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DR. ELLINWOOD

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Bi - Monthly letter

Pyeong Yang Korea
Nov. 28. 1901

Blair

Dear Dr Ellinwood:

Dr # At the last station meeting I was appointed to write you in behalf of the station. Since then, I have received your letter which makes my task doubly pleasant. This is, as you know, our busy season. Mr Swallen left, Oct. 26 for a few or six weeks trip in Whang Hai, visiting Christian groups and holding classes. Mrs Swallen, tho very busy getting resettled, has resumed work at Marquis Chapel. She has charge of the Sabbath morning school for women and the Wednesday afternoon bible class. She also directs a meeting Thursday afternoon at O Sang.

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Mr Hunt is still in the county south of the city. I know no particulars of his work; but he is such a stinging fellow we can trust him to give a good account of himself. Mrs Hunt and baby Dorothy were with Mr Hunt about three weeks. Baby Dorothy is just beginning to talk a wonderful mixture of Korean and English.

Besides his regular city work Dr Moffett made an eight days trip north west recently, visiting five groups. You have doubtless heard of the sad news of Mrs Moffett's continued illness and necessary return to America. They left here last week on Wednesday for Chinsaypo to meet the Japan boat - Dr Moffett on his wheel and Mrs Moffett in a reclining chair. She seemed in good spirits for the journey, and bade us and the many Koreans assembled good bye with a smiling face. The sadness of the people that day and their prayers for her since show their love for Mrs Moffett. Dr Moffett goes only to Japan

and will soon be with us again. Mrs
Blair and I have moved into the Moffett
home and are taking charge for the present.

Miss Henry and Miss Snook
are living in the Moffett - for the present
our guest room. They are both well
and very busy with language study.

Miss Best and Miss Howell
have spent considerable time holding
women's classes in the district west of
Pyeongyang. I have no particulars of
them now.

After the mission meeting
this fall, Mr Bernheisel accompanied
Mr Sharp from Seoul on a trip tour of
the churches in Dr Underwood's district
in Whang Hai Do. He reported a "happy
and profitable trip - one long to be
remembered". Mr Bernheisel is at present
visiting churches somewhere in the
region of Kang Song.

Liberty Dr wells a little while
the other day asking for special points

of interest connected with the hospital
 work. I quote his characteristic answer.
 "Things there are as usual, tho I made a
 nose for a man yesterday. This isn't worth
 mentioning - just the usual thing." The
 doctor is very much interested in the hygiene
 class at the academy.

Mr Baird and I spent ten
 days of this month visiting churches in
 the district west of P'yeng Yang. You
 see I had begun following your
 advice even before I received it. We
 visited seven churches and found all
 in good condition. This was my first
 trip to the county and I enjoyed it
 immensely. The exercise did me good,
 we walked some 25 miles daily, and
 talking with the people benefited me
 greatly. I hope to write about this
 trip in my next letter to the "Findings
 from Afar". By the way, I am very
 much ~~plea~~ pleased that you like
 the little paper. Lawrence and I
 hope thro it to interest a large
 number of our friends in mission work.

mountain chain looked over mountain chain. one giant lifted his head far into the clouds which had just received the setting sun. Not far away were low hills covered with evergreen trees, while the valley below beyond was far disappearing in shades of evening. On one side of us was an old grave with a wall around it, on the other below an heathen temple. In the distance we could see many white forms returning along narrow pathways from the city which lay back of us hidden from view by the wall and a high ridge. Our own homes however and the grand old gate of the outer wall, the south water gate so we call it were in full view. All was so beautiful that we stood for a while in silence and came away feeling that we had seen a little of Gods glory.

Afar from home we have
 found a new home with loving
 friends around ^{us} a world of beauty
 about us and a life of fascinating interest

before us. This is ⁷ Thanksgiving
season and our hearts are full
of gratitude to God for his many
many blessings.

Sincerely yours

William N. Blair



TIDINGS FROM AFAR

"In Thee Shall All the Nations of the Earth be Blessed."

VOL. III.

MAY—JUNE, 1904.

No. 5.

TIDINGS OF THE PLAGUE.

War in Korea and the Plague in India Hinder Missionary Work—But the Seed of the Gospel is Being Sown.

Dear Friends: I know that you are all interested in our health since we have been sick. I am thankful to be able to say that I have not felt as well as I do now at any time since I came to India and am in good condition to begin the hot weather, which has now begun. Since the last letter I have been going to nearby villages and preaching in the bazaar evenings, but our work has been hindered a great deal on account of the plague. The topic of conversation nearly always is the Plague. I suppose the minds of the people are generally so filled with the fear of this disease that they do not get very much from what we say. Where we are known well it is different, but we seldom find the people ready to listen in villages that have not been lately visited. One morning the native pastor and I went to a village and we at once saw that they were frightened but we tried to laugh at them and show them how foolish such an idea is, that the plague is spread by the government, but it did not succeed in that village as it generally does. We were talking and an old woman came and called a man and wanted to know what he was doing there. He got up and went away. But the women kept a steady stream of talk and we saw there was no use trying to get them to keep still so we left. Some women fell down at the feet of Miss Johnson and Mrs. Lawrence and implored them not to give it to them. The majority of the people in the villages believe that the government spreads the disease. They think that no foreigner dies of it, though a few have that they know nothing of, and it is a new disease to them so they do not think that it is a real disease but some kind of magic. In the beginning the government tried to check the progress of the disease by various means, such as enforcing isolation of patients in camps outside the cities and a thorough disinfection of the house where the seizure took place, but the people would not have it and imagined that the government was trying to spread the disease by every precaution that was taken to check it. They hear of the sprinkling of disinfectants and they say that is the way they



KASRI, A NATIVE PREACHER, AND WIFE,
ETAWAH, INDIA

spread it. They imagine that we sprinkle some kind of medicine on the ground in their villages and that is the way it spreads. When we were first in the country all travellers on the railways coming from infected districts were examined by physicians at various points to prevent the spread of the disease. Just before we came, at Cawnpore, the effort was made to force the people to take diseased persons to a camp outside the city and there receive treatment but a riot took place and a number of police were tossed into a bonfire made of the huts of the camp. Thus you see what it is to govern such a nation. Do your best to advance their welfare and they call their benefactors murderers. Why do they think we kill them off? To

get their riches. When the average person hasn't one possession that a foreigner would look at. They are so childish in their fears and in their ways of showing it. The plague—What is it? It certainly is a plague here now. The death rate from plague in the whole of India for one week recently was 40,000. In these provinces 10,000. It is a contagious and infectious disease with high fever, unconsciousness, swelling of various glands, death generally resulting about the second or third day. It is very seldom that one recovers because they will do nothing and the government has folded its hands and does nothing. When promptly treated by a competent physician the percentage of recoveries is large but the people think their doom is sealed when they get it and do nothing and take no precaution to prevent it spreading. They think we are also government officials and so you see what effect it has on our work, where we are not well known. The Hindoos are supposed to burn their dead but there are so many that they very often simply throw the bodies into the sacred Junna here and allow them to float off and carry the disease elsewhere. They are beginning to learn a little sense where the disease has been for two or three years and when it begins to come near a house and rats and mice begin to fall over dead then the people pick up and flee to some place outside of the city. This is a great safeguard as the germs do not survive in the strong sunlight.

Just now we are going daily to the opium weighments where there are men from all parts of the district congregated to have their opium weighed. This gives us a good opportunity to preach to many villages that are perhaps never visited and it will help to confirm our assertion that we have no other object than to preach to them. Last night there was a great gathering of both Hindus and Mohammedans at a mela near the city. The mela is to worship a Mohammedan martyr and the strange thing is that both Hindus and Mohammedans claim this saint. There were a number of torn and tattered flags planted in the ground and the people threw sweets and grains in front of these flags and this was all. We did a little preaching but paid more attention to selling tracts as the Mohammedans are very zealous at the time of their celebrations and it is better to do work quietly at such times. We are having some encouragement here as some people seem to be interested. A fakir came to see me a short time ago and we gave him a book to read and he seemed impressed with it and said that he had noted one thing especially, that all the Hindu incarnations were for the express purpose of destroying people, but that Jesus came to save. And this in truth is the difference. There is no salvation in Hinduism.

Sincerely Yours,

J. H. L.

LETTER FROM MRS. LAWRENCE.

My Dear Friends: It seems but a short time ago since I wrote an account of last year's Bible school. I am sure nothing goes fast in India except time.

This year's Bible School was far more than the name suggests. It was a real revival, and I think every one who attended went away feeling it had been good to be there.

And anyone, who have the least doubt in their minds that missions don't pay should have attended last year's and this year's Bible Schools.

Many of our Christians last year were recent converts, and they did look so countrified (as we used to say at home,) I hope none of our readers will take offense at that expression, I myself was a country girl. This year their faces had brightened up wonderfully, and they dressed more modestly, I could scarcely recognize some of them.

We had some splendid meetings. During the morning they were divided into classes, two classes for the men and two for the women. The educated in one class and the uneducated in another, Miss Johnson who lives here in Etawah had a class of the uneducated women; she taught the life of Christ for ten days.

The educated took up subjects something like this. "How to best reach village women" "And to study the Bible" "And to convey the idea of sin" etc. we, as well as the native women found them most helpful.

The afternoon meetings were mass meetings; they would often last from 3 p. m. to 6 and 7 p. m. I thought it most wonderful how well they paid attention through such long meetings. Some of the poor mothers holding babies so long had little strength left to listen to the end, but still they deserve credit for what they did. I think many truly repented of their sins, many stood up and confessed before all some one particular sin they had committed. I really think the confession came from their hearts.

After being in camp and having everybody so afraid of us, it did us good to be among our own Christians, whom we knew had a friendly feeling towards us. One evening we had a concert, nothing elegant in the way of talent to be sure. One of the native pastor's wife and four little children sang an English song. It was very sweet. There were several chorus songs, but the songs the natives enjoyed the most, were a couple of college songs sung by the missionaries. I am sure the words were't understood, but that did'nt make any difference. They just roared with laughter.

One afternoon the men and boys had sports which were enjoyed by all. We needed something of the sort sometimes for recreation.

Over 300 attended this year and we hope to swell the numbers even greater for next year. It was held in Etah this year, which is thirty-five miles away from the station. Coming home my husband and I started on our little drive, sitting flat on the floor of a funny two

wheeled cart, which tilted back so far that one were always in fear of sliding out. For five hours we jogged along, the old grey haired driver telling us we would be in plenty of time, but within a mile of the station, the old horse decided he had gone far enough and started to balk and balked three times. Mr. Lawrence told the driver he had better hurry up, well, he said, "I'm trying to." As we drove up in front of the station our train pulled slowly out, and we were left. To say the least we were disappointed as it meant an eight hours wait at the station. However we got our beds in the station room and took a sleep. It is handy to have a bed with you sometimes. C. E. L.

TIDINGS OF WAR.

Missionary Work Interrupted by the Japan-Russia War. Japanese Soldiers in Pyeng Yang.

PYENG YANG, KOREA. March 22, '04

Dear Friends: I am afraid that our letters to "Tidings from afar" will arrive late this time, that is if they arrive at all. We understand that the Japanese are holding all outgoing mail in Seoul. There are many inconveniences from the war, we have had trouble at times in purchasing supplies, war prices prevail and there is no certainty when our American orders will get through. The money panic has reduced our salaries by about a half for some time. People are afraid of bills, all hard money is in demand and consequently we suffer loss on our paper. This will adjust itself later on I suppose, though nothing is certain in war.

But our greatest concern now is for our work, especially our country work. Let two lions spring into the fold and proceed to roar and tear one another and you can imagine the effect upon the sheep. My work in the north lies at present right in the storm's path. The Russians are in considerable force across the An Ju river while the Japanese are overrunning the intervening counties, of course both armies take houses and whatever they need. The women all along the high-ways have been sent to the mountains. Many families are homeless. All are in great trouble and fear. What use to plant the fields for hostile armies to overrun, yet not to plant is to starve. Day by day men have come from my district telling me all this but always adding, thank God, that the Christians are standing together with faith unshaken. Indeed the faith of many seems to grow brighter in this hour of trial. "It is just what Jesus foretold," they say, "and the time of his coming may be drawing near." Timid, weak, poor, yes, but oh! how brave, how strong, how rich.

I am anxious to go north to visit my churches, but the American minister, Dr. Allen, has ordered us all to remain in Pyeng Yang. The Japanese officers assure us of protection here, but object to our traveling about, fearing that their soldiers might shoot us for Russian spies.

The Japanese army is making Pyeng Yang headquarters for the present. I would like to tell you how many troops there are here but no one knows. They have been coming in now almost daily for three weeks. Practically all the houses in the city are occupied. Today the Imperial guards have been coming in in an almost unbroken column. It is said that all the houses within ten miles will be needed, so you see we are at present right in the heart of an army of a good many tens of thousands.

I understand that they have asked for the central church building although they promised not to use it till every thing else was taken. It is the biggest building in the city and would doubtless have been occupied at the outset if the Japanese had not been anxious to show us every courtesy. They have offered us a guard for our homes but so far we have not needed it.

The soldiers are evidently under strict orders not to molest us. Only four have come to our house, two Christians doctors at my invitation and two to try to buy chickens. We live right on the main road too. The larger part of the army will go north through the little gate in front of our house. At first we used to run to the window to watch every little company go by, but nothing less than a regiment is of interest now. The soldiers usually leave the city about eight o'clock in the morning so I invite you all to breakfast with us and have a "ku kung" of the stout little men as they march, all gay with stripes and red blankets, to the most desperate struggle in modern times. When will they come back and how? May God have mercy on the thousands who never come back. Very few of them know that mercy now and this is the awfulness of war.

Sincerely,

W. N. BLAIR.

LETTER FROM MRS. BLAIR.

Dear Friends: In these war times when we are right in the midst of things, so to speak, I can do no better than to write you a little about the things we see and hear and experience every day. We have been so vexed at reading the scare heads in some of the papers at home. They are so much worse than things really are and some of them have no foundation whatever. The talk of a native uprising against foreigners has about this much truth. There is a society among the Koreans called the Tong Haks who think the foreigners and especially the Japanese, who killed the queen some years ago, are enemies to Korea and it is reported that they have set next month for an uprising. But even should they arise at all, which we do not anticipate there are many times enough Japanese soldiers here in Pyeng Yang to put down all the Tong Haks in the country. As for the war itself, it has not yet bothered us seriously. There have been and are thousands of Japanese soldiers in the city,

TIDINGS FROM AFAR

Aims not to entertain or interest its readers simply. Its ultimate aim is to enlist the followers of the King in earnest, intelligent and definite prayer that His Kingdom may come. It will strive to keep its readers in touch with the work in a part of Korea and India. In return will you not pray daily for that work?

Contributors.

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both infantry and cavalry. We have gone several times across the city to watch them come in over the river on a bridge laid on the ice and we have watched them go north through the gate in the old wall just west of our home to meet the Russians. Three thousand left this morning. They are strong looking young fellows, under the average American height, but well built and under excellent discipline. The army in the city have not bothered us at all though they have of course made it very hard for the Koreans, going into their homes to stay by the dozen and taking what things they need or want either without pay or for a fraction of what they are worth. It is hard for the Koreans, they are so poor anyway. Many of them have fled to the country and the mountains with their little all and many more have sent their goods and their women and children. The Japanese are treating us with every consideration.

All the ladies from the mines and several from Syen Chun, our station in the north, have gone to Seoul on an American transport sent by U. S. Minister Allen. We Pyeng Yang ladies could have gone too, but we thought it best not to leave unless some immediate reason made it necessary. At present we are very peaceful here and unless the Russians come down near here to fight, which we do not anticipate, or unless the Japanese should be defeated in the north and make a second stand here which we ardently hope may not happen, we hope to stay on as usual. Sever-

al thousand Russians have crossed the Yalu but it is still expected that the main battles will be fought at the river instead of farther south.

One other thing which may make it necessary to leave after a while is the question of supplies. You see we all expect our spring orders, consisting of a half year's supplies, in March and April and if they cannot get here we may be seriously bothered by that. Even now we are beginning to feel the pressure because the Japanese have used so many things that natives supplies are difficult to obtain. Then too native money is so high that we can't use it as freely as usual. We used to get 11 60 Korean Yang for one Japanese yen and lately we have been getting about 6.50. All natives supplies must be paid for in yang. I do not know at all how these things will turn out. Truly we cannot tell what the morrow may bring forth. Our work is suffering of course, we can do so little now. As for our own safety we have no fear and please, dear friends, have none for us. We hope and pray that the war will not be for long. I never realized before what a dreadful thing it is and how much suffering and sorrow it brings. A Russian spy was shot just outside the gate day before yesterday and four other Korean and Japanese are to be executed to-day. We are continually hearing of men being killed in skirmishes and no real land battle has yet been fought. The poor innocent Koreans are continually suffering.

We have been having and entertaining guests in the shape of newspaper correspondents. They were stranded here in Pyeng Yang for some days not being allowed to go on with the army and being finally ordered back to Seoul. We had the pleasure of having Jack Loudon, the author, who is now here for the Hearst syndicate, with us several days and also of meeting several others. I speak of this because a guest from the outside world is an event in our community, like a breath of outside air to a "shut in."

We are already gardening, in hot beds, so as to have things to eat as soon as possible. Mr. Blair always laughs at my desperate face when I am trying to think what to get for dinner. We are out of potatoes and can't get any and we can get no meat but chicken. We are growing truly oriental and live mostly on rice.

We ask your prayers for our christian Koreans in this time of trial. Many of them are scattered as "sheep without a shepherd." Pray that they may "witness a good confession" where ever they go.

Sincerely yours,
EDITH ALLEN BLAIR.

THE picture in this issue is of one of the best native preachers in Etawah. Mr. Lawrence writes that Kasri is in poor health and not likely to live long.—[Ed.]

Pyeong Yang, Korea.
 March 12, 1905.

To our Friends in Solomon, Kansas -

Dear Friends;

If our letters this year are very late you will have to blame me. Mrs. Blair finished her letter some time ago and has been urging me to write mine. But I am sure if you were here and could see how the work just piles up on us sometimes, you would understand why I am behind with my letter.

In January and February, I was away from home a month and not being able to write letters very well in the country. I planned to ~~plan~~ write immediately after returning to Pyeong Yang - but on my arrival here I found a remarkable movement going on that has simply absorbed us all for some time. You know that our church work in Pyeong Yang, as indeed in all Korea has been growing rapidly for a number of years. Our experience of God's power to ~~grow~~ have has made us confident of greater blessings to come; but God has wrought much greater than our faith.

Each year at the Korean new year season which comes about the first of February - it is our custom to hold a Bible study class for the merchants of Pyeong Yang City. The Koreans close up all business with the closing

is decided upon the ^{new year} ~~spring~~ Bible classes. It is a good time too to preach. People have time to listen. So great has been the effect of our work that last year the stone fight was discontinued.

When I returned to P'yeng Yang in February, I found that in addition to the study classes held during the day, popular meetings were being held every evening in all the churches. After the afternoon study hour the men went out two by two and canvassed the city, preaching and inviting to the evening meetings. The result was wonderful. Each night hundreds attended church for the first time. As many as fifty rose and confessed faith in Christ in a single evening. Night after night the interest continued. The whole city was talking of nothing else. All of us forgot everything and threw ourselves into the work. Services were held in four places, in the Methodist Church and the Presbyterian Central, South Gate and Wang Rung churches. Mr Swallen and I are pastors of the South Gate church which we started only last year. When the meetings began we had only about two hundred attending. The attendance is now fully four hundred. The great central church which seats some seventeen hundred people was crowded every

evening night for three weeks, and as it was at the large Methodist church and the way song Chapel. We shall never know what the total result has been; but it is safe to say that more than a thousand people have accepted Christ in this city alone during the last few weeks.

The movement however is not confined to Pyeng yang. Glad tidings of victory are coming to us from every quarter. I have care of twenty country churches and nearly every one reports large increase. Do you wonder that in the midst of such a glorious turning of men to Christ, that we have neglected our correspondence and about every thing else for a time.

I send greetings to all my friends who may hear this letter. May the Spirit of God be present in your meeting and may he make all your hearts glad by such a blessing as is ours today in Korea.

Sincerely

Wm R Blair

Pyeong Yang Korea
Feb 27. 06

Dear Friends;

Once more we read your
our greetings. Fother time seems
to thrust every bit as fast out
here in the east as in the
west. If we didn't keep track
of the days none of us would
believe that a whole year
had slipped by since we
wrote your last letter.

Of course it has proven
like all the years God sends
us, a good year. God has
spared our lives and kept us
from any serious sickness or
accident. During a portion of
the year, it is true, I was not
as strong as usual and finally
in August was compelled to go
over to China for change and rest,
but I was not seriously sick at all
and the three weeks and a half in
China proved to rest me well.

health. Mrs Blair has been well
all through the year except a
few weeks in December when
she suffered considerably from an
attack of diphtheria. ^{How} ~~was~~ ^{we} ~~are~~
indeed to be grateful to God that
the dread disease, so soon passed
away and that our little ones
were kept from it. And Lois
and Katharine. How I wish
you might all see them. Isn't
it strange that as often the
sweetest flowers grow away back
in the difficult mountains, they
are getting so big and so wise.
Katharine is just beginning to
talk - and Lois of course says
every thing, only you wouldn't
understand either, because they
both are true little Koreans. Korean
makes such delightful baby
talk, and as yet we haven't the
heart to teach them hard, cold,
English. Lois loves above all to
stand at your toes and crane over

the animals in the books Santa Claus and other friends have sent her. She will sit, too, and sing Korean hymns by the hour, or build the veriest castles of the pretty building blocks that came in the Montgomery Ward order just before Christmas. Katharine persists in being our untamable little midget. She may come when you call her or she may not only throw you the sauciest glance from her black brown eyes and proceed diligently in the opposite direction. She will surprise you too, with such sudden bursts of affection, both her chubby little arms go tight around your neck and you get the most nectar of kisses, but only one, still you, down she goes mightily offended if you try to hold her - and as she does not immediately after you will hear a sudden crash from the other room and Katharine will come fleeing out, the worst little rogue

ever leaving sisters beautiful castle ~~at~~ scattered about the room. And on such occasions, Lois doesn't waste time in tears. For a while back after ^{Lois'} ~~her~~ sickness Katharine was too much for her but now she isn't and Katharine will sure get all that's due her if amah, ^(foreign nurse) or mamma are not at hand to administer justice. To see these two little darlings in their night gowns as they come in to kiss good night or as they lie sleeping, who would ~~ever~~ dream that they could ever be naughty and even occasionally fight. I must not slander them tho' for they are nearly always good babies. They fill our home with baby talk and laughter and our hearts with such a sweetness as almost hurts.

You will think it strange that I should write so much about ^{home and} the children, but

it must be ~~sure~~ because I have been away from home for twelve days. I have headed my letter at Pyeung yang ~~yang~~ since I will doubtless finish and mail it there, but this first part I have written sitting on my cot of a Saturday morning in a Korean inn, away up here at Kai Chum over fifty miles from Pyeung yang. I am holding a Bible study class here and don't expect to be in Pyeung yang before next Friday.

I must tell you an amusing accident that happened on the way from Anju to Kai Chum, Wednesday. The weather was quite cold with some six inches of snow covering the ground. I had walked twenty miles the day before over icy roads and found myself so lame that I got an extra horse at Anju and determined to ride the rest of the way.

We distributed the loads so

that Ni Il Young, the Korean elder who went with ^{me} could ride one horse and I the other. I was in front all bundled up and sitting high up on the pack reading a book, when we came to a little mountain stream that had defied the winter, remaining unfrozen except at the edge. There ~~was~~ ^{was} no bridge except a narrow log on rocks for ^{men on} foot, so my horse started into the water as a matter of course and I thought nothing of it till of a sudden the animal's rear feet went through the ice ledge and he gave a terrific spring forward. With the book in one hand and heavily wrapped, I was not prepared for trick riding. My feet, and my over coat and my book doubtless cut several kinds of evil out of the atmosphere. But all I know is that I landed my head on some

pretty hard rocks in about a foot of the coldest water I ever bathed in. I wasn't hurt and it was altogether funny. but I failed to see the fun just then. It was full four miles to the nearest inn. of course I couldn't ride in that condition. I would have frozen stiff in no time, so I struck out as fast as possible on foot with my wet clothes hanging to me and my shoes full of water. not stopping to admire the scenery till I reached that inn and had changed my garments. then seated on a hot floor with a blanket about me I had a good laugh with the men over the incident.

I suffered no harm from my tumble and now that it's passed and my clothes are dried out I'm glad that it happened. We modern missionaries have such a good time of it compared with

with those who went before us that I rather enjoy getting ahead of the missionary apocals. Paul had some thrilling experiences. He was beaten and shipwrecked. and made to fight with lions but we don't read anywhere that he ever fell off a Korean pony into a mountain stream in midwinter.

Our class here at Kai Chuan is not a very large one, the work being the newest and weakest under my care. There are sixty enrolled. many have come as far as twenty miles over the mountains. They pay their own expenses. I do nothing but teach and not all of that as Elder Ni and the local helper each teach a subject. We close our class every afternoon at 3:30 and go out two by two preaching. Different men are assigned different sections and so thoroughly is the work being done that every house

will be visited during our class. It is far from easy. Kai Chuan is the most hardened place I know of. The country people assemble here every five days on "fair day" to buy and sell goods and the local population is largely composed of Saloon keepers and gamblers. It is like trying to break granite, but even granite breaks if you pound long and hard enough. Thirteen people have decided to believe so far during our stay.

I wonder if you have heard of the Feb. meetings in Pyeung Yang. During our city Bible Study class there which was conducted on the same general plan as the class here, about 1500 people gave in their names as desiring to believe in Jesus. We have just started two more Protestant Churches there and the Methodists still an other. which makes us six

churches in that one city. Poor Korea is being greatly humbled these days. The Japanese in spite of their promise have virtually usurped all authority and treat the Koreans like a subject people. But Gods Word is still true. "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven" In the midst of his shame and sorrow. Korea is gaining a priceless blessing.

With greeting, love and praying that Gods work may prosper with you

Sincerely your brother
W. N. Blair.

TIDINGS FROM AFAR

"In Thee Shall All the Nations of the Earth be Blessed."

VOL. V.

JULY—AUGUST, 1906.

No. 5.

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER FROM KOREA.

Korean School Boys Hold a Field-Meet—A New Church Building.

PYENG YANG, KOREA., June 8, 1906.

Dear Friends:

Last Wednesday was our fifth wedding anniversary. We couldn't celebrate very well that day because nearly all the ladies have Bible classes Wednesday afternoon and the men go to the different Korean prayer meetings in the evening. But a wooden wedding has to be observed some way, so we got a boat Tuesday and took the community for a ride and supper on the river, which is delightful this time of the year. Both wind and tide were with us, and we went about three miles up to an island and returned by moonlight. In the last "Ladies Home Journal" there is an article and pictures describing a house-boat, pulled by a horse on a narrow canal. Compare that for a moment with drifting with the tide on a half mile of water with the walls and gates of an eastern city before you. We had about decided to stay at home this summer, but I am afraid after last Tuesday we won't be able to withstand the temptation to go with the rest by and by up the river.

I have been home nearly all spring, teaching first in the academy for a month and a half and now in the Theological class for a month. As our work continues to grow, the demand upon us to teach the boys in the academy, the church leaders and the students for the ministry is increasing rapidly till this year we are truly overburdened. I enjoy teaching and would not mind at all playing the "professor" if my country work did not need all my effort. Teaching in the academy is especially inspiring. We had about one hundred Presbyterian and Methodist boys this year and they are very bright, most of them hoping and expecting later on to spend their lives in school or church work. We are planning to raise our academy this coming year to the grade of a college. The Koreans are very enthusiastic for education now, and we expect them to raise nearly all the support for the new college.

On May 17th and 18th the Pyeng Yang lower schools and academy held their annual field days. There are

about three hundred boys in the city lower schools. This year the different schools contested for a silk banner. The running, jumping, etc., is greatly improved each year, but this year the military drill was the greatest success. Each boy wore a white uniform with red straps and black cap. An ex-soldier has trained the boys all year and with the presence of the Japanese soldiers as a pattern, our little fellows have become manly soldiers, able to march and perform all kinds of maneuvers in perfect time. It is estimated that fully fifteen thousand people witnessed the exercises. We had a rope fence built all around the grounds and the crowd was massed ten deep all around the field and scattered back in the academy yard and over the hills and walls, anywhere where a glimpse of the field could be had. All the Korean officials and many Japanese officers attended, and people came from long distances in every direction. Twenty-two schools were represented.

The thing that interests me most these days is the new city church, of which I am pastor. You remember we started out with less than a hundred members last January in the northern part of Pyeng Yang City. We have now an attendance of about two hundred and fifty and are bending every energy to get up a new church before the rainy season. It is being built on a hill near the river, just east of our house. The roof is to be of Japanese tile and I think we will put cement on the walls. The plan is for a building that will seat twelve hundred when finished, but this first section will hold only about four hundred. The building of such a church is a great undertaking for a small church, especially when more than half of the congregation is not more than six months out of heathenism. I will help all I can, but we expect little help from the other churches, as the Central church is making costly improvements, and the South Gate church is building a large addition, and the East Gate church is in the same condition we are, without a church building. Some of the people have already given as much as five hundred nyang, which means as much to them as five hundred dollars would to us in America, being in fact a half year's income. The building committee is giving full time to the oversight of the work without salary. The other day we

ran out of money at a critical point of the work and the building committee met and, without a word from me, raised an emergency fund on their own credit. I tell you, these Korean business men make splendid church workers. It is a delight to labor with them.

I have already baptized about forty this spring in connection with my Pyeng Yang church. One woman passed her examination and was to be baptised on the Sabbath, but Saturday night her baby boy died of smallpox. Of course we did not expect her, but so great was her desire to enter the church that she left the dead baby's side long enough to attend the meeting, and I was glad to baptize her. Only a few weeks later this same woman lost another son by the same disease. We are so sorry for the family.

The mails have brought us several surprises this spring. The first came in the form of a bill of exchange for nearly two hundred dollars from St. Paul. There was a small note saying that the money was a personal gift from a friend and required of us to use it for our own pleasure and not to put it in the work and that was all, no name whatever, and we can not even guess who sent it. But wasn't it a lovely thing to do? If only we could find some way to let the giver know how happy the gift made us. As Edith said, it came straight from the Lord. He certainly knew that we needed it. My sickness last summer and the China trip, together with an unfortunate robbery in the spring, put us so far back that we could not help but be troubled, and the gift more than cleared everything away and we can get some things that we have wanted for a good while.

The other surprise came from the Board in the shape of a grant of two hundred dollars for a house in An Ju. I have needed quarters in that city badly for several years and the Mission has repeatedly requested the money from the Board, but the treasury has been so exhausted of late that I had about given up hope. Now that the money is available I will fix up a house in An Ju and plan to take Edith and the children there with me this fall.

Katharine is not very happy these days. First she invaded the strawberry bed and ate a hearty meal of green berries, and now before she is over the effects of that indiscretion she has caught the whooping cough or, as the Koreans say, the "donkey cough."

Lois continues to grow up so rapidly that we are continually astonished at her. Yesterday she went to the kitchen and secured an apron and went to her mother, saying, "I want to make a 'sugar cake.' Won't you please help me." Of course she couldn't resist that and so I presently found the yellow head low over a dish of eggs, milk and sugar which she was stirring with all her might, and sometime later little feet came pattering along the hall to my office carrying a lovely brown cake to papa. I wish you

could have seen the light in my darling's eyes as she said, "Papa, I made him."

After a long dry spell rain has come and I am finishing my letter with the sweet sound of it in my ears. How good God is to this ungrateful world!

With kind regards,

WILLIAM N. BLAIR.

MISSION WORK PROGRESSING.

New Churches Being Organized and Many Converts—Incidents of the Work.

ETAH, U. P., INDIA, May 8, 1906.

My Dear Friends:

This is a morning when one feels like he had been on a spree. Last night, first the dogs made night hideous barking at the moon till I finally captured the greatest offender and shut him up. Then about 3 a. m. there came up an *andhi*, that is a dust storm. We heard it coming and fled into the house and shut the doors. These storms are quite frequent in the hot weather.

In the last letter I wrote about our meetings, and this time I wish to tell you the sequel to one of the confessions. The young man who confessed to the theft went to Ajmere, which is near the scene of his crime. The missionary there at our request sent a preacher along with him. As they were leaving Ajmere to go to the place where the stolen goods were buried they heard that the present rajah was on the train. They went and requested an audience with him and our man then told the whole story of how he had stolen and how God had convicted him of his sin and that he had come back to make all right. The rajah was greatly impressed at the idea of a man making such a confession and said he would go with them to the spot. So they went together, accompanied by many people, and dug in the place indicated and the treasure was found. The rajah then took them to his palace and had them tell the whole story of the meetings and was greatly impressed. He had the men stay in his town two days and said that if the Gospel would make men do such things he would like to have a Christian teacher come. He freely forgave the man. It was really wonderful, and we do not know yet what may come of this witnessing before Caesar. The rajah is only a petty one, but nevertheless they have a great following. The young man himself was quite strengthened by the trial. He went rather expecting to have to go to jail. Instead, it redounded to the glory of the Gospel.

This is the month of weddings in India and night is made hideous by the sound of drum, etc. There are very few quiet home weddings out here—they are rather church weddings, in the sense that it is a public occasion. The engagement is made by the parents at any age and the weddings at 12 or 14 years of age

wheeled cart, which tilted back so far that one were always in fear of sliding out. For five hours we jogged along, the old grey haired driver telling us we would be in plenty of time, but within a mile of the station, the old horse decided he had gone far enough and started to balk and balked three times. Mr. Lawrence told the driver he had better hurry up, well, he said, "I'm trying to." As we drove up in front of the station our train pulled slowly out, and we were left. To say the least we were disappointed as it meant an eight hours wait at the station. However we got our beds in the station room and took a sleep. It is handy to have a bed with you sometimes. C. E. L.

TIDINGS OF WAR.

Missionary Work Interrupted by the Japan-Russia War. Japanese Soldiers in Pyeng Yang.

PYENG YANG, KOREA. March 22, '04

Dear Friends: I am afraid that our letters to "Tidings from afar" will arrive late this time, that is if they arrive at all. We understand that the Japanese are holding all outgoing mail in Seoul. There are many inconveniences from the war, we have had trouble at times in purchasing supplies, war prices prevail and there is no certainty when our American orders will get through. The money panic has reduced our salaries by about a half for some time. People are afraid of bills, all hard money is in demand and consequently we suffer loss on our paper. This will adjust itself in time I suppose, though nothing is certain in war.

But our greatest concern now is for our work, especially our country work. Let two lions spring into the fold and proceed to roar and tear one another and you can imagine the effect upon the sheep. My work in the north lies at present right in the storm's path. The Russians are in considerable force across the An Ju river while the Japanese are overrunning the intervening counties, of course both armies take houses and whatever they need. The women all along the highways have been sent to the mountains. Many families are homeless. All are in great trouble and fear. What use to plant the fields for hostile armies to overrun, yet not to plant is to starve. Day by day men have come from my district telling me all this but always adding, thank God, that the Christians are standing together with faith unshaken. Indeed the faith of many seems to grow brighter in this hour of trial. "It is just what Jesus foretold," they say, "and the time of his coming may be drawing near." Timid, weak, poor, yes, but oh! how brave, how strong, how rich.

I am anxious to go north to visit my churches, but the American minister, Dr. Allen, has ordered us all to remain in Pyeng Yang. The Japanese officers assure us of protection here, but object to our traveling about, fearing that their soldiers might shoot us for Russian spies.

The Japanese army is making Pyeng Yang headquarters for the present. I would like to tell you how many troops there are here but no one knows. They have been coming in now almost daily for three weeks. Practically all the houses in the city are occupied. Today the Imperial guards have been coming in in an almost unbroken column. It is said that all the houses within ten miles will be needed, so you see we are at present right in the heart of an army of a good many tens of thousands.

I understand that they have asked for the central church building although they promised not to use it till every thing else was taken. It is the biggest building in the city and would doubtless have been occupied at the outset if the Japanese had not been anxious to show us every courtesy. They have offered us a guard for our homes but so far we have not needed it.

The soldiers are evidently under strict orders not to molest us. Only four have come to our house, two Christians doctors at my invitation and two to try to buy chickens. We live right on the main road too. The larger part of the army will go north through the little gate in front of our house. At first we used to run to the window to watch every little company go by, but nothing less than a regiment is of interest now. The soldiers usually leave the city about eight o'clock in the morning so I invite you all to breakfast with us and have a "ku kung" of the stout little men as they march, all gay with stripes and red blankets, to the most desperate struggle in modern times. When will they come back and how? May God have mercy on the thousands who never come back. Very few of them know that mercy now and this is the awfulness of war.

Sincerely,

W. N. BLAIR.

LETTER FROM MRS. BLAIR.

Dear Friends: In these war times when we are right in the midst of things, so to speak, I can do no better than to write you a little about the things we see and hear and experience every day. We have been so vexed at reading the scare heads in some of the papers at home. They are so much worse than things really are and some of them have no foundation whatever. The talk of a native uprising against foreigners has about this much truth. There is a society among the Koreans called the Tong Haks who think the foreigners and especially the Japanese, who killed the queen some years ago, are enemies to Korea and it is reported that they have set next month for an uprising. But even should they arise at all, which we do not anticipate there are many times enough Japanese soldiers here in Pyeng Yang to put down all the Tong Haks in the country. As for the war itself, it has not yet bothered us seriously. There have been and are thousands of Japanese soldiers in the city,

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Contributors.

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both infantry and cavalry. We have gone several times across the city to watch them come in over the river on a bridge laid on the ice and we have watched them go north through the gate in the old wall just west of our home to meet the Russians. Three thousand left this morning. They are strong looking young fellows, under the average American height, but well built and under excellent discipline. The army in the city have not bothered us at all though they have of course made it very hard for the Koreans, going into their homes to stay by the dozen and taking what things they need or want either without pay or for a fraction of what they are worth. It is hard for the Koreans, they are so poor anyway. Many of them have fled to the country and the mountains with their little all and many more have sent their goods and their women and children. The Japanese are treating us with every consideration.

All the ladies from the mines and several from Syen Chun, our station in the north, have gone to Seoul on an American transport sent by U. S. Minister Allen. We Pyeng Yang ladies could have gone too, but we thought it best not to leave unless some immediate reason made it necessary. At present we are very peaceful here and unless the Russians come down near here to fight, which we do not anticipate, or unless the Japanese should be defeated in the north and make a second stand here which we ardently hope may not happen, we hope to stay on as usual. Sever-

al thousand Russians have crossed the Yalu but it is still expected that the main battles will be fought at the river instead of farther south.

One other thing which may make it necessary to leave after a while is the question of supplies. You see we all expect our spring orders, consisting of a half year's supplies, in March and April and if they cannot get here we may be seriously bothered by that. Even now we are beginning to feel the pressure because the Japanese have used so many things that natives supplies are difficult to obtain. Then too native money is so high that we can't use it as freely as usual. We used to get 11 60 Korean Yang for one Japanese yen and lately we have been getting about 6.50. All natives supplies must be paid for in yang. I do not know at all how these things will turn out. Truly we cannot tell what the morrow may bring forth. Our work is suffering of course, we can do so little now. As for our own safety we have no fear and please, dear friends, have none for us. We hope and pray that the war will not be for long. I never realized before what a dreadful thing it is and how much suffering and sorrow it brings. A Russian spy was shot just outside the gate day before yesterday and four other Korean and Japanese are to be executed to-day. We are continually hearing of men being killed in skirmishes and no real land battle has yet been fought. The poor innocent Korean are continually suffering.

We have been having and entertaining guests in the shape of newspaper correspondents. They were stranded here in Pyeng Yang for some days not being allowed to go on with the army and being finally ordered back to Seoul. We had the pleasure of having Jack Loudon, the author, who is now here for the Hearst syndicate, with us several days and also of meeting several others. I speak of this because a guest from the outside world is an event in our community, like a breath of outside air to a "shut in."

We are already gardening, in hot beds, so as to have things to eat as soon as possible. Mr. Blair always laughs at my desperate face when I am trying to think what to get for dinner. We are out of potatoes and can't get any and we can get no meat but chicken. We are growing truly oriental and live mostly on rice.

We ask your prayers for our christian Koreans in this time of trial. Many of them are scattered as "sheep without a shepherd." Pray that they may "witness a good confession" where ever they go.

Sincerely yours,

EDITH ALLEN BLAIR.

THE picture in this issue is of one of the best native preachers in Etawah. Mr. Lawrence writes that Kasri is in poor health and not likely to live long.—[ED.]

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call imperfect churches, as they have no elders, but it is a great advance and in a short time we hope some men will be ready to take the post and have a full church organized. It seems to me that we are getting started on the second stage of the work here. The people in the more advanced places are beginning to appreciate the benefits of Christianity and are commencing to put their money into it and I think we will find Jesus' saying true, that where the treasure is there will the heart be also. Where the people begin to support their worship they will feel that it is theirs and will make corresponding progress. I think this is an axiom that is true in every line of work. If there is anyone who is not interested in missions it is pretty safe to guess he has no money invested in mission work. How can you expect one to be interested in what he has no share.

Yesterday afternoon I went out to a village and held a service and baptized eleven persons in one household. The headman in the house some years ago was very much opposed to becoming a Christian but has been led to see it otherwise. We have had about 150 baptisms in this district since last annual meeting; but we do not count our work done by any means when they received baptism, because they are so ignorant.

A few days ago I went out to attend an engagement ceremony. I went about forty miles on my bicycle to be present. There were about 400 people present not all for the one engagement, however. One was a Christian ceremony and the other heathen. I engaged them. The man was a boy about 12 I suppose, and the young woman a girl of about 10. The boy didn't seem to be much concerned about it. The engagement consisted in his giving her a handkerchief and she gave him a ring. The marriage will not take place till they have grown up. This is rather a long engagement, I suppose some of you may think. Of

course we do not altogether favor such customs, but there are things to be said in its favor in a country where the parents do all the arranging for marriage.

Just now we are wondering what can be done to provide for our growing work here. We are now living in one house which will not do for long, but if that were all, I suppose it might be done. Our compound is small and on it we have training school and quarters, boys' boarding school and the beginning of a girls' school. But it seems that the work will have to come to a stand still with present accommodations. A girls' school is necessary for several reasons: We must have educated wives for the men we are educating in our schools. The women are not much regarded socially out here but they are the real power behind the throne. The success of a worker out here depends a great deal more on what his wife is than at home. So we are very anxious to get another compound so that our school may have room to expand and also to be free from scandals that are apt to arise when boys and girls are so near. We think sometimes that if we had enough land connected with our compound that it could be cultivated by the boys so as to earn a part of their expenses it would both be a great benefit to the boys and be a saving to the mission.

A week or so ago a faqir came to us and said he wanted to read. At first he said he thought there was no difference in religions, but he has studied and read and has had Christianity explained to him and now he seems to think Christianity is very good and wants to be baptised. To-day another came from Bengal and said he would become a Christian, said he had heard of Christ down there. We are always ready to keep a hold of anyone who is willing to be taught and trust that when he has learned what Christianity is he will be attracted to it. Sometimes I feel the time may be near when we will be unable to at all cope with the people wanting to become Christians. In fact we can scarcely do it now. We cannot satisfactorily oversee the work but the ever present Spirit of Jesus is not unable and I believe He is working and lifting the hearts of our people nearer Him. Just this morning one of our overseers was telling how the plague is drawing the people to Him for prayer. Also we heard with great pleasure how those we have just taken into full church membership in a village are standing worthy of their calling. Will you not remember us in your prayers in the midst of this great and growing work.

Sincerely,

J. H. L.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following announcement is self-explanatory:

CARL EVANS LAWRENCE

Born May 3, 1905

REV. AND MRS. J. H. LAWRENCE

A Letter from Mr. Lawrence states that mother and child are doing well. He writes: "The people here have all taken a holiday to sing and make merry in honor of the event."

The March-April TIDINGS was not printed on account of not receiving letter from Mr. Blair, and we did not think it best to print without it; for that reason Mr. Lawrence's letters are a few months old. Later letters say that the plague is still doing its deadly work, but has not since been in the compound.

had disappeared and a neat top-knot taken its place, surmounted by a hat, the badge of his new dignity. Then just a few days later he rode away to his wedding—and he has not returned. For the bride is not to come to live at his home until Hyung Che is through school here. It is a real love match—and there are so few in Korea. A happy bride is almost unknown. They are usually weeping, unwilling, afraid. So that is the end of my story for I can't yet say that they lived happily ever after. But will hope they did. You may hear more of Hyung Che some day. He is one of our promising young men.

As for the babies and our selves we are well and happy. You should hear Lois talk Korean. She knows more Korean than English. Katharine just laughs and grows. They are dear babies, not angels because they are missionaries, but very human young Americans. And they and we send affectionate greetings to you all.

Cordially yours,

EDITH ALLEN BLAIR.

WORK HAMPERED BY THE DREAD PLAGUE.

Progress Made in Spite of Difficulties—New Churches Organized.

ETAH, INDIA, March 15, 1905.

My Dear Friends: After a couple months' trials with the ravages of plague we have again this month been able to start up our usual routine of work and glad to welcome so many of our boys, girls, men and women back again. During January and February we had some very hard times with plague among our Christians. It had been all about us for a long time and we hoped and prayed it would not come among our flock. Every time a rat died in any of the houses we had the house disinfected, but one evening one of our women was taken sick; we at once sent for medicine and tried to do all we could, but the medicine seemed to have no effect and at the end of the third day she died. She was a beautiful young Christian girl, and her death was a real sorrow to us all. The English doctor here seemed afraid to come anywhere near our compound, and as more people were being stricken down with it we telegraphed for our mission doctor, Miss Binford, a hundred miles away. She soon came, and what a lot of comfort came with her. To say she gave medicine doesn't half express what she did. To manage these people when any thing like this breaks out is the worst part of it. We put them out in grass huts behind the compound. At first they were determined they wouldn't go, said they would die of the cold. At last we had them nicely settled and were feeling somewhat relieved, when an order came from government that we must remove them to the plague camp. We found great difficulty in getting a wagon to take them, and it was hard on the patients to be lifted about, and no treat to the ones who had to do the lifting. Mr. Smith, another of our missionaries, came to help my husband; so much depended on them because everyone else was afraid to go near. Some of our people are still at the plague camp, but getting along nicely and can soon leave there. They now seem very grateful for what we did for them, and I think if they were to be taken ill again they wouldn't be so contrary. It takes a long time for them to fully recover, a couple of months at least.

When plague first broke out one of our little boys

ran away to his village; about three days after, three men came carrying him in their arms, and said he had plague and thought we could help him. The poor little chap died that same night, and before daybreak they had started back the ten miles with the dead child in their arms. Another little girl was brought in seventeen miles, but she is getting well. These cases show what confidence they have in us and our cures.

After we had the sick ones removed to the plague camp, we then sent all the well ones to their homes—those who had homes—first making them camp out side in a grove for a few days to be sure none of them had plague. The remaining orphan boys and a few others we took, and camped out for a month and in the meantime the compound and all the houses were being thoroughly disinfected. It was bitter cold weather, the coldest it had been for a hundred years—fields and gardens destroyed by the frosts—water froze nights. In some places the natives became very frightened at seeing the thin sheets of ice over the ponds. To say the least it wasn't comfortable camping.

Mr. Lawrence had five funerals from plague within ten days. One was a little English girl, she was buried after night had fallen, and my husband was the only white person at the funeral beside the mother. How sad and lonely the poor mother must have felt! We all feel so thankful to our Heavenly Father for his watchful care over us during this time.

The weekly death rate from plague in all India runs from 20 to 30 thousand. Can you realize what these figures mean?

During this time Mr. and Mrs. McGaw and family were out in the district. About 130 received baptism and many more wanting it, but must wait until they can be taught more.

Something over a thousand Sunday School scholars are reported. The work is most encouraging here. "The harvest truly is ripe, but the laborers are few"

Never a trial that He is not there,
Never a burden that He doth not bear,
Never a sorrow that He doth not share,
Moment by moment we're under His care.

Yours very sincerely,

CLARA E. LAWRENCE.

FROM MR. LAWRENCE.

Dear Friends: Mrs. Lawrence has told you about our experience with the plague—an experience that I do not care to have repeated very often. I trust we may not again have a visitation from it for it brings the shadow of death very near.

But we have better things also to tell about. A short time ago we examined eight people in a village ten miles from here and accepted them into the church. At the same time two others were baptised and taken into full communion, one a man who had come to me last year in Etawah. He is proving very satisfactory in every way and we hope he may become useful in our Etah work.

At the meeting of Presbytery, which has just closed, permission was given to organize two churches in this district, one in the village from which the eight people were received into the church and the other from another village at some distance from it. At the same time permission was given to organize four new churches in Fatehgarh district. These are what we

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Our own servants would prefer to serve the gentlemen at the table first and I know they must think that we do things funny to show such respect to women.

This is perhaps not a very connected letter but I hope I have said something that is new and interesting. One needs to know many of the thoughts that govern the people in their thinking if he is to reach their real difficulties. These ideas which color all their thought are so much different from ours that one is apt to become impatient with their notions. But impatience will not win them. One needs to keep in mind Kipling's lines:

"It is not good for the Christian's health
To hustle the Aryan brown;
For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles,
And it weareth the Christian down,
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white,
Inscribed with an epitath drear, 'A fool lies here
Who tried to hustle the East.' "

Sincerely yours,

J. H. L.

INDIA FOR CHRIST.

There are many signs that India is becoming Christ's. Where will we find them? We can find one sign in the census reports which are full of encouragement to us. Mission work is just about a hundred years old in India and the census reports show that the number of Christians reported at the

end of ninety years has been increased one-half in the ten years just gone by. The Hindus have decreased slightly while the Christian community has increased very much. Twenty-eight per cent I believe is the figure for the whole of India including Catholics, and fifty per cent for the Protestants. Sometimes I feel like telling some of the Hindus, when they intimate that we have a hard task, that they are in a losing fight for, though it may be slow, yet we are taking people from among them one by one. Our work is cumulative. When a leak springs in a dam it increases faster and faster as the water rushes through. So every new Christian adds to our prestige, as his becoming a Christian calls the attention of a hundred or so relatives to the fact of Christianity. I believe the sowing and reaping are coming closer and closer each year until the time of a great ingathering shall occur.

Our tracts are being circulated in all parts of the district, and villagers who can read buy them readily. During the last ten years six millions of Bibles or portions of Bibles were sold in India. These little tracts are doubtless a great power for they remain after we are gone. I should call this readiness to read what we have to say one of the signs.

Another sign that Christianity has claimed attention is that the name of Jesus is known in practically every village in our district. When we enter a village it is very common to hear someone call out that Jesus Christ has come to the village. They do not fully understand who He is but they have heard enough to know that our religion centers around Jesus.

Another sign is that the Hindus and Mohammedans are becoming more active in trying to defend their religions. This shows that they see a great danger in Christianity. New reforming sects are springing up whose great aim often is to throw obstacles in the way of Christianity. They very often adopt our methods of working, and thus acknowledge that the missionaries are using effective methods. Many of these sects have given up in doctrine all that makes up modern Hinduism and claim to accept only the Vedas. I believe in the end these movements will help to advance our cause. In order to draw followers they must oppose many of the evils of Hinduism and in that way are doing a work that we will not have to do. They are educating the people in accepting new ideas. Divisions are springing up in their midst already and no doubt those who are sincere in their search will soon see the lifelessness of reformed Hinduism and search further.

In view of these movements to re-establish Hinduism by cutting off some of the worst features, do we not need to make haste before they can establish themselves in their new line of intrenchments? Already they are being driven from their first line. With these new movements will come in agnosticism and atheism. We do not need to fight infidelity now but later may have it to contend with.

J. H. L.

among them. They told us that they would all become Christians but that they were waiting for some relatives who were about to come from another place. These relatives for whom they are waiting are Christians and we hope they will use their influence and if so, I think we will get a work started that will be full of promise. If they become Christians we will try to start schools among them and also will try to organize a small training class.

I have made a visit to a small station along the railway and had some interesting conversations with the stationmaster and his assistant. One of them asked me to get him an English Bible. There is a Mohammedan tax collector, who sits at the receipt of customs as did Matthew, who likes to argue. They are generally fond enough of argument of their own kind, but they know nothing of the Old Testament or Gospels, though they acknowledge them to be God's word. So I generally make a strong point of telling them to read the *Tausel* and *Zabur*, insisting that in them is the proof of the Messiahship of Jesus. They say Jesus is a prophet—the sinless prophet and the only sinless prophet. They believe the story of his birth—He was born by the Light of God—but they claim he did not die. God took him out of the hand of the Jews and took him to heaven and the Jews really crucified someone else. They say the Gospel has been corrupted by the Christians, and although they are very fond of quoting from the Koran, they are not ready to accept anything from the Gospel. Of course we think them very bigoted in their way of reasoning, but I think one can sometimes see one's own picture in such a person. How hard it to take an unbiassed view of any subject! It is the same with the Hindu. One man told me he thought Hinduism was so much older than Christianity because some of their newest books are 5000 years old. One of the marvelous things of Indian philosophy is its great numbers. Nothing is founded on fact but all on speculation. They spin their ideas out of whole cloth without stopping to ask if they agree with any known fact or not. They say that in the early days a famous king drove his chariot seven times around in a circle and the one-wheeled chariot left a deep rut each time. These ruts are now seas. The earth is in the center surrounded by a salt sea, then comes a circle of land surrounded by a sea of sugar cane juice, then land and a sea of wine, then again a circle of land surrounded by a sea of clarified butter, followed by a sea of sour curds, a sea of milk, and last a sea of sweet water.

The acquisition of western knowledge by Indian students is bound to cut them loose from their old religious ideals or else produce what a writer in a paper calls intellectual hypocrisy. He says, "We shall soon have numerous prototypes of the child for whom the earth went round the sun while at school and the sun round the earth while at home. We shall

have our young men ready to deliver learned lectures on the procession of the equinoxes and calculate the exact time of the eclipses and then come back to their homes to propitiate the demons who eat up the sun and moon."

The account is that long ago when the gods had not gained immortality, they were advised by the supreme god to make *amsita*, the drink of immortality, by churning the milk sea. To do this they used a mountain for a churning stick and a snake for a rope to revolve the mountain, and Vishnu assumed the form of a turtle for a pivot for the mountain to revolve upon. When the drink was prepared two demons stole up unawares and were about to steal some of the *amsita* when the sun and moon called the attention of the gods to the thieves. Since then the demons strive continually to eat up the sun and moon—hence eclipses. And what could be simpler?

The people of India are firm believers in fate. What can we do—it is our fate. It is all foreordained for them. If you remark that you don't agree with them, they invariably say that of course it is true, for it is all written on our foreheads just what our fate is to be. What do you suppose the writing is? Simply the serrated edge of the frontal bone of the skull.

The people are nearly always astonished when we tell them that in foreign countries there are no Brahmans or sweepers or such. Perhaps they do not always believe us for they are so used to the division of labor that they can scarcely see how society could exist without low castes and high castes. I imagine they must have some very queer ideas about the way we live in America. It strikes him as very strange that we will allow a servant from a low caste to touch our things. We tell them we don't care who a man is or was if he is cleanly, but no difference how clean a low caste person may be or what his occupation may be they will have nothing to do with him, but it also makes little difference how dirty a high caste man may be no one thinks of it. Their food stuffs are exposed in their shops—candy, flour, spices, etc.—to all the dust and filth of the road and they think nothing of putting food in a filthy, dirty cloth, and their sweets may be swarming with flies, they don't care; but suppose we should just touch a pile of candy or food stuff and they would want to throw it away. They will drink almost any water and never be afraid of a germ but if I were to just touch the brass drinking vessel it would be unfit for use till it had been heated in fire to purify it.

They often make their cooking and eating a kind of religious ceremony. Some of them plaster the ground fresh each morning around their fireplace and mark off a square and no one is permitted to come into this while the cooking is being done. Then before eating Brahmans especially lay aside nearly all their clothes. The women eat after the men have finished.

TIDINGS FROM AFAR

"In Thee Shall All the Nations of the Earth be Blessed."

VOL. V.

JULY—AUGUST, 1906.

No. 5.

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER FROM KOREA.

Korean School Boys Hold a Field-Meet—A New Church Building.

PYENG YANG, KOREA., June 8, 1906.

Dear Friends:

Last Wednesday was our fifth wedding anniversary. We couldn't celebrate very well that day because nearly all the ladies have Bible classes Wednesday afternoon and the men go to the different Korean prayer meetings in the evening. But a wooden wedding has to be observed some way, so we got a boat Tuesday and took the community for a ride and supper on the river, which is delightful this time of the year. Both wind and tide were with us, and we went about three miles up to an island and returned by moonlight. In the last "Ladies Home Journal" there is an article and pictures describing a house-boat, pulled by a horse on a narrow canal. Compare that for a moment with drifting with the tide on a half mile of water with the walls and gates of an eastern city before you. We had about decided to stay at home this summer, but I am afraid after last Tuesday we won't be able to withstand the temptation to go with the rest by and by up the river.

I have been home nearly all spring, teaching first in the academy for a month and a half and now in the Theological class for a month. As our work continues to grow, the demand upon us to teach the boys in the academy, the church leaders and the students for the ministry is increasing rapidly till this year we are truly overburdened. I enjoy teaching and would not mind at all playing the "professor" if my country work did not need all my effort. Teaching in the academy is especially inspiring. We had about one hundred Presbyterian and Methodist boys this year and they are very bright, most of them hoping and expecting later on to spend their lives in school or church work. We are planning to raise our academy this coming year to the grade of a college. The Koreans are very enthusiastic for education now, and we expect them to raise nearly all the support for the new college.

On May 17th and 18th the Pyeng Yang lower schools and academy held their annual field days. There are

about three hundred boys in the city lower schools. This year the different schools contested for a silk banner. The running, jumping, etc., is greatly improved each year, but this year the military drill was the greatest success. Each boy wore a white uniform with red straps and black cap. An ex-soldier has trained the boys all year and with the presence of the Japanese soldiers as a pattern, our little fellows have become manly soldiers, able to march and perform all kinds of maneuvers in perfect time. It is estimated that fully fifteen thousand people witnessed the exercises. We had a rope fence built all around the grounds and the crowd was massed ten deep all around the field and scattered back in the academy yard and over the hills and walls, anywhere where a glimpse of the field could be had. All the Korean officials and many Japanese officers attended, and people came from long distances in every direction. Twenty-two schools were represented.

The thing that interests me most these days is the new city church, of which I am pastor. You remember we started out with less than a hundred members last January in the northern part of Pyeng Yang City. We have now an attendance of about two hundred and fifty and are bending every energy to get up a new church before the rainy season. It is being built on a hill near the river, just east of our house. The roof is to be of Japanese tile and I think we will put cement on the walls. The plan is for a building that will seat twelve hundred when finished, but this first section will hold only about four hundred. The building of such a church is a great undertaking for a small church, especially when more than half of the congregation is not more than six months out of heathenism. I will help all I can, but we expect little help from the other churches, as the Central church is making costly improvements, and the South Gate church is building a large addition, and the East Gate church is in the same condition we are, without a church building. Some of the people have already given as much as five hundred nyang, which means as much to them as five hundred dollars would to us in America, being in fact a half year's income. The building committee is giving full time to the oversight of the work without salary. The other day we

ran out of money at a critical point of the work and the building committee met and, without a word from me, raised an emergency fund on their own credit. I tell you, these Korean business men make splendid church workers. It is a delight to labor with them.

I have already baptized about forty this spring in connection with my Pyeng Yang church. One woman passed her examination and was to be baptised on the Sabbath, but Saturday night her baby boy died of smallpox. Of course we did not expect her, but so great was her desire to enter the church that she left the dead baby's side long enough to attend the meeting, and I was glad to baptize her. Only a few weeks later this same woman lost another son by the same disease. We are so sorry for the family.

The mails have brought us several surprises this spring. The first came in the form of a bill of exchange for nearly two hundred dollars from St. Paul. There was a small note saying that the money was a personal gift from a friend and required of us to use the it for our own pleasure and not to put it in the work and that was all, no name whatever, and we can not even guess who sent it. But wasn't it a lovely thing to do? If only we could find some way to let the giver know how happy the gift made us. As Edith said, it came straight from the Lord. He certainly knew that we needed it. My sickness last summer and the China trip, together with an unfortunate robbery in the spring, put us so far back that we could not help but be troubled, and the gift more than cleared everything away and we can get some things that we have wanted for a good while.

The other surprise came from the Board in the shape of a grant of two hundred dollars for a house in An Ju. I have needed quarters in that city badly for several years and the Mission has repeatedly requested the money from the Board, but the treasury has been so exhausted of late that I had about given up hope. Now that the money is available I will fix up a house in An Ju and plan to take Edith and the children there with me this fall.

Katharine is not very happy these days. First she invaded the strawberry bed and ate a hearty meal of green berries, and now before she is over the effects of that indiscretion she has caught the whooping cough or, as the Koreans say, the "donkey cough."

Lois continues to grow up so rapidly that we are continually astonished at her. Yesterday she went to the kitchen and secured an apron and went to her mother, saying, "I want to make a 'sugar cake.' Won't you please help me." Of course she couldn't resist that and so I presently found the yellow head low over a dish of eggs, milk and sugar which she was stirring with all her might, and sometime later little feet came pattering along the hall to my office carrying a lovely brown cake to papa. I wish you

could have seen the light in my darling's eyes as she said, "Papa, I made him."

After a long dry spell rain has come and I am finishing my letter with the sweet sound of it in my ears. How good God is to this ungrateful world!

With kind regards,

WILLIAM N. BLAIR.

MISSION WORK PROGRESSING.

New Churches Being Organized and Many Converts—Incidents of the Work.

ETAH, U. P., INDIA, May 8, 1906.

My Dear Friends:

This is a morning when one feels like he had been on a spree. Last night, first the dogs made night hideous barking at the moon till I finally captured the greatest offender and shut him up. Then about 3 a. m. there came up an *andhi*, that is a dust storm. We heard it coming and fled into the house and shut the doors. These storms are quite frequent in the hot weather.

In the last letter I wrote about our meetings, and this time I wish to tell you the sequel to one of the confessions. The young man who confessed to the theft went to Ajmere, which is near the scene of his crime. The missionary there at our request sent a preacher along with him. As they were leaving Ajmere to go to the place where the stolen goods were buried they heard that the present rajah was on the train. They went and requested an audience with him and our man then told the whole story of how he had stolen and how God had convicted him of his sin and that he had come back to make all right. The rajah was greatly impressed at the idea of a man making such a confession and said he would go with them to the spot. So they went together, accompanied by many people, and dug in the place indicated and the treasure was found. The rajah then took them to his palace and had them tell the whole story of the meetings and was greatly impressed. He had the men stay in his town two days and said that if the Gospel would make men do such things he would like to have a Christian teacher come. He freely forgave the man. It was really wonderful, and we do not know yet what may come of this witnessing before Caesar. The rajah is only a petty one, but nevertheless they have a great following. The young man himself was quite strengthened by the trial. He went rather expecting to have to go to jail. Instead, it redounded to the glory of the Gospel.

This is the month of weddings in India and night is made hideous by the sound of drum, etc. There are very few quiet home weddings out here—they are rather church weddings, in the sense that it is a public occasion. The engagement is made by the parents at any age and the weddings at 12 or 14 years of age.

ordinarily, and the *gona* or departure to the boy's home takes place a few years later. I have had four weddings within the month and might have had more, but simply could not get around everywhere. Then again I am not very anxious to perform the ceremony at the time they have been used to having their weddings. I think we want to let them go on with their old way and regard this old ceremony as an engagement and insist on a wedding at the time the couple are to live together. At the time of the wedding the groom comes attended by all his male relatives—if he can afford it in a special two domed wagon. His face is covered with little spots to denote that he is the groom. Then at night they go to the bride's home, where a pole has been erected and march around while the women sing songs that are said to be nasty. There are other customs, some harmless and some idolatrous. The next day there is a big feast for the whole caste community. On the third day the wedding company returns home. There is a great expenditure at such times, generally of borrowed money and then for years the man is a slave to the money-lender.

I will again try to take up the thread of my account, but it is a little difficult after a week or so. During this time I have been away for a week in Etawah and Fatehgarh on committee work. We established five new churches during the course of four days—one in Etah and four in Fatehgarh. It was a difficult task in this hot season, as it requires one to rough it considerably, but fortunately for us the sky was clouded and some of the heat did not reach us. We slept wherever we were and ran our chances with the vermin. One night we had a fierce dust storm. The wind blew a gale and the air was laden with dust. We had no place into which to take refuge, so we pulled the sheets over our heads and let it blow. The particles of dust stung our hands like hail in a home storm. There is an interesting story told of one of the communities where we organized a strong church. They had been baptized by another mission some years ago and had learned a little, mainly songs. Then no one came to teach them. A year ago the plague was very bad in that village and many died. When the outbreak came the Christians knew nothing about prayer but they determined to call upon God, so night after night they gathered and sang the songs they had learned. That was all but it sufficed, for they were doing the best they knew. I believe not a one of them died. It was remarked in the village and the heathen attributed it to the songs. These people have a simple faith which at times is enough to make us wish we were the same. But there is a counterfeit that needs to be watched for and it can be easily detected.

Perhaps I should tell what these churches are. They will not be found in the reports as they are incomplete in organization. The Presbytery sends a

committee to examine and establish a congregation as we term it. A moderator is also appointed by Presbytery, who has full charge and administers the Lord's Supper. We generally organize with from ten to twenty charter members. The intention is to make them fully organized churches as soon as suitable persons for the eldership can be developed. The idea of a session for discipline is in exact accord with the customs they have been used to, so it ought not to be difficult to secure obedience to the session's orders. Our mission and presbytery is just stepping out of the realm of theory into that of experience in this work. I think perhaps the greatest mistake that has been made has been that we have been satisfied with too little.

The work is still growing. We are baptizing some continually. In Mainpuri there have been about two thousand baptisms in a year or so and the work in Fatehgarh is also growing.

To-morrow I am going out to Basmdra for a wedding. Clara does not get many new hats from her share of the fees. They give but it goes into the little church's *chauda*. There is a little missionary sermon in that word, which means contribution. It means silver. Perhaps it might be a good way to announce the collection as we do here: "The 'silver' will now be taken."

We will now look forward to the heat and then remember that the rains are not far off. The time passes so very fast. Little Carl is over a year old and is getting to be quite a little rogue. He will have to start off to the mountains soon for prickly heat is tormenting him. He has begun to talk Hindustani—his principal word being *wuh*, "that."

I close wishing you all a delightful summer.

J. H. L.

LETTER FROM MRS. LAWRENCE.

My Dear Friends:

I want you to meet Mrs. Megh Singh this month. We don't usually call our Indian Christian women Mrs. unless they are somewhat above the average. The Hindustani way of saying Mrs. is, so and so's wife. Men often speak of their wives as "my house." They often come and say, "My house is sick," meaning, "My wife is sick."

Mrs. Sigh's husband's brother became a Christian several years ago and at that time her husband became very angry and threatened to kill his brother for believing in Christ. This elder brother became a very earnest Christian and of course became very anxious that all his people should become Christians. So he would write and write to this woman's husband. So finally one time when Mrs. Sigh's husband was called to go to the Punjab he sent her to visit this older brother. During this time this brother taught her and she became convinced and decided she would

TIDINGS FROM AFAR

Aims not to entertain or interest its readers simply. Its ultimate aim is to enlist the followers of the King in earnest, intelligent and definite prayer that His Kingdom may come. It will strive to keep its readers in touch with the work in a part of Korea and India. In return will you not pray daily for that work?

Contributors

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Pyeng Yang, Korea.

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Under the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian
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become a Christian. She even threatened to leave him, but while on this trip someone gave him a Bible and he started to study it. He told me he would first read a chapter in the Bible and then one in their religious book, but was soon convinced that the Bible was the true one.

She, being a high caste woman, was kept in strict purdah and, my friends, you don't know what that means. Millions of women to-day in India are shut up as she was, never seeing much more than four mud walls. Never see the beautiful things God has given us to look at. When they do go out they have thick veils over their faces and can see nothing. She said to me one day, "Oh, I am so glad I got to know Christ, now I can go where I want to and can see all the lovely things God has made." She said, "I too used to worship idols and I even offered up a goat for sacrifice." She often weeps over the things she used to do. She says, "I was such a sinner I often pray that God may forgive the sins I committed when I was a little girl." She never tells or hears about the Savior's death but what she cries.

I have never known anyone who seemed so happy over her salvation as she is. Her mother and brothers are now ready to become Christians but they are waiting for their father who is very obstinate. But she keeps on crying and praying for him and I feel sure that he too will become one.

Her husband used to be in the police, which meant a life of bribery and dishonesty. He said he couldn't become a Christian and stay in there and besides he wanted to do more for his Master. After being baptized and instructed for some time he was sent to the

theological seminary, but was taken ill and so had to give that up for a year or so. We are hoping that by next year he may be well enough to go back and finish his course.

She can read some but is rather backward. However, she is so filled with the Holy Spirit that I am sure she will be able to do much for her sisters who are in heathenism. She and her husband were with us on our itineration last winter. She would always go with me and we would mostly visit our Christians, but were always ready to talk to the other people when we could get anyone to listen. Her husband would go off by himself and do personal work. They have been Christians now for about five years.

Pray that God may raise up many more such for His work here in India. Very sincerely,

C. E. L.

Difficulty of Reaching the Half-Educated.

I have been corresponding with a young man—high school graduate—and the correspondence brings out so clearly some things, that I believe I will quote from his letters a little. I am not certain what his intention is yet. I think he is sincere but enslaved in the ideas that he has become accustomed to. He writes: "I have read it (a testament) up to the Acts. The more I read the more my curiosity of reading further is aroused. * * I have read the Koran and it contains nothing but unconnected stories. I heartily dislike the Puranas and prefer the Bible to all and especially its teaching." He says he has just finished reading a book I gave him on transmigration. He says, "The world got its existence some thousands of years ago. Then where are the souls kept till the time of the judgment day? I suppose Christians will be exempted from this judgment since Jesus took their sins upon himself. But those who follow the Father himself, what will their end be? * * For what are the souls of the sons of Adam confined and suffer so much? The Bible teaches us whatever is done is done by the will of God." (Does this not give you some light on Romans 3.) "The boast of the Christians and the doctrine which has gone far to propagate the religion and enrapt the minds of the simple minded folks, who cannot judge their right hand from their left, is that Jesus Christ has taken the sins of the sons of Adam upon himself. It is quite incomprehensible and a hard bone to swallow." In answer to this I referred him to a great many prominent men who are Christians and he answered that it is because they had no other religion to follow. I think these extracts will show you how difficult it is for one who thinks he is educated to become a Christian. Their whole mental machinery is warped and their knowledge of Christianity is so faulty. And yet how quickly and how happily the lowly and downtrodden accept this doctrine that Jesus gave his life for us. It is the first thing they learn and they believe it. They enter in while a false philosophy that says God cannot forgive and that we must suffer for our sins keeps the half-educated out.

J. H. L.

BLAIR

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
156 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

MRS. WILLIAM NEWTON BLAIR

Memorial Minute

Adopted by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions
April 20, 1942

It was with deep sorrow that the Board recorded the death on April 9, 1941, at New Smyrna Beach, Florida, of Mrs. William N. Blair of the Chosen Mission.

Edith Pearle Allen was born September 11, 1878, at Argyle, Wisconsin. She received her education in the schools of Kansas and was graduated from Kansas Wesleyan University in 1900. Miss Allen was the daughter of a Methodist Minister and within the circle of a Christian home and among Christian people she early learned to love the Church and all its services, particularly the work of foreign missions. Miss Allen's engagement to the Rev. William N. Blair, who desired to go to the foreign field, convinced her that she had been led to such service. Miss Allen applied to the Board for appointment and on March 4, 1901, she received her assignment to service in Korea. She and Mr. Blair were married on June 6, 1901, and sailed for Korea in August of that year. They were assigned to Pyengyang Station where they served during all of their years in Korea. It was Mrs. Blair's privilege to establish a Christian home, not only for her husband and their five children, but for the many Koreans who came under its influence during the more than forty years that Dr. and Mrs. Blair gave devoted and effective service as missionaries of the Board to Korea.

From the first personal report of her year's work to the last report, Mrs. Blair wrote of her personal work among the women, either among groups in the country when she and Dr. Blair would make itinerating trips, or in her home and often on the trains and conveyances which she used when travelling. In her report of the first year of service, Mrs. Blair said: "I have tried to improve all opportunities for speaking with the Koreans, especially on country trips and with the women who came to see the house." This was characteristic of her whole life, for in the last report of her work on the field, she wrote: "Third class travel on our trains may be a weariness to the flesh but it a wonderful opportunity for personal work."

Mrs. Blair's early service included the teaching of music, especially singing, in the girls school, as well as other studies. Later she gave a great deal of time to church work, organizing classes for new believers, guiding and instructing them in the Christian way of life. But Mrs. Blair's great contribution in the service of Christ in Korea was through her personal contacts with the Korean women. Her home was always open to them and her missionary associates have spoken particularly of Mrs. Blair's cheerful and loving thought of these women who sought her sympathetic understanding and counsel. Mrs. Blair's reports contain many instances which reveal her close relationship to these Korean friends. She mentioned many of them by name, telling of their faithfulness and efficiency in

BLAIR

their common tasks. Of one woman she wrote: "She seems to enjoy nothing so much as giving her money to the Church. A most humble Christian, she rarely attaches a name to her gifts but in our generally poor congregation it is easy to guess from whence gifts of ten, twenty or thirty yen proceed." Mrs. Blair wrote with deep feeling about the death of a member of her Bible class: "For her loving welcome and motherly care I always waited and never once did they fail me. I miss them now on class days but they are among the things I look forward to when I shall see her again."

It would be difficult indeed to crowd into one brief account the story of so rich a life as that of Mrs. Blair. She was a devoted wife and mother, giving herself unreservedly to her family and to her missionary task. She was particularly happy to have two of her children become foreign missionaries.

Dr. and Mrs. Blair returned to the United States on furlough in 1940 and were unable to return to Chosen because of the situation in the Far East and the subsequent declaration of war between Japan and the United States. Dr. Blair was called to serve temporarily the Presbyterian Church in New Smyrna Beach, Florida, and it was while they were there that Mrs. Blair received her summons to higher service for her Master.

The Board expressed its deepest sympathy to Dr. Blair and their four children and to the host of relatives and friends around the world who will feel their loss so keenly.

LETTER FROM DR. WILLIAM N. BLAIR
REPORTING HIS TRIP TO PYENGYANG FROM APRIL 23-29, 1947

Taiku, Korea
May 3, 1947

Dear Friends:

I wrote a personal letter to the Russian General in Pyengyang on February 1, 1947, requesting permission to visit, for a few days, the city where I had lived for forty years. Rather surprisingly, since all former requests for United States civilians to enter North Korea had been refused, my request was granted.

Unfortunately, I was sick most of February and March but, on April 23rd, I was able to make the trip to which I had looked forward for many months. I was the sole passenger that day on the special United States Army train from Seoul to Pyengyang. It was a beautiful day and I enjoyed the trip greatly, especially as we entered familiar territory near Pyengyang and finally crossed the Tai Tong River at about five o'clock in the afternoon with well-known scenes all about me.

I was met at the railroad station in Pyengyang by several Russian officers and two American liaison officers, Colonel McClish and Major Giblo, and was taken by the Russians to a Russian hotel. The Russians promised to call for me after supper and planned to take me for a drive about the city. But the supper and the extreme Russian nature of the hotel, with nobody understanding English, convinced me that I did not want to stay there. When the Russian officers returned, I asked them if it would be all right for me to go to the American liaison officers' quarters. They agreed to this arrangement and drove me at once to the location of our representatives on a hill in the north part of the city, overlooking the Tai Tong River just east of the Tori gate to the Japanese Shinto shrine which made so much trouble for us in the years from 1936 to 1941. The Tori gate now lies prone and the shrine has disappeared.

The American officers gave me a cordial invitation to stay with them, saying that this was what they had desired, but had hesitated to interfere with the Russian plans. Major and Mrs. Giblo went to Seoul the next day, so Colonel McClish and I had the big house to ourselves with seven Korean servants and three Russian soldiers, with guns, guarding the gate.

The Russians treated me with signal courtesy, placing a jeep with a Korean chauffeur at my disposal for the entire time that I was in Pyengyang. They gave me permission to see my friends, visit churches and go freely about the city.

I visited the Presbyterian Seminary several times during the five days that I was in the city, meeting many pastors and Korean friends there. Most of the leading Presbyterian pastors of Pyengyang are teaching in the Seminary, including Kim Whasik, Ne Sungwee, Chai Chewha and Ne Youtaik. The chairman of the faculty, Kim Inchoon, is in prison with five other Pyengyang pastors. All the Seminary buildings are in good condition. There are 173 men and 91 women in attendance, with about twelve teachers. I spoke a few minutes at the Seminary chapel service and led in prayer. I should mention that some thirty (one-story Korean-Japanese style) houses have been erected in the northwest section of the Seminary grounds, in front of Dr. Clark's house. All the Seminary residences for foreign professors are occupied by Russians; the buildings in front of Dr. Clark's house are occupied by Koreans.

In our Presbyterian Compound proper, five buildings have been torn down by the Russians; Dr. Baird's, Dr. Moffett's and Dr. Mowry's residences, the Women's Bible Institute building on the west side, and my home on the east side. A new road has been made from the street through my yard, leading to the three residences north of my house on the east side. Dr. Swallen's old home and his stone residence still stand. All the rest of our residences and school buildings are standing and are occupied by Russians

(mostly officers), except the College building, which are being used by The People's Party as its headquarters, and the Bernheisel and Hill homes, which are occupied by Koreans. The Phillips' home, which was partially burned, has been restored.

The Presbyterian-Methodist Hospital is being run by The People's Party. The Methodist Hall Memorial Hospital building burned sometime ago; only the walls are standing. All the other Methodist residences and the school building seem in good condition, except the First Methodist Church building, which was destroyed by fire and is now being rebuilt.

My visit to the site of my former home was a sad hour. Most of the trees on the place still stand, even the big box-elder with the wooden seats still in position, where our children loved to play. My old outside man, Chun Youngkoo, still lives in the servants' quarters back of the location of my erstwhile home. I found him working in the garden. He wept when he saw me.

On Friday, I visited the foreign cemetery, which lies five miles west of the city, and found the grounds in good condition. The Communists have taken away from the keeper the fields which we had bought for him, but he has some land nearby and says that he will remain in charge until we return. I had considerable difficulty in finding the road to the cemetery, because of the changes in Pyongyang City. The population in the city has grown from less than 250,000 in 1940 to over 400,000.

Our Presbyterian churches in Pyongyang City have grown and increased to twenty-nine in number. There are now some fifty Protestant churches in Pyongyang City. All these churches have suffered severe persecution and, at times, some of them have been closed. At present, they seem to be somewhat "at rest" and all are going forward. I visited nine Presbyterian churches on Sunday morning, making short talks in each Church, bringing greetings from missionaries and leading in prayer. My reception was overwhelming.

All the Protestant churches in Pyongyang City are uniting just now in one month of early morning prayer meeting in the various churches, in memory of the great revival which began in Pyongyang forty years ago, and are earnestly praying that God will again pour out His Spirit upon the whole Korean Church. These prayer meetings have been going on for two weeks. In connection with this anniversary program, a great outdoor united service of all Protestant churches was held last Sunday afternoon on the high slope inside the grounds of the Central Presbyterian Church. Between 15,000 and 20,000 people assembled for this meeting. Two great choirs led the singing; one, the united choirs of all the churches inside the city, and, the other, the united choirs of all churches of West Pyongyang. Three young women sang solos; the most touching of all was the last one which was rendered by a blind girl. (A good amplifier was used for the whole program.)

I sat on the platform and recognized hundreds of my friends by their happy smiles. Before the address, I was asked to speak and lead in prayer. I spoke briefly of our Pyongyang missionaries, including those who had died in recent years, and brought the affectionate regards of all our missionaries now in Korea and all in America. It was a tremendous emotional experience, for me especially, when all that vast audience held up their hands in loving greetings to me and all their missionary friends. Rev. Hna Chunke preached the sermon, his theme being the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. At the close of the sermon, the entire assembly united in oral prayer which must have been heard throughout the city. The offering taken, which filled a large suitcase and half a gunny-sack with ten and one hundred yen bills, was to be given to the Methodist Church to help rebuild their First Church.

At the close of the service, I was literally mobbed by thousands of people, who were eager to shake my hand and ask about missionary friends. In the midst of it all, I realized that someone had taken my hand and, looking down, found that a little Korean

girl of about nine years of age had made her way to my side and was holding my hand tightly, watching me with the most loving, trusting expression imaginable.

Everywhere I went, Korean friends crowded about me; indeed it was difficult for me to walk on a main street. When I left Sa Chang Kol Church, my old church in Pyengyang, a group of girls called to me, "Please, please come back to Pyengyang." Several young boys followed me to the gate of the American officers' quarters and said to me, in parting, "We want you to understand that it is not only the older people who want you to return but all the young people of the city." One day, I went with Colonel McClish to a curio shop which he recommended, hoping to find something that I could send home. Among other articles, I found some beautiful silk scroll-panels. Selecting one, I asked the price. Instead of replying, the merchant wrapped up the scroll-panel, which I had selected, and one other, that I had admired, and presented them to me, refusing to take any money. Naturally, I did not try to do any more shopping in Pyengyang. I learned afterward that the panels were worth from 1,500 to 2,000 Yen each.

I returned to Seoul on Tuesday, April 29th. Colonel McClish and several Russian officers took me to the train, which was the Russian Special that makes the trip to Pyengyang several times a month. There were three Russian officers besides myself on this train and they kept me company during the ride.

I remained two days in Seoul, having been called upon to make statements to the various officers, the American Consul and General Hodge, as to the treatment which I had received at the hands of the Russian soldiers and officers. They were all surprised and pleased at my report.

With best wishes and regards to all of you, I am,

Sincerely yours,
William N. Blair

Dr. Blair added the following remarks in a personal letter to Dr. A.K. Reischauer, also dated May 3, 1947:

One thing that will interest you is that all the Russians, with whom I talked, seemed greatly interested in the coming conference between the United States and Russian authorities, which will probably be held in Seoul on May 20, 1947. All say positively that we must do away with the 38° parallel division line. In leaving, I suggested to the Russian Major, who had been looking after me, that I hoped arrangements could be made later for other Pyengyang missionaries to visit Pyengyang perhaps after the summer. He replied, "It won't be necessary to ask for such permission then, because the 38° parallel division will be done away with before that time."

I do not know what they really have in mind, but ardently hope that they are right as the division of the country is a disastrous proposition.

W. N. B.

Dr. Blair

Taegu, Korea
May 3, 1947

Dear Friends:

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MM.
BLAIR

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There are now some 50 Protestant churches in Pyengyang, 29 of them Presbyterian. All these churches at times have suffered severe persecution and at times some of them have been closed. At present all are going forward. I visited nine Presbyterian churches Sunday, making short talks in each one, bringing greetings from missionaries and leading in prayer. My reception was overwhelming.

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With best wishes and regards to all of you,

William N. Blair

William N. Blair

Sent out by Mrs. Blair, Box 13, Topeka, Kan.

W. N. BLAIR

May 13, 1970

To All Retired Missionaries from Korea

Dear Friends:

Word has been received of the death of one of Korea's distinguished missionaries, The Reverend William Newton Blair, D.D., LL.D. Dr. Blair died on Saturday, May 2, 1970 at Westminster Gardens, Duarte California. He was 73.

Dr. Blair was appointed March 4, 1901 and sailed for Korea August 10, 1901. He was retired July 11, 1946 after 45 years of impressive missionary endeavors in evangelistic and educational work centering in Pyongyang, Korea.

Never a man to like dull moments evenings in the Blair house of Pyongyang always pivoted around a fun time, often after learning one of Dr. Blair's new group games. Also, never a man to give up easily, Dr. Blair, when 80, wrote to Dr. John Coventry Smith:

" I am in good health and have made some 60 addresses on Korea so far this year."

The Commission's Memorial Minute on Dr. Blair will contain much more detail on his outstanding career. Sufficient of it is in this announcement letter to give praise to Almighty God for the way the Holy Spirit led this gallant follower of Christ, and to mention how the mantle of Dr. Blair has fallen upon his "find", The Reverend Dr. Kyung Chik Han. God led Mr. Blair to a youth in a small rural village not far from Pyongyang. That youth's name was unknown, just another Han boy. Today he preaches the largest Presbyterian Church in Korea and in the world, historic Yongnak Presbyterian Church of Seoul. If Dr. Blair's greatest writing was his book, Gold in Korea, his greatest find was Han of Yongnak.

May God's gracious presence be with all Dr. Blair's family whose addresses are at the bottom of this letter. And may God give us grace to follow Christ with perception and praise as did his servant, William Newton Blair. Hallelujah!

Courage in Christ,

Stanton R. Wilson

Stanton R. Wilson
Acting Regional Secretary
East Asia Office

Miss Lois Blair, Westminster Gardens
Mrs. Shannon McCune (Edith B.) Apt. 27C, 1800 N.W. 4th St., Gainesville, Fla.
Mrs. E. F. Hunt (Katharine) Box 184, Pusan, Korea
Mr. Edgar A. Blair, 17 Grasses Street, South Amboy, New Jersey 08879

W. N. BLAIR

MEMORIAL MINUTE

William Newton Blair

1876-1970

The Commission made record of the death of the Rev. William Newton Blair, D.D., LL.D., on May 2, 1970, at Westminster Gardens, Duarte, California, at the age of 93. Dr. Blair retired on July 11, 1946, after 45 years of service under the former Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

William Blair was born in Salina, Kansas, July 11, 1876, son of Edward Winston and Emma Ann Blair, one of four sons. A brother Herbert followed him to Korea as a missionary. Dr. Blair attended the local elementary and high schools and while not an intellectual, distinguished himself with high grades. His good judgement and warm personality made him a natural leader in sports, debating and social affairs. It was while in high school he took a night course in drawing that equipped him for a most effective chalk-talk ministry all his years in Korea. He entered Kansas Wesleyan University in Salina in 1893, became president of his Literary Society, played right-end on the football team, sang on a male quartette and won the college oratorical contest.

For a year after graduation he taught school and it was while teaching the strong conviction came to him that God wanted him to be a teacher of His Word. It was in response to this call that Dr. Blair entered McCormick Seminary in 1898 to prepare for the ministry. In his senior year Rev. William L. Swallen of Korea visited McCormick and gave a missionary address on the needs and opportunities in Korea that moved Blair to volunteer for service there. In the freshman class at Kansas Wesleyan when Blair was a senior was Edith Pearl Allen to whom he became engaged two years later, and whom he married upon seminary graduation. Together they sailed for Korea in September of 1901 and established a home in Pyeng Yang. The new missionary's first assignment was that of itinerant evangelist in the newly opened An Ju territory and he had the rich satisfaction of seeing it prosper and develop into a Presbytery with over 50 self-supporting churches. From time to time across the years Dr. Blair taught in the Pyeng Yang Academy, Soong Sil College and the theological seminary. His most distinguished son in the faith is Dr. Han Kyung Chik, pastor of the famous Young Nak Church, Seoul.

Five children were born to the Blairs; Lois, Katherine, Antoinette, Edgar and Edith. Mrs. Blair passed away April 9, 1942 in New Smyrna Beach, Florida.

With the gathering of the war clouds that led to the Second World War, Dr. Blair returned to the U.S. and engaged in a wide ministry of deputation work for Korea, followed by Interim pastorates in State College, Pennsylvania and Topeka, Kansas. On August 25th, 1943 he married Mrs. Stella Nash Smith, a niece of his first wife.

Soon after the end of the war, in 1946, Blair returned to his beloved Korea and had the privilege of visiting Pyeng Yang in North Korea, the scene of his life-time labors, then under Russian control, and addressed a large rally of Christians.

Dr. Blair's apartment in Westminster Gardens was headquarters for Korea in Southern California, and a steady stream of visitors both American and Korean sought him out to renew old friendships or form new ones. Graduate students doing research for doctorates in missions discovered him to be a mine of information and source material on Korean Church development.

The Commission gives thanks to God for this giant of the faith, who over his long years was "Mr. Valiant-for-Truth" in the service of Christ, the truth and hope of Korea and the world.