

S P E A K I N G F R O M

O L D K O R E A

By Walter Collins Erdman

C O N T E N T S

1. MR. PAIK EARLY SPRING TELLS HIS STORY
- 2..AT THE LANCET'S POINT
- 3.METAL BECOMES GOLD
4. A PRINTER OF TRACTS
5. WONG THE ARCHER
6. TALES OF AN OLD EVANGELIST
7. ZEAL
8. HARA-KIRI
9. THEN COMETH THE HARVEST
10. A WRITING OF SALVATION
11. "BEHOLD HE PRAYETH"
12. THE COMING ONE

F O R E W O R D

The autobiographies in this volume are authentic. Those who tell their stories were personal friends and fellow-workers of the author. Some of the narratives are translations of material written out at his request. Some are translations of verbal narratives recorded as told. Translation has its difficulties as well as its privileges. It often reflects too much of the translator's own thought. An attempt has been made here to preserve some of the flavor of the Korean idiom by literal translation of certain phrases even at the occasional expense of clarity. For sketches other than the autobiographies the author alone is responsible though these also are not fiction but narration of actual occurrences.

No attempt has been made to bring the stories up to date. They are experiences of "Jesus-Believers" of Old Korea. Present day problems and tragic conditions are not reflected in these pages, though they call for our deep sympathy and our prayers. Most of the incidents related occurred approximately between the years 1906 and 1924, beginning with the period of the church's phenomenal growth following the Great Revival of 1907, through the turbulent years after the Japanese annexation in 1910 and the Independence Movement of 1919. The latter was a non-violent movement on the part of the Koreans, who trusted in President Wilson's doctrine of the "Self-determination of small nations". They thought all that was necessary would be to sign a document stating their desire to be independent of Japan and send it to the League of Nations. Thirty-three nationally prominent men did sign such a document, and the people all over the country gathered on appointed days in their market places and harmlessly shouted "Long live Independent Korea!" The League of Nations took no notice of the plea and the whole movement was stamped out with ruthless cruelty by the Japanese.

All the narratives are presented with the idea of illustrating the workings of the Holy Spirit, who bloweth where He listeth, and the impact of the Gospel upon the minds of those who hear it for the first time, of showing individual reactions to the Gospel message, the person-to-person method of its transmission and its effect in total character transformation, and on social thought and custom. Salvation is many-sided. These narratives may suggest some of its practical outworkings in individual lives. All of them make it clear that the Gospel is still

"THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION TO EVERYONE THAT BELIEVETH"

A CORN OF WHEAT

A word about the author of these sketches may not be out of place.

Walter Collins Erdman was born in Chicago, Illinois, while his father, the late Dr. W.J. Erdman, was pastor of the then young Moody Church. He graduated with honor from Princeton University in 1899, and that fall entered Princeton Seminary. He had had all plans made to enter medical college and only changed at the last moment when he learned of his father's strong desire to see him in the ministry. It was a great struggle to give up his life-long ambition to enter medicine, but in later years he often blessed the Providence that led him into the ministry.

After two years as assistant to his brother, Dr. Charles R. Erdman, in the First Presbyterian Church of Germantown, Pennsylvania, he travelled for a year with William Borden (see "Borden of Yale") visiting the mission fields of the world. This crystalized his thinking along missionary lines, and he determined, if at all possible, to devote his life to that work. The Mission Board would not commission him on account of a heart condition resulting from boyhood illnesses. Notwithstanding he sailed for Korea in 1906 under private support provided by a friend, to be an associate member of the Northern Presbyterian Mission in that land. After a few years, wherein he demonstrated his ability to serve, he was admitted as a full member. For twenty-three years he was a herald of the Gospel, travelling through the land, preaching, teaching and exhorting, honored and trusted and loved in outstanding degree by both missionaries and Koreans.

The care of the thirty or more country groups (unorganized churches) to which he was early assigned, involved long tramps, the only mode of locomotion, over high mountain passes, through rivers, in ice and snow in winter, under tropical sun in summer. At the end of a weary day of travel there were only primitive comforts. Moreover, upon the missionary's arrival there began at once the consultation with local leaders, the examinations for the ~~catechuminate~~ and baptism, the evening meeting which lasted far into the night, the matters of discipline to deal with. Then up again at cock-crow, literally, for the early morning prayer-meeting or the journey to the next village. As it became apparent he was not equal to this physically exacting work, he was thrust more and more into the work of teaching.

For this he was eminently qualified, being that rare person, a "born teacher"

Under his guidance there grew up in Taegu a strong Bible Institute for training national leaders. He was in demand also for conference work all over Korea, and for some years taught one or two terms in the Seminary at Pyeng Yang each year in addition to his other work. The mission finally transferred him to full time service there. The revival in the Seminary, in which the instrument used of God was Dr. Erdman, would be worthy of a chapter in itself. Suffice it to say here, it was the time of making things right with God and man among the students, and who can measure the fruitage ~~from~~ those cleansed lives? Certain it is that soon after ^{this} the church again began an era of accelerated growth.

It would seem that now Dr. Erdman was prepared to enter into the most fruitful years of life. With an unusual command of the difficult language, with a rich and balancing sense of humor, with the confidence of all and with the spiritual maturity of one who has lived with God, to our human minds it would see that way. But God had other plans. The frail body, pushed beyond its strength for so many years, could no longer carry on.

Four months after his collapse in Korea he was brought to this country using stretcher and ambulance where necessary. The doctors were doubtful whether he would survive the journey. But again God had other plans. From the spring of 1929 to the spring of 1948 he lived, in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in much weakness and pain, but able to be about and at times to teach a few Bible classes, a tower of strength to all who knew him.

He turned his talents to writing and in that time produced many magazine articles and several tracts that have had wide circulation. One, "Believe It or Not", we are informed, has been translated into at least six foreign languages. He has been preaching not only in Korea, but in other nations as well! He also wrote some scripts for broadcasts that were published later in book form.* This present volume is also a product of that period and is sent out in the hope that it will be a refreshing reminder of the power and actuality of Jesus Christ, the Lord, and His Gospel.

As for Walter, his life was ^urely a corn of wheat that fell into the ground and died. We have the Lord's own word that if it died it will not abide alone but bring forth much fruit.

Julia Winn Erdman

*"Sources of Power in Famous Lives," and "More Sources of Power in Famous Lives"

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman.

Chapter 1

Mr. Paik Early Spring Tells His Story

Spring to the page of the ...

The one who relates this story was a man of greater prominence in his community than his modest narrative suggests. He gives here only the events connected with his conversion. He later became an ordained pastor and continued in the ministry until the time of his death twenty five years later. He was instrumental in leading many others to Christ. In the last paragraph he refers to "what befell in the Spring of this year!" It was 1919, the year of the abortive Korean independence movement when Christians were believed to be the ring-leaders. He had taken no part in it but while sitting in his dormitory room at the Theological Seminary he was suddenly seized by gendarmes, rushed away with four other students, taken to a jail, tied to a wooden frame, (a "cross" he called it afterwards) and beaten with twenty-nine blows because he was a Korean and a Christian. But he called it "the grace of God."

WALTER C. EDMAN
4 WEST STAFFORD
SEBASTIAN TOWN, PHILA., PA.
4
WALTER C. EDMAN
4 WEST STAFFORD
SEBASTIAN TOWN, PHILA., PA.

MR. PAIK EARLY SPRING TELLS HIS STORY

It is a long story and all very strange. God has strange ways of working. We cannot follow them all. I will tell you what happened as a man sees it.

Can anyone know the plant before he understands the root? To tell you my story I must begin with another's history. There was a certain Buddhist priest, a man of restless desires but spiritual withal. He was not lazy nor content to live slothfully on monastery lands like the others, but was a man of spiritual yearning who sought the hidden meaning of things and peace for his unquiet soul. If not, why did he wander thro our "three thousand li of mountains and rivers" making pilgrimages to all the monasteries of the thirteen provinces? And even this was not enough. He passed over the Eastern Sea to the Land of the Rising Sun and visited the holy places there. Was it not by the grace of God that he met a missionary who showed him the first chapter of Genesis? Who would think to begin a Gospel preaching with the first chapter of Genesis? Was not this also a way of God Who knows the need of every man's heart? This man read the first lines and he laid down the book and he said:

"I have found the truth! 'In the beginning God!' All through the years I have known the words of the Way of Buddha. Have not Suhkayuri's* words been in my ears? 'None in heaven above, none in earth below worthy of reverence, only I, alone!' Suhkayuri meant that there was no God, but it was all athwart my consciousness. 'In the beginning God!' There was a beginning! There is a God! This is truth!"

So this priest learned the Christian doctrine in a measure and he believed. Also he became a merchant and prospered in business. He crossed into China and became a seller of drugs and because he was prospered, his gains were five thousand ounces of silver and certain bales of Chinese Silk. So he returned.

It is written, "The love of money is the root of all evil" and so it became in the after days, but the tale must be told in order.

Did I tell you where I first heard the word? In the second month of the year of the Rabbit (1903) on the road to the provincial capital I met a little man with a round face. He was a gentleman in his bearing and he wore a winter cap of fur beneath his gentleman's hat. A coolie with him ^{bore} a heavy bundle in the rack of his carrying frame on his back. They were resting a moment in the sunshine by the big

*Suhkayuri is the Korean name of Gautama Buddha or Sakyamooni

rock below the Kyung Ju Pass, so I too stopped and gravely saluted according to the custom of our people.

"Let us introduce ourselves," Issaid. "I am Paik Early Spring of Peace River Village". "Even so," he replied. "I am Kim Source of Strength of such and such a place." (You know him today as Pastor Kim. Was he not the first to believe in our Province?)

"Are you in peace?" he inquired, using the customary phrase.

"I am in peace. What have you in your load that seems so heavy?"

"They are books"

"I also am a reader of books. What sort are these?"

"They are the books of the Lord, the Savior of the world," he said.

"Savior of the world?.....Lord!" The words had no meaning to me. "Who is this one whom you call Savior of the world?"

"God sent His Son," he said, "to be the world's Savior"

"Can God have a son? What idle words are these?" I answered him in scorn, and turned away quickly in bitterness.

Of a truth in those days I was not slow in speech, but I think he prayed for me. And all that day as I walked the road in the keen winter air there was one sound in my ears, "the Savior of the World the Savior of the World!" The wild geese passed overhead and their honking cry sounded in my ears "the Savior of the World." "What spell is this?" I said in anger. "Cannot one forget a senseless word?" I will stop for food at yonder inn."

They called me a well-to-do man in those days. There were certain fields and if the year was favorable there was rice for all the food-mouths*. Also the wood of the mountain beyond was mine for the cutting. I was a reader of the Classics and no merchant and yet as men will, I went from time to time to the market town on market days and on a certain market day, I sought in the market place for satin piece goods of a sort and it was not found. But there were those who said:

"Has not Pak the Buddhist returned from China with satins? Seek his house in such a village."

Now this was the man of whom I have already spoken, but as yet I knew not the man nor his new manner of religion, only that he had satin piece goods of

* i.e., members of his family

value. So I went to this village and one directed me to his house.

The gate of the courtyard was open, and the door of his guest room too. You know of our custom to have one room with the door facing outward where visitors are received. There was a gathering there, one or two men, and on the open porch beyond one or two women on rush mats. I stood before the door and they bade me enter so I entered quickly, and kneeling in a respectful attitude I said:

"Let us make ourselves known to one another. I am Paik Early Spring of Peace River Village."

"I bear the name of the house of Pak," my host answered gravely. "You have come at a fortunate time. Presently we shall inquire your business, but now we worship. Be pleased to join us. This is the Lord's Day."

So he spoke and I answered wondering, "What Lord's day?"

"Jesus," he said, "The Lord, the Savior of the World."

Was it not the echo of the voice in my soul? And again I saw in my mind's eye the little old man by the roadside in the sunshine with his books on the Kyung Ju road and his words were still in my ears through many days. ... "Savior of the World"! I thought to myself, even as I have said, this is a strange world but I was minded to listen to his words. So the master of the house said, "Let us pray. Condescend only to refrain from smoking while we worship."

I knocked the ash from my pipe bowl across the door sill and thrust the bamboo stem into my sleeve. They bowed their heads and one prayed. How should I know the meaning of what he said? Strange words they were, yet not strange. Words that I knew, every one, but put together with new meanings that made it sound like the language of the outer barbarians, in my ears. Again I heard of the Son of God, but what was this talk of love and trust and of One's blood that had been shed? He prayed even for me, that I, a stranger, might understand the doctrine. They prayed and bowed their heads, but why should I bow my head? It was not my worship yet I held my peace and listened and my eye searched the room, but never a Buddha nor a spirit jar nor a worship tablet did I see. What worship was this, I thought scornfully? Then the man Pak took a book and read words like those of his prayer and he made explanation of it withal as to one of little understanding and I perceived that he meant me and I listened to his words. Then they sang a song and the words were "Far, far have I wandered." All these things are

known to you but I had never heard the Jesus doctrine before in all my life. The words were new and strange but I learned their meaning and understood something about the Savior of the World. And so it was, that from time to time I went to this house and joined in the worship, but the doctrine had not yet come to rule my life and I was not greatly changed, only men said that I was a disciple of Pak and was doing the Jesus doctrine.

There came a time of confused political and religious disturbance when the Il Chin Whoi, a political organization, was abroad and there was persecution also from the Heaven Lord Church* and we were very ignorant in those days and once we took revenge on them, but I may not tell that tale now. Only we were much troubled and because of the persecution many fell away, until of those who gathered at Pak's house only five or six remained. Two of the group had died suddenly. The wives of two others died and certain children. Is not death the common lot of all? Yet the unbelievers said it was because we had followed the Jesus doctrine. Yet others cooled off in their minds little by little until their minds fell completely and only the former Buddhist and I were left.

I cannot tell it all, how he took the typhus and died, and how there were none to help but a young wife and an old father-in-law. And I, because I was a believer, I ^{tried} to take no harm from the disease and attended him until he left the world.

He besought me to write a letter to a missionary and make words to the effect that he had sinned grievously and must fall into hell for that his wife had called in a devil exorcist to drive away the demons of his illness, but he bade me say it was done when he was without his senses and knew it not, by others in the house and he desired to know if this were a sin laid to his door. But he left this world before an answer came. So I and one other wrapped the body in matting and tied it round and round with straw rope and buried it on the mountainside alone..... and there was no coffin.

I took his Bible and Hymnbook and the useless roll-book of our church and went away and ^{was} a Christian no more for many days. But all the while there was a heaviness in my heart and my conscience was unclean for that I visited the market even on the Lord's Day. Did I not say that love of money was a root of evil? It pre-

*Roman Catholic Church

vented my growth in spiritual things for many days.

I was no Christian then, but one day a young colporteur came to the market place and preached, and when one jeered at him I bade the disturber hold his peace that all might hear. The young man turned on me:

"Do you also know the doctrine?"

My heart burned, but I was afraid and I said "I have known ... something."

I held the young man's bag while he spoke standing on some sacks of rice in the market place, and all the people listened for his words were good and new. So I followed him even to another market place and held his books while he preached. A certain scholar in that place believed and because he was a noted man and had a following, a church grew up there. But it was not my home village and my mind was not warm towards the doctrine then. I did not put my name on the church attendance roll books then, though certain ones urged me to do so, even one who had been a companion of my childhood. Is not his name Lee Sun Tal? The manner of his urging was this. It happened that a certain market day fell on the Lord's Day as it often will when our market days run once in five days and the Lord's Day once in seven. I rode upon my horse to go to market. By the crossing of Peace River I met Lee Sun Tal who had become a Christian. "Whither?" he said only.

"To attend the Market" I answered. Then he said:

"You were also a believer once. Have you forgotten it is the Lord's Day?"

I was minded to make a surly reply and a lying one withal, and even to say that a man must live and how could he live and still be idle one day in seven and that I greatly needed the profit of that day's trade. I say I was minded to say all this but I looked down sidewise at Lee Sun Tal and there were no words in my mouth to make reply, for I saw his garment that it was worn and frayed while my own was silk and in my heart I knew that of us two he was less able to be idle than I, if that were all. He seemed to know my thought for he said simply:

"The Lord has a way. He knows how to make up the time we give to Him."

But my mind was proud and stubborn and I lied and said I must needs go for a reason; so Lee Sun Tal went on sadly but I think he too prayed for me.

They made me a judge of the market in those days and I sat on the judge's

seat and those who had quarrels over their wares brought them before me and I settled their disputes and in that market my word was law. With some I had the name of Jesus believer because once I had attended the church in the house of the former Buddhist priest. However, none of my family believed. Their time had not yet come. This also is strange. God has times for certain things. You believe it, do you not? And when His time comes then things must happen, but my family's time to repent had not yet come.

Then came the great trial. Our family was eight food-mouths in all. Then three of my sons died one after the other. Was not God arousing me? And my old mother desired the sorcerer to drive away the evil spirits that were bringing sorrows on our house, but I would have none of it for my conscience would not let, tho I was not Christian. Only when I was away from home they did so secretly, but what was the profit? Did not the last of my sons also depart? Then my daughter became ill and the mother was even as one bereft of her senses, "For", said she, "it is our only child"

So they brought the sorcerer with his drum and bells but I would not do him obeisance, touching my head to the ground before him who had the familiar spirit, as the custom is, though my mother besought me with tears and wailing, for she said: "If we do not honor his demon the child will die. He will let it die! Why should she die, only this little one?"

Then she commanded my younger brother to bow before the sorcerer and he refused, saying: "The honorable elder brother says it is devil worship and an evil thing and useless. Why should I do it either?" So the sorcerer departed in a rage saying that seven devils sat upon the roof of our house could we but see them.

Then I lay in my room reading. My hand had fallen upon a Gospel tract and being drowsy the paper fell across my eyes and I slept. But in my sleep someone seemed calling, calling, ever calling till I awoke and looked through the house into the courtyard. And behold, a devil rope was hung around the house, a devil rope of braided straw with paper prayers fluttering at intervals throughout its length. My mother had done this to keep the spirits afar. Also she sought them in prayer-you know the custom. How runs the patter?

"Seven spoons of cold, clean rice, purified and boiled - forty-five paces toward the north,.... a hollow gourd, a straw shoe and a lighted wick in a saucer of oil and a call upon the tree spirits name."

It was the call I had heard in my slumber. Quickly I arose and seized my

Suddenly I knew that I must go the same way.

writing brush and fiercely ground the ink cake in the wet stone and wrote letters to all the Jesus believers whom I knew and bade them come quickly to my house to pray with me for the child. So in the night we prayed and sang, and the wondering villagers thronged the courtyard. And the child lived, for God works miracles in His time. And all my household repented and came out unto Jesus, for their time had come and God's time for them. Said I not that God has times?

In the ten years since then my mother has missed one day from attendance at the church. Though the winter wind whirls down and the snow drifts deeply, even to the knees, and one would dissuade her from going the long walk to the meeting place, she takes her staff in hand and fares forth across the river, for she says she must needs pray. Have I not also given my life for His service and when it seemed best for the work that I should be called to be an evangelist, I left my native village and sold even the land, to live henceforth as the Lord should give support through the church.

As to how by the grace of God I became an evangelist, and an elder, and of what befell in the Spring of this year, thou knowest very well. Truly, of His grace have I received abundantly.

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Wa lter Collins Erdman

Chapter 2

At the Lancet's Point

(Print facing the beginning of the second narrative)

The story is told by one who has been a Christian for nearly forty years. For many years he was an evangelist and a companion of itinerating missionaries, with many groups (unorganized churches) of Christians under his care. In the early days of patriot resistance, before the annexation of Korea by Japan, he was often in peril from bands of guerilla soldiers who roamed through the mountain valleys. Like the majority of Christians at that time he had cut off his distinguishing Korean topknot and had thereby become an object of suspicion. "You have short hair," said a friend in his village. "You are taking your life in your hands when you go out to preach. Better not go now!" "No," he replied. "I will go. My life is in my Lord's hands!"

WALTER C. BRIDMAN
418 WEST GASTON STREET
GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.

AT THE LANCET'S POINT.

When I tell you that my name is Holy Three you will think that the name was given me because my parents were Jesus Believers and that it concerns the Trinity. But it is not so. The name was given to me many years ago, before my family had ever heard of the Christian God. I think that it referred rather to the Buddha and the two disciples, the group of Three, the great gilded images that stand in the dusky shrine room of the monasteries of Hai In Sa and Chang An Sa, in any Buddhist monastery indeed.

My father was a doctor as doctors were in those days. He knew nothing of the strange drugs and white pills in glass bottles nor the shiny instruments that come from Say-poo-rans^{*}, but drugs many, and even stranger you would think, were daily in his thoughts and use. The little room eight feet square where he kept his drugs and met those who came to consult with him was at the end of the house nearest the courtyard gate. Strangers could approach its door without entering the courtyard or approaching the inner room which is the women's part of the house. His room was full of little paper bags of medicines and drugs, bags made of gray, mulberry-bark paper tied with twisted paper strings and smelling of strange compounds. There were little uncovered dishes containing roots and seeds. Bundles of dried herbs hung from wooden pegs in the low roof beams. Bundles of tiger bones and deer bones and horns were hanging there, too, among the dusty cobwebs. Tiger bones finely ground were excellent medicine for the weak, my father said, because the tiger is so strong; and the powdered bones of the fleet and agile deer must surely be good for those who have been slowed down and cramped by the water spirit that you Westerners call rheumatism. Bear gall gives

*The Severance Mission Hospital at Seoul.

courage to the faint hearted whose livers are disordered. I cannot recall the names of one ten thousandth part of all the remedies, dried artemisia and foxglove, ginseng, and lily bulbs, pine cone seeds and lumps of yellow sulphur. There was cinnamon bark brought by traders from distant parts of the China Sea and smuggled into our Hermit Land from medicine fair to medicine fair. My father could lay his hand on any one of these in a moment. It was forty years ago but even today whenever I pass the open door of a medicine shop and taste the smell in the air or catch a whiff of certain smokes I see again in my mind quickly that little room in its strange disarray and my father seated on the floor in the middle, poring over a Chinese medicine book, with his great horn rimmed spectacles covering all the upper part of his face, and I catch again the penetrating mingled odors of a thousand drugs that lingered in the dry thatch of the roof.

There were surgical needles there too, lancets you would call them perhaps. They lay in a little saucer conveniently at hand. My father used them to puncture the patient and let out the wind spirit or the water spirit that was causing some disease. They were blunt and tarnished and not too clean. It was a painful thrust at best and there often followed strange ulcers and poisonings. You will say at once that such poisonings were due to germs but in those days we knew nothing about germs, the "invisibles" as we have learned to call them. I remember as a boy looking with fearsome awe at the chart of the human body showing the one hundred and twenty-one spots where the needle puncture might be beneficially used to let out the spirits. Even the eyeballs were marked. And if I speak thus at length about the needle it is because a surgical needle played a strange part in my father's life. I think perhaps his soul was punctured, and mine too, and an evil spirit let out but I an-

ticipate the story. I am an old man now and this was very long ago.

A little man he was, my father, with a pointed white beard, quiet and soft spoken but of strong determination. He was honored in the villages for miles around as a scholar and Chinese student and doctor of great skill. Once a year I went with him out of our drab little village, across the mountains and valleys to the provincial capital where the medicine fair was held near the Oriental New Year season. Merchants brought to that fair roots and leaves and seeds and bark, herbs and chemicals, bones and horns and citrous peels gathered from the five Seas, from the Middle Kingdom and the Outer Ocean. And all the smell of that market place and of the crowded narrow streets was as the smell of my father's medicine room. Strange crowds gathered there. Medicine sellers came from the far North, from Manchu the land of ten thousand streams, men who brought sulphur and dyes and kaoliang seeds; Chinese peddlers in faded blue with packs of Shantung silks wrapped in oiled paper who brought also watermelon seeds and dried orange peel. Mourners passed through the crowd in yellow sackcloth patched with loose tabs of linen and intentionally ragged to symbolize their grief, their faces hidden under monstrous, conical, wide brimmed hats because they dared not look up to angry Heaven that had taken away their parents. Pack oxen led by farmers; and loaded donkeys led by medicine merchants brushed past Buddhist monks who loitered with staff and begging bowl. Candy vendors clashed their iron shears in place of a bell and cried the merits of their white sweet taffy made of barley malt. All pushed along intently, rudely jostling one another in the crowded ways. The man with a loaded carrying-rack would only shout, "It is a load! It is a load!" And the farmer leading his ox would shout, "It is an ox, an ox." And the little plodding vicious ponies of the medicine vendors

from far away pushed through in their nervous trotting walk, with bobbing heads that made the silver bells on their head-stalls jingle in tinkling rhythm. The pony-boy would shout, "It is a horse, a horse!" But all the shouts meant the same thing, "Look out for yourself. I am coming through!"

In the medicine fair my father saw a man selling little pamphlets and thought he heard the vendor say the words "New medicine." He did not stop to think that in our language the words for "medicine" and "testament" are similar in sound, nor did he know that the man was really a Jesus Believer selling New Testaments. He thought it was a book telling of some new kind of remedy and he paid two strings of cash for a copy to take home. ^{But} And I do not think that he would have read the book when he had it, (for it was in the common people's script which scholars scorned and not in the classical Chinese character,) if it had not been for ^a the little needle. Yes, the little needle which the Western doctor handled so deftly on that memorable day made a great change for our family. For as ^{my father} he was buying a supply of ginseng root spread out on a merchant's straw mat on the ground ^{he} my father was suddenly siezed with a very great pain and all his slight frame was twisted with writing ^h agony. They laid him on a straw mat in the courtyard of an inn. It was just then that the foreigner came by, a strange man with the great nose and wide staring blue eyes which mark the men from beyond the Great Peace Ocean who preach the Jesus doctrine. He saw my father lying there and asked about his trouble in sympathetic tones. He took a little case from a leather bag and from the case a bright sharp needle with a strange handle of hollow glass, and he said, "I know this disease." "If you let me prick your arm with this needle, I can ease the pain." I remembered my father's use of his lancet and I said that it might be well

to make the puncture and let the spirit out.

Very deftly the foreign doctor worked and slipped the fine point into my father's arm. Not, he said, to let a spirit out but to put some medicine in. The Western medicine was swift and helpful in its action, and when my father's pain was gone the doctor said some words we could not well understand about God and One whom he called "Jesus," and he gave us some medicine wrapped in a printed paper. He saw the Testament my father had bought and asked if we were Jesus Believers. And when we denied it, he said that we should read the printed words on the medicine paper and that we would find the very same words in the book called New Testament. He said whether one called it "New medicine" or "New Testament" was all one because it was medicine for the soul anyway. And then we went away. It was all nonsense to me and I despised the big nosed foreigner, but that his needle was very effective one could not well deny. It changed all my father's life and mine.

I have no life story to tell, only some curious incidents to relate. Perhaps you will say that it is an idle tale. Perhaps it may suggest to you that there are strange powers around us in the world and that we are always living among the fringes of the unknown. Certainly it will tell you that there is a strange moral and spiritual power in the Good news of Jesus Christ, a power which changes lives and motives and estimates of value and even raises the dead. For my father was among the first to accept what you call the Gospel, brought to us by foreigners from beyond the seas. Some of the common people were curious in regard to it but the educated ones called ^{it} "Western Learning" and passed it by in contempt of all things foreign. But my father believed. The little paper wrapped around the medicine he had received ^{on} that troubled day in the market place held his attention. He found the words, also,

in the Book even as the foreigner had said and he read and reread his Testament, and found that the "new medicine" was good for his soul.

It seemed to me a shameful business that my father should listen to teaching which came from elsewhere than China, the home of sages, the fountain head of wisdom; shameful that he should study other books than those of Kong Ja* and Mencius†. I could not hold up my head among my village cronies. We drank barley beer and gambled together but always they jeered at me because my father had, as we say, "eaten a new mind" and had become a Jesus Believer. Their faces were red and their eyes bloodshot and glazed, as indeed were my own, if the truth be told, but to me it was a deadly thing and bitter that they should call me a disciple of Big Nose the Missionary because my father had become a believer, though I would have none of it. A group of Jesus Believers began to meet in a certain house in the village. My father attended the meetings but the young bloods of the village gathered outside the door with ribald jests and jeers. It was a serious thing with me and I began to persecute my father though this is against even the teachings of Kong Ja. I persuaded the owner of the fields my father rented to refuse my father the rental of the fields another year that he might not have barley for my younger brother to harvest. (I was not interested in harvesting, I was the family scholar.) I went into furious rages and smashed the earthenware grain jars in my father's courtyard scattering the little store of rice and barley and strewing dried red peppers across the dusty courtyard floor. So angry and unthinking was I in my hatred that I forgot all the five proprieties in the teachings of Kong Ja. Without filial piety I drove my parents away from their home and cared not whither they went nor whether any gave them food.

*Confucius

† Mencius

Now about that time my own wife began to attend the Jesus-believing gatherings and sometimes she went and prayed with the sick in the village. So I reasoned with her and bade her have done with this Jesus-believing witchcraft, and when she refused to obey, I dragged her through the village street by her long black hair, beating and reviling her while my red-eyed cronies left their half empty drinking bowls of barley beer and jeered; but none would interfere. Was she not my wife? Who should stop my beating her? But she continued to visit the believing group and thus I lost face in the village. I could endure it no longer. I ordered her to make up a bundle of clothes containing a freshly laundered suit and a few odds and ends, and in a blind rage I turned my back on my native village forever. Forever? In a distant county-seat, in a little Jesus-believing-meeting-place that I one day entered to mock and scoff and raise objections, I suddenly found Christ. His words pierced my conscience and showed me my sin and my need, and I knew that the Teaching was true. In less than ten days I was back in my home village again.

I found my wife and laying aside my proud mind I made apology for my evil life and abuse of her. I took off my long coat and put on working clothes and brought fresh fine earth in a carrying frame and plastered smoothly all the broken places in the walls of my father's house. With new white paper I covered the walls while my former companions watched me in amazement and whispered in little groups. I bade my wife prepare food for the household. Then I searched and found my aged parents in a wretched shed and my mind ate great grief when I saw their misery. On my knees before them I besought ten thousand pardons and begged them to return to their home. But my father said firmly, "Only if you become a Jesus believer will I go." So I said, "I am a

Jesus Believer. That is why I am here. Even as it is written "I have sinned against heaven and before thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son?" Then we all wept together and praised God for His goodness. So our home life was resumed, and to my old gambling companions I preached the Doctrine and read the Scriptures.

In those days a woman in a near-by village died. They brought us word that she was dead. My wife was minded to go but I said, "Not suddenly. Let us wait a day." Yet presently she went. There was a fire for the spirit of the dead burning in the courtyard. The family were already clothed in sack cloth and they were discussing a propitious burial site. They were not Jesus Believers. My wife went boldly in to the room where the dead woman lay. She touched the corpse and bade her in the name of Jesus to come back to this life. And the dead came back to life.

I have no explanation. I know there is no such custom. I am only telling what happened once and again. The missionary was there within two days. He knows that the story is true. Perhaps you will say she was not truly dead but only in a swoon. Never-the-less it meant the prolonging of her life for if she had not awakened then she would have been buried immediately according to our custom, and it would have been too late. There were many witnesses. There was great excitement in the village and many decided to believe.

A week the woman lived, and then she died again. I have said that her family were not Believers, but they came to my father's house crying, "Please bring her to life!" My father was not disposed to go. Nor would he permit my wife to go. He was a doctor and he knew the symptoms of disease and death. He called the Jesus Believers together to consult. Some said she might not come back to life a second time and the faith of

new believers would be greatly shaken. But the younger folk among the believers and especially my wife prevailed, and they went again to the house and prayed, and she who had been dead the greater part of a day sat up again and lived. Then the relatives of the woman said that the spirit of my father's house was manifestly stronger than the spirit of their house and that it would be best that the woman should live with us. They would have none of her presence who came and went from the spirit world at the bidding of Jesus Believers! So she came and lived with us but because of the notoriety and of the stringency of the times we sent her to live with other relatives in a distant village. She was a strong woman and continued many years.

I have no explanation. God holds the key of life and death. Perhaps for a sign and a testimony even this was permitted but there was no greater miracle in that resurrection than there was in my own conversion, for I too had passed from death into life, in a spiritual resurrection for which there is no explanation but Christ.

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 3

Metal Becomes Gold

Faithful Men of the Mountain

Mr. Kim's autobiographical notes are transcribed without abridgment in spite of intimate personal references to his teacher in the opening paragraphs. After all, these references are extremely characteristic and self-revealing and when taken together with the concluding paragraph form a most appropriate setting to this unusual narrative. Twenty years after the last incidents recorded here Mr. Kim is still a faithful follower of Christ and his letters reveal the same depth of spiritual understanding, the same poetic expression and touches of humor.

METAL BECOMES GOLD

How shall I, Kim Established Virtue, ever repay the goodness and love of the teacher who has used unstinted effort for me these many years? You are our first father-preceptor. As one trains and gently nourishes children you have made disciples of us, receiving us as beginners in the faith and baptizing us. Year after year you have gathered us into one school, leading us onward with many and marvelous methods of instruction. Truly the hammer that beats out the fine gold of instruction is in the sentence you once gave us, "Do not drive sheep, but lead them." For seven or eight years I have attended the teaching periods in this Holy Scripture School; and in this cave-on-Mt. Sinai-like retreat I have received from your lips the treasures that came forth after you had, in your own mind and heart, understood the deep spiritual truths of God's Word. I am no longer Kim (Metal), I am Keum (Gold), and thro God's tempering I desire to become fine gold.

How can I repay the grace I have received? I am still a child in the faith, what can I do? Though I desired to repay it with a gift, how could I do so? I have nothing. Though I would repay it with mental effort, how could I? I forget so easily. With my bodily strength what could I do? Nothing at all. But I can commit you to God and the Father of our Lord Who can give all things abundantly, and by prayer in the name of our Lord Jesus I can ensure to you all blessing and prosperity in this world and eternal blessing in the world to come.

You have asked for the story of my life. It is difficult to speak of my own affairs. There has been too much that is unworthy. Do not judge me harshly as you read, nor be anxious in your heart because of doubts my words may raise. Only pray for me. I, also, desire to trust only in the grace of our Lord and so I write, but I must close before I have written all. Time will not suffice. I write as God has given me light. I am now meditating on Matthew 5:3-11, where are the Nine Blesseds.

Before I was a Christian.

My earthly home is in the district of Peaceful Valley. I am the

unworthy son of Mr. Kim Established Peace, the illustrious scholar. In my early youth with no particular educational advantages I passed my time partly in study and partly in work in the fields. When I reached the age of twenty-four, great disaster befell my house. My wife died of typhus, the water disease, leaving my ^{me with} two little girls aged five and one respectively, and only seventeen days later my mother also departed this world leaving me with two little sisters aged ten and one.

Typhus is a contagious disease and others would not come near me. For three months I saw no one but these four small children. We lived in a lonely countryside. In those days there was no such thing as sugar milk in tins for motherless babes. In summer and winter, through sweltering nights and shivering days, I cared for these children with my own hands in my poverty stricken house. Nearly a year I spent with weeping infants beside me in indescribable filth. How could a man care for them properly? In all this time there was not one ¹ who so much as visited me with a bowl of water to help me. Certain ones did come from time to time making pretence ² of assistance and having first well filled their own stomachs came with empty words of comfort, but what did that avail? In less than a year all the children were dead. One after another they died and I buried them with my own hands in shallow graves upon the mountainside. And all the while the typhus in my own body made me ill. By our Korean custom a man may not marry within three years after one of his parents dies, and so for three years I lived alone making my clothes and food with my own hands. So evil a life it was I cannot tell about it all. And in that time I was beset with temptations and fell into deadly sin. But after the three years I married again, and having secured an excellent wife I was comforted. Yet the seeds of disease remained in me, and I had malaria for three years and moreover there were internal abscesses for four months from which I nearly died. Children were born to us but they died from time to time, as soon as they were born, until in bitterness of mind because she was not a son, I called my one remaining daughter ^{the surviving child} "Wretched Puppy", though in these days since we became Christians, we have changed her name to "One Love".

At loss what to do for a livelihood, I ^{first decided} thought for a time that I would be a doctor and studied the uses and meanings of drugs and roots and herbs for some months. But in Korea we think that all things are regulated by geomancy and so, — ^(divination)

fool that I was, for three years I studied the laws of the wind and water spirits and indicated auspicious grave sites on the mountains for a price, and in my avarice even caused ancestral graves to be moved and disturbed, representing to the families that the sites were not favorable and indicating others for large money. At that time a daughter of my first wife died. She was the wife of an officer in the Jesus Church, called Elder Plum. In great distress of mind I then heard the Gospel for the first time, for the elder was an earnest believer, and my daughter was buried according to the Christian custom with Scripture readings and exhortation and the singing of hymns. For ten years I had served the seven stars, the spirits of heaven and earth, and I had worshipped the Herdsman Star in the constellation of Aquila on the seventh night of the seventh moon....

I Become a Christian.

These were the circumstances: Mr. Lim White Harvest, the seller of Christian books, came to the house of Mr. Choi Brilliant Jade where I was staying and explained the Gospel. I heard from him, the Jesus-Believers had no traffic with Spirits or idols, nor did they pay any attention to the disposition of wind and water spirits. (which the Chinese call feng-shui but we call poong-soo) nor do they use fortune telling nor observe lucky and unlucky days. I heard the testimony from many others believers also, and I said to myself, "If this is not a proper doctrine can it ever prosper?" Yet we Koreans have a custom of repeating a spirit charm when we have an evil dream or are confronted with some untoward circumstance. We say, "Sa pool pum chung" which means, "Evil cannot harm the upright." This I repeated seven or eight times in the presence of these friends to avert the ill omen of this new doctrine, so foolish was I and blind. They urged me to buy Christian books and read, and when I would have replied to their exhortation with stubborn argument, they themselves bought and gave me the Christian books, and I began to read. From that very time my father began to put obstacles in my way. My mind leaned toward this Christian doctrine also because there was a growing fearfulness and shame because of my sins. On the other hand I was fearful lest I become a criminal in the eyes of the civil law by taking up a new religion. There were no pocket Testaments in those days so I must needs hide my large Testament in my bosom and read it betimes without my father's knowledge. I read it in moments of rest from my work about the farm. I read it when I was treading the rice huller with my foot

on the lever beam and my eyes upon the Scriptures. I read it when taking the ox out to graze on the hillside. So intently did I read, indeed, that only when I heard the warning shouts of the other men did I look up to see that the ox had wandered into the standing grain and was eating it wastefully. So I lengthened his tether and tied it more firmly to the stake and.... continued to read. And I believed the things which were written.

I Suffer Persecution

My father attempted to prevent me from becoming a believer in many ways, again and again. Upon a day, he firmly set his face and locking himself tightly in his room, he said, "Be a Jesus believer if you will. I will starve myself to death!" He said though we might, not for a moment would he open the door. Was I not in an evil plight and dilemma? If I said I would not believe in Jesus it would be a sin against God. If I persisted in being a believer my father would surely die of self-starvation. And if he died how could I any longer live? What could I do? There was nothing else to do. I said, "Well then, I will starve myself too for my father's sake." So I began to fast. On the next day I suddenly remembered the four fetiches that were worshiped in our house. I arose and burned them with fire and again lay down to die, and my mind was at peace. But on the morning of the third day of my fast the thought came into my mind that I ought not to allow my father to die so, that I ought to go frequently and remonstrate with him and urge him to take food again. So I went to his door and besought him to open it. "Will you go no more to the Jesus church?" he asked, and I answered equivocally, "Punish me if I do." He said, "If you will go no more to them, I will get up and eat," and forthwith he opened the door. Father and son, we called for food tables, and sat down together to eat, but our throats were tense with emotion and hot withal, and we could not eat, and our tears fell together and watered our food till it swam with tears. Then when we had wept together our throats were loosened, and behold, we could eat. And so it was on the following Lord's Day also. But my father missed his idols and he was white with rage and fear, and again he persecuted me, and beat me with the little wooden table from which we eat out food. Then my wife urged me to leave home for awhile until my father should grow calmer and less violent. So I left home, intending in a few days to return, and my wife made up a little bundle of things for me and came with me to the river side about two miles away, and there we wept much together and parted. So I

came over the mountains seventy-five miles to the City of Great Hill to the house of Deacon Plum, he that once had been a leper but ^{was} by the grace of God the disease was stayed. And I attended church in the schoolroom without walls which was then used as a church, and I heard the missionary preach from the words, "If any man love father or mother more than me he is not worthy of me." They were the words of our Lord and the preacher said we might have to leave our parents for Jesus' sake, but my Korean friends ^{the} said, "You cannot do so. It is not Korean custom." Yet many days after, it came about as the missionary had said. At that time I first met you, and learned that you were called the pastor of our district, and I was comforted by your sympathy.

Then I went back to my father but though I exhorted him and prayed for him he would not believe in Jesus. Wherefore I thought within my mind, "Did I not really deceive my father that time when I imitated his fasting half-heartedly and made equivocal words to him?" So I made words to no one but I went to an empty house and for three days I fasted in secret again. And after a little while my father's heart was touched, and little by little in one way and another he thought favorably of the Doctrine. Never would he admit that he accepted it but he spoke of it with favor to others, yea, even urging them to become believers, and he showed love to the Christian brethren. I would not leave him alone but accompanied him wherever he went, to win his heart, and once when he was at the home of my younger brother he said to me, "You ought to be with your family instead of remaining here with me." So he sent me back to the city of Peaceful Valley where my family was, but he himself remained with my younger brother because he had a concubine there and her son also, But tho he would not be persuaded to be a Christian indeed and put away his secondary wife, my bosom swells and I cannot control my emotion when I recall his loving thought for us and the falling of his tears. When I visited him he would spread mats and say, "Have your worship here, encouraging me to pray also." He seemed to be fast becoming a Christian but, alas! for the things that were done on that day when you came to a neighboring village, and, desiring to make it easy for my father to learn the doctrine and believe, you sent a horse for my father to bring him thither for a conference. He might have become a Christian but for the fact that there was an evil enemy among his cronies.

no 11 A malignant enemy he was, who followed along, procuring barley wine for my father to drink by the wayside, and working subtly upon his mind in this way and in

that, prevented him from believing and took him away from us. Oh! an evil enemy indeed that old man of my kindred was, an evil enemy.

I Begin to Work

I have passed lightly over the time in which I was away from home because of the early persecution. At that time a Christian brother whose name was Holy Three*, knowing of my persecution and distresses, took me to the Village of Seven Valleys and every night I went to the church to pray. Many temptations I had in prayer: and in grief and sorrow for my sins and under conviction and compulsion I confessed them there publicly to my shame and disgrace.

I became a teacher of our language to a missionary newly come from America. Alas that I was away when he was stricken with the fever disease and departed from the world, but when I returned and heard from his wife that among his last words he had said that he loved me, his teacher, I was touched and sorrowful beyond words. And afterwards I became teacher to another missionary newly come until such a time as he for some reason unknown to me, returned to America. Then there arose in my mind the tormenting thought that it was because of my unworthiness, perhaps, that one who had loved me had died and the other had left our land, and though I was thereafter called to take up the work of an evangelist in the years which followed, the thought would not leave me.)

B-1 I learned in after years that the wife of this missionary who returned to his native land was ill of an evil disease of which she died in the hospital. As her last act she sent me a card with the picture of the hospital on it, and writing in her own language those who could read the Western writing said that she too said she loved me. So I was grieved again by death but comforted by love.

It was my custom when starting out to visit the churches under my care to bid my father a respectful farewell and go. There came the day when for the last time I heard him say, "Return in peace. ^{of mind and body."}

I remained away

I remained away for a month on that trip and I had planned on my returning way to stop at a church only nine miles from my home and spend three days there in pastoral work but the desire to see my father again pressed upon my mind like hot coals, so much did I love him, so I hastened on and I reached home long after the night had fallen. Then I learned that for eight days he had lain as one dead and only that day had he roused himself to say, "My boy comes home today!" At that very moment I crossed the
*see "At the Lancet's Point"

not
 threshold to greet him but [^]even that one night did he linger for my ministration and exhortation. Before the dawn lightened the East he had passed beyond and I heard from him no reassuring word that he was saved. For this have I not sorrow in my heart unceasingly until this very day?

During the Independence Movement

and For several years I continued as an evangelist in charge of the churches, and my interest grew with the work. In the meanwhile another evangelist had had the advantage of going through the Theological Seminary and because he had received ordination and become a pastor he superceded me in the work. And this thing, too, was a grief to me that another should take over my work but in my inmost heart I was glad and thankful that it could be so and that one more fitted for the work than I could take it up.

And then came the "Mansey" year. "Mansey" means "ten thousand ages" and we used this word to shout "Long live Independent Korea!" ^{the} what time we heard that the independence of our country had been announced by those who had the matter in hand. There was no evil in our thought, only a thrill brought by the word "independent". With the others I too shouted "Mansey". Therefore because of the shouting and the tumult which followed I also became acquainted with prisons. This was the msnner of it.

Many church workers and leaders had been imprisoned, but ~~I~~ yet was at liberty, and I thought to visit certain country churches which were bereft of leaders and spend a Lord's Day there. I had gone less than five miles when ^{a man} one overtook me, coming swiftly after me from the city and saying it would be better to remain at home. So I went back with him, but I thought to myself it would not be right to do nothing at all for my country, so I too shouted "Mansey" going to the market place without other shouters and shouting alone.

Then the police and soldiers seized me and took me away for examination and they said, "Who told you to do thus and so?" thinking by my answers to fasten the blame on the missionaries for the independence movement. But I answered truthfully, "No one." Then they said, "With whom did you consult before you shouted "Mansey"?" To this I answered, "With whom does a rooster consult when he wishes to crow?"

As a matter of fact there were three reasons why I shouted "Long Life!" 1. The pastor and elders of my church had been imprisoned without cause. 2. I had a mind to go under arrest and have fellowship with their sufferings. 3. I wished that my country

might be free if that were possible by the will of God. These answers were given to those who questioned me and they were printed also in the papers following my examination.

When I was removed from the prison at ~~****~~ to the prison in the Capital, in response to questioning I made the following replies which were recorded in the prison books.

1. To the question, "What have you to say in regard to your sentence?" I replied, "The sins which I have committed in the fifty-one years of my life could not nearly be atoned for by even fifty-one years of hard labor. Therefore my first thought is that only one year at hard labor is light punishment for such shameful sins, especially when I earn a glorious name thereby."

2. They asked me what I thought of the majesty of the law and I replied that I had studied and pondered and learned the solemn words of the law of God but that now for the first time through many painful police examinations, through my shackles, in the midst of lamentations of fellow prisoners and by the anguish of sympathy with their suffering, I had learned the meaning of law experimentally in my own body.

3. They asked why my people were doing such ungrateful things in spite of all the material improvements which Japan had made in the country and whether I had not been impressed by these improvements. I replied I did not know all the inner meaning of the independence movement but that I was much impressed by the railways, the highways, the prison equipment and the laws and rules of government.

4. They asked what I thought about Korean independence. I replied that my idea was that if independence were sought in a selfish spirit it were an evil thing, but not if it were desired that the business of the Kingdom of Heaven might prosper.

5. They asked me what, in my opinion, should be the relation between Koreans and Japanese. I replied, "In matters of education and agriculture and industry and commerce our relation should be that of parents and children and in any other matters one of brothers and sisters."

For a year in prison every day at a fixed hour we prayed, wherever we were and for this we were excessively abused and persecuted. Moreover at a time when it was exceedingly difficult to secure a copy of the Scripture, through the kindness of Pastor-----, who secured permission to interview the prisoners and learn their wants, I obtained a large-print Bible which I could read without glasses and many of us read

a little each evening but the time for reading was aggravatingly short. I had had no Theological training and had long wished for an opportunity to study the Scriptures, especially the book of Romans, so every morning just before we were taken to our tasks I quickly read one verse and fastened it in my mind, reciting it over and over again in the workroom all day long as I worked at weaving nets and paper hats. Thus I meditated over it and learned it little by little until after eight months I could recite from the first thro the fifteenth chapter, and then at night when others were in distress because they could not sleep I could think through my fifteen chapters in one way and another, and who can measure the boundless joy and glory it was to me? Because I was so occupied with my Scriptures I seemed to become an especially hateful person in the eyes of those who were over me. Before I could recite through the sixteenth chapter of this lovely Epistle to the Romans we heard rumors of impending release. This was an anxiety to me because I was afraid that we might be released before I had time to learn it all! But as it turned out we remained two months longer and I did learn it all and I lived Romans day and night. Finally when I went out from prison I thought to myself, "This is my treasure. Daily I will recite it to myself and to my children also!" Alas for our frailty! After my release it was not so because I am old and forget so readily. I ^{can} could not recite it all and only the footprints of divine grace remained in my mind.

My Teaching Experience

The day of all my life that seemed to me most blessed ^{came} was when at the age of forty-one, ^{and} my son was born. But ~~when~~ ^{and then} six years later I lost him, I did my church work sick at heart, and each time on my return from making a circuit of the churches I visited his grave and wept. I did ^{part} this until once God rebuked me there with thoughts which came into my mind, ~~for~~ ^{because} I said to myself, "Vile wretch! Your son died because of your sin, and disease inherited from you, but God's own Son, Jesus, without sin or disease, endured for you on the cross infinite agony, pouring out blood and sweat and crying out 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.' He died there for your sin. What was the suffering of God Who saw His only begotten Son dying there so?" Immediately I prayed in confession and thanksgiving, and from that time until now I have never visited the grave. I had learned the inner meaning of "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

Some of my temptations were ridiculous as I think of them now. Seven or eight years ago at a Bible Conference all the evangelists and elders had each one subject to teach, and it was so announced (on the hour-card pasted up) on the notice board on the wall. But my name was omitted and the people from my district noticed it and I was ashamed before them and that year I studied the Scriptures at the conference in much confusion and I made confession to the pastor saying, "This has been a grievous trial to me but I see that the principle is true, that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Again at the conference the next year when every one of the officers had one or two subjects to teach and were so posted on the hour-card, my name was not there. But I only praised God, for I had learned my lesson of humility. Since, I have studied at the Bible Institute with all my strength. I have received great blessing and by the grace of God have finished one course and become a graduate. One word of the instruction I received in this Institute I have not forgotten. It has stirred my zeal. In the first year of my studies there, in reviewing the life of Duff, a missionary to India, the teaching elder-born quoted his words, "Until now we have only been playing at missions." It was a great incentive to me.

I have finished all my words. I have spoken at your request but I think that it is all a useless and profitless sound. Yet I see in my experience seven things as I have reviewed it here. I see the leading of the Spirit; ^{and} the temptations of the devil. I see God looking after me in the wilderness. I see the valley of the shadow of my own anxieties. I see the all-sufficient grace of our Lord and the love of God in sending ministering angels. I see that the grace which I have received of Him has been mysterious and beyond all bounds.

Peace be unto you in the Lord,

Kim Established Virtue bows respectfully.

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 4

A Printer of Tracts

Faith A Power vs. Trust

The following story was not put in writing by the one who tells it. Yet it is his story, pieced together from references made from time to time in his home or when we were on evangelistic tours together. It is given as he would have told it in continuous narrative. It is not fiction. The carved board he so ingeniously made for a printing press is still a prized souvenir of days of companionship in evangelistic work. The story is interesting as another example of how a life may be completely changed by contact with even a portion of the Word of God, a single Gospel.

A PRINTER OF TRACTS

My former manner of life before I was a Jesus Believer seems far away and long ago and indeed it was more than three tens of years ago reckoned by the calendar. But in spirit it seems still longer ago and like another life for I was a sorcerer in those days and my ways were evil. They called me in to exorcise the spirits that entered the bodies of men and women and children and made them sick. They called me because I knew the arts of incantation and because also there worked with me a certain sorceress who knew the proper spirit-dances while I beat the rhythms upon a leathern drum shaped like your Western hour glass. With my hands and thumbs I could beat and rumble it until the throbbing rhythm seemed to cause a spell to fall on those who gathered in the courtyard of the sick where I sat by the spirit fire far into the night while the whirling form of the sorceress seemed verily to be in control of forces or beings beyond our ken.

I know little of the spirit world but that there are demons I am very sure and I myself have often feared... Also there was much deceit for after we had awakened expectation in the minds of the relatives of the sick one and had, methinks, exhausted the strength of the sufferer, the sorceress would approach the mat whereon the sick one lay making mysterious movements with her hands and explaining that the evil spirit was even then leaving the victim's body through the head. With certain bones of the herring secreted in her hand she would make a deft pass with her fingers and pretend to remove them one by one from the patients head, exhibiting each fish-bone triumphantly as a materialized trace of the departed demon. And all the while I rumbled the drum in stupefying rhythms. My reward was in strings of brass cash, one hundred to the string, whether the patient lived or died.

There were other ways of obtaining money, too, though they seem shameful to me now. Fortunes could be told by the move-by-itself brush writing. Do you know this brush writing arrangement? One suspends a dry brush-pen from a long cord above a sand-strewn food-table and among the tracings in the sand made by the swaying brush tip he finds resemblances to written characters in Chinese script which may be made to fit any case with a little ingenuity. It was a custom with us soothsayers and with certain Buddhist priests also. It also brought in strings of copper cash. At other times I would take my brush-pen and write to some person of wealth telling him falsely that through necromancy or ^{through} brush-writing I had learned that the smallpox spirit would presently enter his son and that the son would die upon a certain day. Whereupon the wealthy one would come to me with a disturbed mind and offer me large money to intercede with the spirits, which ^{thing} I did gladly for the reward of iniquity. Need one say that the smallpox spirit did not enter, nor did the young man die? But what merit had I in the matter? When the smallpox spirit really entered a home I made small horse-images of braided straw, with a coin in the body furnished by the household of the sick one and we placed the image at the crossing of the paths on a hill summit so that the spirit might ride away by an unknown road. Only I myself often took the coins secretly, for what spirit could use them? I received cash strings also for indicating auspicious days for weddings and for funerals. It was all the wages of deceit but the strings of cash bulked pleasingly in the earthenware jar buried behind the rice-hulling tread mill in my shed.

And so it was for years but on a certain day in the year of the Tiger I visited the market place at Mountain Bridge needing rice for the food-mouths at home. At the end of the market place where the grain merchants had their booths were piles of woven straw bags filled with

unhulled rice and other grains. Thick round mats with upturned edges were spread out upon the ground each containing a heap of some kind of grain to attract the attention of passers by. I passed among them to choose my rice. There were many people there, with much noise and confusion as always on a market day. This was a crowded market for the day was fair. Beyond a pile of empty barley sacks a man stood speaking aloud the virtues of certain wares he was selling. It seemed a strange thing to me that so many marketers should pause to listen to his words for the article he had to sell was neither uncommon nor strange. It is called a tah-baing. As the Pastor knows, they are little circular mats woven of soft reed grass or split rice straw, woven with an opening in the center, contrived to fit upon the crown of the head and serve as balancing pads for women who carry water jars upon their heads. Even when I saw them the thought arose in my mind that my "house"^{*}(Wife.—Ed) also needed one. But the peddler called his mats by a special name saying that they were Blessed-Word-mats. And because the name meant nothing to me I listened to his word of explanation. He was a Doctrine Preacher of the Jesus Church but I knew nothing of this at that time only his words had a pleasurable taste and I inclined my ear. He said that the reed-grass from which the mats were woven grew in a certain place in River Source Province and that it did not grow of itself but that God caused it to grow. Nothing, indeed, grows of itself, he said. God makes all things to grow. He is the giver of all material and food to man. Should we not think of God often and with a thankful mind? If any cared to learn something concerning God there were certain books to be read which told also of the Saviour of the World. One of these books would be given to anyone who purchased a head-pad, adding only five brass cash pieces to the price thereof.

Because he had spoken with pleasurable words and because there was

* wife

need of a head-pad I bought one of the pads and received therewith a little book and I perceived that it was called The Blessed Word(Gospel) according to Mahka (Mark) but how should I know who Mahka was nor why the word was blessed?

So I put it in the pocket of my inner jacket and went about my business and at night after the day's work I sat on a mat in the courtyard and read the little book by the light of my little oil-wick. On the first page was written, "The beginning of the Good News of Jesus Christ, the Son of God" and there were certain other words which struck deeply into my mind. They were words about evil spirits and how this Jesus commanded them to depart and they obeyed and I thought, Is this also the story of a sorcerer like myself? Spirits I knew for I had had some traffic with them and it had been profitable withal though there was much deceit in the business, even as I have said, but the spirits did not obey me. Also there was often fear in my heart when I called them. But the Book showed them to be wholly evil even as it showed One who was wholly good and the Book spoke distinctly also about repentance and forgiveness of sins. And there arose in my mind the thought that if the things recorded about the One Who Cast Out Spirits were true, my own life was very evil indeed, for He was without sin. There is no need for me to tell you what is written. You have all the Holy Volumes and know the Teaching but to me it was all new and strange, and the story of One who shed his blood for the forgiveness of sins entered deeply into my mind. Also my occupation as a sorcerer began to have shameful aspects. But always when I read the Blessed Word by Mahka there came into my mind the thought, Where will the strings of cash come from in after days if I do not keep on with that business? So between good and evil thoughts I was continually torn until there was no way of enduring it, and I saw that either on the right hand or the left I must make a decision.

Therefore hearing from a passing Jesus Believer that there was to be a Scripture Study Gathering at a city two hundred and forty li away (72 miles) I took a little sack of grain and a small kettle with me and went over the mountains to that place. There were upwards of one hundred and twenty Jesus Believers there, and the teachers for the most part were Western Ocean men, but some were mine own countrymen. So I too enrolled for study and bought a Holy Volume and a Praise Book and I studied with others and learned the doctrine and learned also the music tunes with a warm mind but had little skill to frame the sounds of the Western music as they came from the leader's mouth and I think it was only a joyful noise that I made but I could at least wave my hand as I sang, to beat time even as he did. My little grandson had come with me. He had eaten only fifteen cakes,* (~~Idiom for fifteen years old Ed.~~) but he could approach the tunes more nearly than I did! So we set our rice kettle on two stones in the courtyard of the Jesus Church in that city and cooked our food betimes as did the others who attended the study-gathering, and we listened to exhortation and instruction according to the hour-chart.

From the first day I knew in my heart that I must find some other means of living when I should return home because I could no longer beat the spirit drum or write letters of dishonesty. The Blessed Word According to Mark had wrought great changes in my life. I was a Jesus Believer.

So we returned, I and my grandson and I carefully swept my guest room. I secured also a straightish sapling for a flag-pole and set it up in the courtyard, for it was a custom in those days, and on the Lord's Day I hung from it a flag fashioned from Western muslin with a blue cross thereon. And I made announcement to the people of the village that henceforth here was a worship house of the Jesus Church, putting also a

* Idiom for fifteen years old.

notice on the courtyard gate with an ink-brush on a wooden board. They knew my manner of life hitherto and there was much gossip, but I made a testimony for I called them together, and in their presence I pierced the leathers of my spirit drum and burned the incantation books and the instruments of the traffic of darkness. Then with my grandson I sat on the floor of the visitors room and raised a sound to resemble in a measure the tunes in the Praise Book. And I read aloud from the Holy Volume and made explanation according to my understanding and we prayed also to God. The villagers gathered at the courtyard gate in idle curiosity and pressed in until there was a group around the door of the room with many an unkempt urchin crowding to the front. Little by little some of the elder ones slipped off their hempen shoes and came furtively into the room and listened.

But many of the villagers mocked, and some who had had business with me in former days of sorcery were bitter, and they came by night and made noise around the house so that I might not sleep. They beat on a devil drum like my own and made clashing noises with iron kettle covers to break my rest so that for three nights I did not sleep. So I considered the matter well and said to myself, "This does not become; I must make arrangement according to their plan." So I slept in the daytime when they were in the fields and at night when they came to make uproar I was fully awake and preached to them in the intervals of noise and gave them preaching papers and certain pieces of boiled rice bread until little by little their interest in making noises lessened. And because they saw that my mind was hot in the matter they began to enquire into the doctrine.

We had no time-piece in my house nor in the whole village, indeed, but I contrived a sun-dial of my own invention. Have you not seen it frequently in my courtyard? With a sloping stick pointing to the North-

Region-star a shadow was cast in the daytime which marked twelve intervals so that we might know approximately the proper hours of morning and evening worship. An empty rock-oil-tin swung on a straw rope and ^{when} beaten with a laundry stick served as a meeting house bell.

Thus a small believing group began and we met in my house on Lord's Days; but I wished to spread the doctrine more widely and I had no money to use in buying doctrine-preaching-papers (tracts) so I thought to make them for myself.

I had never seen a Western book-printing-machine but I had been in the great printing-board storehouse in the Buddhist monastery at Hai In Sa where they keep the carved wooden ink-plates with which they were wont to print the ancient writings and I understood the principle of pressing inked wooden letters upon paper to make books. Therefore I hewed out a board of hardwood two spans long and one span wide and wrote on it with an ink-brush the words of a doctrine preachment, making the letters ~~back~~ward with much effort so that they might appear forward when printed. Then with a small purse-knife I made shift to cut away the wood around the written characters until all the characters stood above the surface of the board. And it was with much grief in my finger tips that I did it for the knife did not enter well the hardwood and blisters formed. Then I inked the letters and pressed upon them a sheet of mulberry bark paper and there became a doctrine-preaching-paper easy to be read by any who knew letters.

And this was the manner of the preaching on the paper sheets;-

A preaching of the Jesus Doctrine. There is nothing in the world to do. If you believe in Jesus sincerely sins like unto a great mountain He will forgive and having given great grace in abundance He will immediately save your soul, and since He will care even for your physical body while you are in this world, believe in Jesus with all your heart and with all your will. Beyond this there is an infinite amount to tell so please seek out the meeting house. This writing is the new Learning. *(Continued on next page)*

This is presented to the church...

In the year of the Lord's Incarnation 1909.
Bamboo Grove Village. *Choi Young Kyu* respectfully presents this.
Believe in Jesus. Worship God.

In this manner I multiplied the preaching in many villages and market places until the number of believers became too great to gather in my room and courtyard and we must needs build a worship house. The manner of its building and its appearance the Pastor knows very well. Have you not given question-and-answer examination to many desiring-to-enter-the-church-ones therein and administered also the washing-rite (baptism) to not a few Believers, to whom also the Holy Cup was given?

The work of the Lord has prospered. I give thanks to God.

* Choi Young Kyu

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 5

Wong the Archer

WONG THE ARCHER

The stranger stood in the doorway of the missionary's study unannounced. He coughed slightly to attract attention.

"Let us introduce ourselves," he said as the missionary turned in his direction. "I am Hong Everlasting Jewel of Sandy Ford."

"And I, as you already know, am Pastor Fish, who dwells in this place. Are you in peace?"

"I am in peace. It is well," he said, holding out a strangely curved wooden object. "Does the Pastor know what this is?"

It was a laminated strip of thin resilient wood, four or five feet in length, curved to resemble a figure eight. One side of the eight was open at the waist where the ends of the curved strip were free and did not quite meet. One could guess that it was a Korean bow. At first glance one might have thought, perhaps, that if the two ends were connected with a short string the bow would be ready for use; but there would be no energy in it in that shape. When it was to be strung for use the two ends had to be bent backward sharply until all the curves of the "eight" were strained in reverse as the taut bow-string held them from snapping back. It was full of elastic power then and a strong and skillful arm was required to stretch the string.

"It once belonged to Wong the Archer," the visitor said.

"Would the Pastor care to have it as a keepsake, a memory-article?"

.

The story goes back to the old days of Korean archery when the professional archers were men of skill and incredible accuracy in

the use of the bow. At the shooting butts the targets were laid at an angle with the ground and the archers sent their long shafts in high plunging curves toward the bulls-eyes. Under the trees at the edge of the field, vendors of barley beer sat by their jars of turbid liquor and served their drinks in little bowls to spectators or to the archers themselves as they rested on the low wooden platforms and discussed the shift of the breeze or laid their wagers for the contests. And Wong was among the leaders. His reputation had even reached the capital. Men in the wine shops on the Bell Road talked of his record of bulls-eyes and of the arrows he made for himself and of his winnings. Wong shot for high stakes. He won many prizes. His strings of cash increased. He was well-to-do. Carelessness came with success. He was out for a good time. The wine shops were always conveniently at hand. The dancing girls were attractive. He began to waste his strings of cash and risk the loss of his delicate touch on the bow-string by reckless living. Yet he seemed to keep his skill in spite of it all until the day when the white spots began to appear on his skin. Well he knew what they meant. There was no sensation in those white areas. The symptoms were unmistakable and steadily increased as the days went by. Somewhere he had picked up the infection. Wong the Archer had become a leper and life suddenly grew dark. No remedy availed. Some one recommended rock-oil as an effective Western medicine but the nauseating bowls of kerosene he drank had no effect on the disease. Wong was drowning in physical and mental misery and grasped at any straw. Never again could his nerveless fingers hold the notched shaft against the string. Never again

could he shoot his way to fame and affluence. The bow was unstrung. The shafts stood idle in their painted quiver of thick oil-paper. His strings of cash were dwindling. Drugs and doctors and demon exorcists ate up his shrinking hoard. His wife even went with a sack of rice to the monastery in the mountains to pay for Buddhist prayers. He cursed his evil fortune. He cursed the "eight" character of his horoscope, the sign of his nativity, and therefore of his bad "luck". He cursed his disease, which he constantly called his "enemy".

When his funds and his earning capacity were completely gone his wife in last extremity opened a wine shop and sold rice wine and barley beer to those who passed along the way. Wong was not yet a social outcast though his hands and his feet and his eyes were badly affected now. He sat in his own place and drank till his eyes were redder still and those who sat under the reed-mat awning of the drinking booth were careful not to touch him. And always he cursed his "enemy".

"And then one day," he said, in telling of his experience afterwards, "a Jesus Believing bookseller came that way. He sold me a copy of the Gospel of Matthew for ten brass cash pieces. He told me also to believe in Jesus, saying that He would save me. And I said in ignorance and bitterness that I had tried everything else and I might as well try being a Jesus Believer if it offered any hope, but I was thinking only of my bodily condition and not of my soul. The little book was difficult to read. My eyes were dim with disease. Also the words were strange. You who know well the first part of this writing of the Blessed Word by Mattai

know that it is full of strange names, and the words have no flavor, "Ah-poo-ra-ham begat E-sak and E-sak begat Yah-cob and Yah-cob begat Yu-dah...." The names meant nothing to me. They were only syllables and sounds. So I turned the pages idly reading here and there until my dim eyes lit upon a place where it was written that one named Jesus healed a leper like myself. Whereupon the words became alive to me. "'I will. Be thou clean'. And immediately the leprosy departed from him." Thus it was written. And I thought to believe forthwith. Perchance He would heal my leprosy, too. Believing, in those days, meant to me only what it meant to many others, namely attending meetings on worship days. I had not learned to trust the Lord. My faith was dim like my eyes.

There was a Jesus Church worship house ten li^{*} away. With great difficulty I managed to hobble and crawl those ten li and I said to those in the courtyard that I too was a Believer. But they made answer, "You may attend the worship meetings and learn to believe but you may not yet call yourself a Believer." When I inquired why it should be thus, they made feply, again, "Are you not Wong the Archer and do you not have a wine booth where your wife sells poisonous drink? Should Jesus Believers sell wine and barley beer? Where is there any such custom?"

So my mind was greatly disturbed and I made my way home after the worship in sorrow for I had no other means of living. How could I give up the wine shop? Yet I continued to read the Blessed Word and tried to pray as I had heard others pray and somehow, I know not how it was, my eyesight seemed to grow better. Reading a little day by day I came to learn about One who called men back

*Three miles

from evil ways and told them to repent. Then the thought arose in my mind that these words were from God and that it were better to obey and starve than to disobey and live, and I order^{ed} my wife to empty the liquor jars into the village stream and to sell the cakes of dried barley mash that hung from the rafters of our room and filled the room with their fermenting odor. We would brew no more barley beer. She went into a frenzy of rage and screaming. How would we live? Could she pick up food in the village street? Idlers gathered around our courtyard gate to see the cause of her outburst. Heads popped up furtively over the courtyard wall to listen to her abuse, but in the end she obeyed, beshrewing me shrilly the while and saying I was a madman. She was not yet a Believer and thought me crazed by this new foreign doctrine and because I had "eaten a new mind".

Nevertheless I waited on the Lord. Yet from that day did we lack food? Did not others bring us rice? Did not men who had owed me money in other days come unexpectedly to pay debts long over due? Did not my wife find work that she might honorably do? Thus it was we lived in unexpected ways until the Jesus-Believing brethren said that it was like Elijah being fed by ravens.

In those days a rumor came from the provincial capital that the missionaries of the Jesus Church had opened a medicine room and a refuge for those who like myself were stricken with the "wind disease". Thither I dragged my weary way and sought admittance. There was no room for me at first and I must await my turn for admission and for treatment. When I could be received, I found it to be a place of comfort and of kindness in which to live. It was built by the love of God for wretched ones. The doctor inserted

strange medicine into my body by use of a hollow needle with a glass handle, but healing was not for me. The spread of the plague in my body was checked but there could be no complete healing. My disease was heavy upon me and had gone too far for cure. Yet have I cursed it as an enemy since I became a Jesus Believer? Not even once have I cursed it! Have I not, rather, been grateful to God for causing this disease to enter me? It was not my enemy. It was my friend, leading me to the Lord, sent to turn my heart from the evil things of the world to the spiritual things of God. And when my time shall come to depart from this world I shall cheerily say to this disease-entered body of mine, "Good bye, old friend. You have been a faithful servant to me. You led me along the road to my Lord."

.

And it was even as he said. Wong the Archer met the arrows of that other Archer without flinching and passed on triumphantly, testifying to the goodness of God and calling on all to prepare for death. "It is not the evil thing I once dreaded," he said. "It is release from sorrow to go and be with the Lord." The "silver cord" of his body-bow broke abruptly. It twanged for the last time and the arrow of his soul sped away toward the mark of the prize of his upward calling in Christ Jesus.

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 6

Tales of an Old Evangelist

(racing the Tales of an Old Evangelist)

The Old Evangelist was a born story teller. He was practically a professional story teller. In the days before he became a Christian he had travelled the length and breadth of his country, the "three thousand li of rivers and mountains" of his native Korea, telling tales. Sometimes he stopped at inns, sometimes he was entertained by wealthy gentlemen and usually he paid for his lodging by telling stories. They were tales from Chinese histories and classics, tales he had learned from his father, a famous Confucian scholar, tales his retentive memory had absorbed from a wide variety of sources. He might have provided some Oriental Chaucer with a fresh series of Canterbury Tales. A different Story changed his whole life for he became a Jesus Believer when he received the Gospel story in a mission hospital where he was undergoing treatment. He suffered much persecution for his new faith, especially at the hands of an unbelieving father for whose conversion he prayed for three years until the old man finally came into the Light. He was the first baptized Believer, the first Elder and a few years later the first ordained Pastor in his province, where for four decades he has served the Lord. In the course of his Christian service an increasing number of incidents and personal experiences in the life of the rapidly growing Korean Church were added to his secular tales and from both sources he drew illustrative material for his own use in teaching and preaching. At the suggestion of a friend he wrote down many of his stories and those in the accompanying sketch are translations of his actual narratives.

TALES OF AN OLD EVANGELIST.

It was a perfectly logical question. It was a question that really ought to have been asked. Not liberty, perhaps, but certainly life and the pursuit of happiness depended on the correct answer. Yet it came at an awkward time and involved delay. You cannot ask a question in a room full of people, all eager to talk, without arousing discussion. This is particularly true if no one present knows the answer. And discussion takes time. And the missionary was in a hurry to leave the inn in order to reach a certain monastery before sunset. They could obtain a room at the monastery and spend the night there. But the questioner was insistent. What should she do with the medicine? The foreigner was believed to be omniscient or as nearly so as a mere man may come to that unenviable state. The woman who stood outside the door of the inn had two bottles of medicine in her hands. Her husband had purchased them in the market-fair at the county seat. He had purchased them from a patent medicine peddler and had forgotten the instructions for use which the peddler had given orally. The woman wished to know which medicine to use for a sore ear and which to take internally. Even a missionary could understand that it might make a difference. The names of the drugs and the dosage were printed clearly enough on the labels but the printing was in Japanese script. She could not read it. No one else could read it for this was before the days when Japanese had become a required language in Korea. But it was important to know. As the woman pointed out, the ear medicine might have too much strength for the throat.

Discussion immediately arose. There were several guests seated on the mats of the public room of the inn. Debate was open to all. This was a public question. The woman stood outside the door and waited. One of the group suggested that she try both kinds of medicine in the ear first, with a little interval between the doses to observe reaction. There was no opening from the ear into the throat, he said. Therefore even too strong a medicine could not enter the body through the ear. If either medicine proved good for the ear the other might safely and confidently be taken in the mouth.

Another empiricist advanced the idea that since both ear and throat were affected both kinds of medicine should be used in each of the diseased regions. To this suggestion objection was immediately made that the medicines were clearly intended for separate uses. Else why two bottles? But the empiricist would not be dissuaded from his argument. He added to it in fact by pointing out that the ear itself was a delicate mechanism and who would sell a poisonous dose to put in the ear? The liquids must be harmless even if taken in the mouth. Try both in both places. If medicine is beneficial at all (and it must be or why would anyone sell it?) surely two kinds were better than one in either throat or ear. This would be the quicker method of getting benefit.

The foreigner could not solve the dilemma. He could only play safe by advising that someone be found who could read the Japanese script rather than experiment with unknown drugs. He did not know which was good for the throat and which for the ear but he pointed out that in any case the soul was more important than the body. So he gave her a tract entitled "Medicine for the Soul" and explained to her its meaning. Then the clinic was closed and the party proceeded on its way.

The path across the hills led through a little village with the singular name of Dog's Tomb. The old Korean evangelist knew the story. He seemed to know all the place names and the reasons for their use.

"There is (said the ^{Old} Evangelist), a tradition concerning the name. A certain man from this village once went to a neighboring village to meet his boon companions. His dog followed him. There were many convivial friends in a wine booth in yonder village and they all sat together before the jar of barley beer drinking bowl after bowl until darkness had fallen. The man arose and staggered unsteadily toward his home but being too dizzy with the drink he finally slumped down on a little grass plot by the river bank and fell into disgraceful drunken sleep. His dog had followed him and waited in the darkness beside his master. The man slept until daylight and when he awoke he saw in amazement that a fire in the night had burned the grass plot in a circle all around him and almost to the very spot where he lay. He felt the grass. It was clearly wet and would not burn. Then he saw his dog lying dead by his side on the unburned grass. Its coat was singed but dripping wet. The fire had not reached the sleeping man because the grass was soaked. From all the appearances it was clearly evident that during the night the grass plot had taken fire and that the

man would surely have been burned to death if the faithful dog had not rushed down to the stream again and again to wet his body and then rolled around and around his master until the grass was soaked and would not burn. The dog exhausted his strength with his effort and died. Because of his faithful service they did the dog the unusual honor of making a grave for him and from that circumstance the name of the village was called Dog's Tomb."

They reached the monastery before night-fall. A guest room was obtained. Boys built fires in the under-floor flues to heat the sleeping places. While waiting for supper to be prepared the missionary and his Korean companion entered the central shrine and sat down on the smooth warm floor before the gilded Buddhas. They explained their work and the object of their journey to the circle of curious monks who sat around them. Tracts and Scripture cards were distributed.

The dim-eyed old abbot sitting across the circle from the foreigner saw the light reflected from the missionary's rimless eye-glasses. Because the glasses had no frames the old man did not recognize them as glasses. His experience was limited to the heavy horn-rimmed spectacles of his own people. He peered into the visitor's face and seeing light reflected from the place where the eyes should be he enquired gently what manner of disease had "entered" his guests eyes. When shown that the light was reflection from clear glass and not from rheumy eyes he was amazed beyond words. He joined in the laughter that followed the joke at his own expense and then fell silent.

The visitor used the incident as an appropriate opening for a little Gospel message on the deceitfulness of appearances and the necessity of getting down to realities. Sermons are not always effective. ^{Not} All missionary stories are ~~not~~ success stories. This time he thought he was making an impression. The old monk in particular kept his eyes on the speakers face. His interest seemed to be intense and undiverted. His concentration was complete. The visitor made his point at some length with illustrative quotations of Scripture. He paused and waited for the appropriate ~~next~~ question he was sure his homily would suggest to his hearers. The abbot was not slow with his inquiry. He leaned forward slightly. "Honorable foreigner," he said, "Your spectacles have no legs. How do they stick on your nose?"

It is possible that some people nearer home have missed the point of sermons because of a preoccupied mind or a preconceived idea.

A gong sounded in another part of the monastery. Supper was brought in from the kitchen. Little individual tables of food were placed before each visitor. There was no meat. It was a Buddhist monastery. There was steaming vegetable broth of mountain roots and fresh herb sprouts, with covered bowls of white rice and side dishes of toasted sheets of delicately thin salted sea-weed and a saucer of pickled pai-tsai. They ate without much conversation. It is not good Korean etiquette to talk while eating. Satisfaction with the food may be expressed, however, by certain guttural and labial sounds not permitted by strict Western etiquette.

A sudden storm blew over the mountain ridge behind the monastery. Rain fell in blinding sheets. In a few minutes the courtyard was a shallow lake. The flat flag-stones laid at intervals as stepping stones across the the sleeping rooms were almost submerged. For the moment they were storm-bound in an ante-room of the central shrine. There were three in the party in addition to the missionary. The old evangelist, a colporteur of the Bible Society, and the missionary's assistant were with him. They explained to the abbot that it was their custom to hold an evening service and received permission to hold it there.

When they began to sing hymns, some monks came in and sat down to listen. Scripture was read and explained. The contrast between the "Way of Buddha" and the "Way of God" was tactfully explained. The one, it was pointed out, directed men to seek Nirvana, the extinction of being, the other led to the fullest development of life now and hereafter through Christ the Redeemer.

The old evangelist closed the service informally but continued speaking. He was giving incidents in the lives of Korean Christians hoping to impress the monks. He knew that there was jealousy and hatred among them, and two of his stories illustrated the new spirit of forgiveness that Christianity brought into men's lives and showed how that spirit led others to Christ. ~~The stories are translated here from his own words.~~

^{the Old}

There is (said ^A Evangelist ~~Kim~~) a certain woman in South Peace Province who became a Believer, having heard the Word of life from a relative who had come down from the capital. In all weathers she faithfully attended the worship services ~~services~~ with the nearest group of believers though the meeting place was several miles away. Her husband was greatly enraged at her conduct. He called her a gad-about and ill-treated her with many forms of annoying persecution.

Perceiving presently that these forms of dissuasion were wholly without effect he began to beat her daily with her own laundering clubs. (You know the rounded clubs of wood which the women use to flatten and smooth the laundered garments on the smoothing stone.) Finally even this callous husband began to fear that the woman would die if he continued these beatings, so full of bruises was her body. Also she cooked his meals with great difficulty. What then could he do to overcome her stubborn mind? How prevent her from joining her fellow-believers on the holy day once in seven which these Christians called the "Lord's Day"? When he was at home he could keep her from leaving the courtyard but every man must go to the market once in five days. How keep her at home then? At a certain time market day fell on the Christian worship day. By all means he must prevent her leaving home while he was at the market town.

Wherefore he cross-tied her strongly with a hair rope and swung her from the main beam under the verandah roof like a sack of seed-rice kept from rats. And her trussed-up body turned slowly and dizzily around on the cord that suspended her. Baing-baing-baing her body went around but no abusive words came from her lips. "Today for once you cannot sing hymns in the worship-house. Pray up there," he said derisively as he closed the court-yard gate.

Returning several hours later he found her on the point of death. In great alarm he hastily let her down and dragged her into the room over the rice-kettle flue. He gave her water to revive her and while she lay groaning on the mat he made a fire of pine tops in the floor flues to warm the mat beneath her. He dared not call any neighbor to help for that would have made necessary unpleasant explanations. Also he made her rice gruel for nourishment. Slowly she recovered the use of her limbs and began to move about. "At least," the husband said to himself, "She will have no mind to attend a Jesus Church worship service again!"

But on the following Lord's Day when he returned from a certain errand in a near-by village his wife was again missing. He looked here and there in vain and finally set out for the Christian meeting place. The morning service had just closed and to his amazement he saw her coming from the door of the women's side of the Worship House. "Now this is an extraordinary thing," he said to himself. "What is it that makes her want to come here in spite of all that I have done to her? I have a mind to go in once and see for myself!" Therefore at the

time of evening worship he did not restrain his wife nor forbid her going but after she had gone, he also went again to the worship House. The leader of the Christian group and all the believing brethren were astonished to see this unbeliever with an evil name enter the court-yard and come into the worship room but they gave him never-the-less a cordial welcome. Even though they all knew the circumstances and how he had cruelly persecuted his wife they made comfortable words to him and seated him on a good mat in an excellent position. He was at loss to make suitable reply to their kindness. To all their words he could only say, "Yea-a-a; it is well!"

Of worship customs he knew nothing at all, but when one brother put a **Praise** Book open before him and pointed to the hymn he drew his horn rimmed spectacles from his pouch-purse and after adjusting them with dignified deliberation he studied the words of the hymn though he knew not the music. Yet he made certain humming sounds in his throat from time to time. And so it was when the Holy Writing was read. Another brother placed a Holy Volume open before him so that he might follow the reading for himself.

He sat there in wonder at all the new words and thoughts and at the loving-kindness of these Believers who had reason to despise him. On the women's side of the curtain there was no little nudging of one's neighbor and much whispering concerning the woman whose unbelieving husband had come in. Also they prayed that he might repent. Presently he heard the explanation of Scripture and the leader's preaching of the Doctrine. Beyond all question the words were words of righteousness. Also they revealed to him his innumerable sins with unavoidable distinctness. On that very mat he decided to believe and he became later a sincere Believer. His wife saw no more persecution and together they established a **harmonious** and believing household. This is a true story. The name of the man is Choi Superior Good.

The ~~ev~~angelist finished his story and pushed open the latticed door. The rain was still falling and the drip was heavy from the edge of the roof. "It does not become," he said and closing the door again he began another narrative.

In the same district, (said ^{the Old} Evangelist ~~Kim~~), there was a Christian bookseller who had a strange experience. On a market day he was selling

Scripture portions to those in a market place. Moreover he was preaching to those who gathered around and to those who passed by, for in those days it was lawful to preach as we pleased in public places and there were no police regulations nor Japanese permission-papers to be secured first.

Many idlers were in the market place were listening. Some were sitting on the platform of a wine-booth near by. Suddenly and beyond any expectation a reckless young profligate leaped up from his mat in the wine-booth and rushing at the book-selling preacher began to kick his shins and slap his face. The book-seller was startled by the sudden attack but he did not run away nor yet did he show any anger nor make abusive reply. Only when the red-faced fellow paused in his attack the book-seller seized his hand in a friendly manner and speaking as if he had some important secret to tell he said, "Come with me just a moment!"

The man looked at him in amazement. He had expected a quarrel and he thought to himself, "I have been abusing him and now he wants to take me off somewhere and beat me up, but he couldn't do so anyway because I am bigger and stronger. I'll go with him and see what he wants!" The colporteur led him to a near-by kook-su shop where macaroni soup was sold and said to the proprietor, "Dish out quickly two bowls of hot kook-su!" Then turning to the man who had been abusing him he said, "My friend you have greatly exerted yourself in beating me; your strength must be low. Sit down and refresh yourself with this bowl of macaroni soup. Let us eat together!"

The angry man had no words to make in reply. Indeed what words could be made? Where in a life time was there any such circumstance? Yet who ever refused to eat a bowl of kook-su offered to him without cost? There is no such custom! So the two sat on one mat and ate kook-su at at the same table and as they talked of one thing and another they became better acquainted. The stranger was so impressed with the forgiving spirit of the book-seller that he bought copies of the Gospels and by reading them he became a Believer. So the Word of the Lord was glorified, and by ^{the} forgiving an enemy a soul was brought to the Lord.

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 7

Zeal

Certainly Pak Bright Stone was a Christian. Very clearly he could remember the first time he had heard the preaching of the Jesus Doctrine as he sat on the smooth wooden planks of the narrow shelf-like platform which served as a verandah before the visitors' room in the two roomed straw-thatched house of Kim the Miller. Some foreigner from beyond the sea had told, that day, of the coming of a Saviour into the world. Peace had come into Bright Stone's heart as he listened and believed. He couldn't explain why, but it gave him peace to believe. So he went again to the miller's house on worship days, once in seven and on the mid-week Fourth Day too, even though the miller's house was in another village ten li from his own home.

He obeyed the Teachings as he learned them. He kept the Lord's Day free from unnecessary work. He learned to sing from the Praise Book. He learned to pray. He tried to live a life of love and service. He was kind to a leper waif whom the village boys were pelting with turnip ends. He was eager to pass the Word on to others. He was only eighteen but his father and mother depended upon him for the future. He was an only son and he was dutiful as only sons were dutiful in the days before the tides of youthful independence had swept around the world and weakened the bonds of filial piety even in Confucian communities. He was dutiful to his parents not merely because of Confucius' five rules of propriety but because "Honour thy parents" was a Christian teaching too. And yet he was worried about one thing. His parents refused to join the growing group of Jesus Believers that met at the house of Miller Kim. Exhortation failed. Argument was useless. Pleading brought no result. The old way had served them well enough through the years, they said. Why should they

change now?

Winter came, with its frosty mornings. Snow sprinkle was on the the yellow thatch where the scarlet peppers had been drying. The pools in the rice fields were frozen and ice formed when water was spilled on the flat stones around the mouth of the courtyard well. There was no curb to the well. Its mouth was open and treacherous. Bright Stone's mother came in the early morning to draw water for the breakfast rice kettle. She let down the dipper with a rope of braided straw. The rope was stiff with frost and slipped from her fingers. Lurching forward to grasp it she slipped on the ice covered stones and slid feet forward into the well. It was not deep and the water only reached to her waist but it was cold and uncomfortable and very wet indeed. "Father of Bright Stone! Father of Bright Stone!" She yelled shrilly. "I have fallen into the water and am about to drown. Save me! Save me!"

Bright Stone's father dropped the fork with which he was mixing steaming fodder-mash for the family ox and came running across the courtyard. He could not locate the cry at first. "Where have you died?" he shouted. "In the well. In the well. I shall die", came the muffled answer. Bright Stone's father rushed to the well and peered down. Then he lay on the flag stones and leaned over the edge but suddenly losing his balance he, too, slipped on the brink of the wide-mouthed well and splashed down into the water beside his wife. Thrashing about in the water he scrambled to his feet and tried to climb out but the ^{ice-coated} stones were too alippery. They afforded neither hand nor foot hold.

"Bright Stone!" You, Bright Stone! You fellow! Where are you?" he shouted. And Bright Stone, hearing the cry, pushed open the door of

the room and leaped into the courtyard. Finding a coil of braided straw rope in the ox-shed he ran to the brink of the well to let it down. And then he paused and if you had judged merely by his words you might have thought that his filial piety had suddenly deserted him. For leaning carefully over the mouth of the well until he could see his parents heads about six feet below the edge he called down, "If I pull you out will you become Jesus Believers?"

"You boy! What kind of business is this! You rascal. See your father drowning and your mother freezing to death and stop to preach! Since the world began was there anything like it? Pull us out you rascal!" "You have fallen into a well and cant get out without help. It's the same way with sin. Only Jesus can get us out of it. Wont you please believe?" said Bright Stone politely.

"Believe! Believe! If I could get my hands on you, you low fellow! You whelp without parents", roared the elder Pak, not intending to be literal but using the last word in Korean vilification and forgetting in his rage that under the circumstances the phrase might seem to back-fire!

"I am greatly ashamed of myself", said Bright Stone with becoming humility, "but it appears to me that you can understand now, that men do need to be saved sometimes. Will you go to church with me next Lord's Day? Hurry up and decide before I slip and fall in too."

His father gazed upward in amazement and then suddenly realizing that the boy was in earnest, "I will believe", he said sullenly. "You too, mother?" said Bright Stone, "Will you go along with father?" "If I dont drown and freeze first", she said through chattering teeth. "Now pull us out." So Bright Stone pulled them out, and they kept to their agreement. "Believing" at the first meant only attending a

Christian meeting but it was the beginning of their Christian life, for they kept on believing, and came to know the Truth and love it.

.....

"I dont like your evangelistic methods", said a critic to a well-known revival leader in America. "I dont like them either", was the unexpected reply, "What methods do you use?" "I have none", said the critic. "Then I like mine better than yours", said the evangelist and his name might have been Bright Stone.

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 8

Hara - Kiri

(To be printed facing "Hara-kiri")

Hara-kiri, as everybody knows, means suicide, but it is a particular kind of suicide. It is suicide with a purpose. From ancient times in Japan it has been, and still is, the proper way of expressing loyalty to a feudal lord. The spirit accompanies his master's spirit into the shadowy world. Hara-kiri has also other applications. It is, for instance, the approved method of taking on one's self responsibilities for some disastrous result affecting the national reputation or welfare. It is, finally, a recognised method of insulting one's enemy, It is this aspect that makes it so distinctly Oriental and gives point to the following story.

H A R A - K I R I

This is a tale of "hari-kari". Hara-kiri is the correct form in the original Japanese but Westerners have garbled the pronunciation. Hara-kiri means, literally, "abdomen-cut" and in its strictest form it is, as the words imply, a complicated and somewhat messy operation with a short dagger involving unpleasant and irreparable wounds in the abdomen. When performed informally, present day etiquette is less exacting and other methods are permitted. As a means of insulting one's neighbor and causing him to lose face it is highly esteemed in some quarters, but it affords the chief performer so brief and uncertain satisfaction that it will never become popular in the Western world. This phase of it is not confined to Japan, proper. It occurs in Korea also as will presently appear.

Mr. Illustrious Compassion Yoon was amazingly misnamed by his parents. It is true he had a grievance. At least he was sure that he had. When one's wife listens to this foreign Jesus-doctrine it is bad enough, but when she insists on attending meetings one day in seven even though one attempts to dissuade her by making little nicks in her arms and legs with the point of a rather blunt knife, it shows real obstinacy! Something ought to be done about it. Why not go out into the lean-to kitchen and smash some of her dishes and pots and lay about him with a big stick? To be sure he would be the one who would have to buy more dishes but on the other hand she was the one who used them in cooking and it would make her work harder for her for a time and there would be some satisfaction in that. Incidentally the stick might beat some sense into her and that was the main thing anyway. But the treatment did not

seem to be effective. She had "eaten a very stubborn mind."

Why not be rid of her entirely, Jesus-believing mind and all? Why not take her out into a secluded spot and use hastily selected but carefully directed stones for the operation? Probably he could get a more sensible wife somewhere else later on, if she did not recover. But one's daughters sometimes interfere and spoil everything! What business had Little Sorrowful to go to that secluded spot and nurse her bruised mother back to life, anyway? If you keep Mr. Yoon's conduct carefully in mind you can see why some other name than Illustrious Compassion might have been more appropriate.

And then there was Little Sorrowful the daughter. She was called "Little Sorrowful" because she was a girl and not a boy. Why in the world should a girl learn to read and write and do sums on paper with these new, foreign, wood-and-lead writing sticks? Didn't the proverb about teaching womenfolks to read call it "Reading aloud the classics in a cow's ear"? Hopeless business, that; no point to it. And when your daughter goes off to a school run by missionary folks from across the Western Sea what good can you expect to come of it? Probably it would spoil her so she couldn't be sold off to be some rich man's concubine. (We must admit that Yoon was not typical of the better class of his countrymen but, as a matter of fact, he did try to sell his daughter in just that way, which justifies the last sentence because this is history and not fiction.)

Why not go to the missionary school and demand to see his daughter and insist on her coming home, and then if permission were

refused and all other plans failed why not hit her in the head with a hammer?

If he couldn't have her no one else should. Mr. Yoon thought that over for a time with the assistance of several bowls of barley beer. Then he tried it. And it all went along as he supposed it would until he came to the hammer part of the business and then he was thwarted in the final act by the courageous lady in charge of the school. Rather a remarkable lady, too, she was, when you came to think of it. Yoon had demanded a place to sleep, being a little worn out with his efforts to get to his daughter and brain her, and this foreign lady graciously consented to lead him to a vacant room if he would follow peaceably. So he followed and she led him to the nearest police station, and introducing him to those in charge referred to the matter of the hammer, explicitly. This was adding insult to injury because the police were Japanese.....

Something ought to be done. He was sure of that. "Consider in seven ways and discover the fault" said the old proverb. He considered in all seven ways and all seven pointed to the foreign missionary. If the foreign missionary had not preached his Doctrine, Yoon's wife would not have become a believer; if the missionary had not established a church group in that village, his wife would not have acquired this pernicious habit of attending meetings; if the missionary had not opened a school, his daughter would not now be wasting her time learning to read. It was all the fault of the missionaries. That was clear. We may as well admit that Mr. Yoon's mind wasn't always clear. He lived too near to the booth where barley beer could be had for three cents a bowl. The

liquid was turbid and light gray in color but it made one's eyes very red and it caused one's thoughts to run round and round in circles. Get even with the missionary! Not the lady missionary. She was too intimate with the police. But the man missionary! He was hard-hearted too! He had refused to let Mr. Yoon stay in the Bible School dormitory any longer when he found out that Yoon had already been living there clandestinely, for a week, like a stow-away on a steamer, even though he wasn't a student, nor a Christian, nor even a particularly desirable citizen at that time. Yes, get even with the missionary! Make him lose face! Disgrace him! That's it! Splendid idea! Suicide! Disgrace him! Round and round went the whirling thoughts. And barley beer was only three cents a bowl.

II.

So it came about that the missionary, knowing nothing of these whirling thoughts, was somewhat startled early one morning to be told that a stranger lay dead in the courtyard. It seemed incredible. Men do not die around carelessly like that on other people's premises. It must be untrue. Strictly speaking it was untrue. The missionary leaped away from his breakfast table and the startled family group that only partly understood the excited message given by a gardener with a hare-lip which made his speech sound like a broken phonograph. But when he reached the courtyard there really was no actually dead man in sight. And yet the statement was almost true. There was a man there, and he was ^{quite evidently} busily engaged in dying. And there was a brief inscription written on paper with a

brush and Oriental ink pasted on the gate-post of the courtyard entrance, announcing to any who could read and cared to do so that the missionary was forever disgraced inasmuch as Mr. Illustrious Compassion Yoon had taken a large quantity of poisonous herbs internally and was about to pass away on the foreigners' premises.

It is extremely disconcerting to have someone commit suicide on your account, in your favor, so to speak, or your disfavor, as in this case, if one must be accurate. It naturally produces disturbing reflections! One's first impulse is to do something about it, without delay! The man was very sick indeed. His bodily contortions indicated that with some distinctness. The rapidly growing group of spectators who gathered around were pointing out with interest and assurance the various symptoms which the drug always produced and which indicated a rapidly fatal termination. They were not doing anything about it. It was not their suicide!

There seemed to be no helpful suggestions nor first aid impulses, merely a casual waiting for an inevitable conclusion. The man's face was livid and his breathing labored but he had not taken into account a possible interruption of his plans nor the methods used by Western doctors. The missionary hastily impressed several of the by-standers into service, lifted a gate from its hinges for an improvised stretcher and hurried the writhing form to the Mission hospital.

A stomach pump is something outside the experience of the average citizen of Korea. The missionary doctors were practical and thorough. The operation was distinctly uncomfortable, and before they were through with him Mr. Yoon had considerable regret that the

poison had not been more rapid and successful in its operation. He did not die and the sensations of enforced recovery were not wholly desirable. When the hospital orderly was disrobing him for a bath a curious document came to light. Rolled round and round his body was a long scroll on which was written with brush-pen and India ink a history of complaints and grievances.

"Item: His wife had accepted this baneful Western doctrine and went to Jesus meetings once or twice every seven days.

Item: One previously meek and wholly subservient wife had suddenly "eaten a stubborn mind" and refused to be a slave and chattel; and yet she was not quarrelsome about it. (Doubtless a little quarreling would have been a comfort to him and justified his conduct too)

Item: A formerly devout and sensible wife would now have nothing to do with the spirit jar, the family house fetich, filled with rags and bits of paper and grains of rice. She threatened to burn it, in fact, and probably had enraged beyond all endurance all the spirits connected with it.

Item: His daughter had learned to read and was a in fair way to disgrace the family by being mistaken for a dancing girl because of her erudition.

Item: His wife went out from time to time to preach this new doctrine and neglected him. He often found it necessary to stop resting and to cook his own food, which was, of course, an intolerable outrage....."

But why go through all the "items"? It was intended for a post-mortem statement to be published after the poison had done its work. He had hoped that it would wring the souls and haunt the memories of those who would read it and that when its contents were noised abroad shame would chill the marrow of the foreigners' bones. As it turned out the document was read during his life-time by certain of his own countrymen on the hospital staff and formed the basis of considerable unsympathetic merriment, a fair amount of crisply worded advice and not a little of this unpleasant Gospel talk.

In the hospital he had time to review his recent course of

action. On the whole it appeared to him to have been precipitate. From the standpoint of one who had gone far on the road to another world and had been dragged back, the incident seemed to lack something. There is no real pleasure in having the will read at the funeral if one happens to be the corpse and not the residuary legatee. This business of shocking your enemy and shaming him by dying on his doorstep was picturesque in theory, but in practice it had its drawbacks. If he had been familiar with Western slang Yoon might have said that the party of the first part got no real kick out of it. And as for making one's way back to life by the flexible road of a rubber stomach-tube.....Oh! My father and my mother!

Perhaps there were other ways of getting even with the foreigner. Why not make something out of him financially? Probably all of the receivers of this foreign doctrine were grafters anyway. They must get something out of it. Come to think of it, his wife had recently been receiving as much as five dollars a month for teaching classes in some neighboring villages. She wouldn't give it all over to him for barley beer either. These Christians were selfish people in spite of their doctrine! But, anyway, if one couldn't make the missionary lose face by dying outside his door, why not commercialize him?

III.

So Yoon, discharged from the hospital, took counsel with himself and suddenly disappeared. Three months later a vaguely familiar face appeared in the courtyard, familiar and yet not quite

the same. "Does not the Pastor remember me? I am Illustrious Compassion Yoon. I have come to say that I have repented of my sins."

"Repented? That's encouraging news. In view of past events, however, one might be pardoned for suggesting.....that is to say, some indication of repentance would seem to be in order. 'Fruits meet for repentance', is the Scripture phrase. Could Mr. Yoon point out any fruits?"

"Oh! Beyond any two words I can. Can the Teacher not see that I have had my hair cut?" (So that was it! It was the absence of the top-^knot that made his face unfamiliar!) Now this remark about a hair-cut was not as irrelevant and frivolous as it might seem. There was a kind of logic behind it. Barley beer logic perhaps, but logic. All Christians cut off their top-knots. He had cut off his top-knot, therefore he was a Christian. Perhaps Korea is not the only land where repentance is as much a matter of externals as Yoon thought it to be. Still the missionary had to say something to meet the challenge. Yoon seemed to be confusing cause and effect, but that of course might be due to his Oriental habit of thinking backwards. "Are there perhaps certain other indications of repentance? After the incidents of the hammer and the poison, you know.....?", the missionary paused inquiringly. "But certainly", was the reply, "We live in the city now. I visit the South Mountain Church and my wife is a Bible woman. Also my daughter remains in school. Has the honored Pastor a job for me?" So that was the idea! Now he was getting down to brass tacks, to the milk in the cocoanut, to the sea weed in the soup. National

idioms differ; the idea is universal. It was clearly evident that the missionary must clear up some misconceptions. "My friend," he said, "your intentions are doubtless of the best but again your logic is faulty. We do not begin the Christian life at that end. Even our Lord said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' He said, also, to certain others who thought first of material gain, 'Ye seek me not because ye understood the miracle but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth but for that which endureth to everlasting life.'"

.

We must leave him here. It was a long time ago. Poor old Illustrious Compassion Yoon, not so different from some of us after all! All his horizon was filled with self and he was fighting against the Love that was trying to lift him. Head in a whirl with new experiences and selfish schemes, backing into the kingdom of heaven, owing his salvation in the end to a patient self sacrificing wife who had seen the Light first, ready at one time to throw away his life in a fit of pique and ~~not~~ only learning in after years that there is a kind of suicide that benefits your neighbor and yourself; that one who selfishly tries to keep the best of life for himself will lose it and that only one who loses his life for Christ's sake and the Gospel's will find its eternal values.

.

If Yoon were living now he would rejoice in the knowledge that his daughter's ~~life~~ life has been an inspiration to her Christian friends and that she has found a wide field of unselfish usefulness as a teacher in Bible Institutes and Conferences and as an organizer of Christian missionary societies among her own people.

(This was written before the Korean war. Her whereabouts now, if still living, are unknown to me.)

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 9

Then Cometh the Harvest

THEN COMETH THE HARVEST.

WALTER C. ERDMAN
410 W. STAFFORD STREET
GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.

("First the blade..")

Probably the situation could not be duplicated anywhere out-side of Old Korea. Most of the people in the little village of Moth Hollow had "decided to believe." They were not quite sure just what "believing" meant. They spoke of it much as one would speak of deciding to have his hair cut. They knew that it meant accepting this new Doctrine which was being spread through the country by teachers from beyond the Western Ocean. But they were still a little vague about the content of the Doctrine. They knew that it meant belonging to an organization. But there was no organization in their village yet.

They had heard about it first from a seller of Sacred Writings, a colporteur, in other words. They wanted to know more about it. So they bought some Testaments from him and the colporteur passed on his way. Following suggestions received from him they kept the Lord's Day and met also at mid-week for worship and in their own words they "did the doctrine." They "did" it according to the light they had and they hoped for a missionary to come. They called themselves "Believers" but the word was scarcely more than an adjective descriptive of those who were associated with this new Teaching. Indeed the village people sometimes referred to the fire-wood belonging to the Christian group as "believing fire-wood." The real significance of the word "believing" was as little understood by most of them as is the real significance of the word "Christian" in America.

No missionary came. Not for a long time, at least. The missionaries were too busy caring for a rapidly growing Christian constituency nearer their central station than this far away village in a sequestered mountain cove. But the devil came, or so the people said. He is never too busy, and a village boy was seized with spasms. He was a boy who had "decided to believe." His mother had not decided to believe. She followed him to the meeting room and found him praying there alone. "There is no such custom in our family," she said and with much vocal abuse she began to beat the child. That was what started the spasms. His family were not "Believers" and they said

WALTER C. ERDMAN
410 W. STAFFORD STREET
GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.

ademon caused them. Every remedy was tried in vain. The disease spirit would not come out even through the lancet holes punched in the suffer's joints. It was a very evil spirit indeed. So they sent for a sorceress but she was long in coming. Then the parents came to the leading Believers in the village and they said, "Pray to your God for the boy!" The Believers like all Korean Christians in those days were evangelistic in temperament and exceedingly practical. "Do you believe in Jesus?" they asked. "We do not believe," said the parents. "What concern is it with your God whether we believe or not? ~~Make~~ prayers for the boy!" "We will not pray unless you first believe," said the Christians. "It is a vain work!" "Wherefore, let us believe," said the parents. So they "believed!" Also, very earnest prayer was made by the Christians and on that night, for the first time, fever left the boy, and he slept.

Whereupon the parents said to themselves, "It is a good work and has become well; only, we do not want this doctrine. Therefore let us finish ~~the~~ according to our custom!" They said it because the sorceress had just arrived. So the sorceress went to the house with devil-drum and wailing to drive out from the boy the spirit made harmless by the Christians' prayers. At the first thumps of the leather drum the boy fell into convulsions and at dawn he died.

There was but one verdict in the village. The parents had only pretended to believe and they had despised the Christians' God who answers prayer and retribution had overtaken them. "And very great fear fell upon them all!" Superstition do you say? No, twilight just before the dawn. The whole village became Christian and since that time the light of Christ has increasingly shone into their darkness. "Believing" has come to be more than a nebulous adjective. It is an active verb. It has a living Object. They know Whom they have believed.

* * * * *

("..then the ear..")

You would understand the rest of the story a little better, perhaps, if you could have known the sorceress. Not then, but a little later when she too had become a Believer. The little meeting house had been newly built.

Its mudded walls were not the ordinary yellowish brown but had been finished with clean white porcelain clay. The room was only eight by twenty four, but the walls were neatly papered. The faces of the men and women were bright and eager. They sat in groups at opposite ends of the room with a proper curtain of white muslin between.

Certainly the old sorceress would attract more than a passing glance as she sat among the other women on the new rush mats. She was old and wrinkled and her face (like the country) seemed to have been suffering from a long drought but her eyes were bright and full of life and her smile was irresistible. One had to smile back at her. She was so genuine. The fiercely sullen, half-haunted look of the professional sorceress had been replaced by that happy and contagious smile.

She had walked ten miles that morning to see the missionary. In Africa she would have been called a witch doctor. Her specialty had been exorcising the spirits of the sick, though she had not always been successful as we have already seen. She was a Jesus Believer now and wanted to be accepted as a catechumen. In some communions the word is probationer. Their own word was a compound one. It meant desire-to-enter-the-church-person. Such a person, if received and enrolled, would be eligible for baptism in a year if in the meantime there had been evident progress in faith and life and spiritual discernment. But a sorceress? What about that little boy who had died on that wild night a year before when the devil drums were beating?

She sat down with the missionary and his Evængelist-Elder for her formal examination as to her understanding of the Way of life and as to her personal experience. It was a year, she said, since she had believed for the first time. She had come to the conclusion that what the Jesus Believers said was true. They knew of One who was more powerful than the spirits she had known. Yes, she was trusting Him now as her Saviour. Had she repented of her sins? Of a truth she had no more dealing with the spirits. (There were many to corroborate her statements.) What did she do for a living now that she had given up demon driving? She continued to try to heal the sick, she said, but without calling on the spirits. How did she do that since her former methods and practices were no longer to be used? It was quite simple. She used her knowledge of certain herbs and infusions and prayed that the Holy Spirit would heal. God had seen fit to bless her new methods.

Since she was a wandering healer with no particular home, how did she spend the Lord's Days? Always at the nearest church. But if there was no church within walking distance? Oh! Then always up on some mountain side in a prayer service of her own. Why was she sure that her sins had been forgiven? Because there was a great peace in her heart when she thought of Christ, a very great peace such as she had never known before.

By any standards of church examination in America she was ready for baptism even then but there were rules to be kept for the sake of the growing Christian community and she could only be enrolled as a "desire-to-enter-the-church-person". Then ^{came} a difficulty. She couldn't very well be enrolled. She hadn't any personal name. She was a widow so she could not be enrolled as so-and-so's wife. She had no child so she could not be enrolled as so-and-so's mother. She was fifty-nine years old and very ignorant, how could she remember her childhood name? Probably it had been "Fourth Month" or "Little Puppy" or something like that, anyway. Why try to remember it? But when she came to be baptized a year later the missionary named her "Grace" as many another previously nameless Believer has been named. And when you think of the difference between trying to cure the sick with the aid of demons and of doing it with the help of the Holy Spirit, and when you remember how it all came about, surely no name could be more appropriate. So she was called "Grace" and rejoiced in the new name. And she smiled when she was baptized.

Four weeks later there was a timid knock on the missionary's door in a distant city. When the door was opened the former sorceress stood before him. The same happy smile was on her face. She had come with a thank offering. Seventy miles she had trudged over mountain passes and along the river paths to bring four "strings" of eggs, forty eggs tied up in braided straw, as a gift of love and appreciation. Because the light of Christ had come into her life and driven away demons and darkness, she was full of joy. She had brought an offering. She had done what she could. Forty eggs! But was the alabaster box more precious?

* * * * *

("then the full corn in the ear!")

Tucked away in a narrow valley among the criss-crossing mountain ranges of Korea is the little village of Upright Reverence. You will not find it indicated on your map by even the tiniest of black dots. It was forty li⁴ from

! Twelve miles

Moat Hollow, across two mountain passes. Twenty houses with wattled walls coated with sun-dried clay and roofed with yellow straw thatch nestled along the edge of the stream on the sunny side of the valley.

The village was safe from the attacks of evil spirits. The narrow valley in which it lay split up into five short coves that ran up among the hills like the fingers of a hand. The village was safe because at the upper end of the longest cove, where the spirits would naturally be expected to enter, a straw rope had been stretched across the head of the ravine. Twisted into the strands of the rope were strips of fluttering paper that represented prayers and spirit charms. The strands of the rope had been twisted in reverse, too, when the rope was made. It was surely spirit-proof. The village would be in peace. It was safe from attack from the lower end of the valley, too. Beside the path that led up into the village there were grim devil posts, grotesquely carved images of a demon warrior and his wife, one on each side of the path. With pointed teeth and glaring eyes and rigid but menacing gestures they guarded the entrance to the village against all lesser ranks of demon hordes for on their bodies was inscribed in huge Chinese characters, "Tyun Ha Chouk Kwi Tai Cheng Koon," Great Devil-Driving General of All Demons Under Heaven!

Above the houses on the hillside, at the edge of the pine grove was a structure larger and more pretentious than any in the village. It was sixteen feet square indeed with latticed doors and heavy tiled roof. Above the entrance on a decorative panel was a large inscription whose twisty black characters on the white background proclaimed the building to be a "Hall of Literature." That did not mean that it was the village library. It was the school room of a Confucian scholar whose ability to memorize, analyze, and paint with loving brush strokes more thousands of those same twisty characters than any of his neighbors ~~had~~ had given him a reputation for learning that had spread far and wide through the country side. It had given him, moreover, the privilege of wearing the remarkable six-pointed horse-hair crown that was the mark of scholarship.

In that room old Scholar Kim was accustomed to sit cross-legged on the floor surrounded by a little group of Korean boys who pored over enormous flat books of Chinese characters which they were learning to read, intoning after their teacher the Chinese meaning and the Korean sound of each character in a loud sing-song cadence to which their bodies swayed in unison.

In Summer ^{when} the heavy latticed panels that formed the sides of the room were swung upward and inward and hooked to the cross beams above, all the Hall of Liter-

ture became an open pavillion where the men of the village might take siestas on torrid days or play a game of chess when the heavy rains made out-door work impossible. On winter evenings some of the men would stray up to the Hall of Literature and listen to Scholar Kim explain an incident of history he had found in an ancient Chinese book or discuss with him the proper order of strokes in the writing of a complicated seventeennstroke character or listen to his droning voice as he read aloud items from from some old issue of a newspaper which had drifted from hand to hand down from the capital.

Today the room was crowded. Two score or more of the disciples of Old Kim had come together on a special occasion, They sat in a circle around the flickering oil flame of the little china jug from the spout of which the lighted ~~flame~~^{wick} protruded. Those back in the shadows could not read but they listened. Those on the front row were bent over, peering through huge horn-rimmed spectacles at yellow paged books flat-opened on the slippery floor. The hard wood planks had been polished by the stockinged feet of generations of villagers.

For once Scholar Kim was not teaching nor expounding nor even reading aloud in his customary sing-song the black columns of picture characters. He was humbly asking questions from a man far younger than himself. Before him on the floor lay a thick volume of the Holy Scriptures printed in classical Chinese language and character. He had bought it from a passing stranger from the capital and he had read it for weeks, puzzling over its stories and histories and wondering about its new teaching concerning Life and Resurrection. There was nothing like that in his books. And this was a day long awaited. In response to an oft-repeated Macedonian cry of "Come over and help us!" a missionary had come across the mountains for the first time to explain the Doctrine of the Book.

Face to face they sat on the polished floor, Old Kim with his grizzled hair twisted into a skimpy top-knot beneath his head-gear of transparent horse-hair gauze, his wrinkled face all lighted with the brightness of two keen eyes glowing with ^{the} interest of new ideas suddenly grasped, his stumpy fingers tracing down the columns of the printed page and before him the Westerner who had come to open to him. the Scriptures. He was not asking random questions. He had jotted them all down carefully on scraps of paper. He read them off slowly one by one and then as answers were given he turned the pages of his Bible to verify passages cited in explanation and proof of the doctrine in question. He smiled with a little quizzical grimace

toward one or another of his disciples when he thought he had made a point in argument or puzzled the foreign teacher with a difficult question.

Old Kim's disciples listened with polite and eager attention to the dialogue between the two "Elder Born," the teacher of the old Confucian ethics and the herald of the Good News of salvation through Christ. So they searched the Scriptures together late into the night and again for half of the following day. It was a day of conviction and crisis in the village. It is worth noticing that men's attention is still attracted and their consciences touched by the message of the Book when it is clearly presented to them. The Berean method of Bible study is still approved by God. Like the Bereans, "they searched the Scripture to see whether these things were so." The method seems to take men farther on the road to Life than searching the intellect to see whether the Scriptures are true.

The visitor's time was limited. It always seemed to be so. There were other villages calling across the hills, "something lost among the ranges" that he had to go and find. Old Kim had finished his list of questions. The new doctrine had made its appeal. He had already been trying to follow its suggestions before the missionary had come. Now he was sure. The Word, when understood, had convinced him. He was ready to take all necessary steps, and many of his followers were too. They were reading the last passages of Scripture before the missionary had to leave. It was First Thessalonians the first chapter and the ninth verse "...that ye turned to God from idols..." "Have you done that?" the visitor asked.

"We have," replied Old Kim.

"How about the spirit-jars?"

Nearly every house had its spirit-jar. They were earthenware pots containing odds and ends of cloth and paper prayers and grains of rice for the spirits. They were much like African fetiches. They were secreted up on the ceiling beams of the houses. The house spirits were thought to live there and offerings of food and grain might be made to them from time to time.

"We make no offerings," they said. "We have turned from idols!"

"Have you destroyed the jars?"

"No-o-o," hesitatingly. "Some of the ignorant women still...."

Can the Pastor delaying his going for half an hour?"

"It is possible. Why should he do so?"

"We will gather all the jars and break them and burn their con-

tents in the Pastor's presence even now!"

So there was a very great burning in the village of Upright Reverence that day. They burned the spirit jars. They burned the devil posts. They burned even the spirit-rope that was stretched across the head of the valley. Upright Reverence rested in peace and even the name seemed in a measure more appropriate.

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 10

A Writing of Salvation

(Facing the Hope of Salvation)

WALTER C. FORDMAN
419 WEST STAFFORD STREET
GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.

There are no personal names in this story but it is true. It shows human nature at its worst in sin, and at its best redeemed by the grace of Christ. There is no palliation of the faults recorded. There is no detailed explanation of the way salvation was received. It is a narrative of personal experience written by a student in a Bible Institute at a time of special blessing. The writer wished his teacher to know the dark background of his life in order that the teacher might better understand his joy over the privilege of having his faith strengthened and his Christian experience deepened by studying for a time in the Bible School.

The writer assumed that the reader knew the transforming power of the Gospel as well as its message. The narrative presupposes a knowledge of Korean life and customs and even of topography and household arrangements. There is no description or explanation. It is a swift narrative of facts given to suggest the difference between two kinds of life and two outlooks upon life. It is a story of profligacy and callous cruelty replaced by thrift, love, unselfishness and spiritual insight, and all through the grace of God.

WALTER C. FORDMAN
419 WEST STAFFORD STREET
GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.

A WRITING OF SALVATION.

A long gray envelope lay on the missionary's desk. It was made of native mulberry bark pulp paper and sealed at the end in Oriental fashion. There was no address nor personal name. On its face was simply the legend, A Writing of Salvation. In the envelope was a flattened roll of thin rice paper inscribed in vertical columns of Korean characters. It was the story of spiritual crisis in human life. The narrative was written in the third person as by one who held himself at arm's length and examined his own vileness and marvelled at the grace of God. It began without address or salutation. It was not a letter. It was a recital in colloquial language of poignant personal experience. This was the story.

"There was once in River Source District a man who was sufficiently well-to-do in the matter of worldly goods. Yet for several threes of years he had gradually wasted his living on wine, women and gambling. Upon a certain day he sat in his room alone and thought to himself, This is the end. I have no more money to buy barley beer. I can no longer gamble nor can I play with dancing girls. What shall I do? Thereupon a plan arose in his mind, a stratagem. That very evening he went forthwith to the house of a wealthy friend who lived not far away, a former boon companion.

To this wealthy friend in sin he said, "I am in need of funds. Give me only a matter of one hundred nyang* and you may have my wife tonight". Such a thing was possible in those unbelieving days. And so it was. The word seemed good to the man and he made the bargain. Then this man who received the money brought his friend to his house and seated him upon the visitor's mat in the outer room. Calling his wife from the inner room he said, "This guest is a cousin on my mothers side. He has returned after ten or more years absence. Let us sit together at ease". The woman believed his words and sitting together at leisure these three visited for a while talking of this and that.

Presently the host said, "I have a small matter of business to attend to. You two continue to sit here and amuse yourselves". Scarcely had he gone out when the visitor suddenly leaned forward and seized the woman's wrist. She cried out in alarm, "Is this the manner of cousins? Is there any such custom in the world as this?" "'Cousin'?" the guest replied. "What is this word 'cousin'? I have bought you!"

Thinking only how she might escape, the lady apparently became calm and as if ^{in acquiescence} ~~acquiescing~~ said, "It is not yet late at night. Neighbors may still be entering the courtyard. Excuse me only a moment. I will put out the light in the inner room and return when I have closed the courtyard gate."

She hastily crossed the verandah to the inner room. There she snatched up her sleeping infant and tied it to her back and with the intention of escaping from such a world she went outside and was about to throw herself into the courtyard well. Then she suddenly bethought herself, 'Though a wretched creature such as I should die, what difference does it make, but this innocent babe upon my back.....for what sin would it be dying?' Unable to bring herself to suicide, unable to escape dishonor if she lived, she sat for a moment on the ground swaying and groaning. The visitor in the outer room hearing the sound of weeping and knowing that there was danger for him in the situation hastily made his escape through the outer door of the guest room and stole away.

The woman spent the night crouching in terror in the inner corner of the courtyard wall, clinging desperately to the stones. The husband returning in the cold of early dawn perceived at once that the matter had not turned out according to his plan. Therefore in a rage he seized his wife and after beating her almost to death threw her out of the courtyard. Bruised and near to death she made her way to the house of one of her ^{kinsfolk.} ~~own people~~. The man fled away and became a penniless outcast and finally drifted to the capital.

Upon a day in the great Bell Road of the capital he stopped by the wayside and heard for the first time a preaching of the Jesus Doctrine. Through the grace of God he realized his sins and decided to put his trust in the Lord. Then immediately he sought out his wife in her own village and in tears before her he bowed himself to the ground a hundred times or so unceasingly crying, "Forgive!

Forgive! Forgive!" His wife was more terrified than before thinking him to be violently insane. She listened to him in great fear. The husband then raised himself to a sitting position and told how he had become a Jesus Believer and had come to a realization of his former sins and was truly asking for forgiveness. Then again throwing himself on his face he broke into prayer with great sobs and wailing asking God also for forgiveness. The wife mingled her tears with his and at that very moment became, herself, a Jesus believing person, for she wondered at the grace of God.

And so it came about that they two took counsel together and decided to go to Seoul where he could begin life over as a lowly street porter, carrying loads in a burden rack on his back. They lived in a borrowed room. Former friends who recognized him on the street took pity on him and though he had no great skill as a load carrying porter they gave him the same rate of hire as they would to an able worker. Daily he earned a matter of perhaps three nyang* but he used no single brass cash of it for himself. He put it all into his wife's hand.

So they lived, with difficulty. Yet she thought to herself, "Though we live in a wretched room, not even our own, and have only a coolie's wages and the pittance of my sewing, the flavor of life is an hundred times better than in our former life as ^{unbelieving} rich people living in our own home."

Once when a Jesus Believer, a new-made friend had come to see her and ^{as} they sat talking together she pointed to her husband as he came ~~into~~ to the courtyard ~~and~~ to put down his carrying rack, and said, "This gentleman is the same man who before he became a Jesus Believer sold me and ate ^{the} the money!" And the husband said without bitterness, "Is that what you should say? Was it I that did it? Was it not, rather the Devil in me then, that did it?".....

Who should know better than ^{the one} whose story this is? This is my confession but thanks to God's grace I am now a student in this Bible School.

The writing is humbly presented.

*Thirty cents

⊙ Used for himself

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 11

"Behold He Prayeth"

BEHOLD HE PRAYETH

A young man was sitting crossed-legged on a flat-topped boulder, his hands upon his knees, immovable in meditation. He might have been a "White Buddha" on its pedestal. He did not glance at passers-by and his unseeing gaze was not disturbed by the brightness of the noonday sun.

The ashes of a dying fire were just below his feet. On another boulder near at hand were a brass bowl and spoon and in a bag a few handfuls of rice. A dozen yards away in a hollow place at his right an ice-cold spring bubbled out among the roots of a hazel clump and slipped away in the bamboo grass. On a slightly higher rock behind him was a small white china bowl filled with clear water from the spring and a few grains of cooked rice were scattered over the surface of the rock.

The young man was worshipping an "unknown god," the spirit of the mountain. The rock was his altar. The limpid water and the rice grains were his offerings. His ascetic fare and his self-discipline were his devotions. He was waiting.....

Our mountain climbing party of missionaries, suddenly emerging from the thicket across the glade, neither aroused his curiosity nor disturbed his concentration. He made no movement to observe us, though it must have been startling to have a group of foreigners, barbarians from beyond the Great Peace Ocean, in strange, outlandish attire, without warning break into the sunny silence of that secluded hollow far up among the hills.

The more ambitious of the climbers went on to the summit of the peak. Some remained to rest and eat a noonday luncheon on the edge of the cliff beyond the spring and to await the others' return. A deep valley wound away among the mountain ridges below. Behind us rose steep mountain slopes covered with thickets of scrub oaks and beeches with clumps of azalea and patches of bamboo grass between the copses. From time to time we glanced across to the ascetic. An hour passed. He must have seen us but he made no sign, no movement. The sun was hot but he sought no refreshing shade. He seemed far away in some other world of thought.

Finally I went and sat beside him on the boulder. He eyed me calmly and dispassionately but waited for me to speak. I confess to a curiosity far greater than his own. With proper form and polite phrase I introduced myself, speaking his language and following his country's custom. Gravely and with no show of irritation he returned

the salutation. His name was So-and-So from Such a village. Was I honorably in peace?

I was at peace. Was he willing to be interrupted in his meditations and to talk to a mannerless foreigner?

Certainly, he had no other work in hand.

Had he been sitting there long in this manner?

Long? No, assuredly not. Only three days and nights.

Nights? Surely he did not pass the nights there in the cold without shelter or covering?

Yes, it was cold but he did not mind it particularly. It was warm in the daytime.

But what about the tigers? They prowled continually in these wild ravines. There were bears in the thickets and wild boars in abundance. The signs were all about us. Was he not afraid?

Not particularly. The tigers did not seem to molest him. The wild boars grunted and passed by, he said.

Was he fasting?

Not entirely. Twice a day he cooked a handful of rice from the bag and drank water from the spring. But the food supply was getting low. He could only remain another night and day and then go home, even so traveling hungry.

Might one gently inquire the meaning of this long vigil through freezing nights and burning noons?

He was praying.

To what spirit?

He did not know. The mountain spirit perhaps. Tiger or dragon or horse, he was not certain which. Certainly the spirit of the place. The water on the rock and the rice grains were for the spirit of the place.

What earnest desire led him to this rigorous form of devotion?

No particular desire. He wished to please the spirits.

Were they good or evil?

He did not know. They might give blessing. Certainly they could bring disaster if neglected.

How did he pray?

He had no method. He tried to keep his mind as free from thought as possible. He had learned from Buddhist monks that this was true religion.

Would he like to know how to pray truly?

Surely he would. But where could one find a teacher?

Had he ever heard of the great God Who made the earth and the sky and the mountains, the clear water for man's drink and rice for his food; or of Jesus Christ the Son of God, Who came into the world that men might learn about God and go to Him in prayer?

Truly he had never been caused to hear such words as these. What was the meaning of them?

Jesus Christ is the Son of God. He came into the world to save men from their sins. He is our go-between with God. The Orient's great teacher Confucius is reported to have said, "If a man sins before God there is no place in his life for prayer," but our sacred writings have a more helpful word for sinners. In our Book it is hopefully written, "If any man sins we have a go-between in the presence of God the Father, even Jesus Christ the Sinless One." You can pray to God even now if you will. Close your eyes to shut out the sight of the world around you and repeat this prayer after me:

"Oh God, Who created all things, our Father, open my dark mind that I may understand Thy truth. Help me to understand that Jesus Christ is my Savior from the guilt and power of sin. Help me to trust Him now and forever. Free me from all fear of evil spirits and save me for Thyself. I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

To our amazement, sentence by sentence, he repeated the prayer.

"I ask in the name of Jesus Christ....." Clearly and carefully the words fell from his lips. Strange was it not? A young man who, until that moment, had never heard the name of Christ, willing to repeat a form of prayer suggested by an unknown stranger of a different race?

It was time to go down the trail again. We could stay for no longer talk. One final question and we would go. Would he like some leaflets which would tell him more about God?

He would but he could not read.

"Take them anyway," we said. "Ask someone in your village to read them

aloud and then both reader and hearer can learn the truth. Is it not a good plan?"

"It is well."

"Do not forget your prayer. Perhaps God sent us to meet you here to teach you how to pray. Remain in peace."

"Even so. Go in peace."

We turned and left him on the boulder, commending him in our heart to the Greater Spirit of the place. He remained thro that night, but two days later woodsmen who had passed that way said that the young man had gone.

Millions in the world seem indifferent to God. Atheists and virulent Reds bitterly oppose Him because His Word is a condemnation of the life they wish to lead, but here and there in the world are lonely, seeking hearts. Shall we carry to them the message of God, the message of life and hope through Jesus Christ?

SPEAKING FROM OLD KOREA

By Walter Collins Erdman

Chapter 12

The Coming One

THE COMING ONE

Jade River comes tumbling down a narrow gorge in a series of beautiful cascades. Crystal waters leap and roar and shatter on jagged boulders. They rush in sheets of lacy foam into deep green pools at the foot of perpendicular cliffs where venturesome pines find precarious footholds in crevices and bathe their needles in the drifting spray. Forrests of spruce and hardwood trees cover the less precipitous slopes where the gorge widens out into the valley. It is a monastery domain. Korea owes one debt of gratitude, to Buddhism for its preservation of the forrests around the monasteries. Centuries of encroaching woodsmen have pushed the forrest lines back and back but still these woodland preserves stand out like islands of emerald among the denuded ridges of weathering granite. Gnarled old trees intercept the sunlight and drop shifting shadows down through the transparent water of the stream to dapple the granite bed with shafts of golden light and pearly shade. The forrest is as quiet and reposeful as the dusky shrine room of the monastery itself.

Almost a thousand years ago devoted monks levelled off terraces and faced them with retaining walls of massive stones. They built the central shrine of enormous timbers supporting age-resisting roofs of hard burnt tiles. Old wooden pillars on either side of the pathway marked the entrance to the grounds. In decaying wooden shrines were tawdry, grotesque images of the demon guardians of the gateway. Farther up the path were old dormitories. Each building was a row of single storied cells under one roof and on each weathered door, in fading reds and blacks, were the dim outlines of the tai-keuk, the intertwined tadpole-shaped symbols of the origin of all things. The cells were almost empty now. There were few successors to the crowds of monks who once had made their residence there. On the first terrace were the kitchen and dining hall and store rooms. From a cold clear spring far up the valley a never failing stream of water flowed ~~flowed~~ through an aqueduct of hollowed saplings into the great troughs in the courtyard. On the higher terrace were the central shrines, their lofty ceilings supported by great carved beams, anciently painted in intricate designs of white and fading vermillion. There on the raised platform behind a slight

railing stood the gilded images of the Buddha and his two attendant disciples. Here the monks were wont to sit on the polished floor before the images, intoning the memorized syllables of prayer in an ancient traditional language they neither knew nor understood.

The establishment seemed built on far too large a scale for the handful of monks that passed across the courtyard on various errands. The abbot met us on the central walk, clothed in a garb of faded gray. Beads were around his neck, a staff in his hand. He greeted us with grave courtesy and inquired whether we had travelled far. No, not far, on that day at least, we replied. We were stopping in the village down the valley where there were some Jesus Believers. We were evangelists of the Jesus Doctrine. We had heard of this famous monastery and of the beauty of its surroundings and had come to visit it.

"There is nothing to see," the old monk said sadly. "The glory has departed." There had been a time when, year after year, five hundred monks had been in residence. They had studied the Law of Buddha with its Three Refuges, its Eight-fold Steps of the Middle Way, and the Ten Rules of Living. They had taught the Buddhist doctrine throughout the countryside. Some had even carried it across the neighboring sea to the barbarians in Japan. People from all the Silla Kingdom in South Korea had come to pray at these shrines and present their gifts. Only the Pool Kook Monastery at the Capital had been more famous, and even Pool Kook could boast no such forrest domain and cataracts. But now they were few in number. Two tens of monks at the most were there. (He waved his hand toward the deserted cells.) Few people came to the monastery nowadays. They had no interest in the Law. There were no funds to keep the buildings in repair, as we could see. "The glory has departed," he said again.

"Why should Buddhism be thus losing its hold?" we asked.

"It is in the books," he replied sadly. "Do you know them? in our books it is written that this is the end of the age. The Way of the Buddha must pass. In the books it is written that at the end of the age a Great One is coming who will sweep away the fragments of the old religion and establish a new one for all the world."

"Do you know who this Great One is?" we asked.

"There can be no knowing," he answered. "The Enlightened One himself, perhaps, in a new incarnation. Or it might be a greater than he. We do not know. Yet One will come. It is written in the books that he will come at the end of the age. And is not this the end? Why else has the glory departed?"

Need it be said that beginning at that word we preached unto him Jesus, the Coming One? We too believed that it was near the end of the age and that the Greatest of All is coming. And we marvelled that from such a source should come corroboration of our belief. Perhaps the end of the age is nearer than we think when even non-Christians are testifying to the fact. "It is later than you think", said the inscription on the old sun dial. But we knew Whom we have believed. The old abbot did not. He had no personal hope. The Coming One meant nothing to him. The thought brought him no joy. He had followed the Doctrine faithfully, he said, and in the end the Doctrine itself would pass. As for him, he had his beads and his meditation. He thought of religion as a system of forms and not in terms of life. He was looking backward to departed glories. It is so with all religions except one. Only Christianity looks forward to a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, forward to the time when Christ Who is our Life shall appear.

In a sudden burst of sunlight the glory of the autumn foliage blazed out against the dark background of the evergreens. Was it a symbol? The old monastery was neglected. Its buildings were sagging with the weight of years. Its priests were no longer respected. The old religion was passing into decay. The old monk was depressed. The glory had departed. But there was no discouragement for us who looked for that Blessed Hope and the glory of His Appearing. It is the end of the age and a Great One is coming. It is written in the Book of Truth.

