

The VANGUARD

BY JAMES S. GALE



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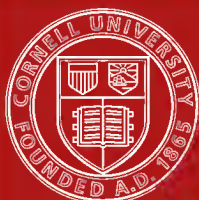
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THE DRAGON

THE VANGUARD

A TALE OF KOREA

By JAMES S. GALE
Author of "Korean Sketches"

ILLUSTRATED



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To

*The dear wife and the girls
so far away.*

Preface

THERE are other battles than those fought with steel and lead, where generalship is needed, and courage likewise. It is concerning one of these, now going on, that this book is written. With only a thin veil of disguise thrown over the actual workers, who are still on the field, and only such fictitious elements introduced as are necessary to a story that has to do with native thought and character, the writer has, to the best of his ability, given a true picture of the campaign thus far, and the conditions, with some of its lights as well as its shadows. May the earnestness of the conflict come home to the reader.

J. S. G.

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I

ON BOARD SHIP

THE rattle of the anchor-chain, and the scream of the siren whistle, told the little people of Nagasaki that the steamship *Karê* was off for Korea. Already her bow was westward, ploughing the foam, out to the open sea, the funnel rolling out smoke and the breeze singing through the rigging.

Two young men, the only English-speaking passengers on board, leaned over the gunwale watching the receding city hide its face behind the hills, that moved out to shield it one by one.

"Japan's a stunning country," said the stouter of the two, whose name was Shoreland. "For a play-house life and never-a-care she beats the world. Fancy a nation of boys and young men manœuvring ten thousand ton battle-ships, and then metamorphosing off into the quiet of the Orient as if they lived nineteen hundred years B. C. The women too are pictures of sunshine. It knocks my calculations of life all to pieces. Are they as happy as they look?"

"I cannot say they are not," said the other.

"If they are as happy as they look," said Shoreland, "I'd like to have their gospel to live by."

Just then the hoarse whistle roared to the lighthouse on the shore, and the flag dipped a salute as they pushed out into the foggy, crumpled sea.

Regardless of fog, or sea, or pending night, the *Karé*, of thirteen hundred tons, child of the Clyde, turned on full steam and ploughed on into the uncertainties.

"I like to know that a white man has this craft in tow a night like this," said Shoreland.

"Griff's all right," said Willis. "He has only one eye, I notice, but he can see further with that than most men can with two, besides we believe in the silent partner, don't we, who takes a hand when it comes to fog and sea."

On into the night steamed the *Karé*.

"That's right," said Shoreland, "but I'll give it up how a fellow as bright as you are, Willis, can throw your life away as you mean to do. This missionary undertaking is the maddest thing out; even the people who have lived here all these years and seen it first hand, have no use for it. Give it up and come along with me, I'm going to have a year in Siberia, with a tiger hunt thrown in, and some geology to vary the monotony; this missionary craze—well I pity you."

Willis was tall and slight and looked delicate, but he had a clear mind and was fired with a subtle something that Shoreland could not fully understand. They had picked up acquaintance on the way, one an Australian, and the other an American. Shoreland, though still young, had been policing it in South Africa and had seen a deal of the world, for he was a man of money. Willis was an American, with a decided leaning towards the Scotch-Irish home of his ancestors, bound east now as a missionary.

They walked the deck together. Captain Griff, who saw them pass the bridge, shouted, "Gentlemen! One of our mile-stones!" and suddenly out of the mist and

darkness there loomed a great rock, echoing back the whistle as if to say, "Be wary!"

Darker it grew, and the fog closed down, and the wind whistled, but the ship steamed on.

"It is the only hope," said the captain. "There are tides and cross currents and what not; if you want to keep your bearings you must go at full speed; slow down, and you are on the rocks unless you can get anchorage."

"That's what I call walking by faith," said Shoreland.

They went below to talk over the prospects of the morrow. They were to see the Land of Morning Calm, which, in Willis' mind, was the most interesting country in the world, though he knew nothing whatever of it. It was to be his home, and in it he was to see signs and wonders, and from the dusky faces of its people he was to read,—but never mind, we shall see later on what he was to read.

They turned in to sleep to the purring sound of the propeller, Shoreland conscious that a good man from Wales had charge of the ship, and Willis thinking of another who was a specialist on the sea. Suddenly in the night they were awakened by the sharp ring of the captain's gong, and the engines slowed down. It was inky black and they were rolling tremendously.

"Tws-e-e-n-ty-w-a-n!" sang out the little Jap, who was heaving the lead, "Tws-e-e-n-ty!"

"Boom!" went something, and a thrill like an earthquake shook all the fibres of the ship. For an instant sound and motion ceased, and there was a deathly calm, then a rattle of footsteps and hurried voices.

"I say!" said Shoreland, bouncing out of his bunk, "we've struck something."

Up they went on deck, and the ship was already listing like a walking-beam and rolling lifelessly.

"Stand by the boats," rang out the chief mate's voice, and the lamplight showed every dusky Jap in his place steady as the rock.

Willis was steady too, and so was Shoreland. He had fought Kaffirs, and Zulus, and Hottentots, but, "By Jove," said he, "this looks bad."

Happy the man who has all his accounts straight when the prow goes down and the propeller somersaults out of the sea!

There were many Japanese on board, and pig-tailed Chinamen, every one anxious for the one life in hand, uncertain of any other. Where was Captain Griff? He was somewhere, turning heaven and earth, he and his dusky crew, to save his passengers and his ship.

She listed no further, but hung by the anchor-chains till morning came, and the sea quieted, and a beautiful picture, such as Japan only is capable of, unfolded itself before the anxious passengers, a fairy-land of town and hill and sea. These were the Gotos that the good ship had tried to split open in the night, and cut off from the Empire of the Rising Sun.

Back again over the sea with head down and propeller high, went the *Karé*, slowly feeling her way home to Nagasaki, her spirit broken and the pride with which she had once tossed the water faded away.

Poor Captain Griff! This was his first mishap; his wife, his good ship had come to grief. He knew these unlighted, unsounded waters better than any other man living, but "For my life," said he, "last night beat me. Such a fog I never saw, I had to slow down, and anchor

I could not, for there was no bottom, so the tide rolled me on to the rocks."

But the *Karé* had her wound riveted up, and the captain held his record clear, and many a day again they ploughed through the foam hand in hand, and kicked up the briny waters.

Two men, who have stood side by side in the supreme moment of suspense, can never forget each other. All of life that remains carries the picture of the one with the other. Shoreland could still see Willis' steady face in the night, and his heart went out in pity to him, as he thought of his fate and the joy and satisfaction of life that he was to lose. Willis thought of Shoreland and said, "What a good fellow he is, so broad, and strong, and hopeful!" but there was a sense of loss and pain, and an unanswered wish, as he thought of his companion.

People in Nagasaki are accustomed to seeing ships, great and small, sail in and out and pay no attention, but to behold a steamer coming in slowly on its nose is quite another matter. That night the newspapers, with their spots and dots and lines running the wrong way, said "The *Karé Maru* has met with resistance on rocks, large and protruding, related in space to the islands of the Goto; a portion of her covering has been stripped away; she was also damaged internally, but they are hopeful of recovery. The passengers are safe, including two Westerners named, Sho-ru-nan-du and Wi-ru-su, born in the Ox (1865) and Pig (1868) years, and plying for occupation, that they may eat and live, missionary business and sight-seeing."

Fifteen days were passed before repairs were made and the *Karé* once more faced the dangers of the deep, fifteen

days in a Japanese inn, among the wonders and oddities of the Sunrise Kingdom. The room occupied by the foreigners was in the middle of a large upper story, that was divided off by thin partitions into six or eight apartments. By a wave of some fairy wand, the partitions would vanish of a sudden, and leave the guests occupying the middle space of this hotel, with others squatted on the matting on all sides of them. Shoreland and Willis understood nothing of Japanese, but they learned to bow and be polite, and that was all that was needed to have the time pass pleasantly. They drank unsweetened tea, from cups little larger than thimbles, brought in by a pretty waiting-maid, who bowed and bowed and said, "Ha-i-i-i!" She looked over Shoreland's shoulder, while he was combing his hair in the morning, and with her fingers tried to pull her own almond eyes down to a slope and angle that would correspond with his, with no success, however.

In a cupboard at the side of the room were the gods they worshipped. Many prayers were said daily to the Buddhas, until Shoreland learned one by heart. When he tried to repeat it, the waiting-maid laughed, and gave him a thump on the back that almost took his breath away. "Dear me!" said he. "She has a hand like a trip-hammer, and she only three feet high."

Willis laughed at his shattered expression.

"I had thought of marrying and settling down in this most delightful land, but the weight of that little hand makes me reconsider."

But they were kindly treated. Hospitality in miniature was dealt out to them on all hands, by little women, on little tables, in diminutive bowls, out and out the strangest, dreamiest, funniest possible fairy-land known to

mortal man. Willis wondered whether Korea would be like this or not.

The sea was at last crossed, and the *Karé* was steaming into Chemulpo harbor, picking her way slowly by the sounding lead, Captain Griff on the bridge, and the passengers looking out on the brown hills and browner huts, that circled the long stretch of tide-washed shore. This was Korea.

On the deck, watching the tumbled, towlsed mass of humanity unloading cargo, stood Captain Griff, Shoreland and Willis. "The noisiest rascals alive," said the captain. "Chemulpo makes more fuss and does less work than any other harbor in the world." "Willis, old fellow," said Shoreland, "do you think these wild beasts will convert? You'll have to corral them, or take them with a lasso. Come along with me instead."

Suddenly two coolies developed a fight, fast, each to the other's topknot, holding on with a grip of death, till a Japanese sailor walked up to the rail and threw a bucket of water over them. They let go, looked sideways at the Jap, with a disgust beyond words to express, and forgot what they were fighting about.

"A man that can take a bucket of water with silent contempt," said Willis, "has something in him."

But it was not to study the natives that these three had met together, but to say good-bye. Shoreland was going aboard a "China merchant" for Chefoo, Willis was at his destination, and Captain Griff was returning once more to the rocks and fog of Nagasaki.

II

THE OATH

IT was night in the city of Ping-yang, dark and forbidding. A few straggling lights were seen passing here and there through the narrow streets. There were long weird calls heard from the Yamen, repeated at intervals, and drums rattling in prayer to the devils down on the river.

Somebody was dead over the way, and there was desperate weeping, "I-go! I-go!" Drinking dens everywhere made night hideous. In a hut, that squatted low by the gate of the city, sat a heavy-faced Korean, holding fast a woman's hand.

"You swore you'd live with me always," was what he said.

Her answer came cool and steady: "You make the money and I'll live with you, not otherwise."

"But," said he, "we are man and wife and child, and I must keep you, else we die together."

"Die, do we? Not if I know it," and she wrenched her hand from him and pushed him violently away. "I'm not here to die with you, but to live."

Ko shot out of the door as if for his life, and fled to pray to the dragon on the hill; then he came back to an inn near by, drank himself drunk, and, for the moment, slept away his sorrows.

For five months she saw him not, and the wee dot of a baby, with its black eyes and Mongol soul, lived un-

conscious of the one who claimed it. At last, unwashed and bedraggled, through the East Gate of the city, came staggering the man Ko, sans "cash." His home, as he expected, was occupied by another. A desperate case his, ordinary ways and means were out of the question. He loved his wife and child, of course, but she had drifted away from him on the wing of some malignant spirit, and none but the gods could bring her back.

"Oh," says she, "you are here?"

"But not to stay," said Ko, "merely to speak my word and depart."

She looked with surprise at this, for she had thought him greatly in love with her, and a willingness of any kind on his part to leave was startling.

Said he, "The gods have spoken to me. I have a plan that will make us happy by and by, but cannot tell it now." He drew from his pocket a paper tablet marked, "Ten-years-and-we-shall-know," tore it in two, gave half of it to the woman, and said "Keep it safe till I return." In the manner of the Orient they wept together and parted.

All the devils were in league. Here was the wife he wanted, and the child, but lost to him. He would overcome, yes in spite of fiends. He dreamed of money, saw strings of cash floating in his visions, though in actual life he was a gambler, a drunkard, a thief, who found scores of companions, ready made to do him service.

Said he, "As long as this wretched mouth of mine is in working order, with eyes and ears to help, I can do nothing; once rid myself of mouth and I'm all right; gag it, put a stopper in it, and I can see my way clear, but how? Refuse to speak? They'd stone me out of town. The spirits must settle this matter too."

Back of the city suburb, where he now lived, there was a famous shrine, under the hill, noted for its mysterious power. Any one who prayed earnestly to it got what he wanted; and any one who took liberties, was dealt with after the manner of the immortal gods. On the first day of the moon and the fifteenth day, the people of the town brought food and money and paper, and spread it out on the ground before the spirit and said, "O spirit! here is this offering, take it, eat it, inhale it, do what you like with it, only be good, and give us money, and rice, and sons, and good grave sites, and long life, and nothing to do, amen!"

Ko made inquiry of the village folk. "How about the god up on the hill there, is he any good?"

"Good? Well I should say, get what you want if you go at it right, or you'll get the day of judgment if you try any nonsense."

So Ko took a jug of whiskey and a censer, and went up to pray.

A few days later, when a crowd gathered in the inn, said he, "I prayed to that 'business' up on the hill, five days ago now, and no sign of an answer. Call it good, do you? Good for nothing I should say. I have a mind to take a bamboo and smash the thing to pieces."

The listeners gave a start. "You evidently want to die an awful death," said they. "Blasphemy!" shouted others, stopped their ears and ran.

Ko thundered out into the street, tore his hair, danced like a fury, swore awful oaths against the spirit and the shrine, ran *amuck* up the hill and with a rock, hurled straight at it, bang! "To perdition!" shouted he. "You and other demons like you." But scarcely had the words passed his lips, when he fell, bowled over, as if struck by

lightning. The town folk came slowly and cautiously out to see what was left of him, and found blood around his mouth. "Ah, ha!" said they, "the spirit! the spirit!" He was carried home and laid in a corner, and so passed the night.

Next day he arose, but there were no words in his mouth, no answer to questions; those who whispered to him left without response. Days passed one after another in silence, and Ko became known as *Pungoree*, the dumb man, smitten by the spirit for an act of blasphemy; but in Ko's mind were other visions, visions of money now to be made freely, for his mouth was stopped, and the faithless wife and the little boy were sure to be his, when ten years of silence had passed him over.

Three years of dumb wandering proved to Ping-yang the power of this mountain shrine. The keeper made his fortune, for the sick and lame and blind came daily to sacrifice and pay tribute to him. They would ask, "Do you think the god that lives here is able to do what I want?"

"Well, I reckon he is," said the keeper, taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Do you see that coolie yonder with a load of buckets on his back? His name is Ko, called centurion, though he isn't one; he used to make more noise than any man in the country, shouting and swearing, and after he had abused various mortal men, he came to insult his reverence and threw a rock at him. I needn't tell you that he hasn't spoken for three years. Take your pipe out of your mouth and be careful, for this god is not to be fooled with," and so the prayers would be said with all humility. "Oh great and awful god, my boy has a spitting sickness, and a ball of blood inside of his stomach, that rises and keeps his food from

going down, also he has rats in his legs that won't keep still, make him well. Alas! Alas! for my boy unless you condescend."

In the third year there came tidings to the deaf ears of Ko. He heard that the little boy with the almond eyes and the yellow skin, his precious son, who lived over the walls in the city was dead, the laddie whom he was to win at the end of these years of silence, dead, so that there was no longer hope of the mother, and no meaning in the oath that he had taken to be dumb. He decided to break away, but here also was a difficulty. To simply begin speaking would be contrary to Oriental methods; he could never do so, so he made his way that afternoon to the home of a medicine man, or sorcerer, that lived on the river bank. The man's name was Quik and his business was to put needles into people, then speak a prayer and make them well; the more it hurt and the more they squirmed the surer the recovery. He knew the dummy Ko and looked out on him as he came. "Well," said he, "what can I do for a man that cannot speak?"

Ko motioned him aside, and then to his amazement said in a whisper, "I'm not dumb at all, but have pretended for these three years, and now I want to give it up, but can't without excuse. If you will put me through an operation, and cure me in the eyes of the town, you'll make you a name and a fortune."

Quik forgot his shock of surprise in the thought of this most excellent scheme. He would announce tomorrow as his sacrificial day and call all the town.

A sacrifice to the gods in Korea equals a quilting bee, a barn raising and a municipal election all in one. There is always much to eat and much to drink, and a babel of voices indescribable.

At Dr. Quik's house there was a multitude of small tables, a foot or so high, and as large round as a flour barrel, loaded down with boiled rice, meat, whiskey, soy, stewed sea-weed, fancy confectionery, all ready for the sacrifice. He had hired professional weepers, and they came in and bowed before the tablet and bawled out, "I-go ! I-go ! I-go !" with such an accent of distress and woe, that you would actually think their hearts would break ; but you need have no anxiety, for a moment later, they laugh, and shout, and turn in and get gloriously drunk.

Such was the show in progress at Dr. Quik's, where Ko was to be operated on for a dumb spirit, that had possessed him three years.

Heavy-faced, dull-eyed Ko took his place on the corner where all might see him. Dr. Quik then made a speech, " This affliction of Ko the centurion is caused by a dumb devil that has taken possession of one of the strings of his neck. It can't be dislodged by medicine, or sacrifice, or saying prayers, the only thing for such a possession is a spirit needle and without flattering myself, who am but dust and ashes, I would still say that I am the only man in Ping-yang, who possesses the gift of inserting the same effectually. Before the eyes of all you onlooking noble gentlemen, I shall now proceed."

He put Ko down with his face to the ground and set the needle to work, by twirling it, gradually driving it under the skin, where it began to find its way in deeper and deeper. Ko saw stars and meteors, and squirmed in mortal agony. After one or two insertions, a pass, and a mysterious word to the demon, Ko swung back on his knees and suddenly shouted in stentorian voice, " I can talk—I can talk ! "

So, by virtue of this great physician, the spell had been broken, and Ping-yang was electrified with the news that Dr. Quik had cured centurion Ko.

With one accord the company called the town band, composed of some six players, and had them parade the streets with pipes, and pans, and flags, shouting the praises of the spirit doctor. For three days and three nights the celebration continued till the whole town to its farthest limits knew of it and Quik's name and fame were established forever. Ko joined his old companions and went back to a life of drinking and riot.

III

IN PING-YANG

NEAR the same East Gate of Ping-yang on the low ground, crowded into a tangled group of houses, is a narrow court and tiled hut, to which many callers are drawn day by day. There are in front, overhanging eaves, and a narrow ledge of veranda, on which shoes are left by parties entering. The outer walls are of mud, plastered on basket lathing. From many places the mud has fallen, and the straw ropes and twigs show through. On the posts are mottoes in Chinese, "Sweep the court and gold turns up." "Open the door and joy comes in." At the side of the entrance there is a stall of dried persimmons, tobacco, oil-cloth pouches, strings, headbands, hat covers, over all of which a trowsled, smudgy boy presides. Across the street, some twenty feet distant, there is a butcher's shop, where bloody looking meat is hanging. Dogs with hairless mangy backs hang about waiting for offal.

Past the door go crowds upon crowds dressed in white, some on high stilt shoes, made so as to lift them above the mud; others in leather; others again, with soaked socks, wade through the mire. The sewage and night soil is rolled out into the pots and cesspools of the narrow street. On one side an old woman is making pancakes for the passers, pancakes mixed with splashings, cooked, and oiled, and savory. The eaters regard not and ask no questions, for the Orient is always hungry. Smells too

that would paralyze the soul of a Westerner, are unnoticed by these wise men of the East.

Horses not much larger than mastiff dogs, loaded with pack or pack-saddle, go jingling by. Stolid cattle, mountains of unconsciousness, help to congest the narrow way, and so it keeps up in rain and sunshine, the year through, in this main thoroughfare of Ping-yang. Sometimes the sun shines, and the road dries off, and the wind peppers the pancakes with the trampled dust, and fans the coolie as he lies asleep amid a noise and turmoil that would waken the gods.

Not a sign of Western life anywhere! This is the old, old Orient, as it was, and is, and, some think, ever shall be. Men are busy looking out the footprints of the ancestors, and walking therein, without thought, or emotion, or desire, or hope.

But into the house, under the gate, where the plaster has fallen off, and past which the crowds surge, many callers are entering. It is a dark, narrow room filled to suffocation, eight feet wide, ten long, six high. A paper window lets in a little light, but there is no ventilation, and the smell of the Orient chokes you as you enter. On a mat at the end, seated cross-kneed, is our acquaintance Willis, in fair hair and Western dress. A noisy, middle-aged man has taken a place at his side, and is interrogating him for the benefit of the crowd.

"How many years have you passed?" in a loud voice.

"Twenty-five," said Willis.

"Twenty-five? You look to me about seventy. What has made your hair turn white?"

"It didn't turn, it was always so. I'm that kind of human being," said the victim.

"So? Where are you from?"

"America."

"And where's that?"

"Many miles distant away over the sea."

"How many miles long is your country?"

"Why I don't believe I know," said Willis.

"Fancy!" said the speaker to the crowd. "He don't know how long his country is. How many brothers are you?"

"Five," was the answer.

"Indeed, your Eight Stars are evidently all right. Why have you come?"

"To teach."

"Have you a son?" asked the middle-aged man.

"No, I have no son."

"Why is that?"

"I am not married."

"Whe-w-w-w! Twenty-five and not married! Look at that for poverty," speaking to the crowd. "A man who hasn't enough at twenty-five to marry, his god ain't good for much. Can you read books?"

"Are you not cold with those clothes on?"

"No, perfectly warm."

"Why are your pants so tight?"

"It is our custom."

"What are those things?"

"Buttons."

"What are they made out of?"

"I really don't know. I think it is a kind of wood."

"He doesn't know what those beads are made out of, that he has on his coat. Well, we'll come again tomorrow and see you; rest in peace," and they depart to make way for others.

So the long days pass for Willis, who is buried under a surging mass of humanity, that never ceases to trample over him, till his heart fails, and his head throbs, and his eyes grow dim. This is the "missionary business" that the Japanese booked him for, "in order to eat and live."

His dinner was brought in on a little table, such as is used in Korea, and he ate with chopsticks, while numberless curiosity-seekers circled about watching him, and passed remarks on his manner of eating. The East requires you to chew with audible satisfaction, and to make smacking signs of appreciation, and this Willis failed to do. He quietly supplied the needs of hunger, and then resumed his task of meeting all that called on him.

For variety, he used occasionally to take a walk, where he could escape the crowd and creep out along the city wall to a high peak on which a temple stood. Here he would sit on an overhanging point, and watch the great river wind its way off towards the sea. His thoughts would wander home to the hills and rivers of his native land, and to a face there, young, thoughtful, and pretty; a face that in spite of all he could do would come before his eyes; but when such moments came overwhelmingly, he would turn his back on them and quiet his soul.

How to take this citadel and the northland of Korea, was the plan and purpose of his thought. That was the first point to be won, that tangle of low huts, with warp and woof of tile and thatch. Now that he was out on the hill, word had gone abroad that the American was to be seen. Groups of people, distinguishable in white, gathered at all points of view. From many directions, too, there would be a rush of men and boys, hurrying to get near this curious stranger, that had come to live in town.



“WATCH THE GREAT RIVER WIND ITS WAY OFF
TOWARD THE SEA”

But there was little incivility or rudeness, and no attempt at stone-throwing.

Ping-yang, three thousand years of age, was watching this citizen of a new republic, desirous to know what kind of man he was. Already it said, "He is gentle and well-behaved; he does not drink, or keep a disorderly house. He is not a bad man except for the peculiar doctrine that he talks of. True he is to be pitied for being born a barbarian, which is not his fault."

One afternoon as Willis, on his way home, turned into the street leading from the East Gate, he found it blocked by a crowd of men viewing a fearful fight that was going on between two Koreans. Each had the other by the top-knot, and a tug-of-war was in process, after the manner of Oriental savagery. One man, hard-visaged, thick-jawed, stout-built, was called Ko, centurion, once dumb, now able to speak; the other, no less forbidding, was taller, and if anything, more powerful. "Smack" went a blow of the open hand on the cheek; "thud," said a kick, straight from the thigh, that staggered the tall man and made him catch for breath. "Y-o-u-r M-o-t-h-e-r . . ." says Ko, muttering between his teeth an oath in the Korean language, and giving a second foot-blow into the pit of the stomach, like the kick of a horse, so that the long man let go and toppled over against the wall.

Just then Willis caught Ko by the arm, held him back and said, "Why fight?" If Ko had met the spirit from the shrine on the hill, he could not have been more cowed than he was when collared by this tall American.

The people made way, while Willis marched him along to the house under the tiled veranda, where the plaster had fallen from the wall.

"What is your name?" asked Willis.

There was no answer, and before Willis could get him inside he had twisted himself free, and was off down the street.

On into the night his room was the rendezvous for all classes. Men with Mongol thoughts and fetid breath sat cross-kneed about him, shouting all manner of useless questions, over and over, proposing that he measure his strength of arm with them, asking for his hat and boots to try on.

By force of pressure he would finally clear the room, and make fast the door by passing the iron ring over the pin. Then his stout, round-faced boy, Black Dragon (*Kam-yong-ee*), would come to spread his mat on the heated floor.

"Master," says he, "these people who call on you and stay all day are low down Koreans, not a gentleman among them; I wish they would not come."

"No?" said Willis. "But I want to meet all and tell all of them how God loves them, and wants them to listen to Him, besides He wants you too, Dragon, do you know that?"

"Oh, yes, I'll do anything the master says. To-morrow I'll sit in front and say, 'Master's gone out,' and then they'll go away."

The Dragon was fifteen years old though he looked only about twelve. He had a long queue of hair down his back, plaited like a girl, that left a grease streak along the spinal column of his white jacket. He was a faithful Korean boy was the Dragon, and would lie all day long if it could in any way help his master.

Besides the Dragon there was the language teacher, Mr. You, who came every day to help. He was very vain,

and very empty, but peculiarly faithful within the limits of his narrow world. He would sit on the floor beside Willis and tell him words the livelong day, when the crowds kept out, *choso* (good), *chochanso* (bad), *pap* (rice), *tone* (money), *pap mugusso* (I ate my rice), *tone chuosso* (I paid the money).

Mr. You and the Dragon and Willis always had prayer together before they stretched out on the hot floor to sleep. This night Willis read from his Testament in Korean: "But—I—to—you—say, your—enemies—love—and—for—your—persecutors—pray, if—so—you—do, your—Heavenly—Father's—children—you—will—be, for—He—makes—the—sun—on—the—good—and—on—the—bad—to—shine, and—rain—to—the—righteous—and—unrighteous—gives."

The close stifling room, with its microscopic armies crawling forth to wage war on the sleepers, was all a part of the fight, on which Willis had staked everything.

IV

THE TONG-HAKS

THERE are but few earthquakes in Korea, once or twice in ten years' time foundations have been felt to palpitate slightly and then regain composure, but a heaving up with houses and chimneys dancing is unknown. Japan has a monopoly of such seismic caperings. There are, however, mental upheavals common to the peninsula, that shake the fabric of state from end to end, until rumor runs wild and men are almost crazed with fear. One of these was the Tong-hak insurrection. *Tong* means East, and *hak* means learning, or teaching, the Teaching of the East, to offset the Teaching of the West, that was already making itself felt in and about the cities of Ping-yang and Seoul.

In a lonely village among the hills of Whang-hă a group of dark visaged Orientals have met to celebrate the rites of Tong-hak. They had had a brush with the soldiers of the capital, and half their number had been killed or scattered. They had thought they were bullet proof, and had danced and prayed themselves into ecstatic madness, but once in line with whistling Mausers, they found that all their tablets and spells counted for nothing. Old Whang had been left doubled up in the dust, eyes glazed, and bleeding at the mouth. Shin was hit through the shoulder but had escaped, and was lying in a corner of the room bemoaning his fate, with cuttlefish, flies, and willow buds plastered on the wound. A

lot of them had been taken prisoners, and were locked up in the magistrate's Yamen five miles distant.

"I tell you," says Captain Pang, "there is no help for us but to get aid from China. I'll start to-morrow with this lad and make the journey, with the assistance of the gods, and we'll win yet," and they all said, "Let us pray." They jumped about the room too, calling on the god to come down, "Come down!"

But there was little spiritual enjoyment, and Captain Pang was evidently under a cloud. They had had a day of cold steel and lead, and it had been an eye-opener to some, and an eye-shutter to others. They had been taught, and truly believed, that they were invulnerable, and lo, the spell was broken.

Pang's proposal to go to China seemed poor consolation to those who expected to be hounded out next day by the King's soldiers and shot like badgers, but he persisted, the god at last came down and they all agreed.

Along the mountainside and through a gap in the hills, a narrow path crawled off into the moonlight and the distance, away to the end of the plain, where was the town of Ul-chung. Here in the Yamen ten Tong-haks were locked up awaiting trial next day. It is past midnight and already the roosters are crowing here and there. Haggard faces move dimly about. The guards had little sleep, for the day before had seen a battle with the Tong-haks, and no one knew but what the morning would bring hordes of them from the hills to rob, murder and pillage. In the prison, the ten captives, some wounded, some unscathed lie scattered about on the wooden floors stolid, stupid, indifferent, dead as logs of wood to their actual surroundings and conditions. Here is a man who was captain, a friend of Pang's, his name

is Chu. On the other side, flung out on the floor, lies a prisoner who, a moment later, sits up, wipes his eye and looks about him. It is Ko, the centurion. What brings him here? Is he a Tong-hak? No! Ko is in prison for the reasons which the reader shall know later on.

"What's your name?" asks Ko.

"An," says Chu.

"Are you a Tong-hak?"

"By no means."

"Then how came you here?"

"Why, I was coming through the woods yesterday, and soldiers caught me and I am here."

"You never did it?" [Tong-hak], asks Ko.

"Never! But what's your name?" asks Chu.

"My name is Ko," was the reply.

"What were you run in for?"

"Nothin'."

A few hours later, Mr. Yan, an officer of the third degree, dressed in robes of silk and shining headgear, was having breakfast, seated on his embroidered cushions with screens behind him, and odd boxes piled up in the corners of the room, somewhat ornamental, somewhat disorderly in appearance.

He was soft-handed, silk-textured, exquisite, immaculate. How such a perfectly ordered human being could be possible for a land of mud like Korea, seems a mystery.

There were no prayers in the Yamen to be said, or other religious exercises that take time, for Mr. Yan is a Confucianist, and prays only to his ancestors on certain set days of the year. He washed his mouth out with salt water, and had his pipe prepared by one of the many attendants. "Iree-o-ne-ra!" [Come here!] he roared out

in a voice that seemed all out of proportion to his silk and satin physique, and was answered by "Yea-a-a!" A couple of Yamen-runners [official police] instantly appeared, and stood like statues before him.

"Bring out those Tong-haks," said he, "one by one," and Captain Chu is led forth from the prison.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

"What's your na-me?" repeated the writer at the door.

"Wat's yer NA-A-ME?" sang out the yamen-runners.

"My name is An," said Chu.

"Lay him out," said the magistrate.

"Lay him o-u-t," repeated the writer.

"Lay him OU-U-U-T!" roared the runners, and with a chorus of yells and yea-a-a-s, Chu is pinioned, his arms fastened behind, close up to the shoulder-blades, till his hollow chest reminds you of a puffer pigeon. His knees are tied, and his lower limbs are bound around the ankles. Ko, the centurion, is watching him through the prison bars. They thrust a stick through the chink of the lower limbs and pry till the tibia and fibula bend and crack from pressure. "Ya-a-a!" yelled the prisoner. "Kill me, kill me."

"Now, what's your name?"

"I-go! I-go! Chu, Chu. Whew!"

Snap go the leg bones, and the wail of despair that goes up from the prisoner, makes the cold sweat go down Ko's back.

Chu is tossed aside to think over his sins and his broken legs, while, one by one, his comrades come out and share his fate. When all are tortured, by ways and means indescribable, they are dragged to a hill and beheaded—a warning to evil-doers, their heads being hung in the sun, and their bodies left to the ravens.

Ko swears that if ever he gets out of prison he will never get in again. What he had witnessed gave him no relish for Tong-hak, and the cracking of the bones sounded in his soul.

Captain Pang had persuaded his friends and family that he could get troops from China. With one dollar and a half in his pocket, he and his servant make their way over the hills and out into the plains of North Whang-hǎ. His real plan was to escape eastward to the mountains of Kang-wun and hide, but as the dollar and a half began to vanish away, he grew anxious over their future. How were they to live? He had heard of *pyuk-gok*, living without eating, but he had no books to teach him how it was attained to. He must find out *pyuk-gok* at all costs. As he thought over and over the possible ways to learn this doctrine, he remembered that he had a cousin living near the Tatong River, who had had to do with some strange teaching or other, but whether it included *pyuk-gok* or not, he did not know. His cousin's place too was out of their line of march, but hunger drives men fast and far, and ere the day closed, he was on his way to his cousin's. He arrived at the gate, which was merely an opening in the corn stalk paling, and saw dropped at the door of the guest-room, a pair of black leather shoes, with strings and holes, such as he had never seen before. They were not like Chinese shoes, much better made, evidently belonging to some stranger from another world. The shoes alarmed and discouraged him, and he was on the point of turning away, when *pyuk-gok* came to mind. He coughed, as they do in Korea, instead of rapping at the door. Out came his cousin with glad, shining face.

Pang, in haste, scarcely greeted him before he asked,



PUNISHING AN INSURRECTIONIST

“Do you know of *pyuk-gok*, or does it belong to the doctrine you have been studying? If so let me have it; if not, I must go at once.”

“*Pyuk-gok?*” repeated the cousin. “No! no! That’s all our old Korean superstition; there’s no such thing, but there is better than that, come and see the Western Teacher.”

“No!” said Pang, “I want *pyuk-gok* or nothing, no barbarian shall talk to me.”

But the cousin’s kindly words prevailed, and Captain Pang, Tong-hak, outlaw, dropped his string shoes beside the black leather foot-gear of the Westerner and stepped in.

Willis rose to greet him, slight and tall, with his whitish hair, that Pang put down to age and infirmity.

They spoke according to the manner of the East. “How old are you?” asked Pang.

“Twenty-five,” said Willis.

“But your hair is white, I thought you were seventy. I am forty-five myself.”

Pang listened to many words that night, and also read through a Chinese book called “The Gate of Wisdom and Virtue,” for he was a rebel captain and could read. Death, and fear, and peace, and joy, were all patched together in one book, and not a word about how a man was to get his rice.

But Willis looked sincere and true, and his words did not sound like Korean lies, so that Pang was mystified. “I shall follow,” said he, “and see the end. If I am arrested and die, why I die.”

V

SIR JAMES

ANOTHER Tong-hak dragged his way through the woods and down to the seashore. He had been shot in the arm, and he called on his mother and the gods to save him. "For my sins," he wailed, "here I am dead, oh, mother!"

There were junks tied at the village landing, one ready to sail towards the capital. Grimy with blood and earth, the crawling fugitive made application to the skipper. The latter, a fat bronze-faced Korean, looked with suspicion at the bandaged arm and marks of blood. "Plenty of Tong-haks these days," said he.

"So they say," said the wounded man. "I have heard of them but haven't seen. My wound is from a tiger. I was gathering wood for my old mother, me and my boy, and just on the edge of the Bill Rocks a mountain chief sprang on the lad, and in my efforts to save him I was wounded; but the boy is dead, alas! alas! he is dead, dead," and real tears rolled down his face. "He was all I had, so I desire to die too. I shall die."

This was a good man who loved his mother, and had risked his life to save his boy, thought the skipper. "Why do you wish to go to the capital?" he asked.

"For no other reason," said the Tong-hak. "There is a foreign man there who knows how to heal wounds, and has also medicine for mountain lords. I must get strength to kill this devil-beast, then I die in peace."

The skipper took him on board, and over the waste of the Yellow Sea they sailed away.

The arm pained him, but not the lie. He had been shot by the soldiers, and chased headlong, blinded and bewildered through the woods. His was only an ordinary lie, such as the Far East deals in, as it does in fans and head ornaments,—something necessary to the eternal fitness of things. There is no conscience left, east of the sixtieth meridian, that would tick off such a lie as this. It is just an ordinary, plain, every-day, common kind of lie, such as all indulge in, and all believe.

Soon, for that was his name, can still see the sand banks as they rolled up that afternoon when the tide went out, great sickening sand banks. All the crabs and crawling things seemed to have been shot through the arm for their sins' sake, and were suffering agony. He does not know how he found his way to the government hospital, or who helped him. He had offered his head-band as fare, but the skipper said, "Never mind, pay me later."

Bruce, whose name was already known far and wide, was the one he sought. Perhaps fear of detection had overcome Soon's fear of the foreigner, and the mystery that enshrouded him. Here he was, with his arm plastered with refuse, swollen, dogged by pains, and fearful as to smell; and now his eyes rested upon Bruce, the keen-visaged but kindly Westerner. Here were knives and glittering implements, and many soft and surprising odors.

Bruce inquired as to how long.

"Five days."

"How did it happen?"

Soon, ready with a new invention, said he had fallen over the edge of the Bill Rocks and struck on a sharpened snag.

"You fell on the Bill Rocks, did you?" said the doctor, "and then the Bill Rocks shot you through the arm. What kind of guns do the Rocks carry?"

Dear me, thought Soon, he knows that I have been shot and his eyes are looking right through me. I'll confess. "The soldiers shot me, but I wasn't a real Tong-haker."

"You were just helping them?" said Bruce, as he examined the arm.

"Yes," said the man, "but please spare me."

Blood poisoning had set in, and Soon's days seemed numbered. Rapidly knives and instruments were got ready, all antiseptically clean, in the land that advocates filth for healing, and Soon remembers going off into a spiritual existence, where he wandered very far from his mortal body.

At last he came back; he had had a dream and was rested now; his arm was gone and the pain. Here was Bruce, the wonderful Western man, with his hand on his pulse and a peculiar glass, spirit-charm, no doubt, under his tongue. How quiet he felt and safe!

There were others in the ward, all Koreans, who looked for a call or a word of encouragement from Bruce. His name was everywhere, for he was a very great man and waited on the king, but he had time for coolies and low class men, too. Soon did not know why this should be. He took his treatment each day, ate the food given him, and grew more and more to wonder as the "great man" (*tǎ-in*) came by. "I don't dare to lie," said Soon, "or he'll look right through me."

A month spent in the ward had resulted in Soon's full conviction that Bruce was a man to be revered, on account of his wisdom and superior excellence. He saw

no flaws. This surgeon was perfection. Later, he went north to sing his praises. "He had to take my arm off," said Soon, "and he did it, and it never hurt me; besides, he left the spiritual fingers undamaged, for I feel them still—there they are," and he pointed to where his hand should be. All over the north word was being passed regarding the excellent physician.

Korea is a land that has no newspapers that tell of the doings in the capital. Rumor and hearsay are all the natives have to depend on, and the rapidity with which these fly is truly surprising. A postal express could scarcely outdo them. In interest and picturesqueness, it would fall far behind. All the way to the outskirts of the empire speeds the word from tongue to tongue, growing in intensity, as the miles increase. If it is a good story, before it reaches the far north it is intensely good, embellished by the best hands at story-telling, each one of whom, as he passes it on, adds his touch at ornamentation and heightening of color; if the story is bad it grows unspeakably vile long before two hundred miles are covered. So rumor may sweep over the Far East on angel wing; or again, it may flap by like Abbadon, forked, and winged and tailed. Rumors were afloat about Willis, and about Bruce the doctor.

The latter rode an immense horse, higher than the houses of Seoul; he had taken off a man's head and put it on again. He was civilized and did not eat human flesh like the rest of the foreign barbarians, though he must be sorely tempted by his calling. All the country people who listened said he was a "number one" man. The King had honored him. He had ridden through the central gates into the palace. He was now *Champan* Bruce, and wore the insignia of knighthood; with his

jade and gold buttons he guided his horse through forbidden archways and fraternized with royalty, yet lent his ear kindly to the old hawing woman, with cracked voice and wrinkled jaw. What a strange being he was! He was greater than Willis, yes, for he had rank, as well as moral excellence. Willis had no rank and no horse, nothing but a spotted dog, and he did not know how to lance even a boil, not to speak of sewing on a man's head.

Rumor has usually some elements of truth and so in this case. There were truly wonderful feats of surgery, that stood out startlingly in this unclean, unscientific world. It is true Bruce rode a fine horse, who arched his neck and bore himself like a conqueror among the kicking, squealing, jingling native ponies. It was true the King had honored him. So many times within the palace his cheery voice was heard, and so many substantial benefits and assurances had come from him, that even Oriental majesty was grateful, and, on a certain evening, Bruce was summoned to the palace. All the officers of state were there, the Prime Minister, Foreign and Home Secretaries, decked out in robes innumerable, layer on layer, and color over color. In this atmosphere, intensified by Pagoda lanterns and hangings of the Farthest East, his majesty received Bruce, smiled and said, "We ignorant ones here, in our Eastern Kingdom, have only just made our first acquaintance with the honored sojourners from the noble West. We have looked upon and admired their wisdom and exalted virtue. Chief among them, however, with whom none can compare, is our excellent physician, Peruse, who understands the elements of the human frame, and the emotions and thoughts that underlie it; whose knife cuts but gives no pain; whose medicines are pleasant to the taste, yet effi-

cacious ; who has worn himself out in our service. We desire to confer upon him the insignificant order of *Champan*. As he rides his tall horse let all the people do him homage, knight of the Eastern Empire."

Bruce thanked them in his quiet and appreciative manner, and then had pinned upon him the gold and jade buttons, with other insignia of the order. From now on, he was *Champan* Bruce, or Sir James, you might call him, physician to the court, and to all the poor diseased incurables who chose to come flocking to him, occupying his time, and claiming him for their service.

In the line of visitors there were occasionally princes and members of the royal clan, but the daily average of Sir James' acquaintance fell far below zero in the social scale, lepers, creatures dogged by incurable disorder, with twisted and bleared faces, wending their way mecca-ward in search of help and deliverance.

He was always patient. Those he couldn't cure he cheered. He was a friend to all the world.

"What is the reason you do this for us?" asks the man from the north.

"Do you know Willis?" inquires Sir James.

"Yes, everybody knows him," was the reply.

"Then go to Willis, and he will tell you why I've come ; go and ask him and listen very carefully to his words. There is more in his words than in my work."

"But you are greater than Willis, he is not a knight," said the far-north man.

"All my wish, and all my work," replied Sir James, "is to incline you to hear his words," and the crowd went home with their faces towards Willis.

VI

KIM'S VICTORY

ONE of the men who had seen Sir James and remembered his words, called on Willis. The Dragon announced with a look of disgust, that there was a man at the door.

Willis, who was alone, said, "Let him in!"

The stranger was thin, and spare, with refined Eastern face, tanned and marked somewhat with the lights and shades of troubled fortune. He was quiet and gentlemanly, and from the first gave an impression of sincerity, his look being that of an honest man. After the salutation of peace he told Willis that he was a school-teacher, named Kim, acquainted by hearsay with the doctrine, anxious to know it definitely. He had come also to ask why he had left his home and what was his purpose in this life of exile.

"It centres," said Willis, "in a man named Jesus, who proved to be God."

"When did he live?" asked Kim.

"Eighteen hundred years ago, in Judea, an Eastern land lying beyond China and Persia."

"And your sacred books?" asked Kim.

"*Sin-Koo-Yak*" [Old and New Testaments], said Willis.

"How do they differ?"

"The Old was written many years ago, pointing to His coming; the New tells what He did when on earth, and how we ought to live."

Willis talked to him earnestly, tenderly, and read many passages. Kim watched every line of expression, anxious to know, not so much what he said, as the man himself. Why should it make any difference to this foreigner whether he, a Korean, believed or not? What was this strange doctrine that set men out hunting men?

"Have the women any part in this?" asked Kim.

"Women have souls and spirits too, haven't they?" inquired Willis. "Christ came to save them; read this, and this, and this."

"I always thought women had no souls. And coolies and hired laborers?"

"Coolies too, all are alike before God," was the answer.

Kim was astounded, he, a Confucianist, had offered his sacrifices and said his prayers faithfully, but it never dawned on him before, so monstrous was his pride, that coolies and women could count with God. True he had a wife, and rather liked her, but she was his servant, and not a real person; as for mutual love and equality it was absurd.

"But it must be," said Willis, without a falter in his tone. "God demands it. On these great questions, He leaves no deciding to us. Former teaching or custom must give way when He appears. Come," said he, "enter into His kingdom, and bring your wife with you. Kneel beside her when you pray, read with her when you read these words, and your little home will be a palace."

Kim had a conscience, and it responded, but his mind said, "I'd be ashamed to be seen praying and reading with my wife."

"How about ancestors?" asked Kim. "Our custom

is to sacrifice to the tablets, may we do that still?" asked he.

"Suppose we bow our heads right now," said Willis, "and ask God to have us do what's right."

"I wish," said the Dragon to himself, "that master wouldn't do this kind of prayin', askin' the God to bless all kinds of people. If he would only set up like an official and keep some style going!" Such were the Dragon's mutterings, as he bustled about Willis' evening meal over a charcoal fire. He could boil potatoes, prepare rice cake mixed with meat, and make biscuit; but the Dragon's course in cooking had been continued largely under his own inspiration, so that the dishes he evolved from his trowsled consciousness were varied and wonderful. Willis took what came without question, often in an absent-minded way, his thoughts being strangely elsewhere. The low mud room had grown familiar to him, with the embroidered mat stretched along one end of the heated floor. His dining table, round in shape, was one foot high and two in diameter, provided with spoon and chopsticks. The boy Dragon, his chief piece of furniture, was almost as broad as long, dressed in white clothes, padded thickly. His trousers were enormous, wide at the waist, baggy all the way down and tied at the ankles. The Dragon was clean, for a Korean boy, he was proud also, and swore by his master.

Kim had gone home. That night he called his wife and said, "Look here, wife, I've been to see the foreigner to-day, and it is just as the physician told me, I believe his religion is true."

The little woman with doll face and glossy hair gave a startled look, and said, "You believe it? You are unsettled in your mind by looking into such things. Keep

away from it I beg you. A religion that is reviled by every one how can it be true?"

"As sure as I live," said Kim slowly and thoughtfully, "it is true."

"And give up your ancestors," said she, "and the gods who care for us? It means our destruction. Why did you go there? Ula!" and she began to cry. "I-go!"

It was a dreary night at Kim's. He tried to pray, but he did not know how, and there were no words. The long hours wore by and neither slept.

In the early morning, in a dreamy half-unconscious way, she prepared his breakfast which he ate off his little round table in his room, she by herself out in the kitchen.

After breakfast, without any word to her husband, she put on a clean white skirt and head cloak, took twenty *yang* [eighty cents], and left the house. Let us follow her out of the city and away up the valley through a narrow gorge, in and out among the hills, her feet toiling up the pathway, till she comes to a tiled house that rests in a secluded nook among the rocks and rollers of the mountainside. This is a temple of the Buddha. She is a Confucianist, but all Confucianists in Korea resort to the help of the Indian god in times of distress and danger. The priests and the old woman of the temple met her at the gate.

Said she, "I have come to pray to the Buddha, make ready eighty cents worth."

At once there was scurrying about the kitchen. Bowls of rice were made ready, then brought in and put on the table before the gilded god. Candles, too, were lighted, and the officiating priest put on his robes of scarlet and purple.

"What is your desire?" asked he.

“To save my husband from the heresy, that is taught by the foreigner in the city.”

“So!” said the priest.

The prayers were rattled off with the rapidity of an electric wheel, all in Sanscrit, so that the reader of this chapter will understand the meaning quite as well as the priest did, or Mrs. Kim. It was interspersed, as you notice in brackets, with beating of drums, bells, gongs, cymbals, all intended to keep the Buddha awake, the sleepy old god whose ears are of brass. The noises are terrific. “Ah-h-h!” said the priest, while Mrs. Kim bowed her head before the idol, (Koang-Koang) “*soo-sooree-saba, soo-sooree-saba*” (boom-boom), *om-tooree-cheema, om-tooree-cheema* (jang-jang, jang-jang) *soo-sooree-saba* (pink-pink, pink-pink) *sa-manee-manta, sa-manee-manta* (bang-bang, bang-bang) *soo-sooree-saba, soo-sooree-saba* (Koang-Koang) *om-manee-panme-hum, om-manee-panme-hum* (jang, boom, koang-koang, pink, bang-bang) for three-quarters of an hour, and so she purchased eighty cents worth of Buddhistic prayer in behalf of her husband, who had turned his back upon the gods.

Kim, meanwhile, had gone in despair to Willis. How about his wife? “Have no anxiety,” said Willis. “Search your book with prayer in your heart to God, and then act just as you see it tells you. Be kind, and tender, and patient, and she’ll come.”

They prayed again for the wife, who was busy praying for them, and Kim took courage and went home.

In the evening he said, “wife, come and sit by me and listen to this.” She refused, so he read from Matthew, out loud enough for her to hear:

“The one who has no selfish plans in mind, is blessed, hers is the kingdom of heaven.

"She who weeps sore is blessed, she will be comforted.

"The kind and tender one is blessed, his is the land.

"Those who are hungry and thirsty to do right are blessed and shall be satisfied.

"The merciful are blessed and will find mercy.

"The clean-hearted ones are blessed, and by and by will see God."

Kim's wife was struck by these words, read from the Yaysoo (Jesus) book. They sank into her heart with a note that rang different from *soo-sooree-saba*. Her womanly curiosity was aroused. Surely there was no evil omen attending such words as these. She would sit down by his side and listen.

"Ask and He'll give you," said the Book. "Knock and He'll open to you. If you, who are sinners, know how to give good things to your little ones, will not your Father, who lives in heaven, give better things still to those who ask Him? But the gate to heaven is small, and the way is narrow, and not many find it."

Just like the road to the temple, thought she.

Kim read on, "The man or woman who listens to My voice and obeys its sound, is like the wise one, who built his house on a rock. The rainy season came, the river water, and the wind blew and beat, but the house stood firm, because it was built upon a rock."

"Who says this?" asked Mrs. Kim.

"Jesus," was the answer, "and he is *Hananim*, God."

"I'm so afraid," said she, "but can we find more about Him?" And so they sat, these two, who had never before been equal, or had interests in common, with their heads bowed over the Book, night after night.

Who can touch off the mystery of that transformation, world-wide in its wonder, the never-ending miracle? If

you, my reader, could be transferred from America or England, to the little home under the thatch, where Kim and his wife, bending over the Book, learned to know and love each other, you would grant that Willis' mission on earth was not in vain.

“So blinded was I,” said Mrs. Kim, “that I even prayed to the idol Buddha.”

VII

KO IN PRISON

WHY was Ko in prison, viewing the torture with the cold sweat gathering on his back? In Korea the ancestral grave is everything, it constitutes a man's capital, his health, his sons and daughters, his eternal welfare. Graves are mightier here than creeds are at home, mightier than the sword. Touch them not, unless you wish to rouse the furies, or bite the dust on the execution ground.

But Ko had not been tampering with graves, he had been visiting Yu's house, trying to get Yu's wife to elope with him, she being half inclined to yield, only fear held her. Ko had watched his chance and called to urge his proposals. Yu was away; no one knew where, and the night was dark. Suddenly a footfall sounded on the creaking snow, and Ko made a dash for the kitchen to hide, while the door opened and in came Yu breathless, unaware of the thief who would steal his wife. Says he, "On with your clothes at once and come."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Yu.

"Matter enough, not my fault though! On with your coat. I went with Chung and Ku who asked me to help them steal a grave site on Tablet Hill, and just as we got the body up the owners got after us. I struck one fellow on the back with the pick-axe and he is dead. Get yourself wrapped up now quick as the runners are after me."

Ko, listening, heard all that passed, his teeth chattering with guilty fear.

"On with your cloak," shouted Yu, seeing his wife delay.

"But I cannot, so dark and cold; where will we go?" and she began to cry.

"You can't?" says Yu, drawing his knife. "One murder more won't count. On with your cloak or I'll drive this into you."

His words meant death. She saw it, and hastily donning her coat, stepped out into the night.

Ko followed, and when they were passing the market square he shouted, as only a Korean can shout, "Where's the murderer going? Catch him!"

Yu dropped his wife, with other impedimenta, and fled. Ko carried off his prize in triumph; the gods had favored them, cleared away their barriers, and made them happy.

But there is an inexorable law working underneath this sleepy land of Korea, which is, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Ko's house was founded on grave desecration and murder, and its fruits could never be sweet; soon it fell, and great was the fall thereof. Other tempters came by to steal this wife of his, and Ko discovered it. There was a settlement such as one often hears on dark nights in the Hermit Land, the screams of a woman, the heavy thud, thud, thud of the husband's horse-kick dealing out vengeance, cruel as death, and only as the East is cruel.

"You'd try that game with me, would you?" interspersed with blow on blow.

"Kill me, oh, kill me," she screamed.

The chief of the Yamen hears the row, but pays no

attention. "Some woman getting her deserts." No one interferes and the process is carried through. When kicked insensible, Ko takes coarse scissors and cuts off her hair, branding her with disgrace and ruin. She finally becomes a Yamen slave and he is free.

He had tried a hand at all kinds of work, and at last fell to peddling persimmons, borrowing enough money to start him on his way. He was in the town of Kangwha, where, near the East Gate, he came on a group of men gambling. The cash passed from hand to hand, and lively was the interest. Ko watched, and his mouth watered to take part in the game.

"Let me have a hand," said he, all his persimmon money requisitioned for the deal.

One hour went by, an hour of hope and despair, one moment up in the third heaven, the next perspiring from agony. Little by little the cash bits took their departure, and Ko was left penniless.

"Lend me a start," he said appealingly to the winner; "just enough to set me on my feet with persimmons."

"Lend you?" said the winner in a high-pitched key. "By all the gods of heaven and earth, if you want money come and win it, you craven-livered offspring."

Both men were up and glaring at each other.

"If you don't want to lend the money say so," said Ko, "but stop your *yoĕ*" (insult).

This drove the winner into Oriental frenzy.

"I curse you, your mother, and . . ."

Before the sentence was finished, Ko had made a stroke in which North Koreans excel. Dropping his head like a butting-ram, he cleared the earth and went smash into the visage of the winner, splitting his sensibilities, and felling him like a slaughtered beef. From

the flattened nose there came forth blood, and arms and legs lay prone.

"Hello!" said the onlookers, "this is a Ping-yang-ite; see him butt!" and they circled around Ko to catch him frontwise, and on the flank. Ko's knife was out.

"Any one who wants to taste of this blade, come on," said he.

Gradually he backed away and made his escape; but the fever of the game was on him and play he must.

His sacrificial season came round, and he repaired to the town of Ne-chung, where he was to make his offering. All the friends and relatives, as is the custom in the East, came, some of them a hundred miles and more to this Irish wake. There was food and drink in abundance. Ko had borrowed every cash piece that went for the spread, and all was ready, as Confucian tenets require. He had on heavy sackcloth and the ropes tied round his waist and head were most filial like, but the time of offering was cock-crow of the morning, and there was an hour or two to spare. There was some borrowed cash left over, and so out came a pack of cards, and a group squatted in the corner gambling. Again Ko's heap of pieces went one by one. His relations remonstrated.

"To gamble like this on sacrificial night, 'tis awful; the ancestral gods will smite you."

"Aw! shut up," said Ko, and went at it fiercer and more vehemently than ever. Still the cash faded away and perspiration gathered in agonizing drops.

Cock-crow called the worshippers to this most solemn of all Korea's exercises.

"Here," said Ko, "take the rope and these rags," flinging off his sackcloth, "anybody that likes, I'm going to finish this game."

The meeting broke up in horror, people were speechless at this son of perdition, who played games while his Father's spirit waited to be propitiated. The magistrate heard of it, and Ko was locked up in jail, whence he looked out on the fate of the Tong-haks.

VIII

PLUM AND OTHER WESTERNERS

IT was a red letter day in the history of the far North, when Plum the Westerner arrived. He was short, and round, with a baldish head, and a sociable face. He could tell a whole story simply by playing mysterious waves of light and shadow over his countenance. The street urchins would watch and hum about him when they beheld the sweetness of his expression, or they would dodge round corners and peer at him over mud walls, when he changed into the likeness of an ogre. They studied his face and his moods. It was marvellous to them how his mouth and ears seemed to change places, the tufts too on each side of his head would go up and down. He was good in heart, true and trustworthy, and desired the welfare of the people quite as much as Willis did, but he had a bent for the ridiculous that would not down, and that often gave him pain. Sometimes his face betokened deep repentance and sorrow. He evidently mourned for having made all the people laugh, but ere another day had passed, there were sure to be outbursts of hilarity in the neighborhood of Plum.

Willis seemed unconscious of it. When his attention was specially called, he did see and smile; but in most cases he lived in a quiet world, seemingly to himself.

A few nights after the arrival of Plum, a street fight took place just in front of Willis' hut. As usual with Koreans, it was a fearful noisy affair, mixed with awful

oaths and threatenings. Insults were added, angels appealed to, streams of invective poured forth, eyes aglare, veins distended, and the whole being ready to burst, both participants keyed up to the same tone and throwing off about a million vibrations to the second.

Willis had quietly taken hold of Ko when he fought and walked him off, but Plum's methods were not of that kind. He watched this fight for a little, and as the fury grew great he could hold himself in no longer. Out he flew between them, up into the air he bounced, his tufts standing on end. Round he went whirling, his face looking like all the furies and his arms and legs flying.

The crowd was spellbound. In the rounds of its mortal existence no such custom had ever been known before. The combatants, too, were paralyzed. They had no idea where they left off the fight, nor any notion about where to begin again, so they walked meekly away in different directions, and left Plum the centre of attraction.

"Don't fight," screamed Plum, "it's a nasty custom, see how I look;" and he went through the various tableaux of a Korean fisticuff to perfection, while all the crowd laughed wildly.

There were many informal conferences held regarding these strangers. Groups in the inns discussed them, their manners, appearance, behavior, and moral qualities. In one of the gathering places of Ping-yang on a certain evening there were assembled many elderly Koreans, with long pipes, sleek topknots and voluminous trousers. They were exceedingly respectable looking, and might have given dignity to a Hague conference. The subject up for discussion was Westerners, the men from beyond the seas, *Yang-in*. They were very uncouth in their bear-

ing, witness the example of the man Plum, whose behavior was marvellous to behold. He had been seen riding a "go-of-itself" [bicycle] with one leg at the horizontal, and the other down on the *cho-wha* [the moving principle]. He could talk Korean amusingly, and was kindly disposed for he had helped a poor old couple through the winter, and had spent much money in alms. He advocated the same doctrine as Willis did, but had interspersed it with many capers. He was a *Koang-ki-chan-un* man [he would do]. But there was Puffsnauber now who lived in the port. He was a brute, he had horse-whipped his servant, simply because he had eaten some of the leavings from his table—most shameful. He seemed to be a vulgar man, who had no proper manners. He drank much *sool* [spirit], and swore bad oaths. He was a stench in the nostrils of a decent folk like Koreans, "but you can't expect these benighted barbarians to be civilized." The horse-whipped boy reported far and wide the unspeakable doings in the home of Puffsnauber.

Then there was another man called Wintershine, who went about with eight dogs, only six now; some spotted, some ringstraked, some all ears, with long bodies and dislocated legs. What about him, he had been having diplomatic correspondence regarding his dogs, had he not? "Yes," said one of the party, "I know all about it, listen to me."

"It was in the last turtle year that Wintershine lost his long dogs. The things had dislocated legs to start with, all four of them. You know old Koo the housebroker had had rats in his legs during the summer and had tried ten thousand remedies—ducks' tongues, centipede powders, extract of snake skin, but in vain. Dr. Quik of Ping-

yang, you know him, he stands high in his profession, he said brown dog would do it, chase all the rats; brown dog low-set and long, so that it could enter well into the legs, two would be necessary, one for each leg.

Koo the housebroker must live and attain to rest as to his legs. Search was made far and wide and at last Wintershine's two dachshunds were discovered to just fit the case. Boys and men tracked them with ropes and lassos, for old Koo had said, "Here is money, haste ye, be quick."

One day as Wintershine was returning from a walk, all the dogs tired, especially the dachshunds, who waddled along behind with dragging ears and drooped sabre tails, he passed the corner of a wood and made his way home. At the end of the journey he counted the dogs, six—no more. The terriers, the black satin dog, the pointers, the spaniel, all were here but Bill and Mary the thoroughbred dachshunds, they were missing.

At once search was made, one man had seen the dogs, their faces towards Seoul, pass over a hill, two miles to the south; another had seen them lying under a tree resting, just there to the left. Wintershine was wild, Lord Pole-evil had given him these dogs, and if it went to the Chancellor of the Exchequer he would have the thing settled. He offered five thousand cash reward, for any authentic information regarding the brown dogs.

At night a tap came at the door and in crawled a man with lanky face and loose whiskers. He looked to see that no one was by, and then told Wintershine in broken English,

"Old Koo, housebroker, you know, have long time rats inside his legs, no can get medicine. Doctor say must eat brown dog, chase rats, you no see, two piece

dog, one piece each leg. Master brown dog all same cooked. Just now old Koo drinkee much dog soup, rats all go away, plenty better."

Wintershine was a man of action. It was not twelve hours till he had Koo down on his face in the Yamen, strapped to a flogging-board, his aforesaid legs bare, and the bamboo being applied with a keenness that made the air tingle. Every morning for fifteen days Wintershine went down to see the application. The rats left at once, but certain crawling, stinging sensations overspread the outside of Koo's legs that took many days to heal.

This whole case was discussed and as for these people they could see no justice in it. What was the canine as compared with the human? Especially those long ugly dogs with dislocated legs; such a fuss! And to have Koo stripped and paddled, the wretched barbarian! Korea would never lift up its head till it got rid of the whole set of them.

Then Willis came up for review. He hadn't so many flaws, he was quiet, dignified, kind, considerate, but he taught the wickedness of god (*Ch'un-ju-ak*). If all were as he there might be fraternity and good feeling, he, of all the foreigners, was most like a Korean, the highest compliment they could pay.

The "Wickedness of God" referred to was a household phrase in the Hermit Kingdom. Roman Catholics, years before, in disguise as mourners, had crept into Korea and gone about calling their teaching *Ch'un-ju-hak* (The Learning of God.) They had been arrested as political suspects, and several of them had been beheaded, so that their remembrance was hateful to the orthodox Confucian, and a name suited to their character was devised for their teaching. Following a good old English



"CALLERS CAME DAILY TO WILLIS"

custom they simply dropped the "h" of *hak*, and called it *Ch'un-ju-ak*, the wickedness of God. With the masses that became the name of the Roman Catholic religion and continues to be the name till to-day.

So this council proceeded. The consuls too were spoken of, some were fair, some were bad. One had shipped away a load of Korean skulls recently,—for medicine, the assembly said. Doubtless they were all after Korean eyes, brain flesh and skulls, "than which there is nothing superior in the way of medicine."

What about Bruce? he was said to be most skillful. They hoped some day to see him and judge.

Callers came daily to Willis. Would he please explain first why Wintershine beat Koo fifteen times for the sake of those dogs? Was that one of the teachings of the doctrine? Did our people take anybody for wife and throw them away as they pleased? Why did Plum sometimes stand on his hands instead of his feet? Did he not think it wrong to carry a gun and shoot pheasants, and ducks and geese? Did these things not prove that this religion was no good?

With a patience that never wore thin or changed color, Willis answered, explained, and waited. Perhaps the hardest point to make clear was that an altogether pure gospel could proceed from a Western world that was anything but pure. A sample of that Western world was Puffsnauber, who was already a permanent quantity in the open port. He was florid of countenance, incoherent of speech, and massive in his manner. Tailors lacked capacity to fit him with ease, for his buttons, straps, and suspenders creaked and pulled from magnitude of pressure. He had spent his days among ships and so had gradually acquired the cut of a blue-painted cargo boat,

built for tonnage and capacity. His gait resembled its movings, and the repose with which he settled himself in his armchair constituted the dropping of the anchor.

He had built him a bungalow in a sheltered nook between the hills, with an outlook that commanded the harbor, fenced it round, planted a hedge, and dugged a wine-cellar.

His bungalow contained four rooms and a kitchen, and he was but a single man.

"Boy," said he to his head-servant, "you go, by and by, catch me one piece Yapanee vife."

"Vife! Vife! My no savez," answered the boy.

"You idiot, you no savez? Voman, missus, frau, all the same, von piece you pring me, geep mine house, makee chow-chow, be my vife."

The boy, thus directed, left the room, the unfathomable expression of the Far East written over his features.

Later on the same Puffsnauber sat inhaling Manila leaf from a deep-bowled German pipe. Yes, life was lonely for him, here was a whole bungalow and all to himself.

Scuff, scuff, scuff, sounded faintly in the distance. He was to have callers, for the glimmer of a red paper lantern appeared in the night, and a bevy of Japanese women came waddling along on wooden shoes. They knocked at Puffsnauber's garden gate, which roused the dog, and caused an uproar, ending at last in the entrance of the women, each bowing low and saying, "*Kom-ban-wa*" (good-evening).

Mr. Puffsnauber would have ventured the heaviest sea in Eastern waters without a fear possessing him, but to be brought face to face with polite ladies in the darkness of the night, was more than his highly-tuned system

could withstand. He blushed deeply and asked why they were come.

The eldest of the party bowed three times on hands and knees, and began, "It has been said in our degraded hearing, that the great man required for the carrying on of his honorable house, for the preparation of his most excellent fare, and for the overseeing of what pertaineth to his distinguished person, the services of a female, born of the dust, such as we. The humble speaker brings herewith three specimens of her ignominious offspring, any one of which she will let go as wife, servant, or slave, for ten dollars a month, and may the blessing of the immortal gods come down on the great Mr. Puffsnauber."

Puffsnauber grinned, and blushed and called his servant. "Boy, you make von pargain mit dis voman. What you tink is the best vife you catch for me. I will go and see somedings in the custom-house."

It was not long till the touch of a female hand showed itself in the expression of Puffsnauber's home. One room of the four had been fitted out in Japanese style, thick oblong mats lining the floor, with smaller ones here and there to sit on. A fire-box was in the middle, with the requisites on it for a Japanese tea. Over the lighted charcoal bent the dumpy figure of the new Mrs. Puffsnauber. She was dressed in silk according to the bundled fashion of the Far East, tied and wrapped in red, and drab, and yellow. Her hair, glossy and black, stood out in oiled loops and twists, while an armory of spears and pins ornamented it. Her face bore something of refinement, though broad for its length, and rather overmuch given to cheekbones. The almond eyes turned modestly up, slightly tilted at the corners. They wore an expres-

sion of meekness and smiling servility. Her cheeks were red, though of a different hue from those of Mr. Puffsnauber.

And now the family circle was complete, and the master, who had got himself over his shock, said in the deepest tones of the Rhineland, "If you vas a goot voman, I vill geep you always; if you vas not, I vill say all at vonce git out."

"Hai!" replied Mrs. Puffsnauber, bowing.

"You vill light mine pipe, and pring mine peer."

"Hai!"

"Plack mine poots."

"Hai!"

"Und come vhen you vas called."

"Ha-i-i-i!"

Canary birds sang in cages before Puffsnauber's home. Famous plants and flowers from Japan took root in his garden, bloomed and grew. Shade trees spread their leaves over the bungalow at the ministrations of the faithful Mrs. Puffsnauber. The master himself increased in size and importance, sleek of body and ferocious of disposition. He would recline under his shade trees and among his flowers smoking in massive splendor, or would rear up suddenly and say, "Vhy you not pring me von fan? Efery time I'm so hot you no pring me. Yapanee fool!"

Scuff, scuff, scuff, came the wooden shoes and the fan, and the submissive wife would pass it with both hands, respectfully, sometimes tearfully, saying, "Hai!"

This was but one case of many; already there existed the wild world of the open ports, not more wicked than great cities at home, but more open in its wickedness and influence on the morally frail peoples of the East. All

nationalities come shovelled in together, each ready to prove to the other how independent he can be of every restraint. No wonder fond mothers who dwell at home, are anxious about the darling boy who drifts away to the open ports around the one hundred and twentieth meridian.

The open port tells forth its gospel of lawlessness, all over the nation goes its breath, teaching every man to do what is right in his own eyes, it being understood that what pleases him is right. These are some of the mighty members in opposition to the lifting up of a fallen race. It takes many a Willis to counteract one open port.

Willis moved from place to place, teaching as opportunity offered, amid the jangling of conditions all about him. Once as he passed along the street into the custom-house, he was accosted by a tall, broad-shouldered British officer, captain of a man-of-war. After greeting, the captain said, "By the way, can you tell me if any of those Russian devils are about here?"

When he was satisfied on this point, he continued, "What are you doing in this outlandish corner of the world, may I ask?"

"I am a missionary," said Willis, "and am trying to do what I can to help this people."

"You are an American and a missionary," said the captain. "Pardon me, I like Americans, but I have no use at all for this missionary business. It makes the natives far worse than they were to begin with. I wouldn't have one of those converts aboard my ship."

Willis bowed and said, "Very well, captain, you are at liberty to do as you please about your ship. You know more about it, I imagine, than you do about missionary converts."

"All right," said the captain, "you may have them, you may have them," and walked off.

Captain Burge Watson, in one rough broadside, had done what he could to discourage Willis.

Three days later, the Dragon came in with large eyes to say that a very tall man and broad, high in rank, with gold clasps and buttons, was waiting at the door.

When Willis looked out he saw Captain Watson with his genial English face.

"Look here," said the captain, "I've felt bad ever since I met you the other day. I really don't know about missionary work and you do. Will you forgive me and come and dine on board my ship to-night? I'll send off the launch at seven thirty."

It was out of the ordinary line of Willis' life, to be a guest on a man-of-war.

The launch carried him out through the white rollers, and the captain was at the gangway to meet him, with the warmest kind of welcome, and the evening was passed in a world of marvellous order and discipline, so different from Korea, touched off too with steel mountings, guns and flashlights.

The captain asked him many earnest questions about belief, and faith, and missions, and rough sailor though he was, he let his whole heart go out to this tall earnest stranger. He saw underneath the exterior quiet that there was a man of sense, and a true soldier. His parting was altogether different from the parting in the street, "I wish you all success. If ever you pass the port where I am, promise me to call."

The promise was given. Willis followed with many a kind thought the rough captain who had at first tried to discourage him, and then when he saw his wrong did his

best to brace him up. He had no chance, however, to fulfill the promise. Captain Watson, rear admiral, governor of Malta, was suddenly, in the prime of life, called to lay down command and he sleeps near the place where Paul suffered shipwreck.

Willis pinned up before his mat the little photo that appeared in the *Illustrated*, to remind him of one who had helped in days gone by.

At the other end of the mat was a card of Shoreland. To the latter it was infinitely pitiable to think of Willis, off there in exile in that land of unwashed gods. He would send him a letter to cheer him up, and perhaps lead him back to a right way of thinking :

“ MY DEAR WILLIS :

“ Just a line to tell you that I think often of the exile far away out there, beyond everything in that unholy land. I occasionally feel the shock too of the *Karé*, as she struck the Gotos ; I look pale still when I think of it. Have you built any light-houses yet along that forbidden coast ? How about the Korean, can you make anything of him ?

“ I have been reading a book lately on the Far East which says that they are hopeless liars and can't be changed, that they prefer a rag to any other kind of God, and would rather propitiate devils than entertain a friend. To think of the millions of humanity, who, from our point of view, are hopeless maniacs, gives one a shock as to the goodness of God, and the wisdom that underlies eternal doings. What can be done for them ? When I think of you, single-handed, or almost so, against such odds, I immediately give up the whole effort, and say, ‘ Well, it's no use, let me turn my thoughts nearer home.’

“ In America matters are prospering, real estate has gone up in this neighborhood, and I have turned over a margin of profits, with more in view.

“ I rode into Chicago the other day in my automobile, forty miles an hour on the best of roads. While I enjoy an automobile, I have lost no taste for a good live horse. I have just completed arrangements for a span from Kentucky, as pretty a pair of drivers as were ever seen in ‘ the dark and bloody ground.’ Their step would make you tingle with joy, after the so-called horses that have kicked and bit at you for the last few years. My coachman is an Englishman by the name of ‘ Arvey, who has lost all his ‘ h’s,’ and talks about ‘ learnin’ these folks ‘ere ‘ow to care for ‘orses,’ but he is an excellent hand in his line, and I hope with his help to improve the general grade of horse in Illinois.

“ I spoke of Chicago, what a city ! It is walking out over the plains at tremendous stride, going heavenward too, materially, not much spiritually I fear. If ever you do come home, remember one bachelor’s cottage stands wide open to rest you from your labors. By the way, I may not be a bachelor, for a young lady of the same city of Chicago has consented to come out and share my modest home. She is beautiful, and good, and you will think me the luckiest man in all the world.

“ In three months we are to be married, more anon.

“ Your ever sincere friend,

“ W. N. SHORELAND.”

IX

HAND TO HAND

WILLIS was still in Ping-yang, alone once more, for Plum was away in the far north on a tour; most of the helpers were absent also, only Kim and the Dragon remained.

Something was impending. For many days no callers had come, but the two or three Christians who had crept in by stealth. Night settled down over the old city. Many times in the solitary hours Yap, Willis' fox-terrier, would lift his ears and listen. He too seemed aware that there was a mystery hanging over them, and brought his canine sense to bear upon it. He crept close up to Willis, and occasionally growled far down in his throat, for even the Dragon looked uneasy.

Willis, by no means a nervous or anxious man, still felt it wise to keep in touch with conditions around him, and one morning asked, "Dragon, why have we no callers?"

"Everybody 'fraid," said the Dragon.

"Afraid of what?"

"Why all devil-women [sorcerers] in Ping-yang, he say master give medicine make every man crazy."

"Yes," said Willis, "now I understand."

Then the Dragon, after much hesitation, added, "Black Dragon, he also think master make one very bad custom. All the Christian come and eat every man white bread and red wine [communion service]. Every

devil-women say not white bread, but white child flesh, not red wine, but all same blood. If master stay Chosen [Korea] no can make that custom. I think master very near die. If master die, Dragon he die all same. Dragon not 'fraid. He like master more better, he no like devil."

Kim, who called later, brought in a copy of a proclamation that had been posted on the walls of the city by the newly appointed governor, General Shin. It read, "Know all people. Let no man call on or have intercourse with any foreigner in this city. By reason of this abuse, much madness is common among the people, and ancient customs are dishonored. As guardian I thus command. Beware!

"(Signed) SHIN, Governor.

"Dog year, 8th moon, 10th day."

That night, in the stillness, there was a sudden shock as of an explosion. Yap, the fox dog, was frantic, and Willis was half stunned. The Dragon, with his eyes starting from his head, came in with a light, which revealed the fact that a jagged piece of rock had been thrown smashing through the front window.

The influence of the governor was beginning to tell. How soon the floating masses of the Far East learn to know the wishes of their magistrate. They watch the shadows of his countenance, and the winkings of his eye, and then rush to carry out his wishes. At the end of the fight, they know that there is reward, with whiskey to drink and plenty of greasy fare.

Probably some tramp was rewarded for attempting Willis' life. He would have fared better had the stone struck squarely. There was no redress, simply to patch up the window and be patient.



THE EAST GATE, PING-YANG

Throughout Korea there are stray lepers who come from the far South and are found wandering everywhere. A certain fear of them exists and of the disease, and, encouraged by this, they beg and steal and push their way about most offensively. It seems a hard-hearted act to take a stick and say to a leper, "Out you go or I'll cane you." Willis never did this, but many times during the days when the ban was on him, a leper hung round his kitchen.

"Here," says the Dragon, "take this hunk of white bread, and then take your honorable carcass out of this and don't come back any more."

"Thanks, thanks," says the leper, but next day he appeared again.

"You?" says the Dragon, while Yap looked at him, and his teeth glistened.

"I have heard," says the leper, "that that kind of dog, cooked well, with ginseng and garlic, will cure leprosy. I have come to inquire if it is so, and would your master sell the dog or tell where I can buy."

"You! you rotten-faced tramp, sell you master's dog? Bag of carrion, out!" and the leper glared savagely as the Dragon helped him off the premises.

The Dragon was Yap's friend, and any licking of the lips by natives, who looked in his direction, called down wrath.

A few nights later there were heard mysterious crawlings and fingerings that kept Yap uneasy; but the neighbors' huts were so close, and the passing so frequent, that it was impossible to say just where the noises came from. The inner window was open. To ease his mind, Yap had crawled through this, when suddenly his savage barkings brought out Willis, Kim and the Dragon. Yes it was

the leper, with a bundle of blankets and plunder from the kitchen. He tried to run, but Yap had him, so that he dropped everything and with a yell escaped. Yap doubtless swallowed leper bacilli that night, but he still lives, an old dog now, but without a touch of leprosy.

“ Good dog, Yap,” said the Dragon, “ sick him.”

It made Willis sad at heart to think that the only caller they had had for a week was a leper, on whom they had set the dog. True he was a thief, but who would not pilfer under those conditions ?

“ If you see him again,” said he to the Dragon, “ give him something to eat and tell him not to steal.”

“ Yea-a-a !” replied the Dragon, though under his breath he added, “ Feed him, indeed, the old wretch, him and his flies !”

There came a break in the monotony, for news was, that a foreigner who was ill had arrived in town, John Rakes, a piece of human flotsam, who kept a small store in one of the distant ports. He had been floating about somewhere on a journey from Russia, it turned out, and had caught smallpox. Here he was landed in Pingyang, with just a Korean servant and the agony was on him sore.

Willis had heard of old Rakes and his hatred of fellow-mortals in general, especially of the missionary, and here was a chance to lend him a hand. Though he shrank instinctively from the abominable disease, when he saw it squatting in the street, or lying near him in the inn, in this case there was no such thought.

He found the hut ; it was a miserable place with a dark suffocating room.

“ Bring him to our home,” said Kim, and they cleared out their best little room to take in old Rakes.

He was carried softly, on a stretcher, and placed on the quiet side, and his old eyes looked with much agony from the pustules gathering.

"I caught this business," said he, "about two weeks ago, I reckon, away over on the Japan side."

He breathed heavily and talked under great stress.

Willis and Kim smoothed out as best they could the wrinkles in his pillow, and the ruffles in his soul, so that he slept and rested. The Dragon and Yap kept back the crowd, for now that there was no call for them, multitudes were ready to come, poke holes through the paper, crowd each other and make all kinds of noises.

When Rakes awoke, he said to Willis, "I have a sort of presentiment that this is a call to hand in my checks, and I guess I might as well now as any other time, it has me bad, yes, yes!"

Willis had preached no sermon to him, but had given heart and attention to helping the old man through the fight. It had touched him.

"I have always cursed missionaries," said he; "little did I dream that when I needed it most, a missionary would come and watch over my old carcass."

Willis listened and responded. The quiet touch which made him a good nurse helped him also to reach a man's soul.

The old fellow rambled on about his past life.

"I've been most everywhere, picked up a China-woman in Canton thirty years ago; a good woman. Some relatives of hers took the boy that was born, and the girl went to the convent. Two years later another boy was born in Petropavlovsk; that made one Chinese and one Russian, then one in Japan, and then, ten years ago, one in Korea, all by one woman, you know, my poor

old Cantonese. We had a sort of family reunion a year ago, and my boys all came, and would you know they could hardly talk to each other. One spoke Chinese and English, one Russian, one Japanese, and the youngest Korean and English. I was interpreter for the whole lot of them. Yes, yes, they kept the old man busy. Who knows, they may be on opposite sides some day in the big fight. I'm a bit of a fighter myself," and rapid breathing followed and he dozed off.

When he awoke again, Willis said, "Take some of this to strengthen you and let me shake up your pillow."

"Well, you are good," said the old man.

"God is good," said Willis. "You haven't forgotten Him altogether, have you?"

"God? Lord, we have not been on speaking terms for the last forty years."

"Tell me," said Willis, "how that came about."

"I hardly know; I used to think about Him and pray when I was a boy. My mother was great at prayin'."

"Keep away you [to the crowd], the old man's talking about praying," said the Dragon, intending to scare onlookers, who are terrified when they hear of praying.

"I drifted away, you know, and somehow God and I got out. I had no confidence in Him, and after while I began to hate His name. I hated the missionary too; he seemed like God and company, you know; but I reckon it's too late to reconsider my views."

"God is great on forgiveness," said Willis, and he fanned the flies away, and put the old man to sleep. A damp cloth on the brow kept him steady. He seemed to pray at times.

"Lord, I'm a tramp from the Far East, John Rakes.

You can have no use for the like of me, but this missionary, one of the men I've cursed all my life, bless him. He has stood by me, he and his man, here in this lonely corner these days when I'm down. He says, too, that you are great on forgiveness. I used to hate the missionary, but this one is all right, good stuff. I hated you . . ."

He opened his eyes and smiled, then gave his hand, and Willis took it. The poor old soul was passing out.

"My name is John Rakes," said he, "a bad man, never mind about me, but this missionary, God bless him, from now on I'm on his side."

Willis, Kim and the Dragon, with two or three of the Christians, buried the old man, recorded the date of his death, and sent notice of it to the legation.

That night Kim was arrested by Governor Shin, and put under the paddle (the official instrument for beating criminals).

"Do you dare to take to this doctrine contrary to my order, you ill-born wretch?"

"Life and death are in it, sir, and forgiveness of sin, that's why."

"What do you know about life and death? Down with him and lay on the paddle."

Poor Kim, he was one of the first to share Korea's throes of travail, in order that a better day might dawn.

Plum returned from a trip up to the North. "We've had a great time," said he, "plenty of listeners, any amount of interest. Look here, Willis, we are going to see great things in the Northland; cheer up, the best is still to come."

He told where he had travelled, up through Sun-ch'un, Wi-ju, Kang-gay, "all round those parts," said he, "and

any amount of people. They guffawed, and laughed, and yelled foreign-devil, but they listened between times; never you mind, hurrah! I tell you Pang's a jewel; he put it straight every time. Thousands have heard. One chap hurled a stone at me, and I charged him on my wheel. When I caught him he was scared out of his wits. He expected to die, and prayed me to have mercy. I made him sit down and listen till I preached to him. His name is Wang Suk-ee, and he said, with his teeth fairly chattering, 'Thank you, I'll believe, I'll believe.' He didn't mean a word of it, but never mind, he'll come yet, Wang Suk-ee, Wang Suk-ee. Wasn't he scared, though!"

It was about this time that a mad dog appeared in town. There is lots of rabies in Korea; why not? Men frequently foam, and spit, and bark, and then die. An Oriental is an unconscious, indifferent mortal, but a mad dog can excite him. All the town sets up a yell, as they would over a tiger. One had appeared inside of the East Gate, had gone snapping along before Willis' house, and bitten two pups and a child over the way. The Dragon in haste chained Yap and then told Plum. Like a flash he had down his Winchester, clapped in half a dozen cartridges, and was out at the double quick. He passed up the street.

"This way, this way," shouted the crowd, anxious enough to use the foreigner against the mad dog.

Under the shadow of the wall went the dog, while Plum dodged over the corner, and up Moran peak, till both were within sight of the crowd, that cheered, as they saw the race. Still Plum was behind, the distance was great, and the dog was on the wing. A shot was fired, but still he ran on. Another, as he jumped for the

wall, sent him somersaulting backwards, down over the hill.

The Dragon was wild with delight. There was never such a shot as Plum. "See how he caught that mad dog on the fly."

He was a good shot, no doubt, and there was death at the other end when he drew a bead with his rifle.

The dog lay quivering with its feet in the air, and the crowd rushed towards the spot, not in tens, but hundreds. Plum left, and carrying his rifle walked over the hill.

Later, when the evening meal was over, the Dragon, with a look aghast on his face, said he had some words to say; would the master listen.

"Yes, what is it?" asked Willis.

"Does every man go mad when the dog bites him?"

"He is liable to if the dog is mad."

"Yes, then if every man bites the dog, will every man go mad?"

"I don't understand you," said Willis. "Men don't go round biting mad dogs."

The Dragon looked pained. "Master, you no savez, you no know Korean custom. I ask if every man bite the dog will every man go crazy? and master he no savez. By and by I think every man in Ping-yang go mad."

Willis was puzzled, as he often was with the Dragon, and asked him to explain. "What's the matter, Dragon? tell me."

He began, "Master no understand our custom. In Korea ten thousand nasty *pungsok* [customs]. My father eat plenty snake, say belong good medicine. My mother like crow, say keep devil away. Every man eat dog,

just same master eat chicken, eat cow, belong good food. He no ask, was dog crazy [mad] dog? To-day Plum he shoot mad dog. After he leave, old Whip, who make coffin, and live all same West Gate, he take home mad dog, makee boil, now every man eat plenty mad dog plenty melon. I think every man eat mad dog he go mad."

It dawned on Willis, and he called Plum who turned a somersault when he heard what had happened, and gave a long whoop. Willis went back to his room, but first told the Dragon to never mind, that there was no danger, which exhortation the Dragon could not understand.

Let us take a passing glance at Whip, the coffin maker. Round about the caldron are gathered he and all his friends.

"Put on some more fire there now, a little red pepper. Stir him round. Ladle out that soup now and let's have a try."

Mr. Whip takes a taste "*ya singupso*" (no taste to it yet).

"Turn in some garlic," says old Whip. "Stir him round, don't let him burn. Great shot that to-day, wasn't it?"

"Rake those straws and them cobwebs out. Get away from here you offspring of weasels!"

"Put some honey in it, honey and dog are all right. Now let it go; stir him round."

"What does that foreign man do for a living?"

"He teaches the wickedness of God."

"Dear me, the end of all things has come sure enough! Whoop! Blow him up. Catch a whiff of that, did you? Old Scruff and his brood needn't come round here with their mouths watering. Stir him round."

A half hour later, the fire had died down, and, squat-

ting low with bowls, spoons and chopsticks, were Whip, the coffin maker, and all his clan, their bits champing or rather jaws clashing, as they enjoyed this Oriental mid-summer night's feast.

Willis had taken a walk to clear his brain from the frowzy web that the Dragon had coiled round it. It was dark and all quiet except the distant murmur of the feast. Not knowing what it might be he bent his steps thitherward, and came on it, saw enough to sicken him and send him back with the odors and flavors of a lost world mingling in his soul.

The landscape had darkened down over Willis. There was no hope, the place was lost and seemed to like it. The foreign influences were all against religion and reform. There was disease, death and madness, the devil was on top with triumph-yell. Shoreland had said, "give it up"; the girl he loved refused to follow; the Korean boy Dragon he brooded over was heathen still; most who had heard his voice were uninfluenced. Plum was hopeful, but he would be hopeful anywhere, that meant nothing. Should he haul down the flag or push on? He turned to the Book, his heart ascending to God in the question before him. He read on straight through Jeremiah; it took him far into the night, but the story was new and interesting. Jeremiah, who lived away back yonder six hundred years before Christ, had thrashed out the question so long ago. There was no give up to Jeremiah. They smacked him on the cheek, they imprisoned him, they flung him into the mire, they poked fun at him, they left him to the tender mercies of a negro, but it did not shake him one whit from the course to which God had called him. His one question was, not success, but am I right? At this late

day, two thousand five hundred years after, Willis, stranded farther to the East than ever Jeremiah dreamed of, took fresh heart and courage, thanked God, and turned in to rest.

X

CASTING THE DIE

THROUGH that mysterious power of persuasion by which one Korean influences another, Ko borrowed twenty thousand *yang*, or four hundred dollars. He never thought of paying it again, in fact Koreans seldom do. He was supremely happy in the possession of unlimited wealth. Why mar the bliss of it thinking of pay day? It is the bane of the little Kingdom, everybody owing everybody. Sometimes the debt is paid in cash, sometimes an equivalent is given in the way of influence, sometimes it is never paid at all, sometimes it is squared up in a fearful row, where the creditor appeals to all the gods of heaven and earth to support him, with his eyeballs rolling fiery flame.

Willis pondered sore over the question of debt. "Owe no man anything but love," said he, and to keep the church clear of this, took effort on his part and much earnest thought.

But Ko has four hundred dollars, all borrowed, and he takes a vacant house and sets up a tobacco and candy shop. Returning friends congratulate him. Fortune smiles sweetly, his oily face is lighted somewhat, the past is forgotten, and he launches out into a successful career. Day by day he buys and sells, asks credit and gives credit, helps this friend and that, trades in tobacco, makes candy, gambles a little and occasionally takes a drink. He feels

that business is prospering, and imagines that he ought to marry. His old mother sees to the kitchen.

Six months go by, and Ko, in that confused and wall-eyed way peculiar to Korea, takes stock. He gets his counting sticks and labors through the calculation. Vertical sticks are units, and cross sticks are tens. All the odds and ends belonging to his real and personal estate he gathers in, and adds and adds, until the sum rolls up to four hundred and twenty thousand cash, but when reduced to dollars, equals only about one hundred, or a fourth part of what he had borrowed. This was his accumulated interest and principal at the end of six months. In some mysterious way, entirely unknown to Ko, the candy business had evaporated and the spectre of debt loomed up before him.

He called the creditors and said, "By some unforeseen dispensation of the gods I am out of money; how it has come about is more than I can tell. Six months ago I had four hundred dollars, now I have only one; my stupidity is appalling. Will the honorable gentleman please take house and furniture, it is all I have to offer. Save a poor man."

Gee-back, one of the creditors, a noisy man, furious at this, glared like a tiger.

"If you do not pay up, you son of perdition," said he, "I'll eat your flesh," and he nipped Ko with his fingers and bit into his skin like a pair of iron pinchers.

"For three days and three nights," said Ko, "I was in torment at his hands. There was no let-up to Gee-back."

"Pay, pay!" shouted he.

"I thought of all the trials of earth debt is the worst."

“Principal and interest!” roared Gee-back, “you ill-begotten wretch.”

Out in the street, before the door, he vaulted into the air, whirled round whip-top fashion, foamed at the mouth, hurling oaths and epithets, then he squatted in the room yelling, “Principal and interest, you snake !”

The town looked on.

Once more at the end of all things, tormented by the man Gee-back, with “face” and credit gone, Ko concluded that it was better to die. That night he bought a pint of whiskey and ten grains of arsenic, mixed the two and stole away to *Moran Bong* (Peony Peak). There he drank it off and said good-bye to life. Soon he fell asleep and knew no more.

Gee-back, finding Ko gone, sent out parties to search, thinking he had run away. Over the river they went and up the hills high and low, till they saw Plum wake him, and bring him down from Peony Peak. They returned and told Gee-back, that Ko had come staggering down the hill along with the foreigner, who had shot the mad dog. They also found the empty bottle and the dregs of arsenic.

Ko awoke, but somehow his senses were unhinged, and things that surrounded him were so mixed, that he did not know clearly whether he was alive or dead. The whiskey was strong and the arsenic not well mixed. He lived, but so sick and sore.

Said he to himself, “I drank arsenic and should have died, but here I am in misery.”

He was taken back home to his debts and his torment. Gee-back sat at his side.

“You rascal you,” shouted he, “you wanted to get out of paying, did you, and so took arsenic to die, but I’ll fol-

low you to the place of death and eat your flesh unless you pay, I will."

An appalling sense came over Ko, and he saw great snakes crawling back and forth at his feet, till he shouted in agony.

"Is it hell I'm in, or earth? If in hell, how can this creature (Gee-back) follow me?" Then he called, "Where am I?" He shouted, "I want to know. Am I in hell?"

The creditors, as they saw Ko's madness, withdrew. The house was sold and he was carried away. For a month and more, cared for by stranger hands, he hung between life and death.

Rescued by Plum, and watched by kind hearts through his recovery, Ko groped blindly into life once more. When his eyes were clear enough to see, he read one of Willis' tracts called, "What is thy name?" He read the others as well, but this sentence kept recurring, as though God in awful earnestness were repeating, "What is thy name?"

"My name is Ko, worst name in all the Northland."

He read the tract over and over, and the story of Jacob that it told, of the conflict by Jabbok River, of the mysterious angel, and His question, "What is thy name?" of the bad man Jacob, the deceiver, the cheat, the swindler, of how the angel was after him, and wanted to change his evil reputation, to change it from Jacob to a Prince of God.

Somehow Ko got it into his tangled head that God was holding on to him, saying, "What is thy name?"

"Ko," said he, "Ko, Ko, liar, murderer, thief, unclean person worse than Jacob." Yet the angel held on, yes, held on till Ko's thigh was out of joint and the agony of

the rack was on him. He had been at death's door, had quivered under the paddle more than once, but no such pains had ever entered his soul.

"What is thy name?" thundered the voice.

"Ko the dummy, Ko the liar," until he loathed himself, and wept, and prayed that he might die. "Why did I sin?" thought he, and then the echo was taken up once more, "What is thy name?"

How it came he knew not, he heard Willis, who told him something Ko knows not now what it was. They prayed together, and at last out of the awful gloom there seemed to break sunshine, and sweetest of singing, which said, "Ko, the sinner, child of God," and the question came so tenderly, "What is thy name?" and the answer was wafted back, "My name is Ko, a child of God."

XI

THE PRINTING PRESS

THE one-armed Tong-hak had made his way north to his old captain. Pang he found, not only interested, but the right hand man of Willis. Here he could learn, as Sir James had told him, the Jesus' doctrine, called by mistake, the wickedness of God. Others came meandering in with similar questions. Sir James had said so and so; he had represented it thus; he had so stated the matter. "Yes, we shall ask Willis what the doctrine means."

It was a growing question throughout the far North, that Willis and his men were kept busy answering. Was there money in it? How could they live and do the doctrine? If their wits were gone and their eyes were old, could they still do it? "Let's all try it," they said, and it fermented and turned and tumbled in their minds.

To push on this gathering force Willis had written South to Foster and Gilbert for literature.

By dint of American enterprise, the hum and roar of a press-room was heard in the quiet abode of the ancients, where Foster and Gilbert were. Out of this sweat chamber, besmeared with oil and soot, and manned by bronzed Orientals, came forth pages, thousands of them, white as snow.

What these pages said the reader would probably be unable to make out. To him they would seem but vertical lines with circles, dots and strokes, in such shape as

was never dreamed of, and no one ever saw outside of the peninsula; but they spoke clearly a new thought to this waiting people.

With Gilbert and Foster to translate, and Willis to organize a carrying combine, they were pushed to the farthest limits of the land. Away up on the Yalu they were to be found papering the walls, sometimes upside down and inside out, but, "never mind, send on more"; on to distant Russia, and away east into the little hamlets by the Sea of Japan. The shriekings of the press have grown, not ceased, and sandalled feet, bearing the message, kick up the dust on all the mountain highways.

Many a time Willis in his visits to the south passed through the grimy room, looking with satisfaction on the great machines at work that began with almost nothing and to-day had rolled out their million pages.

The presses are in charge of Teller, who lives all day in the oily air, and hears only its roar. He is necessary, they will not go without him. Many are his cares, no man more than Teller knows the need of Christian patience to keep one steady along the hundred and twentieth meridian. His brain is a miniature press room with the accompaniments thereof, the whirl, the oil, the soot, the mistakes, the blunders, the successes. They occupy his inmost thoughts and at times wear him down.

Teller is firm in fibre and kindly in soul, otherwise there would be shrieks from the printers as well as from the machines, monkey-wrenches would fly, bolts and rods, and there would be imprints of shoeblacking on all the padded trousers; but Teller runs his world in no such way. His engines are high pressure, but the governors are well hung, and his mental and spiritual gauges are steady.

Willis had just written him for 50,000 copies of "I and

the Dragon," and all machines are going at the full. How many words of warning Teller had given to all the hands! How definitely he had explained the complicated mechanism of "Billy," the three thousand dollar press. "Let no one touch or handle him, every man to his duty only."

Jang, jang, jang, go the hand presses, interspersed with the long armed sweep and the mighty roar of "Billy." The lines in Teller's face relax, the smell of the kerosene engine is sweet incense, and its pounding tells him all is well.

Out they go to the packing room, heaps of printed matter, "I and the Dragon," "I and the Dragon," 20,000 of them, to be bound, and boxed, and sent north on jingling ponies.

Teller had not lived a short life in the Far East without learning the uncertainty of all material things. The printer who did excellent work to-day, was taken suddenly ill to-morrow of spasms, and before the evening was dead. The matrices that lay heavily in the corner, had taken to themselves wings and soared away. No one had any idea of where they were. Chun, in charge of the stereotype, had gone on foot to see his mother, two hundred miles off, and by mistake had carried away the key. Each day came, bringing its load of cares, but still he pounded on, until, like the falling snow and the diffusing rain, over the land went the silent leaves.

They were on the home stretch now with "I and the Dragon," and "Billy" was doing his part to perfection. It was in his mind, evidently, to show the Far East what a Western machine can do. "Come on with your paper," he seemed to roar, and it went in, never ceasing, till the perspiration rolled down the brown skins, and the

numbers ticked off were beyond the limit of Oriental calculation.

"How many does that make?" asks the runner.

"Several millions," replied the piler, and to an Oriental's indefinite eye it really looked like it.

But "Billy," too, had his unaccountable ailments, and while at his very best on the day referred to, suddenly a stitch caught him in the side, and tore the sheet of paper. One of the men, not knowing what he was doing, but intending to set things right, gave a random blow with the monkey-wrench. There was a great crash, and "Billy" the giant had yielded up the ghost.

Teller's eyes filled with tears when he saw what was done. It was of no use to swear, or kick the coolie, even though he had been that sort of man; it was done, and "Billy" was to be silent for two months and more.

"Then," says Teller, "we shall have to run the hand-presses night and day."

When the boxes of printed books came to Willis' hand, so clean and neatly packed, he did not fail to realize the agonies from which they had been evolved. "Give me Bibles and good tracts," said Willis. "The Bible must wait on the decisions of Gilbert, Foster and Mc-Kechern, but tracts and introductory books I will take a hand at myself." He had attempted in many ways to get good books, and had already secured several, of which "I and the Dragon" was one. It was not an account of Willis' trials and hopes with regard to the Black Dragon, his Boy, but a picture of the devil worshipper, the life he led, and his deliverance through faith. Of course it was a story from real life. He had seen and lived it. He also asked the more earnest among the Christians to write out what they thought would catch

the attention of the ignorant masses, and lead them to a knowledge of truth. Later on, Kim wrote one from his own life entitled, "Under the Paddle." It told of his gropings, of the fears and torments his soul had suffered, which was the *devil's paddle*, and the revelation that had come to him. This was the introduction, then the main part of the story, the coming of Governor Shin and his order as posted on the walls, of his own arrest and torture, of his experience when pinned down to the flogging board, the laying on, which was *man's paddle*; of how divine grace sustained him and brought him back triumphant to life, of how God sent war, which was the *Almighty's paddle*, and smashed up the old combine of evil and gave Ping-yang a chance—but this anticipated.

Willis printed thousands of these and sent them over the land. His spare corners of *cash* went into such investments, and Kim, Pang, and others, added something out of their savings to speed it on.

Another tract that Willis found helpful was "Voices that Speak." It told of the silent yet intelligible voices of mountain and sky, of the roar of cataract and the booming of the thunder, hitherto misunderstood; of how vain are drum beatings and cymbal clangings and prayers like *soo-sooree-saba*, which is only unintelligible Tibetan or Sanscrit, that makes a noise but says nothing. So the tract was divided, *Voices without noise, Voices that sound, Janglings that are no voice*. Then came the explanation as to what all voices that speak, tell in reason's ear.

But more important than tracts, were copies of the Gospels, which Willis kept about him in thousands, Mark, John, Matthew, Luke. While in a musty room at Seoul

sat Gilbert, Foster and McKechern, laboring over the task of Bible translation.

Gilbert was born in London, but an American by naturalization, a resolute, unconquerable man, about whom a whole story might be told; but he appears here simply as translator.

Foster was an American, a Methodist from Pennsylvania, gifted with a superabundance of life that constantly overflowed.

McKechern was a Scot, thistly and stubborn, like the rocks of his native land, ever thirsting for argument, a Calvinist, set for the preservation of the doctrine of the church. He had discovered a bit of latent heresy in nearly every man on the field.

"There's Foster," said he, letting himself out into broad Scotch. "He's no that bad if it were na for a substratum o' Arminianism that has eaten oot a' the texture o' his beein'."

"What's that?" asked Foster, with a ringing laugh. "Give it to me in English, McKeck." (Foster couldn't pronounce McKechern.) "I don't speak French."

"French, do ye ca it, guid braid Scotch, in which a' the teachings o' the kirk were foucht oot, when yer forebears did na ken the difference 'atween Popish absolution and effectual calling."

But this was only an interlude, such as seasoned the long tug of sessions in the work of translation. Verse after verse passed before the committee, all eyes on the Greek, on the various renderings, on the interpretations, on Meyer, on Alford, on Ellicott, on later day commentaries; while Ye and Cheung and Cho watched equally close the Mandarin, the Wenli, the Japanese. Every word, and dot, and line, came under consideration, till

McKechern's eyes grew weary, watching through his glasses, to see that no Calvinistic turn or kink was lost.

Foster did not care a rap for theological hair-splitting; what he wanted was the old Gospel, in which he believed were hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

Gilbert was a steam-engine with fires burning. His attitude was not one of argument so much as, push on, push on.

Cho, Foster's translator, had discovered various defects in the Bible, and desired to have them rectified. He came with points carefully noted, and through his huge black spectacles would ask the committee to change such readings as "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" to "Mother, what dost thou mean?" and when McKechern glowered at him over his heap of books, Cho would give his opinions, and then sit back dignified as Confucius.

"He's an awfu' pompous chap yon, and I'm feared he's no got the root o' the maitter in him," was McKechern's opinion of Cho.

With a language that has no personal pronouns, no proper plural forms, no capital letters, no prepositions, no words for abstract ideas, the committee had undertaken to render books like Romans, Ephesians, and Galatians.

Foster's hair grew gray, for however much the ringing laugh sounded out from the translating room, no one gave more heart and soul to this all-important work.

At last the New Testament was finished, and bound together, and there was a day of special rejoicing. The American ambassador made a speech in which he characterized the day as one worthy of note, for had not the Bible, drop all ideas of denominations and creed, had not the Bible been a mighty influence for good in the Republic beyond the sea and in the world at large? "May it

be likewise in this old and exceedingly interesting land."

He then presented each of the translators with a specially bound copy.

How Foster prized this souvenir of his days of labor! Next morning he went early to McKechern.

"I want your autograph, McKeck, right here in this leather-covered book of mine. We haven't lived all these years together without—just put it here at the top of the page."

McKechern greatly liked Foster, in spite of his Arminianism. The more he saw, the more he prized him. At last, to his extreme joy, he learned, on Foster's own statement, that he had been converted in a Presbyterian church.

"There noo," said McKechern, "I kenned there was something about ye; there's naething in the warld like Calvinism to pit fibre intil a man's banes, but whit way did ye backslide into Methodism?"

"Well," said Foster, "I felt so glad and happy that I just had to shout Hallelujah, and you know they never could tolerate such goings on in the Presbyterian church, so I had to backslide and be a shouting Methodist."

"I'm thinkin' there's perhaps a place in God's economy for us a'," said McKechern. "I'm mair inclined towards the Methodists than I used to be. I did na like them yince; we had nae Methodists in Scotland, but since I've been on the mission field I've learned that there are God's people amang the Methodists as weel as amang the Presbyterians, but it's a great mystery."

Nothing was more interesting to Foster than the peculiar dry Calvinist that he found in McKechern. They had had a talk about Willis.

"He is great," said Foster. "He is back of a mighty work up North there, and we shall hear from his side of the world yet."

"Oh, aye," said McKechern, "I have great expectations of him, but his theology is a bit shallow, ye ken, he's ta'en up wi' thae cheap premillennial notions. Wherever ye get premillennialism, ye'll find it cuts zeal for missions and saps the spiritual life."

"I hear, however," said Foster, "that there is a great shaking up North, more than rumors of war. I don't know about premillennialism, some good men hold that view."

"Yes, God forgies and o'erlooks it, grace is a' sufficient, ye ken."

No one rejoiced more than Willis over the work already done. The New Testament and the tracts issued, seemed to set all the North land to studying its letters. There was still fear and superstition fast clinging to the people, but many eyes were on the books, the look intensified perhaps by the thundering of war rumors now in every ear.

Think of a land that never before heard of Peter, reading out its first sentences about the fishermen of Galilee. What were their thoughts when they learned that the greatest house on earth wears his name, and that half of Christendom has gone crazy regarding his power and attributes? Yes, North Korea was beginning to have opinions about Peter, and the Master whom Peter loved.

XII

THE WAR

SUDDENLY there was the sound of war sure enough. Sixty thousand Chinese were bearing down on the Yalu. They had crossed, and were now thundering with cannon on towards Ping-yang. Banners of all colors emblazoned with dragons, and storks, and turtles, came streaming into the city, marching past Willis' door, unwashed, countless Celestials, sniffing blood, and smelling of opium and garlic. It mattered little what it was about to them, or what country, one side was China, and the other was not. Ex-convicts, murderers, robbers, brigands, constituted the bulk of the army, made up to begin with of inscrutable Chinese flesh and blood. No wonder the few Christians gathered about Willis and implored him to leave, as the other foreigners had already gone. But how could he with every means of exit closed against him? The Korean people were flying in all directions, leaving their homes and their ancestral gods. The proud city was deserted, and the governor who had paddled Kim had fled pell-mell for his life, leaving the remnants of his sedan chair outside the West Gate.

Thousands upon thousands of Chinamen crushed into the city, with no order or discipline, full of noise and shouting, firing at random here and there, the wildest kind of mob, looting and plundering, until the few women left hid in deathly fear. The question was, how could

Willis extricate himself from this seething mass? He had known the telegraph operator, a Canton man, and secretly sent him a message, by which means he reached the ear of the commander, General Cho, an old man, who looked kindly on the tall, fair-haired missionary, and gave him a pass and two hundred soldiers to see him safely out.

With a sinking of heart Willis bade farewell to the few friends he had just begun to win, whom he had to leave under such trying circumstances. So he left Ping-yang, never to see it the same city again.

From all points of the compass, moving in with the precision and order of troops on parade, but unseen by the Chinese, came the various divisions of the Japanese army occupying the hills and ridges round the city.

On the eve of the battle, General Cho called his chiefs and soldiers and made the following speech :

“ Braves! Look here, these *wojen* [Japanese barbarians] are before you. They have caused the war and the gods have sent us to destroy them. If you fight I promise a reward and I’m no liar, otherwise I’ll carve you up and make slaves of your wives and children. Fire on the trees first and get the devils out of them, devils roost there, and help the *wojen*; they are blue, and come from the East. Heaven is the father, and earth is the mother of everything, and man is their offspring, but these *wojen* are not men. They are savages, who don’t believe in the Jade God, have no repentance, no sacrifice, no ancestral tablets, vile offspring full up of sin. If we didn’t destroy them we should be sinners too. Think of them daring to oppose the Celestial Empire! Wipe them from the earth, ye brave! Up with your spears and rifles! The ancients said, ‘ The hen is not the herald

of the day but the rooster.' If the hen crows at day-break the end of that house has come. These rascals let their hens run them. In fact all over the barbarian land of the *wojen* there is hen crowing. Six or seven steps forward will do it; eight or ten shots and the work is done. Put on faces like tigers and leopards, he-bears and she-bears, and with one onset annihilate them."

The Japanese general, a little man with quiet bearing, addressed his men, "Now, lads, our work lies before us, let every one do his duty. The Emperor trusts you, Japan is watching, the eyes of the world are on us. Forward march."

It was a fearful night. Over the improvised bridge across the Tatong moved the Japanese in quiet and ominous order. Men were hit and fell out in silence, no confusion, no yelling, no he-bear or she-bear. In the flash-lights were seen boyish faces keen for the battle.

Willis asked Yang, an old man, to tell him his story.

"Well," said Yang, "it was the most disgraceful business. I assure you I was myself in the greatest of danger. The Japanese put some hellish medicine before the East Gate; there was thunder and lightning and one gate lay prone. In they moved, myriads of them, step by step, rifles all pointing ahead like the rafters of a house. Occasionally there was a blaze of fire and a crash. Meanwhile the whole camp of China was up, yelling like fiends. Guns were going off, some towards heaven, some towards earth, and some towards your humble servant; their horses, too, were loose, running wild. Men were being shot and trampled on everywhere. I stayed by my house and was in the greatest of danger. Ping-yang, that used to be like heaven, was, that night, all the same as hell. It was too dark to see clearly, but everybody

was shooting everybody. I could hear the Japanese tramp, tramp, tramp, all together till the ground shook. The Chinese were rushing pell-mell, shouting, '*wa-hoo lung-choo!*'

"Next morning," said Yang, "such a sight! Ping-yang was a city of dead Chinamen. General Cho, with his flags and feathers, lay at a corner of the street, his soldiers heaped up like stones before a shrine. It was very wicked for men to kill each other so. I have no idea even yet what they were fighting about. Along all the road to Wi-ju were the dead. The Japanese, however, were everywhere, and none of them that I could see were dead at all."

The city of Ping-yang was broken, burnt and shattered. No one would have recognized it, the gentry were gone, ancestral tablets were lost, graves were desecrated. But the sunset was all glorious, just as though earth had known no sorrow. Piled up in the sky were the evening-tinted palaces and temples, circled with halo, and touched off with magic color. Away over the valley lay the shadowed peaks of the still and silent earth. Like a silver trail wound the Tatong, past Tablet Hill, and the pine woods where the cuckoo calls.

XIII

A FALLEN HERO

AFTER the battle Willis returned to Ping-yang with Sir James. The old city had been hammered and pounded. Bodies, still unburied, were lying in the streets. Heaps of débris blocked the way. Whole quarters were vacated, where a month or so before, Oriental life had been running at its highest.

With what dismay Willis looked on. Could this tumbled smouldering ruin be Ping-yang? *Sic transit gloria mundi*. He searched out his own house and found it still standing, but his furniture had been smashed, and scattered fragments of his books were found here and there.

Yap went smelling along through the awful alleyways, his eyes bleared, and a sense of fear upon him. Such flesh as dead Chinamen, he never before had smelt, and his fox-dog soul revolted at it. When he reached home he snuffed in all the corners, and gave a loud snort often, with his nose deep in some hole or other that needed investigating. He looked into the woodshed, when suddenly his hair bristled, and he braced himself back on his hind feet and barked. The Dragon went to see and lo, there were two dead Chinese soldiers, with their huge sole leather shoes still on, and the ribbon sashes and whim-whams with which the "Middle Kingdom" is decorated. They were dead, death was everywhere.

Sir James on his tall horse, and Willis on a Chinese

pony, rode out over the battle-field. There were the remains of the Japanese impromptu bridge, which had been thrown over the Tatong so mysteriously, and across which the army, long and serpentine, had crawled. Here was the gate where the Chinese had backed out into death and annihilation, and here was said to be old Cho, the general who had befriended Willis, all that was left of him, dead, and as yet unburied. Willis was sick, so fearful was the sight. The earth was a horrible slaughter-house, and the stench in his nostrils was appalling. There was the paddy field in which the Chinese had placed their mines, and had fired them to light the Japanese, not to annihilate them. Here was the road over which the retreating army raced madly. On that point were posted Japanese sharpshooters, and on this. Heaps of shells told of the shots they had fired, as they lay hidden picking off the fugitives. Here went the plunging, screaming horses, and the blind pitiful Chinamen, calling on their gods. Here the leaden bullets fired by keen soldiers, whizzed and spat.

Willis and Sir James studied the battle-field. To the latter, especially, who was a soldier by instinct, it was full of solemn interest. He had waited many years for a smashing up of the old systems in Korea, and, somehow, in this slaughter of Chinese he seemed to see it. Willis' thoughts were otherwise. In the few bundles of dirty white clothing, tumbled here and there, which marked dead Koreans, he wondered, was it Pang, or Kim or Ko? The work of years had been shattered at a blow, and his hopes were down. The friends he had made were gone.

"I believe," said Sir James, "that this means an answer to your life of service."

"A what?" asked Willis.

“Your years of slow preparation are over, and now you are to see the ingathering.”

“But how can that come about out of this horrible confusion?” was Willis’ inquiry.

“In the first place, Korea’s worship of China ends here on this battle-field; in the second place, your proud, wicked city has been taught a lesson and humbled under the paddle, and nothing is better at times, for Oriental character, than its broad telling sweep. We are to see great things on this ground from now on. I am convinced that your days of preparation are over.”

This seemed a strange interpretation to Willis, but it took hold of him, for he was a great admirer of Sir James’ keen insight. This knight of the lancet preached no sermons, but his hope and his model was the Man of Galilee, and in humble admiration and worship of Him, he had spent his young active years in the dark lazaretto. The precision of his aim, Willis had never failed to see. Could it be true?

They rode through the North Gate, past Kija’s tomb, where the pines were scarred by the fight. Already, inside of the city, Koreans were removing the bodies and clearing the streets. They had come back after the war had died away to the north, and were looking out their homes, and making preparation to live.

How delighted all were to see Willis; Christian and non-Christian, he was their angel of light; somehow his presence meant peace and safety, and they gathered round him. They had heard from the Dragon that he had come back that morning; and Sir James! To think that he would come north out of pity for such fragments as they were! Here was the Dragon with Yap tied to a string, all smiles, for with him were Pang,

and Kim, and Ko, bedraggled somewhat, and looking pinched, but safe. It was indeed Willis' first day of jubilee. Never in his life had any meeting been so gratifying. Each told his story of escape, his own impression of the battle, and gave an account of the friends and relatives. Most of Willis' people were known to be in safety, some few were not accounted for.

For as many days as Sir James remained in Pingyang, he poured in the oil of joy, and bound up the broken-hearted. But the time sped and we see his farewell to Willis, and his return over the hills to Seoul.

It is a journey of four days by horse, and through it there lived with him the impression that this part of the fight was over. Along the way the ignorant, trembling peasants, hailed him with eager joy. Would he please tell them what was coming? Should they all die? They had dreamed of great guns barking everywhere, would he please stay or give them some assurance? His one answer was, "Cheer up, friends, now you are free to hear the gospel, the war is over."

Two weeks later, a fast courier, a sweaty-smelling coolie, who had run one hundred and eighty-five miles in sixty-eight hours, dropped, gasping on Willis' steps. From his greasy pocket he unwrapped a letter and offered it with both hands. He was one of those roadsters, whose twisted, knotted muscles never tire, and whose long hard pace would break any horse. An hour of rest, with some rice, and a moment of Oriental sleep would set him on his feet, fresh as ever, and away would go the fleeting miles. They are marvels these brown-skinned racers, who never wash, and who smell most "awful vile." He was a fast courier, who carried the letter, the dire

contents of which he knew full well for it touched a great light, that shone into his coolie life.

Willis read it; it was from Gilbert. "Sir James is down with typhus; this is the fifth day; make no delay, but come."

He wrote a hasty reply, and two hours later away went the racing coolie in his wisp of trousers and sandalled feet. Willis followed, as fast as relays of horses could carry him, but he saw nothing more of the courier who was already far on his way.

When he arrived, it was the twelfth day of this deadly fever. In his lucid moments, Sir James recognized friends, gave directions about his own treatment, warned all to be careful, so as not to run greater risks than necessary, and smiled when Willis' face shone in upon him.

He said, "This is a close fight of mine, Willis; chances are about even."

Then he would wander away; sometimes he was in the wards where they were calling for him; he endeavored to respond, but there were so many voices. Why was he single-handed against the multitude and they so sorely in need? Then he would brighten up and say, "Yes, that's right. Ask Willis now, and Gilbert and Foster, they'll tell you." Then he was on the battle-field again. "Why do these Chinese run? Look there, right into that trap! Poor, stupid Chinamen! But never mind, that sets Korea free. Some of us must drop."

Then he opened his eyes.

"Willis, you have a brave heart, old fellow. You've won the fight. I am losing this time, me and the Chinese. We were not worth anything special, but it all counts, you know. Deal tenderly with the lads I've stitched and patched on."

Again he was away as the fires raged within him, and the anxious watchers sat waiting.

"I'm only a surgeon," he murmured, "don't know how to preach, but that's what I meant, you know. . . . Wang, my lad, does it pain you? Put him down gently now. . . . You want to know what it is to believe? I'm not a good hand to explain, but listen, and then go ask again. . . . Steady now, Jack [the tall horse], don't trample this crowd of babies in the street. . . . How is your Majesty? Yes, oh, I can fix that all right."

As the days went by palace runners came and went, and sometimes the king's cousin in silken robes, but the news was intensified every hour, and the anxious faces of Willis, Gilbert, Foster and McKechern told the story. Could it be true that their physician, on whom so many depended, was going?

A last quiet word, a last smile, as the fever lifted for a moment, marked his farewell. He said good-bye to his servants and the old soldier who used to run by him.

"I see a great company gathering," said he, "many thousands, all round you, Willis. . . . Thank God."

Foreign ministers, consuls, commissioners, his Majesty's representatives and all the riffraff of cooliedom, as well, attended the funeral of the great and good physician. Who loved him most, the old woman to whose hours of pain he had brought relief, or his Majesty the King? Who missed him most, Jack, the tall horse, whose eager note was heard as a footfall passed the door calling his master to come, or the uncombed coolie race-horse, who had carried the letter to Ping-yang, and who now, seated on a heap of broken tiles at the gateway, wept?

Over the four miles of uneven road the procession wended its way, till it reached the quiet hill by the river.

There he was buried, he whom they loved. There he should rest, and his monument stand in sight of the junks moving to the sea, the white shaft to tell its story of a life of faithfulness.

The government made special note of his loss. No one would ever rise to take his place. There was sincere regret and sorrow in the palace of the Orient. Old Mrs. Om, as well, who lived in Forgotten Alley, with her wrinkled jaw, had nowhere now to tell her sorrows.

To Willis it left a sinking sense of hopelessness. Never to see his face or hear his voice again on earth, seemed impossible to realize, for no name in the Hermit Land had meant so much to him. He, Gilbert, Foster, and McKechern walked home together. There was Fireblower, too, the Independent, and some ladies of the mission. Fireblower had no thunders to emit about the glories of independence and doing as you pleased, and there were no points in Calvinism mentioned that day by McKechern. Music had ceased to play, it was a night march for the missionary, with muffled tread only, all else silence.

XIV

MAJOR PAK

KO had been cared for, watched and tended, in the home of Major Pak, an old man with proud face and wide hat, known over the kingdom as the vindicator of Korea's honor in the days of '66. Pak had become a famous historical character; now, however, he was sixty years of age, and as fifty, or thereabouts, marks the dividing line between public and private life in the Hermit Land, he had retired into the obscurity of an old man's existence.

His fame had come thus:

In the year 1866, on the 15th of the 7th moon (about Aug. 18th), there came sailing up the Tatong River, a black, tall masted foreign ship, fearful to look upon. With flood and high tide, up she sailed, drawing eight feet of water, past all the known limits, almost to the very city of Ping-yang. It was a sailing ship, called *The General Sherman*, from the unheard of regions of America.

The cry "*peeran*" (escape for your lives) was raised, and many fled to the hills. So general was the exodus, that the governor issued an order, commanding all to remain in their homes, on pain of death. A great gun, fired as the ship came to anchor, fairly paralyzed the city.

But high tides passed away, and the proud ship lay deep in the mud, keeled over to one side, the long mast pointing anglewise across the land.

Messengers, with news of the visitor, hastened to Seoul, making the journey by relays of post-horse in two days, ninety miles a day. Some little attempt at parley was made, through a Chinaman on board, but for the most part, the ship and the city looked at each other from the distance.

After a month's hanging fast in the mud, the fatal word came from the regent to destroy all on board and burn the ship.

It was a mad night in Ping-yang. No one can imagine the Far East, who has not seen it, when it once scents blood. Mercy is forgotten; men and women become tiger's whelps, with claws and teeth unsheathed.

There was a noisy conference held in the governor's Yamen. It was easy enough for His Immaculate Highness to say, "Kill all on board and burn the ship," but how was it to be done? A combined attack was proposed for next day, from all points, with guns, stones, bows and arrows.

The attack came off amid the wildest disorder. Yelling like Afghans, from all sides of the city streamed these white-coated warriors. On the hills, thousands of people thronged to see. The fated white men on board looked out on the seething, foaming mass closing round them. Emboldened by their silence and inaction, the Koreans crowded down to the very banks of the river. Suddenly the great gun went off again, fire and smoke rolled into the crowd, and with the rattle of smaller guns the whole attacking force stampeded. A dozen or more of the warriors of Ping-yang lay tumbled in the dust, and the American ship henceforth became a huge black spectre full of awful mystery. No one dare approach it, and for a day or two it was viewed only from the farthest distance.

Ping-yang was about to give up the attempt when Pak, a Yamen steward, came forward to say that he would undertake the extirpation of these foreign savages. At once, all eyes were on Pak, for him to succeed meant undying fame, if he failed it might, according to the methods of the East, go hard with him.

He took in hand two flat-bottomed boats, piled them high with inflammable brushwood, scattered sulphur over the top, fastened a charge of gunpowder to each, and ran a long fuse thereto, a cable also was extended to each bank of the river and Pak awaited his opportunity.

"All that's needed," said he, "is a misty, foggy morning."

The day following, as if in response to the wild hopes of the city, a dense fog lay over the valley and the river. The black ship was shrouded and nothing could be seen at fifty yards. The fuse was timed, and lighted. On each bank brown hands, holding the cables, guided the boats into the stream. Slowly they drifted, nearer and nearer the fated vessel, then one charge of gunpowder went off and the scow and its load was a mass of flames. Belching forth sulphur smoke, it drifted right on to *The General Sherman*, and the fog lifted so that Ping-yang might see. There was no time for the big gun, no pushing off of the flaming scow, no scattering the crowd; in a moment the whole ship was ablaze, and the doomed white men plunged over the side into the river. Wild exultant bloodhounds, with stones and guns and clubs, followed them down the bank. Here and there victims were hauled out, clubbed and hacked to pieces.

Two or three were taken alive, and led into the city, under command of Pak, and shown to the governor as trophies of the day. The governor and hangers-on

looked with wonder at these brawny-armed men with white skin, blue eyes and wavy hair. After his curiosity was satisfied, he ordered them knocked in the head and carried out of the city.

It was a proud day for Ping-yang. Pak's name became a talisman against all foreign devildom. Every man was dead, and only the iron ribs of the boat remained. The anchor chains were unfastened and hung in triumph on the East Gate of the city, where they still remain.

Pak was gazetted major, decorated by his Immaculate Highness, the Regent, and honors were showered upon him. But thirty years have passed, and there is anxiety in the home of Major Pak. He sleeps uneasily and eats but little. Distress has overtaken him, but whether from some offended spirit, or because of internal sickness, his people do not know. His wife was dead, so there was no woman's ear into which to pour his trouble. His friend Wang, whom he trusted, had joined the Christians. He used to be proud of his own worldly fame, and buoyed along by it, but now it counted as nothing. A gnawing something had worked its way into his soul, that he could not get clear of. He was aware that it had to do in some mysterious way with this foreign doctrine. A marvellous change had come over the vagrant Ko, who also now attended the meeting-house.

On Sunday, Pak made his way to the chapel, alone, with intent to be seen as little as possible. He was impressed by the spirit that moved the company of worshippers, all of one heart and one mind. Among them was Wang, the tight-fisted, worldly man, that used to be, a believer, triumphant. The major left early, and resolved to face the shame and call on Willis.

It was night, and the Dragon with considerable air of victory announced Major Pak.

"Show him in," said Willis, and thus, for the first time, they came face to face. Pak was almost as tall as the American, and infinitely more magnificent.

"Peace be to you," said he.

"And to you peace," replied Willis.

"I have called," said Pak, "because I am in distress. You know that many years ago I destroyed your countrymen. They asked life, but we refused it. I have come to-night to ask life of the Teacher."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked Willis.

"It's this way," said the major. "You know my friend Wang, who has joined your company, told me of the doctrine, and urged me to 'trust,' as he said, and I've had no rest since. There's that reprobate Ko also. Just why a religion, if it's good, should bring a man misery I don't see."

"Does the major truly want to know?" asked Willis.

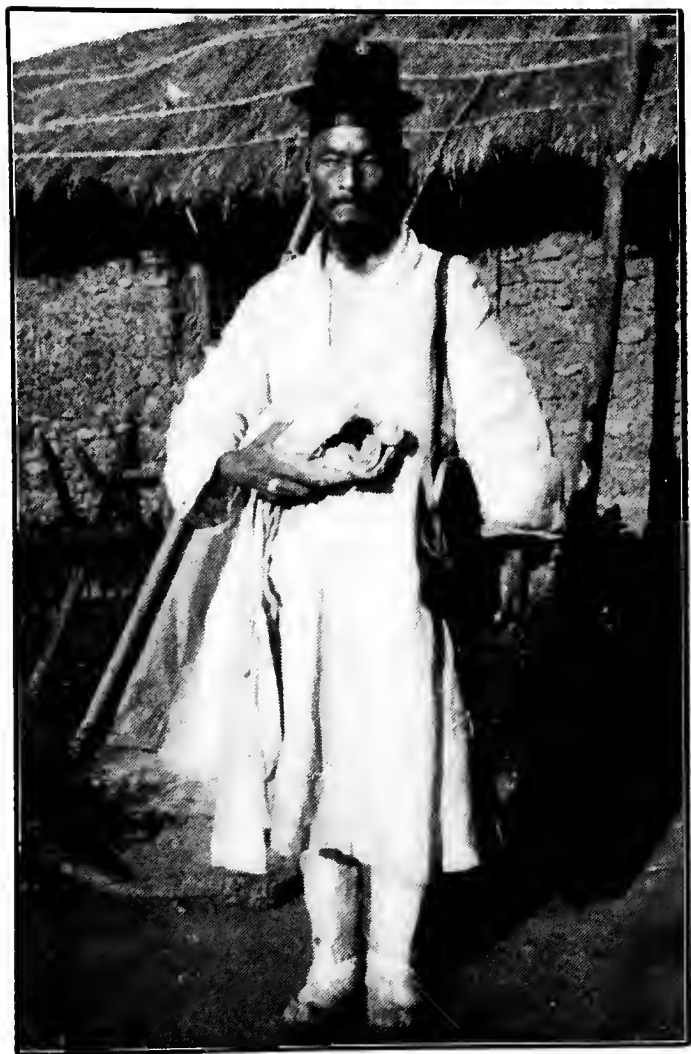
"To be sure, I'm all pent up inside, and can't live in this way," and his face emphasized the words.

"Do you know of Christ?" was the question.

"Perfectly," said he. "Son of God, died for us; Wang told me all about Him."

"Then," said Willis, "just believe on Him, and He'll fix your inside all right."

"May I tell a story," said he, and Pak listened. "There used to be red men in our country, many years ago, and one was a great warrior, and his name was Big Thunder. The people feared him exceedingly, for he was very terrible. He lived in a wigwam of pine branches and prayed to his gods, and carried a knife and a long bow. Once there came by his tribe, two teachers, a pale-



MAJOR PAK

face and a red man, and they told Big Thunder of Jesus, who had come to save him. The mighty man listened and noted what was said—how gentle this Jesus was. Partly he felt inclined to follow Him, then he hesitated, for there was his long knife, would he have to give that up? He heard, too, how the Saviour loved His enemy, and he thought regretfully of his war-paint and spear; how Christ humbled Himself, till Big Thunder questioned if he would have to become a common red man and be no longer chief.

“The teachers went away and a fierce conflict took place in the soul of Big Thunder. It was a fight between God and the Indian war-chief. The Lord wanted him altogether, and he did not wish to yield. At last he took his bow, arrows, and long knife, and laid them on the ground, and said, ‘Here, Lord, I give them up to Thee,’ but his soul found no peace. Next day he led out his squaw, and little red papoose and said, ‘These, too, I give,’ but the agony grew only deeper. Last of all in despair he piled his belongings up, wife and baby on the top, and said, ‘Lord, I come in misery, take everything, it is all given to Thee,’ but Big Thunder’s heart found no place of rest. At last a thought struck him; he climbed up by his squaw and baby and said, ‘Take Big Thunder, too.’ He meant every word of it, for the storm in his soul was calmed, and the red man became a great chief for Jesus.”

“Does the major understand? This religion is just a giving up of self to Christ, that’s all it is. It is the only cure for your distress, and the only way you can find life.”

It was a marvel to the major that this American should care for him, and tell him so earnestly, and pray

in his behalf. Why, truly his soul was full of joy already, what did it mean, as he wound his way homeward through the city? Many voices within him seemed to be saying, "Yes, all that I have is Thine."

The Dragon had had his hair combed, and, clad in a suit of brilliant white, he was almost too clean to look at. Such immaculate coats and trousers as the Dragon developed at times, seemed all out of keeping with the surroundings so much of earth, earthy.

"It is very good, master, when the great men call," said the Dragon.

"Yes," said Willis, in a lazy kind of tone.

"Is the big man, major, that called, going to do the Doctrine?" inquired the Dragon.

"Suppose you try doing the Doctrine yourself, Dragon," suggested Willis by way of reply.

"I? I do whatever master does."

"But the Doctrine says you ought to love your enemies and those you don't like. Do you do that, Dragon?"

"You can't do that in Korea," was his reply. "By and by master know better."

"No, no," said Willis, "when Dragon loves those he don't like, from that day Dragon begins the Doctrine, not before."

Master and servant differed emphatically in their views.

The Dragon departed, and communed thus with his soul, "In some ways wise, good master; in others absolutely hopeless. Think of loving everybody. Whew! If I wasn't here he wouldn't have any room to sit down. Old Rags, round the corner, would come and stay all day and talk and talk, and those Kwak boys would do the Doctrine and steal everything. Love everybody?"

Let everybody do what they like to you? That's a crazy doctrine. *Oh wha doong doong,*" and the Dragon began to sing.

Without telegraph or newspaper, word had it that Major Pak had yielded to the Doctrine and every heart in the church beat fast with joy. Pang shouted "Hallelujah!" He was on a wider crusade now than ever fell to Tong-hak. Wang, the buyer and seller, had made an exchange and won a man; great was his delight, never had he tasted such a market day before. Little Mrs. Kim, too glad to stifle speech, said to the old major, "My father, I'm so thankful."

The old man bowed his gray head to Willis. Once it had worn a victor's crown smeared with blood, henceforth it shall wear another crown that fadeth not away.

XV

TO THE NORTH

IT was now "forward march" along the line. Other help had come, and Willis and his colaborers entered on systematic invasion of the far North. All the land from the Yalu to Muravieff was included in his purpose. As a result of the war, and just as Sir James had foreseen, they were suddenly cut loose from China and China's gods. Their paper charms and other superstitious treasures had been lost, even the family tablets were missing, ancestral graves had been desecrated, and life had to be begun anew from the beginning. The day for which he had waited was come.

A procession was getting under way for an invasion of regions hitherto untouched. Before Willis' house was a group of squealing ponies, that kicked and bit at each other. They had pack-saddles on their backs, and were in waiting, each for his missionary load. They seemed anything but the *pious* missionary, these ponies. Round and plump they were, but wicked in spirit and ready to bite through any kind of armor plate. With no end of confusion and jingling of bells, all shouting at once the *mapoos* (horse boys) roped on the packs. Ten of them were full of books, tracts and New Testaments, some in Chinese, most in native character. Five ponies were laden with food supplies and "cash," and another five, with light loads, served to carry the party.

There were twelve *mapoos*, Pang, Kim, the Dragon,

Willis and Plum, making in all twenty horses and seventeen men.

Every one in Ping-yang knew about it. It was all quite proper. Willis would make a great journey to preach the Doctrine, and Plum would go along. There was good will on all faces. "Peace," said the old women; "Peace," said the men. "May your honorable journey be peace," said the little boys. The old shattered city had had its wounds bound up, and now smiled on Willis. It regarded him as its white prince, who had stood by in the days of desolation. The leaves of his red books fluttered in all the homes of Ping-yang, "I and the Dragon," "Voices that Speak," "What is Thy Name?" They were all true, every word, said the people. "Go in peace and come back ere long." This was the wish of the old woman, too, who lived under the uncombed thatch by the North Gate.

Out went the line of ponies in musical procession. They seemed to realize that now there was no time for kicking, or biting, or standing on their heads; they must settle down to the business of the journey. The ringing of the bells, and the jingling of the steel rings that hang under the pony's chin, tell the rate at which he goes. There is a rapid jing, jing, jing, that plainly says, six miles an hour; again as the day wears on there is a sort of half muffled refrain taken up, that says only four, and again there is a spasmodic jump jingle, when the *mapoo* lays on the whip that dies down soon to no sound at all, that says two miles and a half an hour. The two latter paces are known to all travellers in Korea. Willis knew them well, and often sighed for the rapid jing, jing of six miles. Plum knew them too, and was determined to have no more second rate pacers in his company. He

had selected them this time with care, and the refrain that resulted, when all the bells chimed together and made the valleys ring, was music to his soul. So delighted was he, with the charm and freedom of hill and valley, that he burst out in accompaniment in clear tenor notes, that set all the people wondering what the sound could be that had fallen upon them.

On one side of Plum's saddle hung a baby organ; on the other ammunition and firearms, and the procession moved on.

The wondering passers counted all the twenty ponies.

"Where are you going?" asks one old fellow.

"Everywhere," replied the Dragon.

"What for?"

"For the Gospel."

"Then this is not the same as the Wickedness of God?"

"Never!" said the Dragon.

Willis gave him a red-covered leaflet, and the old man passed on.

Three hours later there was shouting from the rear, and calling from the mountainside. Some one was following on the run, and begging them to stop. What could such sounds of distress mean? They all waited, and Pang dismounted to see. It was the old man who had taken the red leaflet, three hours before. What was he after; did he want to be a disciple? Never; he had come all this way back, in an agony of perspiration, to offer back with both hands the red-covered leaflet.

"Please take it back, please take it back. I've read it and it is just the same as the Wickedness of God; please take it back."

"Why didn't you give it away, or throw it aside, if you feared it?" inquired Pang.

"Oh, that would never do, all the evil would come on me," said the old fellow, trembling. "Thank you for taking it back. I've lost fifty *lee* [seventeen miles]," he gasped, "but never mind that. Oh, I was so scared."

"What is your name?" asked Pang.

"My name is Cho Ping-wang."

"Where do you live?"

"I live in Whang-hǎ, and we've had no end of trouble there from the Wickedness of God."

Pang so kindly explained, and so considerately dealt with the man's fears, that he was greatly calmed and took his leave in comparative peace.

In and out the procession wound through the lovely valleys. "Whir" went a pheasant, humming over the hill. It was the first announcement that the birds were out at afternoon picking in the fields, and Plum unhitched his gun and put in half a dozen cartridges. Fifteen seconds later buzz, buzz went two more; "bang" went a shot after them and a stately bird with red top and bronzed shoulders somersaulted, white, and green, and scarlet, into the grass.

"Hurrah!" said the Dragon, while Yap went scurrying into the brushwood wild with delight. Another flew; "bang," went a second shot, and down came the bird. How the *mapoos* enjoyed it. Here was a great sportsman who could catch birds on the wing; his doctrine must be true as well, thought they.

Every eye was open now, on the lookout for game; bustards were sighted off over the paddy fields, cranes, herons, but Plum refused.

Here was a crow, good for medicine, would he shoot that?

"What," asked he, "eat crow?"

"Yes, good for medicine," but Plum's only reply was a snatch from, "Are you there, Moriarity?"

Now they had sighted a flock of ducks on the rice-field, and the whole procession stopped to watch Plum creep along the ridge, nearer and nearer. Step by step he approached, till the ducks had been given warning and were on the alert. Up rose the flock, all at once, and for an instant Plum waited. There was intense eagerness on the part of the procession, even Willis held his breath. Then two rapid shots plunged straight into the cloud of ducks and five fell, four dead and one wounded; another shot brought the one in and the Dragon's pony fairly bristled with game.

Such were some of the variations along the way. Wherever Plum was, the fun ran high, and there was always amusement. He kept the people awake and their minds moving, and so prepared them more readily to hear and understand the Gospel. How thankful Willis was for Plum. Into his more serious life had come this rollicking beam of sunshine, to whose kind-heartedness and absurdities there seemed no end.

In the evenings there was a hush that passed over the valleys. Voices could be heard at great distance and the jingling of the ponies. This peculiar quiet never failed to impress the soul of Willis, for to him all its light and shade were marked by earnestness. On the distant hills there was the stretch of pines, and beneath, hidden in the valleys, the mud villages each misted by a shadow of smoke, and the uncertainties of evening. Calls were heard here and there, and sometimes singing, and stray

white coats could be seen winding across the paddy fields.

Night was falling in the Far East, with no newspapers sold or read, and no America ever heard of. There was no wide world with its lightning methods of communication, no seas across which steamers ploughed, no Far Eastern questions to bother, no Shakespeare, no churches, no fine horses or carriages, no spirit-wagons, or automobiles, absolutely nothing, and yet, here mortals were living and dying, here children were growing up with their little bosoms filled with love and hate, believing that somehow, devils had to do with all this dream of theirs, and that they must be studied, pampered, fed, followed, worshipped, otherwise life would be smitten and blasted, and end in woe. The long line of pines was the home of the "mountain lords" (tigers and spirits), the quiet of the evening, the time when they came forth—most dreaded; the voices and the singing not necessarily sweet, for sometimes it came from ghosts and wandering spirits, who could tell?

So the doors were closed, and the ring hung over the pin, and into the tight, suffocating room all the family huddled to sleep and doze and mumble through the dreams of night, and wait for the cocks to crow and the morning sunlight to scatter all the devils.

Into such a village went the procession of twenty horses and seventeen men. No such event had ever happened since Yee-tan, father of kings, had ridden his charger and "drunk water from the gourd." Twenty horses and seventeen men! and two of them great personages from beyond the sea, with books and vast accoutrement.

When the evening meal was over, Plum unstrapped

his baby organ, and seated on a wooden pillow in the balcony before the guest-room, struck up a translation of,

“God loved the world of sinners lost,
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full at highest cost,
He offers free to all.”

Immediately the street was crowded. Such an entertainment as this given by Plum had never been heard before, and the words could be understood, too.

What kind of beast was in the box that he could bring noises like that out of it?

“God loved the world?” “What does that mean?” “Who knows what God does?” “We don’t know what the noise he is making means, but it is all about God,” and so words were flung at each other, with comments.

When the music ceased, Willis stepped forward and gave a short, clear, pointed, intelligent explanation of Christian faith, set with a background of Korean homely life, so that through the crowd there went signs of approval, “That’s so!” “True enough!” “Good!” and the women, who crowded into the side room, repeated the words with audible emphasis. In his discourse, there was such evident familiarity with their own mode of life, their fears, their forms of worship, their hopelessness, their fatalism, and such a clear ringing mark of truth and assurance, when he directed them away from these things, that many impetuous ones, among the women especially, said, “That’s for me.” “I shall join it.”

It made its mark, that short talk that evening. Till a late hour of the night Pang and Kim were besieged by urgent inquirers, who wished to know. Again there



SPEAKING TO A CROWD IN THE STREET

were others, who sat or dozed the livelong night, in hope that the pastor would again bring noises out of his "spirit-box."

Off once more they started on their journey, rumor circulating everywhere. In such a queer old land what could not rumor make of twenty horses and seventeen men. Whole armies were on the march. Kings of mightiest Western Empires had come a crusading. It was a matter of the Doctrine ; not the Wickedness of God, but the other. Prepare yourselves all along the way, oh ye people, and look humble. There was extra boiling and frying in official Yamens (government offices) in view of it. Even the old wooden gods planted by the wayside felt the shock.

The procession had passed a deep wood, and here stood the "General of Hell," on one side of the road, and his wife on the other. They had been blocked out of hard wood, with fierce grinning teeth and awful eyes, and had stood guarding the way for many a year, till their inner being was decayed somewhat, and falling into ruin. The old general still wore his whiskers, frowzy tufts on each side, and one on the chin. With demoniacal grin he guarded the roadway and kept all the goblins from passing. It is an old and to these people a very sacred custom, these gods by the wayside, let them be treated considerately. The Dragon was on ahead, having a walk in the morning, he and Yap, thinking out his views of life, when suddenly he was confronted by the "General of Hell."

"You great fool thing," said the Dragon, "you are no general," and with that he threw a stone, that struck squarely and made a deep pit under the general's left eye. "Whiskers too, have you?" said the Dragon. (He him-

self deeply longed for whiskers, Oriental ones, pointed on the chin, and silky down the sides.)

"Come off here," and he pulled one of the side tufts till it let go its hold and dropped away.

"Here you are, Yap, here is some fur to chew on." He was in the act of further mutilating it, when Willis and Plum arrived. He was not Plum's boy, so it would have been quite out of place for Plum to vent any views as to the Dragon's behavior. Plum knew it, laughed a deep laugh inside of him, and waited for Willis.

"Look here," said Willis, "this will never do, Dragon; leave these alone."

"But it belong devil," said the Dragon.

"Even so," said Willis, "we must not touch them," in a very emphatic tone.

The Dragon subsided, saying half to himself, "Master no savez Korean man. Just preach, preach, preach, and leave all the devils. More better smash all devil, and say, 'Believe now!' I think every man say, 'Yea-a.'"

Willis shook his head and explained the nature of the Doctrine over once more to get some light into the Dragon's soul.

"It is not a smashing crusade," said he, "but a kindly invitation."

The Dragon could not see it at all, to him the better way would be to go through the north, upset all these "generals," and their wives as well, blow a trumpet ahead of the procession, tear down the pictures from the mountain shrines, let no man smoke within a hundred yards of his master, and use low talk to all the people.

Yap cleared his teeth of the whiskers that he had got tangled into, and the procession moved on. Plum marked with amusement the look of dissatisfaction that

brooded over the Dragon. The latter was quite outdone with the whole effort. His heart and common sense had been put at Willis' service and here was this blind foolish way of going at the Koreans. He expressed himself later in the day to an old woman, who was offering a dish of cooked rice and praying through her shrivelled lips.

"Grandmother!" said the Dragon, "grandmother! If you pray to that stick you'll go to the Yellow Hell."

She cast a frightened glance on the youth, who dared so blaspheme, and then went on with her prayers.

Into the market town of Changsung swept the caravan, all the ponies at high speed, and the bells a-jingling. Runners from the Yamen had dropped in ahead and were clearing the streets. "He-e-e-e!" they piped high and shrill, and then suddenly changed it to a deep "Ya-a-a-a!" down in their throats. All intended to do honor to the visitors, these Western men from Ping-yang, who had befriended Korea, in some way or other, during the war. There were innumerable white coated people everywhere, and women as well who came boldly out to see.

"Look at his red face!" said they, pointing to Plum, "and the tall man?"

"Oh, that's Willis of Ping-yang."

"What are they after?"

"The Doctrine, the Doctrine."

It took the largest inn in town to stow away the horses and men, and for a time Willis and Plum were under a perfect avalanche of sightseers. It was the first visit of white men, these strange fabulous beings, whose characteristics rumor had jostled over the land. Old men, and

those in charge of things, pushed in first, and took places of honor and the long list of questions began.

“Is there a land where they have only one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead?”

“Hush!” says some one in the crowd, “don’t ask that kind of question.”

Another old sojourner with very heavy breath, asked, “Are your parents alive?”

Then a third inquired how old Plum was to have lost all his hair except the tufts. Plum replied by wrinkling his brow and making the top of his head slide up and down to the amusement of the boys.

It was a long interrogation by an idle good-for-nothing crowd, but that is a part of the missionary’s undertaking, and the unruffled patience with which Willis always went through these interviews, explained, in some measure, the influence of the man. Plum was good too, but his fun bubbled over and made the crowd laugh. The more serious inquirers had gone aside with Pang and Kim, and were now deep in conversation. At the rear was the Dragon preparing rice and corned beef taken from Chicago tins. He too answered questions but in his own way.

There was no need of the baby organ here to draw crowds. As it was, the intense pressure to which the room was subjected that evening, brought down a part of the partition that joined the sliding door. There was a crash and a fall of mud plaster, and dust enough to suffocate an army. They breathed in the dry bacteria of the débris for the remainder of the night. Doubtless the room had seen its rounds of typhus, smallpox, cholera, and the other every-day accompaniments of the poor Korean people, and here were the germs double-winged,

and on the fly. Many a man falls before these dangers, as in the case of Sir James, who faced all the germs all the time. In a little the ranks are broken, and the place thereof knows them no more.

XVI

DOING THE DOCTRINE

IT was market day. From first cockcrow the country folk came streaming in, so that by the early streak of dawn the town was filled with thousands of people. How quiet they seemed and serious, bent solely on the business of the day, with their loads of beans, rice, hides, tobacco, and charcoal, roped on to huge stolid bulls. Later on as drink passed freely every man's tongue began to move, and by afternoon there was a babel indescribable. Willis and Plum knew well that it was no use to preach to drunken men, and so took advantage of the early hours of the morning, setting each man at something, Pang to preach, and Kim to sell books. The Dragon and Yap guarded the supplies left at home, for there are no end of thieves on market-day, and the Dragon kept excellent watch.

"Come now all you good people," says Pang, "listen to me for a little. It's cold this market morning, and you folk have walked a long way; you'll be tired of talk but——"

"No, no! go on. We'll listen."

"I was a Tong-hak, you know, my name is Pang, believed in *pyuk-gok* and that kind of thing, and prayed to the gods, and moved my mother's grave here and there, and cut my hand and fed my father on the blood before he died."

"Ah! ha!" said the crowd, "noble deed!"

"Yes, let out my blood and did all I could to find the Way, but I couldn't find it. If you'd have asked me then, 'Have you found the Way?' I should have said, 'No, I've not found it, not a bit of it.' Now you good friends are looking for the Way, aren't you? Every man of you trying to find it. The Way is more to you than the ox you've got, or the load you are trying to sell, own up, friends."

"Is there lots to eat in the Way?" inquired a gaunt-looking heathen.

"Plenty," says Pang, "good white rice, and cabbage pickle, red peppers thrown in and fish too."

With this introduction Pang began the real work of the day, Willis standing by him. Later on, which was greatly to the crowd's delight, he himself did the speaking. Here was this tall Westerner with light hair, away off here in the black haired lands. How different his appearance, but his words were true, and they were pleasant to the ear. It was all mixed up somehow about Jesus. You had to *do* it and they did not quite understand how, but the general impression was good, it was not the same as the Wickedness of God.

Kim and Plum were getting rid of great quantities of books. These they sold for a few cash a piece, not enough to pay cost but just enough to keep market people from destroying them. There was great excitement, people almost trampled each other. Each time a book was handed over explanations were given. Such a literary turn had never been known to any market in the far north; men forgot to drink in their curiosity over the books. Excited crowds in stampede overturned an old woman's table of pan-cakes and all her pot of batter. Away it went into the mud and great was the loss.

Plum searched her out, paid her full price for cakes and batter, and the people wondered to see how many cash taken in for books passed over to the old woman.

“They are not after money these strangers evidently.” She went home with a marvellous tale to tell, and a red book tied under her waist-band.

Willis and his party moved out of Changsung, away towards the eastern mountains, that rise high up and divide the land. Most of the villages for this day's journey had their supply of books bought at the market and there were innumerable questions to be asked regarding them, showing that they had been read. Never was a royal progress better advertised than this procession. White coated groups stood out on sidings and hill points, where the view was clear, counted the horses, and waved their fans to the passers-by. Women screamed and ran to the nearest corner round which they peeked. No man dreamed however that a new era had dawned with this procession, and that old things had passed away.

In one of the mountain regions the party turned into a Buddhist monastery to spend Sunday. They were wearied with the crowds, and desired a day of rest in the grateful shadow of the pines, where the wind murmured, and there was the soft tinkling of the temple bells. The surroundings of the Buddha are always so refreshing to the traveller, with their gurgling streams, high rocks, and echoing solitudes; but the real kernel is not always sweet to the taste, for however beautiful the deer may seem, who are feeding on the other side over in the valley, the two priests standing by are unwashed and smell of old lacquer.

Willis and Plum with Pang, Kim, and the Dragon were given a wide room to sleep in that had many

pictures pasted up, and on one side a gilded image of *Kwan-say-oom* Buddha. The floor had been papered some time during a past generation with thick parchment paper, but the many treadings of the worshippers had worn it smooth as a skating rink, and cracked it here and there. After being well heated by the snapping pine-wood under the rice pot, it gave forth that peculiar odor which makes the Englishman's head ache, but puts the Asiatic sweetly to sleep.

It seemed but an instant till the bells and gongs of the monastery awoke the sleepers, and the hum of men at prayer set in motion the dreamy doings of the day. The sun slanted through the pines, and all the breathings of the morning filled the world about them. They had slept badly, but here was Nature, fresh as when the world was made, reminding them that God's hand never grows old or His finger touches unsteady. The day would be restful, and gradually the misery of the night would be forgotten. There were just the priests and the old woman who kept the side temple called the Way of Holiness. Far removed were the market squares and the trampling mobs. These they should face on the morrow; to-day it was rest and quiet with no voice or unseemly uproar. Yap slept on the stoop of the temple and bit at the flies. The old woman, who was big, and rather coarse, and who gave you the impression that she might have been noisy before she came into touch with the Way of Holiness, looked askance at Yap. Dogs are not allowed to approach the Buddha. It was a holy day and there was sacrifice to be offered to *Ameeda* the great god over in the temple. The old beldame was busy up to the elbows at all the good things, so careful lest any refuse or impurity should get into the fire, for Buddha comes down

the chimney seven times a day to inspect the cooking and see to other business that he has upon the wheel.

The tables had been prepared, and were now to be carried in, one at a time, and placed before the altar; two were safely put in order, and she was coming in with the third when, to her horror, there was Yap helping himself from table number one. The old woman dropped her load unceremoniously, and rushed back into the kitchen where her son, a priest, a man of thirty-five, was helping her.

She began her story in tightly suppressed notes, but gradually getting louder. Plum and the Dragon heard this note of warning, and hurried over to the kitchen. The old woman's face had a fierce set expression and her eyes, wild-looking, gazed straight into vacancy, her teeth ground, and her hands worked convulsively.

"Ya-a-a!" shouted she, snorting between times. "Vile small-tailed dog! Ya-a-a! Insulted *Ameeda!* *Om-charee-chooree-choonjay!!!*" and she rushed out into the court, her son after, trying to hold her, but she flung him aside with the strength of a mad man, till his head cracked against the wall. Then she closed her jaws like a vise, set all her muscles, screamed, bounced into the air, foamed at the mouth, a frantic picture of demoniacal possession.

"Look," said Plum, "I never saw the like of that before."

"Plenty of that in Korea," said the Dragon; "that's what you call letting go your body. She'll finish pretty soon."

The Dragon's words were true. Willis, Pang, and Kim arrived just as she let off the final explosion. She caught a huge tile from the wall, lifted it with both hands

and brought it down on her head "crack," shivering the tile to pieces, then she bounced up into the air once more and fell rigid and unconscious. Her son dragged her into the kitchen and threw her on to a pile of straw. Yap was tied up and a deathly calm fell upon the monastery.

Next morning as they were about to leave, the old dame came to Willis and told him her story, that she was so sore all over, her legs and arms and her heart as well. Could he explain it, or give her some medicine? He had some tablets that he thought would be the thing. He told her, too, how sorry he felt about Yap's doings, but she would hear nothing of it, she had saved the god's "face" and by-gones were by-gones. They made her some presents, gave her a red book, and saw her once more quietly in possession of the Way of Holiness. Her name was Blue Rock's Mother.

XVII

THE SHINS AND FIREBLOWER

DURING their stay in an official and market centre, Plum made the acquaintance of a hard-faced woman who was selling combs.

“Are you one of the Doctrine folk?” asked she.

“Right you are, sister,” said Plum. “Try this red book and see what you think of it.” He was respectful, bought one of her combs, in his free off-hand way, and she liked him. A low woman herself, who used to sell drink, it made no difference if she talked to men or strangers, so she took the red book and hid it away somewhere in her girdle wrap.

Later in the day her husband, unbeknown to her, amid the excitement about the strangers, called, half drunk, and made inquiry of Plum. He was a large-headed man, with round glossy eyes, full of jokes and nonsense, and Plum, who understood that phase of native character perfectly, was more than his match.

“Give me the sacred Book itself,” said Shin. “I want none of these introductory pamphlets; my mind is active and craves the real thing.”

“Here you are,” said Plum, and he gave him a Gospel of Mark while, unseen by the eye, an inner prayer went up for a blessing on the man.

Shin took the book home and hid it from his wife; she had her red book, that she hid from her husband.

Shin’s was a noted home; he had caught a Tartar for a

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wife, and she a professional gambler and fighter for a husband, and they each feared the other, and were both savage and unhappy, hence their longing for some sort of doctrine.

"What are these foreign barbarians doing in town?" asked Shin.

"Don't ask me," said his wife; "it's the Wickedness of God, I reckon," meanwhile she had been looking at her book, and so had he. He returned his next day saying, "I've read it through, have you anything else a little more interesting?"

"Didn't you like it?" asked Plum.

"Oh, it's full of people walking on the water, and all that kind of thing. We have that in Korean books too. I'd like something else that goes into the Doctrine."

"Listen, Shin!" says Plum, "you can't find it in a thousand years in that way. Take the little book back, put away wickedness from your heart and pray God to show you the meaning. Read it again and come and see me."

His wife came later looking for Plum. "The red-faced foreigner," she said, "whose face and hands won't keep still."

Plum was rejoiced, here was his comb woman come to find him. He gave her a Gospel of Mark. Said he, "A big man with a glossy eye and very little topknot called Shin, took one of these yesterday, but he didn't understand how, so I sent him home with it again."

"Shin?" she asked, startled.

"Yes, a rough man, with a bull voice."

"Oh," she said, "oh, I don't know him. How do you do it?"

"Do it? Your inside eyes must look away up to

heaven while you read the book, and then you will see wonderful things, you will, and your life will change."

"I know, I know," she replied.

She read her book that night, and prayed, prayed all the time, not for herself. She had forgotten about the comb woman, and was thinking of Shin, the noisy human, known as her husband. If only Jesus would cast the devils out of him! Would He answer a poor old hag's prayers who wanted to serve Him from now on?

There are many unrecorded steps in the story, some of them too sacred to bear touching off with a rough-handed pen. Two human beings, almond-eyed, brown-skinned, devil-souled, long years penned up together, unable to part, unable to endure, and no children to act as mediators! So it was, until one day, near when our story falls, the bull voice said tenderly, "*Pobay*," (my treasure) "God is good."

When Willis, or Plum, or any other missionary calls there to-day, there is a lively rattle among the kitchen dishes, and, shining in all the glory of polished brass, they come forth, laden with the best the town has for the foreign strangers, whom the old comb woman now regards as angels come among them. Many a time Shin's laugh and Plum's echo along the rafters. The folks in town, some of them, point the finger at him and say, "See that man Shin, he's joined the Doctrine and doesn't fight or drink any more."

Fireblower, the independent missionary, who had spent some years in this neighborhood, and was now passing the market town, made a call on Willis and Plum. They knew him of old, he was kind-hearted but heady, and set on one thing, come what would, namely, his own way. Cross it and he would pour scorn on you, yea,

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mouthfuls of invective, but he prayed and studied his Bible, and lived a lonely, self-sacrificing kind of life. A strange creature was Fireblower!

"Thank the Lord I am independent," said he to Willis. "No man can be led of the Spirit and tied to a mission board as you are."

Willis did not argue the point, knowing that it would only rouse his anger.

"How about your flock?" he inquired instead.

"Flock! I have just turned them all out of meeting, every one of them. Some have come back and said they were sorry, but I shall hold the law over them for a while."

"What was the trouble?"

"It was this, they had come to church, but in making their offering they had given only a twentieth, some of them a fiftieth of their income, and," added Fireblower, "no man is a Christian unless he gives a tenth at least, so I turned them all out and locked the door."

"Why didn't you shoot them?" asked Plum, to whom Willis gave a sharp look of rebuke.

"It's all very well for you, Plum, to chip in with your nonsense, but no man can do God's work in that kind of way."

Plum gave a laugh, and then in his sweet tenor voice struck up:

"Night had fallen on the city,
And the streets at last were still,
Where the noisy throng, the day long,
Did the air with shoutings fill."

It was the story of Paul and Silas, and it calmed the spirit of Fireblower, who loved music. He turned to Willis and said, "Plum does it beautifully, doesn't he?"

XVIII

HOME AGAIN

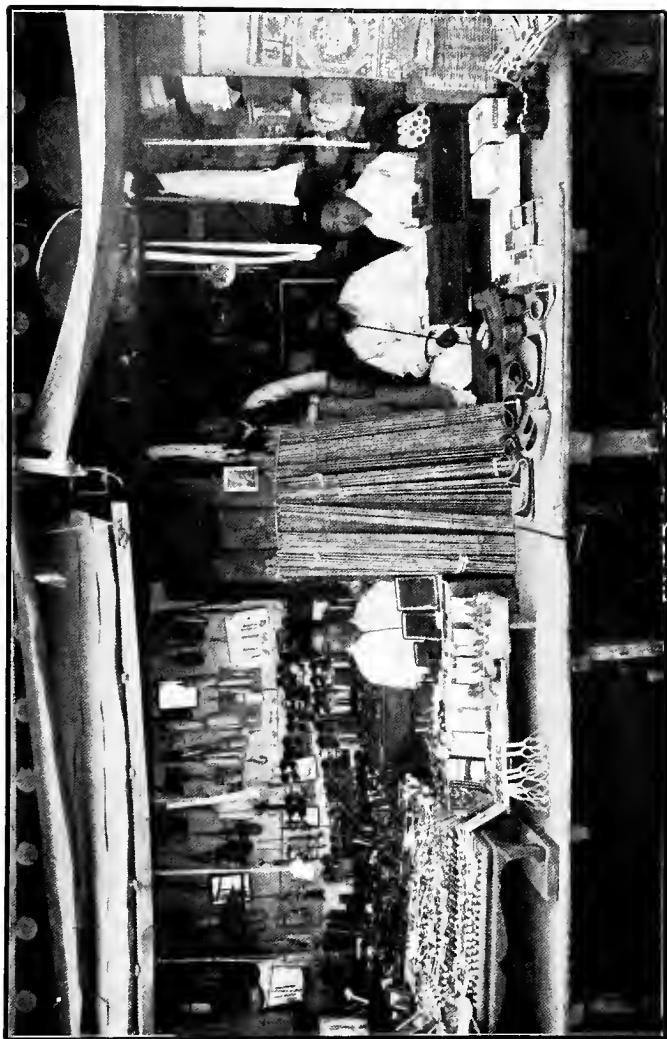
KO, meanwhile, had fallen back on an old but honest trade that he had learned in better days—shoemaking. To make shoes in Korea is to dwell in the lowest dust socially. This was sweet to Ko who from his first entrance on his new life sought a humble place.

“I was a thief, scoundrel, liar,” said he, “let me put in good soles and make honest shoes.”

One pair he made extra well, double-soled, with two silken strings down the toe. He had dried, and smoothed, and pegged them into such shape as few common people in Korea wear, and now they were finished. He wrapped them carefully in coarse paper, slipped his New Testament into his canvas pocket, and stepped out and along the crowded street, where he had once walked for three years, dumb, where he had fought with all manner of men, where he had drank and gambled, where everybody knew him. Passers pointed the finger, and women peeked from the corners. “Ko!” they said. “Yonder is Ko. He has taken to Jesus now and turned good. He hasn’t drank for months, and no man hears him swear.”

Ko overheard many of these remarks, and the memory of his record made his soul bleed within him.

He arrived at the hut of an old hat maker, named Pill, who had returned and set up business. Pill and he had



PILL'S SHOP

known each other, but he had lied and deceived, and Pill regarded him as an enemy.

"Ugh!" said Pill, "is it you, Ko? I hear you are doing the Doctrine, but I can't give you any money, not a cash."

"I want to see you a moment," said Ko, his old clothes looking cleaner than usual, and with something strange and softened about his manner.

"I really have no time," said Pill, puffing away at his pipe.

"It's this," said Ko. "Three years ago I stole a pair of shoes from your wall-box."

"Ha, ha!" said Pill, "you took them, did you? I suspected you, you rascal, but the old woman said it was the other fellow."

"I took them," said Ko. "I'm so sorry, I've brought this pair to pay back the debt and ask you to forgive me."

"What sound is this I hear?" ejaculated Pill, as he looked with wide eyes on the shoes, such a pair as he had never owned.

Pill suspected some trick, and inquired as to Ko's motive.

"No other," said Ko, "I have learned the Doctrine."

"Well, I'll be blowed," said Pill. "Does the Doctrine mean this kind of thing?"

"It means two things, one that hurts you, and one that helps you. You see all your sins just as they are and the thought of it knifes you deep down in your soul; and the other is you know God has forgiven you, and that lifts you away up to heaven. Try it, Pill, and see," said Ko, and he left the shoes and was gone.

Pill told his wife and they both agreed that any influ-

ence that could make the profligate Ko pay back stolen goods must have God behind it, and was worth trying.

Ko went back to his room and cried, he knew not why. A strange unearthly peace possessed him. Heaven was there itself in the little room where he pegged away.

From now on Ko's pocket was running over with money, old debts were paid off with interest, to the amazement of the creditors. Helpless one among the Christians were his especial care. While he worked at his shoes he kept his book open, and began the task of learning the New Testament, all about God, Jesus, the Spirit, all about the Church, all about the individual Christian, his duties and privileges, all about the world and the wanderers in it. He knew these texts, book, chapter, verse.

With retentive Oriental memory he took them in and never let go his hold. So often in later days he became a book of reference for the missionary.

"Where is the verse, Ko, 'If thou canst believe all things are possible'?"

"That will be Mark nine, twenty-three," said Ko.

"'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me'?"

"John twelve and thirty-two."

"'My grace is sufficient for thee'?"

"You will find that in the after Corinthians, twelve and nine."

"'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper'?"

"Shall not prosper?" Ko drew a long breath, hesitated and said—"This is proven by Ananias and Sapphira, Acts 5, but it must be in the Old Testament. I haven't seen these words in the new."

His Christianity was everything to him, his making of

boots was only an accident by the way, but he would make it tell for the Gospel. He could make a pair of shoes in one day, valued at seven *yang*. The leather, cowhide, deerskin, horsehide, nails and thread cost thirty-two *yang* and would make twenty pairs. His food and clothes amounted to eighteen *yang* for that time. A hundred *yang*, or ten dollars gold he had over. How glorious to have in his pocket power that he could set loose in God's behalf. He begrudged the cash pieces that he used on himself.

Ko's brain was on the wheel, as to how he could do most in the way of service. He thought of this and that. He wrote his plan out on a piece of paper, spread it on the floor and prayed about it.

At this time McKechern and Foster were paying a call on Willis, and Ko, seeing the wise looking Scot, consulted him as to important matters regarding the faith.

"Get sound on the Doctrines," said McKechern.

Ko looked a bit bewildered. "You mean believe strongly and work?"

"By no means. Work will never save any man. Watch ye, that's a device o' Satan to trip ye up, ma mon."

Ko asked if they might pray about it, then and there.

"I'm a bit fashed," said McKechern, "fixin' this saddle. We must be aff ye ken. Did ye no hae prayers i' the morn?" This was all said in Korean, clear and distinct, for McKechern could speak well, though his language was accompanied by a broad Scotch accent.

Ko was more mystified than ever. "I'm desirous," said Ko, "to be of service; what would you advise?"

"I just hae one word for ye, ma mon, get yer mind straight on predestination and effectual calling, and a' other things will fa' into line." McKechern had a word

that he had manufactured for "effectual calling," out of two Chinese characters.

Ko had never heard it before in all his life, and asked "Just what verse and what chapter will that be in?" his face eagerly looking at McKechern.

"I hae nae time to bother wi' ye noo," said McKechern, and he added to himself, "The man's evidently not grounded at all. Tut! Tut! I thought Willis would hae done better than that. He's evidently touched wi' Plymouth Brethrenism."

Just then Foster came in, and saw Ko, whose eager face turned to meet him.

"And you are a Christian, brother?" said Foster. "Peace and God bless you. And you are working for Him, are you?"

"In a very bungling way," said Ko. "I want so much to be of service."

"Go straight on, brother, in the strength of the Lord, He'll use you." Then Foster added in English, "McKeck, I like the looks of this man, let's have prayer right here with him now."

"But we mon get this saddle fixed and get off," said McKechern rather gingerly.

"Never mind about getting off, this is the Lord's work, there is nothing better," and greatly to Ko's delight, Foster prayed then and there.

Ko never forgot that, and later on the tears over Foster fell in view of a mighty mystery. He was perplexed about the difference of flavor in these missionaries. He was in doubts about the wise looking Scotchman. He thought there was something wrong with his faith, and he prayed for him, though he would never have told anyone so.

XIX

PLUM'S WEDDING

WEDDINGS in Korea are among the great affairs of life, exceeded in importance by funerals only. Children are betrothed at birth, and married in childhood. They never meet before marriage, and write no love-letters. Their fathers and mothers settle the affair without reference to the interested parties, and the wedding is, as McKechnern would say, an "unexplored" for both families. The only one who sees not, and should hear not, and think nothing about it, is the bride, whose eyes are sealed, whose cheeks and lips are daubed with vermilion, and the rest of whose face is smeared with pipe-clay. "Will you take this man to be your wedded husband?" is never asked, and no sound escapes her lips. She is a dressmaker's dummy for the day, hung with all the extra embroideries and dress goods that can be begged or borrowed, never again to be donned during this mortal pilgrimage. A day or so later, her eyes are open to the matter-of-fact life that confronts her, and the kitchen, the mother-in-law, the husband, with whom she has to do are all interesting, frequently terrible, but she takes them stolidly, for in their company the Korean woman has dragged herself along through all the ages.

The husband becomes a man when he marries. He no longer wears his hair down his back, as the Dragon does, but ties a knot on top and uses low talk to all boys such

as the Dragon. At marriage he emerges from a condition of contempt into one of command.

Plum was to be married. "But, sakes alive, he is twenty-eight years old," said Grandma Kim, "and his hair has all dropped off. I must go and see about it.

"How long have you been betrothed?" she asked Plum.

"Never was betrothed at all," says Plum. "I'm engaged."

"You mean your parents did not settle who you were to marry?"

"Well, I should think not."

"Then how did you bring about the engagement?" asked Grandma Kim deeply interested. (The Dragon was listening to the conversation just outside the door.)

"How did I bring about the engagement? Why I saw this young lady, and she was good, and beautiful, and wise, and sweet, and I said, 'Would you, peerless one, condescend to come down and consent to be the wife of a bundle of sin, shortcoming and stupidity, who adores and regards you as flawless perfection?'"

"Really," said Grandma Kim. "Did you? You never could do that with a Korean woman, or you'd spoil her. Then what did she reply?"

"She said, 'You silly goose, of course I'll be your wife.'"

Grandma drew a long breath. "How old were you then?"

"Twenty-five," said Plum.

The ways of these foreigners were beyond the comprehension of Grandma Kim. She awaited the coming of Plum's fiancée with lively interest, and her surprises were only increased when that young woman and her mother arrived in the Land of Morning Calm.

Miss Addie could not speak the language of the old mother, but her good heart shone out through her face and manner, in a way to completely win these far off people.

She and Plum were engaged, how would they act? The eyes of womankind were fixed on them through the chinks and corners. Grandma Kim with arms akimbo watched them from the open.

Plum and Miss Addie walked out over the fortifications in view of all, he demonstrating and expounding the meaning of things. Here the Japanese had rushed in; there the Chinese had rushed out. "See those bullet marks on the gates and in the pines."

Plum walked on rolling clouds, and all the world was happy. The Koreans concluded that it was most extraordinary, this method, but all right. The Dragon, as he stropped the carving knife in the kitchen, told the loafers, who were waiting for bits, that this was the way Western Kings did their engaging, and he believed in it, and pretty soon we would all go for a walk in Korea, study the fortifications, and then get married.

But the wedding! The church members, of their own free will, had hung Chinese lanterns all the way from the sky down to the earth. Oriental characters decorated the scene. "Long may they live," "Hail to the Bamboo and the Lilly-of-the-Valley."

What a night of jubilee! Here were Pang, and Kim, and Ko, and all the others. Old Wang, the knife-grinder, as well as the governor dressed in his robes of state, and with an army of hangers-on. There were lights burning everywhere, brilliantly shining, and the scene partook of the nature of Aladdin's palace. The ceremony was short, and spoken in English. The bride had not her eyes

sealed, not she; they were open, they saw and were full of life and animation. She did not look afraid, or very meek, but was a beautiful, intelligent participant in the wonders of the wedding.

The room to the left was just bursting with its crowd of Korean women, who were charmed, alike with the peculiarities of method, as well as the wonders of decoration. There was music from various kinds of stringed instruments and pipes, but the governor was uninterested till the Korean band struck up. Its lilting swing, and the drum and fifes, that went with it, spoke out to all the hills and valleys the joy of the occasion.

And then they had to eat foods and sweetmeats never seen before and that had no Korean names.

"This is sweet to the palate," said the governor, "and is agreeable to the internal constitution of mankind; how is it made?"

The Dragon, who was serving, said, "This is a new kind of meat for kings, made of rareties brought from many lands at great expense. The lady of the evening, just married, taught me to make it. She is acquainted with the ten thousand food-delights, and has great skill in the preparation of the same."

"Really," said the governor, "she is most wise. I'll have another plate of that."

Ko was so happy, he ate too and enjoyed it. He bowed very low to the bride and said, "I have no sufficient words to say my thanks and good wishes."

The governor in speaking his farewell, said, "Live in peace. May the good time and all I've eaten be remembered for ten thousand generations!"

Plum was married, and there was great delight over this family and these foreign ladies who had come to live

in town. The Doctrine was a mighty force, surely, pushing in here as it did people from the lands of the setting sun.

A burst of music and a prayer, and the lights closed down upon the scene, which was a great event in the life of Willis, and of the mighty work of which he was shortly to become a wandering spectator.

XX

THE ENVIRONMENT

THE company of workers grew larger by additions yearly. A Miss Stillman had joined the mission, and her work was to be specially in behalf of Korean girls. There was a lady physician also.

"I want to see fifty new workers in the next five years," said Willis, and his prayers were offered accordingly. The answers came home to him one by one.

One worker, more than all others, he had specially prayed for by the name of Eline. Would her heart not incline her to come out and join him here? He felt how hampered he was alone, and she would be his helpmate, specially chosen. She had promised to be his wife, gladly so, but the nightmare of a land to which he invited her, seemed to cast a doubt upon his love. Her father had seen and talked by chance with one Mr. Shoreland, and he had given such an account, that it was impossible for her to go, and so Willis' prayers for Eline were answered by a proposal on her part that they break off the engagement, unless he consent to come home and live there. She was broken-hearted, but her father forbade her; surely if Willis truly loved her he would leave any work on earth, however dear, and show by that that his heart was true.

The fight was on. She was a true-hearted girl and he knew it. The difficulty was partly due to a misunderstanding, but could he clear it away? No, it was not

a misunderstanding either, Shoreland had done him no injury, for a land swept by cholera scourges and typhus, was no place for one brought up as she. Should he answer that the engagement was broken? In reply, there came up before his mind a vision of a tall and stately beauty, whose eyes thrilled him and the sunlight over that face dissipated all his resolutions. He could hear a voice with its sweet finished note never heard elsewhere. He could see her. She was weeping for the lad she loved, who did not love enough in return to leave his cherished calling and come to her. There was a world of work at home, and she was a wise girl and had many gifts. Should the engagement be broken and he turn coldly away from his vision? Could he endure to speak eternal farewell to the light in the eyes that looked at him, and the voice whose accents thrilled his soul? No, never! Then he must consider the proposition of leaving the field.

There was a caller interrupted him at this moment, an old woman, one of the church folks, Grandma Shin, Mrs. Kim's mother, who carried in a napkin a round earthenware jar. Her old wrinkled face was touched off with the sunshine of heaven, and her broken voice failed to express all the accents of her joy. This was a pot of *Kimtchee* she had brought. It was a Korean pickle made of cabbage, radishes, red-pepper, with fish and dates interspersed. The odor is very objectionable to many a Westerner, but she had brought it. It was the best she had, her alabaster box of ointment, and she loved Willis.

"Just a jar of *Kimtchee*," she said. "I'm ashamed to offer it, but the *moksa* has filled my poor life so full of happiness, that nothing would do but I fix up this jar and come."

Willis thanked her, but she said, "Oh, don't thank me. I had a dream last night, such a wonderful dream. I must tell you. You know I'm old, getting up to seventy, and must go soon. Well I dreamed that I died and it was not painful but just the softest kind of sleep, and I went away to Heaven. It was a beautiful land. Think of it, an old rag like me," and she wiped her eyes with the end of her girdle string, "seeing such a sight. He was there, yes, and He welcomed me till my soul ran over with joy. There was a great company all about Him. I saw this one and that, and Sir James, I could see him so plain. Then I awoke and I was sorry to leave Heaven, but I said to myself I'll fix up a jar of *Kimtchee* and go tell the *moksa*."

What had they in common, this lithe, keen-eyed foreigner, loved by the Western girl over the sea; how could he find for a moment any joy in the company of an old withered woman, who had been a heathen and had bowed down to stocks and rags? Why should his heart thrill with thankfulness, as he looked into her yellow face and almond eyes? Why should her toothless accents about heaven lift him up with joy?

She bundled out of the gateway speaking her blessings on the Dragon. Again the voice came asking, "Will you give up the field?" "No, never! God must decide it, it is too hard for me." In the eternal quiet, all alone, Willis prayed away his burden. He saw visions of lost multitudes gathering about him asking the Way. They were dark-faced and dense in their ignorance. Their tongues spoke a strange unheard-of language, but he spoke it too, and their faces brightened as he talked to them. He saw many of them jubilant, telling others also and a great procession gathering home to the Beau-

tiful Land. He could not decide, it was too hard, he would just press on and work.

As the work advanced the needs increased. Willis specially felt the need of a book shop, that could serve as a northern agency for the literature required. He had no appropriation and needed two hundred *yen* (Japanese dollars) to set it on its feet, then it would go of itself and pay expenses. He made this need a part of his daily prayer, and never for a moment let himself forget the real source of supply. But his prayers were hindered of late and seemed unanswered until he decided to stay by the work even at the loss of the sweet faced worker across the sea. Then there came a sense of rest and how easy it was to pray, there were no shadows that intervened, and he was sure of an answer. He prayed for two hundred *yen* for the book-house. No one knew of this special need or the church at home would have gladly supplied it, but its regular appropriations were set apart for other things, and so he prayed for the two hundred *yen* for a book-house, and expected to get it.

A day or two later there came a letter addressed in an ignorant rambling hand, but the address was his and he tore it open. The first thing he saw was a note drawn in his favor for two hundred *yen* on the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. He read the letter.

“ H. L. WILLIS,

“ DEAR SIR :

“ I have heard from the American minister in Korea how you and your people stood by and helped my poor old father when he had the smallpox and died. I ain't any Christian myself, but it was a Christian act that you did, and I want to thank you. Here is two hundred

yen that I must send for I feel like it. It's not to pay you, but for your work and those Koreans who were so good to an old man when he was down.

“Yours truly,

“JOHN RAKES, JR.”

Willis put this money into the book-room and sent their thanks to the giver.

Mighty influences were at work under which the great northland was heaving. The all powerful Westerner was here, and there was no withstanding his momentum. Had the foreigners pulled together, truly there had been no withstanding, but their influences were often in conflict or at cross purposes.

There was Puffsnauber now, not an intelligent man, or one to reckon with in home conditions, but here in this ignorant land, he was a Westerner and what he did was interpreted as “Western custom.” He had his influence and he had no use for missionary work.

“Vhy not leave dese people alone?” said he. “Dey vas more better as us, all the time you breach und bray.” He said to his kitchen boy, “Boy, if you go to dat meetin'-house I vill kick you out.”

“Yea-a-a!” answered the boy, which might mean anything.

“Venn you haf dat religion, you no can drinck, no can schmoke, no can laft, no can have any kind o' dings.” Every little counts, and Puffsnauber counted.

But now, Puffsnauber's home was vacant, though his influence remained, and there was a shadow and a sad story connected therewith.

Plum and his wife had made a firm resolve to try and help Puffsnauber and his wife Kozie. They were

social irregularities, and he was no friend of missions, but what matter, they could make him a friend if they truly tried to help him, and the little Japanese woman so modest and faithful, Mrs. Plum liked her from the first. They went to call on various pretexts, to see flowers in his garden, etc. Puffsnauber invited them into his sitting-room, which was a mixture in its make-up of the Occident and the Orient. The knickknacks of her native town were placed here and there with evident design to please and catch the master's eye. On one wall hung his guns and hunting gear, oiled and shiny, on the other a row of German pipes to remind him of the Fatherland.

They were scarcely seated when Mrs. Puffsnauber glided into the room with a tray of tea, which she placed before them, bowing and laughing as lower class Japanese women do.

"Why you giggle?" said he. "Go away!"

Mrs. Plum noticed how the rebuke struck, and brought tears to her eyes.

Puffsnauber was nothing if he was not commander-in-chief of her entire domestic concern. When she left he said:

"She was a goot voman, but," he added, "she must keep her place."

Mrs. Plum ventured to say, "But, Mr. Puffsnauber, you must be proud of her. She is so pretty and your home is so well cared for."

"Oh! yes," he says, "she can make everydings, pread und bickle; cook die geese und vild durkeys I shoot, und keep mine house shust like von palace. I often say I was live in von flower garden. Kozie!" he shouted, "come and show the lady your dresses and how you make Yapanee tea."

No woman of the Orient could have behaved more prettily. In broken English she explained the dresses, and with a bamboo brush whipped the tea. He sat by and looked large and coarse and round.

Six years of domestic faithfulness rolled by, and furlough had been granted Mr. Puffsnauber, and he would pay a visit to the Fatherland. He sold the bungalow at the foot of the hill, and told Kozie that their contract was up, and that she could go to Japan or anywhere else she liked. She was only a helpless "Yapanee" but a heart she had and it sank within her. She came to see Mrs. Plum and to tell her that the master was going away and would never come back to her any more.

On the quarter-deck of the steamer *Hohenzollern*, stood the portly figure of Mr. Puffsnauber, in magnificent enjoyment of cigar, his face homeward, where he was sure to be welcomed as a son of the charms and wonders of the East. Great swellings of satisfaction rolled over him. How fortunate he was, too, no wife or children to disturb his going. "Kozie?" "Oh that was only von yoke. I have geep her all these years. I vas very goot to her."

Over the gunwale of the steamship *Karé Maru*, off the dismal waterfront of the city of Nagasaki, a box is being lowered by a rope, and down the gangway goes a soft footed, dumpy woman, carrying in her hand a pair of wooden shoes. She has been crying and her almond eyes are red, and the aspect accompanying her seems to say "forsaken of the gods." The box is put ashore and the wooden shoes are pushed on, the strings gripped by the great toe. "Scuff, scuff, scuff," more and more faintly, and Kozie is lost among the other scuffings of a multitudinous city. "Only a joke," was she, with her pair of wooden shoes!

All of this was known and talked of by the Koreans and was a part of Willis' environment.

To the south were McKechern, Foster, Gilbert, the ladies of the mission, and the mighty influences of the capital, the foreign representatives, and the flags of all nations. In the mind of the Korean, Great Britain, United States, and Germany had somehow to do with independent truth, while France was the sponsor and protector of the "Wickedness of God."

The chilling influence of the capital was felt far over its suburbs, for there greed, and sin, and luxury, held the hearts of the multitude. The Christians did not crowd the meeting-house so warmly, or show the same earnestness of life. They were sordid in their tastes and ambitions. The smiling man from the North who inquired for the meeting-house was answered, "What meeting-house? Yonder spire?" pointing to the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

McKechern held forth his fiery law every Sunday, Total Depravity being one of his favorite themes, not hard to prove or requiring any demonstration in a place like Seoul. Election was another, somewhat more difficult to find a use for.

This mecca of the Korean was among the problems that Willis pondered over. On his visits, he studied the question, and watched the slow-working church, and said to Gilbert and McKechern, "Why don't you set these Christians to work?"

"To waik?" asked McKechern, "afore they hae the call?"

"Let them warm up and be thankful, and the call will be all right."

"The what? Mon, ye are as unsoond as ye can be,

like thae Catholic bodies, dae all manner o' evil that guid may come. We maun juist wait till God gies them the call."

Willis preached on the Living Sacrifice to a crowded house, and there were many nods and nudges among the hearers in confirmation of what he said. To McKechern's mind there were several of the leading doctrines a bit shaky in Willis' discourse, but he realized that it was "nae use to argle-bargain, we maun juist pray for him."

Gilbert saw the need and used all his gifts in the meeting of it, but he was only a drop in the bucket. Foster's voice rang out too, his theme being, "Praise and Hallelujah," till the highest officers of state and the sons of the gentry came to listen; but Seoul remained Seoul, a hardened, darkened city.

Off to the east were heard the rumblings of Fireblower and rumors of the doings of Wintershine. Their house-servants had given all sorts of evidence to prove the madness of these foreigners. There were the six dogs cuddled and cared for like children. They had been diseased in their feet, and had gone about with only a limited number of legs to walk on till Mrs. Wintershine was most distracted.

"This wretched land," said she, "is full of parasites. To save my soul I can't get these dogs' feet down. Last week five were up in the air and this week seven. They will be walking on two feet apiece shortly. Boy," said she, "don't you touch these dogs, don't look at them. You have all sorts of creatures on you, keep your hands off."

"Yea-a-a!" says the boy.

She dosed the dogs and put them to bed, talked to them and cried over them. In winter they had flannel

and fur to keep them warm. The black and tan had a coat embroidered with red, and with pockets on each side. The sad fate of the dachshunds was thought of, but never referred to.

One day a little Korean boy had wandered over the hill to the home of the Wintershines. He had a purpose in it, for he had seen that little black satin dog with its pipe-stem legs and he said, "I would like just once to feel that little dog." He crept over close to the house where he could see, and there it was in the yard. The distance gradually lessened and they were drawing nearer, the little brown boy and the little black dog, inch by inch, till at last, what bliss, he had it in his arms. Such a dear little dog, he hugged it tight, and it did not bite him. He put his brown face down close to it and it smelt so smooth and clean and fragrant. He wished he had a dog like it.

Mrs. Wintershine looked out of the window and gave one wild scream. The boy dropped the dog and ran. The servants rushed in and such a day of reckoning they had of it. Why hadn't they watched the place? They were all dismissed. Water with disinfectants was poured out with her chaste hands. Black and Tan was washed and put in his cradle. Mrs. Wintershine herself was overtaken by a sinking spell and went to bed also.

When Mr. Wintershine came home there were no servants. They had all been dismissed, and richly they deserved it, seeing their carelessness in regard to Black and Tan. He would call on Fireblower and see if he could recommend any one.

"No," says Fireblower, "I recommend no man, but there is an old fellow and his son living near here. He speaks some English and his name means cotton."

So Mr. and Mrs. Wintershine hired Cotton and his son, and once more they lived.

For a time the Cottons proved a great success. He was very humble in appearance, and told in broken English all the news of the neighborhood, so that Mrs. Wintershine enjoyed him exceedingly. As reward, she allowed him the tea that was over, and the scraps from the table, so that he and his son grew well-favored and fat. He was an unclean Oriental however and must not touch the dogs. She washed them with her own hands, and when the weather was cold buttoned on their jackets. She had given Cotton and his son soap, half a bar apiece, but their necks were still dirty, and their hands remained brown as they used to be.

"These Orientals have the most objectionable covering to their good-for-nothingness," said she. "Long years, without washing, has ingrained them a dirty yellow that will never come out. It makes all sorts of crawling things go down my back to look at them, but still one has to tolerate them."

She and Wintershine were to go away for a week on an excursion into the country, and Cotton and his son would take charge of the home. But the monastery where they stopped had an unpleasant odor, and there was vermin, it was a disappointment, so she decided to take the dogs and her husband and return home at the end of the fourth day. They arrived at night and with a latch-key walked in. The house was deathly quiet and there was no Cotton or son to be seen in the gate quarters. What did this mean? Had they robbed the place? They struck a match and lighted up. Everything seemed as it ought to be. They went into her room and lo, there were old Cotton and his son, who had been accus-

tomed all their days to sleeping on a stone floor with a wooden block under the head, reposing blissfully between her best sheets and on her soft and downy pillows.

Mrs. Wintershine was wild. With a broom-stick she treated them to a midsummer night's dream that left marks on them. Wintershine also caught for his riding whip, and old Cotton cried for mercy. "I didn't know you'd come home to-day, or I wouldn't have done it," said he.

The Cottons escaped with their lives, but they and the Wintershines are not on speaking terms.

Mrs. Wintershine wrote to Fireblower,

"REVEREND!!! FIREBLOWER (screaming points after reverend):

"Those wretches you recommended have slept in my bed while we were absent in the country. This is a sample of your Christianity, and a good illustration of the result of missionary work.

"Indignantly,

"KATHERINE WINTERSHINE."

Fireblower replied,

"MADAM WINTERSHINE:

"Christianity certainly does look small and mean in the presence of your superabundant virtues. I trust the Cottons may be benefited, though ever so little, through this slight contact with the immaculate world you live in.

"Believe me, etc., etc.,

"FIREBLOWER."

XXI

THE CHOLERA SCOURGE

IN the midst of these conditions, and with the shadows of twenty centuries about them, Willis and his colaborers pressed on. They stood for the dawn of a better day and all that follows in its train. They were the heralds of education, intellectual development, and common sense, as truly as they were preachers of the Good News. That keenness of appreciation in view of the Orientals' need was never dulled. Some view it with consternation at first, but change in their feeling with the lapse of time, and conclude as Puffsnauber did, "They are more better as us."

There had been for a month and more grim rumors of *quay-jil* (cholera) dealing death over there in the north lands of Manchuria. In Newchwang, coffins were piled two stories high, so the report went, not empty coffins, but each heavy with its unburied victim of cholera. These were stored away awaiting transportation by steamer, home to the place of their ancestors, so that the spirit of the departed might rest. From this city and Mukden, pilgrims to the Korean border brought not only news, but also the germs. Every twenty-four hours marked the advance of the disease. Day before yesterday it had crept four miles nearer, yesterday ten. Nearer and nearer it kept coming, this fell something, that could not be seen, and yet had power to put mortals on the rack and crumple them up with blackest, deadliest death

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No wonder Koreans abandon hope in view of its mysterious and awful doings. To them it is a devil, one of the most fiendish in the long list that they possess.

Willis had sent out a few simple notes by way of warning :

“ God is able, look to Him. Avoid drinking unboiled water. Refrain from green melons with or without the rinds on. Keep your bodies and houses clean. Don't take part in devil-meetings.” These slips were scattered everywhere, Christian and non-Christian read them.

“ Yes, yes,” said the old governor, “ this is all very well for Americans, but we must take other precautions, we people of Chosen, or we will be decimated.” He had them cut wooden posts like the General of Hell, with awful grinning faces, daubed here and there with red and black paint, moustached and bearded, fit to scare the eternal shades. These were planted along the north-western roads, where the danger lay, and there they stood on guard to keep back the cholera. The people also dug ditches across the way, to make it the harder for the spirits to jump over.

Plum came on an old fellow fitting up a water-pestle in front of his house, a very small one. There was the horizontal bar, with the trough on one end and the hammer on the other, under which was a bowl. It was hung beneath a spout of running water, so that when the trough filled up went the hammer. The water emptied itself automatically and down came the hammer click into the bowl, the result being a constant click, click, click.

“ What is your excellency going to do with the toy water-mill ? ” asked Plum.

“ Nothing,” said the old man ; “ just a way I have of spending the time, you know.”

"I see," said Plum, "any cholera here?"

"Whist," said the old man, and then he patted Plum on the arm and whispered to him, "I've just put this up to keep away the cholera."

"Indeed!" said Plum, "and how does that keep it away?"

"Shoo! gently," said the old fellow, "the cholera devil he hear the mill go click, click, click, 'fraid, no come this way, run off," and the old man turned into his hut satisfied, full of faith in his water-mill.

The next Sunday Plum introduced into his discourse a statement regarding "cholera and the water-mill," at which many of the women laughed, and even the men smiled broadly.

On it came regardless of posts and water-pestles, over the mountains and valleys, smiting this one and that. Here it was a little child, there an old woman, again a whole family caught it and died. There was no knowing the whims of this messenger of woe, or who would be called next. Sickness and frailty had nothing to do with it, weaklings escaped or recovered, while strong healthy men went down.

A newly arrived physician had joined the force. He was over head and ears in work, enthusiastic in his hopes of combating the evil. Already there seemed to be a yielding to a peculiar kind of treatment.

Willis' earnest prayer was that the church might be steady, and act as Christians should, with no yielding to the old habit of calling in the sorcerer or eating of dog flesh.

Over the way lived two brothers, one, a tall handsome man, who spoke Chinese well, but who had contracted the habit of smoking opium. His brother, a shorter

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man, with a pleasant face, had often listened to Willis and desired to be a Christian, but he feared his big brother who forbade it. The younger was the stronger of the two and seemed in perfect health. Out over the city were the cries of "I-go! I-go! I have it!" There were many drums beating to quiet the dying, and help them home to the Yellow Shades. The Christians met daily for prayer, for the force of the storm was on them.

Asiatic cholera is commonly called "Rats," the cramps in the legs being understood to be these animals tugging their way up through the veins and blood-vessels to the heart, where they take the life, and the victim dies. The knife is often resorted to to let them out.

On one of these nights in great haste the opium smoker rushed over to Willis, "Haste you, my brother is down with rat sickness, medicine, medicine!" He begged and implored that they save him.

"Have the rats already come?" asked the Dragon.

"No," said Chang, "only the purging and vomiting, but in an hour more the rats will be here. Help, help!" he pleaded, in a distracted way.

The Dragon took the regulation dose and bounded across the road and into Chang's house.

Young Chang, with lips blue and eyes deep sunken and all his flesh "badjusso or fallen from him," as the Dragon said, had scarcely strength to swallow. It was emitted in a moment and proved of no avail.

Chang the elder ordered him carried out of the house, the Dragon too lent a hand, and Willis had to stand by and see. They lowered him into the gutter that slug-gishly crawled along by the roadway, with its accumulated filth and mire. There they kept him, raising his head up so that his mouth was just above the fetid mass.

He moaned and looked with glassy eyes but they held him down for nearly two hours. It is one of the old ways of effecting a cure according to Korean tradition. He begged to be free and was at last dragged out, wiped, and laid on the heated stone floor and there at last in the agony of cramping he passed away.

"He wanted to believe in Jesus," said the Dragon, "and his brother wouldn't let him. Will he go to the Yellow Hell as well as his brother?"

But here Plum rushed in and interrupted them. There was cholera down at Ko's shoeshop, and also old Mrs. Shin had it.

Pang brought in reports of the disease, showing how wildly it was spreading. No part of the town was untouched and word came that it had reached the capital. Out on the hills and about the city were squads of men at the shovel. Most bodies were wrapped in old matting, carried out, and dumped quickly into these shallow graves, while day and night witnessed the procession. Death was in the air, not a quiet sleepy departure, but the wild pandemonium of this fell disease. Willis, Plum, his wife, and all the others walked unscathed, likewise most of the Christians. On the tenth night it was rumored that Puffsnauber had fallen. He had just been back a month, he and his new Western wife; but it turned out to be his servant, the boy who had been kicked, and who used to spread evil reports regarding his master.

"He ist dead," said Puffsnauber, "dead as von door nail. He love all the time too much boiled dog und melons. I vas say to him, 'you vant to be in dies world or the next?' He shoost grin. Now he is dead," and Puffsnauber shrugged his shoulders.

Old Grandma Shin was dead, whose loving accents

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Willis still bears in memory. She was buried on the hillside near the grave of the others, and was greatly missed. Her daughter Mrs. Kim, too, was down, and here was a greater question. It seemed impossible to spare her. Should she go the whole Church would be darkened. From the day that her nimble steps mounted the hillside to the old Buddhist temple, till this hour of storm and stress, she had run with messages of mercy. Throughout the Church she was known and loved, and her sunny face greeted every one like a blessing. The men talked freely with her, and were encouraged and helped. Ko, the wanderer, who had known only abandoned women, was so cheered and strengthened by her, that he hurried away to ask God to spare her. Willis too prized her dearly. She was worth more than any one of the men. Were she fallen what a loss!

He joined the others in the side room of Kim's hut that night, where they were all of one heart and mind, except Kim himself who was dazed and stupefied, as he saw his wife sinking. The agony was on her that could not be propitiated by rice or spirit-offerings, but it was nevertheless true that God was in command and that the Bible encouraged them to pray. Reasonable, sensible remedies they would use, trusting in Him. Part of them prayed and part of them rubbed the sinking patient, and kept up life with blankets and the *kang* (fire). Her finger-tips were blue, and her form shrunken, and the cramping would come and close her eyes. There prayed the old major too, most earnestly, while the tears flowed down his face. Would not God who touched the dead child, and quieted the sea, put His hand on the sufferer and keep her eyes from darkening? She had helped with the Doctrine, and they could not spare her. "Thou

knowest," said the major, "better than we, but that's how it appears to my bewildered understanding."

Ko said, "Lord, it's the same to Thee, whether she is in heaven or on earth, but it makes the difference to us. I reckon the widow's son didn't count for as much, or Peter's wife's mother, but Thou didst come by and save them. Here with us it is a greater case than Peter's wife's mother, it is Kim Chong-jikee's wife, who has prayed us to heaven, and been a mother by faith. She is dying of the cholera and we are helpless."

One eccentric old fellow, a Christian of Wi-ju, jumped up, clapped his hands and said "*Chanmee hapsayta* (Hallelujah, let's sing). God has answered." They sang their verses in the accents of the Orient, sweet to their ears and hers, and to some others' who have listened long enough. To the strains of the music, the patient rested from her agony and dropped asleep. Was it life or was she dying? Willis was almost startled to see the confidence expressed on their faces. "Hadn't God answered, she couldn't die." Like a Westerner he thought "but if she should, how about their faith?" Then he rebuked himself, and said, "I am not as true as they."

Mrs. Kim lived for many a day yet alive, bright and useful.

Over the land swept the disease. With all precautions it was still not possible for every one to escape. More than one of the Western people were taken down with symptoms that later passed away. There was a Russian, who had caught it, and in an hour or so was dead. McKechern had had a lugubrious look for a day or two, and was splotted with green about the face. His boy noticed that he did not eat his breakfast, and seemed

depressed in his manner. Later in the day a great uneasiness overtook him and at last, with quivering knees, and a sinking in his stomach, he took down to bed and had his companions summoned. Gilbert came first.

"What is it?" inquired he.

"I doot it's a' up wi' me, mon, I'm thinkin' it's foreordained."

"Let me get the doctor," said Gilbert.

"The what? If it's the predetermination o' the Almighty, ye need na bring the dochters and their decoctions. The Buik says, 'It's better to fa' into the hands o' God than into the hands o' man.'"

Gilbert remonstrated.

"Oh aye, it's awfu' about the wame, but I maun juist thole it."

At this point, Foster came in. McKechern had had a cramping spell and looked like death.

"It's a' ower wi' me," he gasped.

"Not a bit of it," said Foster, and his face beamed with life and hope.

"Would you lauch in the face o' death?" asked McKechern with a woe-begone look.

"Nonsense, there's no death for you and me," said the triumphant Pennsylvanian. The day wore on, and for a time hopes were darkened.

"Hae ye no fear o' God at all?" asked McKechern, on hearing Foster hum over some lilting, happy tune.

"No," said Foster, "not a fear, perfect love casteth out fear."

"There ye are noo on yer perfection again, when ye ought to be covered in sackcloth and ashes."

Such things only stirred up the poor patient, and

Foster avoided argument, and turned his hand to making the sufferer comfortable. He took his medicine and kept it so that after the third or fourth dose the rush of the disease seemed stayed. How tenderly Foster helped him through. This shouting Methodist was a mystery to McKechern.

"Was it a dream or had he something aifter a' ? Hoo could there be any soondness in ony creed but Calvinism? Arminianism was naething but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores," and yet, here was the Arminian, not afraid of death, happy in the face of God, and sensible before men. He gave the matter deep thought and consideration. The Calvinist fears of all his ancestors were on him, and his religion was not happy, but "Hoo could it make a mon happy, when it had to dae wi' sin, and death, and eternal damnation?"

"Since I have had assurance that I was saved," said Foster.

"There noo yer aff again," said McKechern, "yer theology is a' a hodge-podge. I'm fashed to hear ye."

"Listen," said Foster, "since I knew I was saved, life has been all a joy."

"Hoo do ye ken yer saved? Nae mon can ken that, he may hope but he canna' ken."

"Cheer up, brother, God loves you and He has written your name in the Book. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I'm haudin' my ain wi' your help. It's a blessin' ye'll get for standin' by the least o' a' saints, when he has the cholera."

In the days of convalescence Willis dropped in. "Well, McKechern, glad to see you coming round so nicely."

"Yes, the Lord has graciously spared me, and I trust

I'm thankfu'," was the reply. "Death is stern," said he, "and he confronts us a'," giving Willis a faded look.

"Not all," said Willis, "we shall not all die."

"And whaur do ye get that?"

"Death is finished when He comes."

"Do ye tak' that as leeteral?"

"Why not?"

"These are your pre-millennial views, Willis. I see mony o' yer northern folk are tinctured wi' them. I hardly ken whaur I stand masel these days. There's Foster, noo, an Arminian, just shouting hallelujah, and here are you advocating the Second Coming."

"Ah but," said Willis, "Foster's a man of God, predestined to rejoice through eternity, and as for the Second Coming, I have no use for those who make it a war cry, and stir up strife, but through these years it has been the most precious thought to know that He may come, yes any day, so near is He at hand."

"And do you teach that kind o' thing to yer folk?"

"No, not specially, they get it without my teaching."

"Mon, ye've been blessed up North then, and here am I an auld clout that's no worth the savin' and God has spared me. I'm troubled about some o' thae views o' mine. You'll say a prayer, Willis, wi' me, won't ye? I've been near death ye ken and it isn't doctrine, but the Lord Himself that's sufficient at sic a time."

Willis never forgot that little prayer-meeting, when he and the poor shattered Scot bowed their heads together. His body had been tortured and his heart was broken. There were tears on his face as he said his thanks. He had met his man by the brook Jabbok, and had been thrown, and his thigh was out of joint; but from now on, McKechern's name is changed, and it reads Israel, a

Prince of God. His Bible was thrown wide open, Gospels and Prophets, and like Moses on the mount his face shone with the hope and joy of it.

“He is coming,” said he, “yes, He is coming, and a’ these years I never kened it.”

The church people reported that *Kim Moksa* (McKechern) was converted and gave thanks. It is difficult to say who rejoiced most, Willis who prayed with him, or Ko the shoemaker, who had prayed for him.

XXII

THE HAPPY HOME LAND

THERE had come to Willis an account of Shoreland's wedding with photographs of his home, his wife, and himself. He was a prosperous man of business and his joy was made complete by a union with the one he loved. Their home was beautiful, as well-to-do homes in America are, and his prospects were fair to view. Mrs. Shoreland had been told of Willis, and joined her husband in the wish that they might hear from him frequently. Shoreland was not conscious that some plain words of his, spoken one day in a dining-car, had influenced an old gentleman named Murray, to refuse consent to his daughter Eline's going as Willis' wife. Had he known it, he would have travelled across the Union to undo the wrong, but he did not know. He and the old gentleman Murray had dropped out of each other's recollection for the present, as mere passers do, but they are to meet again under circumstances markedly thrilling.

"Does it pay," asked Shoreland, "this crusade you persist upon. Is there any 'fun' in it?"

Willis sent his answer,

"MY DEAR SHORELAND :

"Amid your joy of setting up a home, the most beautiful thing you did was to remember the wanderer off here in the Forbidden Land, and tell your wife about

him. I rejoice to share the charm and beauty of your home in the letter you send me, and to express my wishes that your joys may last through this life and the life to come. I shall look for letters and perhaps for a visit in the not distant future; the world is not so large and those who come East once, come back again.

“I am sorry to cast a shadow across my letter by saying that we have had cholera, and for the last three weeks the country has been a battle-field, men, women, and children, dropping everywhere. But it has spent itself and I trust that we may not see a return of it for many years.

“I wish I could give you some idea of the work here as it now is, but you shall come and see it with your own eyes some day, and that will be worth more to you than all my letters. Is there ‘fun’ in it you ask with your pointed commas. I should reply, yes. There used to be an old man in my neighborhood, in Indiana, who went about fishing with rod and line. He had sunken lips and a toothless voice and he did not wash, but his faculties were keen still and he spent his days in the nooks and corners of the trout stream. I used to follow him and watch. He’d fix his fly and cast his line, just so, and wait for the rise. Then he would play with the uncertain shadow, and study the case, draw on the rod and let go, this way and that, till at last, before my ecstatic vision, he would haul out a speckled trout, beautiful to behold, and say, ‘Boy! there ain’t no fun like fishin’,’ which I thought perfectly true. I learned it from him and ‘fun’ and ‘fishin’ to me went hand in hand. I never forgot the old man and his lesson, and all through life something very similar has existed to that which he taught me. I am out here in the East fixing the bait,

casting the hook, studying each case and waiting for the bite. There is the same interest intensified, similar though greater delights of expectation, and then the inexpressible joy when the catch is made, so that I truly can say, 'there ain't no fun like fishing for men.'

"Pardon this brief answer, as it does not express half of what I would like to say in reply to your question.

"My love to you and your dear wife.

"Ever sincerely,

"H. L. WILLIS."

XXIII

THE CALL OF KO

DURING the months and years that have passed, Teller has had his hand in the work. His press "Billy" has recovered from the monkey-wrench, and has been knocking off the pages thousands upon thousands. They have gone forth north, south, east and west, into the narrowest corners of the empire, and have been read by every class. Foster, Gilbert, and McKechnern have revised and prepared afresh portions of the New Testament. These have been printed fifty thousand at a time, and sent abroad by Willis' men. Teller has hardly been outside the brick walls of his printing office, but the results of his work have touched more of Korea than any other influence. Unnumbered pages still go forth, of "Voices that Speak," and, "I and the Dragon," and new publications have been issued such as Bunyan's Pilgrim illustrated by a native and ornamented with top-knots and tilted eyes. Other books are being added and the press speeds on. Willis has had for years a regular corps of colporteurs who have worked systematically and reported to him.

Miss Stillman and Mrs. Kim have joined forces in behalf of women and girls. Far and wide there has gone forth the rumor, that women were equal with men in importance in the kingdom of heaven, and that a new era had dawned. They were no longer mere creatures intended for the use and pleasure of their lords, but inde-

pendent and responsible before God. A wave of interest in literature had crossed the northland, and the women were found in groups studying the syllabary and learning how to read. Many a passer on the highways had a New Testament strapped under her girdle string. They all hailed with joy this special effort for the women.

It relieved Willis somewhat of his thousand calls, but to the old toothless mothers, and the younger ones as well, Willis had a halo round his head, and would never be replaced by any other. They had carried their burdens to him for these years and had always found comfort.

"I'll tell you," said old Grandma Kim, speaking to Miss Stillman, "he has just no faults at all, and why he doesn't marry I can't tell."

Miss Stillman looked embarrassed and said really she did not know either.

"If I could just see him married," said the old woman, "my eyes would close in peace." She wished that Miss Stillman would lend a hand, but the latter was a sensible woman and pretended she did not understand.

The western world has little idea of how important a place marriage and the family occupy in the mind of the Orient. It still remains among church people, as of old, an all important subject. Reminders of it came to Willis day after day, and with each returning question he saw before his vision the tall stately girl, beautiful and true, who, to please her father had pierced her life and his with many sorrows. But she was not his any longer, and he tried to steel his heart against such wanderings.

He had calls from all parts of the country to come. His colporteur runners reported groups of one hundred here, two hundred there, located in unexpected places,

groups that had accepted the gospel, and were eagerly desirous to know more. He would take Pang along and the Dragon and make a wide circuit, while Plum, and the rest of the force cared for those nearer home.

Away he went over the hills, he on his wheel, and the others on ponies. Reports had it these days that the *moksa* had passed such and such a point on a "self-goer" (bicycle), and that all was well. The laborers in the fields pricked up their ears and looked as he went by. Pack-bullocks viewed him with consternation. This beast that he rode, seemingly bones and no flesh, was none other than a racing demon of some sort. They snorted at the sight of it, whirled in circles, and tugged at the ring in the nose. When a bull got free he went careering along the highway, his tail in the air and his neck bells jingling. Willis was exceedingly careful not to give trouble to passers, and frequently dismounted and pushed off among the trees to let the animals go by.

One day as he turned the ridge of a hill over a steep down grade, he saw before him at a little distance, a coolie lazily trudging along and his ox walking at his side. As he drew nearer Willis shouted,

"I say, stranger, take hold of him; don't let him run off."

The bewildered coolie left the pack-animal and made a frantic dash for the bicycle threw himself on to it and made surety doubly sure, while the ox went flying, and Willis experienced a dismount much more sudden than usual.

"I intended," said Willis, drawing a long breath, "that you should hold on to the animal."

"Oh," said the man, "I've done badly, I thought it was the 'self-goer' you wanted me to catch." The



"OLD GRANDMA KIM"

coolie knew of Willis, knew it was he, and had no intention of letting him be carried off by this wild phantom without some effort at rescue.

In the first town they visited there seemed no end of applicants for admission to the church. They had of their own free will set apart one hut as a chapel, and had run a long pole up before it, where, on Sundays, they flew a white flag with a red cross. This was henceforth to become the mark of Christian meeting-places.

The wide circuit could not be undertaken with the force he had on hand. He would go back to Ping-yang and ask Ko to join them.

A day or two later brought them home to the city where he related his experiences to Plum. Plum gave a shout, wrinkled the tufts up and down the sides of his head, and tipped off a jig to express his deep and heartfelt joy. His wife hoped to train all this out of him shortly, but in the meantime she was happy too, at the report that had been given.

"Ko, I want you to drop your shoemaking and come with me," said Willis.

"And why?" asked Ko.

"Because there is a great work and not enough on hand to do it."

"I am thankful," said Ko, "that God calls me, but I realize there is much need for care. People say to me now, 'Teacher! Teacher!' and I feel the pride of it till I have to *gway gibba* (pinch) my side and say 'Down you rascal, down you, you are no teacher, you are just the lowest sinner that ever was saved.' Pride is the danger. There's Peter, he was so easily tripped up but the *moksa* will pay for me, won't he?"

Ko took two hours to close up his boot business and

settle his accounts. He gave away the surplus he had over, and asked Mr. Kim to pray for him. "Think what I've been," said he, "worse than Peter. Pray that I may cherish only a warm and thankful heart."

Willis wrote off to McKechern to come north and spend a month. "There is so much to be done and a little change will do you good."

A week later came McKechern, all that was left of him, thinned down, softened and sweetened.

McKechern was asked to preach and never in his life before had he been greeted by such a warm-hearted responsive people. He could feel it in the air about him and see it on their faces. Here was this hard old-fashioned Scot, who had harped all his days on effectual calling, till God called him effectually, and then his voice was changed and now the eyes of the multitude looked his way. But his dialect changed not, it had withstood the polishing off of a college course, for in those days he believed that broad Scotch and the Westminster Confession were alike orthodox, and should be held to verbally in the face of ignorant criticism. His Scotch accent entered into his Korean in a way to make the congregation smile broadly. They enjoyed it and listened with great attention. To-day the people looked on a new *moksa* who had died and come to life again, and they would hear what he had to say. Ko sat on the front mat along with Pang and his eyes were full of expectation, and apparently Ko was right. Heretofore there had been something about the Scot that seemed to stand as a barrier between him and the people. Now it was different, and at the close of the service they flocked about McKechern, every one desirous to speak to him. The women too as they looked with beaming faces gave him such a thrill of welcome as

served for tonic to his worn physique. Here was a glimpse of what these years had brought to Willis, and now his ears not only heard, but his eyes saw evidence of the mighty force that was moving among the people.

Nothing ever pleased Willis more than this reception of McKechern. The fearsome auld Scot, who could na' pray other than at prayers was suddenly transfigured and touched off with a heavenly light so that Ko wept for joy.

XXIV

NORTH AGAIN

THEY were to start in the morning towards the north. That night McKechern dropped a letter to Foster, asking him to lay aside translation for a few days and join them. "Come and see what God is doing here and we'll go back together and be inspired afresh for our part of the task."

Willis and McKechern were accompanied by Ko and Pang. The Dragon as usual brought up the rear. He was somewhat subdued was the Dragon, McKechern had made a deep impression on him. Evidently there were two kinds of Christians in the church, those that felt it, and those that did not. The Dragon meditated on this mystery.

As usual the journey was enlivened by the unexpected. There were strange sights and strange companions all of interest to McKechern, who had never before been so far to the north. By the evening of the first day they were approaching a village in which was a tall new flagstaff, where the red cross had floated the day before. Already word had gone forth that the *moksas* (missionaries) were coming and a group of men with beaming faces were on the way out to meet them. When they came together there were words of welcome, and peace, peace from every mouth. Accompanied by this group, the missionaries entered the town, and became at once the centre of attraction. This journey differed from many of the former trips of Willis.

There was no poking of holes through the paper doors, or trampling each other. It was quiet and subdued, and the business of the town concerned the Doctrine. This was the whole question. They desired to enter the church and now presented themselves for examination. Here too, there were seventy-five fresh applicants, and the day following was set apart for the receiving of them. That night there was a service held of singing, reading, and exposition, of the New Testament. The room was packed and though without ventilation, there was no sleepy stupidity.

When the applicants came, a middle-aged man called Ha was first questioned.

"Why have you come?" asked Willis.

"Come? Because I'm a believer."

"What may that mean?"

He thought for a little. "It means that I, Ha, burdened with sin, have looked to Jesus whom the Book tells of."

"Who told you about sin?"

"Why I heard about it, but it did not make any impression till I read the words of the Book and then I cried out because of it."

"Has believing made any change in your daily life?"

"Yes, I think it has. I don't care for the old things I used to do, they are distasteful."

"What things?"

"Oh, the rags, you know, and the paper and the worship at the grave. I have no mind for them any more, though I used to think them so important."

"What acts of worship do you have in your home?"

"In my home? Me and the wife and the children read and pray at night and in the morning, and we always thank God for the food He gives."

"Does your wife believe?"

"I should think she does, better than I."

"Has this belief made any change in your inside life?"

"Yes, there is peace, where there used to be a gnawing for drink and other indications of demons."

"Are you ready to stand persecution?"

"Persecution?" he thought again. "I don't know but what I am, I can't really tell beforehand."

"Why do you want to be baptized?"

"I want to do what Christ asks and have the world see that I am a member of the Doctrine."

"What about the Lord's Day?" asked Willis.

"We keep it as our preaching day; all the Christians do."

His manner was quiet and his words were humble and thankful, and he was passed. Frequently the manner meant more than the words.

"The Lord bless you," broke out McKechern.

Willis' manner was always quiet, but he possessed a peculiar kind of personal magnetism, not describable or translatable to paper, and yet intensely real and powerful in its influence, that seemed specially felt on such occasions. They hung on his words as though the secret of life was with him.

Among the problems that confronted them was the marriage question.

"Are you married?" Willis asked of a clean-coated townsman, who presented himself and was well reported of.

"Yes, I was married when I was ten years old, but it is all a bad story. When I was eighteen we didn't get on and so I took another woman, who was older and had

two children by another man. That man, however, said it didn't make any difference, as he had no special liking for her. I gave him 200 *yang* to square matters. Then my wife she got angry and went off. The other woman stayed; we've lived together fifteen years, and have two children."

"Married and gi'en in marriage," said McKechern to himself with a shake of the head.

These matrimonial tangles were among the sorrows of Willis' life. In his ignorance and fears as to how to deal, he appealed once to an old German missionary of China, one of the wisest and Godliest men, that the Far East has ever seen.

"Don't go back to stir up the past," said he. "The result will be a foul smell and no good. Restitution is right, but the ripping and patching of marriage ties is not for us."

Willis felt this to be true and where there was but one actual partner in the question he let matters stand.

It was a weary but thankful party that turned in to sleep late at night. Ko realized the dream of his new life. Here he was free-handed to preach and pray. Much of the night he spent with his face in the corner of the room, over a dim sputtering candle, spelling out the Book. These were the words of life and he had slept nearly forty years, now he would read. "Here is the man Eutyclus," he murmured to himself. "He slept and fell out of the window. Peter slept and lost track of the Saviour. Give grace, oh God, to Thy child Ko to keep his eyes well open."

McKechern noticed from the cover of his blankets how Ko hid away to read his Bible, and how he murmured to himself at midnight, and the Scotchman's prayers went

up in good broad accents that Ko would never have understood, but which said, "God bless the brither who has learned so soon to watch and pray."

From town to town they passed counting the flag poles. In each place Willis appointed a leader, who, without remuneration, would see to keeping order and report definitely. Much depended on a wise choice, and in this matter he excelled. The Church to-day in the North is strong from the strength of his first choosings. The party spent one Sunday in the town of Sook-Chang, where the white flag with the red cross snapped in the breeze. In their best and most immaculate white came the worshippers, some of the women walking ten miles, always cheerful and preaching to every passer. The interest was lively and the day a marvel for so sleepy a land. McKechern enjoyed it more than words can express, for there was a freedom in this manner of mission work that was unknown to him.

In one or two places the flag had been raised by political discontents, who thought by this means to overawe the officials and gain their own way, for the official, sitting back in his cubby-hole, often viewed with fear and trembling the raising of the flagstaff. In such cases Willis would set aside the self-constituted leader, put some humble, hopeful man in his place and leave matters to adjust themselves.

Most of the Christian settlements had started schools of their own accord, and the girls and women were learning to read. Willis made it one of his rules not to admit any young woman with good eyes who had not learned to read, the learning being a fair indication of her earnestness of purpose. So each woman carried the book tied, in her waist band, and McKechern had the joy of

seeing them poring over the sentences that he had labored hard to translate. It was a perfect reward thus to see his translations going out on their intended service to the ends of the Empire. His voice and Foster's might never be heard, but here were the results of their labors going on and on.

XXV

THE ATTACK ON WINTERSHINE

THEY had passed a day of special enjoyment and were on their way Monday afternoon, when suddenly they met a frantic flying Westerner who turned out to be Wintershine. His eyes were wild. "I have been mobbed by these beastly Koreans," said he. "They are on my track now and you people had better turn and fly when you have a chance."

Willis inquired as to what was up.

"The brutes!" said he. "Who knows what they want? They mean murder."

Along came Wintershine's horses looking as though they had raced for life. When he could not persuade Willis and McKechern to fly with him, he gave a sneer as a parting salute and plunged headlong on his way. "These missionaries," muttered he, "do nothing but stir up the people."

He had landed in the town where Willis and his fellow-travellers were to spend the night, and had pitched his tent on the grassy lawn by one of the ancestral graves, driving pegs round the sacred place, and setting fires going when he ought not.

The town people looked on speechless with amazement, and then the squire of the village, a dignified old gentleman with a countenance like a god, put on his best headgear and marched forth to meet the trespasser.

Wintershine was in his tent, and his boy was scattering

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blood and hen feathers all over the place. This was a fresh insult, and the squire was so pent up he could hardly speak. He lifted his huge spectacles till they were well up on his brow, and his eyes could see from beneath.

“Under Heaven and among men,” said he, “and since the days of Yo and Soon [2300 B. C.] the laws that govern the behavior of human beings should be in accord with the eternal fitness of . . .”

“What does he say?” inquired Wintershine, from the interior of the tent, where he had lain down to snooze.

“He no say anything yet,” replied the boy.

“Tell him to get out then,” roared Wintershine.

“Will your excellence condescend to take your honourable carcass out of this,” said the boy; “my master he command it.” This sent the squire into a fit.

“Tell me to get out of this, do you! Ye gods! When was there ever such a word spoken! All ye dwellers on earth, did you ever hear it, and ye fathers in the yellow pit . . .”

With the spring of a panther, Wintershine was out of his tent. He waited for no explanation, but took the squire by the back of the neck, and with a vicious kick sent him over the embankment. Poor old squire, not only were his people’s ancestors pegged through, but here he was headlong in the mud, headgear and dignity ruined forever. He lay for a moment or two, and then in a bewildered way picked himself up and started for home, muttering incoherent words; but the town folk had had enough of this; they would stand no more, and with a rush they crossed the fields.

“What do these fools want?” roared Wintershine.

“I think master they very angry, you kick squire.”

Wintershine picked up his repeating rifle and sent half

a dozen bullets flying over the heads of the people. They stopped, turned and rushed back, shouting wildly.

The boy was Korean enough to know that they had stirred up a brood of savages, and the thing was to get off without further delay. He hauled up the tent pegs, and rolled the bundles together, and the pony men, seeing the plight matters had come to, were on hand with their horses uninvited.

Guarding the rear of the procession with his Winchester rifle whirling wildly round him, Wintershine fought them off, and does not know to this day how he escaped the stones that went "squat" into the mud on each side, or "whiz" through the air just past his head. He lost an aneroid barometer worth twenty-five dollars, and a number of other things, and swore in his wrath that any missionaried land that could act so, speaks for the kind of missionaries that have had to do with it.

The town folk were incensed beyond measure. There was here also a flagpole and a few Christians. The flagpole represented foreign influence, and the town had had enough of it. They would haul down the pole and run the Christians out of the place. The leader, a decent man, and a humble believer, was mortified beyond measure. True enough he was a Western barbarian, in appearance quite like a *moksa*, going about with hob-nails in his boots to kick people with, and a gun to frighten them off regardless of property rights, age or dignity.

The old squire, feeling battered and humiliated, said the time had come to clear the town of all such intruders, who had no manners and consequently no Doctrine to preach he saw no way for it but to pull down the pole, bamboo the Christians, and run them out of town. Pak, the leader, said he would like to express the hope that

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there were differences in foreigners as there were in Koreans, but really he was ashamed for the cause he represented and had no words to say.

When Wintershine went on his way Willis planned the method of their approach. He and Ko would go on in advance on foot, and strike into the town, not by the broad road, but over the paddy-fields. Before the people were aware of it he was in the market square and asking for the squire. The little boys thought there would be a fine show when these two met, and led him the way quickly.

The squire had had enough of Westerners for one day, and so did not rise to greet Willis or show him any welcome. Ko in the meantime kept the crowd in the street interested by his inquiries.

When Willis had said "peace," he remarked that there had been trouble and judged that the Western passer had done some act of lawlessness to bring it about. "I am exceedingly sorry," said he, "and I would like to do what I can to make amends."

The squire softened down a little. "Really," said he, "there was nothing to make such a fuss about, but he did drive pegs into a grave back of the town, and defiled the place not a little, and when I went to remonstrate he kicked me so that I feel it yet."

"He was a brute," said the onlookers.

"Be quiet," said the squire, "don't use that name before the gentleman."

Willis took the situation in at once. It was another case of brutality such as he had seen more than once, and which in the far East brings on Boxer troubles.

There was nothing he could do to make amends but to be kind and gentlemanly, and watch for an opportunity

to touch the old man's heart in future. He sent him a bottle of quinine, some cakes of soap, and packages of candles wrapped in the red books, which is the Oriental way of making friends, and the old man was mollified and sent a chicken and eggs in return.

The flagpole remained, and the Christians were left unmolested, and the spirit of forgiveness that ruled the old man was afterwards rewarded.

XXVI

THE SUMMONS HOME

WHEN McKechern's letter reached Foster, he at once set his house in order for a trip North, knowing that there must be something worth seeing to call forth so enthusiastic an expression from a canny Scotchman.

Steamers of from four to seven hundred tons, manned partly by Japanese, partly by Koreans, make two or three trips a week, starting from Chemulpo. He would take one of these and join the friends who had gone before him, and add his hallelujah. How glorious the day! A lovely summer sun shimmered across the Yellow Sea and *sampans* with their sails tipped the shadows here and there. Heaps of coolies lay basking, warm and blissful, with no intervening clouds to disturb their slumber. Up on the bluff flew the Union Jack, a sign of good order, and back of the hill was the whistle of a restless white man's steam engine. Here was a reminder or two of the West in the eternal quiet of the Orient. Foster rejoiced at the evidence of the white man's energy, for he believed fully that in the wake of the Gospel would come all the triumphs of civilization. The trader, the merchant, the engineer, the miner were messengers of good, provided they recognized God and the rights of their fellow-men. He was glad, glad of the age he lived in, glad to behold the peaceful scene, blessed with evidences of contentment and prosperity.

He pulled out to his steamer in a *sampan* and saw the captain, sitting cross-legged reading a book. They would not sail for two hours yet, perhaps not for longer, he would see. The flup, flup, flup of the returning tide was all the sound that greeted him, till the coolies waked, and yawned, and turned to, to fill in the remaining cargo. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the anchor was weighed and the ship pulled out of harbor. In a few hours he would be across this sleepy sea and into scenes of life and animation, that would gladden his heart and reward him for the arduous labors of many a translation day. Yonder was Kang-hoa, with its smoky hills, where kings fled six hundred years ago to escape the Mongols. An atmosphere of sadness about it too! The Mongols were dead and the kings. Here was Whanghai, the great mission field, alive with its flags flying. Yes Genghis Khan and Kublai would be forgotten, but the Good Old News would go on and on.

Night closed dark, but the sea was steady and the churning of the screw ceased not. He would go below and turn in. Suddenly there was a mighty jar, the sound of cracking steel and splintering wood, and then an awful silence. Who can tell the flashes of those few moments that shoot in their long streamers across the mind? There were mad shoutings and frantic foot-falls on deck. They had been rammed by another ship, some one had blundered, and their boat was going down into the deep. There was no help, no hand stretched out, no rope to hold by; ropes, and spars, and engines, and anchor-chains, everything was going. Underneath this most hopeful of men, whose face had known no shadows and whose life was thanksgiving and joy, the earth and its supports were giving way. Over went the



"THE SHIP PULLED OUT OF HARBOR"

ill-fated steamer, a rushing gurgling sound, some ripples under the shadows, and it was quiet.

Angel fingers shall touch off the record that remains, while those who knew him bow their heads and whisper, "God's will be done."

A day or two later while Willis and McKechern were in the midst of examinations, there came a messenger in hot haste with a telegram. "Wreck on the Yellow Sea, Foster among the missing." A note from Plum confirmed the tidings; he had gone down with the ill-fated ship ten miles from land.

It was impossible for the moment to realize that it could be true. McKechern kept asking, How can it be that he has gone from us, and the refrain kept repeating, "Will he no come back again?"

Ko went to his room to think it over. The *moksa* who had prayed for him and helped him had gone to heaven, that was the whole case summed up. They would miss him, but still he would rejoice, for had not God called him? John the Baptist, James the brother of John, Paul himself, had all gone in a mysterious way. They were the martyrs and so was the *moksa*. Ko wept while he prayed and then dried his tears and said, "Kamsa ham-nay-ta!" (Thanks be to Thee.)

To Willis it was a great personal loss. Foster had been one of the founders of the Church, and had stood squarely for the rights of the people. He was known to all classes and loved by high and low alike, and his name was associated with the opening of the gates to the Hermit Kingdom. The Yellow Sea is his resting-place. Willis will never look upon its waters hereafter without the face coming back to him so full of life and joy. There is no head-stone erected, but across its heaving

surface there will be written in letters of bright sunshine, "Until He Come."

"That was the *moksa* who had the high nose and the wavy hair?" inquired the Dragon of himself. "He was *yam-jun hao* [altogether good] and he gave me a pair of gloves when he passed north two years ago with Kim *moksa*. Kim *moksa* so changed, just as if he had been to heaven, and pa *moksa* [Foster] really gone to heaven," how straight it was, and the Dragon drew a long breath to think it over. Life was a bit gloomy for him at present; he caught a large "scissors-grinder" or cicada, held it between his fingers and looked it carefully over. "You've got six legs . . . and you know how to eat dew, . . . and you can fly," says the Dragon, "but you can't go to heaven." He gave it a squeeze and it went "S-s-s-s" and Yap jumped up and said, "Wuff!"

"Lie down, Yap, it's only a *mamee* [scissors-grinder]. Do you hear him?" "S-s-s-s! S-s-s-s!" Went the beetle while Yap yawned and winked at it. At last he let it go and Yap came up smiling and wagged his short tail.

"Now, dog, you needn't take on as though you were something, you haven't any soul either more than the *mamee's* got. Not a soul have you, Yap."

"Uh-h-h!" said the dog in response.

☞ "But you've got no crimes laid up against you either, and, think of it, you don't know how to sin. When I get tangled up about this Doctrine and have my whole insides to fight against, I sometimes wish I was you, Yap."

The loss of Foster changed the conditions of work in the capital, and McKechern had to leave at once. The needs were increased and their best worker had fallen.

Over the Yellow Sea he sailed, crossing the spot where the ships had rammed each other, but the water glistened and the sun shone sweetly. A Japanese man-of-war had come to look about, but there was nothing to watch or rescue, and so it turned and steamed away.

XXVII

FIREBLOWER AND THE MAN KANG

THE people in Fireblower's Church had for a long time been discontented. He would not allow them to read the New Testament in Chinese, they must read the vernacular and that only, and the consequence was that they failed to read anything. Saw, the leader, said to Fireblower, "Will the teacher condescend to consider the fact that Chinese is an eye-language, that readily sinks into the mind, while Korean script is an ear language and takes a long time to reach the soul."

"Not a word of truth in it," said Fireblower. "The Chinese is of the devil and I don't want you to use it in my Church. Do you understand? The vernacular does not minister to your fleshly pride and that's why you don't want it. I'll have no Chinese in my meeting-house."

"But," said Saw, "Willis *moksa* allows them to use Chinese or anything else that will aid them to understand, and there are many earnest believers in his meeting."

"Not a believer worth calling the name," said he, "and as for Willis, I have no intention of following him; he has all sorts of those ways of working, no proper discipline at all."

"But," said Saw, "they love him and speak favorably."

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“Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you. Take that and shut right up.”

Saw was crushed by the arrogant manner of the man Fireblower. He would hear no words. His doctrine was sound and his heart was full of tenderness, so that his eyes frequently overflowed, but point an objection at him and he was on to you like a tiger. These poor saints of his had been stormed and thundered at till they were meek outwardly and discontented inwardly.

An Oriental is the most stubborn of all human creatures. You may kick him down to the water-trough, but no power will make him drink. He will lie down and die, but drink, never.

These people would not be coerced into the kingdom of heaven. They loved their pastor and saw his earnestness, but the heady spirit that possessed him ruined his efforts, and they would look elsewhere. They had with their own hands and funds built them a church, and yet in place of being happy they were miserable. They had given him the deeds to keep and had trusted him implicitly, and he had only kicked them in return.

In a quiet hour when Fireblower was not present, they held a conference.

“I’ll tell you what it is,” said Saw, cracking his pipe over the brazier to clear it for a smoke. “We’ve had enough of this, the teacher is a tyrant, and crosser than the lord of the mountains. I’m for seeing Willis and going over to him; he’ll treat us as human beings. They say he’s over there by the Camel Range. I’m off to see him to-morrow and Kang will go with me.” They all gave their assent and the meeting closed.

Fireblower’s boy, Toothout, had attended, and he went at once and told his master. The teacher was in a

furious rage and prayed that they might not all be sent to hell, though his accents implied that they ought to be.

Kang rather liked the excitement; he had told Saw that Willis would treat him kindly and take over the whole church. Kang's judgment was not always to be trusted. He had more than once given trouble to the local missionary who was one of Willis' colaborers.

A few words about Kang are necessary. It was about getting a living. His mind was awake to the new world that had dawned upon them, and his inner soul palpitated with excitement. He had thought of various ways of making a living by means of foreign craft, and had hit on one for catching foxes. He had obtained dynamite or some other savage explosive, and he dropped dried fish heads along the hillside with a small piece of the "medicine" in the mouth of each. The fox or dog that came by and picked this up never knew what happened. There was an explosion and that was the end of fish head and fox head. When the *moksa* heard of this deadly method of trapping foxes, he warned Kang of the danger. He said he would be careful but would probably have kept on had not a terrible tragedy put an end to fox dynamiting. Kang's friend, carrying some of the mixture, stopped in a house thirty miles distant, where the missionary had put up two nights before. He was explaining to the house servant and two others the nature of the goods he carried, when suddenly there was a fearful explosion and the end of the house was blown out. Kang's friend was no longer recognizable, mangled, dead; the house servant was badly injured but lived. Fortunately the man and his wife were out at the time. Kang wore a long face for many a day. "No more dynamiting!" said he.

But he had to live and he would try another decoction of the foreigner in a bottle marked prussic acid, that he kept on the top shelf in his public room. "This is a deadly poison," said a Western friend who called.

"Yes, I know it, but I keep it on the upper shelf out of the way of danger. There is a tiger that has raided a village out here: I mean to have a 'try' at him."

Some nights later Kang and his friend had taken up their post in a hidden nook on the mountainside. They had tied a little pig to a tree near a path that looked like a tiger run. Much to the pig's disgust they had painted him with prussic acid and had left him a prisoner fast to the tree. There had been a light fall of snow and the air was cold and the waiting long and creepy, but sure enough a signal came from the pig, one or two frantic squeals, and then silence. Something had happened.

They waited till the first streaks of dawn showed them a way across the spur and the pig was missing, and there was the huge track of the tiger. Cautiously they followed him over the hill, down the valley. Here was a sight! The tiger had been taken with nausea. On they pushed with all the excitement that goes with such a chase, and there, at last, in a hollow, where he had crawled to hide himself and die, lay a huge tiger, black striped, yellow coated. The carcass was too heavy to carry so they skinned him and brought home the head.

Kang had had his "try," the great man-eater was dead and a source of terror removed from the helpless villages.

The foreign friend advised Kang against the use of prussic acid. "It injures the skin as well," said he.

"Then," said Kang, "will you kindly loan me your breech-loading rifle. There are many tigers still."

The friend loaned it, a Peobody-Martini patent, fifty calibre, that took a long death-dealing cartridge. Ten shells and many warnings were given with the rifle. There was a steel rod with which to wipe it out. It was well.

Kang went home and all the village came to see. They looked down the barrel and up the breech. Would he not shoot it off just once and let them hear, and there was a great report in that village. Then he undertook to clean it and the steel rod and rag were rammed in. So far they went, they stopped. We will now pull it back. It does not come? Then we will shove it farther in. It did not move. Then there was a tug-of-war, Kang at the rifle and all hands at the rod, but it remained *in statu quo*.

"Look here," said Kang, "why waste all this energy when one more cartridge will do the whole thing?"

There was a second report, not a clean cut shot like number one, but an ear-bursting "squiz" that shattered all their sensibilities. Something was the matter; Kang's face was singed with powder and the gun was a wreck. He brought it home. "Talk about danger in dynamite and prussic acid," said he, "nothing equals this gun; please take it back."

This was Kang to whom Saw appealed in his struggle with Fireblower.

"Let's tell Willis," said Kang, "he is out and out a good *moksa* and will know just what to do."

The following day Saw and Kang started for Camel Range. It was forty miles distant, and there were no conveyances. Each wrapped his feet with a strip of coarse cotton and tied on his sandals. The pantaloons were also tightened well up towards the knees so as to

leave play for a good step. With a light bundle on the back and a long bamboo staff away they went.

The Oriental knows not how to run but he can wear down a horse by the persistence of his walk. Kang and Saw have no steel springs in the instep of their feet like an American, or any action of the toes to help them along. Their feet come down without expression, flat in the dusty surface, but they keep it up forever. By noon sixty *lee* or twenty miles had been completed.

"I'll tell you what it is," says Saw. "Fireblower *moksa* knows the Bible better than any other teacher in the land, and I'd like to stay by him, but it's hopeless."

"What's the use of knowing the Bible," said Kang, "if you don't fix your insides better than he does?"

"True," says Saw, "but he told me all I know of the Way and I can't forget him."

"That's right," said Kang. "These Western people are peculiar," he mused. "They are all for what they call truth, and nothing for politeness. They drive right through everything and everybody. If they were not converted what rascals they would be, worse than old Cull [a Chinese Emperor, 1818 B. C.]. Look at Puff-nauber and Wintershine."

"There's another matter," said Kang, "coming up before the church and Willis has *his* mind set against it. I learn this from Han. Willis won't listen, but it must go for all that."

"What is it?" asked Saw.

"It's a great move," said Kang, "and means the deliverance of the country."

"Ah! ha! That's good news," said Saw; "tell me more."

"Not just now," said Kang; "later."

The innkeeper brought in their food tables, and they ate with spoon and chopsticks, making a loud supping noise with the lips according to native custom. When they had finished each rolled over and with his head on a wooden block and went off to sleep.

In the meantime Fireblower had written a letter which he was sending Willis by fast courier. It ran :

“ DEAR WILLIS :

“ I learn from unquestioned authority [his boy Toothout], that you are tampering with my people and enticing them to lawlessness. Will you please stop it at once. The Eighth Command reads, ‘ Thou shalt not steal.’

Confidently,
FIREBLOWER.”

It is a race now as to who shall get first to Willis, the two wayfarers or the courier. It turns out, however, that the former have four hours' start, and so night overtakes the letter on its way.

As was his custom Willis received Saw and Kang kindly, and made inquiries of peace, as to their families, and Christian health and prosperity.

They were at peace, their families were at peace, all the Christians were at peace, grace abounded, but yet there was one matter they would consult him upon privately, very privately. It would make no difference if the Dragon was by, and Ko, and Pang ; but it is a matter of great importance and they must speak at once. Ko and Pang went out and the Dragon sat by the chink of the door, where he could hear, but still preserve the appearance of being absent.

"It's very serious," said Kang; "it's trouble with Fireblower."

Willis, who knew Fireblower's impetuosity and masterful disposition, and yet loved him for his excellent qualities, guessed at once. "I'm not constituted a judge in any such matter," said he.

"Wait," said they, "till you hear this; this is a peculiar case. You know that Fireblower teacher has a very powerful mind, and understands the Bible well, but his insides do not agree with the common run of men in the Land of Morning Freshness. Were we wise and gifted there would be no conflicting purposes, but as 'wood' and 'metal' do not agree, so are we divided. Doubtless there are others to whom he can be as 'fire' and 'metal,' or 'wood' and 'water,' but with us the elements are 'fire' and 'wood' and 'wood' and 'metal,' which ends in mutual destruction. The church people have decided to leave Fireblower and join you, and so save the fragments. Is it not well?"

Willis' face was shot through with disappointment and distress. Saw perceived it, nudged Kang and said, "Let's drop it, the *moksa* does not favor."

"Remember," said Willis, "Fireblower has taught you, and your hope of heaven comes through his message. Show that you are grateful. Help him as he has helped you, and in all your difficulties make use of prayer. I can have no hand whatever in any such work as this; it would be displeasing to the Master. Show him how you love him and you will soon win Fireblower."

He had the guests well fed and rested, and in the morning sent them off with other admonitions, so that they promised to make it right. Ko and Pang added their

word of encouragement as they accompanied their friends three miles on the way.

A few hours later there came Fireblower's letter, which Willis read over and sang out, "Well, you poor old Fireblower!" His answer by return messenger read, "Please meet me; I am passing Cart Rapids four days from date, on the evening of the tenth. Be sure to be on hand; will spend a day together."

XXVIII

WILD BEASTS

NOTWITHSTANDING the occasional ruffles on the surface, the flags still flew and report had it that a great movement was on foot. Already Willis had examined over three thousand people who applied for membership; he had noted one hundred and thirty-six chapels built all of native funds; he had appointed two hundred and forty leaders, and had baptized seven hundred and forty-three. The spirit of heralding the message had taken hold of every one of them and the work went on; his colaborers were moving in here and there, taking charge.

Ko found a keen relish in this lying in wait for passers such as playing for cash bits had never given him. He caught one man here, and took him off into an old temple to tell him of his hidden treasure. At another time he met a former companion in the street, and when the friend said, "Let's have a glass," Ko took him by the hand and knelt down and prayed then and there.

"Away, away," said the friend. "Why ever, you fool, did you go and eat that stuff to make you crazy?"

"I have eaten nothing," said Ko, "but a new heart [the Korean idiom says 'eaten'] towards God and you think me crazy. I used to swear and drink and gamble, and frequent vile dens, along with you, and you called me wise; now I shudder at the thought of it, and try to help those that are down, and am thankful and happy,

and you say I've eaten foreign medicine. Think of it, Ye, are you wise to say so?"

The man was so impressed with one night spent with Ko, Pang and Willis, that he went home next day, threw out his jars of spirit drink into the street, so that the unbelieving part of the town said that he also was crazy. Such a loss of good liquor! His name was Ye Yugok.

On the day following, Willis met Wintershine coming out on a hunting expedition, with guns and accoutrement, a great store.

"Hello!" said Wintershine, "and so you were not murdered by the town folk where I left you. I'll guarantee you skirted the border and got away by some foot-path."

"You think so?" said Willis, "and are you going to rush into danger again?"

"I'm not afraid," said Wintershine. "I'm ready this time, and there's a tiger been sighted out here in the Pine Mountains. By the way, I saw Fireblower, and he says you have been sheep-stealing. That's the way you pious missionaries do," said Wintershine with a laugh. "I've seen this missionary business all the world over, and it's the same everywhere."

"I'm sorry you think so," said Willis, "and I don't suppose any statement of mine would help you to a change of mind."

"No," said Wintershine, "facts are facts, and to be frank with you I may say I have just written home to a leading journal, showing up the whole system, and advocating the government's taking hold and putting a stop to it. I'll admit the Catholics do do good, but this Protestant missionary effort with its denominations is a dis-

grace. Besides, these people are a lot of cowards and fools and will never make Christians anyway."

At this point they were accosted by a dishevelled stranger who stammered out that his father had been carried off that morning and eaten by a tiger; they had found his skull and clothing near the pines yonder; would not the "great men" [*tǎ-in*] turn aside and take vengeance for him.

The man was half crazed with excitement. His father was dead and he should have been in sackcloth and ashes mourning, but he said "not so" till he had faced his enemy and given rest to his father's ghost.

Wintershine could not understand what it meant, till Willis told him, being, as he said, himself, "no hand at the language."

"This looks serious," said Wintershine; "shall we try?"

"I'm not a tiger-hunter," said Willis, "but you are; it's for you to say."

Wintershine hesitated and at last said he would be grateful if Willis would come too, and help him to understand the facts.

The poor towsy-headed man begged so, and the Dragon added his word, that at last, Willis consented and the party followed the man to his home.

It was a pitiful story that he told about his father, an old man of seventy-two. It had been his custom to get up early in the morning, open the front gate, bring in a bundle of brushwood, and set the fires going, and then rouse the other members of the family, but this morning they had awakened of themselves late. The gate was wide open and the kitchen cold; there had been no fire and there was no sign of the grandfather.

Startled by appearances, the two sons had rushed about shouting, till one of them came on his father's girdle-string, with pocket attached. No mistake, here were the flint and steel that he carried. They followed from this point across the rice-fields, to where, amid blood and torn rags, they found all that was left of their revered sire.

When death visits the head of a household, Korean custom requires the sons to unfasten the topknot, pull down the hair, and sit desolate, wailing, "I-go! I-go!" but in this case they did not do so. Instead they brushed their hair and swore vengeance. Only after their wrath had been appeased would they give vent to their sorrow.

They had succeeded in raising three hundred yang and had obtained the services of three tiger-hunters, two armed with flint-lock guns, and one, an old spearman. They had come, looked over the ground, and laid their plans for the morrow, and here the gods had favored and brought the Western tiger hunter with his repeating-rifle as well.

That night there was intense excitement, so that even the Doctrine was forgotten. It gave Willis a welcome rest, for here, Wintershine was the centre of attraction. How carefully he polished and laid out his weapons. Which should he use? The dum-dum bullets or the American rifle with explosive balls. It was rather heavier, he would try it. He saw the equipment of the Korean, pitiable to behold, two rusty guns, fitted with a rope fuse and some powder in the pan. "What fools!" said Wintershine. Here too was the old spearman, knotted and gnarled, unwashed for twenty years, and with a shaft that might have come down from the Mongol conquest.

Early next morning they moved out with forty and more beaters from the town. The old spearman said that the tiger was in yonder grove. "He sleeps yet after the fill he has had." His counsel was to place themselves under the shadows of some trees, near where the path led, and let the beaters scatter out on the other side. The hunters were wholly exposed in the position he had chosen, and it seemed rash to Wintershine. "But you must get close up," said the spearman, "or the danger will increase tenfold."

"No," said Wintershine, "I am a dead shot and shall post myself off a bit on that rock yonder, round the curve."

"All right," said the spearman, "do as you please, our place is here."

Wintershine could not see the sense of standing right in the path and waiting for the tiger to walk up to him. Even with superior weapons it was not wise, so he pulled out and lay on the rock, well lifted up, but out of view of the first opening in the pines. He had either to choose the rock and safety or stand by the path and risk a header from the wild beast, so he chose the former.

"How do you know he'll come this way?" asked Wintershine, somewhat pale looking; "he may take up that hill yonder."

"Not a bit of it," said the old spearman; "the tiger is soft-footed and likes a path; he'll come straight for us."

On a signal the beaters began. Ko and the Dragon were posted off on a point where they could see.

After ten minutes, as expected, there came crawling out of the pines a male tiger, his eyes aflame, his back bowed down, and his tail whipping. He had been disturbed and was not pleased. Along the path he came at

an easy pace straight for the hunters. There was a flash, a report, a fierce growl, a wild leap and another flash, and one hunter had gone crumpled up over the hill. The second shot had wounded the tiger and he was on to the spearman with open mouth. Willis had seen old stiff legged fellows with a trident catch the flash of a passing salmon, and pin him square in the middle, quick as lightning, so it was with the twisted shaggy spearman. With a lunge he caught the beast square in the throat, drove the shaft in and locked his arm round a tree. It was a mighty struggle. The old hunter's eye blazed with fire and his jaw closed with the grip of death. He had been in the ring before, and had never been beaten. One little while would settle it if he could hold on, for the gush of blood was helping him. What would not America give to see so fierce a fight? The man that had as steady a nerve, as quick an eye, and as strong a hand, might command his thousands, but the poor old spearman had not two suits of clothes, and only a few brass pieces in his girdle-bag.

Yes, the man-eater was giving way, and he had him now, but the tax was fearful. Then came a ringing shot from Wintershine, and the animal rolled over and kicked his last.

The orphaned sons were on to the spoil in an instant. They ripped down the front of the skin, dug out the liver, and bit into it with their teeth, till their faces were smeared with blood. Now that vengeance was satisfied and their father's ghost appeased they would let down their hair and mourn as children ought to.

One hunter had been killed, and the old spearman's eyes looked dazed upon him. The blow of the tiger's paw had done it, and there was no return of life.

Wintershine claimed the carcass ; he had shot the animal and it was his by right of superior skill.

“ Give it to him,” said the old tiger-hunter, “ why should we quarrel when my friend lies dead ! ” So it came about that Wintershine had the carcass carried off on a long pole by some twenty men. The news was heralded to his good wife, and he entered his plantation in triumph, having bagged his tiger.

XXIX

THE SMASH OF FIREBLOWER

WILLIS turned away from the tiger town with its history, and journeyed off to meet other groups and other faces. The day brought him out through the hills to the long sweep of sea, which he enjoyed so much, but without words to express it. Here and there were the familiar sails and the islands dotting the distance. The sea talked to him of home, it rested him, and from its cool waters came the breath of invitation.

On a projecting point, under a shady pine, he sat down to ponder and to look and listen. Beyond its blue distance voices were calling. Away off on the dim line were the home lands and the friends he loved. Did she still live just there over the sea? Was her heart true or had she given it to another? Should he cast off and sail out and settle his question and the never-ending sadness? There were the schooners with white sails dropping away. Why should he not leave his burdens and problems to fade into the distance, and let the pictures in his soul come true?

But the Dragon had overtaken him, and Yap, and the jingling of the horse bells; he must move on down the roadway that led to the shore. It was familiar ground and a foot-path of former days. A happy day he spent among the fisher folk and early on the following morning he was on his way once more. He was to meet Fire-



"DOWN THE ROADWAY THAT LED TO THE SHORE"

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blower to-day by Cart Rapids. Towards the close of the afternoon, there came out to meet him none other than Fireblower himself. He had been waiting all day and was wearied to death; his back bristled, and his spirit was blowing off wrath.

“Why have you kept me waiting all these ages? My patience to begin with was done out with you without this extra annoyance.”

“Glad to see you,” said Willis. “Thanks for coming. I think I mentioned the evening of the tenth, did I not?”

“Never,” said Fireblower, “you talked of spending the day. Let me see.” He took Willis’ note from his pocket and looked it over. “Yes, you did. Well now I was mistaken, and here I have been abusing you to these natives all day, and saying you did not keep your word. I’ll take that back.” Fireblower then told the loafers and others standing by that he had made a mistake and done badly, in contending that Willis did not keep his word. “There’s nothing in it after all.”

To explain matters thus to an Oriental only fixes him firmer than ever in his first conviction. Willis knew it, if Fireblower did not.

“While you are making the explanation,” said Willis, “please say that you made a mistake also in thinking I stole sheep from you.”

“No, you don’t come that kind of game now,” said Fireblower. “I caught you squarely in the matter.”

“Then let’s have the witnesses,” said Willis, “and get the air cleared.”

“All right,” said Fireblower. “Toothout!” he sang at the top of his voice.

Toothout was Fireblower’s boy, and he answered from the kitchen, “Yea-a-a!”

"*Eree-onera!*" (Come here!) called Fireblower.

Toothout, a poor ragged-faced fellow, of seventeen, made his appearance.

"Say, didn't you tell me that Willis *moksa* was trying to take my people?"

Toothout, seeing himself summoned to a court of inquiry, was somewhat staggered. The Dragon was looking past the corner. "If he says my *moksa* wanted to steal his good-for-nothing people, I'll lick him as soon as he leaves the room," said the Dragon. "It isn't religion to do it I know, but to say that of our *moksa* is more than I'll stand."

"No," said Toothout, "I never said so."

"Good stuff," said the Dragon, under his breath.

"Then what did you say? Out with it now and don't lie."

"I said the meeting decided to ask Willis *moksa* to let them join his meeting-house."

"What meeting?"

"Why, our meeting, of course."

"What meeting-house?"

"Willis' meeting-house."

"But you stated that Willis *moksa* had asked them to come."

"Never," said Toothout, and the Dragon chuckled. "If the teacher will please consider, he will know I didn't say so, for I said they were going next day to ask Willis *moksa* if he would take them. They needn't ask if they know."

"What, you rascal, you mean to say now that Willis *moksa* didn't know anything about it, and never gave any invitation?"

"Of course he didn't know, and of course he gave no

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invitation, and when the people went to see him, he said it would never do, and they must go back at once and show that they were sorry for what they had done."

"Toothout!" roared Fireblower, "as sure as you live, somebody is lying."

"No," said Toothout, "no man lie, master he very angry, he no understand."

The Dragon decided to give Toothout a new ribbon for his hair, that he had bought for himself, but had not used. "He's a north boy from my county, where they tell the truth; that explains it," said the Dragon. Thus it ended, and there were no further witnesses.

"Now, Fireblower," said Willis, "it's my turn. I want to say a word to you. In your impatience, you didn't even read my letter carefully, and so told all the people here that I did not keep my word, and have put a brand on three thousand Christians and more in this country who call me teacher. You tried to take it back with the town people, which only makes matters worse here in the East, and now the story will go on as you have told it.

"Again, in your impatience, you imagined that I was trying to lead your people away, and you didn't take even time to inquire, but wrote me that you had proof. You told the Koreans also and the man Wintershine, who has published it abroad, and laughs to think of the methods of missionaries. You cannot make it right now even though you desire; the mischief is done and will remain. It explains your trouble with your own people and all your other failures. It takes some patience to train a dog, or a horse. It takes a world of patience to deal successfully with a race of humanity. My advice, Fireblower, is this, If God doesn't give you grace to be patient, give it up. You know your Bible, you have

sound views as to faith, you have a kind heart, you have practical knowledge, which many missionaries lack, but you have no patience and consequently other gifts are worthless."

Fireblower was thunderstruck; no man had ever dared to speak so; he was independent and rejoiced in it. There were no mission boards or fellow-workers to hold him in with bit and bridle. He was free and yet here was Willis reading the law to him. The desolate face of Toothout came up before him, and his discontented people. Could there be truth in somebody else's opinion beside his own? He would think it over. "Let's drop it," he said, and for the remainder of the evening all went smoothly. Willis could see, however, that he hadn't yet realized his shortcomings and he feared for him.

It was a fiery law that Fireblower read to his people on their return from Willis. "The doors of the chapel are locked," said he, "till you sufficiently show your repentance."

"But," said Kang and Saw, "we have built the chapel, it is ours, why should you lock it?"

"Nothing is yours," said Fireblower; "you are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, and you don't know it," and he bundled them out of his presence. "When you repent," said he, "then we can talk together, not before."

It was a desperate case. "My breath is stifled in me," said Saw.

"His words are no words for a *moksa*," said Kang, "and I am done with him. It is the most exasperating affair (*poon-han-eel*) that I have ever known." They decided to call a meeting that evening in Choo's house away at the other end of the town, and to make sure

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that Toothout was not present. There were some seventeen who came, and they read a few verses from the Testament and prayed, then the discussion began.

"This affair with the teacher has stopped our breath and we are dead," said Saw. "What shall we do to live?"

There was silence for a few minutes. "I think we'd better go back and say we did badly," said one.

"Badly? What did we do?" asked Kang angrily.

"We didn't do anything, but just say it anyway and he will be satisfied, and we'll have peace and be blessed."

"Not a bit of it," sounded out three or four voices.

"What shall we do to live?" again inquired Saw.

"Join the Roman Catholics," said Kang.

"What? with all you know about them and the Wickedness of God."

"What do I know?" asked Kang. "They are Christians too, and they give far more help in this world than the Protestants."

"But they observe ten thousand things that don't exist in the Bible," said Saw.

"Never mind about that, if only their hearts are right. There's Fireblower, he knows all about the Bible, and it hasn't fixed his inside at all."

"No," said Saw, "no Catholics for me; they are darker than the heathen."

But Saw was voted down, and a deputation was appointed to wait on the priest. Saw washed his hands of the affair and left the meeting.

The deputation was admitted most guardedly.

"What do you want?"

"To see the holy father" (*sin-boo*).

"Why see the most holy father?"

"To join his Church; we are tired of the Protestants."

"Protestants! Heretics you mean; are you heretics?"
(*yul-kyo*).

"Yes, but we desire to be Catholics."

They were kept waiting long, and then at last as in official Yamens there was a weird call, and the side gate, the little humble entrance, opened, and in passed Kang and his friends.

"Whence have you fellows come?" asked the priest, using the lowest language.

"From the heretic chapel of Fireblower, your holiness."

"Ah! and what are you after?"

"To join the holy father's church."

"So! That is good; there is no salvation elsewhere."

"Will you take us then?" asked Kang.

"Let me see," said the father. "Whose house is that where you congregate?"

"Ours," said Kang.

"I'm afraid we can't take you. You would have to be baptized afresh, and purified, and cleansed, and set free from the errors you have picked up and mass and penance would cost much."

"We are most willing," said Saw. "Is there no hope?"

"Of course you are willing, but I'm afraid it can't be done. Let me see. If you'll hand over your meeting house, we'll cleanse it and set up the true worship and then you may."

"These are most excellent words that your holiness says. We are willing to hand it over, but Fireblower has the deeds."

"The deeds? Never mind the deeds," said the priest.

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"Deeds in Korea don't count; if the owners are willing, that is sufficient."

"We are most willing, and offer our united thanks."

The awe-inspiring surroundings of the priest had worked like a charm. Here was no simple Protestant pastor, but a mighty official such as the Far East likes to cringe under. They were fixed by his spell and so the church was taken over, cleansed, and in a few days the windows were darkened, candles were burning, and a tawdry image of the Virgin looked down upon them.

"What?" says Fireblower. "Taken over the church? Never! I have the deeds."

"But," says Toothout, "they are worshipping there now, and the priest is in charge."

Fireblower's first impulse was to take a club and clear out the place, but in the meantime he had had his talk with Willis and that caused him to hesitate. "I'll take the matter to the Legation," roared he, "and make an example of this highway robbery."

News of this reached Willis and made his heart sick. He knew that time would intensify the matter, and render it, if possible, more distressing than it really was. The rumor would spread and would soon be interpreted as the whole Protestant Church that had gone over to the Roman Catholics, while Fireblower would stir up the flames, and the entire body of Christians would be scorched by it. There was a sick, gnawing, feeling at Willis' heart, as he realized just what had come to pass. The hills looked uninviting, and the landscape was darkened. His fellow-travellers Ko, Pang, the Dragon, Yap, all of them journeyed under a cloud, and the light and joy of their footsteps had departed.

"I've been thinking," said Ko, "that the Lord's work

looked pretty discouraging just about the time He was crucified, and yet as I think it over that turned out to be the greatest time in His pilgrimage. We'd give up any other time but that. I believe it is best not to feel bad, but to remember that God is wise and that He is watching."

Willis accepted the encouragement though his heart still ached for poor old stormy Fireblower, whose years of labor were so unexpectedly blasted. Of course these people might still be Christians and Catholics at the same time, but the Catholic Church, as he knew it in Korea, had a bad flavor of ignorance and superstition. Nevertheless he must lift up his heart and walk on, the juniper tree grew on the road to Sinai, not on the way to Jerusalem. Along the path that he journeyed there were a thousand evidences of victory, let him be thankful for these.

XXX

THE TOK-NEEPS

IT was a hearty welcome that Willis got on his entrance once more to the city of Ping-yang. Even the old market men, who never thought of believing were glad to see him. He was a good omen to them, and they hailed with joy his return home in peace. His passing the door and casting a shadow meant luck for the day. Instead of his being a green-eyed, light-haired ogre, who loved to devour Korean children, he was to them a messenger of good-will, whose presence had something to do with the prosperity of the city. Along the streets he made his triumphal entry. There were Christians at every corner, and also here and there dotting the midway, all out to greet him. He saw and felt that he was king, king over an empire of hearts, the best of all kingdoms. The rewards had come for his years of service, and he thought of the text, "No man hath left father, mother, sisters or brothers, but shall receive in this life also a hundredfold." Here were his mothers, toothless and almond-eyed, but they loved him; here were his sisters, not pretty, and tall, and graceful, like one who still lived in his dreams and fancies, but grateful, who felt that in Willis and his colaborers was safety, pity, and consideration, for their helpless and degraded lot; here were his fathers, old yellow faced men, who hung on his words, who looked for him to sit close by when life faded, and to see them buried when they had

gone home; here were his brothers, young men of the East, who felt the force of his character and intellect and who were willing in all but the rarest case, to follow his lead and make him their model.

In the meantime in the old gray capital, that lies between the hills, there were forces at work that were shortly to be feared. Men of influence had gone West to England and America. Some had graduated from colleges there and had come back with hair close-cropped, and minds bristling with new and dangerous intentions. They would, in what way we must wait to see, overturn the whole framework of government and inaugurate a new régime. There were three leaders to the movement, Dr. Jay and Messrs. Chee and Hong, all Koreans. Jay and Chee had been absent for ten years, and spoke English fluently. The former was a political offender and had had sentence of death hanging over him for nearly a decade, till he became a naturalized citizen of another country, and beyond the reach of Korean law. He was intelligent, wide-awake, ambitious, and hated the old rule that had tried to "knife" him for his attempt at reform. He wore Western clothes and talked his native tongue with the energy and propulsion of a foreigner. His face was ornamented by a pair of glasses, without rims, gold-bridged and hooked back of the ears. There was a force and fire about him altogether unoriental that set things ablaze. He had caught a new spirit in the Western world, where he had studied medicine and graduated high in his class, and he was here now to diagnose the malady that infected his native land, and to go at it with dosing and external application, or if necessary, the scalpel and lance.

He was a professing Christian as well, had been bap-



ALL OUT TO GREET HIM

tized abroad, by some one or other, so that the eyes of the Church were on him. He went about the city under escort of a guard, and the glamour that attended him awed the people and alarmed the King. What would not such a story as his do?—a bloody assassination, a wild race for life, an escape under hatches while the soldiers clamored overhead, a ten years' exile in barbarian lands, a record of high achievement in Western science. These were some of the mysteries associated with his name. He had come home now to undertake reform, and feeling that a great nation was back of him, he walked into the presence of the King as coolly as he would to see a sick patient. Other Koreans must take off their glasses, and bow, and call themselves names, and grovel in the dust before His Majesty. Jay stepped forward in white shirt front and evening dress, made his obeisance, and then stood erect. The King smiled, asked if he was well, said how delighted he was to see him, forgetting that when he saw this tall young man last, he had screamed for his life—"so delighted to see you," said His Majesty, while he muttered something about eyes that dared look with glasses on them.

Mr. Chee had also been educated abroad; he was a man of culture, of high resolve and motive, and there was no political stigma on him, nervous, silk fibred, with refined voice and keen eye. His expressive face and features gave one a thrill of surprise when he rose to speak in a public assembly. He had been governor of the capital, and his record was faultless. Political plunder went on about him, but his hands were clean. His heart sickened at the hopelessness of his native land.

Keen and bright eyed these two gathered round them a few of the hopeful young men of Seoul, which included

Hong the Christian and many of his friends. They had adopted the tract and leaflet plan that had proven so helpful to Willis, and their press turned out a weekly sheet, that went on its way to the city and the land. They were passed, through Hong's influence, into the homes of the Christians, and there was a great stirring among powers temporal and spiritual.

"What are these people doing?" inquired His Majesty.

"They are holding *Tok-neeep* meetings," said the prime minister.

"*Tok-neeep*! What does that mean?"

"It means the *tok* of 'alone' and *neeep* of 'stand up' to stand alone or independence."

"Nonsense! Such a word, never heard of it in the classics. What are they after?" inquired His Majesty. "If it's money they can't have it, nor office either. Go and tell them to stop it at once."

A message came from the government commanding Jay and Chee to stop it, and stop it at once.

"Stop what?" inquired Jay.

"Oh, this *Tok-neeep*."

"Why, I thought *Tok-neeep* was a good thing, and that His Majesty had become emperor on the score of it."

"Stop it," says the prime minister. "I don't know just what it is, but His Majesty doesn't like it, so please quit it at once."

Jay then read the prime minister a lecture, exhorting him to give up his own evil way of living, and to learn and do something to help his country. The old minister with his round stomach and big rolling eyes, would have had Jay beheaded, drawn and quartered, and a piece of him sent to every hamlet in the empire, if the thoughts of his heart had come to pass. Jay and Chee, however,

paid no attention, but pushed on, their intention being to sow the land with their ideas of the rights of the individual citizen, and to get a conflagration started that would do in a small way, what the French Revolution did with its yells and groans and gunpowder.

These gatherings were watched and spies came in to listen and report what had gone on.

Once the prime minister called the reporting spy to him and inquired, "What did they do at that meeting?"

"Oh, they did lots of things," said the reporter. "First the head man said, 'The meeting will please come to order.'"

"Ah, ha!" said the prime minister. "Did you ever hear the like of that! Then what?"

"Why, then, after they had talked a while, the head man said, 'The ayes appear to have it, the ayes have it.'"

"No," said the prime minister. "Did he say that? And what mischief do you think that means?"

"I don't know," said the spy, "but everybody clapped their hands."

"I see," said the minister. "Beating the hands means down with the government, the rascals, we'll see to them." And so a watch was put on all the meetings of the Independents.

Jay ordered that they be made as public as possible, and government officials be invited to attend. This took away half of the interest that the prime minister felt in it, for if there is anything the Far East does like, it is mystery. Still they kept their eyes on the Independents and reports were made.

"And what did they talk about last night?" inquired the minister.

“Oh, it was just a yes and no meeting [a debate] they had.”

“A yes and no meeting again? But they had a yes and no meeting just a few nights ago, and when will they ever get done with this yes and no? Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous as a yes and no meeting, and the ayes appear to have it! Ha! ha!” roared the prime minister. “If it wasn’t for that rascal Jay, we’d put the whole lot of them into jail, and then they might see what yes and no would do.”

But this idea would not down, on the other hand it spread in all directions, among the church folk principally, and greatly to Willis’ fear and sorrow, there were yes and no meetings held in the chapels. The government got it into its head that Christianity had to do with political upheavals—as it has, true enough, but not just in the way the government thought.

Christians came from long distances to hear the speeches made at the *Tok-neep* Club. There was an earnestness and fire about Jay that would have impressed a less simple-hearted people. His speeches, born of the Western man’s thought, and spoken in the Eastern man’s tongue, were most telling. He wore Western clothes like Willis, had a mind trained to the New World, and spoke Korean as no foreigner ever could do, and many honest folk from the distant hill lands opened their mouths and listened, and wondered.

Chee was none the less forceful, but he was less a foreigner than Jay. His mind, however, was exceeding just and his words fair. They could hear him say, “Every man kicks the dog that’s down. Korea, gentlemen, is the down-dog, without friends and without any grounds for respect. The only way to work a change is

for each man to be honest, and to strive to encourage honesty. Do right! Not only does the Bible, that has overturned the world, say so, but the Books of Confucius as well. Do what is right, and abstain from what is wrong, and gradually dishonest officialdom will disappear, and the laziness and rottenness, and good-for-nothingness that infects the country, will pass away."

This seemed sound doctrine, and many who heard, decided to combine the church with the welfare of the state. This accounted for the yes and no meetings being held in the chapels.

Hong, too, talked much. He had not been abroad, and lacked the balance of the West, but he was red hot in his enthusiasm. On Sunday afternoon he and his fellow-believers used to pray, and then go round smashing temple images, and carrying off pictures. They would come home at night in triumph, with rolls of temple goods, some worked on silk, and some painted on paper. There was the God of War, the Spirits of the Hills, and no end of leering faces and fierce eyes. Hong's children poked sticks at the old God of War, while the company sang, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

The town folk who still acknowledged the old faith, were astounded. No such practice had ever come about before, and here were the Independents and Christians united, smashing the sacred gods. The fires began to burn up in their souls, and a day of judgment was looked for.

Such a state of affairs in the capital, taxed McKechern's powers. "Look here Hong," said he, "we say to Cæsar, 'keep your hands off Christ,' but Christ never tells us to go at Cæsar wi' hammer and tongs in any such way as you."

"Then what would you advise?" asked Hong. "We must clear out devil-worship if we would get a good government."

"But," said McKechern, "ye must na dae evil that guid may come. The God o' War, whas een ye poked out wi' sticks, was na your God o' War. This is not the great God's way, Hong. The Lord does na want ye to do sae. I advise against it. Be kind and Christlike to your unbelieving neighbors, and it will dae mair to kill the auld God o' War than all yer preens and pokes."

Hong went away feeling that McKechern was an old fool and would never reform the state in a thousand years.

Many days afterwards when Mrs. Hong was a widow, McKechern gave her a dollar for an old remnant of the God of war, with his eyes poked out, that had lain and gathered dust in a closet.

All over the North the influence had permeated, and Willis and Plum had a greater task on hand than had ever fallen to them before. Just what were their arguments against the *Tok-neeps*?

"Nothing against them," said Willis, "independence is right, and there is any amount of room for political reform. Jay and Chee are honest men, as far as I know, but the Church of Christ is not a political organization and must not be; the moment it becomes so, its spiritual influence is gone." Willis saw at once that the only way to meet it, was by a deeper spiritual influence among the people, and his efforts were directed towards training classes, that assembled at various places for Bible study and prayer. At the classes no politics were discussed.

Meanwhile, independence in the capital grew to such proportions, that the poor old government quaked and

feared. How to get the man Jay out of the way was the question. They could not arrest and kill him for fear of foreign complications; they hardly saw how they could assassinate him, for he walked out with guards, and the guards knew that their billet would end if their master was killed; so the government was in fearfully hot water over it, for the Independents were holding open air meetings, and Yes and No threatened to overwhelm the country.

The prime minister and council talked it over, and then paid a call on Jay. "You are under contract for five years, are you not, to give lectures in the School of General Department at \$3,000 a year?"

"Yes," said Jay.

"Well," said the government, "we have a proposal to make. It is evident that you are not satisfied with political conditions in this benighted land, and the precious country to which you have attached yourself suits you admirably. Besides you have drunk much foreign water, and it is not good for the health here after you have done so. We'll pay you down the \$15,000, to have you go away in peace. We would not think of doing so in all cases, but His Majesty loves you very dearly, and so he desires to make you useful and happy."

Jay accepted the offer, and where once he had sailed away under hatches for his life, this time, he sailed away with all the flags flying and \$15,000 in his pocket as a parting salute.

Thus ends the pestilential *Tok-neep*, thought the government, but it never made a greater mistake. The meetings went on, just as they had done before, only with Chee in command. More people than ever attended, and congregated in white masses before the Great

Bell, in the public square of the city. Soldiers, with fixed bayonets, circled, wonder-eyed, around this platform, where men talked as never before.

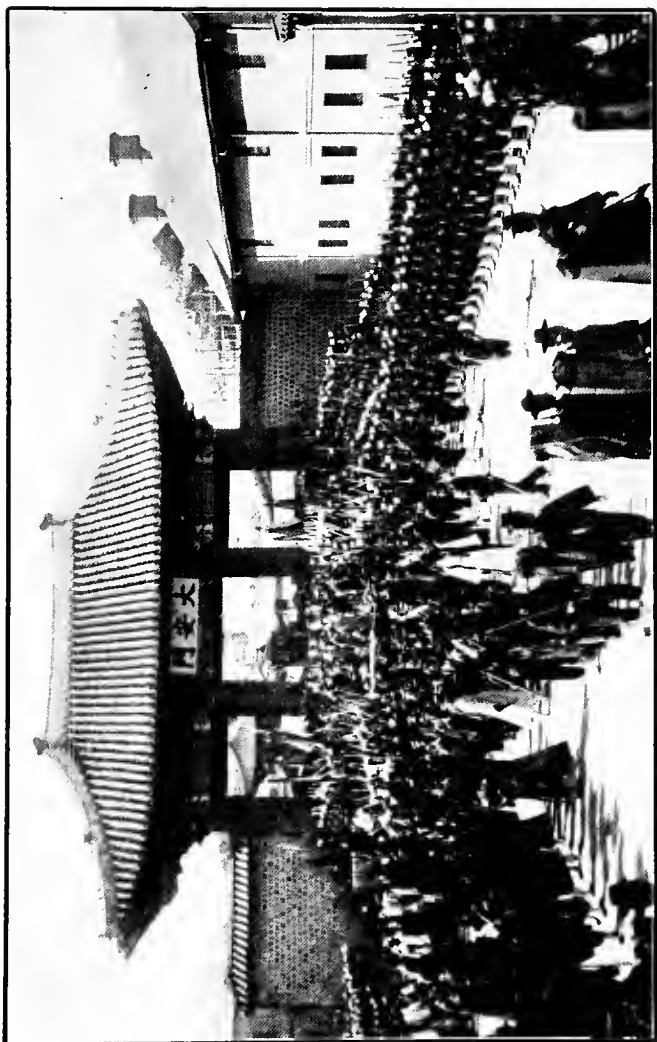
“Human beings are not dead dogs,” said Chee, “but are born with souls and intellects. We are not made to lie, and cheat, and deceive, like incarnate devils, but to act honestly, each offering a helping hand to his fellow. Only as he does this is he a man and not a beast. Thinking men constitute the State. Let us call on officials to be honest, to stop ‘squeeze,’ to give up the dancing girls and be true to their wives, and clean out all the filth that has gathered for these ages. Are these words not true? Which of you soldiers here would shoot a man for words like these?”

“No one,” said a sergeant standing by.

“Then, men, let’s make this Land of Morning Calm an honor and not a disgrace. Let every one lend a hand and it can be done.” With like appeals he stirred up the people. Christians and non-Christians were banded together. Night after night the canopy poles were raised in the public square and the flags flew. Until the bell under the Kiosk tolled the midnight hour there was a seething conference of independence seekers.

The government had had enough of it, and one day, by early dawn, there was a placard posted on the stone arches of the gates, “There shall be no meetings in the heaven above or earth beneath, in the city or outside of it, and no public haranguing. By order.”

The night following Chee and his more faithful friends again met in the public square, and a great many hot speeches were made. White silk coats rustled, and horse-hair hats glistened under the lights. Police came about to interfere, but they were asked to keep quiet for a little,



WHERE THE TOK-NEEPS USED TO MEET

and then Chee would accompany them to the station. They too grew interested in what Hong and others had to say, and when all was over, Chee and his party, numbering some fifty, wended their way to the prison. The old warden was in bed and had to be knocked up.

"Who are you and what do you want?" asked he.

"They are Independents to be locked up for breaking His Majesty's command," answered the police.

"Independents! How many have you arrested?"

"We didn't arrest any. Fifty and more have come and want to be locked up."

The old warden gave a sudden start. "Fifty of them come to be arrested! Whoever heard the like? Tell them to go away."

The police came out and said, "The warden says 'go away.'"

"Oh, but," says Chee, "we are here as law-breakers, and the matter must be settled."

"'Go away,' he says."

"No," says Chee, "we can't go away," and they marched in, fifty of them, and camped in the quarters of the warden.

The warden then called up the chief of police by telephone.

"These miserable Independents," said the chief. "What do they want now?"

"They want to be arrested."

"Want to be arrested! Tell the idiots to go home."

"But the warden did, and they refused," was the answer.

"Under Heaven and among men," said the chief, "was the like ever seen before?" So he sent a telephone message to the palace and roused up the govern-

ment. "Fifty Independents have come and want to be arrested."

"Want what?"

"Permission to be arrested."

His Majesty's government collapsed. Such a thing had never been heard of since the days of Yo and Soon. To give oneself up to arrest was too deep and diabolical.

"Strenuously refuse to arrest," came back the answer, and thus the matter stood, the warden driven distracted all night long by the presence of these Independents.

The Christians were hilarious; this was another victory for the club, and the bright day was soon to dawn, when every man would go to church, read his Bible, and pay up all his past debts. The idols had been broken, the government had been driven into the corner, and the club had grown great in numbers. Some of the churchmen on seeing the kind of people who were now flocking in, drew in their breath in alarm. All the malcontents of the country joined, to shout and fling dust into the air. Meetings were held just in front of the palace, within ear-shot of His Majesty, and the frequent clapping of hands and cheers that accompanied disturbed his imperial slumbers.

One day as Willis drew into the old city on horseback, there, before him, was a vast concourse of white-coated people, completely filling the square before the Gate of Great Peace. He listened. One young man with pale face and furious manner, was haranguing against despotic governments and authorities, that tried to crush out yes and no meetings and other rights inherent in a people. "May we die," said he, "rather than give up the fight."

It was the first view Willis had had of the organization

that had disturbed his people through the far North, and he felt humiliated to think that such a frantic ungoverned affair as it seemed to be could have had such an influence. Chee then spoke and spoke well. He warned the members against rash speeches and lawless methods, and reminded them that the club stood for advanced civilization, and that the first mark of civilization was law and order. "The government has yielded the right to hold public meetings. Let's hold them in a way that will be acceptable to all."

Just here Willis met McKechern. "*Cead mille fealthe,*" said the Scot, "but you are no up in the classics, Willis, that's the Gaelic for 'a hundred thousand welcomes.'"

"Delighted to see you," was the reply. "And is this the Independence Club?"

"Aye," said McKechern, "and the daftest collection o' irresponsible bodies ye ever saw. Mon, but it's peetiful. They mean well, most of them, but the wherewithal is lacking."

Willis saw Chee later and heard his opinions. Chee said the club's days were ended and that there was no longer any holding it in hand. Chee had been governor of the capital and was a man of rank and influence.

"Why don't you and a few of your social equals, form a band to steadily and persistently work for the right, as they did in Japan?"

"That's what should have been done, but it's too late now. We are on the eve of fierce reaction."

In less than a month Chee had to fly for his life and remain in hiding for many days in the house of a friend.

"Just keep yer head doon, and dinna gae jookin' about the corners," was McKechern's advice to him.

"But," said Chee, "I'd rather give myself up and let them do what they like."

"Whist, mon," was the rejoinder.

In the meantime up North there had been many arrests and some of Plum's friends were in jail, the very ones he had warned to keep out of the Independence Club.

"But we didn't know that you were right then; how could we know? Make haste and get us out, we trust in the Lord first, and you second." Plum did help, and on a promise being given that they would engage in no more demonstrations against the government, they were set free.

Ko had been convinced from the first that it was not the Independence Club Korea needed, but just the plain gospel, and he had so spoken in public, and this had roused the hostility of some of his fellow-workers, less earnest than he. Kang said that Ko would never do anything in the world with his ideas to just pray, pray, pray. We must work too. Paul worked.

"Yes," said Ko, "at tent making. That's a kind of work that does not disturb belief."

"But don't you find men in the Bible who believed and tried to reform the government?"

"There is one man I think of," said Ko. "It was Peter; he took a sword to reform the government and the first thing he did was to go to sleep. It will put you to sleep spiritually, Kang, I'm afraid. The next thing he did was to follow 'afar off,' and the next thing he did, because of that sword, was to swear and tell lies. I don't want anything but the sword of the spirit, as the *moksa* says, against the government. I'm afraid I might go to sleep, and fall behind, and then swear and tell lies."

This made Kang and others of them furious. They

would oust Ko from his place in the *moksa's* affection, and have more wakeful influences to guide the church; so they sat down and wrote Willis a letter. They stated that they were men of the dust, and by no means free from sin, and not fit to cast stones at even a dog, but there was Ko, a very good man, a very earnest believer, a very good Christian, but had not the church rules about marriage, and could he be a helper with the many complications attending him. Willis read it over and understood at once the motive that prompted the writing, but he could not ignore it, and would have to make additional inquiry over what he had already made, when Ko was taken in.

Ko was confronted with the question and his eyes filled with tears. It was too bad a story, this past life of his, to mention. It had come back to him in the quiet hours of the night, and he had wept many times to think of the wrongs that could never be righted, of lives ruined by his deeds. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," "but here am I amid comfort, with all the bitter atonement heaped upon another," and Ko's heart was melted at the thought of it. His work must be to rescue, to save, to help just such ones as he had ruined,—no time for clubs or government reform. When Willis made inquiry, Ko asked to have leave to write it out instead of speaking it, as he did not like the sound of the words, and a day later he came in with his black vertical characters down a crumpled page, that told the story of his so-called married life, with which the reader is already acquainted.

XXXI

THE DRAGON'S PERPLEXITY AND WILLIS'

STILL the world was bright. Willis lived with his companions, not in the city any longer, but out on the hills where he had built a house. It was spacious and wide, and the Dragon was in charge. He kept it clean and the knives and towels and spoons were all numbered in his book. Any loss of these called forth a reckoning, not with the master, but with the Dragon. The gateman and the under boy, who did chores about the kitchen, had to answer on their lives and the missing articles were soon forthcoming. Yap was fat and round and well, wore a collar, and chased Korean dogs.

But the Dragon was troubled in his inner soul, and the light and frivolity of boyhood had passed from him. McKechern's words had haunted him for many a day. He was respectful, but was stern and fierce, and when he stropped the long knife in the kitchen he would mutter words about no soft gospel suiting a land like this. The Independence movement the Dragon believed in. He had heard Chee and Chee's words were true, and his voice was the one needed in such evil days as these, when men not fit to sit with Yap were ruling the land. His master saw only one side of the question, and forgot the other; he was true and good, yes, too good for Korea and Koreans. Give him, the Dragon, a chance, with a short handle and long blade and he would,—but it is better not to think just what the Dragon would do.

One evening, at the close of the class, Ko overheard the Dragon preaching a sermon to some of the simpler countrymen who sat and listened with wonder. "Believe," said the Dragon, "yes, believe well, but do your duty too. No land can be let go. Men are born 'free and equal' [one of Jay's sayings he had caught], and are each responsible. Imagine a governor who thinks the world is flat, and keeps no end of sorcerers and dancing-girls. Would George Washington put up with that?"

"Who was George Washington?" asked the company.

"Don't you know?" asked the Dragon, with an expression of scorn in his voice. "Why, the man who liberated America. He was a believing man too, and has 'the Resurrection and the Life' written over his grave where thousands of people go to see."

The learning of the Dragon awed these simple farmers, and had its influence. "There is that dog Yap, he knows more than our prime minister." The truth of it was a little 'learning' had made the Dragon mad.

"I don't like the taste of that young man's words," said Ko. "He will get into trouble yet."

Willis loved the Dragon and knew he could trust him implicitly. There were no falsehoods about him, he was a faithful servant, and would any day have been ready to die for his master, and yet he was not yet baptized. He had come up for examination, but there was a flaw in the Dragon's belief, that had kept him afar off, though not from preaching sermons. A cleaner, neater lad, with hair plaited down his back, was not to be seen in the Land of Morning Calm.

The years that had passed over Willis had told on him. Added to ordinary burdens was the nightmare of malaria, that dogs some people's steps in the Far East. Quinine

would check it for a little, but back it would come, and nothing but a change of surroundings could shake one free. Ordered by the physician, he decided to take a sea voyage to Japan, and have Ko and the Dragon accompany. The breath of the sea would reinvigorate, and a change in environment would be restful. So he made the trip, the wonders of which it took Ko and the Dragon months to detail to their friends.

On their return he received letters from home, one from Shoreland who said, "Within a year, or a little more, we hope to make a journey to the Far East, my wife and I, and of course we shall call on Korea, but more anon."

How delighted Willis was, for nothing would give him greater pleasure than to introduce this genial business man to the dusky groups that gathered round him. Truly enough Shoreland's heart would respond, and his eye would see. Another letter that touched him more closely was from Eline's father, Mr. Murray, written in his severe but honest hand, asking a number of questions. He had no faith in Orientals, and he thought history would bear him out; he was unable to consent to his daughter's going to any such place; that matter was settled, but he still had the highest regard for Willis, his devotion and his courage. He respected a man, also, who was willing to give up any treasure for what he believed to be the will of God. Would Willis answer him some questions, for his own heart was troubled as to the duties of a Christian. He said they were well and that he and Eline bore no ill-will, but would always think of him as a brave, true-hearted boy. "May God guide and bless you in the great work to which you seem called."

He didn't mention in his letter that Eline had had an offer of marriage, exceedingly good, which she had

tossed aside with not unmixed grace. She had loved one man, but she was willing to give up even him, of course, if it displeased her father. To love some one simply because he was near home, never! Her correspondence had been broken off, but still her thoughts went in flight over the wide waste of waters, somewhere away off to other worlds, where dwelt the one who used to be her laddie, tall and fair-haired. This trial had made her cheek pale, and had put an earnestness into her life that she had not known before. It had affected likewise mysteriously, the beautiful city in which she lived, and had changed it from being her paradise, to a piece of fleeting vanity. What availed all that fashion sought for? She would help the needy and pass it by.

In Willis' reply there was no breaking down. He told clearly where he thought the line of duty and privilege lay, and to depart from it was to yield everything. He gave a little outline of the work and of how God had honored it. He sent his greetings to Eline. Did she know that the touches of her fingers on the keyboard years ago, were still ringing in his ears, and that frequently, off among the hills, he could hear echoes of Händel's Largo, that seemed to him eternal notes of praise.

The old gentleman was touched by it, but would not for the world let Eline know, so he took his top-hat and gold-headed cane and went down to his office.

Eline was left alone; she was no longer a girl but a woman, a typical American, straight and beautiful, with just a something of the haughty in her manner. "Indeed! he hadn't loved her enough to give up that precious calling of his and come home."

"It is not true," she replied, to the voice of the tempter,

“he is a brave, noble man and has made God first in his thoughts. He is right, and I love him more than ever.” Her fingers passed over the keys, and slowly there came forth the Largo, till her own heart was like to burst, and she hurried away to her room, closed the door and wept tears, that in olden days the gods would have bowed their heads to look upon.

And now there passed through the church secret letters and secret messages. On no account was Willis or his collaborators to know, not a whisper. The time had come at last for freedom, but the *moksa* would see things with only half an eye, and block it, no one must tell. There was to be a gathering of patriots at Fusan, on such a date, but not a breath of it to the *moksa*, or where it would reach the officials. Money was needed, all who could contribute were asked to do so. Many hundreds of dollars were gathered from Christians and others. Kang was an agent and so was Saw and Han, the man who had opposed Ko and Pang and joined the Independents. At one of the secret meetings Kang read a letter from Prince Pak, the exile in Japan. “All that is needed,” said he, “are a few of the trustworthy Christians, men that can be depended on, and the way is clear. Bring what funds you have, though there need be no anxiety about money. Come just as you are to Fusan on such a date, and you will be provided with all that is needed, and told the plan of action.”

The East likes mystery, and this sort of whisper passing over the land made a deep impression. To not a few it seemed time to close the Bible and buckle on the sword. Everywhere the Church was sounded, but almost to a man, the five hundred refused to lend an ear. The spirit of God was not in it to them, and they were hands off.

"But," says Kang, "Prince Pak is a Christian, and would you not like to see a better government? Where can the wrong be in combating the devil?" Kang's own conscience smote him when he said, "Tell not the *moksa*." The one who had brought him all the hope he had, who had been his angel of light, was pushed out of these plans of his, and Kang lived to repent it many a bitter day.

The missionaries had made it a rule not to interfere in matters that pertained to the government. They themselves were foreigners, and so must let Korean law and justice, such as they were, have their way. The Christians were not Americans, but were born under the flag with the emblem and the bars, and must take their measure of injustice, sometimes, that was dealt out to them. Were they arrested purely on the ground that they were Christians, the case was otherwise, and would have to be investigated under the eye of a Western consul, but the rule was, not meddle in politics or with the government.

At one of their conferences when the matter had come up for discussion, and had been settled smoothly, Plum arose. "Gentlemen," said he, "it's very easy to decide to let some one else's affair go as it pleases, but my man's in jail; what am I going to do about it? He's been with me for five years, and I want him for twenty-five more, and now he's in jail. The government says he is a foreign sympathizer; of course he is, he sympathizes with me every day of his life, and I say he's in jail. They mean to try him next summer some day, and beat him between times, and sit back and watch me and say, 'The soulless foreign barbarian, he'd let his man die without lifting a finger for him.' Friends, I want you to know it," and he roared at the top of his voice, "*my man's in jail*. Come

along with your theories ; I'm willing to listen to them, but one thing I want you to know is, that *my man's in jail.*" The tufts stood up on each side of Plum's bald head, and a thousand expressions chased themselves over his countenance, till the final one fixed itself hard, and said, " And I'll get him out or I go to jail myself." The meeting cheered and applauded, and no note of censure was passed on Plum for that last expression of his.

These were anxious days, and Willis, who knew that some plot was brewing underneath the surface, could only watch and pray. When he saw Kang last, his manner was changed, so was Saw's, and others who used to greet him with shining faces now dodged round the corner or slipped away.

XXXII

WHERE IS THE DRAGON?

ONE morning, past the regular breakfast hour, there was no familiar sound of the Dragon's step in Willis' kitchen. He must be ill. Willis would see. Then the gateman came in, and the chore boy to say that the Dragon was missing. He was not with any of the Christians. They had looked everywhere and no one knew. But he would come back shortly, and so they waited. The day passed and no Dragon, two days, a week, a month, and Yap sat with paws crossed, watery-eyed, looking out into vacancy. A creepy presentiment crossed Willis' mind. Something had befallen the Dragon somewhere and he was dead. Another boy was installed temporarily in the kitchen, but Willis had lost more than he ever dreamed of in this heady lad with his snap, and fire, and glossy cue down the snow-white jacket. The Dragon had been his wayward faithful housekeeper during these years, for whom he had prayed, and whom he loved with all his heart.

The missing lad had covered his escape perfectly, and was on board a steamer ploughing its way south through the Yellow Sea. He sat on the matting in the steerage with his face between his knees, and his arms clasped round them. His errand was not altogether a happy one, for he had not told his master, and there were some doubts in his mind as to its ultimate success, but he was in it now, and there was no time to draw back, besides

he did not wish to, he wanted to fight and ease that soul of his.

He was met at Fusan by a tall intelligent looking Korean, who was on the watch. He had had notification of the Dragon beforehand. "A stout, strongly built boy, clean and neat, and brave as a lion." The tall man "spotted" him at once; and so this was the lad highly spoken of, who had been in the service of the American. "Good, come along," and he led the way. They passed out of the Japanese town, over the gnarled knuckled hills to native Fusan, and there, in a large room full of people, the Dragon met his old friends Saw and Kang. There were others too, whom he had seen before, all on the same errand, but they were under military rule, and there were no questions to be asked, or explanations needed. The place was evidently guarded against hangers-on and eavesdroppers. "Take some sleep," said the leader to the men gathered, "we shall have night work to do, and you must rest now," but the Dragon could not sleep. This was a fairy tale to him, and his heart leaped at the thought of falling in like soldiers and marching at night, ousting the old government, and ending the sorrows of ten million people. The leader informed them that many others were gathering, so that ultimately there would be several thousands. They were the advance guard and had some duties to do first. They must all have their hair cut and be disguised as Japanese police.

Over their heads went the clippers, deftly handled by some one who had learned the art elsewhere, over the Dragon's too, till the long glossy tail that used fairly to snap in the wake of its owner's footsteps, dropped and was cast aside like a part of past life, ended and gone. He

was then rigged out in tight pantaloons and leather boots, hard to march in, but he was a soldier now and had put his hand to a great affair, and little things must not trouble. He had a cap fitted to his head, a jacket, a belt and a short sword. A glittering new revolver, too, was buckled on, and a case full of cartridges. Kang and Saw and the rest were likewise armed and accoutred, and when night had fallen the order was given to march.

There were about fifty in the company, seen of course, by late passers in the street and reported. What the East does in secret, all men know. What it does in public a few passers are aware of. Their plotting was known and the government was on the track, but there was no evidence of it yet. They marched on and on with many twists of ankles and stubbings of toes, for no lights were allowed. Towards midnight they pulled up before a large private gateway and rapped up the porter. It was not an official Yamen, but the house of one of the rich men of the South. After a question or two, one gate was opened, and they marched in. The leader roused up the owner, who looked out in a drowsy bewildered way, and, by the aid of a light, saw the yard full of police. He was round faced and ponderous, and had a fat man's voice. "What do you want," asked he, collecting his wits about him, "coming in in this way at midnight?"

The leader explained in a quiet firm voice that they were on a crusade against the government, that plans were perfected for its overthrow. In the meantime they needed money, and he was asked to loan them five thousand dollars. It would be paid back with interest when they came into power, and that the fewer words they spoke about it now the better.

In a high excited key the fat man began his reply. He

would do nothing of the kind, the government might remain as it was. Pay them five thousand dollars? Never.

"What is this?" asked the Dragon of Kang. "Are we out as highway robbers? What does this mean? I thought it was the government we were after."

"I don't like it either," said Kang; "but we'll see."

"If you don't write out your note at once," said the leader drawing his revolver, and pointing it at the fat man's head, "I'll put this shot through you and your son will write it out instead."

The Dragon was horrified. This was robbery and murder. "I'll have nothing to do with it," said he, and with a dash for life he was out of the gate and gone. He flung the revolver as far as he could throw it, rid himself of hat, boots, and sword, and with his thin socks and bare-head away he scud into the night, scratched, and cut, and bruised by the stones, and speared by the snags that the woodman had left. He had heard no shot fired, but that leader was a murderer just the same. How thankful he was to escape; he had been on the brink of hell. How about Kang and Saw? They would never agree to that. Had they only known before starting they would not have gone, but it was military discipline and they could not inquire.

The fat man seeing a glittering weapon at his head gave his note on a firm in Fusan, as the leader demanded, and they marched out of the gate to try elsewhere. "Where is the young man called the Dragon?" asked the leader.

"He has run off," says Kang; "will have nothing to do with this kind of thing, nor will I either."

"What do you mean?" says the leader. "It will all be paid back with interest."

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It was all paid back, true enough, in their own coin before the day was over. Towards dawn, while trying to find the Dragon, they were ambushed by the Japanese soldiers, and bullets were going whiz, spat, round them before they knew it. One, ended the leader's plans with regard to the five thousand dollar note, and all other things. Saw was wounded but not killed. He was among those captured, thirteen of them, who were caught when trying to get away in a junk. Twenty men were killed. Kang and others made their escape.

But how about the Dragon? Through the long night he had trudged on and on, not knowing what had happened, or where he was going, save that there was a kind of pathway, and yonder was the North Star ahead of him. He was five hundred miles from home, where Yap lived and the master. Like a fool he had tried to save his country and had lost himself. Most Koreans are afraid at night, but not the Dragon; he was not afraid of anything except to steal, and murder, and such like, for on these rested the judgment of God.

He must put his pride in his pocket now, and beg like a Buddhist. How he used to despise the shiny shaven heads of these craven priests. The clothes he wore too would mark him where he went.

He was stout of back, was the Dragon, and kept up his pace without slackening till towards daybreak, when he met a good-natured country lad, with a padded coat and trousers, on his way for wood. They were grimy and patched, and had gray cotton tufts sticking out of the holes, but the Dragon thought he had never seen so comfortable a suit before.

"I say," said he, "how far is it to the capital?"

"The capital! Are you going that way? It's a

thousand *lee*, I guess. Why don't you go by boat? Are you a Japanese?" inquired the woodman.

"No," said the Dragon.

"Them's nice buttons on your coat," continued the woodman; "what are they made of? and that belt too, that's fine."

The Dragon was pretty well fagged out, and did not look at all imposing. "I tell you," said he, "I'll give you this suit, belt and buttons, for your old clothes if you'll give me a little breakfast as well."

"Do you mean it?" asked the woodman opening his eyes. "I've got some right here, you may have this. Trade clothes, do you mean?"

"Yes, these are cold," said the Dragon.

"All right, I'll trade," and there, in the shadow of the willows the exchange was made, the Dragon looking for all the world like a low cast Buddhist priest. The woodman, a squat, good-natured fellow, laughed to think of himself. He buttoned up his coat, fastened the belt, got the trousers adjusted, felt himself all round, and then sang out, "Im-i-ta-ti-on Foreign-Devil!"

But it was no joke, and no time for talk, and the Dragon took thankfully his chunk of rice bread and moved on. For five hundred miles the whole nation seemed bent on tormenting him. There was insult offered at every corner, and for no other reason than the pure love of giving it. He had tried to save his fellow-countrymen, and lo, he was being now kicked, and cuffed, and insulted, by these same ten millions of people, who were not worth the saving.

"A little rice, please," humbly asked he at the door of a guest room.

"Umph! A *choong* [Buddhist priest] eh? Say your

prayers first," said a red-faced man, looking out coughing and spitting, "and then we'll see about rice."

"But I'm not a Buddhist," said the Dragon.

"Not a Buddhist, man, you can see your head shining a mile off. Say your prayers now, *Nam-mu-amee-ta-bull.*"

"Some rice, please," was the only response.

"Rice? Is that the way you answer me? Take that," and the red-faced man gave him a fearful kick, not a toe-kick, but an Oriental's horizontal gun-kick, with the flat of the foot.

The Dragon was all played out in spirit, and the blow sent him reeling.

"If you are not a Buddhist, then you are up to the Wickedness of God; get out of this."

If the Dragon was anything he was by nature a fighter. Men and boys all knew that in his own town; lithe as a tiger, and with muscle to match the mind that was in him, he was more than the equal of two ordinary Koreans, but to-day there was no heart left to fight. "Fool that I am," said he, "I desire to die;" so he picked himself up and trudged famishing along his way.

With all his strength and mind in it, he was knocking off one hundred and fifty *lee* or fifty miles a day, which was a terrible tax on one not accustomed to regular walking. The fragments of food were so few and far between, that, little by little, his strength was failing him. One day after a long hard pull, with nothing in the way of food for twelve hours, and very little before that time, he made application at a guest room.

"A little rice, please!"

"Hollo!" said a voice in reply, "what monastery are you from, and what is your priest name?"

"I'm not a priest," said the Dragon.

"You lie, all Buddhists lie, greatest liars in the world. Let me hear you pray."

"Have mercy," said the Dragon. "I can't pray."

"Then if you are not a priest you are a man of the world, and will know how to sing and dance. Let's hear you sing, and dance me a bit. If you dance well I'll give you a dinner."

Poor Dragon, thin and wasted, with his unsightly clothes, his cropped priest head, and his face tanned black from exposure, had to dance and sing before the eyes of the public, and so earn a dinner or be kicked and sent off starving. Some old silly song that he hadn't thought of for years came to his rescue. Before the town, yes one of the towns he wanted to save, that now laughed and jeered at him, he sang and went round and round in a circle, dancing, while his old padded pantaloons kept time, fluff, fluff, fluff, fluff.

True to his word the master gave him a dinner, treated him kindly and let him sleep, but it was many a day still that he continued to attract attention along the road. Passers turned their heads to look at him, and made remarks about his clothes; the girls tittered and the little boys shouted as he went by. It was, indeed, the Dragon's passage through the valley of humiliation.

In the second month, when hope was given up, there came creeping at nightfall into the outer room of Willis' compound, all that was left of the once proud Dragon. He lay down on the heated floor so grateful and comforting, and wanted to sleep on forever. But scarcely had his head touched the wooden pillow when there was a frantic scratch at the door, without any regard for the paper. In bounced Yap, wild with joy. He fairly

screamed and tried to run round in circles, but when space would not permit it he stopped to sniff, and he sniffed, and sniffed, as much as to say, "Well, I declare, Dragon, how did you get such pantaloons, and where have you been?"

Yap was a fool and did not know, but would the master forgive him, and what would Ko and Pang say?

A moment later Kim looked in at the door. "Who is this?" asked he. It was dark, and there was no reply for a moment. He saw some one. "Who is it? You must get permission to sleep here, you know."

"It is I," said the voice of the Dragon.

Kim leaped in and took him by the hand. "You've come back, thank the Lord! are you well?" Kim struck a light, and the amazed look on his face told what he thought. "Are you really the Dragon? Who are you?" But it was the old voice that replied, though a little thin. "It's what used to be," was the answer. "Is the *moksa* well?"

"Yes; and he's waited and waited for you. He has just now come in, go and see him."

There was no more pride left to deter his steps; away went the Dragon just as he was, and a moment later he stood before Willis. His voice choked so he could not speak, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Forgive me!" he tried to say.

Willis saw at once that this tough, hardy boy of his was nearly dead, and the wan, wasted look of him was more than he could endure. "Go and rest to-night, Dragon, and tell me to-morrow."

Ko came in later and heard the story. His heart was

glad, oh so glad. Doubtless it was God calling the wayward boy and all would be well. Through the night, while the moon hung high over the valley and the wayfarer slept unconscious, Ko, with sputtering taper and a Chinese Bible before him, read and prayed.

Next morning, in clean suit of clothes, but hollow-cheeked still, and so black and with muddy eye, the Dragon called on his master and told the whole story. He had thought to join the army of Prince Pak and march against the capital. It was a wild, foolish plan, concerning which he had asked no advice, and about which he might yet have to answer with his head. Would the master forgive, and let him go back to his housekeeping?

There was no question of Willis' forgiveness. He had nothing to forgive, but did the Dragon see what this experience meant? Did he not hear a voice calling him? This was God's sermon, surely he must hear. "I cannot fight your battles, Dragon," said Willis. "I can't even make you believe or control your thoughts. In one sense we may help each other, but in another sense we each walk by himself. The great settlement comes when the heart is alone with God. It often costs much to bring this meeting about. You know He sent Peter many tears of bitterness, and there was no more pride or sword to trust to before they had their final meeting; and Paul He blinded till his outside eyes could not see, and then they met; and the Prodigal He left in rags and want, so that at last his heart came to him, and he said, 'I'm going home'; and the sheep was lost in the mountains, till it most died of fear, but after its lesson had been learned, He Himself came and took it in His arms and they went home together. He restored the Prodigal, and He

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cured Paul's blinded eyes, and He forgave Peter, and so in the same way He leads the Dragon, over the length of the land in rags and want and suffering, saying, 'Come to Me, give Me thy heart, oh Dragon!'"

XXXIII

UNDER THE KNIFE

THE newspapers that arrived from Seoul gave an account of the fight at Fusan, the number killed, those captured, thirteen of them, among whom was Saw, also a list of those who had escaped, and whom the soldiers were after. In this list was Kang's name. The thirteen had been brought to the capital and were lodged in the *Kamok* prison, where Kwun had been hanged. No mention was made of the Dragon, but that was no relief. To die honorably for his country meant no disgrace, but since he had seen that revolver pointed at the fat man's head, the whole undertaking had been branded with the mark of crime. He read through the story of how they had been captured, of the leader's death, and other sickening details. What a fool he was to think that he had any right to the sword, and there was poor Saw now, awaiting death doubtless; the Dragon would pray for Saw.

One account mentioned that a red-covered New Testament had been found on the spot after the fight, and that the name in it was Kang Kyung-jo. It had been thrown away in his haste to escape, and it proved clearly that the Christians were the enemies of the state.

At about this time a soiled note came, late at night, by an unknown messenger to Ko. He read it and it said, "Follow this man; some one in great distress wants to see you." There was no name signed and no familiar

character to the writing, but Ko at once put on his hat and followed. "Who sent this note?" inquired Ko.

"I don't know," said the man; "he is a stranger, and has come a long way. I think he has sickness inside of him."

They reached a hut in a lonely place outside of the city, and the man pointed. Ko opened the door and there was Kang, dressed in old clothes, and looking fearfully hard up. "Many, many thanks," said he. "You are one I can trust. I've worked against you, Ko; but my conscience said I was wrong. This government business has been wrong, too, and has wrought my ruin. If I had heeded the *moksa* or you, . . . but it's too late now. Can you let me have a little money? I must be off, as soldiers are after me."

Ko hurried back, said nothing to any one, but gathered all the savings he had in the world and brought them to Kang, and the latter disappeared from view. Ko said nothing of this meeting for many a day; and the last word of Kang was that he was far north and across the border into Siberia.

The trial came off and the thirteen were sentenced to be strangled, date uncertain. Day after day they remained in suspense. Ko got a note through, and received an answer from Saw. He would die, he said, trusting in unlimited forgiveness. He had made a failure of life through lack of earnest consecration. "May the church give up all government aspirations and move on to victory." Would he tell Fireblower that one prisoner, not for the gospel's sake, but for his own sins, was, nevertheless, trusting.

Some nights later, a courtier of the King, shining in beads and scarlet, and with long retinue, swept into the

prison. In the open square he read a proclamation that the prisoners could hear through the bars. "By the infinite grace of His Majesty, you, red-handed sinners, have had your sentence commuted one degree, and so, in place of being strangled like dogs, you will be beheaded like gentlemen. Get ready this night." There is no block used in Korea. Out on the bare ground each one was stretched to receive the repeated blows of the sabre. Thus disappears the man Saw. Many, including the Dragon, wept over his fate.

It was a great shock to the Christians, and it settled for the time being, at least, the doctrine of the sword.

But that red book had been found on the battle-field, and was not settled for yet, and over and across the sea the Boxer was demonstrating the superiority of the East with wild eye and triumph-yell. Here in Korea why not take a hand? An order was issued; by whom, no one knows; but bearing the stamp of authority, and was received by all the governors and magistrates. It read, "*On such and such a date, you are to wipe out Christianity from your district, and to do away with all Europeans and Americans.*"

Gilbert was the first to get hold of it, and he at once sent word to Willis, knowing what a multitude was under his hand; also, along the wires, there flashed warning of it to the American minister. It is the manner of some ministers, to sit still and pooh, pooh; other ministers know the Far East and something of the inner side of the Oriental's soul. This minister did, and straightway he went to headquarters.

"Here is an order you have sent, that I have something to say about."

"What order?" inquired the East.

"This with the red seal," said the minister. "It is your seal, therefore your order."

They read it. "Destroy Christians and kill all foreigners." "Zounds!" said they. "This would be awful, it would mean murder. It is our seal but not our order."

"That matters not," said the minister, "the order has gone out with your seal; as to who did it we can deal with that later; now it will be read as your Majesty's command, I ask that messages be sent immediately to every governor and magistrate countermanding it."

"But we never sent it," said the East. "How can we countermand what we never did, and in any case no one would think of obeying it; it would mean the loss of human life."

"Then," said the minister, "I shall have gunboats here inside of so many hours and they will see to countermanding it."

"Oh, why do you speak with such a voice, and think with such thoughts?"

"Never mind about the voice or the thoughts," said the minister. "Will you see to this or shall I?"

"Oh, we'll see to it."

"Then it must be done to-night, and I want copies of the telegrams and receipts."

"But this is not ceremony," said the Far East; "this way of dealing will lead to strained relations, and interfere with our intercourse together."

"To-night, please, telegrams and receipts," said the minister, "or I cable for men-of-war. May your Majesty repose in peace."

This little plot was nipped in the bud that night, by the quick and keen insight of one man, part of whose office it was to be on hand at just such an hour as this. The

church was saved from its Boxer movement, without fully knowing how it came about, except that somehow the western *Kongsa* (minister) had been used to step in and save them.

XXXIV

INGATHERING

THE church was guarded from dangers temporal and spiritual, the list of its members was running up far into the thousands. Earnest and thankful hearts were given them and their influence was telling. There were to be seventy-five baptized in Ping-yang on this day and communion celebrated.

Each worshipper on entering pulled off his shoes and placed them on a shelf by the door, and then finding an open space loosened out his skirts and sat down cross-legged. The building was crowded, and in the wing of the L sat the women. The day was lovely, and the mountains in the distance slept in the sunshine. There was quiet and peace and many heads were bowed in prayer.

For the first hymn they sang a version of Old Hundred, McKechern's translation. There was an opening prayer that God would be present and grant His blessing. The Scripture was read, and following it the list of those to be baptized, the applicants sitting in a row, the men on one side and the women on the other. Among them were Kim, the shoemaker; Cheung, the governor's secretary; Pok, the bookbinder; Moo, the matmaker; Wang, the farmer and others, and of the women, Treasure's mother, Jewel's grandmother, Yong-namee's sister, etc.

Willis asked them if they were willing here, before those assembled, to be baptized, and so definitely stand apart as Christians, in a world that really in heart had no love for Christ or His people. Would they, day by day, read His word and have communion with Him, would they tell the good news everywhere, and to all their friends, would they turn away from customs dishonoring to God and man, and endeavor to live humble, beautiful, earnest, consistent lives? They bowed their heads and said, "Yea, we so desire."

There was another prayer in which those to be baptized were commended to God. Would He not take them, sanctify them, use them, and lift them up out of the sin smitten earth into His glorious presence.

There was one bowed head that Willis could not look at without a lump in his throat. It was the Dragon's, and Willis' voice trembled when later on he said, "Dragon, Child of the Covenant, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

After some moments of silence, Willis took up the Book and went on to the meaning of the Lord's Supper, the broken bread and the poured out wine; His body, His blood, His person, His life; His beautiful sacrifice, His atoning sufferings; His token of the coming, His sign of our fellowship till we meet Him in the perfect ages. Would they so eat, would they so drink, in grateful remembrance of Him, of what He has done in the bright hope of the future, and what He still intends to do.

With bowed heads they all partook. There were expressions of deep emotion, too, not among the women and children, but from grown men, who had been hardened and calloused in wickedness, men who had lain

under the paddle, and sworn oaths of defiance; here they were to-day, little children once more, looking through tears to the long-lost Father with whom they had been reconciled.

The meeting closed, and they were moving away in all directions to speed the message. There was no other work for these people, they had no other calling. True enough, they did farming and matmaking and pegging at boots and other things by the way, but these were merely a something to live on, like Paul's tentmaking, their work was to preach the Gospel.

An old reprobate by the name of An, with his horned hat and his swagger step, came by the meeting-house. He liked Willis. "If you want me to believe in Willis I'll do that, but to believe in God Almighty that no man ever saw, that's too much for me."

"How do you do, Mr. An, is it peace?" asked Willis.

"Oh yes, not so bad for an old fellow. How do things go on about the meetin'-house?"

"There are many coming," said Willis, "but I am waiting and waiting for an old gentleman by the name of An; he hasn't come yet. I'm almost afraid sometimes he's missed the way."

"Ha, ha!" said the old man. "Well, *moksa*, I thank you for thinking of me," and he trudged on. Before he reached home he met his niece, with a cloak over her head, Mrs. Ye, a friend of Mrs. Kim. She saw through the fold of the cloak that the passer was her uncle, and so lowered it and said, "Uncle, is it peace?"

"Well, yes, I guess it is," said the old man, opening his eyes, "and is it you, *Sup-sup-ee*?" (Disappointment, so called because she was born a girl baby instead of a boy.)

"It is, and uncle I want to say that God is calling you. And your own conscience won't let you live in peace because you know you are wrong so long as you do not believe the doctrine."

"No, no, don't talk that kind of talk now, those are very nasty words. Why I've tried to believe and I can't, it won't work somehow."

"Uncle, don't you know what the trouble is?" and his niece looked straight at him.

"No, I don't."

"You are an old man," said she, "and yet you are not willing to give up your wickedness."

"Now, Disappointment, it isn't that at all. I'll tell you what the matter is; the Doctrine is all right, and there is Willis, he is a good man, but there is a kind of pesteration goes along with it that never leaves people alone, always chasin' after them. I don't like that."

"Uncle," said she, "please, your days are short and God loves you, and you've turned your back on Him all these years."

"Now, now," said the old man, "away you go; this is the very thing I don't like, this kind of row, and calling on God and all that kind of thing. It would make any man feel bad," and the old fellow, with his horned cap and remnant of a swagger, went one way, and Disappointment put back her cloak, to hide her face, and went the other.

But a fire had been kindled in this Northland that had already become a mighty conflagration. It was no salaried movement, "big round silver bits," and "little round silver bits" had no place in it, but as with Mrs. Ye and Mrs. Kim and a host of others, the gratitude that was in them spoke for the Gospel. As a result, on every hand

there were miracles ; drunkards were reformed, gamblers, who were helpless before, were rescued ; men and boys of unclean habits saved, but a tourist might have gone by and seen nothing except here and there a flag.

XXXV

THE LAST OF WINTERSHINE

WINTERSHINE had been over the land and for the life of him could see nothing in this missionary business. There was some fairly good shooting, but tigers, like converts, were few and far between. The race of people was hopeless, he wanted nothing to do with them, and yet he loaned them money on mortgage security for six per cent. a month, seventy-two per cent. a year. The Koreans had failed to pay and much property had come into Wintershine's possession, greatly to his glory in the eyes of the people. There were many foreign merchants in the country, men of honor, who had nothing to do with this sort of thing, but Wintershine was pure in his own eyes, and could say more in half an hour about the right and wrong of everything than all of the others combined. He had been everywhere, had written for all the best papers, and was quoted by all the governments, as an authority on every conceivable subject that pertained to the Orient. His exposure of missions had caused Boards at home to gasp for breath, and had cut in half the contribution of some churches. The world was made for his delectation and when it failed to respond in every particular he was wrath itself.

The natives, who know all about every foreigner, and keep a tabulated list of each man's excellencies and defects, had considerable down in favor of Winter-

shine. He was rich, he was haughty, he had many guns, much money, he disdained the language—all marks of a gentleman. He allowed no man to enter his presence without special permission—excellent. He had many servants and kept them well under his heel,—proving that he was born to command. He had one serious defect, namely, he was accustomed to kick trespassers with his own foot, which was neither gentlemanly nor dignified, but he had six dogs and dogs were the mark of a gentleman.

On the other hand there were the missionaries, Willis and his friends; they had no special appearance, were rather common in their movings about, not much in the way of money, no guns to speak of, and only one dog; were glad to learn and speak any kind of language, sometimes with an accent to make you smile, and associated all their days with the commonest kind of people, even with their own servants. Their moral qualities were good, better than Wintershine's, but they were common clay, that was evident, and Wintershine was an aristocrat.

The unchanged East would rather have a despot to rule over them, providing he rode with ribbons of scarlet and beads and ermine, than a saint, who had no halo, and only a soft voice and a manner to treat them as equals.

At home, also, Wintershine had his influence. With a ready pen and presses waiting for your words who could not have some influence? Willis had seen it but it was no use to reply. That was a part of the life to which he had given himself, and he could expect no other. He had made it a rule, unless called for by his home Board, that he would reply to no criticisms of missions and would never write to justify himself.

The purchase of land around the 120th meridian is a

fine art in itself. Few men ever attain to the degree of knowledge required for such an undertaking, and Wintershine knew that with all his attainments, he was in no sense competent for this. He must have help, so he asked the man Fireblower. Fireblower had bought and sold on his own account, and his heart was ever ready to respond to other people's requests, notwithstanding his masterful disposition and his occasional fall-outs. Yes, he would buy it.

"How much do you want?"

"Why so many yards this way, and so many yards that way, and so many the other way."

"But you can't buy by the yard," said Fireblower, "they never heard of a yard. You buy by the day's ploughing."

"Very well, get me two days' ploughing on that hillside," and Fireblower went at it as carefully as you would undertake to capture a hornet's nest. He probed a little here and found out this; he touched it up a little on the other side and found out that, carefully, not rushing matters or going too slowly. In a day or two, though he had not seen the owner, and did not even know where he lived, Fireblower had the deeds, and the money had been paid over for two days' ploughing on the aforesaid hill. While men slept, Fireblower had got his friend to get some one else to do it, and there had been no noise, whereas if a foreigner had gone at it in his ignorance there had resulted a fearful commotion and no purchase.

Wintershine thanked Fireblower heartily and told his wife that he had about concluded to change his views regarding missionaries. They *did* understand native character, and this purchase was certainly very cleverly done. He would get stakes made and mark out his land next

day. Said he, "This buying by the day's ploughing, too, is very good, indeed; nothing definite about it, so you can stake it just where you please, and none can object."

"Get all you can, Sam," said Mrs. Wintershine. "These people have no use for their land," so Sam had about a hundred stakes made long and sharp and heavy. He owned a sledge-hammer which would help out beautifully. Next day with the aid of two coolies and his boy he went at it bright and early.

"Drive this one in here," said Wintershine, and in it went full length, so that even a span of horses could not shake it.

"Put the next here," and so on until, in his circuit, he reached a large grave and said, "Drive this one in here."

"But, master, you can't do that," said the boy, waving his hand.

"Drive that in at once; don't talk to me. I have bought this land," said Wintershine, and down went the stake right into the head of an ancestral grave; another and still another, over all the hillside, spearing the ancestors of the village and taking in about ten days' ploughing, according to native reckoning.

Ere long the task was finished, and Wintershine returned home in triumph, to show his wife what a lovely estate they had climbing over the hill. In an hour or so three or four men in very white clothing were seen gesticulating wildly on the Wintershine estate. One of them turned suddenly, threw his hat off and made frantic efforts to pull up a stake, but it had been driven in with a ten pound hammer wielded by a stout-backed coolie. Wintershine went out in his wrath to inquire. "What in the world do you want here?" said Wintershine in English.

"E got ooree chosang-a mayo," replied the man in Korean, foaming at the mouth. Neither understood the other.

"Get out at once," said Wintershine.

"E got keun eereeo," replied the man, shaking like an aspen leaf.

Wintershine gave him two kicks and sent him tumbling over the hillside. The others had run off. The man did not attempt to pick himself up, but lay just as he had fallen, and bellowed at the top of his voice. You could hear him all down the valley crying just as children do, but with a voice fifty years old. Wintershine then went home and told his wife that he had just settled a little matter of trespassing upon their ground and that it would teach them a lesson, and there would be no more of it. Mrs. Wintershine did admire Sam's dispatch and knowledge of human nature. Such a lovely place as it would make, too, when all those graves were cleared off.

Wintershine sat down to enjoy a cigarette and a new novel just come to hand, feeling a sense of security in his newly acquired possession. An hour had not passed when he looked out, and lo, a thousand people, more or less, were upon his land, nearly all well dressed, but shouting and gesticulating as though their friends had fallen overboard into the sea. Three or four coolies had a long rope and a pry, and out the stakes were coming one by one. Every man then helped to give them a fling and away they went down into the valley.

"This is brazen effrontery," said Wintershine, and took down his gun and hurried out, but the crowd were interested in pulling up stakes, and did not see him till he was close up, and then he pretended to make ready. But they were "raised" by this time, and had no fear of shot-

guns. Each man caught for a stone and started after him, and Wintershine was never before as near the end of his mortal existence. He got safely inside his house, and the crowd hastened back to set free their distressed ancestors. But the boy rushing in shouted, "Master, they say when night comes, they will burn the house and kill you and missus." In the next hour or so Wintershine packed up a few things, and got the black satin dog into its basket, and the others by a string. He then put all the rest of his goods in charge of his boy, and said, "Look here, I hold you responsible to look after these till we return." They sailed out in their own boat and got on board a Japanese steamer, and went on a long cruise to the South Sea Islands.

McKechern had passed and seen the disturbance, and called to see Willis and Plum. After their greeting, said he, "There's an unco splore doon there at Wintershine's; I never saw the like o' it. The toon folk are a' about his ears like a wheen o' clegs."

"What's a wheen o' clegs?" asked Plum.

"Clegs? Why thae beasties that sting the horses."

"Whatever has the man been up to now?"

"Hoch! he's an awfu' like fushionless carle," said McKechern. "He's been oot spearin' a' the ancestors o' the village. It seems he's cut the heed off yin, and played dirl wi' anither, till the toon's fair daft, and he and the wife's had to flee. I feel for her puir buddie. I'm telt she had a sinkin' spell and was nigh geein' up the ghaist."

Plum could not contain himself longer over this account, and gave a guffaw.

"Awel," continued McKechern, "we musna mak light o' these things. I suppose he'll awa noo and write aboot missionaries. He kens mair aboot hoo the

Lord's waik ought to be done than any man I've ever seen."

Wintershine had time, it seems, to think all these doings over, and he wrote several letters giving his conclusions. One was entitled, "The Real Cause of the Boxer Rising," due, he said, to Protestant missionaries who lacked judgment, and a knowledge of native character and superstition. Another was, "The Missionary and Real Estate," in which he proved that modern missionary effort was largely a race on the part of the individual to see who could make the most out of land. He himself had been shamefully swindled by one of them in this very matter (with all his other shortcomings to have this heaped upon him—poor Fireblower!). His third was headed, "The Present Status in Korea," in which he showed how many dangers existed as a result of misguided fanatical propaganda. The natives were sheep to begin with, but were gradually becoming wolves by reason of the missionary. Shortly, no man's life would be safe. They claimed to have thousands of real converts, he had been there for years and had not seen two that would answer to the name.

Shoreland had read these letters and made reference to them in a half-joking way in a note to Willis, but even Shoreland wondered. Here they were, written seemingly by a sensible man, and these were his conclusions. Some day he would go East again and have a look for himself.

XXXVI

THE SORROWS OF PUFFSNAUBER

WINTERSHINE had gone, and, as mentioned before, Puffsnauber had returned, but a change had come over the latter, so that instead of being loud, noisy, and aggressive he was meek, quiet and unobtrusive. No special conversion had befallen him, but his environment was changed. Kozie had been thrown away like a toy no longer cared for, and her tears were as nothing to call forth pity. He had gone home in lordly magnificence, to cast eyes here and there in search of some fair one, who would accompany him to the charms of the East. His time had come and she was on hand, his fate. Yes, he must propose to her in spite of her keen hawk-eye and beak to correspond. She consented, and they were married. Out over the rolling billows came Puffsnauber and wife number two, and here follows his case, as talked over by the Koreans and understood by the Dragon, the chore boy, and all the rest of the Far East. The Puffsnaubers landed at the port but there was no welcome, and no one was interested in their coming.

“Can this be the place where Nick has lived these many years,” thought she, “with its dreary hills? Where are the arbors and flowers and bungalow and friends he talked of? Probably it will all be right when he comes to take me off.” Nicodemus Puffsnauber returned with a dull leaden look in his eye.

"Ve can get the bungalow after von liddle, in the meantime ve vill live in a Shinese godown."

"Godown, what is that?" she asks.

"A place vere you poot tings, you know," said Nick.

"A barn, you mean, you great idiot!"

"Vell then, a parn if you please."

"Have I come all the way out here to live with rats and Chinamen in a barn?" screamed she. "You have lied when you said you had a place to live in."

"Come, come, Liebchen," was the meek reply. "I vill make all tings right." And they were bundled out of the ship and into a *sampan*.

She was a woman of energy, and there being no help for it, she turned that barn inside out, and by dint of scraping and scouring made it almost habitable, but the yellow charms of the Far East—oh! where were they? She was a thousand miles from hope, and ten thousand from happiness. She was wife of one of the least in his service and little better than a Chinese boy. A ghastly gangrene took possession of her soul and she resolved to take the worth of time and eternity out of the wretch that had brought her there.

The house she spread through with tidies and knick-knacks peculiar to women. When later they moved into his old quarters every cent went for fancy chairs and embroideries. Not a corner nor an armchair was there that he could call his own. His boots and expensive pantaloons that formerly decorated the best walls of the bungalow were consigned to the woodshed. The front room was fitted up for afternoon callers. Guns and pipes there were none.

The Far East has not seen a meeker man since the days of the ancients. He was but an unbroken colt of forty-six

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summers when the second Mrs. Puffsnauber took him in hand. Breaking in was a lively ordeal. The Dragon often heard it in progress, sometimes mingled with profane words, but the work she did thoroughly, for his spirit was broken meeker than Moses'. He had been a first-rate power in the days of the first Mrs. Puffsnauber, now behold him reduced to the rank of a mere tributary state.

Once, on a dark unpropitious midnight, when rain was driving and tigers were abroad he had to walk two miles for a foreign doctor. Mrs. Puffsnauber was in command and a child was born. Night after night the husband and father walked the floor, in a vain attempt to sooth this newest and most unreasonable of all Puffsnaubers, but the spirit of mischief was born in it, and even a father's love wore thin in his sleepless efforts.

"Mr. Puffsnauber is so stupid with the baby I can do nothing with him," said the grateful wife to the ladies who called. "If I could only sharpen his wits a little."

"All de same you sharpen your store teeth," said he. But she gave him a look such as brings the wild beast down before its tamer. Mr. Puffsnauber wan, and almost wasted, lingered on, until one day a dire disaster befell the home.

It had sprinkled rain and Mrs. Puffsnauber told the servant to take an umbrella (*oosanee*), to Mr. Puffsnauber at the office. The servant understood her to say, "Take a goose (*kaysanee*), to Mr. Puffsnauber." So he tied a string to the neck of the only goose in the back yard, and went a quarter of a mile, dragging it behind him, the bird, all the while, setting its feet and sliding with outstretched wings most unwillingly. Puffsnauber lifted up his eyes towards the middle of the afternoon, and there was his

Korean servant coming, pulling what looked like a baby's carriage. On nearer approach he saw it was not the carriage but their goose drawn by the neck.

"Why in de name o' common sense you come draggin' that goose?" said Puffsnauber.

"Missus say come."

"What missus? Go home, you idiot, all at once, or I will preak your head."

Nothing remained for the servant but to slide the goose home again.

"Have you taken the *kaysanee*?" said Mrs. Puffsnauber.

"Yes, but master sent it back."

"Sent it back? Go again at once, you rascal, and do as you are told," and the goose slid for the second time all the way to the landing jetty. By this time Puffsnauber was roused.

"Why, why," says he, "all the time you pring dis goose?" Meanwhile a group of pleasant looking Koreans was standing by as spectators.

"Me no savez," said the boy.

"You no savez anytings, you idiot," said Puffsnauber, his ancient spirit overcoming him, and with one clip he felled the boy, and with a kick that would have levelled the tower of Pisa, he lifted the goose clear over the jetty. The bird expired from the violence of the contusion, and the boy left without his wages and spent the night in the Dragon's quarters. He said Puffsnauber had gone crazy.

There was a straightening of accounts later on at the Puffsnaubers', that sounded like the struggles of fifty or more miners imprisoned in a shaft.

Puffsnauber's hair is turning gray, and the clothes he used to wear are all taken in along the back. He says

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little. Sometimes he dreams of a pair of almond eyes looking submissive and pityingly, and Mrs. Puffsnauber overheard him say in his wanderings, "Mine Kozie come back, mother of mischief, dis von is awful, and mine house is von hell."

"I'll find who Kozie is, and what mischief he is up to now," said the second Mrs. Puffsnauber.

"I notice," said the Dragon, on hearing this account, "that the law of God works with regard to unbelievers as well as Christians."

XXXVII

BUILDING THE CHURCH

THE Dragon was sitting on the steps as in days gone by, talking to Yap. Said he, "Yap, old dog, we are going to have a mighty worship-house here one of these days."

Yap's eyes blinked.

"They are hauling tiles and stones and timbers from the north, south, east and west, and by and by they will stand on end, Yap, these timbers will, and your eyes will wonder when you see it."

Yap yawned away back to his ears, and his tongue came out long and curled up, but still the Dragon went on.

"When this temple is built, then everything will all be right except the master, he isn't married. Who was it he used to talk about, Yap, years ago? But he's given it all up, hasn't he?"

Yap yawned again and gave a scream into the bargain. These conversations wearied him fearfully, but it was the Dragon's way of thinking out loud, and Yap had to sit and listen.

All hearts and hands were into the building of the Church that was to stand on the hill and overlook the city. Several thousand dollars had been collected from the native Christians, and the Church in America had lent them a hand, so that now the way was clear, just as Willis had foreseen. They had sent parties up the Tatong to the place where the thousand-year timbers grow, and

there, with many crashings and shoutings along the mountainside they singled out the giants that were to stand sentry in the meeting-house. This was no ordinary putting up of a church, not at all; to these simple hearted ones, it was a great epoch in the history of the East. Every log that bounded over the hill and rolled down to the riverside, was as precious as a brazen pillar in the Temple of Solomon. Over they went one by one, the sharp notes of the axe ringing out over the hills. Songs and prayers mingled with it. Then the logs were stripped and cut through at the ends, and bound together with thongs of creeper, tough as steel hawsers, that grow of themselves along the hillsides for the children of the East, who can buy no strong ropes to use.

Ko and Pang were not raftsmen or skilled with the axe, but they went along to see all that was done, and to rejoice in it.

At the appointed time the rains came and the rafts moved down the river. There was one continual inquiry along the bank: Where have you come from? Where are you going? And with all these white logs, what do you intend to do? This was the invitation to tell and explain so that every man might know.

The skilled raftsmen with their long poles guided, and a very responsible thing it is to be guide of a raft with a lot of people on board; to watch ahead and behind at the same time; to keep off the rocks and yet not stick fast in the shallows; to find the right place to take the dash across the rapids.

"To me," said Ko, "this rafting is like running the Church, and the *moksa* is the man with the guiding pole. If we bother Sung here, and try our hands, we would be onto the rocks."

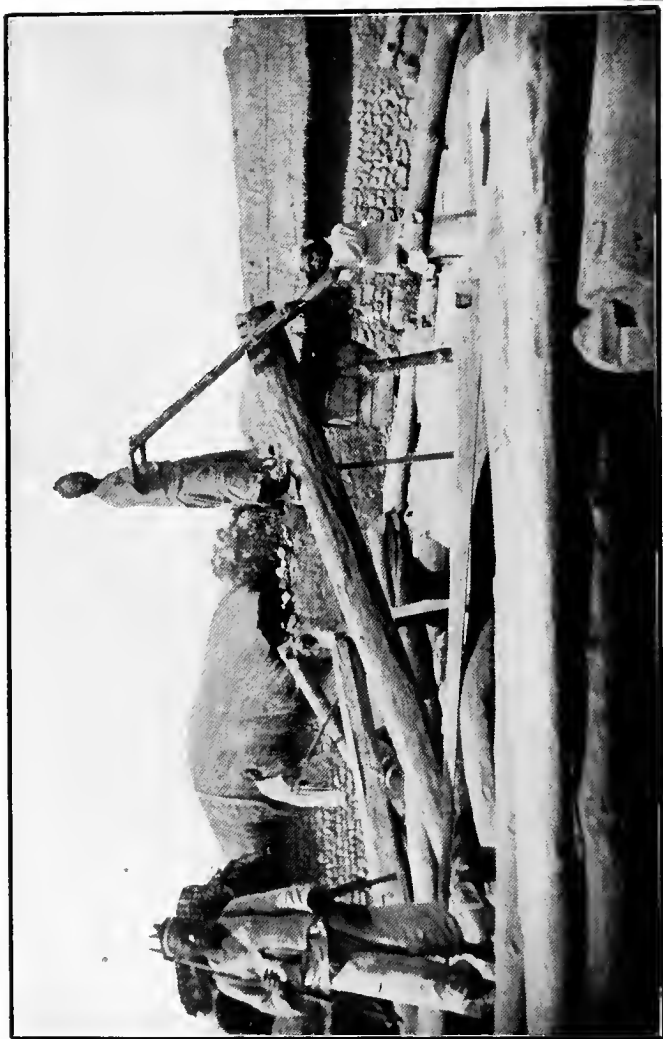
"Yea-a," said Sung, "that's where you'd be."

"There's a rock there that looks just like the Independence Club and sits so sweet on the water, you'd think you could hook it on and take it with you, but you can't. If we hook on we stick fast and don't go anywhere. The Church must be free of the world to move along as it ought to," and so these Orientals meditated and pondered and drew their illustrations, and all the time the raft of timbers for the Church was sweeping on past the shallows and dangers till it reached the city and lay out at its feet on the river flats.

There they lay waiting, while the long procession of ponies, never ending, with the clink of the steel rings under the chin, went laboring up the hill, with pack loads of stones, and tiles, and sand, and red earth, heaps upon heaps. A part of the hill had been dug away and levelled off so as to get the foundations deep and solid. Into the trenches went the stones, and the mortar, and twenty men working a log pounder that was hung from beams stacked on end, kept up the thud, thud, thud, shaking the earth and levelling down the broken stones that were piled in.

The hill was not far from where Plum had shot the mad dog years before, and was a favorite airing place for the city, so they all came out to watch it day by day, smoking long pipes some of them, discussing the whole question, and giving advice to the workmen as to how this and that ought to be done.

Meanwhile the raft, log after log, had gone moving up the hill. Fifty men would hook on to one, and by cross-bars and shoulder rests so distribute the weight, that, on a given signal, they all bent their shoulders and away went the log as light as a sunbeam. Soon all the white



A KOREAN SAW-MILL

logs lay high upon the hill. Some were for posts and some must be cut up into boards and strips. Those, thus selected, were turned head to the ground, the middle resting over another log and the end in the air. One sawyer would climb up and stand on the log while the other remained below and there they would seesaw all day long preparing the boards for this wonderful house.

In the congregation of white dresses you would frequently see dark coats moving about with a different poise to the shoulders and a lighter spring to the heel. These were Western people. One was tall, with a slight stoop and a long coat, that was Watson; another, a short plump man, who, when he took his hat off to wipe his brow, wiped all the way back, that was Plum; another a neat, natty man with pointed beard, that was the doctor; and once there was seen a thin man, touched with gray, and with black patches of beard here and there over his hollow cheeks, and an eye that had found peace through infinite suffering, that was McKechern, and last, and the one to whom all eyes turned, tall and straight, with light hair and honest face, touched with magnetic power, that was Willis.

Among the natives, too, special ones were noticed on the hillside. Here was a young man with fearless eye, stiff back, and rounded muscle, dressed in cleanest white, a red girdle string and half turban round his head, that was the Dragon. Near him was a spotted terrier intent on some hole that he had found, digging for dear life and making the earth fly. He was known to all the Church as the *moksa's* dog Yap. Yonder a Korean with small-rimmed hat, a droop to his dress, and a kind, pleasant face, that was Kim. Here, an older man, with a wrinkle of fun round the corner of his eye, and a soft husky tone

to his voice, that was Pang. There went some one at a sharp, quick pace, with his coat streaming away behind and a pair of scarlet pantaloons showing from underneath, his hat a little to one side, and his face heavy and unattractive, that was Ko.

Sometimes the ladies would come out to watch, Miss Stillman, Mrs. Plum, the lady physician.

"Which of these is the wife of Willis, *moksa*?" asked an old workman.

"He has no wife," says Kim.

"Well! aren't they strange, these Western people, not to want to marry."

"But the *moksa* would have married," said Kim, "only the one he was engaged to must have died, I think, at any rate her name has disappeared."

"Ah, yes, he loved her, so he wouldn't marry any one else. But that shows a good heart," says the old man, and so the *moksa's* private affairs were discussed by the workmen and the onlooking public.

Frequently, too, the women would come out with covered heads to see how the work progressed, Mrs. Kim, Mrs. Ye, and others.

And so the foundations were finished and ready for the posts, and the mighty trusses to span forty feet and bear up the tiled roof, were being thought out.

"I'll give it up," said the old contractor. "You can't span forty feet and hold five thousand tiles. Put your head on a wooden pillow and your heels on the door-sill and let somebody sit on you? You can't do it, your back will go down."

"Uncle," says Plum, "you were born before I was, and you have no end of *chajoo* [ability], but just wait now and we'll span this and hold up these tiles."

Plum drew many pictures and worked over figures that the old contractor saw no sense in, and the young doctor helped. Willis stood by. He knew nothing about how pounds of weight ought to be distributed round a triangle, but in the adjustment of this particular one he was most deeply interested.

"This will do it," said Plum, "this beam so many inches by so many, mortised here and braced there, and set thus, will span it, hold all the tiles, and not bend in the back."

They made a little one first, as model, and hung a weight on it, and the old contractor looked on half stupefied and said, "Well I say, since the days of Yo and Soon, no man ever saw a house frame made after that fashion. When I see such things I am reminded that my pilgrimage is nearly over."

A few days later up went the trusses, hoisted by block and tackle, another mystery of the West. Each one came down squarely in its place, on the twenty-foot sentry posts. They were then locked together and all the world looked on.

It was not only the talk of the town but of all the northland. Christians living at a distance felt it their duty to make a pilgrimage and see this house, that was larger than the governor's Yamen and higher than any ever built outside of the capital.

Out of those lazy inexpressive logs that had floated down the Tatong, came forth rafters, joists, studding, lathing, flooring, even windows and doors, cut by hand, inch by inch, just as Noah built the ark. Growth is imperceptible, and by this process the building came into being, until the mud for the tiles, clod after clod, had been rolled, and pitched, and caught, and flapped down on the sheet-

ing, and the tile had gone "squat" on top in its place of rest. Thus it grew till the roof was capped, and the walls were closed, and the flooring laid, and the doors hung, and the windows placed, and the house was finished.

Some of those employed were not Christians. They laid their saws back in the boxes, and the masons wiped off their trowels, and the old contractor straightened himself up, and took a final look, and Ko walked round with them to see.

"I'll tell you," says Ko, "I've been reading that part of God's Book called the Old Covenant, and there is a wonderful piece of building there."

"Indeed," said the men, "was it a house?"

"No," said Ko, "it was a great ship. It came about in this way; the world you know had grown very wicked, so bad that God couldn't look at it. It was soiled all over, and God said He would wash it with water just as you wash your trowel, or your mortar board. But you see if God turned on all the water needed the men would be drowned, wouldn't they?"

"I should think so," said they.

"That was it, so He ordered a great ship made and they worked one hundred and twenty years to finish it, and anybody could get on board that liked. The carpenters worked away and laughed and said, 'We don't think God will do it,' and, I imagine, they finished it and did up their tools, and took a last look, and the owner said to them, 'Now, men, bring your families and get on board, for God is going to turn on the water; that's why we've built the ship.' But they only laughed and said, 'Oh it's a great ship, but He wouldn't do that;' and they all went home and, do you know, the floods came and the very men that built the ship were all lost. I'm anxious,"

said Ko, "I've been thinking that if some of you men failed to trust in Jesus, after building His house it would be like those carpenters." And they walked away each one with his own thoughts.

XXXVIII

THE DRAGON'S MARRIAGE

THE Dragon was old, he was over twenty, and not yet married. He had waited long, for, as a younger brother in Korea should never marry before an older, much less should a servant before his master. But he had tarried in vain, and his heart was sick. Even the photograph his master kept on his table, and used to look at was gone. He must now cast about on his own account. He had been betrothed, yes, years ago, when he was a baby, but his parents were dead and that agreement had been lost; he must look for himself now or go unmarried.

He wanted a wife,

First,—One whose heart was right, and whose tongue was governed,—namely, a good Christian.

Second,—He'd like her to know how to sew, and cook, and be clean.

Third,—She must read, and write, and have some ability (*chajoo*).

Fourth,—Let her be pretty withal, with neat hands and feet, and hair well done up.

Fifth,—Not too mild, and some character of her own.

The Dragon's mind was all made up before he ever began to think of these things or jot them down, but he pretended to himself that he was taking a fresh start in the matter, and looking with unbiassed eye, and with these five points in mind. But, however wide he wan-

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dered, he always came back to one person, Chungée, the best scholar in Miss Stillman's school, whose name meant Bright and Clever, a younger sister of Mrs. Kim. He had seen Chungée across the meeting-house, and she had looked at him, but had turned away. When her cloak was off her head, it was the poise he liked, and the expression; when it was on and she walked out he liked the step. But he had looked only; he had heard her voice but had never spoken to Chungée. Reports concerning her were excellent.

The Dragon launched out on no more projects without praying first, and asking the *moksa* as well. He had come to dire grief once, on less than the marriage question. Let him be sure that it was right and that his inner thought was as it ought to be. There were no long introductions or finishes about the Dragon's prayers, he spoke reverently but straight to the point. This was the manner of the great western world to him, and the Dragon loved the West.

One day he began, "*Moksa*, I have something to say."

"Say on, Dragon."

"Well, eh—eh, I'm thinking of marrying."

"Indeed, with whom will you marry?" asked Willis.

"With Chungée, Mrs. Kim's sister."

"Have you asked her, does she know?"

"Oh no," said the Dragon, "not yet, but that part is easy enough."

"Hadn't you better ask her first before you decide to marry her?"

"Well yes, he would ask, if the *moksa* thought well of it."

"She is a good girl," said the *moksa*; "you have all my heart in the matter."

The Dragon went out to his room and wrote a letter.

“ TO MISS CHUNGEE.

“ Please consider.

“ When the wild goose flies too long alone, he calls plaintively. It means that his heart is lonely and desires a companion.

“ MA, THE DRAGON.”

This letter was rolled into the smallest sort of size, and addressed and entrusted to the brother of one of Chungée's girl friends, who was calling at the school. He would see it delivered. But the night passed and no answer, and the next day dragged out like a thousand years. The Dragon had never dreamed of this, he really did feel shaky. But with nightfall came the letter, written in neater hand than he ever dreamed her capable of, compared with which his own was shocking. He tore it open and to his amazement read the following,

“ TO MA, THE DRAGON.

“ I know nothing whatever about the wild goose. Geese seem to me to have very little sense anyway.

“ CHUNGEE.”

This was like a stroke of paralysis and the Dragon was stunned. A new kind of girl he had met! He really did not like her in this reply; yes, he did like her too, it showed character.

“ If I had only left that Confucian nonsense about the old goose out, and gone at it with Scripture, I would have done better, but I thought she'd like poetry.” The Dragon was distressed. He had asked. Yes, he was the goose, and she had answered that geese had no sense;

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what did she mean by it? Really he would give anything in the world to know just what she thought, and meant, inside of her very heart. The Dragon drew a long breath, and Yap sighed responsively in his sleep.

This was serious; he must take time now and go steadily. He would write again, and this was the letter:

“TO MISS CHUNGEE.

“Please condescend, be kind enough to consider!

“If Pilate had minded his wife, he had not sinned. I'm like Pilate and need help.

“THE DRAGON.”

The answer came quick by the bearer.

“TO THE DRAGON.

“Adam would have been better without a wife, and so would Ananias.

“CHUNGEE.”

“Pshaw! This is no answer at all, not a bit of sense in it, shows a lack of character. I'll give her up and try some one else.” Something of the old unconverted Dragon almost showed itself as he clashed round among the tinware, but he thought better of it, and the dew-drops of agony were wiped away. He was weak as water, and never in his life had he ventured on such a contest. She knew what he meant, and yet behold her answer. Never in the history of Korea had it been so. Did she refuse? Not exactly, but pretty nearly. He went over his list again. Was she a good Christian? Everybody said so. Could she sew and cook well and was she clean? Kim said her like was not anywhere. She could write and had no end of ability. She was pretty, “Yes, I should say she is,” but he must not lay

stress on that. Had she character? He did not know. These letters would seem to show that she had and that he hadn't. He would lay the whole matter before the *moksa* and he did. He showed him the letters he had written, and the answers received. Willis laughed and said,

"But, Dragon, why did you hint at it in that kind of vague way? Why not write it plainly?"

"But this is the only way I know," said the Dragon, "and she can understand this."

"Let me write you a letter that you can copy," and Willis took up the brush pen, while the Dragon looked on.

This is what he wrote :

"DEAREST CHUNGEE :

"I love you better than any one else in all the world; will you consent to be my wife?"

"THE DRAGON."

The Dragon's eyes opened wide in wonder and he almost said a long, "I say!" but that would not have been polite to his master, so he held on to himself and merely inquired, "Speak it right out like that?"

"Just as you please, Dragon, but I would have more confidence in that kind of letter."

Then he would copy and send it. After two or three trials, and in his very best hand, he wrote, and sealed, and sent it off. It was Friday and no answer came that day, nor on Saturday. On Sunday, deeply crest-fallen, he went to the meeting-house. In spite of the *moksa's* confidence, the letter had failed. He sat by the corner humble. There was no magnificence about the Dragon that day, in fact he was crushed.

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In came Miss Stillman's school, and all sat down beyond the screen, but yet he could see a little, and there was Chungée, composed and quiet, as though this were an ordinary world she lived in. She watched the preacher, and her head absolutely refused to turn. They were about through and would all put on their cloaks shortly and depart. He looked again and,—sunshine was nothing to it, Chungée's face met his. She sort of dropped her eyes a moment, and then looked up again and the expression—no words could half express it.

On that Sunday afternoon there came a note, a very short note; it simply said,

“Chungée loves the Dragon too, and gives her consent.”

It was the Dragon's passport into the world's elysium. They would shortly be married. The *moksa* was right, and the Dragon hastened to tell him so.

XXXIX

KO'S MISSION

IT was decided to hold a conference, a dicennial jubilee, in order to take a retrospect of the decade gone, and to look forward to the one coming. Announcement was to be sent long in advance, so that plans could be arranged, for even the most distant dwellers to be on hand at the celebration. Ko was commissioned to take the word. He would make the rounds of the far north, and the south, and the west, and away off to the East Mountains to let them know. Each comer was to bring his rice, his Bible and his hymn book; women, too, were invited in just so far as it was possible for them to leave home. It was to be held after the harvest was gathered, and was to last for ten days, in the large new meeting-house built on the hill.

Ko's heart sang within him at the joy of meeting the many groups scattered over his native northland. The long miles that his feet must tramp were as nothing, for his soul had mounted up on wings as eagles and would move on and not be weary. He tied up the necessary clothing in a bundle, put in his Chinese New Testament, scarred and thumbed and written with notes around the margin, and his hymn book, though he was no singer. He had his straw shoes and two wraps of cotton cloth six inches wide and three feet long that he used instead of socks. He placed his foot on the wrap, turned up one end over the toe, and then bound the foot round and

round, made it fast and put on the sandal, tied it with a wisp of straw over the instep, and past the ankle. He bound his pantaloons well up to the knees, so as to get a free, clear step, put on his bundle over his shoulders, took a bamboo staff five feet long, and got his commission clear in his head.

"Give them their invitation," said Willis, "help them along and keep careful note of everything of interest."

"May the *moksa* be kept in peace," said Ko.

"Peace go with you and in peace come home again."

The wide gateway opened with its squeaking sound and out went Ko.

Over the hill, and through the archway of the wall and out into the plain, and along under the pines, and away into the distance went the messenger, till his white coat was but a speck, and the ridge on the horizon shut him out from view. It was Ko, once possessed of many demons. His face in repose was heavy and almost forbidding, but when he smiled or spoke to his friends or passers, it lighted up with a very tender and beautiful expression.

Was he the same man who tramped this road before, selling persimmons and gambling with his odd bits of cash, and fighting when the day was over? Was it really he, one night, drunk and in a stupor, who slept with his face against the frozen ground, till he was frost-bitten and his cheek felt like "somebody else's flesh" for many a day? Had he gone past those hills shouting and swearing from the market, till even devil worshippers and heathen said, "Behold a man bound for the Yellow Hell"? Had he wandered along this road, dumb, for three years by contract with another devil? Had he helped men and women into deeds of infamy along this same way? Yes, it was

no dream, this had all taken place till God had shone into his darkened soul and raised him from the dead. He was over forty now, and time was short. How many he must save and rescue in the little that remained.

"Stranger," said he, addressing a passer, "do you know how kindly God thinks of you?"

"God! who knows about God? You are crazy," and away went the stranger.

Once more the staff marked off its strides, and Ko pushed on, tired somewhat up around the knees. "The stranger does not listen, Lord; guide me how to speak so the stranger will, but watch against my pride."

If any man might have been proud it was Ko. Along the way the welcome awaiting him would have gladdened the heart of a prince.

In each of the chapels there was a room for the teacher and here Ko put up. The very best of food was prepared and of course cost him nothing. But he had fifty Japanese silver dollars that he had saved from his salary of ten dollars a month (he used to earn fifteen and twenty at shoemaking), and these he meant to distribute among the sick and the poor. At night he slept in this room on the heated floor and usually one or two of the leaders slept with him.

Ko gave them Bible readings and Scripture talks, with illustrations night after night. The rooms were crowded, inner courts and outer, and there were many questions asked and answered. They all knew about Peter, and John, and Mary, their triumphs, and their failures. No land ever did so much need Jesus of Nazareth as theirs. How well His words suited and His actions and thoughts. The old women found rest in Him. The coughing consumptive, just on the borderland, said, "I'm so thankful

to have heard." The young woman rearing her family was bright with hope and expectancy. The old men too, said, "Yes, I await His call home in peace." Here was Ko with all the intensity and earnestness possible, laboring to bring hope into every hearer's heart. His Gospel was not one of condemnation but a great Gospel of forgiveness. God was not angry, but earnestly watching for His children to come home. There was a rude tenderness in this man's appeal, that would touch the heart of even a Western hearer.

At every turn there were old friends who heard of the jubilee with delight. They would come, of course, and be helped by it into higher life and greater effort, "ten days after harvest from such a date to such a date in the new meeting-house on the hill."

A long list of names was added of inquirers, catechumens, applicants for baptism, and notes of interest.

All the way from the Yalu to the Great Smoky Mountains went Ko, giving his comfort and his message. He had reached the home of Shin, and was sitting in the twilight talking, he and Shin and Cho, one of Shin's converts. Mrs. Shin who used to sell combs by the city wall till Plum found her, was in the kitchen. Her husband was no longer a prize-fighter, but a large-eyed, tender-voiced man of God. He was telling Ko what wonders had happened to them in this last decade, when there came a heavy thump at the door, and three rough-looking men smelling of drink came in.

"Who are you?" asked Shin. "Is it peace?"

"Never mind about peace," said the leader, "we are out collecting money for the Roman Catholic Church to be built in the officials' town, and you and your friends are taxed a hundred yang each."

"But," said Shin, "we are not Roman Catholics, and have no call to build your church; we have our own and are content therewith."

"What, a heretic institute like yours,—a church?"

"Come now," said Shin, "if you pretend to be followers of Jesus, why go about in this way, smelling of drink and reviling your neighbors? Show what the Doctrine means by a good life and honest behavior," on hearing which the leader gave Shin a sharp blow across the face with the palm of his hand.

Shin's old fire flashed for a moment, but cooled at once, for the Bible had taught him not to strike back.

"Vile heretic dog," said the leader, "preach to us, would you?" He opened the door and gave a long call and fifty or more followers armed with sticks came into the yard and the room.

"Bind these fellows," said the leader; "they have insulted the Holy Church," and they were onto them like wolves, and one man with a club struck Shin. Ko remonstrated, when a like blow was dealt out to him that stung all through his head, and made his eyes see dim and misty. The blood ran down over his cheek and onto the front of his coat, but his hands were bound and he could not wipe it off.

"Carry these men to the priest," said the leader, and out they were hauled, their wrists tied so tight that their hands were numb.

Mrs. Shin went to get help but nothing could avail against these fifty bloodhounds.

"Let's take it gladly," said Ko; "we must through tribulation enter heaven, and I've had it all ease and comfort thus far."

"You enter heaven, you heretic dog?" and another



SHIN AND HIS WIFE

blow went crack on Ko's head that felled him. For a moment he looked up in a bewildered way and tried to rise but staggered and fell. They left him for a little till all was ready, and then said, "Up and move on!" and out went the procession, tied together like prisoners.

"The Wickedness of God is after the Jesus Doctrine," said the town folk.

It was a long hard journey of twenty miles, lasting through the night. There was an indescribable nausea came over Ko and a weakness entered his legs that made the agony and suffering more acute than anything he had ever experienced. They were kicked and prodded along the journey, separated from each other, so they could not talk. It was nearly morning when they reached the place, and they were left here and there under guards, still bound, until the priest should awaken and the trial begin.

Towards ten o'clock they were dragged out and taken to an official Yamen like place, when the priest sat as a magistrate or governor would.

"What is the charge?" asked he.

"They have insulted the Holy Church, and have refused to contribute to the building."

"We'll see," said the priest. "Do you insult the Holy Church?" asked he.

"I didn't insult any holy church," said Ko, "and I too am a Christian, and wait for the hope of the resurrection of the dead."

"You wretch," said the priest, "would you talk like that in my presence? Lay him out and paddle him."

Ko had been under the paddle before; it was many years now, but a strange sensation shook him as he felt himself stripped by these rough hands. The paddle was laid on, not softly as it used to be sometimes, but with

stinging blows that left long angry weals across the hips. The agony came home to him but Ko was no coward to wince under a trifle. The absurdity of the situation was what perplexed him. He was persecuted, not by heathen, but by those who pretended to be Christians; who could explain it? And what mind had these men "eaten"? He was let up and asked if he could pay his hundred yang and yield to the Holy Church.

"The only Church that I know," said Ko, "is one that practices love, joy, peace, longsuffering."

"Ya-a-o! Stop his mouth," said the priest, "and put him on the rack."

Ko was put on the rack, and his legs pried by the lever till the tears ran down his cheeks, and he cried for help to bear it. He was then locked up and the others had their turn. Shin and Cho were beaten also, and were ordered imprisoned, till they should pay the hundred yang each.

For three days they lay in the prison house. On the first night, however, at Ko's signal, a little coolie boy had caught the word and gone posthaste to Willis. He told the story and a few moments later, Willis' earnest face might have been seen leaning over the telegraph instrument, watching his message being ticked off to the capital. It was a hot missive that awakened a stir in diplomatic circles. It fluttered on legation tables and found its way into the Office of Foreign Affairs, with excited conferences as result.

"It was all a blunder," "Sincerest apologies," "Immediate release ordered," "No repetition of offense," "Holy Fathers urged hereafter to be more holy."

On the release Shin and Cho went home, and Ko returned to Willis. With clothes torn and hat smashed and blood marks all down his jacket, cut and bruised and

lamed, he was such a sight that Willis could not look, but went off with choking throat. He wrote also,

“ Let me not be uncharitable, but surely for cowardice and brutality I have never seen the like. These same men in Japan would be most law-abiding and lovely. Why? Because the Japanese are neither fools nor cowards, and any high-handedness there would land the guilty ones in jail and they know it; but the poor Korean is helpless and has no redress. Kick him and he looks back appealingly; strike him over the head with your club and he merely says, ‘ Have mercy ;’ rob him and he cries, or sits stunned, looking off into vacancy. Full well has this so-called Christianity won the name ‘ Wick-edness of God.’ ”

The subject was dropped. Willis thanked Heaven that there was an open Bible and sense of fair play still to be found on this troubled earth.

Ko's wounds healed and his face was brighter and his voice tenderer than ever. He had no revengeful feelings. Satan was abroad, and we must expect such things, and be good and faithful soldiers.

“ *Moksa*,” said he, “ is that truly suffering for Jesus ? ”

“ Unquestionably,” said the *moksa*.

“ Then I'm glad I suffered it, for I have had it so easy that I'm afraid I'll lose my taste, unless I have a chance to bite into the bitter things.”

Shin and Cho went home bright and happy. This little experience had done them good, and helped them past another milestone on the pilgrim journey.

Reports came in of persecution in other out of the way places, and when the truth was known, it was seen to be concerted action, but authority had ruled for the time and all was peace.

XL

FROM ALL DIRECTIONS

THE Dragon had been married and life was a dream and a vision. His little wife was beautiful and wise beyond all his expectations. He was so happy. Her voice was sweet and the sunshine in her laughter thrilled him. In the evenings their heads bent over one Book as they read and talked, and his strong hand turned the leaves along with hers so delicate. But she knew more than he, more of the Bible and other books, the earth they lived in, the different countries and the starry constellations of the sky. She could cook too, and embroider, and hem, and stitch. The Dragon had had many companions in his day, but none such. This one surpassed them all, and over and above everything to think,—not a boy but a pretty girl, who had come to live with him forever. He was in no way selfish, was the Dragon, but a grateful, kind-hearted lad who thought of others.

One evening as they sat together in their little room, he said, "Chungee, I have a wish for the *moksa*, a very deep wish down in the heart."

"And what is it?" asked Chungee.

"I wish he was married."

"Do you truly? But you've been married six months, Dragon, and you are not wearied yet?"

"Chungee, you are the wild goose that didn't have any sense, if you think I'm weary."

Chungee had lots of sense, and she saw how the Dragon loved her. His tender caress was just as sweet to her as if she had been born on the first meridian, instead of on the one hundred and twentieth.

"Yes," said the Dragon, "I do wish *moksa* had a wife."

"Then," said Chungee, and her face lighted up, "let's ask God to send him one."

"But," replied the Dragon, "where can God send one from? The *moksa* himself says there are no more missionaries coming this year, only the people to the Jubilee and they are all married."

"Oh that's God's part," said Chungee; "we don't trouble about that; we just ask, that's enough. He can do it."

"But, Chungee, do you think God could send him a wife right out of nowhere?"

"Of course," said Chungee. "God made the world of nothing, and He raised the dead, and it's just things we can't see that God does."

"Then, Chungee, let's pray about it," and they knelt together. The Dragon's honest heart spoke plainly. He thanked God for His goodness in giving him his Chungee. "Give to the *moksa* some one who will make his heart just as glad." Then these two little children of the East arose from their knees, in full assurance that God could and would answer their prayer.

Invitations had gone out for the Jubilee to all parts of the country, some of them across the ocean as well as to corners of the East. Willis hoped that Shoreland and his wife would be on hand. All the missionaries were invited; he sent an invitation as well to John Rakes, Jr., giving a short account of his part in the work that

had been done. The desire was to make it a time when those who had spoken to and of each other at long range might come and meet face to face, and get acquainted, and so bring about a union of sympathy, that would continue through the years. It was to last for ten days, when reports would be given, services held, and opportunities offered to get well acquainted. It was not to be a busy class for Bible study, but a free open happy time of rejoicing, characterized by liberty and relaxation.

The programme would be prepared, but not announced beforehand. No one would know who was to speak or appear. There were to be two choirs, one of twenty boys, the best singers of the school, trained by Plum, and a second one composed of girls. The Church was to be decorated and made as bright and cheerful as possible. "It must be a time not to be forgotten till another ten years brings us back again."

The months sped by, harvest was over, and already there were those setting out from a distance for Ping-yang, each carrying the clothing necessary and rice for ten days. Out through a mountain gorge came a couple walking briskly. They are not young any longer. He is a round-headed, large-eyed man of fifty, called Shin and she a hard faced woman, his wife, who sold combs in the market square and learned of the Doctrine from Plum. She had a bundle of clothing that she carried on her head, and he a pack on his back. Each had a long bamboo staff and straw sandals and they talked as they journeyed.

"I tell you, Martha," said Shin (she had no name, and so this was given her at her own request when she was baptized) "ten years have made a difference in our lot."

"That they have," said she: "since the day I met Plum *moksa* there has been help given all along through life."

"Our home was like Metal Hell that we see in the Buddha till Christ came, *kamsa haolsayta*" (I'm so thankful), said Shin. "You know when I've thought of all the brutal beatings and kickings I've given you, I've cried about it, and while the Lord forgave me, I felt there was a settling up in this life still to come; but everything went smoothly till, who would think it? the Romanists arrested me and laid on the paddle. How it did sting. I said, 'Lay it on, boys, I've been owing this little debt for many a day, *kamsa haolsayta*. They did not know what I meant, thought I was making fun, and how they did bring it down. The marks will stay by me, Martha, old girl, but I don't regret it. My heart has been happier than ever. It does a man good to eat some of the bitterness that he has brought into life."

"But," said Martha, "you had much to endure in me. I feel it yet, inside, that I am just a she-*magwee* [demon], saved by grace, but still to be all made over when He comes."

So the pilgrims came from all corners of the Empire cogitating along the way. Their chief expression was thanksgiving. What a changed world it was. They had dwelt long in inferno, with the air full of demons. In every hillock and tree and rock by the roadside dwelt malignant spirits. The ghosts and goblins of the dead had yelled through the night and chased them. Filthy, deadly diseases, had swept over the land to smite and torment. Not a blade of grass, or flower, or line of wrinkled sea, but some dragon or hellish thing was in it. But with Christ had come a change, so sweet to the wayfarer. The minor key-notes in the voice had been re-

placed by songs of jubilee. The sun shone because God made it shine; the flowers bloomed to please His children; the sea was deep, but was waiting to give back its dead. The hills by the wayside had no devils in them now, nor the trees. True there was sickness, a proof of Satan's power, but God could conquer; there were tears, but He would wipe them away. There were no dangers at night. He Himself had prayed through the dark hours, why need they fear?

Over the hills and out of the distance came these men and women, Ha Sam-il from the Wi-ju border, Black Rock's mother, no longer in the monastery, Nam from the far north, Old White, the *mapoo*, who had heard Willis in the mountains, You-gok from the east, happy as the day was long, Mang and his daughter, the little hunchback Pak Soontay, and a host of others.

The laborers and farmers along the way learned that a great gathering was to take place in Ping-yang of the "Jesus folk," and they would go too and have a "look-see" (*kookyung*). So it drew many who would otherwise not have come.

"Do they feed you for nothing?" asked one man of Old White.

"Feed me? Why, no, I carry rice for myself and the old woman."

"But what attraction if they don't feed you?"

"Fie, stranger! You have a soul inside of you that needs to be fed, and rice can't do it, think of that."

It became known that in this gathering there was great interest on the part of the Christians, and yet every man carried his own rice. It was indeed hard to explain.

The opening day drew near; as many as three thousand Christians were already in the city, and others still

coming in. They seemed to have taken possession. Ten years before stones had gone smashing through the paper windows straight for the *moksa*. Unwashed, ill-dressed people, had spat to express their contempt, as he went by. Exiled and lonely he moved about here and there, none to look kindly no heart to sympathize. Two or three paid followers he had, but that was all. He was not worth notice in the wicked hurrying life of this proud city. Why was he here, this tall, light-haired, queerly dressed stranger? To overturn and change the north-land, till faces should look his way and smiles of gratitude illumine them. What a mad mission! Among all these idlers, gamblers, swearers and profligates to attempt any such work! But the "I will" of an earnest man, backed by God, can overturn the nation. He had left his home and those dear to him; he had lost one special treasure, whom no lapse of time could obliterate from memory; yes he had lost her in this "I will," that he had whispered to God, and though the loss was still unspeakable, rich blessing had crowded in upon him. The cry of insult had ceased, its very echo had rolled away.

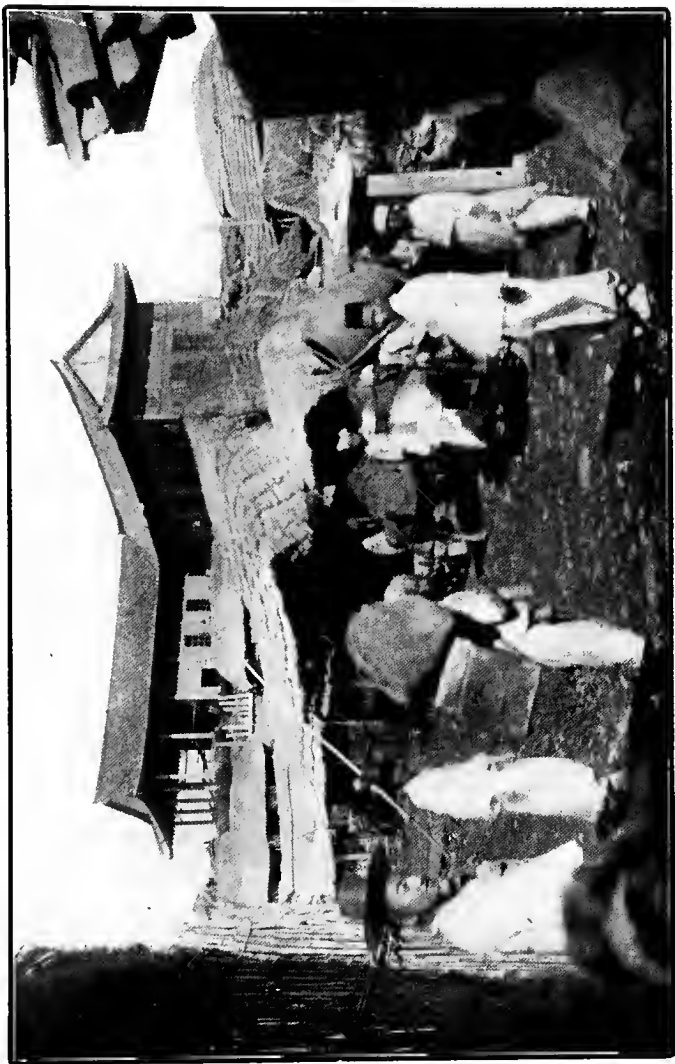
Here were thousands of brightly dressed people, happy-faced, with no unseemly word upon their lips, but voices that spoke kindly, and hearts that held love to every one, thousands of them, men, women and children, and he, the light-haired foreign lad, more than king. This night as he lay down to rest he had within the walls four thousand followers, who would have died for him. What a privilege to be thus king of hearts; all the trust companies under the sun could not buy it. As he saw these groups gathering from the four quarters, so happy, so joyous, his eyes filled with tears, and his heart almost choked him. God was present, behold the proofs of it!

XLI

THE JUBILEE

FROM the first day's gathering the great church on the hill was not nearly sufficient. It was packed to overflowing. Nearly two thousand pairs of shoes were guarded at the door. In tinted colors and white, with shining horsehair hats they came streaming in, the women, too, with green silk head-gowns. Over the main entrance was the text, "God is faithful," and above the platform and in view of every one, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." On the right side it read, "Jesus of Nazareth," and on the left, "*Wang-a-Wang, Choo-a-Choo*" King of Kings, Lord of Lords). There were decorations in bright colors to suit the Oriental, and lights arranged by many candles to give perfect view.

On to the platform came Western people not seen in Ping-yang before. There was one handsomely dressed man and his wife, specially noted, who were indeed strangers. They were evidently greatly interested in this peculiar gathering, and their faces lighted up in view of the assembly. Who were they? No one knew except that they were from America, and fast friends of Willis, stopping with him. The man's name was Shoreland, and he and his wife were here watching with intense wonder and delight, the manner of this company in which their friend had invested his life.



"THE GREAT CHURCH ON THE HILL"

"How happy these people look," remarked Mrs. Shoreland, "and so clean and dignified."

Her husband made no answer, but sat with open eye watching. He was already surprised beyond measure. What were all these people after, crowding in here?

There was another stranger on the platform that interested the people. He was younger, badly fitted in dress, and loose and shambling in his gait. There was a dash of the Yellow Race over his visage, and he seemed much out of place, though interested withal. They saw Willis lead him in and give him a prominent seat on the platform, which very much embarrassed him.

"He don't have much of a converted look about him," mumbled Ko. "I wonder who he is?"

There were others as well, whom many of them knew. There was Plum in charge of the boy choir, the same man as he was seven years ago, a little older as to the top of his head but not as to his heart. He was interested just now in getting the boys into line, and did not notice how many eyes regarded him.

Here was John Watson the schoolman, Eldridge the doctor, Miss Stillman, Mrs. Plum, the lady physician, but who was this with a face as though he had lived a thousand years, oh yes, that was McKechern, and there was Gilbert, and a long list of others. There was another man whom Willis singled out and gave a prominent seat to beside McKechern. He was squarely built, with good honest face never before seen in Ping-yang. His name was Teller, who had to do not only with "Billy," and the monkey-wrench, but with all the volumes that had gone over the land.

Willis was in the chair. There was the bustle that invariably accompanies a thousand people finding places

and getting seated, especially of people dressed in laundered linen and cloaks of silk. When the hour came, Willis stepped to the front, raised his hand, and instantly there was perfect silence. The faces that looked up at him told the story; they were his people all within his hand.

“How beautifully responsive they are,” said Mrs. Shoreland.

He called on the choir to lead “Jerusalem my happy home, name ever dear to me.” Koreans, as a rule, are no hands to render Western music, but these boys and girls had been trained and the music had been adapted to their voices. It was beautiful; some of the touches through it reminded Shoreland of Hawaii or away down South. The lads sang with expression and from the heart, and it was a fitting opening to this joyful jubilee. Willis then called out chapter and verses to be read, and to the very limits of the building there was the sound of rustling leaves.

“Did you ever see so many Bibles opened in your life before?” whispered Mrs. Shoreland to her husband.

All the faces followed the page while they read. Then a brown-faced man with a twinkle in his eye spoke a short prayer, and then they all joined in unison, “Our Father who art in heaven.” It was the voice of a great multitude that spoke the prayer. Each part had impressed Shoreland with this thought, “What a mighty hold Willis and his folk have on these people.”

By way of opening the meeting the chairman said, “As I look over the faces of you, good friends, gathered from all corners of the country,—no doubt about it, this is the happiest day of my life.”

Plum sat close to Shoreland and his wife to interpret

parts, and John Watson likewise by the oddly-dressed stranger.

“Ten years have gone by since I started one night from Japan for this land of yours. I had a friend along who was in business, and thought it folly to go spread the Gospel. He and I were the only Westerners aboard, and, do you know, that night we struck a rock on the Gotos and nearly went down. There was a great hole smashed open and the water came rushing in, but the ship had tight compartments and held its own, so we lived. We were the best of friends ever after and he always wrote me, but he said, ‘Why live away from your friends and country? The need is great here, come home.’ In those days men often spat as I went by, and stones came in at the windows because I was a stranger, and of course they could not know. But already Kim was my friend here, and his wife, and mother Shin who sleeps on the hillside, and I wrote and said, ‘No, there are three or four dear people here that I can’t think of leaving.’ The war came and the cholera and Kim *Moksa* [McKechern] there tasted the bitterness. My friend wrote again, ‘I’m to be married, come home.’ I wrote back, ‘There are fifteen people now instead of three; I can’t get away. You must come and see me and bring your wife.’ This friend was in business till he made much money and became a very rich man, but he never forgot the exile and he wrote, ‘Are they truly your friends and do they really believe?’ I wrote back, ‘Come and see.’ The gentleman and lady sitting before you on the platform to-day are my friend and his wife, who have come across oceans and continents 40,000 *lee* to meet you people.”

There was an outburst of applause that filled the whole

assembly, and many voices said, "Peace and Welcome," that when Plum told it Shoreland arose, made a dignified bow in response and sat down. They knew all about the guests now, and it would be their joy to make them welcome.

Mrs. Shoreland and her husband in all their social gatherings and entertainments, had never before had as many welcoming eyes resting upon them. She saw it and said to her husband, "Jack, I think these people are perfectly lovely. I don't wonder Mr. Willis has stood by them." Her heart was touched, and so was his, and their hearts were yet to be won altogether before they left these friendly faces.

"We needed the Bible so badly," continued Willis, "and I was no hand to translate it. It required gifts of mind that I did not have, but I had friends here who had these gifts and they set to work. You know them and shall hear them later."

At this point McKechern interrupted, saying what might be translated into his native speech, "We are auld freens and need nae introduction, but there's some o' you heilandmen frae the north, I've no met yet. From a' I hear ye are a fine lot o' fellows, and I must hae yer names."

How they laughed, especially the men from the north. They all liked Kim *moksa*. Since his "conversion" in their minds he was fit to rank with the Apostle John, and the dry odd expression of the man was always delightful.

"But the translation is of no use without the printer," said Willis. "We needed the man with the big machine that could swallow rolls of paper and turn out books. The man who has been doing that all these years you have never seen, have you? What is his name?"

"Chil *moksa*," said a voice. They knew the name but not the man.

"For these years he has toiled amid the roar of noises and the smell of oil, in order that we might have the Bible, and Pilgrim, and all the other books. I asked him to come and he is here."

There was a craning of necks to see Teller, who had fought so many battles with coolie labor and his own impatient self and had come off the victor. Teller had been many years in the country, but he too was grateful for the hearts that looked his way.

"Then the Rakes Book Store," added Willis, "was provided in just the time of need and it has been a rallying point ever since, so that the name Rakes is one of the common words on your lips. The strange story of it you know. John Rakes, Elder, died here of smallpox, not without hope of a better life. He sleeps yonder on the hill and his son sent his thanks and money for this store, and it has proven a never ending investment that goes on and on." All this time Watson was translating into the ear of the unknown stranger.

"I often wondered what the man was like who sent the money. Did he know what a place he had won in the hearts of this people? The thought came to me to write John Rakes, Jr., to come to the Jubilee. To my delight who should drop in yesterday but this very man, and now let me introduce him," and Willis stepped back, took the young oddly dressed stranger by the arm, led him forward and said, "John Rakes, whose name is on the bookstore."

There was great applause and John said he had not felt so scared in fifty years. If he had been dreaming or had gone crazy he could not have been more dazed at

his surroundings. Here he was applauded by two thousand people in a "meetin'-house." The very thought was madness. He shut his eyes and opened them, to find exactly where he was, and lo, it was a big meeting-house and two thousand people applauding him.

The first day's session was over and there closed round the Shorelands and John Rakes a perfect avalanche of white-coated people. Willis must speak over again their warmest welcome. From their brown faces and tilted eyes there looked forth such a spirit of friendship and love, that the matter-of-fact business man said, "Look here, I'm getting rich under false pretenses. I'm in no sense worthy of this sort of thing. Tell the people Willis, that they are far kinder to me than I deserve. I have said again and again, 'Can any good thing come out of the east?' and behold this is the answer that comes to me. Tell them how I thank them."

Mrs. Shoreland, a beautiful woman and a lovely character, had her soul attuned to catch and respond to just such music as these words of welcome were. It touched her deeply and she said, "in what wonderful ways God's notes and melodies lie hidden."

From this day forth they never stirred out but loving faces greeted them, and yet these were the people who once cried, "Ya! Foreign-devil!" How deeply was Shoreland impressed. Here Willis, against his advice, had spent all his means and his life in the one enterprise of changing men's hearts. He had died to his native land, had lost everything, even the wife that should have been, had walked amid disease and death, persisting in his one mission, till here was his reward worth empires of finance, since love is always superior, away and above, to any kind of power. There came to him new thoughts as

these days passed by, and better resolves regarding his own plans. He had been a straight honest man, "but my life," said he, "has been so condemnedly self-centred."

Poor John Rakes! He had never dreamed of this sort of thing. He had come specially to see his father's grave, without knowing what the celebration meant. He had been accustomed to swear at and kick his half-brothers of the Far East, feeling himself to be a Westerner remote from them by a hundred thousand *lee*. He knew how to write Chinese, and they made the discovery, which enhanced him in their eyes a hundredfold. They crowded round him till his face looked bewildered as much as to say, "What do these people want; are they going to eat me?"

They could converse through the medium of Chinese, and so Ko wrote on a piece of paper, "You have been our friend for many years, God bless you."

John could not kick a man for writing this or swear at him, but he must make some reply. He wrote, "You are good to think so, I did not know it."

Another man wrote, "Are there many with you who trust in Jesus?"

John was staggered a little. "No, not many," he wrote.

The old man who had asked the question wrote again, "Now that we know you we'll pray for you every day; please pray for us too."

"These are kind-hearted chaps," said John to himself, "I like them. I never thought religion did this kind of thing."

"How long have you been a Christian?" wrote another.

John blushed and made reply, "I'm afraid I'm no Christian."

They put their dark heads together as they studied and read it for a little, and then Ko wrote,

"You have been good to God's far-off children, God will be good to you."

Through the medium of *won lee* (Chinese writing) John and the leaders were fast bound together. They took him to walk over the hills, showed him points of interest, and the windings of the Tatong; they explained, also their customs, products, trade, so that ere he left, he had not only friends, but a wide knowledge of things Korean,—and all the time these men of the Yellow Skin had prayed secretly that John would believe.

He was a special guest in Willis' home, and the life of the missionary, as he saw it, was not distasteful to him. He was only a second-class character himself in the Far East, who had had no dealings with refined society, and now he sat at table by Mrs. Shoreland, a beautiful lady, who was fit to be a queen. He thought she was lovely. He treasured all the words she spoke to him, and she, after learning his history, prayed that she might be helpful to John.

It seemed as though the town was alive with Western people while the Jubilee lasted.

On each day new interests unfolded themselves. On one occasion Plum had a list of dry statistics that included the number of those baptized in ten years, men, women, children; the number of chapels, contributions raised, money expended from home churches, the paid helpers, the unpaid leaders, the schools, the pupils, the native customs abandoned by the Christians in which were the worship of the ghost of the ancestor, all manner

of fetishism, the use of filth as medicine, the unwashed habits of the mourner, dust and ashes and wailing for the dead, the bartering of women, the feeding of blood, the maiming of the body, public carnivals and days of feasting, etc., etc.

One afternoon there were athletic sports on the campus, and the hill slope surrounding it was crowded with white coats. The women were out, some of them to cheer for their sons or nephews, who were to take part in the contests; the girls, too, for they had brothers and special friends. Twenty-four lads entered the lists; twelve from the north, dressed in blue and white; twelve from the south, their color being red. Watson was in command, and Plum helped him. An umpire was to be chosen, who would be impartial, cool in judgment, and unwavering in his decision. For this office Willis was asked to choose. It must be some one who understands the language and the rules of the game. Out of the group of foreigners he selected a raw-boned, fierce-looking man who walked out with a stick in his hand prepared to do his duty. His face relaxed, and he seemed pleased at having a part in the good time, and in sharing the burden of responsibility. He was an old hand in the East, and his name was Fireblower.

First there was a game of baseball. Shoreland felt a stirring in his soul as the reds fell into place over the field, as neatly as if they had been born under Uncle Sam's flag. There was a moment of tossing here and there, fun and laughter, and then "Ready!" went the signal, and the red pitcher sent the ball, with a keen curve, over the plate.

"One strike," said the deep tones of Fireblower.

It was tossed back, and the little red pitcher hesitated

just for a moment, and then sent another shot straight over the mark.

“Two strikes,” said Fireblower and the eyes of the blue lad at the bat flashed fire. The red catcher pulled on his mask and hugged close up. The pitcher meditated for a moment and then sent his third ball beautifully, but there was a sharp crack and it went ricocheting down the field, and the blue pantalets fairly flew towards first base. He made it, though the ball was caught and almost there to meet him.

“Look here,” said Shoreland, “these lads play beautifully. I call that civilization. To be a good singer, well up in the Bible, and a crack hand at baseball, surely means an accomplished boy.”

There were great shoutings and fun and laughter. Old fellows from the country, who saw their boys doing the parts well, most cried with joy. There were no bad words, no discontent, and the decisions of Fireblower were eminently just and fair. But at times the excitement ran high, and McKechern was seen to break the rules and encroach upon the limits, and shout, “Noo you lads frae the north,” or “Eh, mon, but that was guid,” till Fireblower had to order him back.

There were foot races as well, and a tug of war, and one young lad gave a beautiful exhibition of the old sword dance. He was a south laddie, and McKechern cheered him, as the whirling blades and rapidity of movement outdid any Highland Fling. The music for him was played by a north boy on an old-fashioned violin.

The evening sun was slanting its streamers over the ridges before the assembly broke up, and in fluttering garments, blue, and pink, and scarlet, wended its way home.

XLII

WILLIS MOKSA'S REWARD

IT was the fifth morning of the Jubilee and Ko was to speak. The guests were all present and the interest was still maintained. Puffsnauber had come in and was sitting near the door looking on. Poor old Puff, life had gone hard with him, and his days were evil. His wife had left him and carried off the baby, the light of his eyes, never to return. Mrs. Plum and her husband had been kind, and Puffsnauber had appreciated it. The friendly tones of a woman's voice went deep into his heart, and awakened a long slumbering chord in response. He had told the Plums that he richly deserved the misery that had befallen him. He said, "I used von times to know dar vas a Vater oop dere [pointing to heaven] but I have been veera bad forget, veera bad forget," and so Puffsnauber had come all the way to the meeting-house, to show his interest. He looked with no little wonder on the crowded assembly, and especially the clean clothes. Said he, "Dey vas surely sanctified more better as my boy, he vas never so clean in ten years."

Thus ended the days of Puffsnauber's enmity, and from now on he was a friend of missions. The overwhelming proof of a great assembly had not wrought the change, no, argument of that sort could not do it, but kind words and kind deeds had led him gently into repentance. Many eyes were on Puffsnauber but not a single look that said, "I am holier than thou." The one expression was,

"Let's be friends, we're glad you've come." There had been some specially good singing this day and that touched his German heart.

Ko had hardly begun his outline of the ten years when a perspiring coolie came pushing in at the door with a note for Willis. It was handed up to him, a telegram, and he tore it open in a matter-of-fact way as he had done other notes. He read it and suddenly his face turned very pale. He folded it up and looked about in a half dazed way, opened it again, and no one heard what Ko said for all eyes were on the chairman. It was only a few words and ran thus :

"We shall be at the landing at one o'clock. Could you kindly meet us ?

"JOHN MURRAY."

Willis told no one, but turning to Fireblower asked him to take the chair, as he was obliged to leave the meeting. About fifty or more people at the door, in Oriental fashion asked him what was the matter, where he was going, and when he would be back, but he still had sense enough to reply as a Westerner does, "I'll be back in a little," and he was gone.

No one else had seen the telegram. The day passed and there was no sign of Willis. Ko narrated a few incidents from his own life, in a modest way, to show what grace can do. Very beautifully and tenderly he touched on Sir James, the physician whom he had seen in his unregenerate days. He spoke of Foster, and told how once he had prayed with him and for him ("Aye," says Mc-Kechern, "that he did,") how earnest and kind he was. "We shall meet him," says Ko, "when the sea gives up its dead." There was old Mrs. Shin too whom he spe-

cially loved. She had been so often his help and encouragement, and her words were like music to him in the days when his heart first awoke to hear what God was saying.

They had a few words from Fireblower, words that were wise and unwavering in their expression, and helpful to the hearers. To the Christians it seemed as though the Jubilee had harmonized all discordant elements, and that their Sea of Galilee had become calm and beautiful.

It was dusk, almost dark, when Willis returned, and two strangers with him, one a gentleman, and one a lady, but in the shades of evening the Dragon could not see. Soon they entered the brightly lighted room, where the Shorelands were, and one was an old gentleman, and the other a tall and beautiful lady. There were introductions and their manner of greeting seemed something more than the ordinary, so the Dragon was interested. While the old gentleman was talking to the Shorelands, and Shoreland was saying, "Why, yes, we met once in a dining car on the Chicago and New York," Willis and the lady disappeared. The Dragon must see what this meant and so he looked in past the chink of the door, and there, Willis had put his arms round her and kissed her many times. She was most beautiful, and there were tears in her eyes. The Dragon could vouch for it, for he saw through the chink of the door.

He hurried back to the kitchen, undid his apron, said to his chore boy, "Youngster, you see that these things don't burn; and I'll be back in a minute," and was gone. He made a bound into his little home, took Chunggee in his arms, just as nearly as he could do what the Moksa had done, and kissed her so hard he almost took her breath away.

"Chungee, God's answered our prayers."

"Has He?" she inquired.

"The most beautiful lady you ever saw," said the Dragon, "has come, and *moksa* took her in his arms and kissed her just as I did you. I saw it, for I looked through the chink of the door. It's Western custom, and you never do that unless she's your wife or going to be your wife quick."

"Oh," says Chungee, "isn't that good. I knew God would answer."

"I must be off," said the Dragon, "or those things will burn," and he was gone.

Ko looked in. "I tell you, Ko," says the Dragon, "the *moksa's* wife's come."

"Wife has come! How do you know?"

"Know perfectly. I saw through the chink of the door and the *moksa* put his arms round her and kissed her."

Some news travels slowly in the Far East, other rare messages, in which many are interested, will outdo Marconi. This was one of them, and before the evening was over 5,000 people knew that the *moksa's* wife had come. How did they know? Why the Dragon had looked through the chink of the door and had seen him put his arms round her and kiss her, and the Dragon's word was to be depended on.

The dinner was not burned that evening, but was a perfect success. In view of the occasion the Dragon had brought all his skill and experience to bear, and the waiters sailed in in triumph. It was the happiest party that ever gathered round a table in the Land of Morning Calm. Willis, John Rakes, the Shorelands, Mr. Murray and his daughter Eline. The Dragon took occasional snap shots with his eye past a corner, that let him see the

dining-room. His view was directed towards Eline. All of the others were merely details in the picture, the background, so to speak. The more he looked, the more she suited him.

"Yap," said he, "you fool, you don't even know your mistress has come. Don't yawn like that, wake up and have some sense."

After dinner Willis looked out towards the kitchen, his face bright as the sunshine. The Dragon paid no special attention, but went on scouring up and putting things in order.

"Dragon," said he, "do you remember the picture that used to stand on my table?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Dragon, without looking up.

"And do you know that she's come, and she's not going away any more?"

"I know it, sir," said the Dragon. "I've told all the folks already."

"What have you told them?"

"Why; that the lady has come to be master's wife."

"But how did you know?"

"Easy enough," said he, "when you first disappeared from the room, I hurried to see what that meant, and through the chink I saw you kiss her lots of times, so I told Chung and Ko and the rest of the people in the church and they all know it now," said he, making the dishes clatter.

Willis beat a retreat and when opportunity offered he whispered to Eline how their meeting had been already announced. This was her first introduction to the absurd lands of the East. She knew the Dragon. Through mutual friends she had followed his course these years, and even this offense could not shake her interest in him.

And now she must see him and a message is sent to the kitchen. "When you are through, bring Chungée and come see us."

A half hour later there entered through the kitchen door, soft-footed, and dressed immaculately, as pretty a sight as Eline had ever seen. It was the Dragon and his little wife Chungée. They wanted to put their arms round her and hug her, and kiss her, but that would not be proper form, and so they bowed to the old gentleman and, in a few broken words of English, told Eline how glad they were. "We knew you'd come," said the Dragon, "and we waited." But the Dragon's voice was unsteady and he nearly broke down.

Already there began to file through the room a procession of the leaders.

"Thank the Lord," says Ko, "and peace to the lady," as he made his bow and passed by, and then came Kim and his wife and Pang and many others.

The old gentleman was deeply moved in heart. These indications of welcome were more than he had counted on. He knew his daughter's heart was in Korea, and he just had to come but he had not thought of this.

Next morning an hour before opening time the church was crowded. Pang had passed the word among them and the choir would give the sign. In came the Western people. As Eline stepped up onto the platform, where a special place was reserved for her, the assembly arose *en masse* to the strains of *Chanmee Sang-jay Pok-a Keun-won* (Praise God from whom all blessings flow). The tune was there if not the words, and she understood the welcome. It required all her grit and courage to be steady under the happy burden of it.

Could she have heard half that was said about her in

those strange accents of the East, she would have replied, "No, no, you must not, you are altogether too good to me."

Plum was in the chair, not Willis, and Teller spoke on printing, but who cared for Teller. He had a long list of publications for the ten years. The presses in his care, "Billy" and his associates had turned out so many books and scriptures, and so many pages of printed literature.

"What matter," said old Grandma Kim, on the front mat, "if there are ten million pages of printed literature, providing we have the Bible. Let's hear what is next about the *moksa*."

Under the circumstances Teller was delighted to be "turned down."

There was music, some familiar strains, and some unknown and new that delighted her heart. She had come as an answer to many prayers. Why shouldn't they be glad and forget other things? They were not taken by surprise; it had come about just as it ought to be, and only Willis had turned pale.

Plum arose. He had always been a good omen to the people. His head was bald, he couldn't help that, but his heart was right. He was sure to say some fitting word. "Listen." Plum cleared his throat and smiled.

"Go on now," said the very air around him.

"Since the days of Yo and Soon," began Plum.

There was a great laugh. "Never mind about Yo and Soon," said the old lady.

"Then," said Plum, "I'll have to begin in some other way."

"Don't interrupt him," said another voice.

He cleared his throat once more.

"Could he not let Kim *moksa* speak, his throat needed

no clearing?" Many broad smiles were seen over the platform, even Willis' face was unsteady.

"Um!" says Plum, "at the close of such a meeting as this, after we have discussed sufficiently the merits of translation, printing, and other important subjects. . . ."

"But we've had enough about them; they have all been discussed long ago."

"Whist! grandmother or you will put him wrong again," and sure enough Plum did get nervous and break down and had to start all over.

"Now no one speak not a word," said several voices; "nor you either, grandma."

Plum lifted his hand. "In this church—to-morrow evening—at eight o'clock . . . Willis *moksa* . . . and the lady who came in answer to prayer . . . will be married. Come one and all!"

There were no further remarks, no benediction, no closing hymn. The meeting broke up in the wildest disorder, and if the lady had not been protected by strong arms she would have succumbed to a Far Eastern mob.

Mrs. Shoreland said, "Jack, I'd rather choose Mr. Willis' place on earth, than be head of the Standard Oil Company."

Eline survived and her heart was steady. Old Grandma Kim said, "There were ten thousand lights, so that even my eyes saw clearly, and on the platform stood our *moksa*, who had been so good to us these years, no longer alone, for there by his side, where I could see, was the one we have so long prayed for, yes, standing by him. Her voice is kind, and her face is good, and her form *yam jun hao* [beautiful]. The *moksa* is married, and my old eyes have seen it. Let me depart in peace."

