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# The Tenth Scion.

(Translated by Rev. G. Engel, Pusan.)

 Long, long ago there existed a family of learned men, and there had been nine generations and in every one of them one only son. Each man had no sooner passed his examinations and taken his degree than he died. Thus the tenth generation had been reached, which again consisted only of one single representative.

Now, when this tenth scion was ten years old, there came one day a monk to the house to beg alms. The mother sent her son to hand the alms to the monk. The latter looked the boy for a moment in the face and said : “Poor boy, thou art in a bad case.”

When the boy heard this, he ran to his mother and told her what the monk had said, and she at once sent a servant after the monk to recall him.

Being asked the reason of his strange exclamation, the monk replied: “When the little monk looks into the boy’s face, it seems to him that the child will be killed at the age of fifteen by a wild beast. Should he, how- ever, escape the disaster, he will become a great man.”

The lady then inquired how the evil could be warded off. The monk relied : “It will be best to get the boy’s travelling kit ready at once and to let him go wherever he likes.”

The use of the first personal pronoun would be too presumptive a style of speech for a monk.

[page 442] Whereupon the widows (mother, grandmother and great-grandmother), after embracing the boy and weeping bitterly, sent him away according to the monk’s word.

As the boy did not know where to go, he simply wandered in this and that direction. Thus the time passed quickly, and in a twinkle his fifteenth year had arrived.

One day he strayed from the main road and lost his bearings. He inquired of a passer-by: “Will I be able to reach human dwellings if I go in this direction?”

The man replied: “There are no human dwellings in these hills except a monastery. But a great calamity has befallen it, all the monks have died, and it stands empty now. Whoever enters its precincts is doomed to death.”

Innumerable times did the man try to dissuade him from going. But try as he would, the boy, having conceived the wish to go there by hook or by crook, set out for the monastery.

When he reached it, he found it exactly as the man had told him: it was empty throughout. As it was winter just then and the weather very cold, he searched for charcoal and, when he had found some, made a blazing fire in a firebox. He then mounted with it to the garret above the Buddha image in the central hall and thus made himself invisible to any unforeseen caller.

After the third watch (after 1 A.M.), there arose a great uproar. He peeped stealthily down and saw a crowd of animals enter. There were a tiger, a rabbit, a fox and a great many other animals. Each one took its place, and when they were all seated, the tiger addressed the rabbit: “Doctor Rabbit!” (The rabbit is thought by Koreans to be the learned one among the animals.) Receiving a ready response he continued : “Will the professor turn up a page of prophecy to-night and let us know whether we shall have success or failure?”

The rabbit assented, pulled a small book from under the mat on which he was sitting, read in it and, after [page 443] meditating a long while, announced his discovery : “Tonight the diagrams are strange.”

“How is that?” Asked the tiger.

 “The prophecy runs as follows,” replied the rabbit. “Sir Tiger will receive heaven-fire (\*Heaven-fire is also equivalent to “great disaster.”) and Master Rabbit will meet with the loss of his goods.”

Scarcely had he said the words, when the boy threw a few live coals down on the tiger. This created such terror among the animals that they all took to flight.

The boy descended from the loft and, on looking about, found the little book out of which the rabbit had been reading. He picked it up and wondered whether he would after such a find meet with his predicted misfortune.

He at once went outside the gate of the monastery, looked about in all directions and noticed a light gleaming in a mountain-valley towards the east. Thinking there was a human dwelling there, he set out in that direction and found a one-roomed straw hut.

When he called out for the master of the house, there appeared a maiden of sweet sixteen and welcomed him without any embarrassment. Thinking this a lucky circumstance, he entered the hut.

He began to tell the girl about his past life. But as he was very tired, he lay down while the girl sat and did some needle-work. Now, when she was threading her needle, she moistened her finger with her tongue, and he noticed to his horror that it was a black thread-like tongue (like a snake’s).

This discovery set him all a tremble, and he was thinking of running away, when the “thing,” guessing his intention, said: “Although you escaped the former calamities, yet you shall not escape me. Before the bell in the monastery behind here rings three times you shall have become my food.”

Now, while the boy was inwardly sorrowing and expecting his death every minute, the bell rang all of a sudden three times. The girl had no sooner heard [page 444] it than she threw herself at his feet and implored him for her life.

He pretending to possess immense power shouted at her in the most imposing manner he could muster. The “thing” then drew a square gem from its side, offered it him and again pleaded with him for her life.

He took the gem and asked what it was. She replied : “If you strike one corner and say : ‘Money, come out!’ money will appear. If you strike the second and say to a dead person : ‘Live!’ he will rise at once. By striking the third you can produce whatever you wish.”

 As she stopped and did not give any explanation about the fourth comer, he asked her : “What does this corner effect?”

When it seemed as though she was never going to tell him, he said to her: “Only if you tell me about this fourth comer will I let you go.”

Then as he insisted on getting an answer, she could no longer refuse and replied : “If you say to hateful people: ‘Die!’ they die.”

An once the boy pointed at her and cried: “Above all you are the most hateful to me. DIE !” Scarcely had he uttered the words, when a huge snake as thick as a pillar rolled at his feet and died. This gave him such a fright that he left the house at once.

As he was anxious to find out what could have made the bell ring so suddenly, he went back to the monastery and found a cock-pheasant with a stone in its beak lying dead in front of the bell.

But what had this pheasant to do with him? As he tried to recollect the past, he remembered that when he was seven or eight years old he had one day gone with a servant up the hill near his house and found a cock- pheasant, which, being pursued by a hawk, had hid itself in the pine-thicket. The servant had been for killing and eating the bird. But as he had cried with all his might and begged for it, the servant had, after warning him several times not to let it go, given it to him. He had taken it in his arms and admired it. The sheen of its feathers had been just dazzling, and he had thought it [page 445] was altogether very beautiful to look at and would make a splendid toy. But then the pheasant had looked as though it were shedding tears, and out of pity he had let it fly.

“Now,” he said to himself, “without doubt, the pheasant has remembered that kindness, and when I was near dying, it saved me.” Weeping bitterly the boy took off his waistcoat, wrapped the bird in it and buried it in a sunny spot.

In this way he had passed his fifteenth year and become sixteen years old, and it seemed to him that his fatal period was now ended. He therefore went to his native place and showed himself before his mother.

You should have seen the fuss they made about him. His mother, grandmother and great-grandmother laughed and cried in turn. Their sobs just shook them so that one would have thought it was a house of mourning.

By and by the boy was married, had three sons and became, so they say, the founder of a great family.

# Woodcutter, Tiger, and Rabbit

 (Translated by Rev. G. Engel, Fusan.)

\*This fable will be familiar to many in a different garb. There can be little doubt that the Korean form is entirely original and independent of others. As such it is a striking evidence of the similarity in the development of human thought

 Once there lived a woodcutter, who went one day deep among the hills to cut wood. On his way he noticed that somebody had evidently set a trap for a tiger. Being curious he went to have a look at it. As he got close to it he saw that a very large tiger had been caught.

When the tiger saw the man, he addressed him in a faint voice and said: ‘‘If you, Sir, help me in any manner whatever to get free, I will repay you your kindness. Do, please, help me a little.”

[page 440] The man replied : “If I set you free, you will eat mc up afterwards.” But as the tiger assured him that he would do no such thing, the woodcutter set to work and set him free with great difficulty. The tiger, on coming out of the trap, said to the man at once: “Sir, I am very much obliged to you for helping me out of this trap. Still, as I am very hungry and cannot bear it any longer, I am forced to eat you up.”

When the man heard this, he felt as though his ears were becoming stopped up. He realized that he had committed an irretrievable mistake and said with a deep sigh to the tiger: “I rescued you without considering what kind of animal you are, and will you now, on the contrary, repay this kindness by eating me up?”

While the two were thus engaged in a noisy quarrel, a rabbit happened to arrive on the scene in leaps and bounds. He saluted the tiger, hoped he was in good health, and added the following question to his salutation : “What is the matter that my revered uncle is having dispute with this man?”

The tiger replied : “My dear nephew, listen to me! I was caught in this trap and was likely to die. Then as this man happened to come along I asked him to set me free, which he did, and I got free from the trap. However, my hunger and thirst have reached their utmost limit and, as I can only hope to live by eating him up, I am on the point of doing so.”

“My revered uncle,” answered the rabbit, “do not worry yourself in the least ! Eat the fellow up! Need anything be said when you want to dine on such a fellow? But, in the first place, dearest uncle, be pleased to describe to your nephew for a moment your exact position in the trap before this fellow rescued you!”

“Very well! Look here!” said the tiger and re-entered the trap, when the rabbit at once pulled it to with all his might. Thus the tiger was again caught so tightly that he could not move in the least.

Then the rabbit turned to the man and said : “My [page 447] dear Sir, depart in peace according to\* your Honour’s desire! It is meet that that fellow should die according to his deserts,” and hop-skip-and-jump the rabbit was gone in a direction according with his own pleasure.

[\*These three phrases (introduced by “according”) are in Korean, of course, devoid of the abstract nouns : desire, deserts, pleasure. They represent one and the same Korean idiom, which, however, has various shades of meaning definable only by the context. In this conclusion they have a peculiarly fine stylistic effect, and the translator has endeavoured to reproduce the same as nearly as possible.]

## A Magic Formula Against Thieves.

 (Translated by Rev. G. Engel, Fusan.)

 A very old couple lived once in a mountain region. Though they were very rich, they felt often very lonely, as they had no children. One day the man called a servant and said to him : “Here, take these hundred strings of cash and buy us a nice story!”

The servant took the money on his back and went to buy a story as he had been told. Somewhere he met a man who happened to be resting by the roadside. He, too, put down his load of money and, after he had made his introductory salutations, asked the man whether he had any story for sale.

Now, although the man, to tell the truth, did not remember any story that he could have sold, yet he very much wished to earn the money. So he said : “Yes, I have one.”

The servant asked : “If that is the case, what will you charge?” The man replied : “One hundred strings.”

Now, while he was staring in one direction and thinking very hard how he might invent a story, he noticed in a rice-field a stork which was facing him and step by step coming nearer. So he said : “Step by step, step by step he is coming nearer.” The servant, in order to learn the story well by heart, repeated : “Step by step, step by step he is coming nearer.”

[page 448] As just then the stork stopped and stood still, the man continued: “Stock-still he stands,” which words, too, the servant repeated.

Again the man looked and saw the stork stooping down to pick up a snail. At once he said : “Stooping, stooping he creeps on.” The servant faithfully echoed the words.

Suddenly the stork took wing and flew away, and the man commented: “Helter-skelter he is off.” “Helter- skelter he is off,” repeated the servant.

“That is all,” concluded the man, whereupon the servant paid him the hundred strings of cash, returned at once to his master and reported the whole story. The latter was so much delighted\* with it that he recited it every evening.

Now, one night there came a thief to that place to steal. After he had climbed over the wall and when he was just crossing the yard, he heard someone in a dark room of the house say in a loud voice : “Step by step, step by step he is coming nearer.” With a start the thief stood still and was wondering what this could mean, when the voice called out: “Stock-still he stands.” He told himself: “It is because I stopped that he says that,” and crept nearer. Again he heard the voice say: “Stooping, stooping he creeps on.”

“Ah,” he said, “the master of the house, being engaged in the magic art, knows all about me though he cannot see me.” He was now thoroughly frightened and ran away in great haste. As he reached the wall, he heard the voice shout : “Helter-skelter he is off.” This only increased his fright, and he ran as fast as he could till he was nearly dead with exhaustion. When he reached his gang, he told them what had happened to him. As his companions shared his fear, they did not go near that house any more.

 \*To the foreign reader this story may not appeal very much. But the Koreans dearly love this kind of tale. The simplicity of the old man and his servant and the shrewdness of the casual acquaintance, who will not admit his ignorance, tickle the Korean’s fancy almost as much as do the lucky coincidence by which a thief is deterred from his evil purpose, and the credulous fear of the malefactors.

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# Wanted, A Name

 The earliest event in his life that Sunpili could remember was a long and tiresome journey on donkey- back, over a rough hill road, which lasted far into the night and which at last landed him at the door of a wretched hovel nearly dead with fatigue. There he was received by rough hands, given a wretched supper of millet porridge and put to bed. He could dimly remember the grim face of the man who brought him there and the dark scowl he gave when, the guttering light flaring up on the instant, he said to the man who received him :

“If he gives you any trouble, you know what to do with him,” and afterwards while he was vainly trying to swallow some of the rough insipid millet he heard the clink of coins in the outer room. Though he was only five years old he felt in his childish way that a great change had occurred in his life, and the distinctness with which the sordidness of his new surroundings was impressed upon his memory made him always carry the impression that the change was very much for the worse.

During the first few days of his new life he learned the lesson that instead of the caresses to which he had been accustomed he must expect blows, instead of words of sympathy in his childish difficulties he must expect jeers of scorn or angry rebukes. He grew up a silent, watchful, selfreliant morsel of humanity, learning the lesson of selfdefence in all its moods and tense.

As time went on he gradually came to learn that his status was different from that of other children about him. They had their filial duties to perform and they were the objects of parental love. For a long time he wrestled with the question alone but finally gained courage to ask his brutal foster-father whether all children did not have parents and if so why he had none. This brought down upon him such a storm of abuse that he never ventured to ask again, but from that moment suspicion took possession of him and he determined to run [page 450] away and begin the search for his parents. He was not entirely without a clue as to where to look, for once he overheard his foster-mother in angry discussion with her husband declare that if her management of the boy was not satisfactory he might carry him back to Kilju again. The husband had quickly silenced her but not soon enough to prevent the boy hearing the name of his native place. He cherished the word Kilju in his memory and determined that when the time came he would first of all go to that place.

His opportunity came late one afternoon when, on the way home from a neighboring market town with his foster-father the latter imbibed so frequently aft the way-side inns that he fell by the roadside in a stupor. The boy saw his chance. He took half the money they had with them and fled, but he was cunning enough not to ask his way to Kilju until he was many miles away, where it would be hard to find a trace of his flight.

By many a devious way, footsore and weary he finally dragged his half-starved little body into the town of Kilju; but here he was confronted by a new dilemma. What was he to say; how was he to ask? Even if he could find his parents perhaps they would not own him, or, worse still, perhaps they might send him back to the old, hard, loveless life. He wandered about looking wistfully in the faces of every one he met and glancing timidly into half-open doorways wondering if this was the place. His last cash had been spent and he ended up at night in the corner of a wicket fence and slept and shivered by turns until another day of hopeless searching should come round.

In the morning as he crept about the streets trying to find someone whom he would dare beg from a woman came out of her door and saw him. He could say nothing, only hold out his thin little hand. The woman’s face took on a look of pity and of fear at the same time. She whispered to him to wait, and soon reappeared and from under her skirt drew out a steaming bowl of rice. She led him around behind the house and bade him eat but to be perfectly quiet, for her husband must not know.

[page 451] This act of kindness led to others and one day the woman said to him :

 “You are just about as old as my boy would have been.”

“Did he die?’’

“I do not know. His father died and unfortunately I took another husband. He hated the boy and took him away but whether he killed him or not I never knew.”

It never dawned upon the little fellow that this might be his own mother until after he had gone but by degrees the thought came to him. He stood still with wide wondering eyes and asked himself if by any chance this might be true. He turned to run back to her house but, young as he was, bitter experience had taught him caution and he asked himself whether his step-father would not kill him or, worse still, visit his anger on his mother. This made him pause. What should he do? One thing was certain. He must not disclose his identity to his mother yet.

Even as he stood thinking out this problem in his little head he heard someone coming along the road. He looked up and saw approaching the wicked foster-father under whose hard hand he had been reared. He leaped out of the road and started to run up the hill but not until he had been discovered. The man gave chase but Sunpili was young and fleet of foot and soon out-distanced him. The boy dared not go back to the towm but could not bring himself to leave the vicinity, for he felt more and more certain that he had found his mother.

Up among the rugged hills in a thickly wooded valley he found a sheltered spot where a great ledge of rock hung out and formed a sort of cave. In the far comer of this he made his bed of moss and leaves.

He did not know how long he had been sleeping, when, he started up in terror at the sound of approaching voices. He shrank back as far as he could into the crevice of the rock and waited, every nerve of his little body tingling with excitement and terror. The men, six in number, entered the cave and set about building a little fire about which they squatted, and after copious [page 452] potations from a small-necked jar they began a conversation which, while it did not lessen Sunpili’s terror, claimed his attention. One of the voices was that of his foster-father.

“He is gone, and that’s all there is to it. He knows nothing about how the land lies, and there is little chance of his finding out.” This from his foster-father.

“But if he should find out he’d make trouble. I paid you well to keep him and now by your bad treatment you have made him run away. I have a good mind to set the gang on you, you blundering fool.”

Ah, this must be the step-father, but whom could he mean by the “gang?” Sunpili waited.

“Don’t do that, for heaven’s sake don’t do that. I will find him and put him out of the way if it takes a year. Just give me the aid of the gang and some money and I will guarantee to find him and finish him.”

“But the gang is scattered now. We have been doing too much work around here lately and the government detectives are getting active. It will take several days to get them together, I don’t know whether there is any money left, but I will sec.”

Rising, he came toward the back of the cave. Sunpili gave himself up for lost: but his step-father did not see him. Drawing a loose stone from a crevice of the rock he disclosed a hole into which he thrust his arm and drew out bar after bar of pure silver. He counted them carefully and then put them all back but one.

Soon the robbers, for such they were, went away and left Sunpili thinking hard and wondering what he had better do with this new clue. There seemed to be only one way to do. With the first glimmer of dawn he was off and away. He skirted the town till he came to the rear of the prefect’s quarters. Trembling like a leaf he entered and addressed the first person he met, not knowing who it was. As it happened the prefect was taking an early morning walk in his garden.

“Can you tell me, sir, how I can find the prefect?”

“What do you want of him?”

“I have something very important to tell him.”

[page 453] “Well, what is it?”

“I must tell it to him alone.”

“Why, you suspicious little beggar,” said the prefect, laughing, “I am the prefect myself.” He thought to amuse himself a moment with this curious little waif.

“Indeed, sir, then I want to tell you that I have found the place where a gang of robbers have their meeting place and I have found their hidden treasure,” and with this he drew out from under his tattered coat a bar of shining silver. The prefect opened his eyes. He drew the boy into an arbor and made him sit down and tell his story from beginning to end.

When it was done, the prefect quietly called in his head ajun and conferred earnestly with him. He told the boy to stay with him and had him fed and clothed. That night a strong posse of men started out, with Sunpili for guide, and before midnight the rendezvous of the robbers was surrounded. Silently closing in upon the ruffians they surprised them in the act of counting over their lawless gains. Sunpili’s step-father was recognized as the leader of the gang.

The boy asked the prefect to keep his secret until after the trial of the robbers, and when this was effected and the law had exacted the extreme penalty, he went to his mother, who expected that she too, according to custom, would be punished, disclosed his identity and bore from the prefect a full pardon. Half the treasure seized was given to Sunpili, and this together with his mother’s fortune which the prefect exempted from seizure, gave them a competence. And so it came about that Sunpili recovered his family name which was Pak and made up to his mother for all the pain and sorrow she had suffered during the years of his banishment.

# Korea’s Greatest Need.

 Now that the war is over, peace having been declared, and the long expected having come to pass in Japan [page 454] taking charge of affairs in Korea, we may well stop and ask ourselves what next? Perhaps if one were to start out with, such a question as what is Korea’s greatest need, he would be likely to find so many answers all conflicting with one another that he would soon be so bewildered that he would lose all hope of reaching any settled conclusion.

There are those who would doubtless say that reform in the government is the first and greatest need. That the government needs reforming and needs it very much, no one who has seriously considered the subject will deny. But government reform is not the first and greatest of Korea’s many needs. The facts are that the reform must begin with the people and they must be reformed before any substantial reform can take place in the government. This is true because so many of the people are satisfied as long as the government contributes to their selfish ends, and are willing that it should continue as it has been in the past. This is the result of a total lack of any true conception of the real purpose of government. If it were possible, which it is not, for Japan to transfer to Korea to-day the moat perfect system of government with the most scrupulous officials to carry it out, it would not and could not be a success because the people are not ready for such a system and could not appreciate it. I do not mean to say that it would be an entire failure. But it would fall so far short of the true idea that it could not fail to be disappointing to all concerned. At best it would only be like a physician who would by means of ointment relieve the sufferings of some dreadful disease without trying to reach and eradicate the source of the trouble. Government reform, be it ever so good, is not the medicine that will reach and cure Korea’s ills at the present time.

There is another class and perhaps a large one, who would tell us that education is the key to the situation; and that a well regulated system of education would right all wrongs and give Korea a good government and make her people prosperous. To all of which I answer most emphatically no. That is if education is to be [page 455] defined so as to leave Christ out of it, and to include only that which has originated in the mind of man. A man may be educated in all that the world calls education and not only fail to be better, but he may be far worse for all his education. As proof of this statement we have only to look at the record of crime that is constantly coming to light in high places. Talk about the prisons being filled with the ignorant masses who never would have been there if they had only been educated. If this be true how about the great host of thieves and defaulters who have passed through colleges and universities and gone on to complete their courses in the school of crime? Witness the Post Office scandals, the “hold up” of the people by the directors of the life insurance companies, and bank defaulters of the last few years. These men have not fallen into these great crimes for lack of education, but they have fallen into crime because they lacked a proper education.

Any proper system of education must recognise the fact that man has a heart as well as a head; and that no one has been properly educated till both head and heart have been trained to think and act in harmony with all that is noble and true.

What is the matter with Korea’s present system of education? It is not that she has no system at all but that her system is all wrong. She has the same system that China has, and has had since long before the time when the star of Greece’s literary splendor rose and set. The facts are that this system fails utterly at the most vital point, that of heart training. So that it is a fact that the best educated classes in Korea to-day are no better prepared to resist evil in all of its forms, than the most ignorant of the masses who do not know a single character in their language. As a proof of this we note that a large per cent of the prisoners in the great central prison are from the educated classes who are able to read the Chinese characters.

I do not want to be understood as saying anything against education in its widest and best sense. What I do want is to be understood as taking the ground that [page 456] any system of education which leaves out the best moral training is and always will be a miserable failure. It also follows that there can be no true moral training without first having a true religion as a basis on which to build. So then it reduces itself to the one proposition and that is that what Korea needs most of all things is religion.

But someone will doubtless say that she has now a system of religion which is founded on high ideals as set forth in Confucianism and therefore needs nothing more in the way of religion. View her past history and her present condition and tell me what power there is in her religion to make honest and good men.

I answer that Korea’s greatest need is the religion of Jesus Christ. Nothing else will fill the bill and make her what she should be. Give to her the pure religion of Christ, thereby freeing her from the slavery of superstition which has bound her through the past ages, and you will see a nation speedily come forth into light and liberty. Who will do this for Korea? Japan cannot give that which she herself has not. She will doubtless make some effort at giving to Korea some sort of education, but she cannot give anything better than she has. She has not the Christian education which I contend that Korea so much needs, and therefore we must look to some other quarter for help in this matter. The hope of Korea lies in the Christian Church which alone is able to give her a religion on which she can build a system of true education that will include all that she needs. The problem is largely in the hands of the Missionaries and the final results will depend on their ability to handle this great subject. This proposition must be worked from the ground up. I mean by this that the masses of the people must first be reached and brought to see their true condition, and to be made to realize that Christ and His religion can supply all their needs. Men will then learn to regard each other as brothers and love not in theory only but in reality. The rights of the people will be recognized and the government will no longer dare to oppress and rob the people as it has always done in the [page 457] past. And in turn the people will respect and love their government, instead of hating it as many of them now do.

Great reformations are not brought about in a day. This thing will require time; we may not live to see it. But just as surely as the Missionaries are true to their Lord and the trust which has been committed to their hands, just so surely will Korea be redeemed from her low estate. “The entrance of thy word giveth light.” The thousands of copies of the Scriptures that are being scattered throughout the land, every month, will surely scatter the darkness of the past ages and give to the people the true light. Already throughout the land there are scores of day schools which have the New Testament as one of the principal text-books. Hundreds of boys are in these unpretentious little schools, being taught to know the truth. These boys will be heard from one of the days in the not distant future; and they will have something to say to which their fellow country- men will listen.

I for one most heartily welcome everything good that Japan or any other nation wants to give to Korea. But I am convinced that nothing but the pure religion of Jesus Christ can ever save Korea.

 J. Rob’t. Moose.

# How Mr. Kim Became a Christian.

 Mr. Kim had been sitting in his accustomed place on a mat in one end of the room. It was on that part of the floor known in the Korean language as the seat of honor. It always happened, because of its location directly over the fire place, to be the hottest place in the floor. Being a warm June morning, the perspiration rolled in profusion from Mr. Kim’s head band, but he did not seem to know that the floor was hot. He was writing imaginary Chinese characters on the palm of his left hand with one of the digits of the right. Suddenly the door swung open and a shrill voice called out :

[page 458] “What are you there for? you lazy thing, you un-hatched egg! you rotten cabbage! you, you eat while I slave!”

 Madam Kim had spent most of the morning in the paddy field hoeing and weeding rice. She had wondered what had become of the head of the home who should have followed her to the field, and had returned to find out the reason of his absence.

Mr. Kim evinced no concern over the interruption of his meditations. There was a moment’s silence, then a head and pair of shoulders shot up into the door way. Mr. Kim glanced up as a shadow fell across his imaginary writing pad. He held his finger poised in mid air and looked absently past the sharp featured woman in the door way. At that moment a breeze pounced upon Madam Kim’s dishevelled hair and flung it out in wiry tangles and tufts. ‘‘You” she cried, and each particular hair rose up with threatening menace, “you eat, you sleep, you wear holes in the mat, you half grown bean- stalk! you pig! you c-a-t!” Her voice ended in a scream as she clambered up into the room.

Mr. Kim’s eyes came slowly back from the distance and rested on the frouzy head of his irate wife, and leisurely past down over her mud-bespattered clothes to her bare shins and water-soaked feet. Madam Kim paused in her position of advantage to get breath preparatory to a second onslaught, while Mr. Kim brushed the perspiration from his forehead and again returned, undisturbed, to his imaginary writing. After a few more explosions, Madam Kim sat down in the middle of the floor and watched her husband’s pantomime. She really thought him a wonderful man and did not much care if she did work hard for him. Every woman from the days of Confucius has slaved for her husband and why not she. It was wonderful how he could make Chinese characters on the palm of his hand, without making a mark, and yet know what they meant. She had seen him even trace the outline of Chinese characters in midair, while discussing something with a neighbor, and the neighbor could read them.

[page 469] Perhaps it was the knowledge of his own greatness in this particular that led him at times to use the art to molify his irate wife.

She would not go to the field again that day. What could anyone do, anyway, when the head of the home spent his time writing Chinese characters on the palm of his hand.

“I have it” Mr. Kim said at last, “I have it right here.”

“Have what?” Madam Kim gasped, not knowing whether he meant that he had a centipede or the small pox.

“I have the right characters, they mean clean and holy,” and his fingers described with increasing vigor what he meant.

“Hmph” was Madam Kim’s disgusted reply, “you have been down to the Church.”

He had indeed been attending the Church services. He had heard a great medley by one of his countrymen. Adam was the first man, ancestor to the Koreans, Americans, Englishmen, Germans, French, Chinese, Japanese, and even the Russians. There was once a great flood and Noah had made a boat that had saved Shem who was father to the Korean people. Abraham, Moses, and Confucius were all great men together.

Mr. Kim had dreamed over the matter all night, and had been sitting through the greater part of the fore- noon trying to trace his ancestors back to those notable persons. It was a failure. Abraham and Moses did not exactly fit into his clan. The last words of the preacher, however, though seemingly added to the discourse as an afterthought, stuck to his mind, and he had been struggling with the characters “clean,” and “holy,” for the last hour.

“I tell you what,” he said to his unsympathetic wife, “I have heard a great deal about being holy. Holy is holy whether it is made by trusting in Confucius, or in the new religion, and I am going to . . .” Here Mr. Kim glanced up and the expression on his wife’s face forced him to pause.

[page 460] “Ha-a-a” she said, in a long gutteral dissent. “You think I know nothing? I have talked with them too. Holy doesn’t mean sitting on the floor all day long and making rat tails in the air with your fingers, or strutting about stiff-kneed in a white coat that your wife has blistered her fingers in ironing. It means getting into the paddy field till you are mud to the chin. Holy on the inside and mud on the outside is all right. The teacher told me so.”

“Fool’ said Mr. Kim, “fool woman, prating about things of which you know nothing, mixing religion with paddy field mud !”

There were symptoms in Madam Kim’s face of a gathering storm which he knew by experience would be beyond the power of Chinese characters to hypnotize; so he arose and strode out, scorning the disagreeable question of paddy fields.

Madam Kim watched her husband march down to the spring, his head high and his starched coat standing out with aggressive dignity. She was proud of him and had always tried to obey him, for that is the lot of women, and she knew that she always would.

Mr. Kim was in earnest. The following night just before twelve o’clock, when all was quiet save the barking of a dog in the neighboring village, he might have been seen creeping from the shadows of his own house, and out across the moon-lit fields, bareheaded, to the spring. His strident step was gone. He glanced this way and that as if in terror of being discovered, and crawled along in the shadows like a thief. The hoot of an owl filled him with panic. But Mr. Kim had a high purpose that neither the hoot of owls nor demons could change. He soon stood over the spring and waited eagerly for the moment of midnight when the water spirit should flash out deep in the water. He would make his vow over the water and ask for help, then wash in the stream and pray to the Christian’s God. He lay long over the water, his eyes down to its surface, till his joints stiffened with the effort. “Hump,” he grunted at last in disappointment, “fool devil, mad because I am [page 461] going to be a Christian.” He seized a stone to hurl it at the demon in the water, but thinking better of the matter dropped the stone gently to the ground.

The next morning he put on his stiffened white coat, but Madam Kim scenting symptoms of more rat tails in the air, saw to it that he accompanied her to the paddy field. He worked with unusual silence and found unwonted comfort in his pipe,

“I will do it,” he declared at last with energy, as he hurled a huge bundle of weeds to the distant bank.

“Hugh!” Madam Kim said, straightening up and looking him over. “Skull cap on in the mud!” She ex- claimed, “where is your head cloth?” Then she opened her mouth wide in astonishment, and closed it again aa if she had lost the power of speech.

“It’s wire,” he said answering her look.

“Wire?” she gasped.

“Yes, wire, don’t you see?” he continued, “I have woven the cross in my skull cap, from a piece of copper wire. It is the sign of the Christians, and I am a Christian. I began yesterday, and I want you to begin too; you and the lad, you must go home and take a bath and begin today.”

“Ha-a!” she said, and dove for a weed with such energy that mud and water plastered her front with a new coat.

“Do you hear?” he repeated, “I expect you and the lad to do the doctrine.” Madam Kim pulled weeds with increased energy. “It is easy,” he said, “you just believe, that is what they say. I haven’t learned all about it yet, but the Chinese character says it is to be clean, and I heard the preacher say so too. You must take a bath and then pray. You had better go home now; supposing you should die?” he added anxiously, “you could not go to heaven with me.” Here he paused at the startling thought of a family mix-up. Then he looked hard at the stooping figure of Madam Kim. She was working like a Fury and her back was radiating wrath from every fold of her tight drawn garments. He watched her for a moment and then stealthily worked his way [page 462] to the bank on the farthest side of the paddy field from Madam Kim. He pulled his long pipe from the waist- band of his trousers and immediately was lost in a profound contemplation of tobacco smoke.

Mr. Kim became very earnest. He committed many hymns that would fit the only tune that he knew, which was a tune of his own invention. He secured other books and consulted teachers, but his wife still remained obdurate. He said please, once, but after the first shock of surprise, she was as hostile as ever. She would not attend the chapel services, and the morning devotions of her husband she scorned.

Mr. Kim finally presented himself to his pastor for examination for the rite of baptism. Some of the questions were searching, and some of them cut closer to his manner of daily living than was pleasant.

“Yes” he said, “I have read the New Testament through and can answer all the questions of the Catechism; attend Church every Sabbath and Wednesday night, and I pray daily. I have thrown away all my fetishes and pass devil trees without thinking of them and am in harmony with all my neighbors.”

“Do you work steadily and industriously in the fields?” was asked.

“Ye-e-s,” he hesitatingly replied, “my wife helps me to do so.”

“Do you get angry?”

“Not as much as I did,” he replied uneasily, “my wife, however, tempts me in that direction sometimes.”

“Are all the members of your family Christians?”

Mr. Kim did not reply for some time. He twirled his fingers and cleared his throat, and when he spoke it was with an apprehensive look on his face. He had not thought of her non-belief as standing in the way of this much coveted privilege. “My wife hasn’t given in yet,” he replied at last with an effort.

After a long exhortation regarding a Christian’s relation to the members of his family and his duty to win them to the faith, it was suggested that he wait one or [page 463] two months before being baptized. Mr. Kim replied with a dutiful “yae,” but his heart sank within him.

“I will try,” were his farewell words. There was a tone of quiet decision that pleased the ears of his pastor, but would have startled the lady whom it concerned if she had heard it.

Some of the neighbors had called him “Crazy Kim,” because he always sang at the top of his voice wherever he went. They noted his silence as he walked homeward on this particular afternoon, and wondered. That evening he filled his pipe industriously till Madam Kim choked with the smoke, then he laid hi pipe aside and looked at her a long time. “Nomi” he said softly. She started violently. It was the first time that he had called her by that name since they had built play-houses of mud in the village streets many years ago. “Nomi” he repeated persuasively, “won’t you do it?”

“Do what?” she asked.

“They said to-day that I could not be baptised because you had not given in.” A sudden stiffening of the shoulders was his answer. “From the days of Confucius,” he continued with a touch of severity, “there has not been a woman who has not obeyed her husband. The man must determine what religion shall be used in his house. What do women know besides washing, cooking, eating, --or pulling weeds in the paddy fields,” he added generously.

There was five minutes silence during which Madam Kim swayed her body back and forth with the rythm of a clock’s pendulum, and the mat on which she sat seemed to stir aggressively.

“Mind,” said he, “in the morning when I command you you come into prayers. Do you hear?” Madam Kim made no reply, and Mr. Kim congratulated himself that there had been no scene. Presently she turned her back on him. He could always read more defiance from her back than be could from her face, and it worried him, and that night the coming struggle got into his dreams.

The morning meal passed in profound silence. When it was over Mr. Kim said with studied gravity, “Come [page 464] now, it is time to pray.” There was silence a few minutes during which Madam Kim gazed across the tiny table at her husband, her eyes narrowed down to tiny points; then at a bound she was out into the yard and the door slammed behind her.

Mr. Kim laid out the Bible and hymn book very leisurely, then went out into the yard. Madam Kim was on the point of leaving for the paddy field. He walked across the yard to where she stood, quietly, as if bent on some benevolent purpose, and raising his hand struck her a resounding blow across the cheek. She sprang back against the wall astonished, and the blood mounted her swarthy face, darkened her brow and temples to the roots of the hair and her lips parted showing two rows of white teeth, and her eyes shot fire. Her shoulders and arms were bare and her short skirts revealed feet and legs bare to the knees. She crouched, lithe and strong, and, like an animal at bay, looked him over piece by piece. He approached her again with the same benevolent expression. “Come in now and pray,” said he. The last word choked in his throat. Madam Kim shot out from the wall like some wild thing, not her hands or her feet, but the whole of Madam Kim. She seized him by the top-knot and screamed at the top of her voice. Hand-fulls of hair, dark brown mixed with gray, floated about the compound. They did not belong to Madam Kim; her’s was as black as a raven. Her tongue, tuned to a language created for the purpose of reviling, was set loose. The neighbors heard and wondered. Mr. Kim tried to get a hold but she was elusive. His eyes smarted, nose bled, and at last, bewildered, he sat down on what he took for a stone, but which proved to be a pickle tub. In his confusion he did not know what had attacked him; then he saw Madam Kim pass out of the compound and remembered. In due time he discovered that he was sitting in a pickle tub, and got up and wrung out his trousers. He then retired within the house but presently came out, and, let it be said to his credit, with the benevolent expression still on his face, though somewhat marred by scratches and bruises. He did not go to the [page 465] paddy field, hut to a neighbor who was a doctor. He asked for the longest surgical needle that the quack had.

“I have a patient of my own,” said he, “and need a good needle.”

When Mr. Kim declined alike to explain or accept assistance, the man was inclined to be offended until be noticed the condition of Mr. Kim’s face. It suggested to him that the patient was not a sick man.’

During the forenoon Mr. Kim took his place in the paddy field by the side of Madam Kim, but without a hint of the morning’s incident. When she glanced at his face, however, it worried her. She had never seen that look on his face but once before. That was years ago when a tiger had carried off a neighbor. Mr. Kim had shouldered a spear and announced that he would return with the tiger’s skin, and he had done so. All day his voice was subdued and really gentle, yet the following night fear disturbed her sleep, and the morning meal was prepared with many a nervous jerk and start.

“Nomie,” said he gently when the morning meal was over, “yesterday you did not pray when I suggested it, but you will this morning,” and he drew out from his waistband the long surgical needle and felt of its sharp point. Madam Kim sprang through the open door but found the compound gate locked. Mr. Kim very leisurely arranged his books, then stepped slowly out into the yard. Madam Kim was again at bay, but fled on his approach. He did not hurry, but holding the needle at arm’s length, half stooping, he followed her around the compound. She dodged and tried to grab the needle, but it left its mark in the palm of her hand and she fled again; around and around she went, and he followed. She attempted to defend herself with her tongue, but she had long ago used up all her strongest expletives and now at the crucial time they had no effect. Wherever she went the needle was behind her, coming, incessant, relentless. The expression on Mr. Kim’s face frightened her. If he would only rave she could understand, but that look of benevolence, how she hated it. The fell purpose behind the mask filled her with fear. Suddenly [page 466] terror seized her and she sprang into the room and closed the door, but before she could fasten it he crowded in, and motioned her to sit down. She did so, and he stuck the long needle back into his waistband. He then took up the Bible and read a passage of Scripture and ordered Madam Kim to kneel. She did so, and in the prayer he said “O Lord I thank you that Nomi has begun to believe.”

Madam Kim did not give up without a struggle, but Mr. Kim was really a great man and was resourceful, so that every morning thereafter she waited with sullen face while her master prayed.

Two months later Mr. Kim walked ten li with joyous steps to meet his pastor, and was eager for the examination to begin. He had faithfully worked up the weak points, and when it came to the question regarding his family he was triumphant. When asked how Madam Kim had been led to believe, he hesitated and then told the whole story, and wound up his description with the assertion that she had been a good Christian ever since. The result was quite different from what he had expected. When another period of probation was prescribed the shock of disappointment was painful.

The evening of his return, he moved very softly about the house; and Madam Kim was surprised to see him disregard the points of the compass when he knelt for prayers, neither the North nor the South was honored. He knelt in the middle of the floor with his face down to the mat. A sob shook his burly frame, then the hard look left Madam Kim’s face. During the night she awoke and saw him sitting under the lighted lamp looking at her. The next morning he tried to arrange the books on the floor as usual, but his hands shook and there was an awkward pause. At last he straightened up and after several efforts pulled the long needle from his waist-band and handed it to her, but Madam Kim did not take it.

“You needn’t pray any more if you don’t want to,” he said, “and I will never strike or prick you again, and Nomie, I have been thinking. You remember how we played in the streets making mud houses, years ago? [page 467] Your face was prettier then than all the rest and I liked you. Then when we were older and our parents arranged for our marriage you pretended that you had never known me, but I knew what you meant and was glad. The pastor told me that I must love you. That is easy, I always did that, but he said that it must be on the outside where you could see it; that loving is better than praying. And, Nomi, I will.” After a pause he continued, “I wish you had a real name. I don’t like to call you by a name that has in it a meaning of contempt. They give names to the women when they are baptized, beautiful ones, like Truth, Perseverance, Peace, but then you will not give in and be a Christian, so cannot be baptized, and I will not make you.”

“But I will,” said Madam Kim.

 M. A. W.

# The Tiger that Laughed.

 Up in the high mountains, where man never came, lived a tiger. He was a glorious, big, fall striped fellow, in the pride and strength of his full tigerhood. He never went into the lower hills where man dwelt, with dogs and goats and frogs, not he, for he was the king of the big mountains, and all its inhabitants feared and bowed before him. He ate nothing but deer and the nice, tender, toothsome suckling of the wild hog who lived with him in the mountains and were by nature his subjects. Truly when his stomach was full and under the stunted pine on the edge of the high mountain cliff, he lazied on the grass, while the sun, hot and fierce, beat through the scant foliage on his hide, and he gazed contentedly out over the lower ranges; or when he ranged, free and strong, up through the high mountain meadows, the tall grass swishing on his sides, and the breezes rippling against his lifted face, he was indeed, and felt himself to be, every inch, a king. Over all his range he was the king of the high mountains, and the pride of a king was in him. He consorted with no lower kind, and he had known no food unworthy of him from his youth.

[page 468] But one summer a drouth came on the land. It was such a drouth as the mountains had never known before. Weeks went into months, and no rain came. The grass dried and died; the leaves on the trees withered and fell. The deer and wild hogs left the high mountains for the lower ranges, where food could be found. Even the foxes and the rabbits were gone. But his majesty had no thought of leaving his dominions for he was king of the high mountains. It was not with quite the same lordly air that he trod the ranges, but still he kept to them. He grew gaunt and thin; his hide had lost its gloss; the furrows between his ribs grew deeper. Day after day he tramped the crackling grass, and crept through the leafless forests, while the pitiless sun beat down on his hollow sides, and food disappeared. But still he kept his pride. He was king of the high mountains and in the high mountains would he stay. Others might leave but not he, he growled in his parched throat.

Then was thirst added to famine. The springs under the cliffs began to dry. Little by little they went, until the very mud was hard. The tiger began to see visions. As he lay under a shadeless tree, mad with thirst and faint with hunger, he seemed to hear the trickle of water, falling deep among stones. Then he saw a deep pool in a little valley, and just in the edge of it under the shadow of the great rock, that stood above, were frogs, big, cool, green frogs, in the dark, cool shadow, in the edge of the deep, cool water. And when he saw it his swollen tongue rattled across his parched lips, and noise of it brought him to himself, and with an impatient growl he sprang up and walked away. But the vision dogged him. Again and again, in absent minded moments, he saw it, the cool green frogs, the dark, cool shadow, the deep, cool water. He knew that it was down there below, somewhere in the valleys. He knew he could find it. But the thought of it enraged him. Its persistent recurrence maddened him. A tiger can fall to no lower depths than to hunt and eat frogs. It is a step below contempt. He may come to it but he is never the page 469] same tiger again. Only in himself may be the miserable knowledge, but never again can he look his fellow in the eye with the same lordly glance, no more can he range the hills with the same proud air, for deep down in his own inner consciousness is the constant, gnawing knowledge that he has eaten frogs.

However it is said that there is a strain limit to all matter, and in this case, also, it came. One night his majesty put his pride in his pocket, or, in the absence of that, perhaps tucked it under some convenient boulder, and sought the valleys. Although pride was gone, shame was not, and he kept to the ridges where he would be less likely to meet his old acquaintances. He reached a valley, followed it down, and though morning dawned, still kept on. Finally between two cliffs where the little valley narrowed, he sniffed water in the air. Creeping down, he drew, himself up over a great boulder which blocked the way, and gathering himself on the top, looked cautiously down over the edge Ah, ye gods and men, there was a sight for a hungry tiger. The revulsion was almost more than the old fellow could stand. He had driven himself down through all the night toward frogs, and the very thought had made his gorge rise. Rage, humiliation, despair, weakness, had all mingled in his heart, and now there beneath him in the pool, stood a fat Buddhist priest, taking a bath. As the tiger looked a warm glow seemed to spread through all his body, and strength flowed into him again. The man had his head freshly shaven, and that was a good thing, no hair to get into his teeth; he was naked, and that was a good thing, no bothersome clothes to be in the way, just good flesh; he was taking a bath, and that was a good thing. Joy, a brief, fleeting thought of frogs passed him, and then this. Hysterical laughter seized him. He threw up his head and laughed and laughed, and laughed, until his back ached; then he rolled his head over to the left and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until his left side ached; and then his great head rolled to the right and he closed his eyes and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until that side ached, and then he lay his [page 470] head down between his paws, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until his belly ached.

And then he opened his eyes, and stood up and looked down, and the priest had put on his clothes and gone off, and was nowhere to be seen.

 J. E. Adams.

# His Father.

 Not long ago, in one of the districts of Kyengki Do, there lived a man who spent his time in drinking and gambling, and before long he became a bankrupt. He had one kind younger brother and a dutiful son. His younger brother always looked after him and did everything in his power to help him and he advised him not to drink. But no, he would listen to no advice, and still went on drinking. He had no wife to furnish support, and no house to live in. His son lived in his uncle’s house. At length his prodigal use of money caused his younger brother to become a bankrupt.

One day an anonymous letter was received by his younger brother, saying that a certain amount of money must be placed in a certain place on a certain day at twilight, otherwise the buried bones of his father would be taken away from the grave. The brother with his nephew thought the letter was from a highway robber and thought it useless to refuse. On the appointed day they prepared some food and drink and placed them with a bag of money in the place already pointed out. They then concealed themselves in the vicinity and watched to see who would appear. They waited there a long time, even until midnight, but nothing happened. Tired of waiting, the uncle went home to rest, telling his nephew to keep watch. Pretty soon a black-grey something moved toward the place where the boy was in waiting.

Seeing there was nobody following, the boy lifted a big stone and pelted the object squarely on the head.

Then he ran quickly home and proudly told his uncle [page 471] what was done. This uncle was greatly surprised and called the villagers to go with them to see, each having a handful of torches.

But, alas! the man was no other than the father and brother who had been killed by his own son on account of money.

 Yi Chong Won.

# News Calendar.

 Korean students from various provinces arrived in Seoul for the purpose of petitioning the Emperor in regard to the new treaty, but the Japanese gendarmes compelled them to disperse.

 After the death of Min Yung-whan the memorialists were under the leadership of the veteran statesman. Cho Pyeng-sea, who forwarded another petition to the Emperor. Getting no satisfaction, Mr. Cho committed suicide by taking opium, and the remaining memorialists were dispersed by Japanese troops.

 At the beginning of the month the city seems to be filled with a large company of Koreans who have come to the capital from the various provinces to add their protests to those being presented to His Majesty. Japanese gendarmes are stationed at all important places, and detachments of infantry are patrolling the streets.

 On the first instant while some enthusiasts were exhorting the people in the street at Chongo an attempt to arrest the speakers was made by Japanese policemen with drawn swords, but the policemen were beset by the crowd and for a time the officers were driven back. Some Japanese gendarmes appeared, but they were compelled to take refuge in Korean houses. In a short time reinforcements arrived and the Japanese infantry fired a number of times and dispersed the crowd. Nearly one hundred Koreans were arrested, but it is thought most of the leaders escaped.

 The Chinese Minister to Korea departed for Peking on the 2nd instant. It is not yet known when he expects to return.

 The former Prime Minister, Mr. Yi Keun-myeng, has been arrested and taken to Japanese Headquarters, but we learn that he was given his liberty after having been confined for several days.

 Owing to complaints from various districts the Finance Department has instructed the various prefects to accept any and all Korean nickels, whether they be spurious or not.

 The Dai Ichi Ginko will establish a branch bank at Hamheung about the 15th instant.

[page 472] The former Chief of Police, Mr. Koo Wan-liei remains in the custody of the Japanese at Army Headquarters.

 There is a proposition among the Koreans to perpetuate the memory of Min Yung-whan and Cho Pyeng-sea by the erection of a bronze statue, but no definite steps have been taken.

 General Yi Chong-keun has been appointed commander of the Imperial Bodyguards.

 Ye Sang-Chai, clerk in the Department of Education, committed suicide by taking opium, because of his dislike of the treaty with Japan. After his death the Emperor conferred the posthumous rank of Vice Minister of Education and sent an official to inscribe the title on the coffin which was also presented by His Majesty, together with a considerable amount of money and rice for the funeral ceremonies.

 A private in the Pyeng Yang regiment committed suicide as a protest, and he had the posthumous promotion to the position of secretary of the Law Department, and large quantities of rice and a sum of money were sent for the funeral and for the support of the family.

 On the 6th instant as the Foreign Minister, Mr. Pak Chea-Soon, was entering the palace a rifle was aimed at him by one of the soldiers on guard. The soldier was promptly disarmed by an officer who was standing near, but Mr. Pak refused to enter the palace but made his way at once to the Japanese Legation, where he complained that his present miserable condition was the result of the Japanese efforts to secure the new treaty, and he made an attempt to cut his own throat with a knife. His attempt was frustrated by Mr. Hyashi, the Japanese Minister, and he was sent to the Japanese hospital for treatment.

 The Chief of Police, who is now in custody at the Japanese Army Headquarters, has been dismissed from office.

 The police inspector at Samwha reports to the Home Department that all the men under his authority have disappeared, the reason assigned being that their salaries had not been paid for more than three months.

The Emperor has granted the sum of eight thousand yen to the owners of the property recently burned at Chongno, and already preparations are being made for rebuilding.

 Mr. Yi Kui-whan, formely Chief Judge in the Justice Court, has been appointed Vice Minister of the Law Department, succeeding Mr. Tui-sik. Since the appointment he has forwarded his resignation to His Majesty, but it has not been accepted.

 An accident to the locomotive on one of the trains between Seoul and Chemulpo on the 6th instant delayed the passengers a number of hours.

 At a recent Cabinet meeting attended only by the so-called pro- Japanese Ministers, the Emperor was asked for instructions as to publishing the late treaty in the Official Gazette, but there had been some delay in receiving, a reply.

[page 473] Mr. Min Myeng-chai, formerly a Vice Minister, who has been recently living at his country home, committed suicide on the 5th instant because of grief over the unhappy conditions of his beloved country.

 Mr. Yi Wan-tung, Minister of Education, has been appointed Acting Prime Minister.

 Mr. Pak Chea-soon, who has been in the Japanese hospital since making a vain attempt to take his own life at the Japanese Legation, has now been taken home, his injuries not having been as serious as at first supposed.

 Colonel Yun Chul-kui has been appointed Chief of the Police Department, and Lieutenant- General Yi Yun-yong, brother of the Acting Prime Minister, has been appointed Chief of the Justice Court.

 Mr. Yi Keun-myeng, former Prime Minister, who has been in the custody of the Japanese gendarmes, was released on the tenth instant.

 For some time all the Departments were closed, but on the eleventh instant the Home Department was opened with Yi Chi-yong in charge.

 On the twelfth instant Mr. Kwon Choong-hyen commenced attending to his duties as Minister of Agriculture and Industry.

 Representatives of the II Chin-hoi are said to have called on the newly appointed Chief of Police and urged him to resign. A letter was also written to the Cabinet urging his dismissal and asking that only men qualified by education should be appointed.

 It is also reported that the above society has advised Lieutenant- General Om Choon-wan , brother of Lady Om, that he should leave the Capital without delay.

 The governor of North Kyeng-kui province reports to the Home Department that three robbers had been captured by Japanese gendarmes and immediately shot because it was supposed they had taken some military goods.

 The report comes from Kwangju, in Chulla province, that on the thirteenth instant a Korean clerk in the post office after severely stabbing the Japanese postmaster in the throat with a knife attempted to commit suicide. Both parties are breathing, but there is little hope of recovery.

 According to reports from Choong Chung province some anti-Japanese agitators have appeared under the name of the Righteous Army.

 The secretary of the Supreme Court, Mr. Yi Sang surl, has resigned, and he has been succeeded by Yi Sang-chai.

 In the Eun Yang district a fight recently occurred between soldiers and a band of robbers. One soldier and one robber were killed, and the remaining robbers escaped.

[page 474 ] For going to the country without securing leave of absence the clerk of the Agricultural Department has been dismissed from office.

 Complaint is made now from Whanghai and Pyeng Yang provinces that the number of Japanese subjects is increasing daily, and that now the Korean coolies are being compelled to build the dwelling houses for the Japanese in addition to having to work on the military railway.

 The Chen Chun prefect and the magistrate at Yeng Byen have both been dismissed from office.

 Twenty-two magistrates proposed to the Cabinet by the Home Minister have been approved.

 At a recent Cabinet meeting arrangements were made for reducing the number of government office holders by Imperial Decree.

 Several houses having been purchased in Seoul by Amencan and Japanese subjects, and the deeds not having been forthcoming from the Home Department, the American and Japanese Consuls have made complaint to the governor, who asked the Home Department for instructions.

 The Law Department has instructed the governor of North Kyeng-sang to imprison Kim E-choong for three years for grave robbing, or rather for removing a grave without permission of the relatives of the deceased.

 Numerous reports come to the effect that magistrates in the various districts are being compelled to relinquish their residences for the use of Japanese soldiers.

 Three prefects absent without leave from the South Pyeng An Province will have their vacation cut short if a special request from the governor to the Home Department can effect it.

 The Law Department has ordered the various courts to more thoroughly investigate cases and complaints in future.

 It is said that all the officers except one, in all the Departments have agreed to have their topknots removed, the exception, being the Vice Minister of the Home Department.

 Representatives of all the provinces have sent in petitions to His Majesty in protest against the memorials which were presented by various pro-Japanese Ministers recently.

 Heretofore the taxes and all relating thereto in Quelpart have been under the control of the governor of South Chulla province, but according to instructions recently issued by the Home Department these matters will hereafter be attended to by the Quelpart prefect.

 The former Prime Minister, Mr. Yi Keun-Myeng, when he was released from Japanese custody went to reside in the Paju district, but as this created a great deal of dissatisfaction among some of the scholars in that vicinity he removed his residence to the Kio Ha district.

[page 475] The acting governor of South Choong Chung province has resigned.

 The new system of weights and measures is about to be placed in the care of the Police Adviser,

 Christmas was celebrated probably to a greater extent in Korea this year than ever before. In many of the churches collections were taken so that rice and fuel might be purchased and afterward distributed to the poor. Christmas dinner was also served to the prisoners in the city prisons, the food being kindly provided by friends in America, supplemented by private gifts and collections here.

 Recently a large number of prisoners in the city jails have reached the gallows, and on the 30th instant twelve additional prisoners received the death sentence and will be hanged in a few days.

 At six p. m. on the 30th a Japanese house in Chang Dong. Seoul, was discovered to be on fire, and notwithstanding great effort the building was entirely burned. Several adjoining houses were greatly injured, but only the one was entirely destroyed.

 Before his departure for America Minister Morgan was waited upon by General Secretary Gillett and a delegation from the Young Men’s Christian Association. A farewell address was given by two of the Korean members and a silver cup was presented as a slight token of the appreciation of the service which Mr. Morgan had so freely rendered to the Association. Mr. Morgan made a felicitous response, in which he took occasion to commend Mr. Wanamaker for his timely gift for the purpose of erecting the much needed building in Seoul. The personal subscription made by the retiring Minister to assist in carrying on the work was very greatly appreciated not only by the officers of the Association but also by the Korean members of the organization.

 In the Cabinet on the eleventh instant the Budget for the ensuing year was discussed. An effort will be made to reduce the expense connected with the office of the governor of Seoul.

 The Finance Department has been asked by the Home Department to pay the expenses of the Police Adviser who went to Songdo to investigate the charges of corruption in connection with the ginseng industry. The expenses amount to 2,315 yen.

 A man of rank cannot be buried in Korea without a great deal of official red tape. As an instance, the Household Department has notified the Home Department that His Majesty has consented to the use of the Sai Pong Mountain, in Yong-in district, as the burial place of the late General Min Yung-whan.

 The Finance Department has notified the Home Department of the payment of eight hundred yen as the expense for repairing a house for the Japanese police assistant who takes up his duties in Kyeng Sang province.

[page 476] The Department of Ceremony sent clerks to officiate at offering sacrifice at the house of the late Mr. Yi Sang-chai, who committed suicide because of the evils he thought were in store for his country.

 His Majesty has been asked by the Home Minister for permission to dismiss two secretaries in the Home Department because they were opposed to the Minister.

 The Director of the Educational Department has resigned and Mr. Chai Peum-suk has been appointed to the place.

 Mr. Yi Nam-chai, living in Kyeng-sung district, has established a private school at his own expense for the purpose of educating all the young men in that vicinity.

 The magistrate of Kwangju has sent in his resignation because of what he considers unfortunate conditions in Korea.

 A woman named Kim has followed her late husband by taking opium and ending her life.

 The Elder Statesman Pak Chung- rang died on the fifteenth instant. He had been in failing health for a long time.

 Mr. Pak Chea-pim, one of the petitioners against the new treaty, is under arrest by the Japanese gendarmes. He has been promised his freedom if he will promise to send no more memorials, but he steadfastly refuses to make the promise.

 All the Korean Ministers were invited to a dinner at the Japanese Legation on the fifteenth instant at l0 p.m.

 A complaint has come from the people in the Suwon and Pyeng-taik districts that five or six Japanese subjects have come and staked out a large area of land between the two districts. An effort was made by the owners of the land to have the proceedings stopped, but they were informed that it was the purpose of the Japanese to purchase the fields soon.

 A petition has come to the Home Department from South Choong-chung province asking that their magistrate may be permitted to remain a number of years longer.

 The magistrate of Eui-sung district reports that a number of Japanese have come to him and asked for consent to build irrigating ditches through certain fields, and when consent was refused they proceeded to construct the ditches without authority.

 The former Korean Minister to Russia, who has been in Berlin for some time, has telegraphed to the Foreign Department, stating that Russia desires Korea to send a representative to discuss certain matters between Russia and Korea.

 At the dinner party to the Korean Ministers at the Japanese Legation on the 15th instant the topic mainly discussed was the proposed loan of Yen 3,000,000 by Japan to Korea

[page 477] The Educational Department has asked the Finance Department to pay a bill of one hundred and fifty yen for materials for the industrial school.

 The prefect of Whangjuw reports to the Home Department that a Japanese agricultural company insists that he must affix his official seal to the land leases which had been taken from the people by force. He says that this is contrary to international law, and he could not agree thereto, and he asks that the central government shall deal with the Japanese authorities direct

 A number of letters have been circulated in Kyeng Sang Province which state that an orphan asylum is to be established by a number of Japanese.

 Members of the II Chin-hoi called on Mr. Yi Yun-yong, at the head of the Justice Court, and advised him to resign at once, and recalled to his mind certain acts he had been accused of in the past.

 All the prisoners arrested during the recent anti-treaty demonstrations are said to have been released with the exception of eleven, who will be executed according to martial law.

 Troops despatched by the War Department to the tomb of the late Princess encountered a band of robbers and captured five of the number and turned them over to the Police Department.

 Six instructors in the I,aw School have been dismissed, and their places have been filled by the appointment of young men who have graduated from law schools in Tokyo.

 It is now reported that the Educational Department contemplates the erection of one large building in which the work of all the foreign language schools will be carried on from next year.

 The North Choong Chung governor reports that he has been compelled to relinquish the governor’s residence to the Japanese financial assistant, who expects to be permanently located there.

 Mr. Pak Kui-yang was arrested by the Japanese because he was sending memorials to the Emperor protesting against the new treaty. For a number of days he has taken no food, stating that he prefers to die at his own hands rather than at the hands of the Japanese.

 A famous scholar residing in Choong Chung province having sent a memorial to His Majesty concerning the ills which have befallen the country, the Emperor has requested him to come to Seoul and present any suggestions and advice he may have to offer.

 The law school has asked an appropriation of five thousand yen from the Law Department with which to publish text books for the use of the school.

 Mr Yi Tochai, governor of South Choong Chung province, has been transferred to the North Chulla province.

[page 478] The Supreme Court in a despatch to the Home Department asserts that the present condition of the country is worse than ever before, and suggests that great care should be used in selecting capable magistrates. They also recall the old proverb that good fruit will not be found on an evil tree.

 A woman in the Mil-yang district having given birth to three sons at one time the magistrate of the district has presented the mother with a bag of rice and has reported the occurrence to the Home Department.

 The Whangju prefect asks the Home Department to send additional policemen to his district because of the numerous bands of robbers at present in the vicinity!

 It is generally supposed that all the beggars in Seoul either belong to a guild or are subject to some man who receives their earnings and in return provides them with some poor lodgings. Be that as it may, a beggar more than forty years of age died in the streets recently, supposably because of exposure and lack of food.

 The Police Department has been asked by the governor of Seoul for permission to erect advertising boards in various parts of the city on which to display the various notices intended for the people.

 Because of a petition from the people the old governor of South Choong Chung is permitted to remain there, and the newly appointed man for that place, Mr. Han Chin-chang has been transferred to North Chulla province. .

 The Director of the Railway Bureau Mr. Kim Yun-koo, has been dismissed, and Choi Sang-ton succeeds him in the position.

 It is said that an effort will be made after the first of January to enforce the edict against the wearing of white clothes.

 The governor of North Pyeng An province asks that the Koo Sung prefect be either punished or fined and summarily dismissed by the Home Department for absence without leave, even though he had the excuse of slight indisposition.

 The Ham-yul prefect has forwarded his resignation, pleading illness as the reason for his action.

 Various magistrates report that their servants and official assistants are daily leaving their positions because their salaries have not been paid for several months.

 The magistrate of Kangkei informs the Home Department that one hundred and fifty Japanese soldiers have arrived in his district and be has been compelled to give over the official residence to them.

 The Minister of War has instituted an examination in the Chinese language and composition for those desiring appointment to official position under him.

[page 479] Colonel Yi Hei-to has been promoted to be Major General, and he has also been appointed Vice Minister of War.

 Yi Chi- won, a member of the Royal family, is to go to Japan as a special messenger to bear congratulatory despatches to the Japanese Emperor.

 Notwithstanding repeated presentation of his resignation, Mr. Yun Chi-ho has been commanded by His Majesty to continue attending to his duties as Vice Minister for Foreign Affairs.

 The Korean Minister to Japan has been notified by the Japanese Foreign Department that he will be expected to close up the affairs of his office and depart from Japan by the end of the month.

 On the 20th instant representatives of the Korean Government in the presence of Mr. Megata, Financial Adviser, signed the agreement with the Dai Ichi Ginko, whereby the Japanese Government loans 1,500,000 yen to the Korean Government for a period of ten years without interest and without security.

 The Korean Minister to Germany has notified the Foreign Office that all Korean affairs have been turned over to the Japanese Legation in Berlin, and he will return to Korea as soon as possible.

 The definite announcement has been made that Marquis Ito has been appointed as Japan’s first Resident General in Korea. Since the policy of having a Resident General has finally been decided upon it is likely that the choice of a more satisfactory representative could not have been made. Marquis Ito has for years been in especial favor with the Emperor of Korea, and he secured with comparative ease what many another representative never could have obtained in the new treaty between the two countries. It was with great reluctance that the Emperor bade him goodbye on his departure, and there was then the assurance given that Marquis Ito would return to Korea whenever there offered a favorable opportunity. His early return as Resident General will not only be pleasing to the Korean Emperor, but very many of the common people will expect much better treatment from officials and citizen representatives of Japan than they would otherwise hope to have.

 The kamni of Chemulpo asks the Educational Department to pay the expenses of the Japanese language school in that place for November.

 Lieutenant General Cho Tong-yun has been appointed Acting Chief of the Imperial Guards.

 The Home Department has ordered the governor of South Kyeng-sang province to appoint an acting governor and to come to Seoul at once. The reason for this action is not given.

 The Police Inspector, Mr. Chan Hyo-keun, has headed a petition to His Majesty asking him to form a constitutional monarchy.

[page 480] The governor of North Choong Chung also reports that the residence of the governor has been given over to the Japanese assistant financial adviser.

 The prefect of North Pyeng An province reports his serious illness to the Home Department through a communication from the governor, and he asks permission to resign.

 The governor of South Hamkyeng informs the Home Department that the people of Tuk-wan district have petitioned him to permit Yi Chong-won to remain as their magistrate for a number of years, as he is giving general satisfaction.

 A number of those who were captured at the time of the resistance of the police at Chongno have been sentenced to imprisonment for two months and from fifty to one hundred blows.

 Since the Foreign Office is to be discontinued it is rumored that the building will be used us the headquarters of the Home Department, and that the latter building will be used for Cabinet councils.

 Native papers are favorably commenting on the benevolent character of the arrangements for the loan of 500,000 yen to Korea byJapan, inasmuch as consent has been given for the organization of a new bank with the money, with the provision that tradesmen can secure loans by giving real estate security.

 The Korean Minister to Japan returned to Seoul on the 2th instant.

 Announcement is made by the Army Headquarters that after the first of January the hour of 12, Tokyo time, will be announced daily by the firing of a cannon.

 The governor of Choong Chung province reports the arrest of the prefect of Cheachun by Japanese police on the charge of illegally “squeezing” the people.

 There is a report to the effect that the II Chin-hoi will establish a newspaper which will make its initial appearance early in January.

 At a recent Cabinet meeting attended only by the so-called pro-Japanese Ministers, the Emperor was asked for instructions as to publishing the late treaty in the Official Gazette, but there has been some delay in receiving a reply.

 While greatly regretting the great delay in issuing this number of the Review, because of non-arrival of copy, the publishers are pleased to announce that arrangements have been made whereby a considerable number of contributed articles on various phases of life in Korea will appear in the Review for several months to come.