokie and Elizabeth had made the joyful discovery of a way to relieve Uncle Tochil of the greatest part of this burden. They had found that it was possible to work their way through by taking a year longer in the "Self Help Department." Many such as they, had found helpful, congenial work, beautiful work with silk and wool and flowers, where, under the wise eye of a loving teacher, they learned to do many wonderful things and by so doing could earn their own board and save the burden at home. Oh, that was the most wonderful of discoveries and great joy it gave them both to know that they could help, instead of being a burden. It was Elizabeth's quick fingers that first caught a new stitch, her eyes who saw through the most elaborate designs, but it was Kumokie who could explain to Maria some difficult passage in the classics or solve the knotty problem.

Mr. Chun had just returned from his fall visit to the city. The two girls were safely settled for the winter work, and as he talked of the trip and the school Maria sat near by him intent on the sewing in her hands and listening to his story.

"They say, and of course we already know, that Kumokie is a very unusual girl. She is beautiful as well as good and clever, an unusual combination!"

"Yes, she is unusual. We shall be very proud of her some day."

"We are proud of her now. you know you are. and how thankful that you rescued her from that awful life in Saemal."

While they sat thus they discussed the future of the two girls who were so dear to them. The result of this conference was that before many days, a letter was sent to Kim Noch Kyung concerning Kumokie whom he had once called his wife.

"To Kim Noch Kyung, greetings. It may be that during the eight years since you left Saemal you have probably

forgotten the child wife Kumokie. Certainly you have taken no interest or responsibility in her fate and I take it for granted that since you are married again that you will be generous enough to approve the divorce papers which I wish to procure for her.

"You probably wonder who or what I am and why I should be so much interested in her. I am her uncle, the only brother of her mother. When her mother died I took the child to my home and she has been the same to me as my own daughter. I am a Christian and our ideas about the sanctity of marriage are very strict, and while she was no real wife we recognize the law in such cases and desire to have a divorce. If she had remained with her grandmother she would have been married again long ago, she has no such scruples about these fine moral points. May I hope to meet you before my lawyer at the local office of the county at 10 o'clock the 20th of October!"

It would be most interesting to know just what Mr. Kim Noch Kyung's thoughts were as he read this letter. He must have been greatly surprised that the friendless, shy waif of Saemal had found a friend and protector of such high moral standards as this Chun seemed to be. He must have realized that this was true, that although there was a divorce law, very few bothered to take advantage of it, perhaps not one cast-off wife in a thousand paid any attention to such legal forms before going to the home of a new husband. The fact that the first marriage only was attended with any ceremony or formality whatsoever shows that these "small wives" or concubines had no rights or position, a thing which seemed to matter little or not at all to the great mass of people. No doubt he thought that Kumokie had long ago been sent to the house of a new "mother-in-law" if he thought at all of the fate of the child. Perhaps the first thing which made him wonder about the girl and her present life was the evident high minded ideas of the man who was now her champion. His reply to the letter was very non--committal as to his opinions on the subject, he merely stated that he would meet Mr. Chun as he desired at the legal office on date indicated. This answer

brought much relief to Mr. Chun, for he was just beginning to realize that Kumokie being now an attractive and well educated young woman this old affair of her childhood might make trouble for them if the man was so minded. This relief, however, gave way to greater anxiety when after waiting at the office a whole day no Kim appeared. What did it mean? Was the man not going to keep his word?

After receiving the unusual and unexpected letter Noch Kyung's thoughts dwelt much upon the subject of it. He was now a well-to-do merchant, with all of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Several years before he had been made a partner in the firm where he had been first apprenticed when he fled from the house of old man Ye. His wife was ignorant and stupid though she kept his house, did the house work and cared for their two children with unselfish devotion. The more he thought of the proposed trip and divorce the more insistant became the thought that if these people were Christians and had educated the girl that she might be just such a woman as his wife should be. Surely he was able now financially to support two households if he so desired, this would be but replacing his first wife in her rightful position. The outcome of his meditations was a determination to find out what be could about Kumokie before be should appear before the court and give his consent to the papers of divorcement.

The first objective of his search was Okchung. Here in this obscure mountain village where no one knew him it was easy to get the neighbors to talk of Chun Tochil and his household. Only praise and words of loving admiration were heard from any one concerning the adopted daughter. The things he should concerning the beauty, the character and sweetness of his child wife only strengthened his plan to see her before he shall decide definitely concerning the future and whether he cared to lose her or not.

It was not a difficult matter to obtain information from the unsuspecting neighbors concerning the whereabouts of the girl, so he set forth again with a light heart for the far distant city.

CHAPTER XIII
AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

After gaining what information he could at Okchung, Noch Kyung lost no time in making his way to the Pine Capital. One bright, crisp day in the late fall be entered the ancient gate of that city. He stopped after passing through the great South Gate, and gazing upon the old grey walls and the ponderous, double roofed archway said to a fellow traveller: "Well, I've long thought that I'd have a sight-see of this city. Truly it does not seem much in comparison with the beauties of Seoul, but before we leave we must see the crumbling foundations of the old palace and those relics of by-gone days for I love the study of history and like to think that our country was old and our civilization hoary with age when the ancestors of these upstart western nations were still wild savages. The conceit of them! Coming here to teach their little mushroom classics and so called "education" and "refinement" to the people of an ancient city such as this! Americans too, they say, the very newest nation of all. Why their little island in the midst of the western ocean had not yet been discovered when the great Wangs reigned here. What under the sun do they have of value to teach our people who are taught in all the learning of the sages? It is disgusting!"

So with mumbled defiance he made his way in search of a friendly inn, which is not a difficult matter when one has plenty of the coin of the realm and is possessed of the manner and airs of a gentleman. After settling in a comfortable place for the time he should be in the city, Noch Kyung began to make inquiry concerning the school for girls. Perhaps the majority of the people here would have felt as did he, that girls had no use of any knowledge outside the four walls of their homes. There was, however, even twenty years ago a little group of Christians in this the seat of the glorious dynasty of the Wangs. The vision of these people was unlimited by the prejudices of their ancestors, they saw beyond the narrow confines of their surroundings and sought for wider fields of development and usefulness for their

daughters as well as for their sons. The beginning of this school was not instituted by the missionaries but by the Christians themselves who saw the need of educating their daughters if they would build up a strong, intelligent Church of Christ in Korea. Just about the time that our story opened at Saemal the faithful, energetic men and women in the old capital had gathered the funds to pay the salary of a girl from a Seoul mission school who came to do the work of teacher, and asked the Board of Missions to send a lady to direct the work. The beginning with twelve little girls and one teacher was small but developed rapidly and was soon housed in a more comfortable building with larger financial aid from the friends in America. However, Noch Kyung knew nothing of these things, he only felt that these insolent, undesirable foreigners were trying to graft something alien into the ancient civilization of his people. He resented the idea that they should be leading the young women away from the old ways which had been good enough for their mothers; yet he was so inconsistent as to be willing to reap whatever advantages there might be from the education of Kumokie. He thought bitterly of the things he had heard concerning the lack of filial piety on the part of the new women of the west, he knew nothing about what they were teaching the girls here, but the more he thought about it the more he feared that their minds would be turned away from the duties of home and "the four principles of conduct." Like a typical old timer of the orient he thought that a woman's place was to obey her father and her husband, to work hard and keep the home, to bear children. What need had she to read the classics? In the bitterness of the moment he forgot his lady mother and her boasted knowledge, but then he always thought of her as a brilliant exception to a general rule.

As he jauntily lighted a cigarette our young friend emerged from the inn ready for his first battle with modern thought and said to the landlord:

"My good fellow, can you tell me where or in what direction I will find the Christian school for girls? I understand there is such an institution in your progressive city."

"O, yes, any one can tell you the way. It is that large building on the hill in yonder north part of the city. You can scarcely lose your way. Are you a teacher?"

"A teacher in a girl's school? Well, hardly. But tell me, pray, what kind of a place is this school? I have a very poor idea of a place and people that give their time to teaching stupid girls, putting foolish ideas into silly heads. They would much letter leave them to be taught by their husbands and mothers in law. What sort of people are they anyway?"

"O well enough. I suppose; I never heard any special harm of them. I have a niece who went to school there; she is a nice girl. Is married now and doing very well. I have enough to do to attend to my own affairs and don't pay much attention to the new-fangled ideas of these Christians, but I don't think they do any harm!'

"Harm! Harm! What do you mean, harm? If leading young girls from the paths of obedience and virtue as taught by our sages, if that isn't harm enough what is it?"

"Yes, sir, well I'm sure I don't know." The old fellow was servile in his desire to please this peppery young patron. "I'm sure I don't know, haven't thought much or deeply about these matters as your excellency has undoubtedly done. As I said they let me alone, and I leave them alone; I don't know much about them."

"Seoul is already contaminated by this new education idea, but I was surprised to find it getting a hold in this conservative city of an ancient civilization. This Pine Capital has a reputation of being very devoted to the old code of our ancestors and I am astonished at this nonsense here!" With this parting word the gentleman passed out of the noisy court of the inn and with the gleaming stones for a guide made his way with something of anxiety towards the school building. Noch Kyung was much changed since the early days of his youth spent in Saemal He was now a successful man of business with an air of command and a somewhat haughty manner. He had found the business world a hard place in which to hold ideals, much of the fine sheen of his youthful days had been sadly rubbed off in his contact with a godless world.

In daily touch with men of dishonor and dishonesty he was tainted by the atheism and materialistic tendency of the age. In fact he was unconsciously somewhat of an Epicurean. “Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die,” might have been his motto. The higher ideals of his sages were no longer pondered, he merely tried to be honest and respectable because it was the safest way. His two chief aims in life were the pursuit of success in business and the pursuit of happiness. To desire a thing meant that he would bend every energy to obtain it. As for his home life, it was the counterpart of that of numberless young men such as be. The ignorant woman who did the work of the house, the cooking, washing, sewing, was little more than a slave. To him home was merely a place to go after all business and pleasure was over. For companionship and happiness he searched elsewhere. “Cussagi” or “What-you-may-call-her” had a great dread and fear of her master, yet she would have given her life to have been able to please him. She yearned for a kind word; her eyes dumbly sought his approval like those of a faithful dog; whether she served his food or answered his call it was always with the hope that perhaps he might give her a kindly glance, that she might win a word of approval. Yet with all this passionate desire to please him she would have been the most astonished person in the world if he only once had turned to her for advice or companionship. She was only the “inside of the house,” a nonentity. Was it strange that her dreams and aspirations were not very high?

As Noch Kyung turned his face to the school on the hill his mind went back to the Kumokie of the old days. What would she be like now? She had been devoted to him in her childish way and would now no doubt be pleased and flattered if after seeing her he should desire to reinstate her as his first wife. Thus in his masculine vanity he reasoned, with never a thought that the young lady in question might have some ideas of her own about her future. So with great assurance and a cock-sure air of self confidence Mr. Kim approached the gate-house. The old man who answered his summons asked him to state his business, but pushing by the

old man with scarcely a glance at the object impeding his progress he continued on his way,

"Wait, please wait, sir, you must tell me your message and I will take it for you to the school."

"I want to see my sister, of course. Call Kim Kumokie and tell her that her brother wants to see her. Hurry up," with a haughty stare at the uncomfortable servant

"Yes, sir, certainly, just come this way to the office and wait a few minutes, please." So Noch Kyung was led into a little room near the front entrance where he seated himself stiffly in the big chair in front of the desk and with a pleasant feeling of adventure awaited the next act of the drama.

After a short time of waiting there was the soft thud of sandalled feet in the corridor outside, the door was opened quickly and Kumokie was before him. But what a different Kumokie from the child he remembered in those far distant days by the sea. That had been a quiet, timid child, too shy and easily frightened to even answer when spoken to; pretty in a way, yes, but scarcely giving promise of the loveliness of this young woman who stood in the door. Modest and quiet she was still but there was some undefined quality in her poise that spoke of a beautiful spirit; that calm brow; those mobile tender lips; the soft steady light in the limpid depths of the sweet brown eyes all told of the purity and peace of a heart at rest. Her abundant hair, black and glossy as the wing of a blackbird, was wound like a coronet about the shapely head, framing a face of rare beauty and throwing into contrast the creamy skin.

Kumokie had been greatly surprised to hear that her brother had come, this could be no other than Yohn and perhaps he bore an urgent message from the loved ones in Ok-chung. So she hurried down to the office and there found a stranger before her. She did not recognize the visitor and thinking that it was a mistake, a message meant for some other student she murmured.

"Excuse me, please," and was about to close the door when an amused voice called to her:

"Kumokie! Don't you know me?"

"You? Here?" Surprise and indignation filled her heart as she entered the room and closed the door. This man was one who seldom stood in the presence of women. As a favored lord of creation he was used to receiving homage from them. It would have been in line with his usual conduct for Kumokie to stand while he remained seated but something in the queenly grace of the young woman before him called him to his feet and not realizing what he was doing he had risen and was facing the little one whom he had left—thrown away like a worn-out shoe with scarcely a thought, certainly with no care for her future or regret for a blighted life. Now he looked at her as he might at one who had risen from the dead. Could this really be the Kumokie whom be had pitied and despised? He scarcely knew what he had expected to find, surely nothing like this wonderful creature.

"How dare you come here?" The fear which had gripped her heart at the sound of his voice—the voice much loved, long waited for, was giving way now before the indignation of her heart. He did not answer, merely gave a supercilious laugh and looked at her in a way which made her flush hot with shame and humiliation.

"You have no right to come here like this. You deceived me and have made me break the school rules." With a quick action she turned to the door and would have slipped out in another moment, but he saw her intention and had no idea of letting her bolt in this way before be had his say. So springing past her he shoved the door shut again, put his back against it and faced again the helpless, angry girl. His lips were curved with a smile of scorn as he said :

"Don't be impolite! Now you cannot go until you hear what I have to say. I have come a long difficult road just to see and talk with you, and now would you run away and treat me like this?" The man watched the rich blood mount to her cheek and the flash of the beautiful eyes and he knew that his search and journey were well worth while; that this treasure was even more lovely than he had dared to dream; best of all that she was his own after all these years. But she did not answer this taunt, neither did she tremble with fear, but

stepping to the window calmly looked out on the tennis court. Only her high color and the proud tilt of her head marked the indignation she felt as she waited for him to speak.

"What? No word of welcome, little lady? Not one word? You liked me well enough in those days long ago, have you so easily forgotten then? You ask why I came thus. There is no reason why I should not tell you at once. It seems that you have an uncle, Chun Tochil, who is more or less anxious about your future. This meddlesome gentleman wrote to me about a divorce, so I just decided that I would come and see you and talk with you, and,—ah, eh, well just see what your mind was on the subject Now that I've seen you again I like your looks. Why you are a real little beauty!" The girl at the window turned towards his as he talked. She was fiercely indignant now.

"You are insolent; impertinent, sir. Please remember that you are speaking to a lady and a stranger!"

"Indeed? Well, my lady; please excuse me!" He mockingly made a deep bow but he realized nevertheless that this slip of a girl was more and more commanding his respect as well as his admiration.

"A stranger' did you say? Well perhaps we are somewhat strangers, but you are still my wife, you know."

"Your wife?" What scorn and contempt she threw into her voice.

"Surely. Your uncle realized this or why should he have asked for a bill of divorcement. If he had been lacking in honor like your grandfather he might have long ago sent you to the house of a mother-in-law but you see he realized my legal rights and did not do so. As for me I had about forgotten all about that child marriage, but I shall not forget again." His admiring eyes dwelt caressingly on the perfect form, the soft womanly curves. His glances seemed to scorch the sensitive girl and the bright color fled from her face, leaving her pale and shaken.

"Why should you be angry? I was not to blame, neither were you for that mistake of our childhood, but since the law still acknowledges it as valid why should we not make the best of it?·

Kumokie forgot all her fear and from her pale lips tumbled all the things she had been thinking these many months.

"Why should I be angry? You left Saemal and the child there with no care for what ill fate might befall her. With a selfish desire to carve a future for yourself unhampered by such burdens you left in the night like a thief. For many years that child did not understand the meaning of this and her devotion followed you as she foolishly looked and longed for your return." The listener's eyes grew brighter at this confession and he drew a step nearer, but she lifted her hand with an imperious gesture of warning as she continued:

"Now I understand, and later years have proved how utterly childish were those hopes. I also realize how miserably low and selfish are your motives in coming here now to destroy my peace of mind. Your wife? Never! What of the wife and children at home? Before God she is your only and lawful wife and you insult and enrage me by coming here in this manner. Do you not know that to us Christians death is preferable to dishonor?" Pointing to the door—"No, leave me instantly. Not one word more will I hear!"

This commanding, queenly woman was something new to Noch Kyung and infinitely more attractive and interesting than the insipid, clinging thing which he had expected to find. The result of her defiance was but to strengthen his determination to convince her of the right of his position.

"Why so hasty in your judgment? There is much to be said."

"Go! I will not listen,—go!"

"Yes, you shall listen. You can not help it, you have got to listen. If you call out you will bring some of those foreigners here and they will expell you in disgrace for immodestly talking thus to a strange man. So,—as I started to say—" but his light, jeering words had given the desperate girl a new idea and before he saw her motive she had thrown up the window sash and called to a girl who was crossing the court:

"O Alice! Please help me just a moment, won't you?" The younger girl came near the window and showed her

willing eagerness to do anything for the much adored Kumokie.

"Thank you so much! Please go to Miss Keith's room and tell her that there is a matter of great importance concerning which I need to see her here at once. If she is not there then please find one of the other teachers, for it is something specially urgent" With her back to the dismayed and out-generalled young man she stood by the open window and gazed out over the city, ignoring his presence completely. Dismay, unbelief and anger were all visible in his face; the way he clenched and unclenched his hands showed that he would have liked very much just then to have exercised his rights of chastisement by giving this unruly, disrespectful woman the beating she so richly deserved; astonishment sealed his lips and he could only stand there dumbly and stare at the now thoroughly composed young lady. Then with a start he saw that he had committed an unpardonable offence against good custom and that if the teacher found him here that serious trouble might result There was nothing for him to do but to accept his defeat as gracefully as he could and to retreat while the road was open, but so angry and humiliated was he at this unexpected move on her part that he fairly hissed:

"This is not the end, proud lady! You think that I am vanquished but although you seem the victor now the battle has just commenced and I swear that you shall pay for this and pay dearly!"

A few minutes later Kumokie still stood by the window and gazed with unseeing eyes out over the grey old city as quick footsteps sounded without. The visitor had just passed the inhospitable gate-keeper as Miss. Keith entered the office. She gave an exclamation of distress as she saw the face of the girl. The meaning and possibilities of Noch Kyung's last threat had reached her understanding and she was no longer a tragedy queen, no imperious airs now, this was only a frightened little child who ran to her friend with out-stretched hands.

"Kumokie, child, what is the matter? Are you sick?"

"No, not that, but something awful has happened. What shall I do, Oh, what shall I do?" Putting her arm about the weeping girl the missionary drew her gently to her side and waited for her to speak. Something serious had happened she knew, to so distract Kumokie who was usually so calm.

It had never been known at the school that this favorite pupil had been married. Her uncle, feeling that in reality it had been nothing more than a betrothal, thought to save his adopted daughter this shame by saying nothing about it So now for the first time Miss Keith heard the story of Kumokie's childhood and of the old days at Saemal. Between sobs and in broken snatches the sad, pitiful tale came from the trembling lips, with an account of that day's incident.

"You dear, brave girl! You answered him well. Your uncle and aunt will also be made happy by your stand for the right." Then with a few words she tried to comfort her. After all, the story was easy to understand, and that which under the circumstances one would naturally expect. The man, after forgotten years of neglect, on seeing this beautiful, accomplished young woman, was determined to claim her again even though he darkened her life to accomplish it. Ten years before under the old Korean regime it would have been a simple matter to have acquired the divorce. If he had not been in such a hurry on leaving Saemal, a few words before witnesses, the torn documents, (wedding contracts) and the deed would have been done. With the present day, after the Japanese occupation, the laws were more strenuous, but that concerning divorce brought no more relief than the former. The requirement is that husband and wife appear at the local office before the proper officials with the application, but if the man refuse his consent then the woman can do nothing, she has no recourse or defence if he refuse to grant her the legal papers. Hundreds and thousands, in fact nearly all, save the higher classes, really pay little attention to this troublesome formality and frequently women who have been deserted as was the little widow of Saemal would think it quite a matter of course to go to another husband with little or no ceremony whatever. Knowing old man Ye as did Noch

Kyung, he had thought, when he considered the matter at all, that this old tyrant of Saemal had followed this custom, as he doubtless would have done but for the timely interference of Uncle Tochil. He had said that he would not release her. Was she thus to be bound to him as long as she lived although another woman was his wife and the mother of his children? This was an intolerable situation for an earnest Christian woman and the two friends wept together over the bitterness and pity of it all. Kumokie's cold, little hands clung to the older woman's dress. As she buried her face on her teacher's ' shoulder deep, painful sobs shook the slender body:

"What will he do? Can he take me away? I hate him: yes, I do, and I used to love him so, for he was good to me in those days."

"No, dear, of course he can not take you away. I do not know the law or very much about such matters, but he certainly has no right to you before God or me. We must send for your uncle and he will have a good lawyer to advise him as to what steps it will be best to take. But of one thing I am sure, he can never take you against your will. If you remain true to the right and trust you Master to keep you from harm you need have no fear for the future, dark as it may seem just now."

Ab, yes, true enough, but while her lips were still declaring her hatred and distrust for Noch Kyung she instinctively knew that the hardest battles would be those to fight in her own heart, that if she could remain true and strong to oppose this evil thing the victory would be hers. That had come at last for which she had longed and prayed during so many weary hours, the man she loved had at last claimed her, but too late! The barriers which separated them now were insurmountable if she remained true to the principles which she professed. Suddenly this truth like a flood swept over her, leaving her weak and faint. Then sinking on her knees beside her friend she gasped :

"I am so weak, and I feel so helpless, please pray that I may have His grace and strength for the struggle."

(To be Continued)

The Korea Magazine
April, 1919

Editorial Notes.

EDUCATIONAL conditions have made it impossible at present to continue our series of articles on the schools of Seoul, but we hope at a future time to be able to bring them to a successful conclusion.

MOMENTOUS events are taking place in Korea of which it is not the privilege of THE KOREA MAGAZINE at present to speak. It is hoped that in the near future we may be granted some of the rights which daily papers now alone possess.

THE cattle disease so prevalent recently in parts of Korea has been almost entirely conquered. Exports were prohibited, quarantine regulations enforced, some diseased cattle died, others were killed by the authorities, and a few recovered. It is hoped that there will be no further spread of the dread disease.

TORAI HOT SPRINGS.

It was our pleasure recently to be personally conducted to the Torai Hot Springs, having as our hosts Mr. M. Inouye, Assistant Traffic Manager, and Mr. S. Ishikawa, Assistant Construction Engineer, both of the South Manchuria Railway Headquarters at Ryuzan.

After rather extensive traveling in Japan, China and Korea, and having our impressions confirmed by conversations with other travelers, it is but just for us to say that in the matter of track, engines, day coaches, dining cars, sleeping cars and equipment we have yet to see in the East any railway

with service superior to that of the South Manchuria Railway in Chosen.

After a refreshing sleep on the train and good breakfast at the Station Hotel, Fusan, the ferry steamer plying between Shimonoseki and Fusan tied at the wharf was thoroughly inspected, and the port of Fusan was viewed from an automobile. Lack of space forbids even mention of the views obtained of historical remains, each with a long and interesting story.

Torai is connected with Fusan by an electric railway and an excellent automobile road, and a ride of three quarters of an hour brings one to the Japanese inn containing. the best of the springs.

We were informed that later especial provision is to be made for foreign tourists. At present the accommodations are all Japanese style, food, lodging and bathing facilities. We enjoyed the food, partaking rather sparingly, however, of two or three kinds, especially the raw fish. When it was time for bathing a Japanese maid proffered her assistance in disrobing, but as we had from early childhood been accustomed to performing this task without help from others the offer was now gently but firmly declined.

The amount of privacy in the baths depends on the number of visitors at the time. In the inn at which we stayed are three excellent pools, of varying size, the smallest being perhaps six by nine feet, family size. At the first plunge the beautifully clear water seems to be unduly hot, but after a time it is found to be easily bearable, and thoroughly enjoyable. It is said that chemical analysis has demonstrated the efficacy of the water both for external and internal use, being especially good for rheumatism and all digestive ailments.

The military authorities are now sending disabled and convalescent soldiers to Torai, and a special building has been set aside for their use. Thousands of people visit this resort annually, and when the new plans are matured for the accommodation of foreigners, including a few English-speaking interpreters, there will undoubtedly be many tourists breaking their journey for the enjoyment of the healing waters.

A rather amusing incident was related concerning the recent visit of a party knowing nothing of the Japanese language, and who without an interpreter had to make all their wants and wishes known by sign language.

Our hosts are excellent students of English, will visit America this year, and left nothing undone to make our trip to Torai one long to be remembered with pleasure.

THE PAST.
BY
YI HON (1260 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 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.

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

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."

A Korean who lived near this tomb tells me the following: "When the old Regent was in office he slaughtered many of the Christians. They, therefore, were his enemies and swore vengeance. The belief of the common folk was that the Regent's prosperity rested in this propitious grave in Ka-ya. If this grave were only put out of commission the day of the Regent's power would fall. Word was that the foreigners instigated by the Christians set sail, put into Tang-jin Harbour and anchored. Several hundred of them made a wild rush to Kai-kol and began digging. The rumour went abroad that they had carried away the coffin. A fearful odour resulted, not from the dead, but from something the foreigner had brought with him and the country side was smitten. People went about for days with their fingers on their noses.

"The official who was sent later to inspect declared, however, that the coffin was intact and so the hole was filled up and the mound restored. A little after this some wild pigs came and rooted about the grave. Word of it reached the Regent and he sent out orders to have all the pigs in the province slaughtered." Kim remembers as a little boy seeing this day of judgment for the pigs and hearing their screams. He was inclined to give the Frenchman credit for this brigandage till I told him that Ar-i-mang was Germany and not France. Also, Dr. Allen tells in his Chronological Index that Oppert, a German, left Shanghai in the ships "Greta" and "China" flying the North-German flag, his expedition being fitted out in order to obtain "buried treasure" from Korea. This, it seems, was the German way of doing things in 1868 much the same as today. My Korean friend seemed perplexed.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN KOREA
(心靈哲學)

Christian Science, the remarkable creation of Mrs. Eddy, has found its way to Korea and now propagates its views under the shadow of In-wang Mountain, Seoul, beside the ancient altar where the Sa-jik (社稷) used to be worshipped. It is surely the most startling religious movement seen among English-speaking peoples during the last half century.

Mrs. Eddy's formula, "God is All in all. God is good. Good is mind. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease," come very close to the sayings and teachings of the Buddha, as well as the Old Philosopher (老子). Assuredly they will sound familiar in the ears of the Oriental.

The Buddhist, who, after much meditation awakens to the fact that matter is nothing, and that spiritual entities are all, reminds us of the Christian Scientist. A sentence like the following, spoken 1,200 years ago, and written down in this form in the year 1200, suggests Christian Science: "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.'"

This is a Buddhist quotation. The Taoists likewise believe that there is a sphere in the world of thought where you may slough off all the trammels that attend this mortal body, and fly through space, free as Peter Pan, living, not like the wandering Jew in perpetual bondage, but like the Christian Scientist amid a freedom that is boundless.

The other day in passing through the western part of Seoul, the writer noticed a sign-post marked Sim-ryung Chul-hak Kwan (心靈哲學館) Office of the Science of the Mind. Though the word Christian was absent the sign-post suggested

Christian Science, and at once he sent a messenger to make inquiry. The gentleman in charge, Mr. Ko Heui-joon, received him kindly, told him what the purpose of the teaching was and gave a pamphlet to explain it from which I make the following quotations:

"Sim-ryung Hak is the scientific investigation of the mind. Now Science is the highest of all attainments in the sphere of knowledge, and includes everything else. Its object is the greater happiness of mankind. From ancient times scientists have been taken up with useless laws, and, following the lead of the merely abstract, have failed of any satisfactory fruitage. For this reason people regard science as something beyond their interest, or possibility of attainment. We are deeply distressed that this should be so for however high a truth may be, if it cannot be applied to every day life, it is nothing more than an empty dream. Keeping this fact in mind and continuing the investigation for many years Mind Science has discovered how the real person is related to the physical body, and has applied its laws to the elimination of sickness, that constant dread of man, to the relieving of the mind from all anxiety, to the impartation of a peaceful, happy life. Its aim is to develop more and more the original powers with which nature has gifted us making life's way easy. Thus the Science of the mind seeks to gain men's hearts and teach them something that every man and woman ought to know."'

Following this is an account of the Society telling how it is organized, how it carries on its work, and where its various offices are to be found.

It closes with a paragraph on the cure of sickness which runs as follows:

"The law by which Mind Science cures sickness is the perfect law that governs life. This is indeed the great Gospel of the 20th Century. In the most enlightened nations it finds its most familiar haunt. In America alone, according to recent reports, there are 18,500,000 members, including the wisest in the land. It is the one great scientific discovery that contains the whole truth. Some say that it is useful to cure imaginary sickness only, but this is not so. Such a person

evidently does not yet know what the law of life means. The best proof of its efficacy is seen in those healed who have

long been victims of real disease. Though it be denied a thousand times, if the proof remains, that settles it. The following are some of the diseases and physical imperfections that it cures: Blindness, deafness, epilepsy, insanity, consumption, dyspepsia, paralysis, rheumatism, beri-beri, spinal disease, sore-eyes, nervous troubles, syphilis, in fact any trouble that may beset the human frame."

Certain rules regarding their medical practice are expressed thus: "The hours for seeing patients run from 8:00 A. M. till 9:00 P. M. We rest on Sunday. For one treatment the charge is 50 sen; one week's treatment costs 3 yen; two weeks 5 yen; and one month 9 yen.

"One course of study lasts ten days for which 20 yen is charged. Anything needed beyond this in the way of teaching is given gratis."

The reader will doubtless agree that this is Christian Science though the name Christian does not appear, and no reference to Christ or Christianity is made.

LANGUAGE STUDY.
(경헐 AND 실험)

Taking at random one of the many words that pass us in modern use we would suggest that the student make the acquaintance of the sound *kyung-hum* (經驗) catch it, dissect it, analyse it, experiment with it and use it till you can count it as your servant.

Words are really of no use unless they come on instant call. The moment that your thought awakes, the word must be there, quicker than 'greased lightning' as I have heard some rather vulgar boys say at school. If it lingers, or dallies, or falters, it is of no use. You must train it, teach it, coax it, whip it up, practise it, till it comes automatically or goes flashing like wireless out through space.

Now as to *kyung-hum* let us dissect it. *Kyung* (經) means to pass by, as one who goes on his way, or as the sun that rises, swings across the sky, and sets. *Hum* (驗) means to examine, to test, so that the two coupled together become a word in the vernacular *kyung-hum*, *experience* a noun; or *to experience* a verb.

Take the following sentences:—

그약은경험방이오

That medicine is a tested remedy.

그일을내가경험ᄒᆞ여보앗소

I have tried my hand at that work, or, I am experienced in that matter.

경험만흔사ᄅᆞᆷ

A man of great experience.

Related to *kyung-hum* is *sil-hum* (實驗) *a practical experiment*, such as medical students should be acquainted with before going out to practise on the public. An experiment in chemistry, in surgery, etc., stands at the other extreme from *i-ron* (理論) or pure discourse, theory only.

리화학은실험이업시면쇼용업소

Without practical experiments in study natural philosophy and chemistry are quite useless.

Sil-hum (實驗) and *si-hum* (試驗) are not the same though they are second cousins. Try to find wherein they are related and wherein they differ.

J. S. G.

GHOSTS AND GOBLINS.

BY HONG MAN-CHONG. (洪萬宗)

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 (O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 (O) 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.

THE LOUSE AND THE DOG.

BY

YI KYOO-BO (1165-1241 A. D.)

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 infinitesmal 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.) says:

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?"

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

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.'

KOREAN CLOTHES.

In the West where most things are in a state of flux, and surprises confront one almost daily, dress changes comparatively little. True we had wigs, long-tailed coats and knickerbockers, all the way from Cromwell to George Washington, but in the last hundred years men's dress has remained pretty generally the same. Frock-coats, cut-aways, dinner-jackets,

etc. come and go without any very noticeable surprise, where-as in Korea there have been the most startling innovations in the way of dress during the last thirty years.

When the writer came to this country the first thing that completely bowled him over, speaking metaphorically, was the manner of dress. Men walked the streets in long tinted robes made of the finest silk, with a girdle across the chest of blue, or green, or scarlet. Nebuchadnezzar, himself, was surely never so adorned. The wide sleeves hung down on each side deeper and more capacious than aunt Miranda's pocket. Sometimes this robe was divided at the back, some-times at the sides; sometimes it was a complete 'roundabout' or *tooroomaki*. On the gentleman's head was a head-band, tied, after long practice, tight enough to squeeze tears from the eyes. Above the head was a little cap beautifully woven of horsehair. Above this sat the gauze hat, a cage for the topknot, that you dimly glimpsed through the meshes. Over his eyes was a huge pair of spectacles, much like those Americans affect today though more stunning in appearance. Back of his ears were gold buttons or jade; under his chin a lovely string of amber beads; in his right hand a waving fan; on his feet the daintiest pair of shoes mortal ever wore, wedded to a pair of socks, white, as Malachi's fuller never dreamed, the only really beautiful footgear in all the world.

As he walked along with measured tread, the lengthy robe adding inches to his height, he was indeed one of the most startling surprises that the eye of the West ever rested on. With our coarse tweed and stogy shoes, we must surely have been to him like the barbarians he had read of for a thousand years but had never seen before.

Today the glory has departed from the Korean gentleman, and he wears a white robe fastened with common buttons under the arm, the sleeves narrowed down to the plainest commonplace. The top-knot, the headband, the cap, the gauze hat are gone, and he wears an ordinary bowler, or soft felt. His shoes are the mere ghost of what they used to be, or more often an uninteresting pair of leather boots such as foreigners wear. This is the common costume, in which he

goes with a pair of leather boots, crowned with a cheap felt hat, and covered with long white robe between.

This is a fair illustration of the mixed, unpoetic world of dress in which we live today, a dress divested of all ornament and reduced to the Bolshevikian level of every body looking alike and every man doing the same thing.

The Korean dress has had a long ancestry coming down through a thousand years and more. A few notes gathered from the *Yul-yu-Keui-sool* (燃藜記述) may be interesting.

"In the year 648 A. D. King Moon-moo of Silla paid a visit to the Tangs and there decided to adopt their state dress as his own. The Emperor Tai-jong in approval of this, gave him samples of the dresses used in the Empire."

"In the opening days of Koryu (950 A. D.) the matter of dress which had fallen into great disorder, was specially considered, and the King commanded Ch'oi Yun-heun to collect all the ancient models and improvise something new using the best he could find from the Tangs as his chief pattern. This fashion continued to be the dress of the people till the time of the Mongols (1230 A.. D.) when Korea began to cut the hair of the head in front and plait a pig-tail behind. The dress of the Mongols was used for about a hundred years until the Mings came in, when we bowed to them and received what they gave us in the way of clothes."

"A very curious discussion arose in 1275 as to the proper colour for Korean dress. The Office of Historians maintained that as Korea hung on the eastern rim of Asia its colour should be Green, as its symbol was Wood and its flavour Sour. White was the colour that pertained to the West, and white the Tibetans or the Mongols of the Gobi Desert might dress in, but not Koreans. It was argued by others that Korea, as regards land and race, took its rise in the Ever White Mountains to the north, so the North should be the ruling compass point, and of necessity the colour then should be Black. This idea carried the day and from that time on officials wore black coats and green hats, suggesting a Tree the symbol of Korea—green at the top. Trees were planted on the hills to make all the world as green as possible."

"During the Japan War of 1592 the matter of dress fell into great confusion. It would seem that whenever the state forgot, for a time, to take dress under consideration the people reverted to white as the national colour. In 1592, in 1660, and again in 1691 we find government orders issued forbidding white."

"In 1767 the king made a proclamation which ran:

"When we forbade the use of white someone said, 'Keui-ja wore white and white therefore is the national colour.' I am grieved to think that my people have forgotten what Keui-ja taught and remember only what he wore." If any of the candidates for examination came dressed in white, the official classes military and civil, banded together against them to boycott them and put them out."

Notwithstanding the orders of the King, its point on the compass face, its love of gaudy colour, Korea still holds to Keui-ja's dress, white. Even in these days of change and counter-change, white holds its own and New Years 1919 sees the streets of the capital lined as of yore with the sons and daughters of Keui-ja.

THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712.
(Continued from the March number)

Peking. 1st moon (1719) 19th day. Cloudy. A high wind.

Early in the morning the sound of the great bell was heard from the Imperial Palace, like that which we heard on the first day of the moon. It indicated, I was told, that the Emperor was returning from a sacrifice offered at the Altar of Agriculture. I looked out over the west wall, but there was nothing to be seen but the Mongol tents. I counted them and found there were about 30 large and 30 small ones. The interpreter told me that the Mongols would remain in Peking till the 3rd Moon and take their departure after the birthday

of the Emperor. Why they remain so long I cannot understand as every day costs them much in the way of mutton, rum-rice and horse fodder. Some say they wish to see the Imperial birthday and offer their felicitations, as well as to be present at the choosing of the Crown Prince, but I do not know definitely as to this.

A Manchoo brought ten cups of tortoise shell for me to see, and the price he asked was very low. I wished to buy when one of the servants said to me, "These are not real tortoise-shell, sir, but only imitation. If you put water into them they will soon crack and become useless. I was once cheated myself and so I know." However I looked them carefully over and concluded that they were not imitation.

A wild barbarian to-day by the name of Ma-pai-ro Tam-ga came in and presented me with a package of tobacco.

Peking. 14th day. Windy Morning.

The Chinese interpreter Moon Pong-sun informed me that his son was to be married on that day and that he was having a feast. So he sent a collation to the Envoy and the Secretary, two tables, on one of which were various kinds of fish and meat, and on one all sorts of sweetmeats and dainties gathered from land and sea. Everything was very dainty and clean. Between these were dishes of all sorts steaming with soup, etc. I tried this and that and found everything very agreeable to the taste. Clams, beche-de-mer, and cod-fish were to be seen as well. Among the fruits were "dragon's-eyes," oranges, pears, persimmons, in fact every kind of fruit that grows. I took the peel off the oranges and picked the fruit to pieces to eat it. Rice candy (yak-pap) was also present, made like that in our own country, very delicious in flavour. The plates and cups were all larger than what we use in our country, and were made of decorated porcelain. On the two tables I counted 58 dishes in all.

As a return present for this liberal entertainment I sent two rolls of paper, one tobacco-pouch and two fine pens. To the man who brought it I also gave a fan and a tobacco-pouch. Yoo Pong-san now came in with the son of some wild Manchoo in tow, whom he said was governor. The lad was

very handsome and certainly wore the stamp of a distinguished race. I asked him his age and he said fourteen. Again I asked him his name but he merely wrote "Poo", without the given-name. His dress was costly and beautiful, the outside coat being lined with blue silk. The sides were decorated with gilded girdle strings, and had on them knot-buttons and button-holes most wonderfully made. He carried a short knife with a green porpoise skin case that had evidently come from Korea. I gave him some pine-nut cake, about half of which he ate, leaving the rest.

Late in the evening the wind fell and the moon came out brightly. Sounds of flutes, bamboo-pipes, and drums were heard on all sides, while fire-crackers snapped and crackled everywhere. The sound of carts passing kept up the live-long night. From early in the morning I had been troubled with a kind of dizziness that prevented my going out to walk, so I had some sparrow-tongue tea prepared and felt better. I did not go out beyond the gates however. At night Kim Tuk-sam and Sin Chi-soon came to see me and we ate dried persimmons together. I gave them a few hawthorns and plums and we said good night.

Peking. 15th day. Cloudy.

Today cake was sent in from the kitchen that was something like our rice candy (yak-pap). I was delighted with it. The Chinaman, Pak Teuk-in, also sent me a great variety of cakes and candies. Among these I found some Korean kan-jung as well as two packages of moon-tan sweetmeat, and a number of pumelos. One I measured with a string and it was nine inches and a half round. Its flavour was very agreeable, sweet, and yet tart and full of juice, a very delightful fruit indeed. Comparing it with an orange it is larger and the skin is out of proportion, rather thick.

· He sent me also deer-tail, which I had roasted, but I found it was somewhat spoiled from over long keeping.

When the evening meal was over I went out to take exercise in the west court and the Secretary came also. He had chairs brought and we sat and talked, Yoo Pong-san joining us as well. He reported that the Chinese interpreter had told

Kim Choong-wha that the Emperor is about to take a Mongol for his son-in-law, "Korea" said he, "has shown much more honour to the Emperor than ever the Mongols have. If you people make petition to provide the son-in-law I am sure His Majesty would not refuse."

When the Secretary heard this be said to Yoo "Go in, old chap, and secure the place for yourself." So they joked and jested with each other.

Now the Manchoo looks upon the Mongol as a mere beast, and yet the Emperor gives his daughter in marriage to one of them. This, so the Chinese interpreter says, is a source of very great disappointment and disgust.

Regarding this I said, "But if such a hero as So-moo (蘇武) (100 B. C.) could marry with a wild barbarian and have children, why should not the daughter of the Emperor marry with a Mongol? What's wrong about it?" They all laughed at the idea.

I also said, "However, today, if So-moo should come back to earth the officials would doubtless make a terrible row and prove that he was a barbarian and a disgrace to his country." All agreed saying, "Yes, that's so." I added, "When So-moo was an exile living in a cave, he ate hair from his mattress, mixed with snow. What thoughts could have possessed him, such a time to make him marry? Surely be must have been a greater champion of mankind than even Yoo Pong-san." Here they all laughed together.

I had heard that in China on the 15th of the 1st moon lanterns were used in great profusion, but looking over the wall to-night none were to be seen. Some tell me that, as is the case in our own country, they are hung under the eaves and so do not show from the outside. Sky-rockets were heard ascending from every courtyard. These they also call lanterns. They assumed the shapes of birds, beasts, trees, plants, in fact all sorts of things. As they burst and opened out their forms appeared. The cost of them in some cases ran up to several hundred cash; while those the Emperor had for himself cost thousands. Looking from the inside of the wall I saw a great flame shoot up toward the sky with many kinds

of strange and uncanny accompaniments. This is what is called a "fire-gun."

Even till late at night the rumble of drums continued, mingled with the sound of carts, horses and fire-crackers keeping up an endless din. I could not get out, however, to see it as the gates were fast locked. It is very distressing to be made so much a prisoner.

When the Emperor was at the Chang-ch'oon Palace he ordered a great feast to be prepared with lanterns hung. At this feast were gathered the Imperial princes, the King of the Mongols also being present to take part.

As the 2nd Envoy's officer, Ch'oi Tuk-chun, on his way to get water, was returning by the Cho-yang Gate, his attending soldier went off to buy something and was arrested and taken to the City Yamen. This was told the Envoy and the soldier was beaten and reprimanded for going off thus by himself. From this time on the matter of drawing water was rendered more and more difficult for us.

Peking. 16th day. Fine weather.

The Chief Interpreter, Pak Tong-wha brought me two pots of flowers, one a rose and one a plum. He said he had got them from a Chinaman named Cheung Se-tai. The flowers were very beautiful, this variety of rose being called in our country the Mountain Tea Plant. I had doubts before but seeing it now I was confirmed in the conclusion that they were one and the same.

In the evening the interpreters came and gathered in the court.

Kim Eung-hun said, "In a talk with the Chief Chinese interpreter I asked about the princes of the Court as to who was good and who was bad. He said, 'They are a lot of rascals, every one of them. Among them the 8th is a little better than the rest, a peaceable sort of man, but the 10th is a very bad fellow. When Kang-heui dies we shall see a sorry state of things surely.'

"Such words as these they speak with uncovered lips. I said to him. 'The tribute paid yearly is to the Emperor. If he dies what reason will there be for our continuing to come?'

"The Chinese Interpreter answered, 'That's so.' They did not mind talking thus in the least.

"The Chinese Interpreter again said, 'His Imperial Majesty is a man of great wisdom and so must know his sons as to who is good and who is bad, yet he leaves them without definitely settling as to who shall succeed him. He must have some reason for this.' "

The Korean Interpreter asked, "Is it true that the Emperor goes out at the first of the new year to the shrine of Teung-chang Koon? Who is this Teung-chang Koon?"

They replied, "Teung-chang Koon is not a person's name but the name of the cap of the father of No-ra-ji (founder of the Manchoo dynasty). This cap.is kept in the shrine and so the Emperor goes there on the first of the year to burn incense to it."

"Is it because it is so precious?" asked the interpreter. "Why no?" was the answer, "It is only a seal skin cap eaten with moths." So they all laughed.

Moon Pong-sun, a Chinaman, remarked that the Empress Dowager was not the Emperor's real mother. The Interpreter asked, "But how comes that?"

Pong-sun replied, "Emperor Soon-chi lost his empress and so he had the palace ladies-in-waiting invited to a feast, where all the princesses and wives of high officials as well took part. Among them was the wife of a Ming general Tong-se, a very beautiful woman. Soon-chi saw her, and captivated by her beauty, did not allow her to leave the palace. The husband, on learning this, committed suicide. Soon-chi then took her and Kang-heui was born. The Empress who now lives, however, is not she but his step-mother. We learned that the Emperor was very devout in his attention to her, that the Empress was good and that she greatly assisted in affairs of state. Some time previous when the Emperor went to Mukden, he desired to pay a visit to the Ever White Mountain, but the people of Korea hearing of it were greatly alarmed. Then it was that the Empress pretended to have fallen ill, and had the Emperor called home, so that be at once went back to

Peking. This one act if no other, would show her a wise and tactful woman.

"The Emperor's readiness to fall in with her wishes is evident in many instances. We had heretofore understood that she was his real mother, but hearing now that it was not so, his acts and behaviour seemed more commendable than ever."

Moon Pong-sun again said, "No-ra-chi's father when he lived to the east of the Ever White Mountain, had five brothers who were all good horsemen and renowned archers. Children used to sing, 'A Son-of-Heaven (Emperor) will come from among six brothers.' No-ra-chi, with this in mind, made his constant prayer to God. Later he removed and came and lived in Koon-joo and from there took his rise and became Emperor.

"Where he originally lived is not far distant from Korea. Once in Eui-joo I heard people from the north say that the stone walls of the place where he lived are still to be seen. Later the Emperor sent to make inquiry and find out, and lo, they discovered the stone walls in fact proving that what the north Korean had said was true. Thus we talked together.

The moon was bright. I was on the point of returning to my room and retiring for the night when suddenly a sound of singing was heard from the shrine beyond the east wall. I threw on my cloak and went out to listen. One man sang the song and many others joined in the chorus. Drums and gongs kept time to the music. It was like what our witches indulge in, when they exorcise demons.

In the north court about midnight a dreadful confusion arose. I asked what could be the matter, and was told that a wild Chinaman had climbed over the wall and was caught by the mapoos and attendants. They made him fast and in the morning handed him over to the city yamen. Again I heard that he had been drunk and had fallen on the outside of the wall, that the mapoos and attendants desiring to create an excitement, had tied a rope to him and pulled him over. This was later found to be the case and he was let go.

(To be Continued).

THE CRIMSON DAWN
(Continued from the March number)

CHAPTER XIV
TO MAKE DOUBLY SURE

Not very long, counted by figures on a dial, after the dapper young visitor came inquiring for his sister, the same gentleman again passed the school portals and the old gate keeper wondered what his sister could have done or said to have made the young fellow look so angry.

Surprised and confused he could do nothing but accept the ultimatum of that queenly young person, and had left rather more hurriedly than was consistent with proper dignity, but that course had seemed necessary to escape further humiliation. If Kumokie had been trying to awaken his interest, which thing had not entered her mind, she could scarcely have found any method more successful than that which she had followed. The same queer kink of human nature which makes the child prefer the forbidden sweets to any other treat, in the full grown man makes him more anxious to acquire that which is most difficult to obtain, and particularly is this true in affairs of the heart. The woman too easily won has little attraction compared to the bright being who, with maiden modesty, holds herself beyond his sphere.

Noch Kyung had gone to the school coolly indifferent, though curious as to the charming young woman; he came away hotly indignant but keen to conquer her rebellious spirit, to make that proud creature bow before him as master. It would be too strong to say that at this first interview he had fallen in love with his wife, but he had seen that this was an unusually beautiful woman, that she had the culture and refinement desirable in the one who should take the place he offered her in his home.

“She is mine and I’ll have her,—the tigress!” this was his avowed course as he strode away moodily to the inn. Whether he won her by the tenderness and devotion of a lover or by the hard, harsh methods of the cave man, was of

no importance to him. He knew that she had been prejudiced against him by the Christian teachings of the relatives who had reared and educated her, and his bitterness against them increased. He completely overlooked the fact that she owed to these influences the very qualities which had drawn him to her again. Neither did he think of her probable condition if she had remained with the old miser in Saemal, where, long before this, in following the customs and ideas of those people, her life would have been so degraded and the burdens so heavy as to have brought her to misery and premature old age.

Feeling thwarted and altogether uncertain as to his rights in question, although he had spoken with such assurance, Noch Kyung sought a well known lawyer and laid before him his interesting problem, asking his advice in making more secure the slender bonds which existed between him and the girl. That which he heard from the legal adviser sent him off again in post haste, this time in the direction of Saemal.

He had never expected to visit again this despised spot. Those long distant unhappy days of his boyhood seemed like half-forgotten dreams. He approached the village by the path along the beach but his thoughts were so preoccupied with plans for the future that he passed the old lookout, the spot which had once been his house of dreams and later the greatest solace to the deserted Kumokie—passed it without a glance of recognition. Riding at rest on the blue waves of the tiny bay were two fishing smacks; and nearby a rusty looking old man sat on an overturned dory by a sand doon and puffed away at his pipe while he lazily mended an ancient net. The young dandy from the capital, fresh and crisp looking in his new mantle, approached this individual and stood looking down on his work a moment before he inquired :

"Will you please tell me, stranger, where I can find the house of Ye Chang Sook? I suppose that he still lives in your honorable village."

The old fisherman very deliberately and slowly laid down the net, took the long stemmed pipe from his lips and with the dazed look of non-comprehension gazed at the newcomer as though he had not heard.

Then raising his voice and with a show of some annoyance Noch Kyung repeated:

"I say, where does Ye Chang Sook live here? Are you deaf?"

Disdaining to answer the question the old man replied with evident distrust:

"Who are you? What business it that to you?"

"Me, Oh, I'm just a business man from Seoul, used to know Ye a long time ago and just thought I'd hunt him up." The steady, inquisitive gaze of the old fellow made him somewhat self conscious and embarrassed, and he stooped to pick up a shell and flung it out over the blue water. With an inarticulate growl the old man took up his mending again and turned a cold shoulder to the unwelcome visitor, which strange and impolite behaviour nettled that gentleman very much.

"What's the matter? Why don't you answer a polite question?"

"I don't know any thing about it, you can find out for yourself," he shrugged in answer. Then some trick of expression or turn of speech brought back to Noch Kyung some vivid recollection of the past and in a swift moment he recognized the man, and in a warm friendly voice he said :

"Oh, I know you now, you are Mr. Paek who once lived on the hill near the great chestnut tree!" Mr. Paek gazed at him open-mouthed with astonishment, still his sense of discretion did not desert him:

"Well, what if I am? I didn't say I wasn't, did I? But who are you? That's what I wanted to know."

"Come now, don't be so suspicious, Mr. Paek. Don't you remember the chap that came and lived with Ye for a while as his son-in-law. Don't you know me?"

"There does seem to be something familiar about you," shaking his head doubtfully, "but I don't know. Those dogs of the law are mighty cute and smart, but it's none of my business to help them even against old man Ye." Seeing his fear, Noch Kyung told him enough about himself to allay his distrust and to prove his identity. Then he asked:

"Does Ye still live in the little house on the beach?"

"No, that house fell down while he was in prison. The old woman died during that time too, and he now has one room at the house of Han Comchil's since be came back."

"Prison? What did you say about prison?"

"Yes, prison. Where have you been that you did not know that?"

"Truly I have heard nothing from Saemal or of the people here since I left ten years ago," sitting down near the over-turned boat on the white sand, "Won't you please tell me about what has happened before I go to see him? Then I will know better what to say to him."

"Counterfeiter. Buzzard's island over there," pointing with his chin in a general direction seaward, "got caught shortly after you left. I guess. He and Han were put in prison. Just got out three weeks ago."

"So that was it? Well why didn't I guess it before?"

The old Korean money, the nickel or the cash was easy enough counterfeited with even a few crude instruments if one had the ability to imitate or copy designs. This news explained the many things which for these years had remained a mystery about Ye, and as he climbed the hill leading to Han's house he mused on the probable condition of the Ye exchequer and on the way in which fate was playing into his hands:

"Just the same Ye, no doubt, and in the old days he would have sold his soul, if he has one, for a few hundred yang, and his precious grand-daughter will be no more to him now than she was then. Looks pretty smooth sailing for me." Thus comforting himself he came to the door of Han's house. There he was immediately ushered into the sarang. He could scarcely recognize in the white-headed, broken old man whom he found there, the man he had once so hated and despised. The changes wrought by the years however were mostly external, in many ways he was not greatly different. The loss of most of his hoarded wealth and the secret source of it had filled him with a great bitter ness which had been intensified by his long term of confinement.

He did not recognize the visitor who now stood before him and glanced at him with scant interest and less courtesy.

"Well, father Ye, you don't seem to know your long lost son!" Long and searchingly this strangely assorted pair looked at each other, looked as though each was trying to read the other's thoughts and motives. The old antipathy revived and the man seemed more like he used to be as be proceeded to lash himself into a fury:

"You low down, good for nothing son of Kim! What do you come here for now? Just to torture and laugh at a poor, broken man. Why don't you laugh? Isn't it funny to see me thus? Ha! Ha! Well, even if it does amuse you it will be safest for you to get away from here and pretty quick too. I am not in the mood to take any of your impertinence now, not one word! Go, I say, go!" he shook a menacing fist at the visitor and scrambled to his feet.

"It isn't good business sense to send me off like that. Neither is it wisdom to act and judge so harshly before you know the facts and the purpose I had in mind when coming here. I did not know about your trouble until a few minutes ago. I only came to talk over a certain question of business. There is a little matter in which you can do me a great service and in so doing you have much also to gain. It is to your favor to hear what I had to say, but of course if you refuse to hear me I can only retire," as he made a motion to turn away. "Business? What business transactions has a dragon with a snail? You seem to have managed very well in your honorable business for these past years without any great need of my aid. I'll make a guess that it's some knavish trick of which you are ashamed that you are up to now!"

Noch Kyung was generally somewhat of a diplomat not lacking for words but this unexpected attitude on the part of this old man made him very uncomfortable and uncertain as to how to begin his story or what to say. It was hard to tell a man like this his plans for the future, not knowing just what to say or what would be the best manner of approach, but realizing that something had to be done quickly he blurted out the whole secret without any introduction :

"It's Kumokie!"

"So that's it, huh? Well, my fine gentleman, she has

turned out to be a heap too good for you, from what I hear. I'll tell you right now before you begin, to save your breath. The despised daughter of the low house of Ye despises you now, does she? Well, I'm glad of it, proud I am of her for it. You need not come to me for any help in your infernal plans. Her mother's brother is now her guardian, her father, go to him and make your important words!"

"I suppose I had best tell you the whole story. It is my way to be frank and sincere and I'll tell you everything," then he told about Uncle Tochil's letter, of his visit to Okchung and to the school; of his determination to keep her as his legal wife and of the way in which she had disdained and refused his offer.

"So? Good for my grand-daughter! Good for little Kumokie, I'm glad she has some spunk. May she live ten thousand times ten thousand years!" .

The embarrassed boy flushed at these taunting words and replied:

"You thought that I had come to glory over your misfortunes but it is you who are rejoicing over my troubles. I intend to have Kumokie whether or not you help me, but it is very much to your interest to do so."

"None of my business, I'm through with you and all your tribe forever!"

"Please don't say that! After all why should you refuse to help your grand-daughter to her rightful place as the first and lawful wife of my father's son? She can not marry any-one else according to her Christian notions for I will not give the consent necessary to the divorce. This is the point on which the case hangs and that child marriage is still binding before the Japanese courts. But one point I fear, and I tell you frankly, those foreigners in that school may take the matter up and the lawyer whom I consulted said that if I could have evidence that my money was used to help support and educate her that no court would break it. All I ask is that you accept certain funds regularly for your own use and for her, of course she and her uncle are to think that it is your generosity, and then if ever it becomes necessary that you

testify to the facts,—well I am doing well in my business and can afford to be liberal."

Knowing old Ye as we do it is scarcely necessary to say that before long they we wonder to the sordid details of the money transactions. Sarcastic and biting he continued but he saw that this was a most glorious opportunity to feather his nest and at the same time to help his "Beloved grand-daughter" to her rightful position. It gave him unusual pleasure to appear to stand with Kumokie in her opposition as long as by so doing he could annoy Noch Kyung, but like the weather-cock his opinion could easily change if the variable wind was advantageous to him, and before the young man left Saemal the matter was arranged with perfect satisfaction to each of them, and the certainty of Kumokie's future made doubly sure,

CHAPTER XV
A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

The pride of Okchung over the achievements and honors of Kumokie and Elizabeth was beautiful and became a means of encouragement to other parents in their efforts to educate their daughters.

For days before the return of the two girls this was the chief topic of conversation in the village and all were on the alert to see what changes had been wrought in these who were their joy and crown. On the day of their return many friends, neighbors and former companions at Maria's school came out to meet them. As is the happy custom of Korea they come in a crowd about ten li down the valley and there awaited the travellers. During the days that followed little escaped their eyes for they watched and observed most carefully every action and word of these old friends who now seemed so different and in whom they looked for some other changes even more radical. The attitude of the girls towards their parents; whether or not they were helpful in the home; whether they would be selfish and proud of their success; whether or not they would add anything of interest and inspiration to the Sunday School and Church services, in all this

Okchung became a self constituted committee of observation. No critical spirit, not that; no, they were merely waiting anxiously to see whether or not a diploma in the hands of a Korean girl would turn her head.

There had not been lacking those who from the start were pessimistic and who did not hesitate to say that they expected nothing good from such a course. As each returning vacation proved the girls the same sweet, unspoiled daughters they still shook their heads.

"Too soon yet to know! Just wait until they return with their diplomas and see what proud minds they will eat then."

On the other hand there were those who pointed to Maria as proof sufficient to refute the argument :

"Just look at Maria! Hasn't she more book-knowledge than all the country side put together? Yes, and who would hesitate to say that she is without doubt the most beloved woman we know?" but the other critics continued sadly to shake their heads:

"Could we expect any one else to be like our Maria?"

The girls, unconscious of all this talk, came home glowing and happy to tell their friends of all the things which had happened to them. Not knowing these thoughts and fears they were natural and unaffected in their relationships with old friends and never even noticed the slight embarrassment on their part which marked the first few days.

For some months Elizabeth had been betrothed to No, the son of their old friend, Pastor No. This was a fine young man, a successful teacher in one of the largest Mission schools, of splendid character and making a name for himself in the life which he had chosen. They had known each other from childhood and there existed between them that mutual admiration and esteem which is as yet rare in the orient between men and women. Although one page of history was turned and her school days ended, Elizabeth had no doubt that life held many beautiful and happy things for her and looked forward with joyous anticipation to the days to come. To Kumokie there was trepidation and hesitation, shrinking from the suffering which she knew lay before her. What was yet

sealed up in that mysterious Book of Life? She longed to know and yet trembled with fear to approach and read.

The days following the visit of Noch Kyung to the school she had lived in constant dread that he would return or send some message to her. She did not know what to look for and this uncertainty made her restless. She had no doubt that he intended and was fully able to carry out his threat. She underestimated neither his determination nor his ability but she had no idea of the length to which his patience would carry him. As the months passed and there was no evidence on his part of active hostility she could not understand, never dreaming of the real subtility with which he was silently but surely weaving about her a strengthening warp in the web of the bonds which held her to him. For a long time she was startled and frightened by each stranger who appeared; every time the postman came she felt that chill clutch of fear until the letters were distributed and she was certain that there was no word from Noch Kyung. She grew more anxious and nervous waiting for the thing, she knew not what, which was awaiting her. Our fears are always more dread inspired when we see before us some mysterious dark menace yet can not discern the nature of the harm threatened.

Uncle Tochil had made investigations into the law and being at last convinced that for the present there was nothing that he could do he maintained his optimistic hope that Nock Kyung would finally consent to the proper legal forms when he realized that his claims were useless. After many weary, anxious days Kumokie too was satisfied that he had only spoken thus in his rage and that when he considered the matter more carefully that he had come to the sensible conclusion that he did not want an unwilling bride. The long, continued silence confirmed this belief and the last year in school was much less perturbed, though her mind was frequently agitated with fears. Sometimes at night as she tossed restlessly from side to side, she asked herself the questions which she most feared to answer. After all, was it the fact that he would not divorce her which disturbed her peace of mind? Had she not long ago decided that she did not want the thing they

called a divorce? A torn piece of paper, what did that matter? Not a whit! Hundreds of times in her mind had she gone over again that memorable conversation. She could recall every word he had spoken, every tone, every glance. Would he indeed claim her again? Did she not long and hope that he would do this very thing even while she struggled against it? Regardless of what she knew to be right her loving, human heart spoke for him more eloquently than any word of his. Perhaps he had gone forever! Would she ever see him again? Over and over again she asked herself turbulent questions; round and round in a circle spun her thoughts until she grew dizzy and weary with the thinking.

During these last two years in school the unexpected kindness and the financial aid from grandfather Ye was the means of relief to Uncle Tochil and of providing many little necessities and luxuries which before had been beyond the reach of Kumokie and Elizabeth.

Now school days were over; the sweet girl graduates were back home again in the dear old village, and were the pride and life of the fond friends there. Under the protecting love of home even Kumokie was beginning to feel once more the thrill and joy of living and serving. Maria's faithful eyes searched the dear face to know the true state of her heart, but the calm exterior gave little hint of the storms which sometimes raged within. That the girl needed comfort she well knew, and perhaps advice. She was no longer a child, but a woman. No matter how much her friends might love and wish to shield her from danger and temptation there was no fortress save that erected in her own heart which could protect her in this time of need. The opportunity to speak to her came one afternoon as they two sat alone under the old nutie tree. The work of the house was neatly done; the sun of the long summer afternoon was ablaze on the mountains and the distant valley, and the cool shade of the friendly tree was refreshing. This was the most delightful and quiet spot about the home. Maria lifted her eyes from the new stitch she was learning by the aid of the accomplished Kumokie and with a look of compassion and tenderness she said :

"My daughter, it is hard for even me to speak to you on the subject which I know is so painful to you. But we know not what a day may bring forth and you may need a true friend to advise and comfort you. It breaks my heart to see the look of sorrow and loneliness which comes to your eyes when you think no one is noticing you; you never speak of your life in Saemal though of course I know about it; you never speak of the things which you think and feel now, but I believe that if you would open your heart and tell the one who has tried faithfully to be a mother to you, if you could tell me about these things it might ease the pain and perhaps make the way seem plainer." She took up her work again, the needle flashing as she bent her face above the delicate fabric in her hands. Kumokie however laid aside her embroidery; the bright color flooded her usually pale face and her eyes sought the face of this friend whom she knew to be wise and good and yet so loving and able to understand. But she did not answer and Maria took up again the thread of thought :

"You have a hard fight before you. I do not believe that the determined young man has given up so easily his demands and I think it is most likely that we will hear something more from him before many days. In the meanwhile you must be sure of your own heart, your line of action must be decided and secure. Those even who love you most are helpless in this time of trial, you must know the thing which is right for you to do and if you have not the strength to abide by that then no one else can help you."

"O, what shall I do? I hate him! Yes, I do, I hate him! He has made my life miserable since I was a little thing. He went away and left me without a care to what-so-ever sad fate might await me, went away forever! After you had taken me and helped me to a higher life, educated me, loved me as I never saw love before,—then he comes back to do that which will ruin my life and my happiness. Yes, I hate him!" the vehemence with which she made this declaration did not deceive the wise woman beside her. Did she not know that the pain of a woman scorned was apt to bring just such outbreaks? Maria's life had been ever shielded

from evil things without or within; her home was almost ideal so far as the benedictions of love were concerned; about her were loving children, the devoted husband whose care was always to keep her from the bitter and rough experiences of life. How then did she know how to read the heart of this other woman whose story was so different from her own?

Whence comes woman's insight, call it intuition or what-soever you will, by means of which she is able to discern the mind of another without reasoning and without experience of a like nature? Perhaps it comes from a veiled introspection, an unconscious knowledge of her own heart and of what she might herself be capable of under like circumstances. Is it this cognizance that each human heart has of its own possibilities, which gives this finer understanding of another's actions and words? Such intuition on Maria's part gave her a comprehending sympathy for the aguish of Kumokie and in consequence she could and did feel with her in kind if not in degree the pain of her situation.

Her cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, the girl continued: "Do you think that I could have lived with you all these many years and have learned from you the things you have taught me concerning God and life and yet not know my duty, not know what is right in a matter of this kind? If I should fall into this temptation would it not bring shame and sorrow to you? I must think not only of my duty to God and to my own soul but to you also who have been more than earthly father and mother to the lonely orphan girl."

"Yes, I am confident, Kumokie, that you know the right from the wrong and I believe also that you have no other desire or purpose than to do the honorable thing. I foresee, however, that there is a trial more tempestuous than you yourself as yet can understand and when that day comes you will not be able to stand alone, yet no earthly friend, no matter how much they love you nor how greatly their hearts may yearn over you, will be able then to help you, there is only One on Whom you can depend for help for your own heart is your worst enemy."

Kumokie looked in amazement at her friend; she knew

that Maria would understand and yet this expression of what she herself had realized was almost uncanny.

"Yes, I know that what you say is true. But there is only one thing in earth or under the earth of which I am afraid,—that is sin. As long as my heart is pure and clean I will trust in my God to deliver me from sin and from temptations too strong for me to bear."

"I am glad that your recognize your danger, I had feared that you were still so much of a child that you would fail to see where the real trial would come. I have heard that this boy was kind to you in those days at Saemal?"

What memories came trooping back at this simple question! Again she was in the big thatched house on the hill and trembled with terror before the fierce anger of old man Ye; once again as many times in memory she stood before that cruel judge in the little hut by the beach; had her quick feet sped noiselessly towards the outlook where she was sure to find Noch Kyung,—in all these dark places there was always one bright ray, one person besides the frail little mother who was never cruel to the little child. As she still did not answer, but kept that far away gaze fixed on the distant valley, Maria softly asked again :

"Was Noch Kyung not kind to little Kumokie?" With a start she brought her roving mind back from those long distant days to the present; slowly and carefully she answered:

"He was never unkind to me."

"But he long ago forgot and cast you away and took another woman for his wife, and before God, if not before all men, she is his only lawful wife. If you should go to him now it is you who would be in reality the concubine."

There was a slight note of indignation in her voice as she replied:

"Have I no knowledge of this elementary truth?"

"I am only reviewing in my own way the present status of the case. We must both understand the crisis and what is involved."

"The subject is so painful to me, there is no need now to talk more of it surely. I have no other idea than these, and

although I thank you with all my heart for telling me and for your sympathy, still I believe that it is all past now and I wish to forget those sad things and to remember only these latter sweeter days."

There was a gleam half of pity, half sorrow in the long look which Maria gave the young girl; she watched with soul deep longing the poise of the flower like head, the childish set of the pouting, red lips, the clear, star-like gleam of her dusky eyes. She was so adorably unselfconscious, and the older woman knew that she must tell her that which must somehow change the present even tenor of her way, that which would perhaps bring separation and sorrow to them both,—just what possibilities lurked in the future unknown she dared not even guess. For a long moment the two looked at each other so, Kumokie's lips parted in a faint, wistful smile for there was that in her friend's steady sorrowful gaze which made her uneasy.

"The time has come, beloved, when you will need all the strength of a determined will and the help which is divine to enable you to keep your feet set in a right path."

A long tendril of glossy, black hair fell across her face; her eyes were steady and enquiring but she sprang to her feet panting:

"Maria," she commanded sharply, "What are you saying? What do you mean? Tell me what has happened."

They faced each other in the middle of the room. Kumokie raised one hand with a mechanical gesture to brush back the tendril of hair, but her wistful, frightened gaze did not leave the face of her friend.

"I am no longer a baby, tell me what has happened! Do not try to be tactful and careful, I want the truth and quickly!"

"Noch Kyung has written to your uncle," said she as she quickly untied the string of her chumanie (purse-like bag) and drew from it the letter, "Here, you may read it for yourself. He says that it was he who supplied the money which your grandfather has been sending to help you these past two years; that this binds you to him more securely in the eyes of

the law; that he has waited patiently until now but that shortly he will come to claim you as his wife."

Something caught in her throat, seemed to choke her, weakened her knees so that for a moment she thought she was going to faint, but still she said nothing, the red, half parted lips were those of a child, but the dark, anxious eyes were those of a proud woman.

CHAPTER XVI

Kumokie found herself filled with the spirit of restlessness. Her customary even calmness of disposition was gone and in the midst of the happy, active life about her she led a brooding, solitary life; into the fortress of her confidence she admitted not even these friends who loved her. She seemed to have withdrawn herself unobtrusively and silently to a retreat far removed from those about her. She wandered and fluttered from one household task to another without completing any one detail of the work. Out of the present her mind was always escaping to other scenes and to the possible future. But a few days before she had been absorbed in needs and happiness of the quiet household. Now she had no real part in it.

Often she stood quietly her eyes fixed on something far distant, her mind and heart on some vague, misty dream which so chained her will that their bonds though firm were so soft and beautiful she had no strength and no desire to break away from the sweetness of these reveries. Then she could unnoticed steal away to the shade of the old nutie tree and dream, dream on vaguely, sweetly dream. She wanted nothing so much as to sit on and let her mind drift away from her body into the beautiful clouds of that dream-land called "What might have been." Then suddenly realizing that this was just the danger of which Maria had tried to warn her, that she must not indulge these fancies if she wished to be victorious in her fight, she took this state of mind much to heart and fought it with all her strength. Then inexorably she held herself to the tasks she found to do; stern set lines gathered from day to day about the sweet mouth; the dusky

eyes had a look that was almost haggard from the nights of sleepless struggle. By an effort that was super-human she succeeded at last in applying herself to the life about her, but the effort left her weak and shaken. The thing which would possess her soul must be put aside, she dared no longer stand and face the radiance until she could control her own heart and will. In the midst of her agony as she sometimes struggled and sobbed with her desire to seize the happiness of earth which was so near she realized that the prize which throughout her childhood days had seemed remote, impossible,—had now come to her, was pressing itself upon her acceptance and yet that she must hold back, must send him away again; she must not even give a sign that she cared. She dared not look again through the misty dreams into the future if she was to meet and conquer the present. She searched eagerly, humbly through the deeps of her agonized spirit and found there nothing of strength to comfort; in her own heart there was only that which had grown with the years until it would overcome her, that which would, if allowed, sweep over her and leave her passion-racked. Ah, but dear God, the beauty of that dream! the sweetness of it! those dreams!

Maria watched her with a deep understanding of her moods and with anxious longing to say some word, to do something, to help in however weak a way to show her the path for those tender feet. But she was a wise woman and well she knew that this was not the time to speak, that this was Kumokie's battle and she alone could fight and win. The moment of her trial had come and she must meet it,—meet it alone with her God. Uncle Tochil who was generally so placid and optimistic in his views was greatly disturbed and constantly urged Maria to speak again to the girl.

"Don't you see that she needs you. Go, Maria, and speak to the child! It breaks my heart to see her suffer so, but I can think of nothing to comfort her. Surely you know what to say! You are always so wise and have always the right word for the need, I should be like a huge, awkward ox in a dainty rose garden, I would only bring havoc and ruin." To all his words she sadly shook her head:

"No, the time has not yet come. Be patient, she will come through all right. The best and only help you can render her now is to pray. When you feel that you must speak to her, that something must be said, but you know not what, that comfort must be given when you have none to offer, do not forget the Comforter! What can I say to that broken hearted, lonely child? Nothing. But there is One who can calm the storm there even as He did on Gallilee. Ask Him to speak the words that you fain would have spoken." After this gentle reprimand he stole away to the hill and there under the glorious radiance of the afternoon he met his Lord and talked with Him as he would to his dearest friend. When he returned to the house his wife rejoiced to see that be was again his usual, placid self, serene and sure. After that although his heart was troubled by the drawn look of suffering on the face of Kumokie he was confident of the outcome, and did not speak to Maria again about it. This time of waiting and uncertainty was so hard, what would Noch Kyung do? When would he come? These were the questions in the heart if not on the tongue of each. But the days slowly passed with no further sign from him, and each day but added to the spirit of restless anguish and uncertainty which filled Kumokie's heart. The present was a terrible blankness and for the future she saw only loneliness and despair.

The Sabbath came around, and so black was the darkness which filled her heart that when the other members of the household left the house at the hour of service she felt that she could not face the friends at the meeting house, the look of sympathy that some would wear, the curious stare of others, nor yet the critical air of the few who were just waiting to say: "There! I told you so, the little saint is no better than any other sinner!" She did not go to service, but she found her way up among the pines which clustered along the ridge over-looking the little brown church in the valley. Perhaps it was the urgent need that drove her to this place where so many times before she had held sweetest communion with her Lord. Maybe it was an unrealized desire to be near her dearest earthly friends, or the Spirit Himself leading her wayward

feet, whatever it may have been, she felt a sense of nearness and fellowship with those who worshiped within even as she sat on the ridge above held hidden by the pines. She was too far away to hear the words that were spoken, but the hymn reached her distinctly. How well she knew the words of that dear old song! The light breeze swept up the valley and carried the words to her ear, the inspired words, so simple, but so full of vital meaning that they were to bring her the very message for which her soul longed.

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere with Jesus in this world below;
Anywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid."

At the first sound of the music the girl had started and caught her breath. Who has not felt the wonderful power of inspired song? Have you not at some time been lifted out of self and time and sense by the holy strains when the music is from the throne of the Divine? It offers to the sad heart an irresistible appeal and God speaks to His own through the tender pleading of the words.

Louder, fuller swelled the chorus of the little group who were not afraid with Jesus, anywhere to go! These were not trained voices. To many a delicate ear the harshness of the notes, the lack of harmony, the many discords would have grated so much that these would have been the only things noteworthy about the singing of that mountain congregation. Most of these people had never tried to sing a tune of this kind until a few short years ago. Kumokie, too many times, had felt the rudeness of the singing and had a secret hope that some time she would be able to give them an organ and teach them how to keep more nearly to the tune. This morning, however, she did not notice the discords, she did not hear the harsh nasal tones of Grandfather Im who could sing everything in the Hymnal from the Lord's Prayer through the index to the same tune,—no, she heard none of these things, but only the sweet, simple words of prayer and praise. The strains of melody rose from the expectant, believing hearts and the lone watcher on the hill became conscious that

she was not alone. There was One with her of whom she had thought little during the days just past. Unseen He was in the midst and His glory shone around.

"Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
Other friends may fail me,"
"He is still my own;
Though His hand may lead me over drearest ways,
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home."

The soft, balmy air of the summer morning, the distant, tinkling sounds from the valley below, the drowsy buzz of insects united in a soothing lullaby. Kumokie yielded to their gentle influence; the dark head sank lower against the brown bowl of the gnarled old pine; the dark lashes swept the creamy skin and cast a darker shadow on the wet, stirred face, then deep, regular breathing stirred the soft throat. A little ground squirrel came out, cast suspicious glances at the queer invader and then scurried away on some half forgotten errand. Then all was still.

CHAPTER XVIII
THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

The purple shadows of twilight seemed to enfold Kumokie's spirit. The restless pain and indecision of the past days grew more and more intense. Atone she was treading a winding mountain path and the darkening shades were creeping longer and blacker over the low sleepy valleys. She was very tired and her feet dragged wearily. Just before her was the parting of the ways, where the mountain trail branched. One, a straight, narrow way was very rugged and rough with stones to bruise her tender feet, and steep ascents too high for her frail strength to scale. As she stopped in speechless sorrow and gazed up this hard and lonely way she trembled in fear; chill loneliness gripped her heart and she sobbed aloud :

"Oh, no, not that road! It is so hard and lonely." She shivered, buried her face in her arms and turned away. Then one stood beside her though she had thought herself alone. His eyes held the tenderness of Divine love and on His brow was a crown of thorns. One hand was reached

out towards the hesitating girl with an appeal of infinite compassion and the other pointed to the heights beyond, but in those hands were wound prints. The pilgrim knew Him instantly and recognized, too, that His call was to the higher road, the narrow, ragged way which seemed so rough and steep.

Sadly, mutely she turned away to contemplate the beauties of brightness and the other way. Broad and shaded it stretched away in smooth invitation to the valley below.

Half hidden amidst the verdant loveliness of the valley was a silver, thread-like river, sparkling in the sunlight. How peaceful and enticing after the dreary mountain path.

Did someone call her? She listened and strained to hear the faint sound. Again. Did she not recognize that beloved voice? Aye, anywhere and always she would know its faintest whisper. She fancied that even in death that voice could call her back to earth. It was Noch Kyung, but where was he? What did he say? She looked eagerly, anxiously towards the valley; she listened to the deep voice and then forgot the Thorn Crowned One above. Nearer, more pleadingly came the voice from below. She could hear the words now.

"Kumokie, Kumokie, Where are you?"

With eager feet she hastened to meet him. O, to see him again,—to listen to the sweet words she had so longed and feared to hear, to look again into those dear eyes and see the love light gleam there for her alone, ah this would be paradise!

"Here, here I am," and even as she called he stood before her in all the perfection of her dreams. The one upon whom she gazed with such adoration was not the hard, cynical young man of the world who was Kim Noch Kyung. This was the beautiful ideal whose image she had carried in her heart and called by that name she loved. The light of a noble love shone in his face and she responded with gladness.

"Come with me, my Kumokie; I have many beautiful things to show you in the Valley of Love. Come with me. Do not fear for you shall no more know sorrow or loneliness

or pain for I love you and will show you the meaning of life. Come, do not look upwards to that steep mountain way for there are stones to bruise your tender feet and thorns to tear your dear flesh. I would lead you through this sweet valley into the Garden of Rose where blooms every variety of pleasure and of beauty that the world can bestow. Do not hesitate. Beloved, have you not waited through long weary years for this? Put your little hand in mine and then forget the pain and anguish of the way.

With a long quivering sigh she turned and said:

"Oh, I do want to go with you for I fear the hard toil and loneliness of the mountain peaks, but it is not right. It is wrong, and I am afraid of sin!" and she drew back and hesitated.

His glad laugh rang out :

"Sin? And what is sin? The pleasure to be found in this world ends all! Foolish child! Forget such folly and enjoy this life while you may, for tomorrow you die." While she still hesitated he came nearer and with the tenderness of an accepted lover clasped her in his arms and drew her to his breast. As she yielded herself to his embrace all the pent flood of longing seemed to burst their bonds and to go out to him. What else mattered? So with a happy little smile she said :

"Yes, I will go with you anywhere. But come into the beautiful valley, for I must pluck the flowers in that garden and taste the fruit which is so wondrous sweet."

Hand in hand they descended into the valley, but the Thorn Crowned One looked upon them in Divine pity. The voice beloved sounded in her ears:

"All that is lovely, all that you desire will I give you. No more rough hardness for you now. We will enter together the Garden of Delights." Immediately they stood by its high stone wall. The ponderous gate swung back of its own accord as they approached. Breathless with wonder and admiration she looked about her at the profusion and richness of the flowers: roses, blushing, beautiful, beckoned to her; lilies slender in pale loveliness nodded their sweet heads in welcome;

violets, heliotrope and all manner of blossoms that she had never before seen lifted their urgent call of fragrance; upon the wall rested luscious clusters of purple grapes, and heavily laden branches of fruit trees gave her a more intense reminder of her hunger.

"How beautiful! how beautiful it all is: I shall be satisfied when I can pick those lovely flowers and eat this perfect fruit."

"It is all yours. Take, eat and be completely satisfied." With a glad cry she ran forward to snatch a blushing rose bud, but even as she touched it fell to ashes under her fingers. Disappointed and surprised she turned away but the queenly grace of the pale lilies made her forget the rose dust and in breathless expectation she leaned over the nodding beauties; their sweet breath fanned her cheek and she buried her face in their silky petals to inhale their fragrance. Behold! the flowers had turned to filthy carrion and the putrefying odor took her breath away. Struggling for air she fled from this horror. Yet again her attention was turned from this strange thing to the purple, dewy clusters which covered the garden wall. She was utterly tired and very hungry and she reached out her hand to take the largest bunch. But what was this awful thing? It was a grinning mocking demon that leered at her; she could not shake it loose from her hand, it seemed to become a part of her, and others more hideous thronged about her. With growing fear and terror she tried to call aloud for help but her tongue refused to utter a sound and with staring eyes she looked at these hateful apparitions. All the joyous anticipation fled from her, leaving her cold with fear and apprehension. Then suddenly were her eyes opened and she saw all things for what they were, not as they had seemed a short while before to her intoxicated senses. This was only a prison filled with dead ashes of hopes, hideous demons and repulsive carcasses, and she had thought it a beautiful garden with rich fruit and fragrant flowers.

She looked for the gate to find a way of escape, but there were only high, bare walls of stone. In anguish of spirit she remembered the Parting of the Ways and the choice which

she had made, then she cried out in terror to the man who had led her this way :

"Noch Kyung! Noch Kyung! Take me away. I'm afraid!" The hard, cold voice of a stranger answered :

"How? Do you not like my garden?"

"No, no, let me out. It is not a garden, it is the prison place of lost souls. You promised me love and beauty and happiness but you are only a cruel stranger that I do not know. Let me out, I beseech you, l am afraid."

Only a laugh of cruel derision met this frantic wail; her heart was bursting with an agony of shame and remorse. Then she remembered the tender pity of the Thorn Crowned One at the Parting of the Way .

"O if it were not too late and I could choose again, dear Lord, I would not shame Thee so 'Just once again.' 1 pray for one more opportunity to choose the right way!"

In that place of awful memories, amid the skulls and hideous relics of the tombs she fell upon her knees and lifted up a cry of agony:

` "Thy will, O Lord, be done! I see how foolish and ignorant I have been I do not want my own way now. Anywhere with Thee, Master, the road would not seem lonely nor hard!" She covered her face with her hands and with broken sobs made her confession and a plea for mercy. She saw clearly now that during the past time of struggle it had been because she wanted her own way and was not willing or ready to say 'Thy will be done,' but now how happy she would be to be able to choose again that upward way with the Thorn Crowned One to lead over the dreary ways. Then a strange peace and calmness came over her troubled spirit, that peace which the world can not give and which the world can not take away.

She sprang to her feet and was amazed to find that the Garden of Pleasure had vanished. Again she stood at The Parting of the Ways. She gazed upward toward the heights: the way was narrow and steep, but it did not seem lonely for the Thorn Crowned One was there. With a joyous cry she realized that another opportunity, that for which she had

prayed, had been granted her. Above the rugged steeps she saw that the higher peaks were touched with the crimson and gold of the dawn; over the distant heights there hung a cross which was bathed in the radiance of the coming day; above and encircling the cross was a crown of glory which sparkled and shone resplendant in the light of heaven which streamed down upon it.

The little squirrel came out from his hiding place and looked again and more closely at the strange visitor. She was so still and quiet that he thought she might be dead. No, she was only asleep, for she opened startled, dusky eyes and lifted her head, then Mr. Squirrel scampered away to his home.

With the dazed, uncertain air of one suddenly torn away from the scenes of another world, Kumokie looked about her. To her awakened senses slowly dawned the meaning of the things she had just witnessed.

"Thank God," she murmured softly. In her heart was a new revelation of a truth which she had known before, but not in her own experience. With closed lips she hummed to herself the words which meant more to her than they had before:

"Anywhere without Him dearest joys would fade;
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid."

Gone was all the restlessness. The storm was stilled, leaving clear, unclouded skies. The Master had spoken His "Peace, be still" to her troubled spirit.

As she slowly made her way homeward her whole face and bearing was a visible expression of this new found calm; the tired, drawn look about the mouth was gone and the lips were set again in their wonted mobile lines of tender beauty; the timid, half-frightened, half-defiant air had given place to that quality of poise, undefinable, which expresses the assurance of a peaceful spirit; the brow was placid and serene; the soft, steady light in the limpid depths of the sweet brown eyes told again of the purity and calmness of a heart at rest.

THE END

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