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# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD



THE MARGARET WHITECROSS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, CHINJU

SEOUL

KOREA

# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

## A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

VOL. X.

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## EDITORIAL.

### AN AUTO INNING AND OUTING.

The new hospital at Chinju was to be dedicated on November 4th, and the editor had received a very cordial invitation to attend that service; accordingly, the day before the event we set out for Masanpo in company with Dr. C. J. McLaren, associate physician with Hugh Currell, M.D. at Chinju, who was then temporarily serving at Severance Medical College, in Seoul.

We were cordially welcomed at Masanpo by our host, Rev. A. C. Wright, and Rev. R. D. Watson, also a guest, but arriving after dark we could see nothing of the place until morning, when we discovered that the dwellings of this Australian Presbyterian Station were built in a row along the crest of an elevated ridge flanking the town, beyond which rose a cluster of hills, suggesting mountains, among the basal angles of which flowed in the waters of the sea, after the manner of the Fjords of Norway, but presenting the features of the lovely Swiss lake of Lucerne which is fashioned in the form of a cross. As we gazed upon this enchanting scene we longed for a launch and leisure that we might explore those inland reaches of the sea.

Our destination, Chinju, was forty English miles from Masanpo. These we proposed to traverse by automobile, which had been sent down from Chinju the day before expressly for our service, and for which it had been arranged that we pay double fares, because the auto had come down empty, and also because it was "*in every particular, a first class vehicle!*"

We boarded this motor car at 10.46 a.m., three of us sitting on the rear seat, one in a chair, and the chauffeur and his assistant in front. This was inning number *one!* Never was a trip more auspiciously begun! Friends behind had given us their loving God-speed; friends ahead waited to welcome us warmly; and care, for the time, had fled away. This particular November morning seemed made to suit this occasion, for it was superb! The cloudless blue of its sky, the tonic of its atmosphere, and the newness of the scenes which flitted past, as we rolled luxuriously in our springy auto over the smooth bed of the perfectly graded highway up hill and down dale, left little to be desired, and seemed actually to turn Time backward in his flight and to make us four, boys again with little use for surnames!

Beside the rickety gateway of a hovel we noticed a large granite stone a foot thick, three feet wide and five feet high; a stone in memory of someone buried in one of the inverted bowl shaped graves into which



so many of Korea's hillsides billow,—“those little green tents that never flap outward,” attesting that even poor Koreans wish that their loved ones shall not be forgotten. It was the season of rice harvesting and most interesting were the little terraced fields, sometimes a dozen of them, rising one above another, on both sides of the course of a wet-weather mountain brook. Interesting, too, was the ancient method of threshing, in which a man held a handful of rice spears by the butt end and smote the heads against a stick of timber, as his arm swung round and round! How different this from the Dakota style, where one man drives fifty horses as they draw a wheeled machine, which, covering a mighty swathe, reaps, threshes, winnows and sacks the precious cereal—one sack every two minutes, perhaps—men doing nothing but drive the team, place the empty sacks, and when filled, remove and sew them up, and toss them into the field to be gathered up by following wagons.

The first note of discord in this music, was sounded by one of our party who exclaimed, “I do believe we are not making over ten miles an hour!” To this came the prompt response, “Well, what of that so long as we get there in time for the function?” Another, “But I would like some dinner before tea time!” And yet another, whom you will recognize as the doctor, “Really, fellows, I would like time to dress, since I am to address the meeting at which notables will be present!” After a “Hear! Hear!! Hear!!!”, the chauffeur was exhorted, in the best Japanese the party could muster, to accelerate the machinery of the motor. He graciously responded, though slightly. We began to exhort him again, when, without warning, the automobile stopped! What could the matter be? The chauffeur surely was not a Moham-medan halting for prayer? Did he wish to drink from the brook by the way? The two men in front alighted, and made for the near hind wheel. *They* consulted, *we* listened. The Doctor broke our silence with the remark, “If I am not mistaken they have used a Japanese word meaning *puncture!*” whereat we all alighted. This was our first *outing!* Sure enough, the tire was flattened down, but our conductors had gotten out the tools, the wheel had been jacked up, nuts were unscrewing, clamps were loosening, very soon the flaps of the outer tire were pulled out, and the inner tube, quivering like a guilty thing, lay before us pock marked with seven patches! an essential part of “a high grade auto, perfect in every respect!” The patch which had sprung a leak was deftly removed, the place carefully scraped, and then it and a new patch, both spread with cement, were united. While waiting for the two to dry, an extra inner tube, which was flecked with ten old patches, was unearthed and treated in the same manner, that we might have two strings to our bow; after which the parts of the dismembered tire were reassembled, and we all got in, our second *inning*, and proceeded, forty-five precious minutes having been lost!

The editor remarked on the aptness of the faulty inner tube as an illustration of the havoc wrought on THE KOREA MISSION FIELD by the inconstancy in duty of a single missionary, and all seemed impressed by this. A fellow pilgrim next observed that at the present rate of speed it



would be impossible to reach Chinju by 3 p.m. The chauffeur was again exhorted, but since he failed to respond we gave ourselves with abandon to wayside diversions,—the gaping wonder of the natives at our automobile; they did not know the inner secret of its “dead fly in the ointment” as we did: to the perfection of the highway which seemed faultless save for its lack of any sort of battlement even along precipitous cliffs where we rounded sharp curves; at the deciduous foliage which, in full color, was speaking its most eloquent good-bye; mild however, to one who has lived amid the October splendors of the Berkshire Hills of New England. Stories were told and capped, until our annoyance was forgotten and a general good time, suggestive of hilarity, was being inaugurated, when the sudden halting of our auto brought us down to the earth again! Then followed a rehearsal of the first act which was losing its novelty if not its interest, and again we alighted. This was our second *outing*! Words were inadequate! Dumbness best suited the case! However, we knew two things,—if that inner tube lacked air, our inner man lacked food, so we tramped to a Japanese village two miles ahead, and regaled ourselves on eight little eggs, some sweet crackers, and a small can of condensed milk, vainly hoping the while that our auto would arrive and interrupt the repast. Dinner over, we walked back to our machine and for half an hour lent our presence to the repairation efforts, after which we indulged in our third *inning*, but with spirits depressed, for it was two o'clock. Half the distance had not been covered, so that all hope of our arrival before the adjournment of the “function,” was now taken away.

No sooner had the function incident closed with its attendant anxiety, before another emerged, for we found ourselves discussing how much of a refund of the already paid double fare, in a “first class in every particular” automobile, we could justly claim and hope to retrieve. One pilgrim thought a half, another the whole, while a third (who at the time felt chilly and hungry) thought that in addition to the whole, we should have a hundred per cent damages!

After two more *outings* and *innings*, with the gloaming coming on, we were making great speed on a down grade and were rounding a sharp curve when the Doctor called a halt. “Stop,” he quietly remarked, “since we have all the time there is, and there is a sick baby in this little roadside house, I’ll step in and see how it is; it will take but a moment.” Before he reached the door someone called, “Doctor, take all the time you wish, she’s down again!” At this place we outed and inned with half an hour between. At the next stop, the inner tube was discarded and rolled up burlap substituted, the whole tire being bound round with small rope. This was near a village, and we had a crowd of Korean spectators, and several lanterns, for it was after 9 o'clock. Our next halt was ordered by the severed tire loudly slapping the auto body with every revolution of the wheel. The whole tire was now discarded and we made the remaining eight miles on the naked steel rim, and so swiftly through the night that we were afraid, and felt at times that we didn’t care if we never got there at all! I think we played a full game with altogether nine *innings* and nine *outings*!!

When within four miles of Chinju a bicycle lantern looked up at us from the roadside and someone cried "stop, stop!" We obeyed and Rev. F. J. L. Macrae stepped quietly up and handed in a package saying, "Here friends is some luncheon for you, " and without another word retired into the darkness and to his cycle. This was a memorable and beautiful episode, and as we devoured the food we all voted Macrae a success, to which the doctor added, "He is always doing that sort of thing."

I cannot close this already too lengthy recital without due meed of praise to another hero, viz. our chauffeur, a diminutive Japanese. We were on the road eleven hours, and in motion a little over four hours. Here then was a small man who had worked with all his might, deftly, swiftly, stooping, bending, crouching, pulling, lifting, with no sign of fatigue or of ill nature. He came up smiling every time. When the Korean spectators crowded on his elbows by the roadside, he quietly waved them back, with a smile. He patiently and intelligently strove to save the last sen's worth of a rotten tire in the interest of his employer, and when at last it was worn to shreds he still carefully hung it on behind, after which he put on all power and sped us to the goal. Often we remarked on what would have happened if the average American or English chauffeur had had us in charge, subjected to these long drawn out provocations; something sulphurous would have been suggested, probably; certainly something worse than a smile. In fact, we could not think of anything better to do, or of a better way to do it, than was done by this little, big man, and as I warmly shook his cold hand at parting, as best I could I told him so. I think it was Lord Kitchener who said that the Japanese soldier would make a toilsome all-day march, go in for supper, and then go out and dig all night in the trenches without a murmur.

Readers may be interested to know that half of our fares were refunded, and the whole of the fare of one member, who in missing the "function" missed that which alone had brought him away from Seoul.

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## THE OPENING OF THE MARGARET WHITE-CROSS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

On Tuesday, November 4th, the Margaret Whitecross Memorial Hospital at Chinju was formally opened. Margaret Whitecross Paton was the wife of Dr. J. G. Paton, the well-known missionary to the New Hebrides. Probably it is not generally known to missionaries in Korea that Dr. Paton, during the greater part of his strenuous life, represented the Presbyterian Church of the State of Victoria, the Church which supports the Australian Presbyterian Mission working in South Kyeng Sang Province. Although she gave her life to the New Hebrides, Mrs. Paton

always took a keen interest in her Church's work in Korea, and it is fitting that, in addition to the Church that bears her name in the island of Vila, New Hebrides, there should also be this hospital in Korea to perpetuate her memory.

As the day was fine the arrangements to hold the opening ceremony out of doors could be carried out. Those taking part in the ceremony, and a few official guests, were accommodated on a spacious verandah outside the front door. The rest of the guests were seated facing the front of the building.

Only one part of the arrangements went wrong, but it was a serious part. A motor car coming from Masanpo and containing the Editor of the THE KOREA MISSION FIELD Dr. McLaren of the hospital staff (who came specially from his duties at Severance Hospital to be present at the opening) and two other members of the Mission, broke down and only reached Chinju some hours after the ceremony was over.

The Chairman of the Mission, Rev. J. N. Mackenzie, presided. The proceedings were in the Korean language, the addresses being interpreted into Japanese. After the Chairman had spoken briefly, Rev. G. Engel, speaking for the Mission, gave an account of the planning for medical work in Chinju from the time of Dr. Currell's arrival there in 1905, and the reasons which had led the Home Church to erect the hospital to the memory of Mrs. Paton. The history of the building operations, not forgetting the disastrous fire in February 1912, was also given in some detail. The Governor of South Kyeng Sang Province, who lives in Chinju and who had kindly consented to be present, next spoke, bearing testimony to the philanthropic side of Christianity, and placing medical work at the head of all forms of social service. Helper Pak Sungai spoke from the point of view of the Korean Church; after which the dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. A. Adamson. The front door was then unlocked and opened by Rev. D. M. Lyall who declared the hospital open. This duty was assigned to him as the nephew of Mrs. Paton.

The hospital was then inspected by the guests, for whom light refreshments were provided.

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## HOME FOR BLIND BOYS AND YOUNG MEN, SEOUL.

Our home for blind boys and young men has been in existence since 1900.

It has been our object to help those blind who are quite destitute, and the difficulty has been in providing them with a means of livelihood when the time came for them to leave the Home. As Christian workers, we have felt our first duty was to see that they had a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, and they have memorised the New Testament, as we had no books prepared for the blind. As Dr. Hall in Pyengyang had a school for blind girls, those we came across, were admitted to her



school. In this connection I should like to pay a tribute to the late Mr. Rockwell, who had this work so much on his heart. Every time he came to Seoul, he did not fail to visit us, and his first question always was, "Any more blind girls?"

He was not content to *find* them, but felt he must *seek* for those difficult to find, and when once he heard of a blind girl he never forgot her and did not rest till he had her safely housed. Sometimes several months would pass before he could get the friends of the girl to consent to letting her go to school, but he never gave up hope.

I never felt it my work to get out a system of writing, preferring to use the one Mrs. Hall has had in hand so long. Our blind boys have all learned that system, and both read and write it. When in London last year, we visited several Blind Institutions, and had an interview with the General Secretary of the British and Foreign Blind Association, and discussed with him the work in Korea. He told us that there are some Japanese gentlemen living in England purposely to study the blind work there, and strongly advocated our getting into touch with the Japanese work. He also said that the Braille system is the one used in Japan, and urged the advisability of our adopting this in Korea.

All this advice strongly appealed to us, and we came back to Korea intending to follow it. This was very easy to do, as last spring we were delighted to hear of the Government School for Blind which was to be opened in Seoul.

We applied for our boys to be received as day scholars, and they were admitted. I cannot express our indebtedness to this school for the splendid work they have thus begun. It has solved for us a great problem. Our boys are doing well there, and their delight in the school is without bound.

They leave home every morning soon after 7.30 and return at about five. The regular hours, regular exercise, regular instruction, the feeling that after all there is a place for them in the world,—all these combine to make bright, intelligent boys out of these otherwise helpless ones.

The students of the Government Blind School having no lessons on Sunday we generally have a good show of blind at our Sunday morning service in our Mission Hall. Not many Sundays ago I counted fifteen of these men and boys, sitting with intense faces among the congregation.

Two of the young men we have had since 1900, and they are now our helpers and evangelists. They attend the Union Bible School, and are most earnest and useful. Their capacity for learning is much greater than that of those newly arrived. For years they have made periodical journeys into the country, preaching from village to village, and finding acceptance everywhere.

The boys who attend the Government Blind School bring home lessons to do of an evening, and their day is full from morning to night. We insist on a certain amount of straw work to be done every week, and they make shoes, rice baskets, etc,—some being quite proficient in it.

At the school they are also taught massage and other subjects, so as to be able to earn a living.

The course at the Government School is for three years for the smaller boys, and one year for those over twenty. They have a good many boarders, I believe, as it is not only a day school. The boys who live with us are mostly sent to us by missionaries in the country, who provide their support, and it is a great joy to us to be able thus to provide them a Christian Home, and instruction, while they also get the great benefit of the Government School.

JEAN PERRY.

The British Evangelistic Mission,  
Seoul, Korea.

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## A SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

We met her first in this way—just after coming to Tongyeng, when the people were crowding around the house for a “sightsce,” we were struck by the face of a woman who preached to them as they came, her face pock marked, but bright and pleasant, with something of a warrior spirit sparkling in the dark eyes.

We inquired of her, and exclaimed: “The persecuted woman!” Miss Niven had told us of her, for she had held the New Year classes here, and this woman and her story had deeply interested her.

They call her “Sangseegie’s Mother,” after her eldest child. As we got to know her better we began to watch for the bright face. She generally comes to morning service a little late, for it is a five-mile walk or more around the bay from the village where she is the only Christian, and from which she has to steal away unobserved, if possible. When she became a catechumen she began to come to the mission house each Sunday afternoon for study, so that one soon grew to love her for her wonderful eagerness to learn, and for the strong appeal Christ’s love makes to her, as to one who loveth much because she feels much forgiven. And sometimes at the close she would tell how her villagers had ill-treated and mocked her, and her husband beaten and driven her out again, but would add: “Pueen, I’m going back now. What shall I preach about to day?”

Again and again she suffered; with a smiling face and a peaceful mind she returned to her “friends” again and again, until at last a special fishing season arrived. Her husband, a fisherman, ordered her to sacrifice to the spirits for his good luck. She refused, and he beat her. Still she refused, and he bound her, threatening her life. Finally, he said: “If you don’t give up believing I’ll cut your hair.” She replied: “Whether you cut it or not I’ll still believe, and I will not sacrifice.” And he cut it, called the villagers to look at her to shame her, and after refusing to eat the food she prepared for him, drove her out, saying that everything went wrong if she were there, and bidding her never return.

And so it happened that one Sunday morning, very early, she came

to the mission house, the thick, long tresses all gone, and a cloth tied round her head, for the shame of it. For it is shame in Korea for a woman to have her hair cut, and to cut it, they say, is a crime almost equivalent to cutting her throat. We began to sympathise with her, but she said "No! I'm not ashamed. If Jesus could bear so much for me, it isn't much to bear for Him." And she told how she had come all the way in the darkness, and didn't know what would happen to her, but prayed: "Heavenly Father, Thou wilt care for me, and I give Thee thanks." And so came on, with no fear.

So she stayed here for a time, taking her meals and sleeping with our house-woman, memorising hymns and passages of Scripture, and studying to read with anyone who would help her, certainly earning every cent she received for the help she freely gave, and yet taking it as direct from God, for every time she was given a little money for food she would bow her head and offer thanks. The Christians, too, loyally took up a collection for her, but she would take nothing beyond what covered barest necessities, and even then she was most generous with the little she had. One smiled, and yet admired, when one day she gave to needier folk food prepared for herself, and another day every cent she had, deciding to fast herself.

It was good to see her bright face around and hear her happy voice preaching to sightseers or singing, "All the way my Saviour leads me," or "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which appealed to her because, as she said, unbelievers get frightened when one speaks of Jesus driving devils away. It was interesting, too, to watch the jaunty, soldier figure amongst the crowd, and observe her pulling off her headcovering as she told her story. That she would do, especially if they were not inclined to listen, and gain their attention at once, for they could not understand her rejoicing in what to them meant shame.

An old woman, an unbeliever, to whom she preached on the verandah one day, has been most regular in attending services and Bible study ever since, declaring she wants to be a Christian, but fears she is too old. Many others have been influenced by Sangseegie's Mother, just how many one cannot say, but certainly the Christians have been much helped and taken fresh courage from her example.

We laughed when she asked to be taught a hymn about "driving devils away," telling her we would have chosen a hymn of another type, but it was easy to understand her preference when her husband, for some reason, came with two companions to ask her to return. At first he lingered on the road below, sending his two companions on. They asked for the moksa or his language teacher. Both were away, but we sent for the husband, who came and seated himself on the floor. His appearance didn't speak well for years of devoted service to the wrong master—bloated bulk, small, shifty eyes, heavy features, dull and stupid as hers are bright and animated—and yet it was this man's own brother through whom, a year ago, she was led to Christ. During the interview our boy-cook, the best man available, did most of the talking for us with Korean tactfulness, addressing him as "Respected father," while with



almost Anglo-Saxon directness he called him a scamp, but in the politest language possible.

The woman had said she could not go back. The conversation of the other side didn't promise well for the future, and we feared mischief, so we told them she must stay till the moksa and helper returned. This satisfied the two, but the husband slouched out with "Well! study, and go to heaven."

However, a little later she met him in the market. She came back saying he declared he would not eat and would die unless she returned, and his boat was waiting for her. We had prayer together, and then to the question anxiously asked, "What do you think will happen?" she replied, "I do not know, but if they kill me I will be at rest and in heaven the sooner." "Will he try to make you sacrifice again?" "I cannot, but God will give me strength sufficient for whatever comes"—and so she went back to her friends, her face looking a little drawn and pale, but bright and fearless as ever.

For ourselves, we missed her; for her we wondered and waited, until in a few days her son, a sturdy laddie of thirteen, bright like his mother, came to give her message, assuring us that she was unmolested, and naively added: "If the moksa were to come often now to Palgay there would be people who would believe!"

And so to-day there has been an exodus—temporary only—of numbers of the Christians to the village across the bay, the moksa with them. Yesterday, too, they went, some of them especially to meet with the husband. He will be repenting in sackcloth and ashes for his treatment of her, for he has had numbers of Christians, instead of only one, preaching to him and pestering him ever since—and not only that, but his villagers have turned on him for the cutting of her hair, terrible transgression of custom, and so his poor weary brain is given no rest—the persecutor has become the persecuted!

To-night a number of the Christians have gone over the bay to preach and give a lantern lecture, with pictures illustrating the story of the prodigal son and incidents in the life of Jesus. Certainly when a church is started over there it will be of real believers, we feel, for they will serve their God faithfully as now they serve the enemy. Yesterday the folk seemed inclined to listen; formerly they went in and shut the doors. But the fight is yet a long one, and weary, especially for the one brave soldier, a woman whom it is good to know and good to count a friend.

The lights have ceased to flash in the village over the way, and the boat is returning. We pray that God may send His blessing, especially on His servant who remains amongst her "friends."

MRS. R. D. WATSON.

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## AN EDUCATOR'S VISIT TO CHOSEN.

Because Dr. John F. Goucher's presence in Seoul for a few days was a great inspiration to many of us, a few words concerning it will not be out of place. First of all, this was not a "globe-trotter's" visit; but that of the Chairman of the American section of the Educational Committee, of "the Continuation Committee" of the Edinburgh Conference. He also came as a visiting member of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. When he arrived he asked that, as far as possible, all social events and irrelevant affairs be cut out of his schedule, and that every facility for coming in touch with the Educational situation be afforded him. Fortunately, the Educational Senate met in Seoul the day after his arrival, and he was thus able to meet with all the educational representatives of the different Missions and initiate his study of our Educational work with a clear knowledge of the machinery employed. Our visitor met with the senate in two sessions, in both of which he addressed the body and gave a very illuminating and instructive description of the place and plans of the Educational Committee he represented. He said that this body was not (1) an Administrative Body, (2) it was not a Financial Agency, but it was solely and purely an *Advisory Body*; projectors of Educational Institutions were brought in contact with the best educational experts that America produces, and business-like propositions were prepared, so that business men could be effectively approached and interested in Mission Projects. He also complimented the Senate on the progress made in co-operative educational efforts, especially on the way in which the uniform schedule and close relations with the Government had been brought about; he praised the report of the General Secretary, Dr. Adams, and that that we had made a long step when so efficient a man had been selected for such an important office. In his mind the progress of our senate work was not behind that of any of the Fields, and was decidedly in advance of many. The Senate was asked to send copies of all of its data to the offices of this American Committee so that Korea might be accurately represented in all statements of world-wide interest regarding educational schemes and progress.

The Methodist Mission had several Sessions with Dr. Goucher and all the members of the Mission were greatly inspired and encouraged by his keen appreciation of our perplexities and by his hearty, personal sympathy with us on the many matters that weigh us down. His suggestions and advice were most gratefully received, as his long and broad experiences in Mission and church affairs, as well as his clear, sane judgment, made these of the greatest value. His fatherly interest in the work of every missionary has meant new life and energy for many among us who were bothered by "bug-a-boos" of our own mental creation. Many of us were fortunate enough to have him to a meal and the apt anecdotes with which he illustrated his ideas will long remain in our memories.

As might be expected, our visitor took the greatest interest in all our Mission schools and visited the main schools of Seoul, Pyeng Yang, Kong-ju and Song-do. He also visited the Government Normal College and

Higher Common school for Girls in Seoul. He was deeply affected by the fact that we had such a great opportunity to help model the Educational System of Chosen and yet were too poorly equipped to do so. He urged that our efforts be *immediately* directed to building up strong Model Primary and Middle schools in all the large mission centers, even if the smaller country schools had to be given up. He did not depreciate the value of these country schools, but the others were an absolute essential and immediate necessity if we were to conserve the Educational situation. Seoul appealed to him as the place for most emphasis and Pai-Chai High School's needs were taken upon his heart. He expressed it as his opinion that the Lord had not as yet clearly manifested His will regarding the location of the Union Christian College, and recommended that while we were waiting for this manifestation we hold fast all the advantages we had gained by years of effort at Pyeng Yang. The admirable discipline in the classes and the cleanliness of the buildings and grounds, as well as the industrial work and equipment of the Government schools, impressed our visitor deeply, and he thought that our Mission schools could be improved along these lines. After his visit to Pyeng Yang the Doctor admitted that the Educational work there assumed an importance in his mind that it had not done before.

Dr. Goucher participated in several school functions and chapel services where his speeches were most highly appreciated and will not soon be forgotten; at one place a teacher remarked, "He must be a *real* Doctor." His address at the John D. Wells Academy "Installation" exercises, was the climax of that very impressive ceremony.

The Governor General, Count Terauchi, invited him to a special dinner and honored him with much attention. He was also entertained by the Japanese Christians of Seoul and dined with Mr. Komatsu of the Government-general. He also had an opportunity of calling on Mr. Matsunaga the Governor of Pyeng Yang.

I was much interested to note the kind of "play" or relaxation indulged in by our busy visitor: he hunted out "relics," such as old crockery, metal-work, and "changs," and seemed to take the greatest pleasure in personally wrapping and packing these for home shipment. The fact that this man of world-wide responsibilities could find very evident pleasure in doing very simple things revealed one of the secrets of the abundant energy with which Dr. Goucher seemed endowed in spite of advancing age.

Fifteen days were spent in Japan, sixteen days in China, and seventeen days in Chosen; so you see our land was especially favored on this trip; and owing to the fact that he goes directly from here to a meeting of the "Continuation Committee" at the Hague, we hope that these "last" impressions will stay by him even in the pressure of his world-wide interests and duties.

No man has visited Korea for many years who has so helped to "ease the load" to many of us as has Dr. John F. Goucher, and we hope that the Lord will bless him in all labors and aspirations, and preserve him for another visit to this land of the "Morning Calm."

ARTHUR L. BECKER.



## Aftermath of "PAST SOLUTION OF INITIAL PROBLEMS."

### HOW BECAME FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

My first interest in Missions began in early childhood, when the cause was presented daily in the prayers of my mother at family worship. In 1899, after returning from a Christian Endeavor Convention, I wrote these words in my Bible, "Out and out for Christ."

About this same time a book entitled "Murdered Millions" was read, and produced a strong impression regarding the claims of medical missions, with the result that I wrote a letter to the Presbyterian Board, stating my intention to offer myself as a candidate for the foreign field.

On account of poor health and a history of serious illness in the family, it was deemed best to remain at home. I resolved to keep up my interest in missions, and to look forward to a time when conditions might warrant my being accepted for the work.

After graduation from the medical college, five years' service in a hospital, and a year of post graduate study in Europe, an opportunity presented itself for me to make a sixteen months' tour of the world, during which the mission stations of Japan, China, Korea and India were visited. These visits impressed me with the vital need of a campaign of education in the home-land, and for three years, while carrying on a private practice and lecturing in the medical colleges, I improved every opportunity for presenting the cause of missions to church societies, college fraternities, and conventions.

The more I spoke concerning the work the more I felt the call, again to volunteer, and so, resigning my position in the university, I offered myself, as did also my bride-to-be, to the foreign field. Within a few weeks a call came from Korea asking for a physician to engage in the work at Severance Hospital Medical College.

Almost three years have passed since we accepted the call, and they have been the happiest of our life. May many more physicians in the home-land respond to the call and give their lives to these needy fields, and thus exemplify their Master "in going about doing good."

A. I. LUDLOW.

Being a "son of the manse" I do not remember a time when I did not wish "to become a minister." When that wish was changed into a wish "to become a missionary" I can't tell you. The change was so natural and gradual that I simply remember that the desire was there. I can't say that in any definite sense I have had a "call." All along, the natural and only road in the past for me has led to the mission field. Perhaps such an experience is quite an unexciting and ordinary one, but perchance, like life itself, though it is "ordinary" it is none the less wonderful.

AN AUSTRALIAN MISSIONARY.

If there is anything of interest in the steps that led up to my coming to the mission field, I will be only too glad to narrate it.

My interest in missions began at the time of my conversion, which occurred through the instrumentality of my teacher in the Sunday School. When she left shortly afterward for Korea, very naturally my interest was aroused in mission work in the East. Some time later the interest took a personal turn, and I was obliged to face up to the question of preparing to become a foreign missionary myself.

My first desire was to go to China, but when, after some years experience in the Home Mission field, I offered, the door was closed. Toward the end of my Theological Hall course, I was asked if I would go to Korea. At that time I was not as keen as formerly to become a foreign missionary, but the question "Can you give any adequate reason why you should not go?" could not be fairly answered in the affirmative. The call was insistent. Such as I had to give I felt must be given to Korea, and it was thus, in response to the will of God, I became a missionary to Korea.

R. D. WATSON.

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The seed that of my foreign missionary purpose was dropped into my mind when, as a girl of twelve, having listened with marked interest to a returned missionary, a young woman friend said to me jokingly, "Perhaps you'll be a missionary yourself someday." This stimulated my interest in foreign lands; and after I was called to give up to China my best loved teacher in High School and Sunday School, not only China but all non-Christian lands took on a new interest.

The winter following my graduation from High School was spent in New Orleans where my missionary zeal found expression in an attempt to teach a negro house-boy to read. As far as he was concerned, my labor was probably never more than an attempt; but it did much to crystallize my religious aspirations into a missionary purpose directed toward Africa.

Back in my Michigan, the second winter after this, I became deeply interested in the books of Missionary Campaign Library No. 1. "The Far East" by Thoburn, and "The Life of Adoniram Judson," especially impressed me. Still, I had then little idea of ever really going; my personal qualifications seemed quite too meager, and circumstances were not promising. But a college education must be secured, anyway. The dream might come true sometime. Better get ready, anyhow.

During my college course, many influences combined to intensify the desire, the circumstances made the dream seem more unlikely than ever. The opportunity to go to Africa came and went. In my senior year, however, feeling that I could honestly say, "*It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary,*" I joined the Volunteer Band.

Three years later, having quite concluded that my service was to be in the home land, I returned to summer school at Ann Arbor to further

fit myself for teaching. On the evening of my arrival, as I entered the prayer-meeting room, I heard the lady speaking from the platform say, "And so I am hoping that among my hearers to-night some one of you college women will feel constrained to come out to Korea to help in this school where another teacher is so much needed." I sat down in the one vacant chair beside a Christian brother; but it was not he who said to me in a still small voice "Why not *you*?" tho he afterward admitted that he thot it. The meeting over, I was introduced to Dr. Cutler and in a few days it became clear to me that the recent changes in home affairs which had seemed rather strange and trying, had really left me free to go. Hence it came about that in due course of Board action, preparation, and travel, I arrived at Ewha Haktang, in Seoul, Korea.

HULDAH A. HAENIG.

There are perhaps three things which influenced me to be a foreign missionary.

First, through having studied for five or six years a number of missionary books and courses of study arranged by the Young People's Missionary Movement of the United States of America. The result of this study was a realization of the great need for workers in all the mission fields.

Second, a series of missionary sermons preached by my Pastor. The result of hearing those sermons was that I came to the conclusion that it was somebody's business to go to preach the gospel to the heathen. I began to pray that the Lord would send somebody from our church.

Third, a sermon on the surrendered life. Though I had been a Christian for a number of years, as I listened to the words of the sermon, I knew that mine was not a wholly surrendered life. I went home meditating over the fact. Finally the thought came to me that if I were the Christian the Lord would have me be, I would be perfectly willing to do anything He called on me to do, but I was afraid He might tell me to be a foreign missionary and that was the one thing I was not willing to do because I did not want to leave my home people. As I thought and prayed until late into the night I came to realize that if I did not surrender myself wholly to God, I could never be a consistent Christian, so finally, I told the Lord I would give my life entirely into His keeping and that if He ever wanted me to be a missionary I would go anywhere He wanted to send me.

It was not more than a month after this decision was made, that my Pastor came to me and asked me if I would go to Korea as a missionary and I told him I would. About eighteen months from that time I found myself in Korea and how glad I am that I came!

A MISSIONARY OF THE METHODIST MISSION SOUTH.



My first call to the Mission Field came while I was in the Theological Seminary. I resisted it for a long time until I became so miserable that at last I had to yield and I told the Lord I would go anywhere He cared to send me.

After giving this consent, however, the sense of compulsion departed and upon graduation from the Seminary I went into home mission work, and continued in it a number of years.

All this time I was much interested in the foreign work. Finally it was borne in on me strongly that I was to go to the Foreign Field. I shall never forget the time and place, but knowing the deceitfulness of the human heart, and fearing that it might be something else than God's voice to me, I asked the Lord if it was really His Voice that was speaking, and if He wished me to go as a foreign missionary that He would open the way before me without my pushing to open doors myself. A month from that time, a letter came from an officer of the Board of my church, whom I had never met, and up to that time I thought did not know of my existence, asking if I would consider the matter of going to the Foreign Field.

This, coming after all that had gone before, my course was plain, and here I am in Korea.

A PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY.

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I had the great privilege of being brought up in a Christian home and, I believe, became a Christian at my mother's knee, though quite unaware of the date. My father was a farmer, as were all my older brothers. I naturally took to the same occupation with pleasure, and had no thought or desire to seek any other work.

Later on there came to my neighbourhood two Missionaries who conducted several meetings, which I attended. It was at one of these meetings that I heard something of the need of more men giving their lives entirely to God's service; and I had borne in upon me the necessity of at least considering whether or not this appeal was meant for me. Some little time passed by without decision in either direction; but gradually it became clearer and clearer that if I did not give up my former occupation and prepare for the work of a missionary to the heathen, I would not be doing my duty.

With every prospect of large success, it seemed rather difficult to realize the truth of Matt. 16:25. However, after prayerful consideration, the time soon came when the prospect of a life spent in God's service had greater attraction than had great wealth; and it was, therefore, with much pleasure that my former occupation, with its prospects, was abandoned, and something far better was pursued. It is now almost 10 years since that decision was formed and my only regret is that I have not pursued the one thing more earnestly.

ALBERT WRIGHT.

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The idea of being a missionary has been the solution of my greatest problems from childhood. As a child I was certain that everybody ought to depend wholly upon God, but I did not see how I was going to do so as long as I had my father and mother near, therefore I decided that the only way for me to depend on God as I ought, was to be a missionary in some far away land.

The next great problem I remember facing was how to appreciate the value of Christ's death and resurrection. I realized that I was by no means grateful enough for what Christ had done for me, and again to my childish mind, living among people who had none of the advantages of Christianity, seemed to be the only means by which I could be brought to appreciate the blessings that were mine.

Later on, when it was time for me to decide what I was to do with my life, I could not think of anything I might do in order to be really useful. There was no place in the world for me. Then I thought of the mission fields. They were large and very needy, so I had heard all my life. The hope that I might be useful as a missionary gave me courage. However, it was not long before I saw how low my motive was, and I prayed the Lord not to send me if it were not His will. Every temptation that comes to those who purpose to leave home and friends and native land, came to me; but as there was nothing to really hinder me, and everything to help me come, I dared not turn back for personal pleasures or comforts. I know that God has brought me here, not because I am worthy, but because of His great love; I am a missionary because it is God's will and purpose for my life.

A SOUTHERN METHODIST MISSIONARY.

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## GENESIS OF SEOUL Y.M.C.A.

Letters from Dr. H. G. Underwood and Mr. Appenzeller first revealed to the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association the need for the Association work in Korea, and toward the end of the year 1901 the International Committee sent out its first Secretary, Mr. P. L. Gillett, to begin pioneer work. He was cordially welcomed by the missionaries and, while studying the language, he got together a group of men who formed the Board of Directors. Then came a Bible Class of English speaking Koreans and Japanese. Mr. Gillett had the unique experience of organizing two Associations in one day. On October 27, 1903, the Student Association was organized in Pai Chai College, and the General Association for the city was started amidst great enthusiasm with Dr. Gale as its President. Mr. Kim Chung Sik was secured as the Korean General Secretary. Mr. Kim was formerly Captain General of the Police in Seoul and brought to the Secretaryship the prestige of that position. He has always been recognized as a man of sterling character.

In the Fall of 1904 a Korean building located in the center of the city was leased, and fitted up temporarily. Semi-weekly lectures were begun which drew an attendance ranging from 100 to 150 each evening.

An English speaking literary society was formed with 40 enthusiastic members. A small equipment for gymnasium work was secured from America, and an interest in athletics early began to manifest itself.

The members most zealous in Christian work were united in a Bible Class under a strong missionary leader—thus, with simple privileges, the Association grew until within three months it had a total membership of 263, of whom 73 were active members and 163 were associates.

The great majority of the charter members came from the Korean scholar class, from whom we expect the leaders of a new Korea.

FRANK M. BROCKMAN.

## GENESIS OF THE ORIENTAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

Eight years ago, in 1905, two Korean Christians named Chung and Kim began to be burdened for the Holy Ghost, and the burden became so heavy that hours were spent in prayer, often in groaning and tears. For a time they found relief, and their hearts grew lighter, yet there was no deep, settled, abiding rest. How they struggled and worked for a life of Holiness, yet often their struggling seemed to be in vain. One day, they incidentally, or Providentially, rather, met a Korean doctor who had been in Japan, and who had often visited our Bible School; he told them of the School and its teaching and they decided that it was the place for them to hear about the Holy Ghost, so, leaving their wives and little ones behind, they travelled day and night until they reached here. Two rather unpretentious men (although well educated), they could neither speak a word of Japanese or English. They knew the Chinese characters, however, and through this medium were able to understand much of the lectures.

These brethren would rise in the early dawn, and, until the late hours at night, diligently work over the Japanese verbs and nouns, and soon, very soon, they were speaking and understanding.

The Book of books was searched from cover to cover for everything that related to Holiness, and the glad hour came when the truth shined within their hearts, and they were rejoicing in their newly-found experience of complete deliverance from sin, and the abiding Holy Ghost; and often they would remark, "We *must* preach Holiness to our people, it is just what they need and must receive."

As there was nothing in their own language on full salvation, they set to work on translation, and soon had three Holiness booklets ready for the printer. They sent letters home full of testimony, and a bright, well educated young man named Li came too, to get the blessing and prepare for the ministry; truly a God sent soul all on fire.

Two years went by and brothers Chung and Kim were burdened to return, and after bidding farewell to their Christian friends in the school, whom they had learned to love so dearly, in 1907 they departed



for their own country, Brothers Cowman and Kilbourne accompanying them. A small building was secured in the Capital City, Seoul, and here day by day the ones and twos came to hear of salvation full and free. Some were saved, some sanctified, and seven, called to the ministry, prayed their way open, and have entered the Bible Training School in Tokyo.

In August 1908 one of the Lord's children was, one day, alone in prayer when clearly and definitely it was revealed that a Bible Training School should be begun in Korea, and with this clear light came, for that purpose, a gift of \$4,000, gold: thus God's Word, His Spirit, and His Providence were in agreement. In a truly remarkable way God called our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Thomas of England, to oversee this new Korean Bible School, and to labor with our brethren there. They are both "able ministers of the New Testament," fearless Holiness preachers, and a better equipped couple it would be difficult to find.

The call is upon others for Korea, whom we expect to see "loosed" and set free, very shortly.

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## THE EVANGELIST'S METHOD, ITINERATING.

The missionary when he travels takes a box about 12 x 12 x 30 inches in which he packs his food, including canned meats, cooking utensils, and candles for light. The "boy" buys charcoal in each town, or makes a wood fire, and cooks food much the same as though they were at home. The itinerator also has a heavy canvas sack about five feet square into which he puts his bedding, and another small sack in which he carries his folding cot. Some people carry beside these, an old suitcase, for holding books, papers, records etc. All these things are loaded on a diminutive Korean pony, or on a man's back: if the former, the missionary often rides on top of the load. Some missionaries walk, others use bicycles, while still others ride saddle horses.

No churches are allowed nearer than three miles apart, unless one of them is very large. The missionary, arriving in a group, is taken to some Christian's house, and a 7 x 7 feet room, with paper windows, is cleared out for him. His "boy" sets up his cot and arranges the room, while the missionary is greeting the people. Then the missionary promptly calls up the group leaders and together they go over the Church Attendance Books to discover who has been diligent, and who not, and why. The delinquents are called up and admonished, while the diligent are duly praised. Next, the Contribution Books are audited and commented on, or, if too voluminous to be audited, the helper's auditing report is received. Then follows the examination for baptism. Years ago the missionary usually examined for the catechumenate, also, but now that is largely done by the more responsible helpers. The examinations may continue all day long and possibly longer, but when they are all finished, the missionary talks over with the helper, changes in the official

board, and arranges elections for such offices as are elective. Late at night, sometimes at eleven o'clock, a meeting is held at which new officers' names are announced, baptism is administered, and the Lord's Supper celebrated.

The next morning the missionary goes on to the next group and repeats the same ministry, and so on. In every group, in addition to routine, there are quarrels to settle, marriage or funeral services to be performed, and people desiring advice touching money matters or a hundred other things. Many churches have parochial schools to be supervised. Calls must be made on government officials, and non-Christian leaders. If in any place there is spare time, the space can be filled in by house to house preaching, which is always in order. Travel trips longer than three weeks are seldom made, for in that length of time the missionary becomes so tired and exhausted, that he needs a few days back in his home, for resting and toning up. Besides, one's bread becomes as hard as a stone, and some of the supplies give out, and Korean food, full of red hot pepper and smelling like its half brother Limburgher, is really not ideal sustenance, although many of the missionaries like and would eat it but for the doctor's orders.

Korean rooms are dark and swarming with live things (China's millions) and redolent with the odors of ages! The smoke from the fire under the floor permeates ones very bones, and if one did not get out of it occasionally, he must smother! Besides, sitting on stone floors seems to sap a person's vitality. Yet again, the examination meetings, which suggest the Roman Catholic confessional, in revelation of the horrors of their sins before believing, so wear upon one, that he feels that he must come up and get readjusted to God's good clean world, again. While these things make one want to come home occasionally, there never yet was an itinerator that was not eager to go out again, for with all the heat and the cold and the little discomforts, there are compensations that cannot be measured! One of these is the "shiny faced" Christians that we have in the country, and the greetings that they give us when we come. Another, is the hunger with which they suck up the little crumb of truth that we give them. Another is the joy of seeing these our spiritual children develope from one visit to the time of the next. Another, is the consciousness that this work is preeminently a part of Jesus' plan, the dealing of soul with soul. The little doctrinal things that used to bother some of us in America, do not find much place out here, where men are right down to bed rock essentials and ask us, "What must I do to be saved?"

We know a little of what Paul felt and expressed in the word, "The care of all the churches," and we try in some small way to follow as he led. All of the epistles are ideal patterns for our mimeograph letters, the commentaries even affirming, especially of Ephesians, that it was a (circular) mimeograph letter sent out by Paul, and that in some copies, even the name "Ephesians," is blank, indicating that here also, history is repeating itself. How we wish that we had some Pauls, to work this task of ours!

AN EVANGELIST.

## OUR WEAPON.

"God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son."

"Take.....the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

"For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it to bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

With these three quotations from the Book as an outline, consider our weapon in three aspects, belief in it, use of it, and the results from that use.

The missionary body of Korea has as a whole been characterized by an unreserved acceptance of the Bible as the truth of God, believing that the poetical parts are divinely inspired songs; the historical parts are an accurate account of what happened to actual persons, not relegating Adam to the myths and Abraham to the shades, nor putting Job and Jonah in a class with Jack and Jill. But it is the faithfulness of the missionaries to the prophetic parts that is most worthy of comment. There is not that spiritualizing, that etherealizing, that etherizing of the plain meaning of the words which robs them of their vitality, their power, their weight of exhortation and consolation. It is this honoring of God's prophetic word that has given wings to the message, for it tells that the time is short and that the King's business requireth haste. In spite of the strong tide of destructive criticism there has been little wavering in the teaching of the Word in Korea. The Korea missions consider that the Bible is to be accepted as a whole, and is not like a moth-eaten bolt of cloth, from which may be cut, according to human will and judgment, here and there, a useable remnant.

It is this belief in the Word of God and the profound conviction that it is our only weapon of offense that has inspired such a use of it as we find in Korea. The first step was the translating of the Word into the language of the people; not the language of the scholar or noble but, first of all, into the language of the common people. The Unmun edition of the Korean Scriptures may properly be called a "Vulgate" in the true sense of that word. It is this book that has been so mightily used of God. The faith of the translators and their weary years of toil have been abundantly rewarded. The choice of the Unmun, and painstaking effort to get an idiomatic, every-day translation, have proved to be the part of wisdom.

Not in the translation only, but in the preaching also, there has been the same effort to put the word in plain, simple language, that "the common people may hear it gladly, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them." Just as the pedants of the old school loved to quote from Latin, Greek or Hebrew, or to use sesquipedalian terms derived from these



languages, so there is the tendency for the educated leaders of the Koreans church to dull the edge of the message by putting it in scholarly sentences full of Chinese derivatives, intelligible to those of like education, but a foreign tongue to the women and farmer folk. The preaching of the Word in Korea has not been after this manner. The method of preaching has been to carry the Word to the people, to sow the seed in the little village and in the mountain valley ; to garner sheaves in the byways and hedges ; one by one to gather the stalks of precious grain. "This has been the way of the cross in Korea ; not by street preaching, not by great crowds, not by spectacular effort, but in the little room seven by seven by ten, seated cross-kneed on the matting, with the Bible opened and somebody to read and pray with." Always, like the flint to the arrow, the Word has had the first place. God's word has been given the place of honor ; it has been relied upon to give edge to the message.

This Oriental book has been brought to this Oriental people in its pure, undiluted form and it has proved its power. To the Westerner, even though he has breathed in the Bible atmosphere from his first years, it exhales a strange, foreign fragrance ; but to the Korean, it is his native air ; he is at home immediately in the Palestinian setting of two thousand years ago. The strange foreigner brings his strange message in a familiar form ; he serves the bread of life in an Eastern dish ; so that after the Korean has sized up the foreigner, he is ready for the message which comes from a land so like his own. This fact, and the wonderful characters of the Unmun writing, prepared, it would seem, like Esther "for such a time as this," have been, perhaps, two of the greatest reasons why the common people have received the Word so well. For the common people have been reached, the work of building has been begun at the base of the pyramid and is reaching up to the top, that the whole people may be reached by a living growth upward and not by a mere gravitation of ideas downward from the so-called upper classes. Religion, and not education ; the Bible, and not the text-books of science, have been the method of approach, so that we find the Word is being brought to-day not only by simple services and personal talks, but by a great number of Bible classes, from a few days to several weeks in duration, the importance of which we can only estimate. It is too great to be really measured.

The result of this reliance on God's word is that God, according to His promise, has richly blessed it. It has not come back to Him mockingly like an empty echo, but like the command of a general has been passed along and transmuted into action. Colporteurs traveling through the land have sown the seed in many a wayside inn, in many a remote valley, and the Word has sprung up we know not how. From many a marketplace hearers of the Word have carried it to the most unlikely places. Look at the map of our churches and see if all the believers are in the "strategic centers." More often we find them tucked away in some corner of the hills, or perched like an eagle's nest at the head of some valley. God's word has searched them out. Sometimes by the voice of a neighbor ; sometimes by the few minutes' talk under the trees at the top of a pass ; sometimes by the voice of a stranger from a far-off land

talking with a queer accent in the crowded marketplace; sometimes even by a dust covered tract, that has lain for years unheeded on the top of a chest, by some deep moving impulse picked up and read with quickening interest, the still small voice has spoken and has been heard. God has proved that His Word is the sword of the Spirit and our sword, and he will abundantly honor the use of His Word, Our Weapon.

J. U. SELWYN TOMS.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### JAMIE'S ROAD.

Jamie was dead. The little thatched house, with its low eaves, and tiny paper windows, that looked like shut eyes in the thick mud walls, making the house look dead too,—the little thatched house I say, was still, and the heavy wooden entrance gate closely barred. One window looked (or would have looked if it had been open,) across the open drain on to the public highway.

All was so very still, in the early morning, you might easily have overlooked the house,—as easily as you might overlook many such, knowing nothing of the aches and pains, tragedies and sorrows, fears and terrors, they contain.

Presently the heavy wooden hinges of the entrance gate gave a groan, and then another; the gate was opened and a face peered out,—a yellow shrunken face, with eyes washed far back by sorrow. It was the face of a man of forty, but he looked sixty at least. Around the eyes, mouth, and across the brow, were deep lines, where the waves of this troublesome world had washed across them. Seeing no one in the road, the man opened the gate slowly, cautiously, and stepped out with slow, uncertain steps.

He carried a bundle held in both hands, caressingly, tenderly. He looked up the road and down; then placed the bundle on the ground, and fetched from within the gateway a wisp of straw and some matches, his mouth working all the while as if with silent speech. He put the wisp of straw on a spot of the ground from which his long fingers had brushed away the snow. Then he picked up the bundle, and unfastened it, and took out,—

First, a little pair of white cotton pants, nearly new. He unfolded them and then tenderly re-folded them, and laid them on the straw. Then, a little pink, and green, and yellow coat, also nearly new. This he also unfolded, re-folded, and gently laid on the top of the little pants. He began to speak to himself.

"He will need them," he said in a low voice, "Jamie will need them *over there*."

Then he took up a tiny pair of white gaiters, and a pair of pale green ribbons, which had been used to fasten the gaiters round the little ankles.

He tenderly stroked out the creases in the ribbons, and laid them with the gaiters on top of the jacket. Next, he took up a tiny pair of

pink cuffs,—these too must go, and he laid them on the gaiters. Then a pair of dainty white socks, scarcely soiled. He held these a minute, and opening one with trembling fingers, looked into it, as if to see if the little foot were still there. With a heavy sigh, he placed these on the little pink cuffs. Then, last of all, a wondrously dainty pair of red shoes, with turned up pointed toes. He hesitated, and looked round trembling, as he balanced these on the palm of one hand.

"He will want them all," he said in a deep voice, "and I could not look any more at them, for my eyes would be sore, sore;—yes, he will want them all *over there*."

He struck a match, and set light to the straw with trembling fingers.

It is like a sacrifice. His heart seems to have gone into it too, for he scarcely breathes. Oh, what is *not* there? The flames rise and curl round the precious heap, and consume shoes, socks, gaiters, cuffs, little pants and jacket, and the old man's heart seems consumed too. He folds his arms across his breast tightly; the lines deepen on his face; his eyes sink farther back, as the tide of sorrow washes across his face.

The closed eye of the little window opens about an inch, and one human eye appears at the crack in the shutter,—a dark eye, looking out on the burning pile. With a short stick the man stirred the fire into a blaze, muttering in a low voice,—

"Take them to him, ye spirits of the air; take these garments to my boy of five, only five. He has 'gone back.' He will need them every one. He has gone to the good place. Evil never touched him; he was spotless. I never could be angry when he was there, for he seemed to make clean the air round him. A good pure spirit has taken him, for nothing evil could touch him. I am not good; I am evil. Can I go where he has gone? Oh, spirits of the air, wind and curl your way up to the blue sky, till you get to the Good Place, and find him, and take him his little clothes, and tell him I too will be good, and come Oh, if I only knew the way! If I only knew the way!"

Nothing was left now but a little heap of ashes. These he scattered to the wind, saying brokenly,—

"Go to him, go to him; tell him I am coming,—if only I can know the way!"

JEAN PERRY.

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#### RUTHIE'S PRAYER.

"Our Father who loves us, we have rested safe in Thy bosom all this day, and now have come to the evening.

"Forgive our sins of to-day, and wash us in the precious blood of Jesus. As we sleep tonight watch over us, and even in our dreams make us to sing Thy praises. We remember how You died on the Cross for us, but we do not always obey You. Give us of Thy Holy Spirit, and make us to obey, and not be among those that say 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things that you say. Take care of the ladies who take care of



us. Make us to obey their commands as if they were commands of God. Send all the money that is needed for our New Cottage, and bless the work, and make the men do it well. After we have prayed and gone to our room, let us not forget Thee or be disobedient.

For the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(Ruthie is one of the little Korean girls in our Orphanage.)

J. P.

British Evangelistic Mission,  
Seoul, Korea.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Phillips are rejoicing in the possession of a baby daughter.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Adamson, of Masanpo, withdraw from work in connection with the Australian Presbyterian Mission early in 1914.

Mr. Adamson has long labored in this Korea Mission, was, in fact, one of its pioneers, but the continued ill health of these later years has made the missionary's task very difficult for him, hence his withdrawal, now. Rev. and Mrs. D. M. Lyall, of Chinju, will man the post vacated at Masanpo.

The good wishes and prayers of us all, go with this retiring veteran and his good wife.

Three ladies from America have recently arrived in Korea to augment the staff of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, North, viz. Miss Charlotte Brownlee, who has been appointed to operate kindergarten at Ewha Haktang, Seoul; Miss Margaret Hess, appointed to Chemulpo; and Mrs. Ruby Krook, to Yeng Byen.

Great interest centered round the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hardie on the 18th of December, where a good number of Koreans and most of the members of the Southern Methodist Mission, residing in Seoul, met to witness the marriage of Chu-pok, the adopted Korean daughter of the host and hostess, to one of the Theological students.

Chu-pok has endeared herself to everyone who has come in contact with her for many years, and her quiet Christian life has been an example to many. The large number of folk who have visited the Hardie home for years past, will not easily forget the quiet, loving, thoughtful girl, who was always ready and waiting to do a kindness for anyone.

Her circle of friends is great in Korea, as well as in America, where she was taken some years ago when the family went on furlough.

Mrs. Hardie has very generously provided the young couple with every thing they will need for many months to come, and they are settled in a Korean house on the compound, so that Chu-pok will be able to continue the good work she has been doing in helping the married ladies of the station in their visiting of heathen homes near the various churches connected with their mission, and the conducting of regular weekly cottage meetings in the homes of the native Christians.

We are sure all who know Chu-pok will join with us in wishing the young couple God's best blessings in their new life.

B. V.

# THE NEWEST BOOKS.

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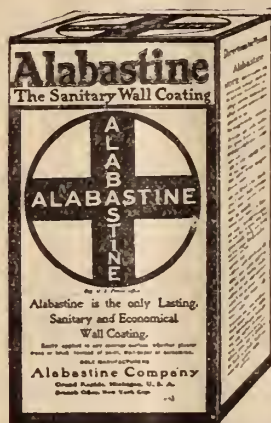
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