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(Korea)

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Chapter III

A Novice in a Methodist Mission Station at Pyeng Yang, Korea

"After this he went out and saw a tax-collector named Levi sitting at the tax office and He said, 'Follow thou Me' and he left everything and followed him."

Luke 5-27, 28

out of 11 male Missionaries, members of Mission
7 were graduates of Theological Seminary
3 were Deacons like myself
1 a School teacher - Brubaker (Principal of Paichon)

On May 1, 1903, the 19th Annual meeting of the Korean Mission of the Methodist Church convened in Seoul. This was not a regular legal Methodist conference, only a Mission meeting with no authoritative status. The members were only the male members of the Mission. On roll call, only the following were appointees of the Board: Dr. Jones, Dr. Noble, D.A. Punger, W.E. Sreerer, E.A. Beck and W.A. Noble of the previous membership. And the new recruits: Carl Critchett, Mr. Moore, Mr. Sharp----- and Mr. A.L. Becker. Bishop Moore announced that the new recruits as named had been elected to the status of deacons and elders by the Japan Methodist Conference under the missionary rule, which meant, we were being ordained before we passed the conference courses of study. We were ordained at a special service. At the opening of the sessions, ministers from other organizations and missions were given a chance

to make some remarks. As one of these, Gillette, the Y.M.C.A. representative spoke. In Bishop Moore's original speech he had referred to ^{his new} recruits as "hand-picked". Gillette referred to this in his remarks. He said, "I have heard of such things as 'hand-picked' cabbages." We four had this remark quoted to us often afterwards as it was considered quite a joke on us.

It is hard to describe how I felt while attending the weeks sessions of our ^{Missionary Meetings}. Here I was supposed to be a full-fledged member and I sat ^{quietly}, trying to piece together resolutions, debates and reports. Everything was translated into Korean, for there were twenty-three or four Korean preachers asked to attend and were given privileges of the floor.— also, many Korean visitors, men and women. There were also the ladies of the W.F.M.S. ^{Women's Foreign} Missionary Society, 12 of these and wives of some of the missionaries who were keenly following all of the resolutions and reports of committees. There were arguments on policy which were part in Korean and part in English which didn't make much sense to me as they were somewhat inadequately translated. The older missionaries like Noble and Jones rolled off the Korean ^{lingo} as the natives. I wondered if I could ever get to speak Korean that well and remembered my lack of linguistic attainments of the past; I was very doubtful and discouraged.

Then too, these old missionaries were nearly all ^(I think) graduates of theological seminaries and knew so much about church doctrines and laws. Could I ever get on a par with them in future conferences? ^u Would I be handicapped as an educational missionary? I was down-spirited before the conference was over. But when my appointment was read, I was delighted ^{at} ~~and~~ I was sent to begin my career in Pyongyang where I would be with Noble, Morris and Moore, all of whom I liked. I thought that my chances of a free hand in developing schools there would be on a sound basis and because there had been little experimenting in school work by the missionaries there. And the other ^{body} missionaries ^{there Estey - Robbins} also said they would welcome me and give me sympathetic aid in my efforts.

The next day after the ^{Mission Meeting} conference was over, I felt there was one more thing I must do. Every day since I had come, I had looked from the porch of the old Appen-bellar house where I had stayed now and then, up across a school playground, at the square-shaped, one-story brick building on the top of a high bank. Usually there were white-robed youths going in and out. This was the "Paejae"

Academy, sometimes called a college by some of its hopeful students and teachers. This had been started by Rev. H.D. Appenzellar, a graduate of Drew Theological Seminary in 1836, 17 years before I arrived. The name given by the king with his permission to open the school- Paeje ~~Hak Tang~~, ^{meaning} - Hall for Rearing Useful Men. The building was built in 1887 and dedicated by Bishop Warren as a gift of the American people to Korea: One of the first ^{It was 40x160 ft & one story high brick} buildings built by missionaries anywhere in Korea. The ~~halls~~ ^{was} of one floor ^{20x20 at one end} divided with a chapel room, four classrooms, and a small office and a small library room, ^{with a hall running lengthwise down the center} The school students, ^{used} to different degrees of effectiveness, English, Korean, Chinese languages, ^{were instructed} ^{effectiveness of the} depending on the teachers and how much the students knew of the tongue ^{that} the teacher was using as a medium of instruction; the curriculum ~~was~~ varied with the different ideas of the different young American missionaries appointed to the school - most of the older missionaries of the Methodist mission had a period of teaching here: Jones, Noble, Swearer, ^{Hullcut? Hounskell?} Hubbard. And all the time Appenzellar was the faithful, diligent, ^{integrating} mainstay of the school, and was the reason for its continuity. "Paeje" ^{always} since its establishment, was much discussed in the annual meetings of the few missionaries, as to its effectiveness and usefulness to the purpose of the mission.

New Paragraph

So it had been ~~used~~ throughout its history - the center of the Seoul Methodist mission's activity and although a bone of contention usually, it has been an outstanding ^{high} school which has done exceptional service in the rebirth of Korea and the opening of Missionary work here.

Phillip Jason, Syngman Rhee, and ~~the~~ ^{my} ~~Syn~~g as well as other notable patriots proudly boast ^{of 'Paeje'} as their Alma Mater.

I was eager to go inside so I dropped in on a chapel service when the whole school was gathered for a period of worship. There were about twenty students and five or six teachers besides Mr. Bunker, the principal, ~~were there.~~

~~I~~ was fortunate as Mr. Underwood was the speaker of the day: I was much impressed by his earnestness and eloquence in the Korean tongue. His flashing eyes and his ^{Ev}angelical fervor made me think that he must be like the prophets of old. All there that day seemed enthralled by his speech and I remember someone saying that Dr. Speer, then director of the Presbyterian Mission Board in the U.S.A. had said, "Everytime Dr. Underwood came to American he was a flaming torch, tireless, indomitable."ⁿ But I came away depressed:

I will never be able to speak like that. I will certainly not be such good in ^{the} evangelist work of the missions; I will sure have to make good in the educational line."ⁿ

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I found out from Dr. Noble that the Pyongyangites of the mission would have to take a coasting steamer up the west coast of Korea to get home, but I said, "Won't that be somewhat hazardous with the high tides ^{rocks} and rocky islands along the coast?" "Yes, I suppose so," he said with a smile. "But I've taken that trip several times already and I'm still alive." When there's no other way, we missionaries do what we have to do and trust to the Lord. I think the Lord has called us to do a piece of service for His Kingdom up there so believe we will all get to Pyongyang this time safely. Bishop Moore is going up with us. Get ready for we are going in a day or two. And I will let you know." With a smile and a friendly pat on the back, he was off on a errand.

Next morning I heard that the steamer would leave ~~the~~ Changpo Harbor at noon. So I packed my baggage and got off on the early train, and found "Charlie Morris" and "John Moore" were on the same train. So I got a chance to talk to Morris. Up to now I hadn't had a chance to talk with him although he was very friendly. He was an Irishman, ready to talk to anyone at any time. He was a bachelor, as John and I were. And naturally, we talked about living quarters in Pyongyang. Charlie, as everybody called Morris, said, "Right now, living quarters will be a bit crowded up there, when we all get up

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there this time. There's Dr. Noble's house, the ladies home for the three ladies, Miss ~~Estey~~ Miss Robbins and Mrs. Dr. Hall. Then Dr. Fowell's house and he has a family. But soon, in about two months, Dr. Fowell will go to American on Furlough so we three bachelors can 'keep house' in Fowell's house for a year." I said, "What do you mean 'keep house'?" "Oh I forgot you are new to our ways here" said Charlie. "We'll get a cook and a boy - two Korean servants who will do all the housework. All we have to do is to teach them what we want them to do for each of us. Don't worry, I've been here for two years now and I'll lead off with them until you learn some of the language." I said, "Can you tell me who are taking the steamer besides us - John and you and the Bishop, Dr. Noble and his wife and children." "Oh, there will also be Miss Estey, Miss Robbins and Bishop's son, Julian. The little cabins on that boat will be full ^{up} with the ladies, Dr. Noble's family; ~~and~~ we men will all have to go down to the second class big room." I don't like that, as I get awful sick" said Charlie sadly.

When we got to the ~~Cherulpa~~ ^{Cherulpa} docks, we found the rest of our company with their baggage piled up there. Dr. Noble, the leader, delegated Charlie and me to get the baggage on board while he personally took care of the 13 men, women and children, of course including the Bishop;

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and saw that all got safely on the vessel. We found we had quite a job. We counted 22 pieces of luggage; trunks, bags, valises, ----- . It took a long line of coolies with their 'jiggies' to get it all to the ~~the~~ sampans. There it took two sampans. Morris, of course, did the talking while I handled the luggage and kept track of every piece so ^{that} none would be lost. When we got started, the boatman had to row us about a mile before we got to the steamer which was called the 'Shenagawa Maru', a Japanese boat, Japanese owned and Japanese manned. (And also we found out later that we were to be fed with Japanese food.)

On board, we found out what our accommodations were to be. Two small cabins which were to be occupied by the two ladies and Dr. Noble and his family. While Bishop Moore, the Bishop's son Julian, John Moore, Morris and I were to occupy a large single second class room down below the main deck. Fortunately, we had folding cots and blankets which were Dr. Nobles ^{contribution} as he had traveled on this boat before. So we made ourselves comfortable, as the ~~vessel~~ ^{ship} got under way. Charlie came down below, sniffed around a little bit, and said he would sleep on a wooden bench in the dining room above. We had hardly gotten started before fog settled down and we had to stop and anchor as it was dangerous to go ahead on account of the tide, rocky shore and rocky islands scattered along the entire Western coast of Yezo. However, after a bit of

the fog had lifted, we went ahead again for about an hour, and we had to stop again and anchor behind an island because of a falling barometer and the prospect of high wind and waves.

When supper was served, we got small bowls of rice and a peculiar smelling and odd-tasting soup. This, along with the rocking motion of the ship, and the close air of the crowded little diningroom all combined to take away our appetites. But most of us got away with the rice with the help of hot tea which Dr. Noble made with the help of a little ~~Alcohol~~ - lamp he had brought. While the boat was quiet, we all settled down to reading, talking, and playing games; showing how missionaries have to learn easy adaptation to all kinds of conditions.

At about 8 p.m., the wind had increased and the ship began to drag its anchor, and we all got apprehensive over the danger. The captain decided to pull up the anchor and forge ahead. And so our small steamer was soon rolling and pitching in the stormy sea.

The passengers all hurried to get into their bunks. I went down below but didn't stay too long as I had to hasten up to 'the rail'. I was seasick - my first bad night. I went below and got my blankets and tried to sleep on the floor of the ^{little} dining room between 'spells' at the rail. I can remember a bright moon shining high over the rough waves as I stood at the rail. It seemed to laugh at me.

They say 'misery loves company'; Anyhow, I didn't feel so lonely when Morris was periodically rushing to the rail and I couldn't help feeling how funny he looked, and afterwards ~~his~~ dignified missionary look didn't awe me anymore.

Those in the cabins had their troubles but didn't have to use the rail. The old Bishop said he slept all night but I doubt it. Next morning, only five passengers appeared in the diningroom for their rice and tea; I, because I was so empty, and not because I wanted anything.

Before noon, all were out on deck, as the waves had died down and the sun shone brightly. They all looked pretty pale and unhappy. Then, Dr. Noble, our good angel, appeared with some canned fruit he had dug out of his luggage. And that fruit did taste luscious - the best tasting fruit I ever ate. I got new life and courage, so I went up on the bridge and had a 'silent' conversation with the captain. He knew a few words of English and showed me a map of the path we had come, winding in and out of the many islands. By signs, I asked him if he slept any the previous night and he said, "no, no" and looked at me as if I had insulted him.

The rest of our trip was pleasant. We spent the hours on deck, looking at the rocky shore. And the islands were near, some far on the seaward side. We arrived and disembarked about four p.m. at a small port

at the mouth of the Great East River which flows by Pyongyang. Captain Earstow, an agent of the American gold mines, lived here. Being a good friend of Dr. Nobles, he met us and took us to his home and gave us a good meal. He had a Japanese wife, ~~and~~ he had his coolies get our baggage, and put it on a small river steamer, which was to take us up the river to Pyongyang. When we all got aboard, it took some packing. I think every inch of spacing, inside and ^{to} outside the boat, had a person or a piece of baggage occupying it!

Julian Moore and I wrapped a blanket around us and sat or reclined on the roof of the little cabin. It proved to be a lovely evening, and the river seemed like glass after the ocean waves, and we told stories and tried to sing some songs. But Julian and I didn't know the same songs and didn't want to sing solos. The steady putt putt of the propellers soon had us all drowsy, and soon everyone in the cabin dozed off, but I couldn't let myself sleep for fear I might roll off into the river. About midnight, the boat stopped when we were still about one and one half miles from the city. The boat was too heavily loaded, the tide was out, and there was a stretch of sand ahead. We got a sampan to put our company ashore and to take our baggage on to the city wharf. The moon was full and gave

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us enough light to see our path. We had to walk along an ancient wall, mostly fallen down, which had been built in the time of King David of Biblical history.

We were a silent procession, too sleepy to talk, stumbling along the narrow uneven path. It was something weird to me, as we skirted along that tumbled-down, 2000 year old wall. I shall always remember the first entry into the city of Pyongyang. As we entered the gates to the city, which was still surrounded by a complete wall built nearly two centuries ago, we were welcomed by the barking of the ~~numerable~~^{our} dogs, so I thought the whole city would arise to see who was invading their city. We first came to the ladies home and awakening the gatekeeper, the whole company stopped for a hot drink of cocoa before we scattered to other residences. I went with Dr. and Mrs. Noble to their home for the rest of the night.

The next day, it was arranged that I should board and room with the Nobles for a few weeks at least. This house was built quite prominently on the hill inside the city wall on which was called the South Mountain. It overlooked the crowded houses of the city and the river just beyond. I was given a special second story room from which I had a splendid view of the city which

stretched for two miles northeast along the river wall, and this river was called "The Great East River". Our mission houses were all within a compound just inside the city wall, at first just bounded by it as far as the west gate of the city. Just back of Dr. Nobles house, and almost on the city wall, was a large - barn-like church building, housing the main congregation of the cities Methodist Korean Christians. Occupying a part of the hill beside the Church building was the home of the ladies and Dr. Hall's dispensary and hospital for the women. On the other side of the Church was the home of Dr. Fowell, our missionary doctor, while his dispensary was just inside the West Gate. John Moore got a temporary shelter at Dr. ^{Fowells} ~~Halls~~. Dr. Fowell and family were leaving on furlough in a few weeks. Morris suggested that we three bachelors should move into the Fowell residence and set up housekeeping. Of course. Most of the furniture belonged to the mission. Morris was our senior by several years and he was to be dean of our household. We hired a Korean boy to be cook and general housekeeper. This boy as yet didn't know much about cooking. Mrs. Nobles cook offered to teach him the fundamentals and Mrs. Noble said she would board all three of us for a few weeks until the Fowell family got away. And we got settled in.

The three of us were a curious combination. Charlie, our Irishman, had a keen sense of humor and loved to cheer up his comrades with humorous anecdotes. He was sensitive and kind and seemed almost naive at times. He was mystical in his Christian beliefs and could preach a good sermon. But in conversation he would stutter in his speech once in a while. We other missionaries liked to rib him a lot about it but he would always take it in good humor. All who knew him loved him, and Charlie was a friend to all. I don't think he quite approved of my simple, forthright applications of the doctrine and the truth, as he was a theological school graduate, and Moore was a typical theological school graduate also who liked to take up the cudgels of the theological school doctrines. For instance, he constantly debated in sermons the pre-millennial beliefs of our Presbyterian missionaries. ^{and said he believed in Post-Millennialism} He was a bit stiff and formal, always polite, ^{thoughtful and} always had some sentimentality but mostly it was covered up, and one could rarely tell whether he agreed or disagreed with you. He would discuss things readily but his personal reaction remained obscure. His recreation was mainly reading what he called "real literature"; - Tennyson and Browning were his favorites. I think he considered me rather simple and crude but nothing he ever said or did conveyed this to me. I read novels which he would never touch, but he didn't criticize or give me advice about my reading. So he and I, though never close friends, for there was a reserve somewhat ^{on both sides} between us, got along quite well. I loved outdoor activities

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Moore loved to wander about with a book in his hands — but ^{just} that year we were together we got to know one another and respected each others ideas.

My first duties as a new missionary was to get the study of the Korean language organized so I started a rigid schedule as you can see from my daily activities: At 6 a.m. I rose to take a cool shower and went through some calisthenic exercises. 6:30 Bible study and prayer. At seven was breakfast which went quite slowly as we ate together and this was served as sort of a ritual and training for our boy cook, as we wanted him ^{to} serve his courses correctly when we had guests. 8 to 9 I would go over my previous days lesson or my notes and my questions and answers in Korean. 9 to 11:30 - ^{my language teacher came, his} ~~my teacher~~ ^{was} a bright young man who was a good student in Chinese classics - but who knew no English, nor did he have any experience or knowledge in how to teach his own tongue. At first we had a hard time making such progress but I procured a simple textbook of the Korean language translated into English: The author was Mrs. Baird who lived in Pyongyang. We drilled on pronunciations after I had learned the 26 letter alphabet and could pronounce words. Then I practiced on simple sentences, questions and answers. As my teacher was bright, he soon caught on to my method of learning and would give me a good drill on a few sentences at a time. Soon we were working together vigorously. He had a sense of humor and didn't miss anything with a funny turn to it but he often ^{'missed five'}

where his ^{sense of} humor and mine didn't jibe.

At noon we'd gather at the dinner table - the 3 of us. Dinner had to be ~~be~~ ^{served} in courses. Although it was usually - very simple meal, we had to exert our patience as this ~~is~~ ^{was} part of becoming adjusted to the slow tempo ^{of the} ways of Korea at that time.

One p.m. we usually had a siesta or quiet hour - either sleep or read or write letters. Two p.m. my teacher came back again whether I wanted to see him or not. Sometimes I wished he would forget to come; but he was faithful and seemed to love to ~~make~~ ^{make} us work. We would go on with the same grind until 4:30. 4:30 was ~~an~~ exercise time. I would go for a long walk along the old wall or go out into the old Presbyterian compound where there were several of the younger missionaries who liked to play tennis. We had ~~no~~ ^{plse} one among the Methodists who liked to play tennis. Only John knew how but didn't care to. One Presbyterian Missionary, Mr. Hunt, loved the game so much that he put in a tennis court near his house, and there ~~was~~ where I went on nice days, hoping to find Hunt or Blair or Bernheisel? ready for a game. Sometimes I had to stop first at somebody's house for four o'clock tea and cakes. The Presbyterian Compound was adjacent to our ^{Methodist} Compound; just outside the wall, not far away. Our Compound was just inside and we were conveniently connected by the West Gate in the wall between us. As one went through the gate

from our side, the first building was a two story Korean building called 'The Academy' - to the Presbyterians it meant the same thing as 'Paeje' to the Methodists - their first school. The rest of the buildings in their 10 acres piece of ground, were scattered here and there without order. These mostly were missionary homes according to their seniority they were occupied as follows: 1) Rev. and Mrs. S. A. Toffet - 13 years in Korea at that time, 2) Rev. and Mrs. Baird, 12 years in Korea, 2 children, 3) Rev. and Mrs. Swollen, 11 years in Korea and 3 children, 4) Rev. and Mrs. Graham Lee, 11 years in Korea, 2 children, (.D.) 5) Dr. and Mrs. Wells, 8 years in Korea and 2 children, 6) Rev. and Mrs. Hunt, 6 years in Korea and one child, 7) Miss Best, 6 years and Miss Snoot 2 years, 8) Rev. and Mrs. Will Elair, 2 years and 9) Mr. Eunnheisel, 3 years. He was single and boarded with other missionaries, and 10) Miss Kirkwood had just come. She was a new one.

These homes were all Korean style, one story structures.

I found my evenings pretty well taken up by Korean Church prayer meetings, missionary prayer meetings, social get-togethers and parties, and committee meetings. Then I was invited out to different homes for evening dinners quite often, as the ladies naturally felt quite sorry for the bachelors who were boarding themselves.

Side Two

Early Pyeong Yang Days and Excursion up the Great East River.

At one meeting at the Korean Church, I sang a duet with Mrs. Noble in Korean. I could just barely read the words.

When I wrote to Louise about this, she answered, "They must be hard-up for 'singers' out there."

One favorite walk of mine was along the city wall toward the North, about a quarter of a mile from West Gate was another gate in the Wall called 'Seven Star Gate' as it faced the North Star and its 'Pointer Dipper'. It looked out over a wide valley of cultivated land dotted with small villages in which the farmers lived. These Koreans don't like to build their little straw-thatched houses in an isolated spot, but like to have neighbors very close. Usually a village is made up of relatives; sons and daughters who like to live near their parents. A prosperous member of the community usually had a tile-roofed house which is always somewhat larger than the others. Inside the wall of the city, northward from this gate, the city is sparsely settled with the poorer people. Some of the homes looked from a distance like mud huts except on the riverside which is about a mile east from this gate. Just a short distance outside the wall, but close up to it, was a large mound with a low wall around it. This was-----*Kija*-----'s grave, marked by large stones and had a large flat well-dressed granite stone which was used as an altar. On this sacrifices were offered to --*Kija*-----'s spirit as he was considered to be the guardian spirit of PyeongYang City. ---*Kija*--- was a scholar prince who

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fled from China about 2000 years ago, about King David's time. He brought quite a number of followers with him and decided to build a city just south of the present city of PyengYang. He built the old wall we walked along when I came into the city for the first time.

As the Koreans of that time were primitive and without much culture, --- *Kija* --- headed a kingdom and introduced Chinese culture which was well advanced even at that period. As I sat on a stone dog guardian of the grave in front of the mound, I wondered how it came about that a foreign usurper like --- *Kija* --- was so revered in Korea that his tomb was kept up and preserved for centuries. Many generations of Koreans had heard and remembered what this Chinese sage had done for them. The kingdom which --- *Kija* --- had set up was a long-lasting one because he must have captured the hearts and love of the indigenuous people. It must have shown a spiritual quality of sacrificial service to have secured such permanence, whose government must have given justice and benefits to the poor as well as to the rich. Something new and wonderful to the Koreans of that age. Could our mission to the Korean people bring to the present downtrodden Korean nation a new lease of life such as --- *Kija* --- had brought. We missionaries are followers of a greater sage than --- *Kija* ---. Can we imitate --- *Kija* --- in our efforts to create a kingdom of God on earth. We can if we follow closely what Jesus taught us about loving, sympathy, and sacrificial service. What methods --- *Kija* ---

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used to establish his long-lived kingdom we don't know. But we have a leader greater and more wise than he was.

Walking northward along the wall from ~~---~~ ^{Kija} ---'s grave, we went higher and higher on a ridge until we reached a prow shaped end which must have inspired the saying that the PyengYang city wall was shaped like a boat and consequently ~~if anyone would~~ ^{these} ~~unconsciously~~ ^{ad} develop the superstitious belief of the Pyengyang people that if anyone were to dig a well inside the wall it would sink the ^{City} Ship!; So there were really no wells in Pyengyang city. But I think that perhaps wells were too hard to dig in the rocky ground and the river water was too near and easy to get. Anyhow, ~~---~~ ^{Kija} --- had taught them that a well could be dug, not to be sure within the present walls but just south outside in the area of the old ~~-----~~ city. It is called ^{Kija} ---'s well: A stone monument near it says so. It is a deep well and still yields sweet water.

So far I had been more a sightseer or a tourist than a missionary. I had been so busy getting acquainted with fellow missionaries and getting adjusted to living in a land so totally strange and bizer to me. So, ~~so far~~ ^{up to now} I had only looked on the people with curiosity and not with such personal sympathy. Everything about them seemed wrong ~~and~~; the way they dressed, the way they lived and their language. They were somewhat loud and uncouth. They were somewhat unsanitary in their living, ignorant,

superstitious, uncultivated, unambitious, lazy, curious, odoriferous, almost hopeless human beings. Even those who called themselves Christians seemed only a shade better than their neighbors. Of course I must say that this was superficial and up to this time I had not gotten acquainted with any of the gentlemen class, as they avoided missionaries and their Churches. Of course the few Christian Korean preachers looked and acted better but as yet I didn't know them and couldn't talk to them. And as I walked down the streets of PyengYang I got plenty of curious regards with no welcoming smiles. Some of the older ones gave me only a stoney stare of antipathy. These people had lived in a hermit kingdom for hundreds of years and had handed down a tradition of suspicion, hatred of all foreigners and the PyengYang men made good soldiers because they didn't mind fighting and wrangling. So I still felt like an unwanted alien, and being lonesome for my loved-ones left back home, naturally I couldn't help wondering whether I had made a mistake in thinking that I could be a true successful missionary teacher. The task I had in mind and was undertaking was almost impossible from a human or practical point of view. And being of a practical nature myself, I am afraid that in the early stages of my Missionary career, I did not have that absolute faith and confidence of any of the mystics who were my associates ~~who~~ ^{they} were sure they had a personal call from Heaven to come to Korea and that God would open the hearts ^{and minds} of the people to their sermons. They were sure their converts would have spiritual

changes that would bring about reforms in the Korean society.

Of course I knew that faith and vision was necessary or one could not even start a task of this kind, but my disposition, background and educational training made my natural approach was a one to intellectually size up the task and then proceed step by step with Gods help toward final accomplishment. ^{My} belief was that God wanted me to be an instrument in ^{His} the plans to carry out a purpose he had for me, but I felt I was a fully responsible person and I could fail if I was not wise in my use of practical methods of working. even though I was earnestly and sincerely headed in the right direction. In other words, a good deal of my accomplishments was entirely up to my own initiative and my methods, good or bad, would have a lot to do with the results. I was gradually being impressed that the missionaries task in Korea was a mighty undertaking and a wonderful opportunity for sincere and unselfish service.

Sixteen million people in the shackles of vicious customs and habits, filled with superstitious fears of devils, ground ^{down} on by a merciless government, and extreme poverty; ~~socially~~, and witchcraft controlled the thoughts of the masses and they got no spiritual help either from Confucianism or from Buddhism even though these religions had been in the land a thousand years. Obviously, the people needed to be saved in this life as well as for the next. Of course the first revivifying need was for the spiritual truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and then the intellectual need for general education and science

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to destroy superstition and magic. I had come to teach, but where were the schools and where were the pupils? Who could understand if I did teach. The awful language was a real barrier. I had seen Paeje, Ewah, and several other small schools but little western knowledge had been put across so far. Most of the student enthusiasm in Paeje had been for the English language and in most cases this ^{enthusiasm} ~~condition~~ ran down after they had a smattering of English and these quit school to become interpreters. And some went off to America. So before I could teach, I had to first learn the Korean language well in order to teach in it. Second, learn the customs, habits and the psychology of the Korean, learn how to speak to their hearts, so they would listen to me. Third, learn the ways of cooperation with my fellow missionaries so to get their help in building up educational institutions. Forth, organize primary schools and provide teachers for them. Five, learn to be an evangelistic worker so that the parents would believe in me.

Now, I asked myself ^{what} ~~was~~ my personal assets were?— Well, first, my capacity for hard work; Second, a good strong body with healthy habits; Third, a capacity for independent thinking and acting; Forth, a good home and Church upbringing with high ideals; Fifth, a good education in highschool and college, especially in mathematics and science, taken with the end

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purpose of Christian service. Sixth, a teachers training course and some practical teaching. Seventh, a ready sympathy for another's problems and willingness to examine another's viewpoint. I could cooperate. Eighth, I had an adventurous urge and a great curiosity to know how and why. Ninth, perseverance in a chosen line of activity. Tenth, a passion for building up or organizing. Eleventh, some leadership and administrative ability. Twelfth, a strong faith in Christ as a personal savior and spiritual guide.

Well, on the debit side and my shortcomings were: First, no training in a theological school, no training for sermonizing, no musical ability. Second, ^{up to date had shown} no special linguistic ability, I had been just fair in Latin, French and German. I wasn't ^{yet} deeply interested in the languages. Third, I was a poor "public speaker". Fourth, I hadn't many of the social graces. Fifth, ~~at first~~ ^{as yet} I was so young and green looking, it was hard to establish any "prestige" among fellow missionaries, veterans of many years standing, and graduates of many ^{fine} theological seminaries. I was just a boy in their eyes.

Now a letter:

"Dear People,

PyengYang
May 28, 1903

I think something or someone is remiss, because I haven't received a letter from you in a long time. I know that you do not forget me, but I don't see why I don't get a letter.

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It is hard to keep from getting homesick when one doesn't know how things are coming along at home among my loved ones. But I am in hopes that all is well. My faith is strong that God will see that you are all there when I return to my native land. I suppose that the rush of spring work on the farm keeps your mind and hands occupied. I would like to drop in on you all for a meal and see you in your new home. I hope it is more satisfying than the previous one. I would like to get some of the Reading news. Would you roll up a bundle of the Reading Hustlers and send them to me. It would give me pleasure to read what our friends and relatives are doing. Can't you think up some of this kind of news.

I've hardly had time to be homesick since I arrived here as I have been working hard on the Korean language morning, noon and night. A part of the time with the Korean teacher and the rest of the time memorizing useful sentences, even when I take my walks. I am surprised to find out that I am able to learn it without too much difficulty. I am so keen on learning how to talk and wanting to understand what the natives are constantly throwing at me, that I don't mind the long hours study, but it is a difficult language and will take a lot of learning. But already I have had the pleasure of making some simple sentences intelligible to outside Koreans. I am a bit proud that I seem to be getting hold of the 'lingo' better than scholarly John Moore. Perhaps it is because I am 6 years younger in age and that makes it more easy to learn a new tongue.

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So I am the "kid of the Mission" and they expect great things from me in the language line. Thus you see, I've just got to make good! My size and strength is a source of admiration and comment by both fellow missionaries and Koreans, as the average Korean height is about five and one-half feet. They have wholesome respect for my six feet. So you see, it is worth something to be a 'large' missionary, even though I do hit my head on the overhead beams in their little houses and have to bow my head to get in their doors!

A few days ago the Korean boy students of the Presbyterian Academy held a 'field day'. One of the first of their trials at sports. And some of my missionary friends urged me to show them how we did it in America. So I took off my collar and lined up with the Korean boys who were going in for a half mile run around and around the field. After starting, I tried to set a good steady pace so as to keep up the boys enthusiasm for beating me. The greater part dropped out after several rounds; these were not used to a steady run. A few made me accelerate my pace, but I managed to win by a rod. This event created a lot of amusement for the missionaries and Koreans alike. I am beginning to think that Korea is not such a bad place to be after all. In many ways I'd rather work here than in Japan! Of course, the Koreans are generally more ignorant and poor, but there is a certain attractive ^{unspoiled simplicity} simpleness like children about them that the Japanese do not seem to have. At least the Japanese I have happened to meet are not attracted

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to me. If you were to ask the Presbyterian Mission Board where their strongest and most success ^{-full} ~~from~~ mission in the world was located, I'm sure they would say, PyengYang, Korea. We Methodists have a good mission station here of course, (now that I am here.) But in numbers and experience we are only about one third as strong. The people of PyengYang and the northern part of Korea are larger in physique and more active as there is more of the Chinese, Mongul and Manchu blood in their ancestry. They are heartier, more industrious and more ambitious than those in the South of Korea so I am told. Most of the well-to-do noble class called "Yang bans", who have grown up around Soeul and in the south have had in their ancestry off and on, close connection with the courts of the king and been officials in the government, so they have formed a top crust of aristocracy which has deep pride and prejudices and exclusive customs while being served hand and foot by helpless peasantry and serfs, tied to their big estates. The north has preserved a more independent spirit and are always a source of trouble to the absolute dictatorship of Soeul. Here in PyengYang we didn't have the evil tendencies of the court and the capital to fight. The missionaries here say that the people here are fairly open to any help that will offer relief from their hopeless political or social state. The governor, who has bought his position or appointment from the king, as well as the

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magistrates, squeeze the people mercilessly. Taxes are exorbitant and collected regularly, forcibly taking any valuable assets; ~~any~~ anyone suspected of having any more than the barest necessities, are taken to the magistrates ^{Compound} ~~city~~ and beaten with paddles until they willingly turn over any money or valuables they have hidden. I personally have heard the cries and groans of victims as I walk by the place. If the Korean merchant has made any profits above the average, he has to cover it up by a poor ^{public} display. I had wondered at the mean lowly business places along the streets of the city. I am told that it is fatal to look prosperous. Even the main thoroughfare, is ~~a plain~~ muddy, evil smelling ^{and stream of mud} ~~also~~ during the rainy season as there is no paving of any kind. Just now, workmen, carpenters, stone masons are being forcefully made to work on a so-called "palace." (A place that will merely store the king's picture.) This is just a scheme of the governor to squeeze more out of the people.

I have called on all the missionary families and I have been invited several times to their homes like the ^{Swallows} ~~Swallows~~, where the three small children climb all over me and Mrs. Swallow thinks that I should be mothered. So I don't get too lonesome. And having met and talked to all the adult missionaries and seen them at work and at play, I find them a very high type of select men and women and well-educated in colleges and universities and seminaries. I feel myself, young, green and inexperienced with them. (Some people back home seem to think that

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missionaries were those that could not get a job and were forced to ~~use~~ ^{do} the mission work.) Some of these here are the most capable all around Christian workers that I've heard about or met, and ^{be sure} could be a success anywhere. My association with them will do a good deal toward smoothing out and rounding off my rough edges.

We have a worship service together every Sunday afternoon, Methodists and Presbyterians. The men missionaries of this station take turns in leading and speaking and the same with mid-week prayer meetings. Only the Sunday meetings are held in the chapel of the school and the weekly prayer meetings were in the homes of the leader for that evening.

I soon got to know two sides to the missionary: The formal, ministerial side of his beliefs, dogmas and theories which are seen also in his debates with other missionaries about working methods and policies. Then there is also his informal relaxed fellowship in teas or on picnics. One of the early picnics of the PyengYang community was in an old abandoned Buddhist Temple near the city. in a large grove of big pine trees. We utilized a large grass plot in front of the buildings. The gaping, curious Koreans ^{standing} dining all around and the odor of ancient sanctity did not dampen anyones enthusiasm. My appetite was as good as it used to be at our home picnics and the rest seemed to have alot of fun over my pie eating capacity which

the ladies luckily indulged. It was 'lemon pie' that got me into prominence. I don't see why people catch on to my proclivities so quickly!

In my long walks around the city I sometimes go out into the county and climb the near hills to get an idea of the famed scenery of this area. I have not been disappointed. I have not seen many views that excelled it. The hills covered with pine trees, the valleys with the winding river or creeks, the carefully tilled fields without a fence, the thatched roof, mud-walled houses nestled in groups in sheltered spots against the sides of hills and blending with them in the distance. Ancient walls and higher mountains. All this made me wish I could paint and put it on canvas. It was such a still, peaceful scene, taking in curling shafts of smoke reaching up toward vidual clouds in a very blue sky.

Bishop Moore dedicated our new Church building last Sunday, ~~it is~~ just in front of Dr. Nobles House on the hill where it ^{can} be seen by most of the people in the city. And he preached a wonderful sermon to about 2000 people, many non-Christians. In the afternoon Dr. Noble, Mr. Morris and I, went with the Bishop to a Church about five miles out across the Great East River--The Long Key---. The Bishop was carried in a chair by five coolies. The rest of us walked. After the Bishop's talk, interpreted by Dr. Noble, several Koreans came forward and said they wanted to be Christians. We stayed for an evening service,

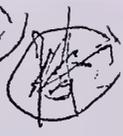
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and as the Bishop was too tired to speak again, I was surprised by the Bishops request, ^{for me} to make a speech. So I made my first missionary speech in Korea. I didn't speak in Korean of course, I spoke in English, and Dr. Noble interpreted. The meeting was outdoors and there must have been 1000 within reach of my voice. I was pleased when some more Koreans came forward after my talk and pledged themselves to believe in Jesus and to begin new lives.

I hope Uncle Dell and Aunt ~~Bell~~ will like their new farm. When this letter reaches you I suppose father and Leonard will be at their 'haying'. I shall miss that fun this year and shall really wish I could be there with you and get out in the fields and work with you. This will be the first summer for some time that I have been away from a farm. May God be with you all.

Your "Missionary Son"

A month or so after I had arrived in PyengYang, although I was working hard on the language and my time was well filled getting acquainted with the missionaries and trying to get adjusted in my new way of life, my training and enthusiasm for educational work made me eager to start such work, somehow, somewhere. I had known about the little school of about 20 boys which was just back of Dr. Nobles house. The only school as yet under the Methodist Korean Christian leadership in PyengYang. It had a Christian teacher who was a Chinese scholar and he taught



classical Chinese characters and incidently, Confucian literature.

Very few sons of Christians who could and would study Chinese had been gathered and for about 4 to 5 hours each day, we could hear the pupils studying, at the Fowlwell home not far away. The teacher would write a character and pronounce it and the pupils in unison would 'shout out' the name and the meaning after him. So I have heard the pupils studying ever since my arrival. On inquiry, I found out that this was the old-time method of teaching ~~and~~ ^{but} only a very few ^{of the pupils} continued on and read the Confucian classics. I asked why other subjects like arithmetic was not being taught and got the answer. There is no one who can teach 'So-yang-kul' that is, 'western studies'. So I offered to teach some of the older boys both arithmetic and English several hours every week. Thus it was that I was before long teaching three of the older, brighter boys and these boys were both intelligent and anxious to learn arithmetic and English. They knew no English and I knew very little Korean but we got along famously. They learned English and arithmetic while I learned some practical 'Korean'!

After the 4th of July which we didn't celebrate as the Korean rainy season started with a heavy downpour of rain; we had planned a community picnic. Dr. Noble proposed a rainy season recreation - a houseboat excursion up the Great East River. "But where are the houseboats?" said I. "Oh, we make them" said he. "We hire a 40 foot ^{wood} boat with three or four boatmen to go with it. Then we build a house on it about 10 to 20 feet near the center where the boat is widest, about 8 feet. Of course it is a temporary structure made out of poles and

mats tied together and straw-thatched roofs. We missionaries of PyengYang ^{usually} get three families to build houses and we agree to travel up the River together." "Why do you get three boats to go together" said I? "That's just a measure to insure safety incase of accident to any boat, which is possible in the rainy season; The River is in flood and the currents are strong. Also, there is more fun in the evening beach rests where we can swim and get together" said he. I was quite excited over the prospect. Two or three weeks of going up the River, pulling the boat along ^{the} shore which isn't too easy when the shore has become rocky, or there are rapids in the river. I soon persuaded Charlie and John to go in with me and prepare a boat. When I told Dr. Noble he said, "My family and Miss Robbins will be on my boat and I think Dr. Moffit with his wife and Miss Armstrong will also go along on the ^{his} other boat. So let's get to work on our structures. I'll tell you how to do it because I'll arrange to hire the boats and have them side by side in a convenient location on the city dock." So when Dr. Noble said the boats were hired, Dr. Noble and I went down to the river and ordered materials and workmen and ^{we} worked together on our structures. In a couple of days our boathouses ~~were~~ ready and we brought everything each boat would need; cots and bedding, rainy weather clothes, cooking utensils and alot of canned goods.

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And our cooks of course who had a corner screened off for them. And we sleep on ~~the~~ folding cots. Then all the passengers get aboard and we are off up the River on a sunny day. It was exhilarating to see all in a row and the boatmen caught the spirit of the occasion even though they had ^{hard} work to do. They sang and laughed and hollered as they pulled our ^{mostly on the shore} boats with the long ropes.

For several days we had nice weather and we all had a wonderful time. Charlie, ~~and~~ John and I got along nicely together. We ate whatever and whenever ^{the cook} they cooked and brought meals around; We didn't direct him much. He bought chicken, rice and eggs along the way when we stopped. But his concoctions tasted better than when at home so we were satisfied; - I suppose because we were hungrier. ^{At about 3 PM} We found some sandy beaches to stop at and then everyone would get in bathing suits, old and young; They relaxed and played games like children. Then for days it poured and we all moved from boat to boat with bare legs and rain coats and then played card games or read, lying on our cots, while the boatman continued to pull us slowly, even in the rain, not seeming to mind being wet, as it was a warm rain. On these days we didn't stop at beaches as the River was rising so we tied up against ^a the high, steep, rocky bank, where the boatman would have to retie the boat several times during the night. I remember ~~once~~ when we had a heavy downpour. We were 15 or 20 feet higher in the morning than we were the evening before and the River was such a rushing torrent for days that we couldn't move. Although the sun came out, our clumsy craft

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couldn't be managed in such a current. We would have been swept out to sea in no time. One day when the boats were tied up to a nice sandy beach, after we had been going up stream for about ten days, several of us younger ones wanted to get a little more exercise, so John Moore and I proposed to the two younger ladies, Miss Armstrong, foreign school teacher, and Miss Robbins, that we walk up a mountain ridge across the stream from the boats. The approaching climb didn't look bad from our viewpoint and the upper end of the ridge seemed to have an easy descent to the River again. So we four started out. All went fine until after we were on the highest point of the ridge where it was precipitous on both sides and narrowed so that the ladies were extremely nervous and afraid and clung to us. John piloted Miss Robbins and I guided Miss Armstrong. Suddenly a thick fog came down upon us so we couldn't see anything but the rocks just ahead and behind. I suppose we should have turned around then and gone back over the road we had come. But it hadn't been easy along the ridge and we had been impressed that the way down was easier ahead. Of course, the fog was wet and we were sweaty from exercise, so we were soon wet clear through. Of course we had light clothes on and it was warm. When we started the descent we found it was not easy as the slope was sharp, almost precipitous at times when we would have to hold on to the scrubby pine trees and couldn't see how much of a drop it was because of the dense fog. Of course we were all apprehensive and scared but John and I had to cover up our fears and go ahead as if we knew we would get down and be all O.K. The only thing to do was to go ahead.

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We couldn't sit down or wait, or if we did the ladies would be so scared and stiff that we couldn't move them at all after a bit. And no one was going to save us. It was up to us to save ourselves. So we kept descending. The ladies tired and had to depend on us more and more. Either John or I would go down a steep spot and then we would help the girls down. Fortunately, after an hour or so of this, the slope became easier. And as the girls felt we were coming out allright they ~~re~~covered their courage and their hope gave them strength as it did also to John and me. After a long time so it seemed, we got down below the ridge and found an easy slope above the River. Here we could see our houseboats across the River, and getting someone's attention after a bit;— Soon a boatman came across in his small sanpan and we all heaved a sigh of relief. We were a sad looking, bedraggled lot that met the cheery missionaries and boatmen. They had all been badly worried when the fog had come down over the mountain. Dr. Noble had started climbing up the mountain, yelling but getting no reply except echos of his own voice. Recognizing the futility and the danger to himself if he got into the fog above on the mountain, he had returned. But he had been most anxious for our safety because he knew better than anyone else the danger we were in. Later on, they all kidded us alot about getting ourselves lost in a fog. The 2 young ladies didn't like this a bit and I heard Miss Robbins say "There was nothing funny about getting lost in a fog on top of a mountain; I wouldn't risk it again for

anything or anybody."

On one of the nice days, wanting to talk with Dr. Noble, I strolled over to his boat while the boats were on the beach at noon. The boatmen had lunch and their siesta and fortunately I found Noble unoccupied which was unusual for him, even on a vacation. He had a nice way of welcoming one and made me feel as if I was the one he wanted to see. He said, "Let's have a chat over there under that tree" pointing out a tree on the bank. So we walked over and sat down, the rushing River water not far from our feet. I said, "I'm enjoying this exciting, adventurous boat trip very much as I ~~had~~ ^{have} had no experience of this kind. But I wanted to ask you a few questions which I had put off until you seemed to have a leisure period if you don't mind." "By all means, fire away" he said smiling. "I have been ^{so I continued,} ~~with~~ ^{near} you in your home for two months since the conference and I must say I admire your way of doing missionary work very much. I'm trying to learn what I can do here. It is all so different from my preconceived notion that I ~~am~~ ^{am} at a loss and think you can teach me. Just how did it happen that you came to Korea? "Well, that is a question" said he. "My experiences here during the 9 years since I came have compelled me to rethink most of my own notions so it is a little hard for me to remember what seemed so important in the last months before graduation from theological seminary but I'll try to tell you. Rev. A.G. Appenzeller had come from ^(Seminary) Drew to Korea in 1885 when there was an intensely evangelistic period in the home Church when the challenge of Missionary Service

had swept through the universities and seminaries and even in my time was strong. And hearing the Appenzeller letters about the special challenge about 'the opening' of the 'Hermit Nation' had ~~grown~~ ^{developed in me} to an almost subconscious feeling that I should go there after graduation. A special appeal to the graduates of the seminary to go to Korea came from the ^{Methodist} Mission Board. I prayed about the matter and decided I had a call from the Lord to do His work in Korea. That feeling has not changed even though Korean conditions ^{have} made alot of adjustments in my ideas of missionary service here."

"Would you mind telling me a little about the adjustments you had to make?" Dr. Noble thought a moment and then said, "The seminary like Drew Theological is supposed to train a young man to be an expert Bible student and to preach the message. Of course in theory you should go anywhere there's a call for a minister. But actually, this is aimed at the occupancy of American pulpits. When I arrived in Korea, I found that the government forbade preaching the Gospel in public or in private and I was put in Paeje School to help teach English to a group of boys, mostly sent by the government as well as asked to put in at least 4 or 5 hours a day studying the language with ^{no} textbooks. I was 'lost' and ready to 'turn and run.' I had no training as a teacher and up to that time had never thought about how to study an oriental language. Of course I had studied some Hebrew and Greek as well as some German in my school courses but never had to speak any of them and didn't want to. But having a wife who was quite excited about learning Korean and being able to teach and lead them, I

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Leaving out the more sentimental sections of my letters to my sweetheart, Louise who was still in America while I was in Korea. I will make quotations that will show my mental and spiritual attitudes as well show some of my personal feelings or reactions in my new environment.

Of course one of my first problems was sacrificial living; "The thing a new Missionary has to face from the 'Day of decision' to go out to a Foreign Land is the suffering of separation from loved ones, loneliness, conscious and sub-conscious, which takes away some of the natural 'joy of living'; a craving for old scenes and 'Old Friends' not to say anything about 'old pleasures' Then there is the real sacrifice of home, foods, served in the good home ways and the 'comforts of Home.' How can a new Missionary be happy? Was there some spiritual compensations for such sacrifices? Did these sacrifices make one more truly Christian and more efficient in God's Kingdom? Did one have to give up some of the 'joys of living' to be able to forget self in a sincere service and sympathy for others who are in great need of Friendship and Christian instruction?

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Some quotations may indicate my thoughts; "God has given me victory over my 'loneliness' This course is hard for us now but what great honor was ever gained without trouble anxiety and pain" (I evidently thought that it would be a great honor to be an efficient missionary.) "The greatest honors are only for those who have been tried and not found wanting. Those who have ^{been} willing to suffer are the only ones to can really feel 'Full happiness' " I'm sure that we will live to thank our Father in Heaven for this 'Separation' and its attendant 'trials'; we are so physically-minded as yet that it is almost impossible to understand the Divine use of 'suffering' in our lives! We have seen and admired and almost revered some merry and saintly 'Old People' but have ^{not} stopped to inquire how they became 'saintly'? We humans fear 'suffering' but it is sometimes necessary, if we are to learn to forgo selfish desires. We must look beyond the clouds and dark-days of the present to the brilliant 'light' of the future! The difficulties of the present will will be 'straightened out' by the eye of Faith; we must not worry; for, if we do, we are not the 'children of light' as we should be.

"Do not worry for me; for I have learned much from experience, already; it has already made my vision much broader; life already looks more 'meaningful', the possibilities of usefulness in my life much greater and my love and sympathy encompasses much more than I formerly thought possible. Also I am capable of enjoying spiritual truth more and more. In fact, I feel closer to my Saviour."

"My love for you is none the less strong because of this 'consecration' (To Missionary Service) but on the contrary is truer, higher, holier. My dream of perfection of human happiness, all lies in two loves; my love for Christ, my saviour and my love for you, my dear; if you were lost to me my earthly Joy would be shattered but I would still live and toil for Christ and His Kingdom. I am not a bit afraid for your health, when I get you here for I know the power of love in your constitution; and my ever-present love and care for you would make you strong and well even tho you should come almost as an invalid" (I certainly thought 'love' could work wonders and it certainly worked out that way!)

In regards to your mother coming out here with you; if it is impossible for her to come, do not worry her with my proposal but assure her that we will help her to be happy where ever she decides to live. Maybe she could come some later when you and I have had a chance to make a proper home for her to come to.

Your last letter was certainly teeming with inspiration! I would not want to tell short, one iota, of what your fondest hopes have pictured me; but I'm human and have many faults so do not get the idea that I am anywhere near perfect or I'm afraid that you will be disappointed. I really don't understand why you love me so much but I accept the fact thankfully as one of the greatest gifts that God could bestow upon me. I am greatly inspired at the prospect of getting soon a good help-mate and companion. God is making your heart tender by this 'separation' so that you may be able to appreciate all the more the joy of reaching this 'haven'

We both have our part to do before we can come together and even, if it is not an easy part for either of us, we must both do some hard, practical, persistent work before we are fitted for the greater usefulness of our Married life as Missionaries. Happiness that is won by patient, earnest endeavor is the only true kind; character is only made by the things we have overcome as we strive towards our goal. And Character, great character is attained only with a lot of suffering and struggle!

I appreciate keenly how your heart is torn between your love for me and your love and duty for your mother -->

Jesus loves you and always stands ready to help you with any problem too difficult for you to solve satisfactorily; He alone can help you in this great difficulty. I can not give you any advice but that I have already proposed; "Bring your mother with you and if she can't come, we will help support her, where ever she would prefer to stay." I know that you would be true as steel with me and I am willing to abide by anything you feel is your duty to your poor bereaved mother; if it is necessary for you to to stay longer than we had planned so that you can comfort and nurse your mother, I cannot but bow my head and say, "Thy Will be Done" Anyhow I shall keep on dreaming about our future home out here; a man, mere male, can never make a real home by himself. Our Home I'm sure will be the best Haven of Rest to be found anywhere; all who enter it will know that Christian Love prevails there. Louise, I believe you will be an ideal home-maker; you have all the fine qualities of a Wife and mother! Oh! How I will work when I have the constant inspiration of your presence!

"I have read over once more your words of love and loyalty and I am again inspired to go ahead with increased vigor and hope. You, of course, realize that I'm a bit lonesome once in a while; how could it be otherwise when I love the best is so far from me. Could I be contented to live without you? Well, I should say not! My heart is yours and always will be yours; and all you have to do is to come to Korea and claim it. You know that I will remain faithful; I will carry thru to the end what I have set out to do - so you may rest assured that, as I have set out to make you happy, I will certainly persist in that 'effort' until the attainment is reached.

"How fortunate we are, Louise, my dear! You have been thinking of your 'misfortunes'; now don't keep thinking along that line; but, "count your many blessings" The difficulties are but the 'shadows' of the picture; these are needed to give prospective proportion and beauty to the completed picture. A Lady once showed 'Ruskin' a beautiful handkerchief, on which there was a large ink-stain and lamented that the handkerchief was completely spoiled, Ruskin asked her to let him take it and in a few days brought it back with a most beautiful design in india-ink where the stain had been. Thus God sees and uses these dark periods of our lives for the contrast that is needed to show up the 'more perfect' sides. What would Christ mean without the Cross? You and your mother are being blessed in your apparent hardships! I am sure your mother, as the wife of a Methodist Preacher understands these spiritual truths better than we do; if we never give up anything for God, we cannot understand what the 'Higher Life' means.

Recently I received a letter from Carl Critchett, who is down in the country trying to learn the language; he says that he has'nt been well for about a month; some stomach trouble. Carl is all taken up with the idea of getting Anna, his beloved, out here a year from now and is proposing that I join up with him and try to get you out at the same time. Of course, I want you here as soon as possible, but I don't want my personal feelings to run away with my common sense in the matter; I know that it will not go well with the Board of Missions, if we start begging them to send our 'betrothed' out here before our two probational years are up. Then too it will not be possible to provide proper homes within that time. There is barely room for the three bachelors in this station boarding with other Missionaries. So how could they provide for newly 'Weds'? I would not want my bride to be subject to some of the privations and inconveniences that I have to put up with just now. So I'm not going to promise Carl to fall in line with what I regard as misguided enthusiasm. You will understand better when you get out here why we should be careful to let things take their natural course somewhat without pushing our own personal affairs too much. Louise, you know Carl and you know that my Judgment is usually 'fair' so depend on me. I may be a bit slower than other but I usually get what I set out to do; "Slow but sure!"

I received your letter of August 11th on September 9th so you see it made good time (Less than a month) I met the postman while I was out on a walk and made him turn over my mail; besides your letter, there was one from home and one from my old Sunday School teacher, Elsie Ewing, at Reading. You may sure that these letters brightened the face of this Missionary! While I was reading your letter, Miss Armstrong (Foreign teacher for the Missionary children.) and I guess that I had a letter from my 'sweetheart' (I wonder how?) she congratulated me on having such a source of comfort and inspiration also asked me to send her regards to the future Mrs. Arthur Becker! Indeed, all my fellow Missionary friends here in Pyeng Yang are interested in the girl that "I left behind" because I can not help telling them all about you and our hopes for the future. All the Missionaries here in Pyeng Yang, Presbyterians, Methodists, etc seem so kind, friendly & large hearted.

and don't seem capable of meanness; they all have a brotherly (and sisterly) attitude which must be something like that of the early Church that Paul tells us about. I certainly have not experienced before in any community I ever lived in.

Whatever Carl Critzhett may have at Chemulpo (He had bragged about) where he had literally talked himself into his appointment. He has actually had little of the fellowship and the inspiring associations that I have had here in Pyen Yang. It is of course a bit harder to live in the interior of Korea than in the large port of Chemulpo. But all agree that Northern Korea is the most hopeful field for the propagation of the Gospel. The Presbyterian Mission Station is one of the largest and best manned in the world, let alone of Korea. Some say that this station has the pick of the most hopeful young missionaries and it certainly has a choice group of fervent missionaries. Does this look as if I had been shoved in a back seat, whatever Carl may have written to Anna. The longer I stay here, I am the more thankful that the Lord (and the Bishop) found me worthy to be put in this very place and I am sure that you can be very happy living in this community. If I can't improve spiritually and mentally here, I could not anywhere. I am sure, my dear, that you will not find it a "Cross" to live and work here with such inspiring fellow-workers and Friends.

I hope that I have not given you the impression that the Koreans were 'repulsive' for even though the most of these people are poor and live in what we called in America 'hovels' they are well formed and a good-featured race; many being very good-looking. Their complexions are slightly yellow but some are most as white as we are. When they are dressed up in their beautifully white, clean garments (which the Christians wear on Sunday at the Church services) they are positively attractive, old or young. The smaller children wear colored garments, which makes them quite "Cute". Of course, when the Koreans men or women are in their dirty white clothes, they are not so attractive but those who know you meet you with a smile and their faces light up with pleasure and one tends to like them and their friendly ways make you love them if you see much of them. The young boys and girls when they are washed up, clean with their colored clothes on, are quite loveable.

When you come your principal work outside your home will be to teach classes of women and girls how to sing Christian songs and how to be better mothers; also you will be expected to visit them in their homes and give them 'hints' about better and cleaner house-keeping as well as teach them about Christ and His way of Life. Then there will be Sunday School classes and Women's Bible Classes on Sunday. I think that this will keep you as you want to be. Of course I shall want you in the home at least when I am there.

I'm glad that your Spiritual Life is growing in preparation; of course you are already quite well prepared as you no doubt helped your father take care of his 'flock'. May you feel Christ's presence with you every day!

God is showing Himself to me in a wonderful way and I want to become more Christlike in every way as the days go by. Just now the Presbyterian Annual Meeting is being carried on in Pyen Yang. Last Sunday there were 15 of their missionaries at our Morning service at 'Nan-San' (South Mountain); one of these visitors preached the sermon to about 800 Koreans (The church was crowded) and Sunday afternoon I went over to the largest Presbyterian Church and found it crowded with about 1700 Koreans (See over the page for a picture) How would you like to look into the eager, earnest faces of that many converts? It was a great inspiration to my faith to see that which had already been accomplished in this one locality towards the evangelization of Korea. The most urgent Mission work at present is to train those who are now converts. It does not take an awful stretch of the imagination to see this Kingdom of people turned into a veritable land of the Emmanuel (How optimistic I was! I was still a 'novice' and a young Missionary!)

If I can be used of God in this great transformation of a country, I shall be most happy. I would liken the Koreans to the Hebrews; they seem to be the people chosen of God for the saving of this part of the world as they are 'turning to God' with a greater readiness than any other Oriental Nation. Their peculiar situation in regard to the nations around about and the way that the Gospel is spreading in this land warrants this assumption. Isn't a grand Idea? A land just 'waiting to be of use to Our Father in Heaven thru Christ the Savior in the evangelization of the whole world! What a wonderful Task we have to lead the Way to the Light and to their manifest Destiny!

Sept 12th 10 P.M. I have just returned from a trip down to the River. Just as I was settling down to write to you after supper Dr Noble came and asked me to take a walk with him; he seemed in a hurry so I didn't ask where but seized my hat and went along

After we had started Dr Noble told me that Miss Robbins, who had gone out the country, had not returned and as it was getting late, he thought that we should look her up; that is, go out in the direction that she was supposed to be coming. Miss Ethel Estey (The other W.P.M.S. Missionary lady living with Miss Robbins) was worried that she insisted on going along with us, altho we did not see the need. We first went down to the river (The Great East river) which flows just outside the Old Wall of the city, where we knew Miss Robbins would have to cross the river, as the ferry boats were there. We got in the ferry boat and went across the river, which is quite broad here. It was now quite dark. While crossing we got our boatman to 'hail' the ferry boats going the other way to see if Miss Robbins happened to be on any of these but no 'Foreign lady was reported' When we arrived at the further shore we found that Miss Robbins had just arrived so we all were made happy (This shows how nervous the Missionaries are about travel, especially of the ladies, if they go alone.)

My Korean Language teacher, Mr Oh Kui-son, had to go home (to get clean clothes, he said) so for a few days I have been studying by myself and talking Korean with anyone who would talk with me. But last Wednesday, I had to do something for a fellow Methodist Missionary, the Rev. Mr Morris; he had shipped a table from Seoul and had asked me to put it together and varnish it; besides paint some chairs. You know that he has not come back yet with his 'Newly Wedded Wife'; he was married her in Kobe Japan and plans to be a teacher of the Missionary children of Pyeng Yang so she is a pretty young woman (as former) (But of course, she cannot compare with the girl that I have won!)

Last Thursday evening we had our community Prayer Meeting at the Presbyterian Academy building outside the City Wall (for the Methodists) Going out and back I carried the lantern for our Methodist ladies (So that they would not fall into mud-holes!) Miss Estey walked with me most of the way; she is very friendly and often asks about you (She is no longer young, so don't worry, my dear!) I told her that I was going to tell you that she was 'my old maid friend' and she got a good laugh out of it! She is full of fun so I call upon her whenever I get lonesome or tired of studying Korean.

Oct. 11th It has been almost two weeks since I have written to you; it is not because I did not think of you but because I have been so unsettled and busy. Of course, you are constantly in my mind and my love and loyalty for the best girl on earth grows in spite of time and distance. In my thoughts I often visit you and participate in your Activities. (As pictured to me in your letters) The longer that I stay alone the more I feel the need of your loving companionship. I know that the two of us together and can be of great service to our Master.

The past week my mind has been forcibly brought to thoughts of you; the 'newly Weds' Mr and Mrs Morris have just returned from their 'honey-moon' in Japan and they seem so happy that I could not help think a lot about 'our' future happiness. The Methodist Station gave a reception for the 'The newly-Weds' at the Ladies Home here in the Compound and I was asked to help decorate the rooms; I made a 'canopy of muslin in one corner of the main reception room and covered it with trailing vines and flowers. The Bride and Bridegroom came in while I was doing this and made many laughing remarks about the way I evidently wanted to be 'received' when my happy day came about! In the evening, the Bride looked quite blooming in her Wedding finery. As the speeches and toasts were being made after the dinner (Cafeteria Lunch) I grew a bit lonesome and home-sick trying to imagine how you would look in your wedding gown! Mrs Louise Morris is a very fine and lovable lady and I know that you will love her.

Dr Follwell, wife and children have just returned from furlough in America so I have been acquainted with them. We are glad to welcome back our Station Doctor for there is always a big chance of infection and germ transferring among us all, not to say anything about the big work he has to do in his Dispensary for the native Christians. But J.Z. Moore and I have to get new 'quarters'; we have been living all over the large Follwell house; I have used, alternately, the porch and the dining room as my 'study' and reception room. Now I have to move into the 'Tal-lak-Pang' (Second Story bedroom) at the Nobles and Mr Moore fixed up a couple of little rooms at the Hospital (Not as a patient however.) What do you know? I have been elected 'Pastor' of the Community; I'll have to arrange for all the Community meetings; provide for the Sunday Service Leaders and also the leader of the Thursday evening Prayer Services. This last week I had to lead the Prayer Meeting because Mr Moore did not understand that he had to lead. I made an 'Impromptu Speech'

but Mrs Noble said that it was the best speech she had heard me make (A doubtful Complement) I also preached my first sermon to The Missionary Community on Sunday P.M. from John XV-4 "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." It was a hard job but I got thru it I think creditably.

Dr and Mrs Noble are going home on furlough soon to stay in America a year; when they come back a year from now they have offered to assume responsibility for bringing you and Anna out to Korea with them. I think it is a good plan for the Nobles are fine people and I like them very much. Dr Noble says that he will come to Albion to see you when he gets to U.S.A.. He will take up the matter of your passage money with the Mission Board and advise you about the preparations that you ought to make. When you come out I will meet you in Japan and we can be married there. What do you think of that?

The past week has been one of hard work for me but I have not minded that so much because of daily exercise and recreation. I am studying hard on the native language, sometimes putting in as much as 7 hours a day. I cannot estimate my progress for this Oriental language is so peculiar and different that I hardly know where I am at! My teacher just follows my lead and he just does the drill and I have to furnish the Method. Of course I have text-books that the older Missionaries have provided and I get the Grammar and the sentences from these and also from the translated New Testament. Of course there are some dictionaries but these are not complete as yet. It is certainly difficult but I am sure that I am making progress; I have already made up some short and simple talks that I can work off when I go out into the near-by country churches.

My recreation has taken the form of a game of tennis nearly every day at about 4 P.M. over in the Presbyterian Compound; I usually have to dig up some one of the Missionaries to play with me as none of them seems to have as strong an 'exercising conscience' as I do.

Last week I was invited out to evening dinners both at the Hunts and at the Moffets. You might think that my life was a 'weary round' of duties as I have work on a very tight schedule in order to get my imperative language study done but I don't think that the work here will ever get monotonous or uninteresting for apart from my enthusiasm for the Lord's Work, there is always something new and strange that invites my attention.

Everything is so totally different from any of my previous experiences that my 'Curiosity' is aroused as to the "Why" and "Wherefor" and this is always stimulating to me. Then too I am allowed perfect freedom to go at my Missionary duties in my own way; no one rides me to do this or that or insists that I carry out this or that 'plan' or method. I can always get help if I feel that I need it. So I feel quite 'free' and 'independent' as to how I get my work done. And my health is good and I don't mind long hours of learning about all the real problems and difficulties of efficient Mission Work.

I am sure that my life will be much broader and deeper than it would have been if I had stayed at home in America; so the development in my life will be worth more than all the sacrifices I have had to make. I know that I am a much better man both in ability and in ~~character~~ Character and 'capacity'.

But I am anxious for the time to come, when my tongue will be unloosed and I can help develop Character in those who are constantly crowding around me. Every Korean (or early all of those I meet in church or school) seem so appreciate the few words and sentences that I laboriously say and overlook my many mistakes. I don't know why but the young men seem to like me and go out of their way to greet me. I try to give them at least a smile, if nothing more and take pains to never overlook anyone who speaks to me.

I was the only "Moksa" (Missionary) present at the last week's Prayer service on Thursday evening and so stayed after the service to greet and grasp the hand of the new believers; it really was a great joy to welcome them into 'the fold' and as I walked along with one with the native pastor and some others, using all the vocabulary I had in trying to converse with them, my heart was filled with a stronger desire than ever before to get close to these people that I might be able to help them more in the future.

I must tell you of a Missionary Home here; it is the home of the Reverend Mrs Swallen; I have been playing tennis in their 'court' nearly every day recently (they are Presbyterian Missionaries, one of the Seniors - Of the Mission). They have invited me in occasionally for meals as Mrs Swallen says she feels sorry for me; a single young man whose loved ones are so far away; so I have got to know this family quite well and the whole family have made feel so much at home. There are three bright young children and they like to romp with me every time that I appear; sometimes all three try to climb on my lap all at once!! And when I leave, they go with me to the gate.

You can imagine that all this attention is comforting to a lone young man so far from his own home. I hope that your visit to North Dakota is proving a rest and 'recreation' which you so much need and desired. I would be glad to hear that your dear mother has recovered her usual health and strength. You spoke of your mother entering 'Home Missions'. Now this might be just the thing for her, if she has a desire for that kind of Service. I'm sure that she wants to do God's Will so you should trust her convictions; whatever she may feel it is her duty to do. She has my hearty and sincere wishes for a solution of her future.

If we follow the road that Christ points out, we will receive our "Well done" and our crown at the end; what we suffer now matters but little; we suffer with Christ and we shall be glorified with Him. After but a few days of earthly trouble and trials, we will pass over to everlasting Peace and joy. We must not hold the goods of this world so close to our eyes that we shut out all view of the 'Great Beyond'. Let us put aside all the petty worldly ambitions and throw ourselves wholly upon the Great Love of God, the Father of us all.

Last week I had the rare opportunity and treat of a picnic excursion up the river; Miss Robbins invited me to go up the river on boating picnic; she was taking a bunch of Korean Girls and wanted me along as a sort of 'guard' and perhaps as a 'life-preserver'. I managed to have a good time in spite of my 'official duties'. This was a rare chance to meet at close range some of the girls; you perhaps know that young girls here are kept quite secluded from the males. A girl is thought to be contaminated, if a man, not a close relative, so much as touches her. Of course, I had to be very careful and decorous near them altho with the Christians this custom is relaxed and these girls took a 'Moksa' as a 'sanctified' male. I did not help these girls in and out of the boat but, I suppose, if one had fallen in the water, I might with propriety fished her out. These rather pretty pale-faced girls, dressed all in white, except some colored ribbons, were almost as helpless as a flock of sheep; I pitied them for they have so little of love and sunshine; and good healthy exercise. Even when quite young they don't have much time for 'Play' as they have to help their mothers and up until now not many except the wealthy ones have even the time to learn to read the easy 'unnam' characters. Now that they have the New Testament translated in the easy 'Ummu' many of even the poor mothers have learned to read the Bible. Up until the present, girls of 12 or so have been married to men that they never saw before; the Christian church is trying to change this so the girls can attend school and learn as well as the boys. But they have to have separate girls schools. And so the Christian Girl has some hope in life besides that of bearing children and slaving for a mother-in-law. So I did what I could to enliven this day for them.

From your letters I see that you have got a fine start on house-hold furnishings and it is a great pleasure to hear about some of the things that we are going to have in our new home here in Korea. Do not worry about the future; you may be sure that I will not keep you waiting a day longer than is necessary for I want you with me as badly as you want to come. If I were but consulting my heart, I would immediately comply with your mother's request that I come back to the States and marry you there but I feel sure that it is my duty to remain here and learn the language and start plans for school-work and also where would I get the Money for such a trip? I have to wait for the Board to send you out. Also, I would be weak and cowardly, if I turned back now after I have 'put my hand to the plow'.

On last Thursday Mrs Noble received word that six large boxes had arrived from America down at the river Docks (Near the Great East Gate) And, as Dr Noble was away from home, she sent her gateman down with several coolies to get them (The Coolies have to carry the boxes big and little on their backs up the hill to the house.) But soon the man came back without the boxes as the river coolies had formed a 'combine-guild' with the object of 'cornering' all carrying jobs. As Mrs Noble didn't know what to do, I offered to take some coolies down and fetch the boxes. I went down expecting trouble and when I got there, it did look bad, as a large number of glum-looking coolies were hanging around the freight office and the coolies I had brought looked scared and kept huddled around me. I tumbled a few boxes around to show that I was capable of doing business - I looked as 'fierce' as I could and took time to get the boxes arranged and when I felt I had the gang 'buffalowed' and bluffed, I loaded up my Coolies and got them off. With all of my show of nerve, I was glad to get away without trouble!

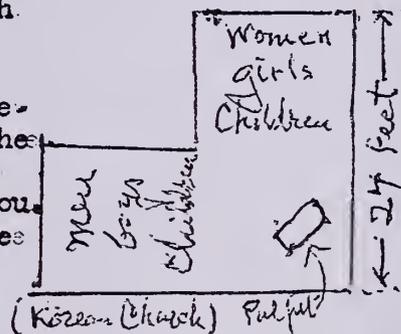
I have just sent an Order to Montgomery Ward and co. I am going to have a roller-top desk and a revolving desk chair. I already have a bed-room set, a wardrobe, a book-case, a side-board, 2 chairs and A Rocker besides a Korean screen. Don't you think I have a good start on household furniture?

The other day, after a hard day's work mostly studying, I went outside the city wall to play tennis at Swallen's court; it was so warm that I 'sweat' some in winning two sets against my Presbyterian Opponent. I was invited in to eat 'bread and Milk' with the Swallen family. You know that one of my weaknesses always was 'bread and Milk' And I got a little milk here, (but Swallens had a cow) So I was tempted more than I could bear. Afterwards I went over to Hunt's to get a cane I had left there and plunged right into dinner party; I was invited to help with the ice-cream; which I did, you may be sure! Then as Prayer-meeting was to be held at the Blair's home, which was just across the road I stayed for that and went over with the 'party' I got a good deal of good from the meeting, as I most always do at such services here; there is an earnestness and spiritual depth, which is inspiring to me. I feel like a child-spiritually; besides some of these good people so I'm willing to sit at their feet and absorb what I can. It is certainly a great privilege to be associated with them!

Last Sunday morning at the Korean church Service Mrs Noble asked me to sing a duet in the Korean tongue with her (What do you know about that?) She had translated, "Faith of our Fathers" And she said it would please the Koreans, if we would sing it together. It happened that there was a large audience, as Dr Noble was just back from the country and was to preach the sermon. If you could have looked into the 'sea of upturned faces' you would have been inspired just as I was (I don't think my singing was inspired but I did better than I thought I could.) The church is divided down the center from the pulpit; women and girls on one side of the Screen and the men and boys on the other side all squatting close together upon Matting on the floor. We sang the hymn thru without break-down, altho I can't read the Korean Characters very rapidly as yet.

After dinner Charlie Morris and I went across the river about 3 miles in the hot sun-shine walking, of course, only the ladies take Chairs and are carried by Coolies. To a small church called by the name of the near-by Village, "Chil-san" (Seven Mountains) Here I had my first experience in leading congregational singing in Korean; there were about 100 men women and children packed into this little church (See the drawing) My head almost touched the roof as I stood on a low platform. There was so much enthusiasm in the singing that I was almost drowned out but no one seemed to know much about the tune but a few tried to follow my lead; they all were earnestly vociferating as loudly as possible. It was enough to drive even me distracted; but I stuck by, until the end in two songs. What would you have done? fled? So you see they really need someone to help them really learn to sing. A Job for you.

Also these people need training in nearly every line; they are eager to learn the 'way' but it will take the patience of Job to teach these ignorant farmers but it can be done, I pronounced the benediction in Korean.



Our way back lay thru the lower city near the river. It was just after a rain and the hot sun was making the filthy mud of the so-called streets (mostly alley-ways) steam up voraciously. Thick black water ran along the low ground in the middle of the street. Strong almost overpowering odors rolled out of the low houses or huts on each side. Naked children and half-naked men and women in all stages of uncleanness met our eyes everywhere. Of course, there were also gentlemen in immaculately white clothes slowly picking their ornate tilt-like wooden shoes. Angry and contemptuous voices came from inside the walls and houses bordering the streets. Also clanking symbols of 'Mudangs' (witch doctors) struck on our ears with their disagreeable sounds and 'implications' All this was very depressing to my spirits on this Sunday afternoon; what can we few Missionaries do in the face of conditions like this; ignorance, poverty, superstition, bad customs and bad habits all lumped together and called "Heathendom" This to-day had me nearly hopeless as were the conditions of these people living in this area. However at the English Service later in the afternoon Rev Graham Lee preached a wonderful sermon on the Power of the Light of the gospel so I have recovered my enthusiasm. We also had a song service in the evening at the home of Miss Best (A Presbyterian Lady Worker) - - walked back home with Miss Robbins and had a confidential chat with her; of course, I told her more about my Seetheart waiting to come out to Korea!

Leaving out the more sentimental sections of my letters to my sweetheart, Louise who was still in America while I was in Korea. I will make quotations that will show my mental and spiritual attitudes as well show some of my personal feelings or reactions in my new environment.

Of course one of my first problems was sarificial living; "The thing a new Missionary has to face from the 'Day of decision' to go out to a Foreign Land is the suffering of seperation from loved ones, loneliness', conscious and sub-conscious, which takes away some of the natural 'joy of living'; a craving for old scenes and 'Old Friends' not to say anything about 'old pleasures' Then there is the real sarifice of home foods, served in the good home ways and the 'comforts of Home.' How can a new Missionary be happy? Was there some spiritual compensations for such sarifices? Did these sarifices make one more truly Christian and more efficient in God's Kingdom? Did one have to give up some of the 'joys of living' to be able to forget self in a sincere service and sympathy for others who are in great need of Friendship and Christian instruction?

Some quotations may indicate my thoughts; "God has given me victory over my 'loneliness' This course is hard for us now but what great honor was ever gained without trouble anxiety and pain" (I evidently thought that it would be a great honor to be an efficient missionary.) "The greatest honors are only for those who have been tried and not found wanting. Those who have ^{been} willing to suffer are the only ones to can really feel 'Full happiness' " I'm sure that we will live to thank our Father in heaven for this 'Seperation' and its attendant 'trials'; we are so physically-minded as yet that it is almost impossible to understand the Divine use of 'suffering' in our lives! We have seen and admired and almost revered some mellow and saintly 'Old People' but have ^{not} stopped to inquire how they became 'saintly'? We humans fear 'suffering' but it is sometimes necessary, if we are to learn to forgo selfish desires. We must look beyond the clouds and dark-days of the present to the brilliant 'light' of the future! The difficulties of the present will be 'straightened out' by the eye of Faith; we must not worry; for, if we do, we are not the 'children of light' as we should be.

"Do not worry for me; for I have learned much from experience, already; it has already made my vision much broader; life already looks more 'meaningful', the possibilities of usefulness in my life much greater and my love and sympathy encompasses much more than I formerly thought possible. Also I am capable of enjoying spiritual truth more and more. In fact, I feel closer to my Saviour."

"My love for you is none the less strong because of this 'consecration' (To Missionary Service) but on the contrary is truer, higher, holier. My dream of perfection of human happiness, all lies in two loves; my love for Christ, my saviour and my love for you, my dear; if you were lost to me my earthly Joy would be shattered but I would still live and toil for Christ and His Kingdom. I am not a bit affraid for your health, when I get you here for I know the power of love in your constitution; and my ever-present love and care for you would make you strong and well even tho you should come almost as an invalid" (I certainly thought 'love' could work wonders and it certainly worked out that way!)

In regards to your mother coming out here with you; if it is impossible for her to come, do not worry her with my proposal but assure her that we will help her to be happy where ever she decides to live. Maybe she could come some later when you and I have had a chance to make a proper home for her to come to.

Your last letter was certainly teeming with inspiration! I would not want to fall short, one iota, of what your fondest hopes have pictured me; but I'm human and have many faults so do not get the idea that I am anywhere near perfect or I'm affraid that you will be disappointed. I really don't understand why you love me so much but I accept the fact thankfully as one of the greatest gifts that God could bestow upon me. I am greatly inspired at the prospect of getting soon a good help-mate and companion. God is making your heart tender by this 'seperation' so that you may be able to appreciate all the more the joy of reaching this 'haven'

We both have our part to do before we can come together and even, if it is not an easy part for either of us, we must both do some hard, practical, persistent work. Before we are fitted for the greater usefulness of our Married life as Missionaries. Happiness that is won by patient, earnest endeavor is the only true kind; character is only made by the things we have overcome as we strive towards our goal. And Character, great character is attained only with a lot of suffering and struggle!

I appreciate keenly how your heart is torn between your love for me and your love and duty for your ~~mother~~ mother →

Jesus loves you and always stands ready to help you with any problem too difficult for you to solve satisfactorily; He alone can help you in this great difficulty. I can not give you any advice but that I have already proposed; "Bring your mother with you and if she can't come, we will help support her, where-ever she would prefer to stay." I know that you would be true as steel with me and I am willing to abide by anything you feel is your duty to your poor bereaved mother; if it is necessary for you to stay longer than we had planned so that you can comfort and nurse your mother, I cannot but bow my head and say, "Thy Will be Done." Anyhow I shall keep on dreaming about our future home out here; a man, mere male, can never make a real home by himself. Our Home I'm sure will be the best Haven of Rest to be found anywhere; all who enter it will know that Christan Love prevails there. Louise, I believe you will be an ideal home-maker; you have all the fine qualities of a Wife and mother! Oh! How I will work when I have the constant inspiration of your presence!

"I have read over once more your words of love and loyalty and I am again inspired to go ahead with increased vigor and hope. You, of course, realize that I am a bit lonesome once in a while; how could it be otherwise when I love the best is so far from me. Could I be contented to live without you? Well, I should say not! My heart is yours and always will be yours; and all you have to do is to come to Korea and claim it. You know that I will remain faithful; I will carry thru to the end what I have set out to do - so you may rest assured that, as I have set out to make you happy, I will certainly persist in that effort until the attainment is reached.

"How fortunate we are, Louise, my dear! You have been thinking of your 'misfortunes'; now don't keep thinking along that line; but, "count your many blessings." The difficulties are but the 'shadows' of the picture; these are needed to give prospective proportion and beauty to the completed picture. A Lady once showed 'Ruskin' a beautiful handkerchief, on which there was a large ink-stain and lamented that the handkerchief was completely spoiled, Ruskin asked her to let him take it and in a few days brought it back with a most beautiful design in india-ink where the stain had been. Thus God sees and uses these dark periods of our lives for the contrast that is needed to show up the 'more perfect' sides. What would Christ mean without the Cross? You and your mother are being blessed in your apparent hardships! I am sure your mother, as the wife of a Methodist Preacher understands these spiritual truths better than we do; if we never give up anything for God, we cannot understand what the 'Higher Life' means.

Recently I received a letter from Carl Critchett, who is down in the country trying to learn the language; he says that he has'nt been well for about a month; some stomach trouble. Carl is all taken up with the idea of getting Anna, his beloved, out here a year from now and is proposing that I join up with him and try to get you out at the same time. Of course, I want you here as soon as possible, but I don't want my personal feelings to run away with my common sense in the matter; I know that it will not go well with the Board of Missions, if we start begging them to send our 'betrothed' out here before our two probational years are up. Then too it will not be possible to provide proper homes within that time. There is barely room for the three bachelors in this station boarding with other Missionaries. So how could they provide for newly 'Weds'? I would not want my bride to be subject to some of the privations and inconveniences that I have to put up with just now. So I'm not going to promise Carl to fall in line with what I regard as misguided enthusiasm. You will understand better when you get out here why we should be careful to let things take their natural course somewhat without pushing our own personal affairs too much. Louise, you know Carl and you know that my judgement is usually 'fair' so depend on me. I may be a bit slower than other but I usually get what I set out to do; "Slow but sure!"

I received your letter of August 11th on September 9th so you see it made good time (Less than a month) I met the postman while I was out on a walk and made him turn over my mail; besides your letter, there was ^{one} from home and one from my old Sunday School teacher, Elsie Ewing, at Reading. You may sure that these letters brightened the face of this Missionary! While I was reading your letter, Miss Armstrong (Foreign teacher for the Missionary children.) and guess ^{some} that I had a letter from my 'sweetheart' (I wonder how?) She congratulated me on having such a source of comfort and inspiration also asked me to send her regards to the future Mrs. Arthur Becker! ~~Idde~~ - Indeed, all my fellow Missionary friends here in PyengYang are interested in the girl that "I left behind" me because I cannot help telling them all about you and our hopes for the future. All the Missionaries here in Pyeng Yang, Presbyterian, Methodist, etc seem so kind, friendly - *Large handwritten note at bottom of page, partially illegible.*

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or our
Arthur L. BECKER PAPERS
H. W. (1904-05)
USSO - Japanese War.

Yapies II ^{comes to Peking Yang}
"And you shall hear of wars and
rumors of wars, see that you are not alarmed
for this must take place - but the end is not yet
Matthew 24-6

CHAP. 4

As I said before, when I began to study the Korean language, I spent at least four or five hours with my language teacher each day, except when I took a trip out into the country which wasn't often in those early days. I found memorizing difficult when I started, but as I had to build up a vocabulary as well as improve my memorizing ability I started memorizing sentences so I could get pronunciation and inflection that the native used when he used that sentence. Then I practiced them on all the Koreans I happened to meet. If they understood the meaning immediately and replied I was pleased. By memorizing simple sentences and getting them off I could guess at the reply although I didn't understand much of the wording, and thus I trained my ear too. After about three months of study, I memorized a talk on "The Straight and Narrow Way" and illustrated ^{it} with a large drawing of a narrow path going up a mountain, and a broad road meandering across the broad plain. This I delivered many times with much 'perspiration' in the city Churches and out in the country. I got plenty of chance to practice all the language I knew during the trips I made out in the country. I had been appointed to oversee a newly developed circuit of small groups in a mountain area called Maung San. I made my first trip over this circuit with Dr. Noble, and the second one, after six months of study of the language.

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These mountain people are mostly dull mentally and are very superstitious and ignorant as well as quite poor and barely make a living by raising corn and potatoes on the slopes of the mountains. And they live mostly off this corn and potatoes, raising no animals except an occasional razor-back pig and maybe a dog and a few chickens. Sometimes a more well-to-do farm would have an ox to use in plowing his fields.

A letter published in a leading newspaper ^{of Reading Wash} called The Hustler will give you an idea of my way of approach to these people.

October 31, 1903. PyengYang, Korea.

Dear Friends,

As I have just returned from a three weeks trip up in the mountains of Northern Korea, I thought that maybe some of you might be interested in a short account. My circuit is only about 300 miles around, but as I had to walk all the way this time I was out, it seemed a long way around.

On October 11th, I started out with my pack pony which carried my food boxes, cot and bedding, and a small gas stove, a Korean young man, I called him 'Boy', as is the custom here, who was to be my cook and also scout around for chickens eggs and rice all of which were scarce in this ~~country~~ ^{area}, and get my sleeping accommodations, usually in an unheated storeroom, where they kept their ^{Goal} of fermented whisky or Saki. And as my helpers, I took along my language teacher and a local preacher. These walked along with me. My plan was to get to some large village by evening where we had a group of believers. Or if not, hold street meetings and maybe get some 'seekers' and start a group. I did not intend to preach a sermon. I just memorized a speech well drilled by my teacher on the road coming. We three started singing a gospel hymn. I would usually have to lead the hymn and give it volume as my helpers were as yet rather weak on most tunes, although I always chose familiar songs. I am not such an tune myself but my voice is strong and I could bellow out and this always pleased the natives and they always asked for more. The Koreans everywhere seemed to love songs but mostly the Western music isn't easy for them to sing.

wanted an audience in a village

my gang

However, when I ~~started to~~ ~~audience~~ ~~singing~~ ~~(my gang)~~ I started ~~then~~ singing a hymn. [As I walked along between villages I studied Korean, asking my companions about the country, farming methods, the customs and habits of these mountaineers and stopped now and then, as we would zig zag back and forth up over a mountain pass, ~~and~~ and look at the views. As this was mountainous country and new to me, I enjoyed the scenery; rocky hills covered with scrubby pine trees and one could always see a few farmers' villages in the distance, tucked into the ~~valleys~~ niches of the hills.]

Flat

Whenever we stopped at a village, plenty of curious people would gather round, but it was difficult to find lodging. These people were afraid or superstitious of foreigners. [There were only a few Inns for people to go to, who would take in travellers, even Koreans, so it always took alot of persuasion by my companions to get me a room for the night in any one of these villages where there were no Christians.] A present of some cash would usually get one to temporarily vacate a room for me as cash was scarce in these mountains. My companions would sleep with the male members of the family on the front livingroom floor. [They had of course no chairs or tables, benches or bedsteads. Just mats on a clay floor, plastered over ~~the~~ stones which can be heated in cold weather by flues which come from the kitchen fire. They keep the family clothes hanging around the walls or in box-like cupboards, so when the occupants walked out of the room, all I had to do was to walk in, being careful not to bump my head on the door or the inside beams. And then I would give my boy orders to set up my cot so I could have a place to sit down; ~~and~~ the boy would also get out my gas stove and set up his kitchen just outside my door, on a small entry porch, (usually surrrounded by curious people when he was working) It was of course, usually right on a street. The female members of the family usually slept in a small 'An Pano' ----- inside room, back of the larger main room which was ~~only~~ about 8' by 16 feet inside.] I tried sleeping on this main room floor with my helpers but I couldn't sleep. The floor was too hard, either too hot or too cold, and there were too many fleas and bedbugs. I didn't like my room to be next to this ~~main~~ ^{as} room either ~~where~~ not only the male members of the family ~~but~~ the travellers ~~who~~ were entertained ~~there~~; ~~but~~ also neighbor men-folk would drop in to talk in the evenings to hear the news, and they would be talking and laughing in there until after midnight. I asked my helpers how they could stand it, and they said, "We don't mind! When we get sleepy, we just roll up in our blanket and go to sleep." "And don't the ~~esses~~ talking and laughing bother you?" said I. "Not a bit. We

larger

See Typed page 4

(4)

don't hear them," said they. — But I, ~~was~~ in the next room, ~~and I~~ could hear them." [And then about two o'clock, the cocks, nestling under the roof ^{would} crow lustily and the second cock-crowing would begin about four a.m. and then the females of the house were out building ^a fires in their kitchen and getting breakfast for their men-folks and my 'boy' got up and made ~~my~~ hot coffee and cooked cereal ready for me. About five a.m. we were out on the road walking to the next place which might be 15, 20 or 25 miles away. Of course where there was a regularly organized group of Christians we might stay several days in the same place. As I walked along I would practice my salutations on the people we passed, mostly local farmers. At first they would only shake their heads and say, "---- Yong-o-mungusso ----" which means "I don't understand English." But I got better ^{answers} when I said, "Pop mungusso" meaning have you eaten your rice? Then they would brighten up and say "Ha! Chosen Mal a-gesse" which means oh, you understand Korean! Then they would throw a bunch of words at me that I didn't understand.

After three weeks of this kind of living I was glad to face homeward and would make as far as I could each day. The last day on this trip I made my record mileage and walked 30 miles.

Sincerely yours,

Arthur L. Becker
War

Arthur L. Becker

Early in 1904 rumors of acute trouble between Japan and Russia reached us in PyengYang. We didn't know how much truth there was in these rumors so didn't pay much attention to them until Feb. 8th when some of us were just ready to start to our annual meeting in Seoul. We heard about a naval battle in Chinnampo between Japanese and Russian battleships. This started a war. So no one from PyengYang went to the meeting, though it was held in Seoul without us. We just sent our reports. At the conference I was passed to the second year of 'language course' as well as the second year of the 'conference course' of study in theology. My superintendent, Dr. Woble, had given me my

AN OIL GREAT HOUSE
 NEW YORK

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~~23~~

quite philosophically at first got set about doing what I could, a step at a time - leaning hard on Appenzellar. Of course, my wife and I prayed a good deal about each step we took, for the way seemed uncertain and dark for at least the first few years. On top of this, my wife's health was not so good. Eventually, she had to go back home for awhile but ----- ^{Wattie} taught me the value of the individual approach while I had at the first been keenly disappointed at not having congregations to face, and to proclaim the Gospel message of salvation - the natural seminary training. She had a deep sympathy for the lowly, ignorant Korean, and got a joy which I at first did not share, in trying to save the soul of a houseboy and gateran while [&] trying to teach unenthusiastic young nobles in Paeje some English and chemistry- ^{was unhappily was doing} extremely elementary work! I began slowly to study my pupils as to how I could awaken their interest in and their own need for spiritual truth. I found that as a theological school graduate I was not trained in the teachers pedagogical methods and this 'lack' made me 'feel inadequate' in this line. But I began to feel that somehow the educational approach to the salvation of these people was of vast importance.

I interrupted Noble at this point as I was so interested. "So you have come to feel since you care here that the salvation of Korea and individual Koreans depends on more than saving the souls of Koreans by conversion in a twinkling and by the Grace of God and by an Act of Jesus Christ as we are taught in the Bible services and camp meetings of our youth?" "Yes, my

(40) ~~2-11~~

dear friend, the mission field and its problems teaches a young preacher many things that the theological professors do not often touch upon. I firmly believe that God wants the heathen to hear the Gospel Truth of the way of life preached in the broadest and best sense and more, that he is able to save the believer on Jesus, ^{but} ~~that~~ I have found out that there is more that God wants the mission to do. He wants the Godly way of life to be instilled in the individual, and in the home and in the nation. And this requires preaching, es. But more than this, instruction in the pulpit, it requires day by day and hour by hour instruction in the homes, school, and in places of productivity. The 'idea' of constantly growing and development of character and knowledge in the deepest, broadest and best in life must be the missionary objective, if we are to do all that the Lord wants of us. This requires sacrifices and devotion ^{from} ~~of~~ us."

"What has brought you to this conclusion here in Korea? I burst out in the intensity of my feeling? "If you ask me, ^{says he,} the immediate regeneration of the Korean society as a whole as well as the lost generation of individuals in every walk of life here. The sin and degeneration in the highest, the ^{wire} and filth the lowest ^{makes} ~~are~~ living without hope or without any semblance of joy in life ^{this} overwhelms me. What could I do? One, while you're living here for years giving a message which the people who had ears could not understand. After much prayer and talk with the older missionaries I decided that I must do what I could - preach in season and out of season but I must also learn to teach in season and out. But how to teach and preach. I

(41) ~~(2-5)~~

must learn so much I didn't know about the people, habits
customs, language and amusements, so I could make them
understand their own great need for regeneration so they
could understand the words of salvation. To tell the truth I
had put down some of my gropings, searching after a knowledge
of the old Korean society and a possible cure but I want to
say right here that I found that I couldn't be both a preacher
and a teacher and carry out all that goes with such a pro-
fession, so I settled on being a preacher on the job all the
time, like a doctor on call, day or night. So I am glad you
are a trained educator and that you are here on the field
with me. I think if you like to teach, you should give your
whole time to that line. Don't bother about the fact that
you are not a graduate of a seminary. You are needed worse
right now than any theologian would be."

"Ekw"

A day or so later as our boat was being quietly pulled along the shore on a
bright moon light evening, John Moore said to Charley Morris and me; "Lets each tell
a story of something interesting that happened in our lives maybe we can learn
something about each other while we are relaxed here and can enjoy such things.
Charley can tell the first one right now and I will follow with mine if we have
time then on to-morrow evening, if the weather permits, Brother Becker can tell his"

After a bit of discussion about this we finally agreed and Charley, as we all
called him after a bit of 'ems' and 'haws' gave a series of more or less humorous
incidents of his youth and Ireland. (Fore he was apure Irish man!) which gave us
occasions for some good laughs.

John followed with anecdotes from his school life, which was interesting and some-
times amusing even tho John is quite a serious-minded chap. When he finished it was
late enough for us to retire to our cotes. And I was asked to tell my story the
next evening which I was glad to do as I wanted a little time to fix up my account
fortunately I had been thinking of my past life brought about by the quizzing the
ladies had already been giving me.

The next evening was nice, moon was still with us and all seemed to be still in
the mood for something light so I told the following:-

"A visit to my Grandfather's Home"
(See Chapter II)

examinations on the first years work and pronounced me passed. I breathed a sigh of relief and celebrated by dropping my studies for a whole week before I started on the second years work.

[In PyengYang city the Japanese had manned the walls with army Reservists and put guards at the gates while rumors of Russian Cossack cavalry raids in Northern Korea disturbed our sleep. Just before the advance units of the Japanese army, ~~were~~ marching over the land from Soeul, reached this city, a few Russian scouts on horseback advanced within sight of the city wall. Were we excited and I must say, a bit fearful? Were we few missionaries to be caught between these two armies? Soon the Japanese army began to arrive, and the Korean population was so fearful of them ^{that a} ~~the~~ large proportion just took their few belongings on their backs and fled to the hills ^{villages}. There were still many Koreans alive who had suffered from the Chinese and Japanese armies which had fought around Pyongyang in 1894 and tales of invading armies and what they did to the inhabitants had scared them so they left homes and goods and ran away with what they could carry, as they thought — to save their lives. [I had dozens of heads of households come to me in their panic and beg me to buy their homes for anything I wanted to give. I offered to hold their deeds and, if they were Christians, tried to persuade them at least the men, to stay on for a bit, as I thought the Japanese soldiers would not confiscate nor harm them, but just use their home for 'lodging' for a short time. Our Churches in PyengYang

(6)

immediately organized visiting committees who went from house to house and in this way prevented a general exodus. Even many of those who had fled, ventured to come back later on when the city became filled with Japanese soldiers. Then the moving out became more orderly. The women and girls going to stay with friends or relatives outside the city and most of the people were saved the loss of homes at least, and ^{their very few} possessions as the Japanese commanders clamped on most rigid rules for the soldiers in their dealing with natives.

We advised the Christian women and girls to get out of the city temporarily, so, soon only men were attending our church meetings.

When the bulk of these Japanese troops marched on northward and only the troops ^{just} passing by PyengYang stopped over for a few days, then the worst crisis had passed; ^{but,} although there were now only a few Japanese troops stationed here ^{there} and caused some anxiety among the Koreans who remained.

PyengYang Korea
Februaru 28, 1904

Dear People,

As I know you will be anxious to hear from me, I am writing. Of course I realize that your uncertain knowledge of how safe I am in the midst of this eastern warfare will take away some of your peace of mind. So I wish I could ~~be~~, by some miracle of mental telepathy, let you know how safe I am; for I know that it will be a matter of months before things will be anything like normal around here, and mail will be slow and uncertain. (Perhaps your newspapers will let you know more about the state of this war than ^{we} we know. But we do know well ^{or} what happens right around this city. Plenty of war correspondents in Korea, and some like 'Jack London' have come to PyengYang. 'London' gave us a talk in one of our missionary meetings, telling of his experiences in Korea.

as far

At present, PyengYang, being a walled city that can be defended, the Japanese army seems to be using it as a center of supplies for their northern campaign. There's little doubt right now that the war's major battles will be carried on across the Yalu up in Manchuria, so we ought to be quite safe here under the pledge of the Japanese commander that he will protect us, unharmed if we go about our normal activities and obey a few simple rules and regulations. (But we've don't sleep very well)

The Korean population of the city, especially that part living inside the wall near us, seem to have vacated their homes and only a few Christian men attend our services which we carry on regularly in our big church.

But one effect is that quite a number of the better class of Korean men from other parts of the city have been coming to the services, and giving in their names as 'seekers.' Probably because they think we can give them some kind of protection. Anyhow, we have a chance to 'preach' to them.

I understand that there are over 100,000 Japanese troops on their way up here from Soeul. How many of them will stop over in PyengYang I don't know. I do not anticipate trouble with the soldiers as up to the present they have been quite polite and respectful to the Americans because they think Americans sympathize with them in their somewhat uncertain attempt to beat back the mammoth Russian Bear. To illustrate this: I wanted to go out to the Presbyterian compound outside the wall the other evening, and after sundown, the gates are closed and each one is guarded by a dozen soldiers. I simply showed the officer a red, white and blue button I had in my lapel, and immediately, without a word, the gate was unbarred and swung open for me. On my return some hours later, I simply tapped on the gate and said, "Same American," through the gate, and they silently opened the gate and let me in. I was proud to be an American.

Russian Cossacks had been raiding in Northern Korea. Up in a Presbyterian mission station there, the missionaries have had several Russian officers in their homes for "tea" and have seen several companies of Russian cavalry going through their town. So a letter from up there says, "The Russians all are polite to us here." A Korean Christian told us that about 200 Russian horsemen were holding a town 50 miles north of PyengYang, but Japanese cavalry started north from here this morning and I saw about 600 Japanese horsemen coming from the south today so there may be a scritch a little north of here. I don't think Russian raiders will get this far south again, ~~where~~ the Japanese cavalry are here in force. I wonder if the Japanese horsemen can fight on horseback as it is a new kind of fighting for them. and the Russian Cossacks are reputed to be fierce fighters. The Japanese cavalry has yet to prove itself against them.

I have secured several nice views of Japanese moving troops and their equipment. We have large American flags waving over each of our American homes and the Church, so we feel we won't be molested. So far the Japanese seem friendly. We are in little danger. If the Japanese are defeated in the North and had to retreat back this way, I think it probably would be different.

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All we need is 24 hours notice and we can be on board a U.S. gunboat which is now anchored at the mouth of the Great East River. It would be easy for us to pile our trunks on a big Korean boat like the ones we used for houseboats, and float down the river in a few hours. This plan has been worked out by our legation in Seoul.

May our Heavenly Father bless and keep you as He has taken care of me.

With Love,
Arthur

PyengYang, Korea.
April 3, 1904

Dear People,

I have looked in vain for a letter from you. Your January letter is the last I have received. But I am hoping you are all well. Don't worry about me. I am in God's hands. He will take care of me as long as I do my duty and prove I am needed here. I am sure He has work laid out for me in Korea. I do not pray that I may be free from all danger but I do pray that I may not flinch or turn back on a path of evident duty. However, I do not think that we are in great danger just now. Japanese troops have been constantly coming here from the south and passing on north. Perhaps there are now 100,000 troops in the city all the time. Of course, in changing personnel, some come and others go. About 30,000 troops with baggage, ammunition and 50 small cannons, came the other day and I suppose will rest up here for awhile. I forgot to say have that Japanese built a strong wide bridge of boats across the river so the troops, wagons and cannons can come directly into the city by the big East Gate, which opens onto the River. Sometimes I've watched them from above in this Gate.

This city is now almost entirely given over to the soldiers. The Koreans who stayed on taking care of property have been mostly forced out because the soldiers are now crowded into all the homes, even the small ones as well as into all the large public buildings. The Koreans say they have not been treated so badly but if they stay they have to be servants for the soldiers and they can't get much rest and they don't get much pay either. The soldiers haven't acted so badly, as bad as I thought they would. Still the poor native is deprived of his home, and livelihood, without decent recompense. The population of PyengYang was supposed to be under the protection of Japan, and has been announced in the Japanese papers.

an army

Of course, passing through an alien country has to more or less live off the country so they 'scrounge' and appropriate as they move along. The needs of a large army in food and shelter are enormous, more than one could guess without a look at the accompanying paraphernalia necessary to provide the necessary things. I noticed that while traveling, the carts and necessary coolies, necessary to transport the provisions as well as arms and amunition looks far greater than the marching soldiers themselves. Just the other day I stood up above in the East Gate watching the stream of carts and wagons streaming into the city. There seemed to be no end as far as I could see. Yet this was only a fraction of what is now coming in night and day. It is a sad thing to see the native driven remorselessly from his home in order that alien soldiers fighting for a cause that was unrelated to the native, might temporarily occupy it and possibly to spoil or ruin it. But I suppose this is war, and you know as our General Sherman said, "War is Hell."

The soldiers must have had strict orders about not molesting Americans, as we had so far suffered very little inconvenience from them except that it is hard to get food and our movements are generally restricted. Some curious groups of soldiers have walked into our ^{new} yard but none have been rude or offensive. However, we men keep off the street as much as possible and our missionary ladies don't go out without male escorts. Recently, I wanted to go out into the country to perform a ceremony of marriage for a young Christian couple on my circuit and I was told I would have to get a pass from the army commander general, so before I went to see the general, I asked Rev. Hoffitt of the Presbyterian Mission to accompany me. (Dr. Noble was out of town and the general would only deal with the heads of missions)

On meeting with the general, he heard Dr. Hoffitt introduce me and said directly, although he had an interpreter beside him, in broken English, "What is his capacity?" Dr. Hoffitt hesitated and glancing at me with a twinkle in his eyes said, "I can unconditionally recommend Mr. Becker's capacity." The general said, "Is that so? Then, he can have his pass." Evidently, the general could not understand English very well and didn't want to admit it before his subordinates. I was very curious as to what Dr. Hoffitt actually meant in his reply although I could guess. So after we left the general's office, I asked him and he said, "About all I know of your capacity is that I've seen you at the table and at picnics and that was extra good, so I thought of saying "Two bowls of rice" but I thought the general might not appreciate a joke from me, so I replied as I did, ~~and I laughed~~ and I think the general really meant 'has this young man any ~~other~~ capacity other than that of being a missionary?' which he already understood."

On my way out of the country with my 'pass' I didn't meet any traveling Japanese soldiers but once going through a town which had been occupied by traveling soldiers, a guard made me show my pass. The first two days I had fine weather and enjoyed this change of a walk in the country. Late in the second day I stopped at the

English Gold Mines and was warmly greeted by the English and Americans there, for they were glad to see anyone from outside who could give them war news. They were cooped up in their mountain valley way off from the line of marching troops and they had no general passes for travel. Of course one man who brought in their freight had a pass but this did not go through PwengYang, just through ^{the} a port of Chinnampo. ^{Shingyang?}

The next day I went on 7 miles to Simchang - where the wedding was to be held. This was where I had a church of about 50 members. I found that the preparations for the wedding feast, the important part of a Korean wedding, would not be ready for a couple of days, so I went back to the mine. The manager had promised to show me their whole works when I had leisure. So I was shown the six levels of mining operation below the grounds, where I could see the specks of gold in the rock, where the veins were and then he explained all the processing of the ore through the stamp mill and the extraction of the gold.

In his office he showed me some bricks of pure gold and said, "If you can pick it up with one hand I'll let you have it." It looked easy but I didn't have a chance. This brick weighed 1056 ounces or about 90 pounds and was worth 50,000 dollars! - So the manager said, "I forgot to say that when I was down in the mine I saw the drilling with a diamond drill, which is a hollow pipelike drill, the bit-end being set with black diamonds. This was used to explore for new veins of gold ore. They said they could drill hundreds of feet into the rock, and when they took out the core of rock from inside the bit, they could easily tell if they had bored through gold ore."

That evening after supper as I was talking to the manager and the chemist, a Korean policeman came in and told my host that there was a band of Korean bandits gathered on a nearby mountain and that the people in a nearby village were so afraid of ^a ~~the~~ ^{road} ~~people~~ ^{upon} them that they could not sleep. So the manager said that he would relieve their minds and called for five or six of the foreigners working at the mine to bring their guns which they always had handy these days, as bandits had before this, tried to raid the mine. Then he asked me to be one of the party and I was given a rifle to carry. I think it was just to have an extra gun around if it was needed. So we started up the mountainside, guided by the Korean policemen, stumbling along in the dark with only miners lamps to light our path, and eventually we went over a high pass and into the vicinity of the mountains where the bandits were supposed to be. But we found none. They, evidently, had heard us or got a notice of our coming and ~~scattered~~ ^{scattered} for there was plenty of evidence that ^{a gang} had camped there not more than an hour before, as camp pits had been left helter-skelter and there were live embers among the ashes of their fires. There was considerable grumbling in our party at coming on a wild goose chase for all had come keyed up for a fight (except me). I was glad that no bullets would fly either way.

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It was raining heavily the next day but I borrowed a raincoat and boots and walked the 7 miles in rain and mud. At the groom's home we were anxiously waiting, and especially the groom's mother who was the mainspring of the affair. At about high noon although we didn't see the sun, I got the bride and groom together in a little Church where there wasn't even standing room for the curious crowd who wanted to see a foreign missionary marrying the Korean couple, as this was the first ceremony of its kind in this town and my first marriage ceremony in Korea, and all in the Korean language. I'd studied the ritual until I could almost say it without the book. Of course, the feast followed, at the groom's home. Tables were piled high with the different varieties of Korean food. Relatives and friends invited attacked the food as if they were starving. It is a great feast for them as it is seldom that they get to eat such a variety. As for me, although I was given a special table with all varieties piled on it, I couldn't do more than pick little pieces here and there, for I had seen the dirty kitchens in which this food had been prepared: ~~S~~ I just tasted here and there, enough to please the hostess, and slipped away.

At that time, the Christians on my circuit were suffering persecutions from a political party, a social-religious sect called ~~Fong Haks~~ Eastern Learning. This sect was anti-Western and claimed that Christianity was Western propaganda. They told our Christians they were traitors to their own country. Before I left ~~---Sun Wang---~~ this time, I gathered the leaders together of our church and told them that in Seoul their king had told them himself that these ~~---Fong Haks---~~ were traitors and that he and the Japanese considered them enemies who were to be punished if they didn't stop their activities. I also said our Christian faith was world-wide and that God was the God of all nations and Jesus was their spiritual guide and leader as much as He was for Americans. Of course I had my local preacher explain this to them, because of this kind of trouble. I visited two more groups before I went back to PyengYang. I'll say good by for this time.
With all my love,
Arthur

PyengYang, Korea
November 16, 1904

My Dearest Louise,
This is not a 'Dear Sister' letter as you may find before you have read very much, if not already. Really, I'm sorry that your dear ~~heart~~ heart should have received such a blow as that letterhead would give you. I cannot understand the mistake because when I write home, I generally head the letter, "Dear People." But, however, I must have meant that letter for my sister Lulu, as I have no other correspondence that I dignify by that title. Little girl, I shall indeed be careful not to send you any more such "Dear Sister" letters, for I would not ^{out} cause you a single moment of pain or anxiety. When you come here, see if I don't take care of you like

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial statements. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses, income, and transfers.

The second part of the document provides a detailed breakdown of the accounting cycle. It outlines the ten steps involved in the process, from identifying the accounting entity to preparing financial statements. Each step is explained in detail, with examples provided to illustrate the concepts.

The third part of the document focuses on the classification of accounts. It discusses the different types of accounts, such as assets, liabilities, equity, and income, and how they are used to record and summarize business transactions. It also explains the relationship between these accounts and the accounting equation.

The fourth part of the document covers the process of journalizing and posting. It describes how transactions are recorded in the journal and then transferred to the ledger. It also discusses the importance of double-entry bookkeeping and how it helps to ensure the accuracy of the accounting records.

The fifth part of the document discusses the preparation of financial statements. It explains how the information from the ledger is used to create the balance sheet, income statement, and statement of owner's equity. It also discusses the importance of these statements for the management and owners of the business.

The sixth part of the document covers the process of adjusting entries. It explains how these entries are used to correct errors and ensure that the financial statements are accurate. It also discusses the different types of adjusting entries, such as accruals and deferrals.

The seventh part of the document discusses the process of closing the books. It explains how the temporary accounts are closed to the permanent accounts and how the closing process affects the financial statements. It also discusses the importance of closing the books at the end of each accounting period.

The eighth part of the document covers the process of reversing entries. It explains how these entries are used to reverse the effect of certain adjusting entries and how they are recorded in the journal. It also discusses the importance of reversing entries for the accuracy of the accounting records.

The ninth part of the document discusses the process of correcting errors. It explains how errors are identified and corrected in the accounting records. It also discusses the importance of correcting errors to ensure the accuracy of the financial statements.

The tenth part of the document covers the process of preparing a trial balance. It explains how the trial balance is used to check the accuracy of the accounting records and how it is prepared from the ledger. It also discusses the importance of the trial balance in the accounting process.