

DR. W. J. HALL

MISSIONARY TO KOREA

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DR. WILLIAM JAMES HALL.

THE LIFE OF

REV. WILLIAM JAMES HALL, M.D.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK
PIONEER MISSIONARY TO PYONG YANG, KOREA

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, M.D.

INTRODUCTION BY

WILLARD F. MALLALIEU, D.D.

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO THE
YOUNG PEOPLE
OF
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES,
FOR WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT DR. HALL HAD WISHED THE STORY OF
HIS LIFE MIGHT BE WRITTEN.

"THE RICHEST LEGACY A FRIEND CAN LEAVE US IS HIS UNFINISHED WORK."

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INTRODUCTION.

KOREA is one of the ends of the earth. Until very recently it has been unknown to the Christian world. It has been overlooked, neglected, and despised. It was a thoroughly heathen country. Its people were as blind and bigoted in their idolatry as any on the face of the earth. The laws of the land provided death as the penalty for any of its people who might embrace Christianity. Those laws are not yet repealed, though they are dead for all the future.

With other Churches our own has within the last twenty years entered this forbidding field. The command of our Lord Jesus Christ sent us to Korea as it has done to so many widely scattered fields. The results already prove that when the Master says "Go" there are always waiting souls ready to receive the Gospel message. The greatest difficulties have been overcome, the most obdurate soil is being cultivated, and now our happy converts are numbered by hundreds, and soon will be by thousands. Everywhere the fields gleam with ripe harvests waiting for the reapers.

William James Hall, whose lifework this volume

records, not only prayed the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers, but volunteered himself to go. He gladly, yes, joyfully, gave himself and all he had or hoped for to the service of the blessed Redeemer. It was my privilege to meet Dr. Hall in Korea in the summer of 1892. He was a most lovable man, and no one could help being drawn to him. He had a warm, hopeful, fearless heart; he had a sort of quiet, steadfast strength, an unwavering faith, a most unselfish nature, a purposeful, determined will, and a measure of patience and endurance that made him a rare, good man, one to depend upon, one that would bring things to pass. His faith embraced the uttermost bounds and the last one of the ten or fifteen millions of Korea. At the memorable Annual Mission Meeting of 1892 the soul of Dr. Hall was all aflame with a restless desire to leave the comparatively comfortable surroundings of the Mission Compound at Söul, and make a way into the regions beyond, and preach the Gospel and heal the sick where these blessed ministries had not been known. In accordance with his earnest desire he was given the Pyong Yang Circuit—a circuit without bounds, stretching away to the north, full of all dangers and difficulties. But with joy he undertook his work and, considering all the circumstances from first to last, he achieved a wonderful measure of success. The Koreans believed in him. They found he was thoroughly fearless, honest, truthful, and ready for any sacrifice if so he might be a blessing to them.

Dr. Hall was a hero and a martyr—for he really gave his life, lost his own life as the result of ministries to the sick and wounded who were congregated in and about Pyong Yang during the war between Japan and China. The name of Dr. Hall will never die in the memory of the people of Korea. In years to come, when there will surely be hundreds of thousands of Christians in Korea, the name of this noble, saintly, Christlike soul will be everywhere cherished and honored.

W. F. MALLALIEU.

AUBURNDALE, MASS., *August* 18, 1897.



MRS. DR. ROSETTA S. HALL AND CHILDREN.

WILLIAM JAMES HALL.

CHAPTER I.

Boyhood Days, 1860-1878.

“The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day.”

Ancestry—Birth—Name—Baptism—Early traits of character—Begins school—Diligence—Good nature—A fight—Conversion at the age of fourteen—Joins the Methodists—In the school-room—Thinks he cannot be a farmer—Learning a trade—Health fails—Returns home to die—“Must I go and empty-handed?”

WILLIAM JAMES HALL was of Irish descent. His great-grandfather, George Hall, lived in the County of Armagh, Ireland. He married Margaret Boyd, and they had a pleasant home on a farm near Cady. Belfast, twenty-three miles away, was their nearest seaport. The farm, according to the custom prevailing there, was leased for a period of ninety-nine years. George Hall and wife were Presbyterians, and no doubt were of that good Scotch-Irish lineage from whom so many of our best men, and especially missionaries, trace their ancestry. To them were born three children—James, Boyd, and Sarah. George Hall died early, and after his death the farm was carried on by the eldest son James. He married Jane Foster. Sarah married Robert Gray and emigrated to Canada. Boyd went to Belfast to see them off, and he was sorry he had not planned to sail with them—a little later he did go.

The mother, Margaret Boyd Hall, married John Sturgeon, and many years later came to Canada with her Sturgeon sons, the youngest of whom, Robert Sturgeon, aged eighty-five, still lives at Glen Buell, Ont.

On the old homestead in Ireland, to James Hall and wife were born George, Sarah, and Boyd, the oldest three of their twelve children. After the birth of his third child, James wrote to his brother Boyd, then in Canada, to come home, and they would sell out their right in the homestead, and all go back to Canada together, where there would be more room for such growing families. Boyd came, and the property was disposed of. Boyd married Elizabeth Baird (still living in 1896, aged eighty-eight), and the two brothers with their families removed to Canada in 1831, and were among the early settlers of Glen Buell. James Hall was a mason by trade, and in 1842 he built of stone the old homestead, which is yet in good repair. His eldest son, George, remembers of helping to carry stone to build the house. James Hall lived to the age of eighty-five years; he was a strict Presbyterian all his life, and a great lover of the Orangemen.

April 7, 1859, George Hall, at the age of thirty-three, married Margaret Bolton, aged twenty-four, the daughter of John Bolton, of New Dublin. She is also of Irish descent, and belongs to a family of great longevity. Her great-grandfather, George Bolton, a United Loyalist, was born in Ireland, and there married Nancy Bickfort. They early emigrated to Canada. Upon their way, while passing through the United States, a boy baby was born to them that received the name of William; a daughter, Alice, and six sons were born in Canada. All these children lived to a great age; one son, Abram Bolton, celebrated his one hundredth birthday

anniversary by chopping down a tree. He lived to be one hundred and three years old. The Boltons were strong adherents of the Church of England. George Bolton lies buried at Lyn; a large basswood tree has since grown over his grave.

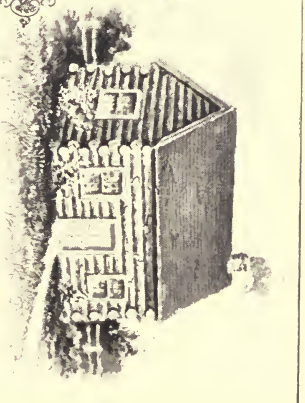
William, the eldest son of George Bolton, perhaps due to the fact of having been born in the United States, was more cosmopolitan in his tastes, and stepping outside of the Irish race for his wife, married Martha Elliott, who was of Dutch descent and was born in Vermont, July 3, 1777. She lived to be one hundred and two years old. To William Bolton and Martha his wife were born three daughters and three sons. The stone house upon their homestead in New Dublin, Ont., was built in 1835, and here their eldest son, John Bolton, yet lives, aged ninety years (1896). At the age of twenty-eight he married Alice Colborne, aged twenty-three, and to them were born six daughters and three sons.

The eldest daughter, Margaret, as already stated, married George Hall, of Glen Buell, and the young couple settled upon a small farm near the Hall homestead, and began housekeeping in a log house. Here, January 16, 1860, William James Hall was born. He was named "William" after his mother's grandfather Bolton, who was then living, and "James" after his grandfather Hall. Before baby William James was a year old he went with his parents to Kitley, to pay a visit to his aunt Susan Hall Seymour, and while there, together with his cousin, Mary Seymour, he was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Evans of the Presbyterian Church of Toledo, Ont.

Little William James walked when he was sixteen months old, but talked before. He was not a pre-

cocious child, but he possessed a very amiable disposition. His mother says, "Jimmie was always a good-natured child." He was a thoughtful little boy, of rather a serious turn of mind. His aunt, Jane Bolton (now Mrs. Willoughby Rowsom), used to live at her eldest sister's quite a great deal, and little Jimmie often slept with her. When they had prayed and gotten into bed, he would always say, "Now Aunt Jane tell me about the good place where the good little boys go to, and the bad place where the bad little boys go to." When about four years old he paid a visit to his grandmother. On looking out of the window, and noticing some brush that had been set on fire in several places in an adjoining wood, he carefully watched it for some time when he exclaimed, "O, grandma, when all these fires get together, won't they make an awful hell!" It evidently made a deep impression upon him, for in after years he said this event was his very earliest recollection. The first year after reaching the foreign mission field he thus wrote to his Aunt Jane, under date of July 21, 1892: "I can't tell how glad I was to get your letter—it was so full of cheer. You were always such a good aunt to me—I shall never forget your kindness and love. Your talk to me on religion, and your influence over my early training, eternity alone will reveal how far they have gone to make my life what it is to-day, by early giving my mind a turn in that direction so that as I grew older I readily yielded to the influences of grace. It is becoming more and more impressed upon me how great a work can be done with the children."

Little Jimmie loved to be in the house by his mother's side and never seemed so happy as when his mother would give him a piece of dough, and let him



LITTLE WILLIAM JAMES HIS AUNT JANE, AND SISTER ALICE.
THE FRAME HOUSE BUILT IN 1872.

WILLIAM JAMES AT SEVENTEEN.

THE LOG HOUSE WHERE WILLIAM JAMES WAS BORN.
W. J. HALL AT TWENTY-FOUR.

enjoy the fun of making it into cakes. "Jimmie was always rather a delicate child" his mother says, and he was not sent to school until the spring after he was seven years old. Though at first unwilling to go, he soon learned to love the schoolroom, and early ingratiated himself into the good graces of his teacher, the writer. He was not one of nature's favored ones; he had no uncommon abilities or remarkable talents, but he early evinced a love of reading, and would be often seen poring over his books when others were at play, and by his diligence achieved as much as some of his more brilliant schoolmates. His progress was slow but sure; scarcely ever discouraged, of an enthusiastic temperament, "Always bound to succeed" seemed to be his motto; and he then showed that particular trait of character that was so plainly discerned in all his after life—an *indomitable perseverance!*

William James was a universal favorite among his schoolmates; always good-tempered, never quarrelsome, he soon earned the soubriquet of "Good-natured Jim," and many a dispute did he settle, and his kindly tone of persuasion quelled many a quarrel.

Thinking over his school days reminds me of the only occasion I ever knew William James to resent an injury. Among his fellow-pupils was one who on every possible occasion would seek to make him fight. As their road home led in the same direction, it was not an easy matter to shake off this bully. However, with his usual good nature he bore the jibes and sneers, the cuffs and kicks of his antagonist, till at last even his amiable spirit was aroused, and he resolved to take some step toward putting a stop to his persecution.

One evening, after being struck repeatedly and his collar torn off, he felt patience had ceased to be a

virtue, and stepping into the home of his uncle he said : "Uncle Boyd, I have been pounded and mauled by that boy again, and can stand it no longer. What had I better do?" "Why, take your own part, Jim, and give him a right good thrashing, as he deserves," his uncle replied. The following night, when he was again molested, he acted upon his uncle's advice, and, to the surprise of all, sent his persecutor home a sadder and, we hope, a wiser boy. From that time William James was allowed to walk home undisturbed. It was his first and last fight.

Though Mr. and Mrs. George Hall nominally held to the respective Churches of their families, the Presbyterian and Anglican, they allowed their children to attend Methodist Sunday school and services at Glen Buell schoolhouse, and here, during a powerful revival held by Rev. A. D. Traveller, Jimmy Hall, then a tall lad of fourteen, felt the need of a Saviour from sin, but he hesitated about going forward to the altar. His uncle, William J. Bolton, one of the recent converts, felt impelled to go and speak with Jimmy, which he did. Seeing his hesitancy, yet intuitively knowing the struggle going on in the boy's heart, he urged him to come forward, and though he was still reluctant, his uncle threw a kindly arm about him and almost drew him from his seat to the altar. The two nights following when the invitation was given, he went of his own accord, and the last night, October 23, 1874, was made happy in a pardoning Saviour's love. There was no unusual demonstration, but his joy was such that many remarked it and still remember the night of his conversion. Mr. O. F. Bullis, who relates these incidents, adds that he has often quoted Jimmy Hall's conversion in answering the claims of some, that people should not

be *urged* to go forward at such times, but be allowed to go of their own free will.

Jimmy Hall thought the stars never shown one half so bright before as he walked home that October night, his young heart all aglow with love to the dear Saviour he had found. What, think you, was his first step? He went and *told his mother!* and yet this lad was naturally bashful and reticent.

William James connected himself with the Church of his choice, the Wesleyan Methodist, which at that time held services on alternate Sundays with the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Glen Buell schoolhouse. In 1884 these two Churches were united into one, the Methodist Church of Canada.

Methinks the query may arise that in one naturally so amiable as Jimmy Hall there would be no marked change after his conversion. Not so! from that period till the day he bade us all good-bye everyone was aware of a change. It was felt, a subtle, undefinable influence one can scarcely explain. I never met with one so thoughtful. He was constantly watching for an opportunity of doing a kind act; if a pencil were dropped, he was the first to spring forward and recover it, the first to replenish the fire, bring a pail of water, and to show those innumerable attentions that count so much and cost so little. Yet this boy had no wonderful genius, no brilliant talents, only a loving heart, softened and mellowed by the hallowed influence of religion. He invariably came into the schoolroom with a smile. I often took pleasure in watching him. He would open his arithmetic and begin—first glancing down the page to see if there were any “hard ones”—then pausing for a moment, as it were, to gain courage; number one completed—a few moments longer—num-

ber two has been successfully solved; now for number three—ah! my boy is puzzled. He tries, erases, then tries again, and is baffled. I leave my desk and go to his seat. "Shall I not help you?" I ask. "Are you not inclined to give it up?" "O, no," he exclaims; "I have no notion of such a thing," and like the spider in Bruce's history, he tries again, till his patience and perseverance are rewarded. I once asked him if he were going to be a farmer. "No," he replied; "a farmer I can never be; what am I fitted for?" "A minister or a doctor, my boy." "If I could attain either," he answered; "but I hardly dare hope I shall be good or wise enough." Good enough! I thought; would there were more pupils like William James Hall!

"None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise."

The old stone schoolhouse still stands—the place where he first learned to read and spell; other faces are there, other voices heard; his desk may be occupied by a more brilliant student, but the loving smile and pleasant "Good morning" of my hero cannot be seen or heard. In a far-away land he is sleeping; among strangers he is resting; but his memory is with us still, as one whose life, though short, was not in vain—his influence will go on till eternity alone shall reveal the good he has accomplished.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, *acts* the best."

In the winter of '76 William James resolved to leave school and devote himself to learning a trade. Four years before his father had built a new frame house for



THE OLD STONE SCHOOL-HOUSE AT GLEN BUEL.

his family, which now consisted of William James, Alice, John, and Lillie, and some years later, Clifford, the youngest, was born. During the building of the new house Jimmy had spent most of his time with the carpenters and became much interested in their work. Later he showed considerable skill in repairing things about the house, and in fashioning little articles of use or ornament, and he now decided when opportunity afforded, to try what he could accomplish in this line. In January, 1877, the opportunity came, and he went to Athens, Ont., to learn the cabinet and carpentry trade with Mr. T. G. Stevens of that place. He was a faithful and painstaking journeyman, employing every moment of his time to the best advantage. Mr. Stevens was carrying on quite an extensive business in carpentry, cabinetmaking, and undertaking, and, besides William James, employed quite a number of young journeymen. When in the course of their work these young men would complete a coffin, one of them would sometimes get into it. This at first was quite a shock to the rather timid nature of William James, but he got used to it, and by the time he had finished his first coffin he could do the same.

Odd moments outside of shop hours he often used in making picture frames or brackets for his friends. He was faithful in attending the means of grace at his church at this period, but as yet had not become particularly active in winning others for his Saviour.

“ There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

Jimmy Hall was destined for another calling than that for which he was now so industriously laboring. He was a chosen vessel being made fit for his Master’s use. How inscrutable is the divine purpose! The

knowledge gained in Mr. Stevens's shop was to be put to use in far-off Korea—in training the native carpenters to make foreign articles of furniture, in superintending carpentry and repairs on mission buildings; and his loving hands fashioned the coffin for the dead darling of more than one of the missionary families.

After about two years spent patiently at hard work acquiring his trade, his health began to fail, a bad cough, a hectic fever, and a greatly weakened body obliged him to give up the work which he always loved, and return home to die of consumption, as both himself and his friends expected. He was willing to die, but was grieved at the thought that came heavily pressing upon his mind, that should he die now, he would meet his Saviour "empty-handed." The following hymn which he heard sung for the first at this time, exactly expressed his feelings:

" 'Must I go and empty-handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
Not one day of service give Him,
Lay no trophy at His feet.

Cho.—" 'Must I go and empty-handed,
Must I meet my Saviour so?
Not one soul with which to greet Him?
Must I empty-handed go?

" Not at death I shrink nor falter,
For my Saviour saves me now;
But to meet Him empty-handed,
Thought of that now clouds my brow.

" O, ye saints, arouse, be earnest,
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee,
Strive for souls while still you may."

SARAH A. STURGEON.

CHAPTER II.

Consecration in Early Manhood, 1878-1881.

“ Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.”

On the farm again—Seeking entire consecration—The blessing received—His own description—Miss Havergal’s consecration hymn—Establishes the family altar—Health restored—Resolves to better qualify himself for soul-winning—Goes back to school—His teacher’s reminiscences—Letter to his teacher—Various incidents of his home work—Becomes a book agent—Early evangelistic labors—Mrs. Findlay’s account.

It is a melancholy pleasure for me to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of my much beloved and greatly lamented friend, the Rev. W. J. Hall, M.D. My acquaintance with him began in the summer of 1878, when stationed in Farmersville, now Athens, Ont. I found him a young man of not very prepossessing appearance, between eighteen and nineteen years of age. He was living with his father whom he assisted on his farm not far from Glen Buell, County of Leeds, Ont.

Although a member of the church and a faithful attendant upon the means of grace, and also a diligent worker in the Sabbath school, there was not anything very striking in his experience, nor marked in his life. He kept on “the even tenor of his way,” respected and beloved by all who knew him.

Some time after I became his pastor, and while endeavoring to preach the doctrine of “Christian Perfection,” as taught in the Scriptures and so clearly stated

in Methodist theology, Mr. Hall saw his privilege in Christ Jesus. He at once set himself to seek in right good earnest the blessing of "perfect love." He did not seek long until he obtained; for whatever he undertook he accomplished.

At first his timid nature shrank and held him back with the fear that he would be required to say or to do things for which he might be ridiculed, but he felt he must trust God in this too, and that at any cost he cared more to please God than for what man might say of him. So laying all upon the altar, making a complete surrender, he became, as he himself expressed, "willing to be whatever God required, to do whatever he commanded, and to suffer whatever his providence appointed."

The following is a brief description of this change in his life, written in Brother Hall's own words:

"I was converted to God when but a boy of fourteen. My conversion was as clear as the noonday. For some time my life was perpetual sunshine. Not a shadow crossed my path. But unexpected trials and temptations came. Duty became a burden, and many times I trembled beneath the weight of the cross. At this juncture I left home to learn the carpenter and cabinetmaking trade, but at the end of one and one half years I was obliged to give up the work through ill health. I went home, as I thought, to die. O, what dark days! Going out into eternity without having won a single soul for Christ.

"I could not bear to harbor the thought. I promised God if He would restore me to health and strength I would consecrate my life entirely to Him. Rev. D. Winter had just come to our circuit and was preaching the glorious doctrine of 'Holiness.' I don't see why many good people oppose this doctrine. I love it; it was

just what my soul was longing for. I made a full surrender of my all to God, and He gave me His all. I received the evidence that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleansed me from all sin. I only then really began to live. O, what a change it wrought in my life! My heart was filled to overflowing with love to God and man."

He frequently sang Frances R. Havergal's consecration hymn. It had become the language of his heart, and his whole after life was a most beautiful personification of it:

"Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee ;
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages for Thee ;
 Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in endless praise ;
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my will and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine ;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
 Take my love ; my God, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store ;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee."

And this was the beginning of one of the most earnest, devoted, and, withal, successful Christian lives I have

ever known. He was seized with an almost overwhelming passion for the salvation of his fellow-men. The first duty that appeared to him was that of establishing family prayers in his own home. At first he led them alone, but it was not long before his father helped, and that family altar exists to-day, and no doubt has had its influence in bringing each of its members into the Church.

His health gradually improved in answer to earnest prayer for God's blessing on the means employed. I believe, as he always claimed, that his restoration to health was in connection with his full consecration to God. He became able to resume his work occasionally. At home he had fitted up a shop where he still continued from time to time to ply hammer and saw. However, he had resolved to devote himself to soul-winning. This thought was ever uppermost in his mind. "I have but one short life to live, how best can I employ it?" He found his education lacking, his means limited; but, nothing daunted, he at once set about qualifying himself intellectually for a life of usefulness. He had no sympathy with the foolish sayings that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," and "the less one knows the better the Holy Ghost can use him." He resolved to go to school, and went back to the old schoolroom in the stone schoolhouse at Glen Buell, which was then under the efficient management of Miss Lettie Karley. Here, under the inspiration of a new purpose, he applied himself diligently to his studies.

Miss Karley (now Mrs. Kendrick, of Comber, Ont.) sends the following reminiscences of these days:

"It was in my second year of teaching at Glen Buell that I first met W. J. Hall. He called at my school one morning and told me how he had worked at learning a

trade until his health failed and he had feared consumption. His education, he said, was very limited, but if I wouldn't put him in the second class he would like to come to school. I assured him everything would be satisfactory, and the next morning I had one more big boy added to our number. I think he was nineteen years old at this time, looking very thin and pale. He was quite backward, having little knowledge of grammar, history, or geography, and was therefore quite unfitted for the senior classes, but 'Jimmy,' as we all familiarly called him, was ever active, and while the juniors were being instructed in these subjects we always had his attention, and it was really astonishing how rapidly he progressed. I think he passed into the high school at Christmas, 1880. There was something endearing about Jimmy's disposition. He had no enemies—every one loved him, and those who knew him best loved him most. I boarded at Mr. Gilroy's, and Jimmy used frequently to come there to get help in his lessons, and to visit the sick room of Mrs. Gilroy's mother, who was an invalid for several years. She was a pious Quaker lady, and was quite well-versed in simple healing arts. She took an especial interest in Jimmy, and many an hour he spent gathering herbs for her, and making them into simple decoctions and syrups. People often urged him to aim at becoming a minister of the Gospel, and I believe his inclination strongly led him that way. Perhaps his mother's wishes, together with the advice of this dear old Quaker friend, had an influence upon him to become a doctor. 'Thou wast born to be of great use to mankind, William James,' she would say. 'Nature has made thee a physician ; thou must minister to both body and soul.'

“One day I remember telling him I expected to see

him write M.D. after his name yet. A few days after he asked me why I had spoken as I had, saying that it was his ambition to spend his life for the good of perishing souls. I shall never forget his look of satisfaction when I told him that was why I chose that profession for him ; that I thought no one had a better opportunity of doing good than a doctor. In time of pain and sickness, the strong become weak, and often feel the need of something more than weeping friends or human hands can give, and in these tender moments may become converted through the influence of a Christian doctor.

“Time and its many changes rolled on, and my boy ‘Jimmy,’ after spending a few years of mental labor, writes his name Rev. W. J. Hall, M.D. How it pleased me to gaze upon that name ! I felt paid a thousandfold for the little extra time I had spent with him. The following is a copy of a letter he wrote me when about to leave as a medical missionary for the foreign field :

“ ‘On board *Empress of Japan*,
“ ‘VANCOUVER, B. C., *November 18, 1891.*

“ ‘DEAR MRS. KENDRICK :

“ ‘If you imagine I have quite forgotten you, I assure you I have not. I have often thought of writing to you, but there have been so many things pressing upon my time that I have not done it. I shall never forget your kindness and the deep interest you have taken in me, which has been used in a great measure to make my life what it is to-day. Since I saw you last God has wonderfully used me and blessed my feeble efforts, and now the great purpose and ambition of my life is about to be realized. I am to have the privilege of carrying the Gospel to those who have never heard of a Saviour’s love. I have received my appointment as a medical

missionary to Korea. I am now on board of the *Empress of Japan*, which sails for the Orient at daybreak to-morrow. I know you are interested in all the affairs of your boys, and I feel free to tell you that I am engaged to Dr. Rosetta Sherwood, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She is now in charge of a hospital in the foreign field. I am sure God will bless my efforts to extend His kingdom among the heathen. I am going forth in His strength, determined that my life shall be spent entirely to God's glory. How happy it has been for the last few years! I have seen His guiding hand in all things. Rom. viii, 28, has been fully realized. I let Him choose my way and everything in life, and He chooses so much better than I would ever have thought of doing.

“I can never repay you for all you have done for me, but *Father* will. Please remember me kindly to Mr. Kendrick. Yours in Jesus, W. J. HALL.”

At the same time Brother Hall was so faithfully pursuing his studies in the schoolroom, he was very earnest in his work for God. How he prayed and labored for the salvation of souls! I well remember when holding special services in Glen Buell schoolhouse, assisted by the Rev. M. Somerville, how faithfully Brother Hall attended the meetings, and how diligently he toiled for souls. And while he did not neglect his studies, he certainly was in “labors abundant” for his Master. The Sabbath school, his especial delight, felt his power. Never was a boy in the neighborhood passed without the inquiry, “Do you go to Sunday school?” With a smile and a kind word for everyone, he not only sang “Gather Them In,” but went about gathering them in—were they poor, it but in-

creased his interest in them. How many picnics and excursions for their pleasure and profit the Sabbath school children can still remember that he originated for them! His generous donations to church and Sabbath school were never accompanied by ostentatious display—he gave as God prospered him—his first earnings being consecrated to God. One of his efforts was the procuring of an organ for the Sunday school: who else would have had courage to canvass a neighborhood so sparsely settled? but the necessary amount was raised, many subscribing who would have refused any other person.

When diphtheria first made its appearance in Glen Buell it was a disease dreaded by all. Few dared approach a house where it had alighted. A certain family lost a child, a little boy lay dead with no one to perform the last sad office. On learning the particulars Brother Hall went, laid the child out, did all he could for the afflicted ones, returned home, and changed his clothes in an adjoining building, that others might not incur danger. Though naturally timid he did that which others would shrink from, counting not his life dear for the cause of Christ.

The people in Glen Buell knew Brother Hall well; coming in and out among them as he did, many of them his relatives, they had ample chance to form their estimate of his character. "I never saw Jimmy angry," was remarked by one of his aunts, into whose home he was almost a daily visitor. "O, you could not make Jim mad," said one of his schoolmates. Even scoffers at religion would say of him, "O, Jimmy Hall is all right; we never doubt his religion." Thank God for those whose daily lives can never be questioned. Inspired by the Holy Spirit, Brother Hall's thoughts,

prayers, purpose in life, were to bring those about him to Christ. In conversation once with his former employer, Mr. Stevens, he remarked, "It is a real luxury to win souls for Jesus."

Nothing caused him to swerve for a single moment from his purpose to gain an education. His father, however, was not in sympathy with the idea, his health having failed in his attempt to learn a trade, he foresaw only failure in this project also, so after completing public school he was allowed to shift for himself; but he was not discouraged, and was ready to do anything to gain an honest penny in order to accomplish the end in view.

He became a *book agent*, and such was his kindness of disposition and so earnest his perseverance that he succeeded admirably. He thoroughly believed in the necessity of putting forth effort to distribute good literature among the people of his neighborhood and vicinity. At the same time he saved up his small profits carefully for the next school term. The new edition of the Methodist Hymnal was the first book he canvassed for. Later he took up John B. Gough's *Platform Echoes*, *The Royal Path of Life*, *Moody's Works*, *Mother, Home, and Heaven*, *Chase's Recipe Book*, *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, Miss Havergal's *Memorials*, *Life of Belle Cook*, and others of like character. He never started out to sell books without seeking divine assistance in his work, a plan that might well be followed by those similarly engaged. He also acted as agent for the Sun Life Assurance Company, of Canada, and in this he was eminently successful. Mr. McWilliams, the cashier, upon learning of his death, wrote in a note to Mrs. Hall: "Allow me to offer my heartfelt sympathy with you in your bereavement. I

was personally acquainted with your late husband, and esteemed him very highly as a friend. It seems sad to think of his being stricken in the prime of life, but there is the consolation of knowing that he died with his 'hand to the plow.'"

As a Christian worker, he excelled. Not because of the brilliancy of his talents, but because of his entire abnegation of self and complete consecration to God. He labored with me in evangelistic work at Mallorytown, North Augusta, Carleton Place, and Portage du Fort. He spent his time when not in meetings in selling books, and was at the same time faithful in dealing with souls.

Sister Ella Birdsell writes: "I was a member of the Athens praying band, of which Brother Hall was one of our most efficient leaders. There were a number of young people in it, and it was a cause of regret any time he was obliged to be absent. Coming and going as we usually did in loads, his presence was a guard against any appearance of levity that might arise."

Mrs. Rev. J. Findlay, of Beachburg, Ont., formerly Miss Williamson, who was associated with Brother Hall in several evangelistic campaigns, kindly furnishes us with the following account:

"I have not known," writes Mrs. Findlay, "a purer or more lovable character than that of him whom his Christian brothers and sisters familiarly called Jimmy Hall, who went from us and laid down his life in heathen lands. It was through working with him, and largely because of his kindly, persistent importunity that I went into the evangelistic work, and have so often been blessed in seeing sinners turn from death to life, and from the power of Satan unto God.

"I first met Brother Hall in the winter of 1880, when

he came with some other students to those meetings for the promotion of holiness held in the basement of the old Canada Methodist Church, by Rev. D. Winter. Later we were associated in the Athens praying band, which Rev. W. Blair organized. Among other members of this band, who later became successful public workers in the Master's vineyard, were Sisters Birdsell and Mason. It was largely through Brother Hall's influence and encouragement that they, too, entered the evangelistic work. The praying band held meetings at all the appointments of the Athens circuit. Upon the Sabbath we were often invited to other places, holding sometimes three services a day. Those were blessed times of toil for Jesus. Later, Brother Hall organized evangelistic campaigns for us at Glen Buell, Union Springs, and Manherds. He was a most efficient leader.

"Brother Hall," Mrs. Findlay continues, "could not be regarded above the ordinary as a preacher, but in prayer, few, if any, whom I have known, could compare with him in the qualities that constitute a successful suppliant at the throne of divine grace. His prayers were both an inspiration and a benediction to me, as they doubtless were to others. He was characterized by great humility. He did obey the injunction, 'in honor preferring one another.' Without pride, or egotism, or vanity, he seemed to be wholly dead to self. This made cooperation and work with him specially pleasant.

"If, after he had gotten me to 'take the meeting,' as we called the giving of the exhortation, it seemed a failure in my own eyes, he would say that he knew God used my talks to the good of souls. I was often tempted to shrink from this more public work, and would wish him to make the exhortation, but he would

say, 'I think the people would prefer you.' If this was not a stretch of courtesy, it must have been because of the novelty of a woman preaching. Possibly many did come out of curiosity in those days—but often 'those who came to mock, remained to pray.' In either case, Brother Hall saw no impropriety or loss of importance in encouraging female evangelists and giving them a prominence in his meetings, which he could better have taken. Perhaps, like Paul, he was willing to be 'all things to all men, that he might by all means save some.'

"In 1884," she adds, "I labored with him at Glen Buell, where he was teaching school. The meetings were held during the summer holidays. They were well attended, and the Lord blessed the work in a very remarkable manner; many souls were born into the kingdom, and some were wholly sanctified to God. If, without presumption, we may link the human instrument with God's immediate operation on the souls of men, and I believe we may, since God works by human instrumentality, then we may well believe that Brother Hall's influence was an important factor in the transforming work that took place there at that time. He was known by the people, he had lived his religion among them, they had confidence in him, and believed that he loved their souls and was anxious for their salvation. God honored his faith, and answered his prayers, and blessed his unremitting toil; and the day of judgment alone will reveal the amount of good which was then done for that community. Men would come into the services at night, saying that during the afternoon they had to leave their work and go into the fence corners to pray! In the intervals between the services Brother Hall and I visited the people in their homes,

singing, talking, and praying in every house. Nor did he allow his feelings or sentiment to interfere with his purpose of getting through with so much work every day. If, from some cause or another, I protracted my talk in one house so as to shorten the time available for others, he would look at his watch and say, 'We have so many more calls to make to-day.' And if I got through with my part of the task with greater promptitude in another home, he would remark, 'You did pretty well this time.' There was no dallying in these visits. His restless zeal was as a 'fire in his bones,' and with business promptitude, he hurried from one house to another feeling that the 'king's business required haste.' But the most striking feature of the man, like Donald Matthewson, John Ashworth, and every other great evangelist from Him who gave His life for the salvation of the world to the present, was his great love to God and man."

D. WINTER.

CHAPTER III.

High School and College Days in Canada,
1881-1887.

If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer Thee;
 Make my mortal dreams come true
 With the work I fain would do;
 Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find in Thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy;
 Out of self to love be led
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my natural habitude.

—WHITTIER.

At high school—Appearance—“Talking religion”—Breakfast prepared by Hall—Methodical as a student—The character of his reading—A revival—Organizes a prayer meeting in the high school—Prof. Jolliff’s encomium—A coincidence—On the playground—Marketing—Helping the preachers—Working in recruits—1883 gets his teacher’s certificate—Begins teaching—Extracts from his diary—Decides to study medicine, to the surprise of many—1885 enters medical department of Queen’s University—Last entry in diary—Organizes the first Y. M. C. A. of the Medical College of Kingston—Letter to his cousin—In the dissecting room—Economy—Attended Queen St. Methodist Church—Sunday school work at Portsmouth—“I do like to get hold of the boys”—Visit of the Rev. John Forman—Becomes a “student volunteer”—Attends the Northfield Convention—Meets Dr. Dowkontt—Decides to pursue his medical missionary preparation in New York.

IT was January 1, 1881, that I first met W. J. Hall at the High School at Athens, or Farmersville, as it was then called. My recollection of him at that time is that of a tall lanky individual, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, and a pale solemn countenance. He wore a split-tail coat, and his other garments seemed to set awkwardly upon him. He was known at once as a very "religious" fellow, one who attended prayer meetings, prayed, and spoke. He was consequently at first the subject of jesting and ridicule on the part of some of the coarser scholars of the school; especially so, as he seemed awkward in his manners. He walked with a long, swinging gait that was peculiar, and I remember that years afterward, when he and I had together joined the ambulance corps of the 14th Battalion of Rifles, Kingston, he found it difficult to keep step in marching. He was not essentially attractive in face or figure; but, by the power of the grace of God, his was a countenance which constantly beamed forth a love and compassion that was divine, and which had truly become one of the most beautiful this world ever sees.

Hall was one of the oldest scholars in the school when he entered. We were in different classes, and did not become acquainted at once; although long afterward he told me that from the time he first entered the school, he picked me out as one to be prayed for and led to Christ as soon as possible. That was his way. He always had three or four or more boys, usually younger than himself, whom he considered, all unknown to them, as his especial care, whether to lead them to Christ, or to train and help them along in the Christian life, as the case might be.

His habit of "talking religion" to the boys, was not always relished by those not yet Christians. But his

was a most *designing mind* where the interests of Christ's kingdom were concerned. Not always brilliant in his classes, yet when he undertook to influence a fellow-scholar for Christ, none equaled him in tact. At one season revival services were being carried on in one of the Methodist churches of Athens, and Hall bent every energy toward the salvation of certain among the scholars. I was so fortunate as to have this man's influence thrown about me before he had been many months at school, and I shall praise God for it as long as I live. Now I positively hated to have anyone "lecture" me on "religion," and I did not like it a bit when Hall inveigled me into a long walk one moonlight night, and talked to me and tried hard to get me to decide for the Master. I probably showed my feelings by my actions, for only a few days later I was much surprised on receiving a call from him, in the evening, at my room. "Now," I thought, "I am in for it. He's cornered me here in my room, and it will be nothing but religion the whole evening." But he only wanted a little help in mathematics, and seemed very grateful to me for giving it. He gave me a hearty invitation to go over to see him at his room, and said good night. I was more surprised than ever. That a man like Hall could spend an hour or more alone with a fellow in a room, and never mention the disagreeable subject once! He wasn't such a bad sort of a fellow, after all. And so, by his consummate tact, he won us.

He was so quick to recognize the importance of gaining the love and confidence of those whom he was trying to lead to Christ. I recollect an incident that occurred before Hall and I were very well acquainted. He was keeping house for himself at the time. For economy's sake he in company with his cousin, William

James Drummond (now missionary in Nanking, China), had rented two little rooms, brought furniture and bedding from their homes, and waited entirely upon themselves, preparing their own meals, etc. On this particular occasion Hall was alone. He wanted me to go over to stay overnight with him. I didn't want to go, because I feared the probable topic of conversation, but finally yielded and went. Sure enough he did talk to me a little on the subject dearest to his heart, and which seemed always uppermost in his mind. Then we must needs have family prayer together; he read and prayed,—O, so fervently!—and we went to bed. It so happened that, for some reason, breakfast at my boarding house was put at an early hour the next morning, and I had been warned to be back in time, if I wanted any breakfast. At about 5 A. M. Hall got up, lit his lamp, and very gently hinted that it was nearly 5 o'clock. But it was a dark and bitterly cold morning in winter, and I remained in bed. We rose in due course, and about 8 A. M., after some brisk work on his part, Hall and I sat down to a most appetizing breakfast of fish and flour gravy, and I enjoyed it immensely. Years after, he told me the agonies of mind he had suffered that morning. The staying overnight was all right, but to have to go ahead with preparations for breakfast, under the circumstances, was certainly more embarrassing than being "talked religion" to was to me. But to him all experiences were pleasant so long as they furthered in the least his longing desire to win some one to Christ.

Hall was a conscientious student, methodical in his habits, believed in system, and as a rule worked by the aid of a time-table, apportioning his time to the best possible advantage. He had a keen sense of the value

of time, stimulated to the highest pitch by the reading of Smiles' *Self-help*, Todd's *Student's Manual*, *Tact, Push, and Principle*, *Successful Men of To-day*, *Self-effort*, *Life of Livingstone*, *D. L. Moody and his Works*, and other like books. He was very fond of such books; was always discovering a new one of that sort from which he himself first derived great benefit, and then he would diligently recommend it to others. By this means he introduced a great deal of this most helpful literature among his friends and fellow-scholars. He kept a small daily diary at school and got a great many other scholars to do the same. He set great value upon his diary as a daily record of his Christian experience.

It was nearly a year after Hall began attending school at Athens that a most successful series of revival meetings were carried on in the Methodist church. The principal speaker was a young man named Dorland, of the Friends. At these meetings Hall was one of the most energetic and untiring workers, and during their course he had the great joy of leading several of the high school scholars, for whom he had been so especially praying and working, to the penitent bench—and of seeing them soundly converted to God. Now was made manifest the genuineness of Hall's religion. He considered his duty toward us young fellows only properly begun when he had helped us over to the Lord's side. Immediately by his suggestion and leading, a little prayer meeting was organized, to be held weekly in the rooms of five or six of us in succession. Every Monday afternoon at four o'clock when we were free from school, we made our way to the room of one of our number. Hymns were sung, and in the seasons of prayer each one of us was expected to lead in prayer, and each one

did usually pray—though at first with great hesitancy and much stammering. Scarcely a meeting passed in which we did not one and all give in our testimony for Jesus. At the close of the meeting a leader was appointed for the following week, and some such subject chosen as witnessing, private prayer, promises, temptations, etc.

At the same time a holiness meeting was being carried on every Tuesday at 4 P. M. by some of the more devout members of the Methodist Church. These meetings Hall faithfully attended himself, while he endeavored to take as many of the young Christian scholars with him as he possibly could.

A few weeks after the close of the special services, Hall, with a brain full of plans for helping young Christians, and training them to work for Jesus, obtaining permission from the teachers, organized a weekly prayer meeting in one of the class rooms of the high school building. Every Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, a goodly portion of scholars remained to the meeting. Christian boys and girls, even the most recent converts, were encouraged to take their turn in leading the meetings, to testify faithfully before their fellows, and to lead in short prayers. Thus were these babes in Christ nursed and helped and encouraged by Hall's noble example and faithful teaching until they developed in nearly every case a strong, sturdy Christian character for themselves.

Rev. T. C. Brown, at that time Hall's pastor, relates that in conversation with Principal J. O. Jolliff of the high school upon the subject of entire sanctification, Prof. Jolliff said that of a number of men that he had intimately known who professed holiness, James Hall was the only one in his estimation that *lived* it. He had watched him in the schoolroom and upon the play-

ground, and was convinced that he led a holy life. And Rev. Brown adds, "He was not brilliant, but he was *good*—the best specimen of a young man I ever met."

All the two or three years of Hall's attendance at the Athens High School he practiced the most rigid economy in living. At first he and W. J. Drummond rented a room together. Afterward he and W. J. Hayes roomed together and provided entirely for themselves.

It is a singular coincidence that three of the William Jameses who at Athens High School were preparing for God's service now praise him together in heaven. William James Crummy was the first to go. In a letter written November, 1889, from New York, to his cousin, Miss Rowsome, Hall says: "I was greatly shocked to hear of the sudden death of W. J. Crummy. How often we are reminded that this is not our abiding place and to be ready when the call comes. I spent the last Sunday I was at home with W. J. Crummy—heard him preach—W. J. Hayes, W. J. Crummy, and myself were together, and as we parted that night we knelt together in Mr. Hayes's yard and had a prayer meeting. Little did we think it would be our last. Our next will be a praise-meeting!" The news of W. J. Hayes's death was in the first home letter that Dr. Hall received in Korea. In his memory the doctor presented the Glen Buell Sunday school a library consisting of over one hundred and twenty volumes, and on the church wall he had erected a marble tablet, with the following inscription:

In loving memory of
WILLIAM J. HAYES, B.A.,
 who died January 2, 1892,
 during his second year in theology in Drew Seminary,
 Madison, N. J., aged 24 years.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Partly because it took so much time marketing, cooking, etc., and partly because he was so much older than the average schoolboy, Hall never greatly distinguished himself on the playground. He did play football a little, and was rather fond of it, but he was naturally awkward with his feet and legs, and sometimes made some wonderful exhibitions. The boys would laugh at him, and he would invariably join in with them, enjoying it himself just as much as they. Nobody ever offended him by laughing at him. In fact in all the years of my acquaintance and intimate friendship with W. J. Hall, I don't remember ever having seen him take offense at anything or anyone. In the first place everybody liked him; even those who felt his silent presence a reproach to them for their way of living could not but respect him. To such he never had anything but a kindly word. While those who felt the warmth of his intimate friendship loved him too well to ever intentionally wound his feelings in the slightest. I recollect entering a store with Hall, on one occasion, to make a purchase. When about to wait on him the clerk behind the counter showed some rudeness to him. Hall took it in a characteristic way. He said nothing, but quietly completed his purchase and we walked out. I said to him, "If that clerk had treated me in that way I would have turned and walked out at once." "Well, now," he replied, "I was simply looking out for my own interest; it was this article I wanted, and I didn't think it worth while putting myself to the inconvenience and delay of going elsewhere for it." W. J. Hall's whole being was so completely saturated with the spirit of the Lord Jesus that it had become well-nigh impossible for anything but love, patience, gentleness, kindness, forgiveness, to ever show itself.

Hall had a clear, ringing voice which he used with good effect in song and speech. His power as an exhorter was well known, and often taken advantage of by overworked preachers of Athens and vicinity. I have heard him say that on his way the first time to such a service, I think it was at the Greenbush Church, he felt so weak and unable to perform the duty that he had to kneel by the roadside and pray for strength. Mrs. McLean, at whose home he had his room, said she always heard him praying in the kitchen Sunday afternoons before going upon these appointments. He had also a great faculty in getting others interested in praying for him at such times. His cousin, Alice R. Rowsome, relates how, one Saturday afternoon, when she was invited to take tea with him at Mrs. McLean's, the minister called to get him to take one of the services the next day. Before she left for home he said to her, "Now you must pray for me, because you know I have that service to-morrow." And though but a little girl at the time she was deeply impressed with the responsibility placed upon her, and never forgot it.

One cold night in winter, crisp and clear, one of those for which eastern Ontario is famous, a preaching service was due in a schoolhouse a few miles from Athens. But the minister was down with a heavy cold, and Hall was asked to take it. No thought of refusal ever entered his mind at such a time. It was a matter of principle with him never to say NO when a call to duty came. Here was a glorious opportunity to do a little work for Jesus! But he could not content himself with going and holding the service by himself, as he could have done with perfect satisfaction to the people. He must work in a couple of those raw recruits. G. E. Hartwell (now Rev. G. E. Hartwell, B.A., B.D., of

the Canadian Methodist Mission, Chentu, China) and I must needs go along to help and be helped. It was arranged that Hartwell should preach, while I read the Scripture and hymns, and Hall should pray. He liked no other part better than that assigned him, and in none could he work with better effect. His faith seemed to reach right up to God, and as his clear, strong voice rose in fervent prayer, the crowded congregation in the little schoolhouse was lifted to the very presence of the Saviour. A great blessing fell upon everyone present that night. And as we rode homeward, with the stars shining brightly overhead, and the hard snow sparkling and glittering beneath, our songs of praise rang out strong and joyous on the clear night air.

Hall got his teacher's certificate in July, 1883, and spent a good part of the next two years in teaching, mostly in the public school nearest his own home, Glen Buell.

The following extracts from a brief diary kept by Hall for a few months in 1884 will best give an idea of his life at this time:

“January 1. Praise God for the blessings of to-day! This has been the happiest New Year's Day I ever spent. O——, one of my dearest and best associates, staid with me last night. We were on our knees before God as the old year went out and the new year came in. God blessed us, and we gave ourselves afresh to His service. I have written a whole sermon since six o'clock. It is not my words, but God's. O, that He may enable me to deliver it with more than mortal energy, and to Him be all the glory!

“January 3. Just commenced teaching to-day. I have earnestly asked God to help me to faithfully discharge all the duties that devolve upon me, and I know He

will. Went to see Uncle Boyd Hall (his great uncle) to-night; he is very poorly; did not know me.

“January 8. Uncle Boyd died this morning at 6:30. I stayed all night. Went to Brockville to see about coffin, etc. Uncle Boyd is at rest. He toiled faithfully for Christ for many years. I remember him as an earnest worker in the Sunday school.

“January 12, Saturday. Got my room arranged, book-case and stove set up, and everything handy, so I am now quite comfortable. Went down to the school-house this afternoon and put up some mottoes on the walls.

“January 14. Missionary meeting to-night; appointed poor me to fill the chair; did the best I could; signed \$4. I am glad I can help the cause of Christ more than before.

“January 16. This is my birthday; twenty-four years old. How time flies! but none too fast for the Christian. Got a letter from O——. No outward influence does me as much good as O——’s letters, there is so much of Christ’s spirit in them. I am glad I have such a noble friend.

“January 17. At school I am beginning to learn more and more that the teacher needs a great deal of grace to enable him to order himself aright. It is the hardest work I ever did. I have to be quite stern, but I think I can relax after a while. I love my pupils, and I am endeavoring to do them all the good I can. I want to set that example before them that shall be worthy of imitation, and to impress upon their minds truths that, if followed, will lead them to lives of usefulness. I desire to live very near my blessed Redeemer when I have so many little minds to help to mold. I feel the need of spending more time in prayer O, for more

of the Holy Spirit to enable me to rightly discharge my duties ! I want to make this year count for Christ.

“ January 23. At school ; was nearly sick all day ; I never needed to walk closer to my Saviour than this year. It is a year of battling with the stern realities of life. I have not the same influences thrown around me this year that I had last. I find it difficult to *do* just right. But God’s grace is sufficient. His blood does cleanse. I am glad my anchor is cast. Christ is very precious.

“ January 25. At school ; did my first whipping to-day, but did not have much trouble. I do bless God from the depths of my heart that I am His child.

February 12. Took one of my pupils, whom I whipped yesterday for swearing, aside and prayed with him.

“ February 13. At school. I feel very weary, bodily, but praise the Lord I am not spiritually. I find I need lots of sleep in order to be prepared for my work. This has been a good day. I have been very near my Saviour. I praise God His grace is sufficient for me, although outward circumstances would tend to disturb my peace within. But glory to God ! they can’t drive His love out of my heart. When I think of the state our neighborhood is in I would be discouraged did I not know God is all powerful. Praise His name !

“ February 16, Saturday. At Kingston ; left Brockville at 2:10 ; arrived at K. 4:15 ; reached Omar’s 7 A. M. Went down to the market, and from there to college ; went through arts and medical colleges, including dissecting room. After dinner went to the penitentiary ; it looked dismal enough. In the evening went to hear the “ Salvation Army,” and enjoyed the meeting splendidly.

“ February 19. At school. Told the pupils all about my

trip; have a full school now; pupils working hard. I wrote out some items for the *Recorder* and *Times*. Mr. Gilroy is quite sick; got a letter from W. J. Drummond; he is soon going back to college. [Christ is all in all to me. His blood cleanses from all sin. I want to do more for Him.]

“February 24, Sunday. I took charge of Sunday school for Mr. Gilroy. Mr. Blair preached; we had a glorious fellowship meeting; my soul is full of the love of Christ; am to preach for Mr. Blair at Sheldon’s next Sunday.

“March 7. Social to-night; had a very good time; the lecture was good; Mrs. Gilroy in the chair. Took in \$16.13. I stopped at R. Sturgeon’s to-night; had a good visit and grand time at family prayers; living very near my Saviour; His love does fill my heart.”

His holidays and vacations were occupied in various ways, now in bookselling, again in life insurance, and at another time in the manufacture and sale of a well-known and much-used copying machine.

At the same time he was always the most energetic worker in the Sunday school, and no one was more regular than he in attendance at prayer meeting. These institutions could never languish while W. J. Hall remained in the neighborhood. Should the spirit of revival take hold of the people, then Hall was foremost in the fight, cheering, encouraging, and leading the weaker Christians out into a fuller life in Jesus, and yet working most earnestly and successfully for the salvation of the unsaved. Small wonder that people everywhere marked him for the ministry, and great was their surprise and disappointment when he declared his intention of studying medicine. Many talked with him, warned him of the sadness of finding when too

late that he had made the great mistake of his life in not choosing the sphere for which he was evidently so well fitted, and urged him to reconsider. But he quietly followed the dictates of his own sanctified judgment, and after life showed that as a medical missionary, so far from having made a mistake, he had, on the contrary, chosen the very sphere which the Lord intended for him.

October, 1885, found Hall in Kingston ready to begin his long anticipated course in medicine. October 2, 1885, he writes in his diary: "Left home to-day for college; reached Kingston 5 P. M. Had many serious thoughts. I have consecrated myself afresh to God."

"October 3. Found a boarding place; think I will like it. Glad to meet old friends again."

The press of his new work soon forced him to drop his diary, but the last entry in it is characteristic:

"November 9. Went for a walk; spoke to Isaac Oser about his soul; he wants to be a Christian; I am to call for him 9 A. M., Sunday."

The medical college had never, up to session 1885-86, had any organized Christian work. There was no medical Young Men's Christian Association, nor was there a prayer meeting of any sort. There was a flourishing university Young Men's Christian Association, but meetings were always held in one of the class rooms of the arts department, and it was commonly looked upon as an "arts" institution. It remained for W. J. Hall to organize, or at least to be the leading spirit, in the organization of the first Young Men's Christian Association of the medical college at Kingston. Early in November, 1885, the organization was complete and the first regular weekly meeting held. The president for the first year was J. F. Smith, afterward medical missionary to the province of Honan, China, while the recording



OFFICERS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

secretary is now a medical missionary to the Indians of British Columbia, Dr. A. E. Bolton. Dr. D. A. Gallagher, now practicing in the United States, was vice president; Dr. T. J. Jameson, practicing in Ontario, was treasurer; Dr. Hall was recording secretary; Dr. A. G. Allen, practicing in Ontario, was librarian. Dr. J. C. Connell, M.A., now an eye and ear specialist in Kingston; Dr. W. H. Downing, the gold medalist of the class, and myself formed a committee. Though Hall was quite content to fill one of the minor offices of this infant association, his was never the disposition to be content with looking on and doing nothing. At that time there was a very small percentage of Christian students in the institution, and a still smaller percentage who were willing, amidst such surroundings, to show their colors bravely and work faithfully for Christ and his cause. And as Hall's genius for organization had shown itself—just as when in the high school at Athens—so now, also, his faculty for getting hold of the young men began to manifest itself at once. He selected several of the younger students, and by preference from the earlier years at college, and began to pray in private for them, just as he had done for his fellow-scholars years before. Presently his active brain was busy with plans for helping them, whether collectively or individually. He took the greatest pleasure in showing them little kindnesses, especially if he had to go out of his way in order to accomplish his object. Before the young man knew what he was about, Hall would have him, in the most innocent and agreeable manner possible, inveigled off to some meeting; or more likely, perhaps, would have him in the privacy of his room engaged in a most earnest conversation on the all-important question of his salvation. More than one

young student, now practicing physicians of several years' standing, trace their conversion to God direct to the influence of W. J. Hall during his two years in the medical college, Kingston, while many more who were Christians at the time received invaluable help and permanent stimulus from his consecrated walk and conversation.

"Hand-picking," "Personal work," "All at it and always at it," "In season and out of season," were some of his favorite mottoes. And while he never neglected the regular work of attending lectures and his home study, yet he managed at the same time to accomplish an almost incredible amount of Christian work. His daily routine in class room and hospital wards was marked by unfailing punctuality and regularity in attendance at lectures. These were a matter of principle with him.

Under date of February 11, 1886, he wrote to his cousin, Alice R. Rowsome, who was then in high school at Athens: "It always does me good to hear from the dear friends where I spent many days that have been among the brightest and best of life. I always look back to my school days in Farmersville with a great degree of comfort. There I formed ties that will only be broken by death, to be again united on the other shore. I like Kingston very much. I have enough work to keep me busy night and day. I have laid down definite rules for work, exercise, and sleep, and I intend to stick to them. I find my college mates very sociable, friendly, and agreeable; they appear to have great respect for the rights of their fellow-students. I find life, to a great extent, to be just what we make it. If we are virtuous and true, our life will not only be a blessing to ourselves, but to others."

In reference to the work of dissection, he did what he could by word and example to combat a not uncommon notion that tobacco or drink is a necessity for health or comfort in the dissecting room. He was, of course, "total abstinence" to the core, and while he sought always not to make himself obnoxious by hasty or ill-timed advocacy of his principles, yet when he believed duty demanded it, he was ready to sacrifice everything else to the determination to make a bold stand for the right, whether for temperance or any other Christian principle. His frank candor and patent honesty, and the absence of anything bearing the remotest resemblance to cant, always won him the respect and admiration even of those who were in practice diametrically opposed to him. Yet Hall was never slow to join with his fellow-students in any and every movement that had for its object the advancement of the best interests of the college.

In Kingston, as elsewhere, during all the years of preparation for his lifework, Hall was extremely economical. During the holidays he earned and saved what was sufficient, with the greatest care in expenditure, to put himself through the following term at school or college. He denied himself almost everything that could possibly be done without. He, along with two or three kindred spirits, tried boarding themselves. They bought such things as oatmeal, milk, and bread, and with the aid of an oilstove they prepared in their rooms two very plain but cheap and wholesome meals a day. For the third meal they usually succeeded in obtaining special rates at boarding house or hotel. It was a great satisfaction to Hall to be able in this way to support while educating himself, and to cause his hard-working parents no expense whatever on his account.

He chose for his church Queen Street Methodist, and attended there regularly while he was in Kingston. Among the congregation he made many warm personal friends, in intercourse with whom he was often much blessed and a blessing.

He was always fond of Sunday school work, and for months he used to walk regularly to Portsmouth every Sunday afternoon, a distance of at least two miles. There he taught a class of boys in the little Methodist church. "I do like to get hold of the boys," he would exclaim, with that peculiar warmth of manner that was all his own. And he did get hold of them, for he always had them loving him before he was with them two Sundays. The secret of it was that he loved them first with all the warmth of his great heart, and they unconsciously paid him back in kind. Many a boy in Portsmouth, Kingston, and in Leeds County, Ontario, many a one in New York city, and afterward many a boy in Korea will never be able to forget the magnetic influence over them for good of the consecrated personality of W. J. Hall.

It was much the same in the case of "boys of older growth" with whom he became intimate. "For genuine out and out GOODNESS, under all circumstances in life, I never knew his equal," is the testimony of every one of that inner circle who were privileged, at one period or another of his varied life, to count themselves his friends.

The great turning point, or, perhaps, rather the great culmination in the life aims of W. J. Hall, came in the spring term of session 1886-87 while at college in Kingston. He and some of his intimate fellow-students had talked over the subject of foreign missions together previous to this time, but he had not thought very

seriously of going himself as a foreign missionary. He did not consider himself capable, but he was always underestimating his own powers. He had gone so far, however, in his unselfish desire to further the cause of foreign missions, as to offer to stay at home himself, and support one of his intimate fellow-students, if the latter would be willing to go. It was in February, 1887, that Queen's among other Canadian colleges was visited by Rev. John Forman, now a missionary in India. That winter saw the beginning of the now world-wide and world-famous student volunteer movement for foreign missions. As an immediate result of Mr. Forman's visit to Queen's, twenty-one students from arts, medicine, and divinity signed the pledge. "We are willing and desirous, God permitting, to become foreign missionaries." Hall was one of the first in the medical college to put down his name, and from that time forward, while he never allowed his new resolution and his consecration to the Master's service in a foreign land to interfere with present duties, yet he always held himself in readiness to take advantage of the time when "God would permit," and the way would open up.

In July, 1887, Hall was able to carry out a long-cherished plan, that of attending Rev. D. L. Moody's annual summer school for students at Northfield, Mass. He traveled on the cheapest possible railway ticket, and took a tent with him (one of his own manufacture), besides his own bedding and cooking utensils. He camped out along with a great many other students, and was at the smallest possible expense during the twelve days' session. While at Northfield he met Dr. Dowkontt, director of the International Medical Missionary Society of New York, and from him he

learned of the advantages afforded by this society for obtaining not only a medical, but a *medical missionary* training in New York city. After a long, careful, and prayerful consideration of the situation he decided that the Lord wanted him to finish his medical course in New York, and to New York he accordingly went for his third and fourth sessions in medicine, graduating with M.D. from Bellevue Hospital Medical College in April, 1889.

OMAR L. KILBORN.

CHAPTER IV.

In Training for Mission Service, 1887-1889.

Expect great things from God ;
 Attempt great things for God.

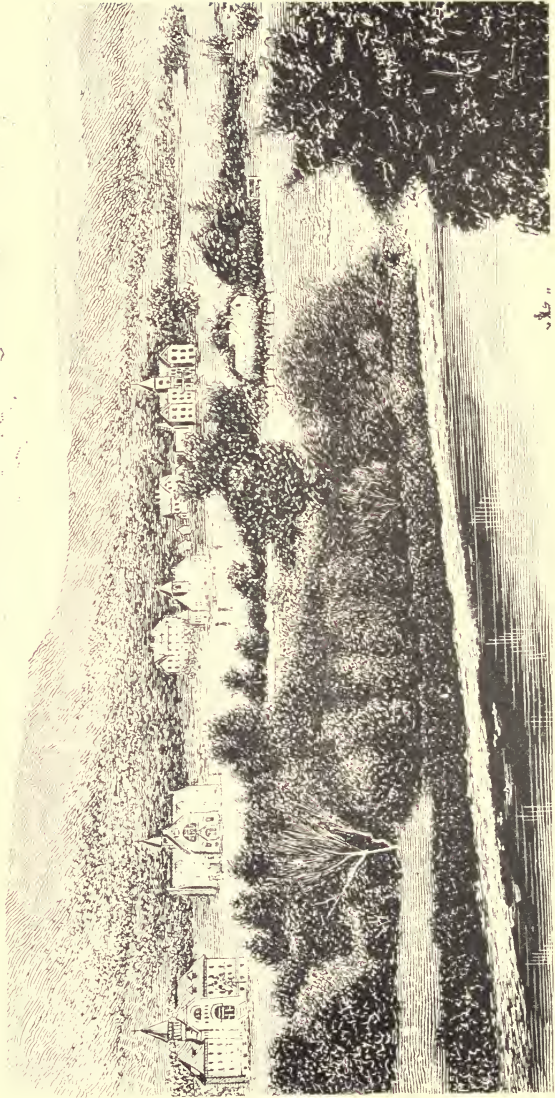
—WM. CAREY.

Meeting at Moody's Convention in '87—"Orders from headquarters"—Goes to New York city—Introduced to life in the Fourth Ward—Roosevelt Street Medical Mission—Given a Sunday school class of two!—Later becomes superintendent—An incident in self-denial—Limited means—Blackens shoes and tends furnace—An incident in faith—His influence—The secret of his power—The kind of a man fitted for labor abroad—Need of more means for training such men—A tribute.

It is usual to use the words "the late" when writing of one who has passed from this earthly life. But it seems difficult, nay, impossible, to write these words concerning our departed Brother Hall. "To depart and be with Christ, which is far better," so wrote that veteran Christian warrior-orator, Paul, and so we believe.

To write a sketch of our devoted Brother Hall is no easy task for one who knew him, lived and labored with him, as the writer did. Yet it is with feelings of deep gratitude to God for the privilege of helping such a man that these lines are penned to honor one who honored his God, and was honored by Him according as He has promised.

In the summer of 1887 the writer was spending a few days at the Northfield Conference of Christian Workers. He had given an address upon medical missions, and



By per. of The Christian Herald, New York.

MOODY'S SCHOOL AT NORTHEFIELD.

1847

invited any of those present whose hearts were turned toward this twofold agency to confer with him upon the subject. Among those who responded to the invitation was a tall, well-built young man, one of the Canadian contingent in attendance at the conference.

His diffident and unassuming manner was the first thing that impressed itself upon the mind, but the warm welcome given soon dispelled the feeling of shyness, and he spoke freely of his heart's desire to be a blessing to his fellow-man in the most needy part of the world, wherever God should in His providence call him.

There was no frothy excitement, no setting forth of all the wonderful things he expected to accomplish, but a quiet, steady purpose, having as a foundation the desire to *be* rather than to *do*. The hour spent in conversation and prayer was not one to be ever forgotten.

The counsel given, to "obtain his orders from headquarters," was not presented in vain; and with a full conviction that such guidance had been granted Mr. Hall came to New York in September of that year to pursue medical study and engage in actual medical mission work in the great city, the better to fit him for service elsewhere.

In company with a dozen other students of the International Medical Missionary Society, young Hall was "introduced" to life in the Fourth Ward of New York city. "Why, doctor, I never knew that there was any such place as this," he remarked, as his soul within him shrank at the awful sights and sounds of sin, sickness, and sorrow around him. And yet this was the best possible field and way in which to prepare him for the work to which he was called.

With the first Sunday in the session came the re-opening of the Sunday school at the medical mission in

Roosevelt Street—a place that had been one of the vilest liquor stores from the time the house had been built, thirty years before, up to the day when, five years ago, the liquor seller was *moving out* at one door, with his whisky bottles and devilish business, and the doctor was *moving in* at the other, with his medicine bottles and the Gospel.

Mr. Hall was given two small boys to take charge of for his first class. Somewhat surprised, he remarked, "Doctor, I think I can manage five or six; I used to have twice that number in my class at home." "Very well, Mr. Hall, try your hand with these two first, and we will give you some more."

Poor fellow, he soon found out the difference between *quality* and *quantity*, for, coming to the superintendent a few minutes later, he said, "Doctor, if you'll take one of those boys away, I'll try to manage the other, but I can't do anything with the two of them; they beat all I ever saw or heard of."

Two years later, however, he was able to *manage* the whole school as superintendent, a position he held for a year at that mission, and for the two years following at the Madison Street Mission, in the next ward. To-day it would be safe to say that no name is better known and revered in that whole neighborhood than that of Dr. Hall. It was a very common sight to see our friend surrounded by half a dozen or more of the very poorest children, who would seek to clasp his hand, as they saluted him with, "Hallo, Dr. Hall; how are you?"

Not only did he win the hearts of the children, but of their parents also. It mattered little to him whether they "sent for the doctor" at 2 A. M. or at 2 P. M., he was always ready, by day or by night, to help them in their times of need.

A straw will show the course of the tide as clearly as a log of timber. One winter's night an old man called at the Fourth Ward Mission at the close of the Gospel service which Dr. Hall had conducted, and desired to see the writer very urgently. Upon Dr. Hall giving him the address, about three and one half miles distant, the old man asked, "Do you think he'll be gone to bed by eleven, as it is half past nine now, and I don't think I can walk it in less than an hour and a half?" A word to the *wise* is sufficient; so, too, to the loving. The doctor had but five cents in his pocket with which to ride home, but he gave these to the old man, and walked. He did not, however, let him know that fact, and it was only discovered by close questioning on the part of the writer, the old man having arrived so long before the doctor leading to suspicion as to the cause. Ah! how this sin-stricken world wants such men as Hall, men willing to *walk*, that others may ride! And yet it was just like him. He would buy cheap clothes and shoes, and really, at times, go shabby; but he did it to help some others poorer than himself, and he found his greatest pleasure in so doing.

During his course of study his means were very limited, and it was not possible for him, as with many another brave soul, to provide for all his needs and expenses.

"Doctor, can't you find me something to do, I don't want to have anything for nothing; and if you could get me a place where I could go and work for a couple of hours a day, I could get on first-rate, and you see I need some exercise, and that would be my gymnasium.

Such an opportunity opened up for our friend, and he rejoiced in earning three dollars a week by cleaning

boots, getting up coals, and looking after the heating furnace at the residence of Andrew Green, Esq., late comptroller of New York city. Here he found warm friends in Mr. and Mrs. Kneudsen, who took much interest in the medical missionary students. When he took his degree of M.D. it was remarked, "Now, *doctor*, you will have to give up that job." "O, no!" he replied; "I don't want to do so just yet, for although now I am going to get an allowance from the Mission Board for a while, yet I want to help so and so (mentioning three young men), they're having a hard time getting through college, and you know they're good fellows and we were boys at school together." Yes, when at school he had been the means of leading those three boys to Christ, and he had the joy of having all three of them at the mission with him on more than one occasion, and he could well say, as he tried to say of every day, "*Friends, this is the happiest day of my life.*"

Dr. Hall, was a man of great faith in God. It was the faith of a child—simple, implicit. At the time of graduating from Bellevue College, he had not the money to pay for his well-earned diploma. He said: "This money must be forthcoming or I cannot graduate, I have exhausted all my resources in the endeavor to raise the amount, but I have failed. I took the matter to God in prayer. The college days drew to a close without the money, the hour came for the gathering of the graduates and still no money, but I had faith; I joined the company, and just as I was leaving the house the money was placed in my hand. From whom it came I do not know, but my faith in God is stronger than ever."

The influence of such a man cannot be measured

or stated. The students of the International Medical Missionary Society would have indeed missed a great deal had Dr. Hall not come to New York as he did. The personal influence of the self-denying, Christlike spirit of Dr. Hall upon his fellow-students, as also upon his patients—men, women, and children alike—is immeasurable by mortal man. Soon after he left for Korea one of his fellow-students asked, "Doctor, what is it about Hall that gives him such power?" "Doubtless it is the power of God in him, but if you ask further I should say in a word it is because he is like Nathanael, *free from guile!*" was the reply. When the Saviour found such a man He asked all the world to look at him, saying, "*Behold.*" Just such persons God is looking for to-day.

It was no wonder that a strong feeling should be manifested against his leaving New York by those among whom he had lived and labored, when the time came for his departure to Korea; but it is just such men who are needed in the lands of darkness and heathenism, men of mark at *home*, men who have so lived as to be missed when they go, are such as are best fitted to labor *abroad*.

No greater pleasure may be desired or possessed than that of in any way aiding such men to prepare themselves for their lifework of devotion to God and service to man. The writer desires no greater privilege on earth than this, he only desires more means and better facilities to do such work. Of the more than one hundred young men and women students who, after being trained with us, have gone out to the dark places of the earth, there to heal sick and suffering bodies and win dark and sinful souls to Christ, there has not gone a greater or nobler soul than William James Hall.

When Sir Humphrey Davy in response to his friends' request made out a list of his many important discoveries, he wrote at the bottom of the list in large letters, "MICHAEL FARADAY, *the greatest of them all.*" He had aided a poor, struggling young man in his earnest endeavors to succeed, until he eclipsed his teacher and friend ; and in this he could and did rejoice.

GEORGE D. DOWKONTT.

CHAPTER V.

Medical Mission Work in New York, 1889-91.

“Said Christ our Lord, ‘I will go and see
 How the men, my brothers, believe in me.’
 He passed not again through the gates of birth,
 But made himself known to the children of earth.”

Necessity for medical mission work in New York city—Doctor Hall tells his own story—Work among drunkards and thieves—Solving the problem—Work among Roman Catholics and Jews—Testimonies—Two families on Water Street—Another family relieved; Fred’s prayer—Importance of winning the children for Jesus—A man of deeds, who worked while others questioned.

WHEN the Master visited the great city there were palaces, but they had no charms for him. There were parks and gardens, but they attracted him not. His steps turned toward the pool on the brink of which lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, and withered. It was not the great nor the wealthy, but the Son of God

“Sought out an artisan,
 A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
 And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
 Pushed from her faintly want and sin.”

In our great cities, crowded with the poor and suffering, in far-away mission lands, he who seeks the sick with words to cheer, sympathy to comfort, medicine to heal, and Gospel to save, will find eager welcome and garner large results in his Christlike service.

The masses of the people of New York are poor, liv-

ing in tenement houses where disease is always a guest, the fires of fever never burn out, the cough of the consumptive is never stilled, children cry pitifully, mothers, with aching head and heart, drag themselves to their work. Hospitals are always full, and multitudes wait in their homes the touch of the healer, the medicine of the physician, the sympathy of the brother.

Dr. Hall, the beloved physician, a brother born for adversity, went as an angel of light among the sick and dying in the densely packed districts of lower New York. His work was a romance of grace. Without money and without price he went at the call of anyone, at any hour of the day or night, his delight being to relieve suffering and alleviate pain. None were too poor or vicious for him to serve. No cellar too damp, no garret too high for him to visit. Among murderers, thieves, thugs, harpies of vice and crime, he went in his gentle, health-giving, Gospel ministry.

The spirit of our loved friend, the Christlike Hall, still seems to linger about the tenements of the seventh, eleventh, and fifteenth wards.

Why Kirke White ceased singing at 21, Summerfield left his pulpit at 27, McCheyne at 29 stepped from the altar to the throne, and Dr. Hall left off healing at 34, while the old world, freighted to sinking with suffering, sweeps groaning on its course—who can tell? But

“ I wage not feud with Death
 For changes wrought on form and face ;
 Nor blame I Death, because he bear
 The use of virtue out of earth ;
 I know, transplanted, human worth
 Will bloom to profit elsewhere.”

Let us, gentle reader, while we turn back the pages of the record, accompany Dr. Hall on his rounds

among his dispensaries and the homes of his patients in New York. We will let him talk as we walk by his side. The doctor says :

“Not only do we meet the sick poor in the dispensaries, but we go from cellar to garret, into their wretched hovels, healing, feeding, clothing, preaching—doing all in the name of Jesus.

“As in heathen countries, so among the masses of New York, the people must be won by disinterested kindness. I believe this solves the problem of reaching the masses in our great city. Lay your lives alongside of theirs, and with a touch of genuine Christian sympathy and love they can be won for Jesus. The labor of love is never lost. The Gospel thus taught and lived is the power of God. Through the medical work we find an easy entrance into the homes of those who would otherwise drive us away with curses, and if we did not beat a hasty retreat the boiling water treatment would be applied to help us quicken our paces. We deal personally with each individual, and our visitors follow them up in their homes. Not a week passes without souls being saved. They are all hand-picked. Many of them have been rescued from the lowest depths of sin.

“In searching for jewels our experiences many times are heartrending. A few nights ago I was called into a miserable home. The husband was a drunkard. The poor wife had to struggle hard to support herself and little ones. A couple of days before the youngest child, through lack of nourishment, had been seized with cholera infantum. The husband, after spending a great part of the week's earnings, had come home drunk to abuse his wife and children. I shall never forget the terrible scene that met my eyes that Saturday night. On the

lounge lay the husband in a drunken stupor, on the opposite side of the room lay the dead body of his child. The broken-hearted mother and the rest of the children were huddled together in a corner of the room."

Threading our way through crowded streets, we enter the dispensary. Dr. Hall runs on with his experiences :

"Three months ago a poor, sad, dejected woman entered this dispensary. 'Many a night,' she said, 'my husband has come home crazed with rum, and has driven the children and me into the street, where we have been obliged to stay until two and three o'clock in the morning. You see, doctor, those scars on my face ; I got them from blows given by my husband when he was drunk.'

"I treated the woman, then followed her to her home, and found it a typical drunkard's home. The husband, after considerable urging, came to our meeting—conviction seized his soul, and from that night he became a regular attendant at our services. For several nights he refused to yield to God, but finally he came to the altar and found the pearl of great price.

"He next brought his wife and four children to the church, and soon they were all rejoicing in a knowledge of sins forgiven. They all united on probation, and are now among our most faithful attendants and workers.

"I never enter that home now but I receive a great blessing. A family altar has been erected, and Jesus reigns supreme. The husband now holds a responsible position, being foreman over seventy-five workmen, over whom he wields an influence for good. 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'

"But let me tell now of another one of my home cases. Not long ago I was called to see a woman living

in terrible quarters. When my knock was heard on the door a boy of fifteen hid in an adjoining room. As soon as I went in the mother said, 'Come out, Willie, it is only the doctor, he won't touch you.' The poor woman was a widow with two children. As she was unable to work, the boy was trained to steal what he could to supply the needs of the home.

"I told them of a Friend who was rich, who supplied all the needs of His children, and that I knew He was willing to take them under His care. The mother said, 'We are too bad for God to have anything to do with us. Nobody cares for us.' 'Did you know,' I said, 'it was for such as you that Jesus died. "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."' I knelt and prayed that God would show them their sinfulness and His willingness to save the vilest sinners.

"They promised to come to our meetings. True to their promise they came. When the invitation was given they responded, knelt at the altar, and were converted. They are now active workers for Christ, leading consistent Christian lives. The boy has a good position and is respected by his employer. The home which was so dark and degraded is now shining with the presence of God. Willie said to me a few days ago : 'Before I was converted I would hide when I heard any steps in the hallway. I used to be afraid to meet the police upon the street, but since I have been converted I am not afraid to meet or speak to anybody.'

"One of the most painful and alarming features of the New York problem is found in big lads, almost young men, for whom life appears a *lost battle*, compelled as they are to herd with thieves and beggars. Among these I have been casting from my dispensaries the net into the deep, landing within the circle of homes and

industrial agencies hundreds who, but for such means of escape, must have been forced into lives of desperation which bear bitter fruit in crime, vice, or habitual pauperism.

“O blessed work for Jesus! How wonderfully He pours His blessings upon us as we endeavor to obey His command, ‘Preach the Gospel, heal the sick.’ Praise God for the privilege of walking so closely in the footsteps of our Master. He sweetens the bitterest cup and smooths the roughest way. He comes nearest to those who most need His help. How much easier it is to find the entrance to the heart, when we show people in a practical way that we love them. I have had Jews and Roman Catholics take me by the hand, with a grasp I knew came from the heart, and lift it to their lips and plant the kiss of gratitude upon it. Is there any other way whereby we could gain a greater influence over these people? The high wall of prejudice is soon broken down, and their hearts are in a fit state to receive the Gospel, and God will watch the precious seed.

“A few weeks ago I was called to see a child of Roman Catholic parentage, sick with pneumonia. I became very much attached to the children and got the consent of the parents to let them come to the Sunday school. They soon began to attend our services, and when the invitation was given to take a stand for God, two of the children, bright and intelligent boys of twelve and fourteen, came forward to the altar. They found the pearl of great price, and are now consistent Christians. They have been received into the Church with the consent of their parents, who have also sought and found Christ in our meetings. There have been several bright conversions among the Roman

Catholics since the work was commenced. At the Madison Street Dispensary I was called to visit a man, a Roman Catholic, who was in the last struggles of the 'king of diseases,' consumption. I told him his time was short for this world and he had better get ready for heaven. After talking with him a short time he expressed his desire to become a Christian. I pointed out the way, and he was soon rejoicing in a knowledge of sins forgiven. I visited him frequently during his illness and always found him happy in his Saviour's love. He remained steadfast to the end and left a bright evidence behind that he had gone to be with Jesus. . . . Another Roman Catholic with a large family I am attending now ; he is suffering from a severe scald. I have had several interesting talks with him about his soul, and the last time I visited him he decided to give his heart to God, and promised to erect the family altar that night. The children will be gathered into the Sunday school and the father and mother into the church. Praise God !

" We have, every Sunday, Roman Catholics and Hebrew children attending our Sunday school, brought there through our dispensary work. We have a Gospel service with the patients before they receive treatment. The majority of our patients are nonchurchgoers, and are composed of all nationalities and creeds. Jews and Catholics alike listen attentively to the unadulterated Gospel, and not without results. . . . A short time ago a young Hebrew came to our dispensary, suffering from an injured hand. As I dressed the wound he related the story of his life. He had worked hard, and had succeeded in building up a lucrative business, but failure came. Discouraged, penniless, sick, he came to New York. I told him of Jesus, the great burden-

bearer. Yes, he wanted some one upon whom to cast his burden, but he was a Jew, and knew nothing of Christ the Messiah. I showed him the prophecies pointing to Jesus as the Messiah. He at once began to read the Bible and search for the truth. He was soon led to accept Christ as his Saviour, and to-day is a shining light for Jesus. He was baptized and received into the Church on probation. He is now preaching Christ to the Hebrews with remarkable success.

“I was called to see a Jewish family upon Allen Street. I found the mother very ill and entertained little hope for her recovery; but God blessed the means used, and she has now fully recovered. The missionary had been trying to get a hold upon the family and this proved the entering wedge. It was followed up, and now the parents are members of the Christian Church and the children attend the Sunday school. Another family that we have been visiting upon Ridge Street has been converted and to-day are earnest workers for Christ. Last night a Hebrew boy, sixteen years of age, came for me to visit a Jewish family. Although he was born in Jerusalem, still he knew nothing of a Saviour's love until a few weeks ago. He is now rejoicing in a knowledge of sins forgiven and is an earnest follower of Christ. I had prayer with the family before leaving, and my young Hebrew friend also led in prayer. We left the sick man's house together, and he asked if he might come a short distance with me, as he wished to have a talk with me. He was all aglow with the love of Jesus. How our souls burned within us as we talked by the way. It was nearly midnight, and I feared his friend would be uneasy over his absence, so I urged his return. I shall never forget his reply. He said, ‘You were born a Christian, but I am only three

weeks old, and I would like to learn more about your religion so I can work for Jesus.' O the joy that filled my soul at that moment ! I felt I would gladly spend all night with him, instructing him in that knowledge for which he was so deeply hungering and thirsting. . . . Other Hebrews are anxiously inquiring the way. You see as Jesus first healed their diseases, then pointed the grateful recipients of this grace to the remedy for sin, so we follow the medicine with the Gospel. Jew and Gentile alike need and take both. Not a week passes by but souls are saved through our dispensaries.

"How encouraging to listen to the testimonies, week after week, of those who came for healing of the body, and there met the Great Physician, and to-day are rejoicing in Christ their Saviour.

"Last night at our prayer meeting a young man told how he had come to the dispensary a wreck, physically and spiritually. But to-day he is clothed, and is in his right mind. Instead of eyes burning with the fires of drink they are now beaming with the love of God. . . . A poor girl came to our dispensary a few days ago. She had wasted her days in sin ; she had sunken to the lowest depths. We pointed her to Christ, and now she is rejoicing in her Saviour, and has been restored to her loved ones again.

"I was called recently to see a man who was suffering intense pain, but his face was aglow with the love of Jesus. He said to me : 'I am as happy as the day is long. What a wonderful change has come to my life and home since we gave our hearts to God ! When I was converted I owed seventy dollars ; to-day I don't owe the price of a loaf of bread. Before I was converted I would not have enough to pay my way across the ferry ; now I could go to Europe and back, and take

a cabin passage. Doctor, I don't want you to think I am a poor man,' he said, as he brought out his bank book. 'I have saved all this and put it in bank since May.' I looked over the account, and found he had one hundred and twenty dollars deposited. With this and Jesus he felt rich.

"A few days ago I was called to visit a family living on Water Street, in an attic, in a crowded tenement. The family numbered six, and were huddled together in a room seven feet wide by nine long. The furniture consisted of a bed, a small table, a cooking stove, and two chairs. I had only been there a short time when another was added to the miserable home. The husband was feeling unwell, and was shortly after taken down with pleurisy. The rent is to be paid, children fed, and father and mother sick, and no money. Sickness is hard enough to endure when one is provided with the comforts of life, but imagine what it must be to those destitute of those things! I did all I could to relieve their sufferings and to supply their needs.

"One afternoon one of their children, a bright little girl of ten years of age, came to the dispensary for medicine for her father. I said, 'Katie, how are you getting on?' 'Not very well, doctor.' 'What did you have for dinner to-day?' 'We had a little stale bread and some tea.' 'How did you get the bread?' 'I washed one of mamma's sheets and took it to a pawnshop, and that got us a little.' I wrote an order for bread, gave her milk tickets and medicine for her father. The poor child went home with a brighter face than she had when she entered the dispensary. Last night, as I was about to retire, this poor family came up before me. The work had been heavy through

the day, and I was very tired ; but I felt I could not rest until I saw them that night. It was just as I suspected ; I found the poor mother looking over her bunch of pawn tickets, for everything had been pawned that was of any value. I asked what was the trouble. 'O, I am about crazy,' she said. 'To-morrow we are to be turned into the streets. I went this afternoon to see the landlady to beg a little time, but she refused to listen to me.' 'How much do you owe?' 'Two dollars,' she said. I assured her I would see the landlady that night and go security for that amount. Their eyes filled with tears which expressed their gratitude, and I realized it a good time to tell them of the great Burden-bearer, of the Friend who is always ready to deliver. They manifested a desire for salvation ; and, as we knelt together in that little room, they both prayed very earnestly to God to forgive their sins and help them to spend the rest of their lives to His glory. Thus we win souls for Jesus.

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"There is another family in Water Street that I am deeply interested in. Their home was miserable in the extreme. How different all is now. Both husband and wife are soundly converted, and are bright lights for Jesus.

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"Among our dispensary patients there came a poor woman who was suffering from dyspepsia, no doubt brought on by improper nutrition. Her husband had been out of work for some time, and the only support of the family was a boy fifteen years of age, who was earning three dollars and fifty cents a week. When from this amount rent was paid very little remained for food and clothing. I asked her to send one of the

children to the office in the evening, and I would see what could be done to relieve them. The boy who was the support of the family, and the sister aged twelve years, came for the promised help. I asked the boy, whose name was Fred, what they had to eat during the day. He replied, 'This morning mother borrowed a few pennies from a neighbor, and bought a few rolls and some stale bread.' 'What did you have for supper last night?' 'Nothing.' 'Have you anything left for breakfast?' 'No, we had the last to-night.' Their clothes were old and patched, but clean. The little girl had one toe out of her shoe; Fred's shoes were almost falling to pieces. We gave them some meat and an order for bread, then took them to the shoemaker to whom they were to bring their shoes to be mended. I then took them to the dispensary, and had a talk with them about Jesus and His love. They were both anxious to become Christians. As we knelt together we felt the presence and power of the Master. After leading in prayer I asked Fred to ask Jesus for just what he wanted. He said: 'Dear Jesus, forgive my sins, and make me Thy child. I thank Thee for the good things Thou hast given me to-night, and for the dear friends that have been so kind to us.' I have heard many prayers, but few have touched me like the prayer of that little boy. We cannot be too zealous in leading the children to Jesus. Those who are doing the most to advance God's cause to-day were converted in childhood. May our motto ever be, 'The children for Christ.'"

The shortest biography ever written of Jesus Christ was, "He went about doing good." Like his Master, Dr. Hall wrought daily to lighten men's burdens, ease

their pains, alleviate their sufferings, dry their tears, and open for them the gates into a brighter, better, larger life.

He wasted no time philosophizing or theorizing; he was not full of words on social, labor, or religious problems. He was a man of deeds—gentle, loving, golden deeds—not vague, wild, impracticable theories. While others questioned he worked.

“Will He come first? or comes His kingdom first?”
 So spake the baffled thinker to his book;
 And then a little child, in running by,
 Fell on the cruel stones with frightened cry.
 The thinker turned impatient from his thought
 To chide misfortune for its presence there;
 But, ere he spoke, a traveler, all untaught,
 Unskilled in questions, and not long in prayer,
 Had a whole work of kindness swiftly done,
 Had raised and comforted the little one.
 Then, while the weary thinker pondered on,
 The loving Jesus had both come and gone.”

J. SUMNER STONE.

CHAPTER VI.

Madison Street Mission.

“Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.”

Extracts from “Historical Sketch” of the Madison Street Mission, by Rev. Roger E. Thompson—An open letter showing how the work continued to progress—Reminiscences by members of the Madison Mission Corresponding Circle—Dr. Henrietta Donaldson Grier, Presbyterian Mission, China—D. R. Lewis, M.D., Whitestone, N. Y.—Dr. Mary Macallum Scott, American Board Mission, Ceylon—Dr. Orissa Gould, Baptist Mission, India—Dr. Walter B. Toy, Presbyterian Mission, Siam—Dr. Ina Ross Anderson, China Inland Mission, Shanghai—Dr. J. B. Busted, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Korea—Dr. A. H. Henderson, Baptist Mission, Burmah.

EXTRACTS FROM AN “HISTORICAL SKETCH” OF MADISON STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

By REV. ROGER E. THOMPSON, its pastor in 1892, 1893, and 1894.

“THE building now occupied by the Madison Street Methodist Episcopal Church was dedicated to the work of soul-saving October 17, 1886. The property had been purchased by the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society in 1885.

“It was formerly used as a dwelling. The Alanson Methodist Episcopal Church, on Norfolk Street, had been given up, and the members went, at their choice, either to Willett Street or to the new church at 209 Madison Street. The latter received about fifteen by letter. Some of the furniture of the old and beloved Norfolk Street was given to the new center of Metho-

dist life. Among these were the pulpit suit now in use and the Mason & Hamlin organ which still does good service. M. F. Compton was the first pastor, and was reappointed at the Conference of 1887. The little church grew, and souls were added to the heavenly record. In the spring of 1888 Geo. N. Compton was appointed to Madison Street. His ministry was successful. One of the evidences of material progress is the piano which was bought at this time, and which has added much to the enjoyment and value of the church services, as the organ has to the mission and Sunday school work in the room below. Dr. J. S. Stone was the successor of Brother Compton, and his evangelistic vigor, live methods, and loving heart gave grand impulse to the work. But Dr. Stone was called to the larger work for which he was fitted, and old Asbury received, and is still receiving the blessing of his labors. The missionary character of our downtown work was emphasized by Dr. Stone, who put out the now familiar transparency, 'Madison Mission.' During his pastorate Mrs. Charlotte Leffler, formerly with the Church of Sea and Land, Market Street, came as a mission worker, continuing till the changes in the building in April, 1892.

"The departure of Dr. Stone was a misfortune for Madison Street, but the consecration and energy of his successors gave continued strength to the work. For two years, from April, 1890, to April, 1892, the name of Stephen Merritt, as acting pastor, links Madison Street with a long list of places upon which that consecrated man has bestowed energy and money.

"And the name which will always be remembered with his at Madison Street is dearer yet to the little church for which he labored. Brother Merritt was

with the church hardly more than an hour per month—for the Lord's Supper. Dr. W. J. Hall, as superintendent of the mission, however, was with the people literally day and night, in kindest ministrations both to physical and spiritual needs. His coming to Madison Street opens up a new and so important an avenue of help to Madison Street in every department, and the work was for these two years so completely dependent on this help that our attention will now be directed to the services rendered by the International Medical Missionary Training Institute. This institution furnishes such training as its name indicates for workers who have the foreign field in view. Dr. Hall had graduated in 1889, but had been retained in the home work, in charge of dispensary and mission work at Pitt and Eleventh Streets, and at Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church. Early in 1890, having been appointed superintendent of Madison Mission, he gave up Pitt Street to take the new work. Asbury and Eleventh Street work was also soon given up. In sore need of helpers, Dr. Hall soon added an undergraduate helper from the institute, J. Bernard Busted. About the same time Dr. Walter B. Toy was associated with Dr. Hall in the dispensary work. From this beginning grew the large helpfulness of the students of the Institute. When Dr. Hall sailed for Korea in the fall of 1891, Dr. Mary Macallum took his place until April, 1892. In the 'reconstruction period' following, the dispensary was discontinued, but was reopened in October, 1892, J. Bernard Busted, M.D., physician in charge. When Dr. Busted was appointed to Korea in March, 1893, A. H. Henderson, M.D., was appointed to fill his place.

“The value of medical missions in the work across the seas is not for a moment doubted, but we are

strangely slow to perceive its true value at home. Its value as a charity is not small, but its full value is only realized as an adjunct to church work. The great problem in our work is to reach effectively the un-churched multitudes. We make pastoral calls, and are plainly told we are not wanted. We offer a tract or a Testament, and have it pushed back in our faces. We send our large-hearted deaconesses to sympathize and help, and even their ministrations seem almost unwelcome. But when the sixteen-year-old daughter of the home sickens with pneumonia, the attending physician of our dispensary possesses the practical key to the home which has repelled all other advances. His skill opens the way for the visitor, the nurse-deaconess, or the pastor, to second the ministrations to the body with words of healing for the soul. This work our dispensary is doing, but we are unable to enter effectively the splendid openings which it offers us. We need a visitor, or several of them, who shall follow up faithfully the initial advantage.

“We insert here a partial list, as complete as our data will furnish, of the workers from the Institute who helped to hold Madison Street for God, when the hour was dark and defeat seemed almost inevitable. We give denominational affiliation to thus commend still more strongly their unselfish devotion to the hard, not infrequently discouraging work at Madison Street. And this work in dispensary, church, and Sunday school, was performed largely, be it remembered, in connection with the duties of a thorough medical course for the degree of M.D. Madison Street only gives honor to whom honor is due when she recognized most gratefully the whole-hearted service of her student-helpers. The following is a partial list :

“W. J. Hall, M.D., one year and one half of service as superintendent of the mission, physician in charge of the dispensary, and supply for the pulpit. Now (since September, 1891) in Korea.

“Dr. J. Bernard Busted, M.D., served as Dr. Hall's assistant in the work as superintendent of the Sunday school, and, after Dr. Hall's departure for Korea, as superintendent of the work just when the need was greatest. Lacking a resident pastor, feeling sorely the loss of so true a friend and faithful a worker as Dr. Hall, and awaiting in suspense for several months the new pastor, who was completing his studies, it was not strange that the little church depended for its very life upon the persistent labors of Dr. Busted and his helpers. When the dispensary was opened in October, 1892, Dr. Busted added this to the duties of a superintendent of Sunday school, filling admirably both responsibilities. Dr. Busted will join Dr. Hall in Korea in a few weeks.

“Dr. Walter B. Toy was for about six months associated with Dr. Hall in charge of the dispensary. He is now in Petchaburi, Siam.

“Dr. Mary E. Macallum was also in charge of the dispensary, as well as a beloved teacher in the Sunday school. Dr. Macallum is now Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, and her address is Ceylon. Mr. Grier was another valued worker, now in China.

“Mr. Thomas Coote, an early worker at Madison Street, is now in Africa.

“Dr. D. R. Lewis, one of our Sunday school workers, expects to go to Burmah.

“Dr. Orissa W. Gould, now taking post-graduate hospital work in Boston, is already under appointment to India.

“Dr. Ross was also one of the earlier helpers, and is now under appointment to China. Alexander McDonald is another worker whose name cannot be forgotten. He is now in Africa.

“Dr. Henrietta B Donaldson, a valued worker in our Sunday school and mission work, is now under appointment to China, and expects to sail in September next.

“Dr. A. H. Henderson, now physician in charge of our dispensary, has been for long time the popular and most helpful teacher of our Bible class. Dr Henderson expects to go to Burmah after some further post-graduate work. His brother, J. E. Henderson, is still in the Institute and is serving most acceptably as our Sunday school superintendent, taking the place of Dr. Busteded.

“Miss Emma H. Hodge and Mr. Ernest D. Vandenberg are earnest workers in Sunday school and Sunday evening work. They are undergraduates at the Institute.

“Drew Theological Seminary has sent us very valuable help, and the names of Noble (now Professor W. A. Noble, of Pai Chai College, Korea) and W. J. Hayes (deceased). There are still others who have rendered really valuable service in dispensary and general mission work, whose names we do not know.

“It was under the care of the students that the never-to-be-forgotten Canadian trip took place in the summer of 1891. Dr. Hall, with eight helpers, took out a ‘Fresh-Air Party’ of one hundred and forty children to Canada for over two weeks of most delightful outing.”

AN OPEN LETTER.

“January 25, 1894.

“DEAR FRIENDS IN THE FOREIGN FIELD: It is a very pleasant task to convey to you very hearty greetings from old Madison Street. And please, if possible, forget that your individual copy is taken from the mimeograph, and realize that as I write this first copy I am thinking of you who have helped us and have since gone out into the broader work in which you are now engaged. We think of you often, and when we talk with our Father, both in private and in public, you and your work are often remembered. Madison Street cannot easily forget the earnest, warm-hearted service of her student-helpers. And what a band! Some are in glorious work on this side, some few already in glory over yonder; some across the seas, and some still blessedly adding to the light and warmth which make people about us feel that God is still at Madison Street.

“We cannot tell you how glad we always are to hear from you across the seas. Whether our news is from China, Korea, Ceylon, Siam, or Burmah our hearts are gladdened, and we feel ourselves linked to the uttermost parts of the earth, as we almost hear you speak, and as we pray for you. Some of you who were here after our earliest helpers went from Madison Street know how eagerly all our people listen to every word from the familiar hand. We want to hear often of your work and of you. While we pray we are expecting success for you. We are expecting that you will have health and strength sufficient. To hear the facts once in a while will increase our faith.

“And I doubt not that a somewhat similar interest attaches to any items concerning our work which reach you. I am sorry that they are so few and meager. I

must plead guilty of being too busy to chat, with my friends as often as I wish.

“With the new year God is blessing us with his presence and power, and the work seems to prosper better than at any time in my service here—since July 1, 1892. The average evening attendance for three weeks just past has been thirty-five. The interest is good. At class meeting last Tuesday evening there were thirty-five present, and seven came forward for prayers—four women and three men. Our Epworth League has twenty-five members. Its prayer meeting on Monday nights is good. I inclose a topic card which has a list of our officers for this half year. Our Wednesday evening prayer meeting is always strong. Last night there were thirty-two present and six requests for prayer. On Thursday nights I have a Bible study class in the life of Jesus. The class is small, but there is more real, delightful study of the old Book than I ever saw in a church of this size. Our Friday evening temperance meeting is well attended, and we are proclaiming Gospel temperance as the only way to victory. We have now no English service on Saturday. Assistant Pastor Gaebelein, who is in charge of the new and successful work for the Hebrews at Allen Memorial Church, holds meetings in our upper room on Wednesdays and Saturdays. He speaks the Hebrew-German jargon, and has written several tracts, hymns, sermons, etc., in the same dialect. He originated here the first Hebrew-Christian paper printed in the jargon. The little sheet, *The Hope of Israel*, is widely spread and read. The converts from this work are many.* On the

* 1896. The work at 209 Madison Street is now altogether for Hebrews, with Rev. Arno C. Gaebelein superintendent, and Dr. Zeckhausen, himself a converted Jew, in charge of the dispensary.

afternoons of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Dr. J. M. Weir has a clinic for treatment of diseases of women and children, and on the alternate days Dr. Homer Jones, resident physician at 91 Madison Street, has his dispensary hour. Our Penny Provident Savings Fund, open every day, has nearly 1,100 depositors enrolled. Our Sunday school is in better condition since the holidays than at the same time last year. Attendance, January 14, 100; January 21, 80. We have twelve teachers. Mr. James H. Welch, of Roselle, N. J., is our acting superintendent, and is a great help to us. Before Christmas, this season, we announced that we should do most of our giving to the poor, and neither then nor at Christmas time was any dissatisfaction expressed with the plan. We had an orange and a bag of sweets for each of the 180 who were there, but the rest of our \$110 of Christmas fund went to fifteen of our poor families. We gave no cash, but to each family one half ton of coal, thirty-five loaves of bread, one dollar's worth of meat (all these in the shape of tickets), and a peck of beans, same of potatoes, one pound of tea, two of coffee, three and one half of sugar, six bars of good soap, and pepper and salt. With the tickets we put a note of greeting like the inclosed. The distribution was a pleasure. Our girls' meeting at 7 P. M. on Sunday is profitable. The Gospel service at 7:30 P. M., Sunday, is the best attended of all our meetings, save the meeting for homeless men. Last Sunday night Mr. Townsend and Dr. San C. Po, of the Institute, had charge of the meeting, and the doctor's talk upon the difficulties in the way of the Christian in Burmah, his native land, was very interesting and gave great weight to his exhortation. The Sunday afternoon service for men only, in charge of Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, of Upper Mont-

clair, N. J., is overcrowded. We accommodate 300 from the crowd that applies, and give to each a bun or Dutch biscuit, a corned-beef sandwich, and two cups of coffee. Having used this bait to get men here, we give them the Gospel. We are thus brought in touch with the wretchedest crowd New York can furnish. We can keep in touch with them during the week through our free reading room, where we have from one to two hundred every day of our great unemployed army. When a man really makes an effort to help himself, we give him all the chance we can with tickets for work, lodgings, meals, bath—even for a shave—and with gifts of clothing. We also have large opportunity for dispensing relief to poor families whom we help with orders for groceries, coal, bread, and gifts of clothing. Since July 1, 1892, our friends have sent us over 3,700 articles of clothing and over \$1,085 in cash for this relief work. This hard winter is offering us great opportunity for showing people their real need and their great enemy. Sin is the great curse, but in our work its stronghold is the saloon.

“If I were to name the brethren and sisters who desire to be personally remembered to you, I should need more space. Sister Miller speaks oftenest, I think, of you all, but we all earnestly desire and pray for your success. Lena Keller, Hattie Dean, Annie Dietz, Jennie Veitch, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Pollard, and Mrs. Force are a few of our people whom you knew and who think of you.

“And now may God’s blessing rest upon you in all your efforts. Num. vi, 24-26. Most cordially,

“ROGER E. THOMPSON.”

The following letter of Dr. Henderson explains the origin and object of the M. M. C. C. Each member of the circle has been asked to contribute some personal reminiscences of Dr. Hall for this chapter, but as all did not respond, some letters to the circle have been inserted in place of the lacking contributions.

“ 118 EAST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY,

“ *April 19, 1893.*

“ *Madison Mission Corresponding Circle.*

“ FELLOW-SUFFERERS: Seeing that most of us are either on the field already or expect soon to start we who are still here have been perfecting the plan first suggested by Mr. Noble to form a corresponding circle including our Madison band of workers, namely, Drs. Hall, Toy, Busted, Ross, Macallum, Donaldson, Lewis, Henderson, Mr. Coote, and Professor Noble. All of these have agreed to join except Dr. Toy and Mr. Coote, whom we have not written to yet, so that there is no need to say anything about the advantages. The plan as it stands is this, Miss Davies has consented to be our secretary. We each agree to write two letters a year, posting to her. She agrees to copy them on the mimeograph and send a copy to each. To meet the first expenses we subscribe three dollars each the first year, and one dollar each per annum afterward. In this way we will receive eighteen letters each year, and be enabled to keep in close touch with one another, so continuing the pleasure and blessing which we so much enjoyed when together we worked at Madison Street. Drs. Busted, Macallum, and Miss Donaldson have already paid in their three dollars. Dr. Hall conveniently left a fund here from which we have appropriated his amount, so with Dr. Lewis's and mine



By per. of The Christian, Herald, New York.

CLASS OF MEDICAL MISSIONARY STUDENTS CONTAINING MOST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE M. M. C. C.

we have enough to start, but must ask the rest to live on pounded corn and dog soup (*a la* Dr. Hall) until you can forward your subscriptions, which for your sakes and ours we hope will not be long.

“I have asked Miss Davies each year to send us an account of how we stand with regard to money, and to take her share in the writing, that we may be kept posted in the *Institute News*.

“I append a table which we have drawn up that our letters may be regularly distributed evenly through the year. I would suggest that we paste it in the front of our Bibles or some other place where it will be often seen (say the quinine bottle for those in Africa), for unless we conscientiously carry out our part a great deal of the pleasure and profit will be lost. Do let me urge each to really make an effort to fulfill his *obligation to the others*, for we have already had experience of how much we may expect from promises to write soon. (Don't blush, Noble.) Each is expected to post his letters that they may reach Miss Davies as nearly as possible at the time stated on the table which is as follows :

“Dr. Busteed, first part January and June.
 Mr. Coote, latter part January and June.
 Dr. Donaldson, first part February and July.
 Dr. Hall, latter part February and July.
 Dr. Henderson, first part March and August.
 Dr. Lewis, latter part March and August.
 Dr. Mrs. Scott, first part April and October.
 Professor Noble, latter part April and October.
 Dr. Ross, first part May and November.
 Dr. Toy, latter part May and December.

“Please address letters to Miss Davies here. On behalf of the circle, Yours,

“A. H. HENDERSON.”

“PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, CHINING CHOW, CHINA.

“As I sit in my Chinese home, so far, far away from the busy, stirring city where I first met Dr. Hall, a great crowd of happy, sacred, helpful memories come rushing as a flood before my mind, and involuntarily the pen drops and the question, ‘Which shall I tell about?’ is asked.

“It was in 1890 in a little downtown mission in New York that we became acquainted. For weeks I had been hearing accounts of Dr. Hall’s consecration, zeal, and influence given by my friends who were already at work with him, and naturally was anxious to see and hear for myself.

“I think I must have formed an imaginary picture of the man they so often spoke about. Surely it was so, else why should a little feeling of disappointment have been mine, when a tall, thin man, standing by a rusty stove, surrounded by a number of dirty urchins, was pointed out as ‘Our Dr. Hall’ But the feeling of disappointment only lasted a moment, for he turned toward our group one of the kindest of faces, and coming over to where we stood gave us each a hearty handshake, and in that way of his, which no one could ever forget, because he felt the words to be truly sincere, said, ‘The Lord bless you.’ From that moment began Dr. Hall’s influence over another life. Some one has said, ‘The nearer a life is fashioned after the Great Pattern the more beautiful and wonderful it is.’ The Master was Dr. Hall’s pattern as well as his most intimate friend ; therefore the likeness.

“How often in the ‘experience meetings’ we Madison workers attended have we listened to his testimony ringing through the little chapel.

“ Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour.
 Trying to follow our Saviour and King ;
 Shaping our lives by His blessed example,
 Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.

“ Walking in footsteps of gentle forbearance,
 Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy, and love,
 Looking to Him for the grace freely promised,
 Happy, how happy our journey above.

“ And he was like the Master in many ways. How did he become so? Let me relate as nearly as I can recall it, an incident in his life and a conversation which followed by way of answer. In a tenement house in New York one member of a little family lay dying. Dr. Hall was needed in that home and he was there. A priest of the Roman Church was also there, striving in his way to prepare the soul for its entrance into the unseen universe. Protestant and Catholic stood side by side in this home of sorrow. What happened? After a short conversation doctor and priest knelt at the bedside, and Dr. Hall prayed to a common Father and Saviour. The friend who related the circumstance exclaimed as he finished, ‘ No one but Dr. Hall could have done that down here in this neighborhood.’ ‘ Why?’ ‘ Well, he has a power within him that the rest of us have not. I’m just beginning to realize what that will do. You know I’ve been rooming with him lately, and often when he thinks me asleep, he quietly gets up and spends the night in prayer.’ O, that was the secret! The circuit between heaven and earth was never broken. Then is it any wonder his influence for the Master was great; any wonder he was called a ‘ Jesus man;’ any wonder that doors ready to be slammed in the faces of other workers were stayed and a welcome given because Dr. Hall’s name was used as a passport? Occasionally we workers would smile at the oft-

repeated phrase, 'Shall we have a word of prayer,' but none of us doubted the sincerity of every petition sent heavenward. Many a time have I felt that the Master was truly present and that Dr. Hall was speaking with Him as friend to friend. I believe that our little missionary circle, scattered over the world as it is, would give and have given many times testimonies similar to that spoken of Enoch—he walked with God.

"It was the close walking with the Master and the peace and gladness which comes to those who strive to 'keep step with His dear feet' that most influenced me.

"There were other very noticeable characteristics such as self-denial, gentleness and his great love for children; but were these not the fruit of the other?

"The death of our friend, though so sad, seemed to me to be a very fitting end—for as the Master lived and died for others, so did His servant do. And because he followed Him who said, 'The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him,' has he not long ere this heard the blessed words, 'Happy are ye because ye did it?'

"HENRIETTA B. DONALDSON, M. D."

"BREEZEHURST TERRACE, WHITESTONE, N. Y.,

"July 9, 1897.

"The Madison Street Mission, that spot around which cluster some of the tenderest memories of the students of the International Medical Missionary Society, constituted a field peculiarly adapted to Dr. Hall's unique and varied talents. It was situated in the center of a typical east side section, whose inhabitants represented many nationalities, though the Hebrew race was probably the predominant one. There were native New Yorkers, descendants of the old settlers,

whose lives had been spent in continuous contact with the influences of the Christian religion ; there were recent emigrants from some European land, permeated with the instincts and ideals and prejudices of their people ; there were the wanderers, the great army of the unemployed, whose home is often in some hallway, or on the settees in the parks, or, when fortune smiles on them, in one of the numerous Bowery lodging houses. These are the modern Ishmaelites ; their hand is against every man, and too often, alas ! every man's hand is against them. And finally there was that ancient nation whose is the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises ; whose are the fathers, and of whom is Christ as concerning the flesh, who is over all, God blessed forever. Here the mission stood as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, through its words and works the light of the glorious Gospel was shed forth in an intensely practical way into the thick darkness around. To it converged the currents of want and misery. Here Dr. Hall came with a mind disciplined and a heart all aflame with purpose to serve his Master. Here he found a congenial field, and one whose duties and responsibilities were commensurate with his abilities.

“In all its departments—the regular preaching service, the Sunday school, the special meetings, he was an organizer and leader. His transparent godliness was impressive, while his enthusiasm was positively contagious. In the healing of the sick he displayed a rare and beautiful character, in which meekness and strength were harmoniously blended and proportioned ; kind, yet shrewd and practical, foreseeing and sagacious.

“As a preacher we well remember his clear presentations of the truth. The words of his mouth, being the

fruit of the meditation of his heart, came freighted and vitalized with divine power to the consciences of the people. The outstanding characteristics of his public discourses—yea, indeed, of all his discourses, public and private—were his unmistakable sincerity and positive convictions. Here, indeed, was one who spoke as having authority. He believed; therefore he had spoken. These qualities gave his sermons and addresses a wonderful impressiveness and solemnity. He used plain English, and did not allow his strength and directness to be shorn by yielding to the seductions of garnishing them with fancy flights of rhetoric. He was too much in earnest. The King's business required haste. He had felt the power of an endless life in his own experience, and he must needs press the need and blessedness of that life on others.

“He was not exempt from dark days and difficulties, problems and obstacles. There was a vast number of small details that did not appear to the casual observer, all requiring his oversight and taxing his energies. The complex character of the work at Madison would have overwhelmed him had he not had the refuge of a strong, abiding trust. Like the great Hebrew lawgiver, his faith received its reward. ‘He endured as seeing Him who is invisible.’ This trust of his was not cold, labored, and formal, but it was rather the artless confidence of a child in its father. There was a delightful naturalness and spontaneity about it—it was a part of him. ‘He counted him faithful who had promised,’ and God abundantly demonstrated the truth of His promise in his case, ‘He that honoreth Me, him will I honor.’

“He was characterized by a cheerful, uplifting optimism; not that visionary, impractical optimism which springs from ignoring the unchanging facts of

life, but rather one founded upon his experimental knowledge of the power and love of God. He could give a reason for the hope that was in him. It expressed itself, not in a short-lived, emotional joy, but rather in a calm and settled peace that gave steadiness, poise, and power to his life. He exerted a deep and abiding influence on his fellow-students at the Medical Missionary Institute. Indeed, it can be safely said that in this respect he was unsurpassed and but rarely equaled. Strong, transparent, genuine—there was no escaping his power. Gentle, patient, unassuming, and at last giving his life as a sacrifice on the altar of his Master, he has left a rich legacy to those who knew him and loved him—a legacy not of perishing riches, but of that enduring wealth, the example and inspiration of a noble life. D. R. LEWIS, M.D.”

“AMERICAN BOARD MISSION, MANIPPAY, JAFFNA.

“CEYLON, *September 7.*

“MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS: I quite expect my letter to be a little late, *a la* Miss (I beg her pardon, Doctor) Donaldson. I have begun several letters, and they have all gone the way of the wastebasket. But Dr. Hall’s letter came last week, and to-day Drs. Donaldson and Henderson, so now I feel quite in the humor. How many changes have come already in our little circle! Mr. Coote gone home; he always made me think of that verse, ‘Blessed are the pure in heart,’ and truly now he does see God. Dr. Henderson has joined the ranks of ‘wedded bliss.’ Accept my heartiest congratulations. If I only knew when you were to pass by Colombo I might have gone down to spend the day with you, as the vessels usually stop there about twenty-four hours.

“And so Miss Donaldson is away off to China by this time! Poor Africa! so many of us were going there, and now we have not a single representative there. How strange that none of us should have gone where we had planned!

“We reached Ceylon May 24, but did not reach our station till June 13. We began housekeeping on my birthday in a few packing cases. It reminds me of Madison life, but in time things began to look a little better, and now we feel quite comfortable. We have a very pleasant house, and are very busy and happy in it. We were forced to begin medical work almost at once, though we would have preferred it if we could have spent a few months on the language; but we just have to pick that up as best we can. It's a great scheme both being doctors. I have two rooms for seeing my patients, and my husband has two more for seeing his, and as we have our work at the same time, we can consult as often as we wish, which is possibly several times a day. We have from one hundred to one hundred and twenty patients a day, but we have shut the dispensary three days a week, and have only three days for regular work—one day for operating, and I have Wednesday for private patients. The people are pretty poor, and live in miserable little huts, with precious few of even the comforts of life. The other day I was called to a Moor family to see a woman who was very ill. There are about three thousand families of these Mohammedan people in Jaffna town, and as yet no missionary has been able to get into the houses. They would far rather let their wives and daughters die than call in an English gentleman to see them; but they willingly called me. And how my heart ached for these poor, pale-faced, shut-in creatures! They are never allowed

outside their own yards, never see any men but their own fathers or husbands, or any other woman but poor creatures like themselves. They can never go to the temple, for religion is for the men, not for them, and so they lead these shut-up, aimless lives—little interest in this life, and no hope for the future. The case I mentioned above was a bad one, but turned out splendidly, and I hope it may lead to my gaining free access to the homes of these people. If it does, I will feel that, after all, that diploma was not earned in vain. We have no long missionary tours to tell about like Dr. Hall. The people mostly come to us. We have service with them before dispensary, and then we have a Bible woman and a catechist who reads or sings with the ones who are waiting to be treated while we are treating others. We find, however, as I am sure every medical missionary must, that the ones we keep with us in the hospital are the ones over whom we can gain most influence, and to whom we can carefully teach the way of truth.

“We had one man with us a little while ago, a carpenter by caste, whose eye Dr. Scott removed. The operation proved successful, and the man went away from here, I believe, a real Christian. We are especially glad about him, because none of his caste, in all the years the Gospel has been preached here, has ever accepted Christianity, and we hope it may be the beginning of great things for them.

“After all, Miss Donaldson, I’m not sorry I did not go to Africa. These people here are nearly as dark as the Africans, only they have much better features; some of them are really beautiful and very lovable. I have as my special charge a young girl about twenty-three years old. She is my interpreter in my dispensary, and assists me in many ways. It is very strange

about her. You know that in this country girls are married when they are very young, and it is an unheard-of thing for any girl to grow to be twenty-five or twenty-six without being married. Some way—and I believe the desire was God-given—this young girl years ago had it strongly impressed on her that she must study medicine and be a help to her countrywomen. It seems strange that the wish should come to her, for there seemed no possible way of ever having it fulfilled. There then had never been a lady physician here, and nothing had been said as to there ever being one. But the girl cherished the wish, and for years, morning and evening, and many times in the day, lifted her heart to her heavenly Father for guidance in what she believed to be his will for her. Marriage after marriage was planned for her, but she absolutely refused to think of it. They tried to force her to marry, but she stood firm, and when I came here and wanted an assistant, some one told me of her. I went and saw her, and now I have her in my own home, training her in all that I do in medical work. I can't be thankful enough for her; she is just what I wanted, and what I thought it would be impossible to find in this country, for of course such a thing is unheard of among them; but I feel as if the kind, loving Father had had us both in his plan, and had just arranged us for one another. But I am going on too long.

“I have heard nothing from Dr. Ross. I am anxiously waiting till it is her turn to write to the circle. And now I must say good-bye. May our great all Father keep us very near to himself until the time when we shall see him as he is.

“With much love to all, in which my husband joins

“Your friend, M. E. MACALLUM SCOTT.

“AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION,
“NELLORE, INDIA, *June 25, 1895.*

“MY DEAR MRS. HALL : I hardly know how to reply to your note of May 13, received by last mail. Very gladly, were it in my power, would I contribute something as a memorial of Dr. Hall and his work in Madison Street, but I was not so intimately associated with him in the work there as were the other members of our circle, so cannot contribute any details.

“To those who knew Dr. Hall nothing need be said of his genial, warm-hearted personality; to those who knew him not no words will convey the tone of voice and lighting up of the eye as he shook hands with one of his fellow-workers and said, ‘I am glad to see you,’ even though interrupted at his busiest moments.

“One of the strongest impressions which he made upon me was that of a man of much prayer. I sometimes thought there was no time or place but what he would stop his work and hold a little prayer meeting with two or three friends. How many times can I hear him say, as we separated after some plan or phase of the work was under consideration : ‘Let us pray about it,’ or ‘Let us all remember it in prayer.’ In the interval between the Sunday school and evening service, part of which we always spent together at the throne of grace before going down stairs, his voice was always most earnest seeking for a blessing upon the scholars of the Sunday school and beseeching for the poor, weak, and downfallen ones that we were sure to meet in the evening; perhaps he had but just left his own room, where he had gathered a few of the boys together for prayer and talk. From the first of my acquaintance with him at the institute this habit of much prayer was promi-

ment. When the interest of a few of us was centered in Roosevelt Street, and we met together for a few moments before the regular Saturday evening service, we all felt the power of his earnestness as he sought guidance and power for the Sabbath.

“I wish I might add something more worthy, my dear Mrs. Hall. I miss the doctor’s letters very much from the circle.

“May God bless you and guide you in the rearing of the little ones he has given you!

“Your sister in Christ,

“ORISSA W. GOULD.”

“PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, PETCHABUREE, SIAM.

“October 18, 1893.

“*To the Friends of the M. M. C. C.*

“MY DEAR FRIENDS: The time has arrived for me to write you if this is to be received at the appointed time. I am very busy at present, being in the midst of building operations, besides much general work outside of the care of hospital and medical work. Petchaburee at present is short-handed, which accounts for so much of the extra work falling on my hands.

“Last year we had another male missionary here, and I was able to get in considerable study, notwithstanding the amount of medical work I had to do, but this year I have been able to study only about two months. I have often felt thankful for my early training, as I have found it extremely useful out here, having to superintend the building of the new women’s ward and other buildings, and often have to do considerable of the work myself.

“The carpenters here are not like the Chinese; you

cannot get them to work by the job very often, as in Bangkok, and they work at a snail's pace. I have a circular saw and shaper (moulding machine), which is worked by two or three men swinging a framework, one end of which is attached to a crank on either side of a large wheel and the other end suspended by a rope. I have had to do a great deal of the work on the machines, as the natives are inexperienced in the use of machinery. I have also a lathe and jig saw and mortising machine.

“All the buildings are brick, with woodwork of teak, oiled; the roofs of old buildings are part tiles and part chaak; new will be teak shingles. They are clean, and buildings of which no one of us would be ashamed—certainly better than any of I. M. M. S. dispensaries, and better equipped. I have about all the apparatus needed to compound drugs. We have to thank the king and queen for most of the buildings; the king gave the money to build the largest part of the men's building, and the queen gave the money with which I am building the women's ward, operating and drug rooms.

“The city contains, according to statistics, 10,000 inhabitants, but I doubt if it reaches that. We have some very good roads, so that in visiting patients I am able to use a cart during the dry season; in the wet season, however, I am forced to go on horseback, and oftentimes through water four or five feet deep. Now I have given you a pretty fair idea of my hospital, and I must say something about the work itself. The hospital work is not so brisk at present, but is picking up again. We have five patients in the hospital now. This being the wet season, when most of the land is under water, very few of the country folks can come in,

so there is less surgical work ; for during the dry season, when the roads are all open, the farmers come to market and drink Chinese whisky, and the result is usually a cut head, arm, or chest. Very often two or three join together on a cutting expedition, and cut up anybody they meet, especially if they hold any old grudge against them. They always endeavor to pay anyone back that has injured them in any way. The knives they use are of all sizes and descriptions, but the usual one for carving at night is about three feet long, including the handle, which is about ten inches long. The wounds inflicted by these knives form the greater bulk of our hospital patients, syphilitic troubles forming most of the dispensary patients. Besides knife wounds, we have those inflicted by spears, sharpened bamboo, and gunshot wounds. Some of the cases we receive I feel sure would have little chance of recovery at home, but they heal nicely here without the trouble that would be necessary to bestow upon them at home. It is common to have patients brought with broken skulls, and oftentimes with large parts of the brain surface exposed, and sometimes lacerated, arms and hands all butchered up ; but they usually all pull through, even when Siamese doctors and others declare that they must die ; in fact, if I remember aright, I have only lost one case of this kind, and he came weeks after having been shot in the back, and gangrene and pneumonia had already set in. Besides patients of this kind, we have plenty of skin diseases, syphilis, and syphilitic ulcers, hemorrhoids, and diarrhœa. We do not have much call for the general run of medical work at home, as there are scores of Chinese and Siamese doctors here. Well, as to the general work I cannot give such an encouraging account. The work is hard and very little apparent results.

“Touring I consider to be of the greatest value, but we are limited in regard to that work here on account of the small number of workers, one male member having to stay on the compound to protect the ladies and property. Our chapel and Sunday school are fairly well attended, but there is the tendency for only those who are more or less in our employ to attend. We have every Thursday night an English prayer meeting, which we find very profitable and helpful. Besides this, we meet for prayer every day at noon in my house, which is a great help in keeping up the tone of spiritual life. I was delighted to hear so much news in the last from Madison and 118, but sorry to hear of Brother Cooté’s death. Well do I remember the talks we had together at 118, and especially at Madison, where we were so intimately connected in the work ; but we sorrow not, for our loss was his gain. Pixley, too, has gained his reward. How good the Lord is to us, unprofitable servants as we are, in continuing to spare us to labor in his vineyard. Has anyone heard anything from Malcolm? What is the matter with him? I have heard nothing from him since he left Vancouver. Briggs was down to Bangkok, ninety miles from here, getting tied up again, but could not come to visit me. I must now close. I fear you will not enjoy this letter very much, but it will give you some idea of the work in Siam. I hope to give you something more interesting when I get some of this extra work off my hands. I pray that God’s richest blessings may rest upon every member of our circle, and that we may all be used in the blessed work of bringing the world to the feet of its Redeemer.

“Yours in the work,

“WALTER B. TOY.”

"CHINA INLAND MISSION, SHANGHAI.

"In the summer of 1892 it was laid on Dr. Hall's heart to gather together the children of the downtown Sunday schools in New York with which he was at that time associated and take them to the country for a few weeks in connection with a fresh-air fund.

"Ever on the alert for ways of getting at *souls* to win them for the Master, he thought this was a means of getting at the boys and girls which ought to be made the most of. One hour a week in Sunday school with the children is all too short to affect its purpose. The home influences surrounding the majority of them during the rest of the week are such as go a long way to undo the influences of the Sunday school.

"Eleven helpers gathered around Dr. Hall to help in carrying out his plans. The writer had the privilege of being one of them. About one hundred and thirty children were gathered together. A lovely spot near the Charlestone Lake, Ontario, Canada, was chosen as the camping ground. Tents were prepared and provisions stored. Each child took a cup, plate, knife, fork, spoon, and bedding. We started off on a warm night in June. We had not gone very far when the train stopped, and on inquiring what was the matter, we found there was a landslide ahead, which was being repaired, but would take several hours for the repairs to be finished. To keep the children in the train and from running about the track was a task, but we did so, and in a few hours started off again. Next day, when we got to a stopping place where we ought to have made a connection, we found that we had missed the train we ought to have connected with, on account of the stoppage of the previous evening. Four more hours were spent in entertaining the children and keep-

ing them out of mischief. This work was more difficult in daylight. One little girl managed to get a deep cut in her head.

“Food was getting exhausted, and we were turning over in our minds how to get more to supply our one hundred and thirty children when the Secretary of the Utica Young Men’s Christian Association came along, and directing Dr. Hall to a restaurant nearby, asked that the children have lunch at the expense of the Young Men’s Christian Association. Gladly accepting the generous offer we marched the children off in two lots just half an hour before the train should start. All the teachers had to become waiters. Some hard work and quick eating was done, and the children were then hurried back just in time to catch the waiting train. In the evening came our next unlooked-for stoppage. A train ran only once a day from Brockville to Athens, and we had missed that by a few hours. No other train ran till next day. Friends met us, took us all to a nice little Methodist chapel, where lunch was again provided for us, and then arose the question where we should spend the night? Dr. Hall and the friends arranged to have cots brought into the basement of the chapel for the girls and ladies, and let the boys and gentlemen spend the night in a hayloft. An old gentleman rose to tell those who were present what arrangements were thought of for our accommodation, saying at the same time that if any present wished to entertain two or three or more of us for the night, kindly say so. Offers came in until all the girls and ladies, and nearly all the boys, had homes provided for them instead of basement and hayloft. The few remaining boys and one or two gentlemen had comfortable cots in the chapel basement. It was 4 P. M. next

day before our train was due, and we were loath to trouble our kind friends further, so a picnic was planned for the children in a grove just outside the town. Swings, bats, and balls, etc., were brought out and we had a jolly time. After the picnic we had about an hour in the train, and at length alighted at the nearest railway station to our chosen camping ground. Again we were met by friends, taken to a church lawn, where lunch was awaiting us.

“After a happy hour or two spent there, we accomplished the remaining five or six miles, some on foot and some in the carts of kind farmers. We found ourselves at the end of our journey the third night after leaving New York, instead of the second as we had anticipated. Our camping ground was a piece of uncultivated land, plentifully supplied with trees, by the side of a lovely island-dotted lake some few miles in circumference. The night of our arrival it was too late to have tents pitched, etc., so we slept (?) in a little frame house that Dr. Hall had engaged in case of emergencies, such as rainy weather. It was a tiny house, two rooms up stairs and two down stairs were at our disposal. We got all the girls tucked into tight sleeping quarters up stairs, and the boys down stairs. It was very late before all settled down to sleep, and very early when they awoke.

“The beautiful lake soon became a source of anxiety to some of us, lest some of our lively youngsters should manage to drown themselves. However we soon got to know the safe and the dangerous spots for children, and forbade any going to the latter. Saturday, tents were erected, a dining room with a carpet of grass chosen nearby, the children separated into families of from nine to twelve, each family having a teacher to

care for them and a tent to live in. Arrangements were just made for spending a happy and profitable two weeks together, when rain began to fall, slight at first, but getting heavier as the hours went by, until, to city children, everything around us looked very desolate.

“Then began a time of homesickness for the majority of them. A teacher here and there, in the tent door, with a group of crying children about her or him, looking out dolefully into the rain, and refusing to be comforted, formed the program for the closing hour or two of that day. Dr. Hall was to be seen moving from tent to tent, cheering teachers and children, and discussing the advisability of spending the night in the tents and risking the children getting cold, or spending another night crowded into our little cottage as on the previous night. At last it was thought best to put as many as was thought safe into the tents, getting all bedding away from the sides where it was most liable to get damp, the rest of the children being taken to the cottage. The night passed without anyone taking cold. Next day the sun was shining brightly, and all vestiges of the previous evening's gloom had disappeared. We had a happy Sunday. Services were held for the children out of doors morning and afternoon. Many people from surrounding farms and villages joined us, and these meetings sometimes took the form of Gospel services.

“On Monday arrangements for entertainment of the children were completed. Some twelve or thirteen boats were hired. A nice beach for bathing was discovered some twenty minutes' row distant, and a trip thence for the girls every morning, and boys every afternoon, formed part of each day's proceedings. Two

weeks were spent happily and profitably. Opportunities for personal dealing with the children were many. Dr. Hall was assiduous in his efforts to win the young souls committed to his care for those weeks to the Master. He used to say, "Be in earnest about taking these opportunities of seeking to lead these boys and girls to Jesus. We will never have these opportunities again." Some of them, we had reason to believe, took Jesus as their Saviour. Over all an influence was obtained such as we had not managed to gain in two or three years of simple Sunday school teaching. The work became easier and more full of interest to children and teachers since we had spent these weeks together, and got to know each other so well. The loving willingness of Dr. Hall to spend and be spent for others was beautifully shown, while his thought and care, both for the bodies and souls of the children, were splendidly rewarded.

INA ROSS ANDERSON, M.D."

"METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, SEOUL, KOREA,

December 4, 1895.

"Although writing from the last field of Dr. Hall's labors, I like to turn to another field and recall the days of our early acquaintance in New York.

"I had just arrived in the busy metropolis to commence my medical studies, and the difficulties and temptations through which one must pass in obtaining a medical education were ahead of me. Dr. Hall had passed through them all, and like a father he started Dr. Henderson and myself on the road. Many times the doctor would stop in the midst of his work to help us over difficult places, to make hard things plain, and to pray with us in times of need. In fact, he seemed to take a delight in it, and would often supply the needs

of others without thinking of his own. A downtown dispensary became a sacred place when the attending physician, together with the medical students, lifted up their hearts to the great Physician for direction in the work of the day, and sought help in preaching the Gospel to the poor. Few realize what influence those months spent with Dr. Hall had on my after life.

“Day and night I have been by the doctor’s side while he consoled those in trouble, lifted his hand to soothe the brow racked with pain, or taking a host of children from the foul air of lower New York to enjoy with him the country air of his Canadian home. Even if it were five hundred miles away from the city of New York the difficulty was soon overcome. Or, while with him in the meetings at Madison Mission, raising his strong voice in song,

“‘I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?’

he exhorted tramps, thieves, and outcasts to turn from their sins, I have learned lessons in devotion to work, consecration, and zeal which I shall never forget.

“I might speak of the rich fellowship in those little gatherings of the Madison Mission Band of which Dr. Hall was the leader. They were truly soul inspiring, and we perhaps then little realized what a preparation they were for our life work. Discouragements, difficulties, all fled as the words of ‘Draw me nearer’ rose from earnest hearts in unison.

“At the closing hours of Dr. Hall’s life, on that chill November day, we joined in prayer for the last time, and the words of the song which so frequently echoed and reechoed from the walls of the mission chapel, ‘I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,’ came

back to me. Yes, doctor, we will meet in that city, and those of us who remain in that little mission band will exhort others to meet you and us by and by, where Africans, Burmans, Hindus, Chinese, and Koreans will join in the great song of redemption.

“JOHN B. BUSTEED, M.D.”

“BAPTIST MISSION, MONÈ, BURMAH.

“In doing what I can to honor and perpetuate, to some small degree, the memory of one to whom I owe much, it has seemed best to try to present the picture just as it is. It is a difficult matter, often, to do what seems so simple, for friendship always wishes to emphasize what is best, and to minimize what may appear faulty. So it is that often in biographical sketches we have presented to us men and women who seem far beyond our reach. They stand on a pinnacle with no steps leading up to it, and though we admire and may long to emulate them, unconsciously forgetting that they fought the same nature which is our bane, we feel that we can never reach that height. Perhaps we may not; yet what is a life worth that does not show the way through the difficulties with which we are all beset and hindered to heights that we are all striving after, so emphasizing the fact that victory may be won by *us*? Was not this a part of the work of Christ, stepping down into our fallen human nature, then beating down, one by one, the enemies which opposed Him as they do us, till by His fallen foes He had marked out the path leading up to the throne of God, in which we now feel it possible to follow? So in men whom we know, admire, and love, we see much that is *very* good, but we are very *bad*, so that it is rather their human nature cropping up which gives us hope; it is a connecting

link between them and us ; why, then, hide it? It is the more easy to be truthful here because truth does so little violence to friendship. Dr. Hall's life has few marring spots.

“ My first impressions of him were not very favorable. Sitting, cramped in a corner, he said rather awkwardly, what little he did say. He did not seem brilliant, though he *did* seem kind. He left with an invitation to come down and see the dispensary, which invitation was afterward accepted because it was the only one I had, rather than for any special pleasure that it promised. He was, too, it afterward appeared, by nature rather timid, though this was not often seen. Once a tooth had to be drawn, the property of a strapping young German, who, in the midst of the operation emitted such a blood-curdling groan that Dr. Hall was glad to leave him in possession of it. Yet as we grew together his life became a constant marvel, a constant study. Where was his power? Why should this man succeed where others failed? If we can but find out his secret we too may succeed.

“ One factor in his success was his patience.

“ As far as I can remember, I cannot recall one instance of impatience. My memory may play me false, but I recall none. Occasionally he spoke sharply, but only when it was needed. Truly as one thinks of it, a life among children filled to the brim with mischief and wickedness, work where for years he was surrounded by young lads bent on provoking, older men and women drunken, untruthful, degraded, and at first so bitterly hostile that they would furtively stone him as he walked along the street, to be unable to recall *one* impatient scene is marvelous. Yet it was not his patience that struck one ; given his character and

you would expect patience, just as given a good apple tree you would expect apples. The roots of patience, humility, and obedience were there. Pride and selfishness, the roots of impatience, were not, or, if they were, it was known only to himself; *we* never saw them. He lived in an atmosphere of love, his one thought concerning these people seemed to be how they might be rescued to better things, and in such an atmosphere impatience withered and died. God's infinite patience toward us is not grounded on our goodness nor on the promise of better things to come; it rather rests on His infinite pity, because, blinded and bound, we are led captive at the will of the devil. The worse we are the more He pities and bears. This servant of His in this had caught his Master's spirit. We can trace it everywhere in his work.

"Besides this he had a great deal of tact. One is accustomed to think of tact as born rather than won. We sigh envious sighs when we meet those brilliant people who seem always to know exactly what to say and just how to say it. But there is a tact of another sort, one which is neither so brilliant nor so envied, and which is far more the result of the will than the wits. This kind Dr. Hall possessed in an eminent degree: the power of getting the best out of everyone. We had a handful of uncohesive church members as a center from which to work. With a few honorable exceptions who were a comfort and encouragement in every time of trial, each one seemed either to have his own private grievance, old or new, or to have espoused that of somebody else, so that the most energy was spent in tearing one another to pieces. This was his first task to face in taking up the organized work of which I chiefly speak. Spurgeon used to say he

thanked God he was pastor of a large church, for he feared he would not have had grace enough to be pastor of a small one. If ever tact is needed it is in a place like this. We knew nothing of it till twelve or eighteen months later. We only saw different ones whom we afterward learned to know and appreciate coming in and taking an interest in the meetings. God only knows what arguments he used ; his plan of work was to 'keep at them.' He sympathized in their trials, visited them constantly, won their hearts, and lived Christ before them. This, together with the constant recognition and encouragement of what was good in a person, gave him the key to people's hearts. I speak from experience when I testify to the immense power for good which this loving habit of a loving heart possesses ; namely, the recognition of what is good and blindness to what is bad. With his great, generous heart he would overestimate your character for good, and it gave you courage to try and be equal to his estimate. An incident of which he never knew the inner history may serve to illustrate. We had not worked together long, and I was yet but a slow hand at putting up prescriptions, much slower than he was at writing them. One day, when away behind and inwardly fuming at every fresh prescription he added, I felt very much like throwing some of the bottles at him, or relieving myself in some less pugnacious way. However, we got through at last, and on our way home he said : 'You'll be able to do a lot of work ; you don't worry over things ; you just go quietly on and do them.'

"We were thrown together every day in dispensary work for about eight months, and the lessons of a beautiful Christian life were constantly before me. He

would put his arms around the dirty little children who came in, and talk to them so kindly and lovingly that in a very few minutes he would win their hearts.

“Here is a specimen of his plans : One summer at the beginning of his work in the New York slums he spent working single-handed in Roosevelt Street. He tackled the Sunday school, with all that that means when the ruling force is short-handed, and then for his breath of fresh air he would take ten or a dozen children to spend the afternoon in Central Park, paying their carfare out of his small means. That these were none too plentiful may be imagined from the fact that when an intimate friend wrote him asking for a small loan he sent it along, adding in confidence that some of it had been earned blacking boots and carrying coal.

“We have now touched another marked trait in his character; namely, his self-denial and consecration. These two words were the keynotes to which his life was pitched. They show well in a scheme of his for the children which was carried out one summer. It might be taken up and made an untold power for good. Some one hundred and thirty children were collected from various Sunday schools and taken off for a two weeks' stay in Canada. The plan differed from the ordinary summer outing for poor children in the fact that in place of quartering them in different homes, we made one camp with seven or eight tents, each worker becoming responsible for one tent. To gather them on Sunday under the trees and tell them some Bible story, to play with them during the week, to go at bedtime into the tent and after a few earnest, loving words, to quietly pray with them in the twilight, forged a chain of influences round them that was golden in its possibilities for good. The responsibility rested very heavily upon

him at times. The first night, before we had had time to get them properly housed, the rain fell steadily, and it was impossible to keep all dry. Visions of bronchitis and pneumonia rose up before him, aggravated by the weariness of a very tiresome trip. He spent the night in prayer, and his fervent 'Praise the Lord,' as he went from tent to tent at daylight finding not one sick, still lingers in our minds. It was a characteristic of his to spend long seasons of the night in prayer. He would often, almost always in fact, after we had been talking over study or work or plans end up with, 'Well, let us have a word of prayer,' but until we heard of those night seasons it was often a puzzle how this never-ebbing spiritual life was kept at flood tide. His whole working life was a communion with God, yet this is more often a result than a cause of a deep spiritual life, the source of which is found in the secret chamber where the soul meets with God alone. One thing is surprising, he seemed to be neither a deep nor constant student of the Bible; that is to say there were not in his life the *regular* hours of quiet study and meditation which form the foundation stone in the lives of so many holy men. Apparently he depended more on prayer. Many of the workers were better versed in Scripture, better versed in medicine, better educated altogether; but it was his entire self-abnegation, his preeminence in practical godliness, and his never-ceasing self-denial, which made all willing to yield the first place without question and follow in all his plans. To give anything like a comprehensive account of his self-denial would simply be to give a detailed account of his life. He lived in it and he died in it. It was just as natural to him in the slums of New York as it was on the battle-fields of Korea; the same spirit sent him tramping off a

mile or two in the dark to serve a child in the Western city as sent him in the face of danger to treat the wounded soldiers in the East. He would share his last cent with anyone who needed help. God was the provider, he but the steward. On this principle he undertook to share his salary with some six others of us, that we might all work during the summer months in the tenement districts of New York, where we had plenty of prodigals and rejoicing, but, from the nature of the case, very little fattened calf. Poor Dr. Hall! those are never-to-be-forgotten days. What memories cluster round them! What lesson seed were sown there! Nothing seemed too costly to give. Money was his least gift. Drunkards, thieves, or any friendless man was received into his home and to his table. If he could only feel that anyone wanted to do better he was willing to befriend him with all that he had. Whether any may question the wisdom of his methods or not, none can question his heroic unselfishness. Yes, he was sometimes imposed upon. What good man is not? Who gives more to men that are unworthy than God does?

“And now that those times are forever at an end, what have been the results of it all? Time has rolled by now sufficiently to gauge them more justly than we might at first. If you have ever worked downtown you know of the difficulties of the work. So many depend far too much on the magnetism of the moment, and far too little on their own personal effort and responsibility. They cling like so many iron filings, some to the magnet, some to each other, so long as the magnet is there. They stuck to us, and I presume are sticking on somewhere else now. Of the inner circle of these there remain a small number of souls redeemed or sanctified. But to estimate the results of his work in New York,

to this you must add the sweet savor of a holy life found in many a home in that ward, the blessing of many a poor mother, the love of many a poor little waif whose career we will never know until we meet around the throne of God in heaven. Time and again letters arrive which tell of streamlets of good influence, running in different directions, which trace their source to conversions due to his work. In a large city with such work as he carried on results can never be tabulated; it is more like salt dropped in and spreading everywhere as populations go and come. We can more readily trace his influence on his fellow-workers. Two work in China who were brought to Christ by him; others in Brazil, China, Korea, Siam, Burmah, India, and Ceylon, as well as at home, with thankful hearts cherish his beautiful memory and can constantly trace both in woof and warp of their work the golden threads which God chose *him* to weave in.

“It would be very far indeed from my desire if, in writing this little fragment, any standard impossible of attainment to others has been held up. Rather the lesson of Dr. Hall’s life is that *all* may do a grand work. Tact and patience like his are prizes to be won by everyone, and the beautiful little blossoms of self-denial are budding in every life, only waiting our permission to open and fill each one with fragrance. His face may be lost, his presence gone, his form laid by to rest, but ever as paths of self-denial and holiness open before us we will hear his voice behind us saying, ‘This is the way, walk ye in it.’

“A. H. H. HENDERSON, M.D.”

CHAPTER VII.

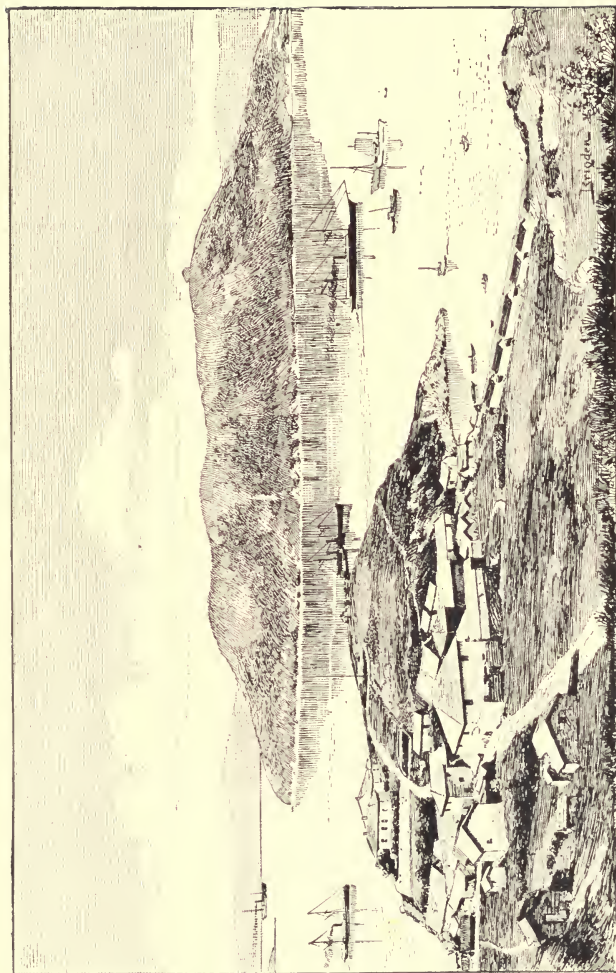
Introduction to the Mission Field of Korea.

“ Happy, thrice happy, everyone
Who sees his labor well begun.”—LONGFELLOW.

Walk of twenty-five miles from the port to the capital—Superintendent Appenzeller measures the new missionary by three essential standards—Advises a country trip—Appointed to Pyong Yang—A grand beginning—Rev. Jones’s description of that first trip into the interior—Witnessing heathen worship—First experiences in a Korean inn—Began missionary work at Ko-Yang—A Sunday in a snowstorm at Songdo—The kind host at Chin Tan—A bitter cold journey—A week of medical and evangelistic work in Pyong Yang—Another of work in Wi-ju—Unflinching endurance of hardship—Capacity to make the most of things—Tenacity of purpose—An amusing outcome.

DR. HALL’S ENTRANCE UPON MISSION WORK IN KOREA.

DR. HALL arrived in Korea in December, 1891, and was heartily welcomed by the Mission. I well remember when he came to my house on a Thursday evening, after a walk of twenty-five miles from Chemulpo. Brother Jones, of our Mission, went down to the port to meet him. When they were ready to start for the capital, with that perversity sometimes met with in other countries besides Korea, for some reason I do not now recollect there was only one horse for the two men to ride on. We know that the pioneer Methodist preacher to New England, Jesse Lee, because of his avoirdupois, was compelled to travel with two horses and to change off. Had two horses by some happy accident been supplied for Dr. Hall to ride on to Söul, it would have



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

CHEMULPO.

been more appropriate than for these two brethren to ride one horse. Notwithstanding the protestations of Brother Jones, Dr. Hall insisted upon walking all the way to Söul. When I welcomed him there to the Mission and to Korea there was a warm response in the hearty "Amen" and the grasp of the hand.

A few days later we counseled together as to the work to be assigned the new missionary. A few things are absolutely essential in order to be a successful missionary. They may be repeated here, for I think that Dr. Hall possessed these in an eminent degree.

1. Deep spirituality. Great faith in God. Implicit confidence in the Bible as the inspired word of God. Personal knowledge of sins forgiven. There must be welling up from his inmost soul a mighty, a glorious, feeling that God's Spirit bears witness with his spirit, and that he is an heir of God and joint heir with Christ.

" What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell ;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

Nothing can take the place of this experience. The missionary must know that he has "religion." It was not necessary for one to be long in the presence of Dr. Hall to find out that he was not only thoroughly grounded in the faith, but that he had a deep, warm, joyous Christian experience. In prayer he was fervent ; in singing, hearty ; in experience, clear.

2. Aptitude for language. The difficulties in the acquisition of a new language can only be properly appreciated by those who have spent years of hard labor in their efforts to acquire it. The words, the thought, the construction of the sentences are all different from his own. The missionary not only enters a new country

with strange habits and customs, but the thoughts, the ways of thinking, and the matter thought about, are all equally new and strange. He is bewildered. He has truth he wishes to impart, a message he is anxious to deliver; but he has no means of communication until he has acquired the language, in some part, at least. Dr. Hall was not preeminently successful in this respect. Like Savonarola he was essentially a man of action. He did not care much for the desk. If he burned the midnight oil it was not in extracting a root of a verb, but in relieving the pains and groanings of the sick and dying. He was an early riser, but the multitudinous endings of the Korean verb "to be" did not disturb his slumbers so much as the desire to spend the first part of the day in earnest study of the word of God and prayer. He studied at the language, he worked hard here, as at everything else, but his progress was slow, and, though I never heard him say so, could not but have been unsatisfactory to himself.

3. The missionary must be a man of sound judgment, good common sense, and not afraid of hard work. Measured by this standard, Dr. Hall came up to the full measure. Before my departure on furlough to the United States, I had not had much opportunity to become acquainted with him other than to recognize in him an earnest worker. But after my return, in the summer of 1893, I was more intimately associated with him in important work, and I soon began to rely on his good judgment.

Shortly after his arrival I suggested to him to make a trip to Wi-ju. His answer was prompt, and in less than three months after his arrival in Korea, in company with Brother Jones, he was off on a country trip of three hundred and fifty miles to the north.

In his report to the Annual Meeting in August, 1892,

Dr. Hall strongly recommended opening mission work in Pyong Yang, the principal city in the northern interior, which I myself had visited several times since 1887, but where as yet no mission had a foothold.

Bishop Mallalieu promptly appointed Dr. Hall to this new field. Immediately at the close of the Annual Meeting the doctor again visited Pyong Yang, and entered upon his work there with great enthusiasm.

Not only did he give his whole time to this work, but he planned for its permanency by presenting its claims to his friends, and raising a fund for it, which, subscribed to generously by himself and devoted wife, through his faithful representations, received donations from British, American, German, and even Chinese friends. It became sufficient so that as early as April 1, 1893, he was able to purchase two fine sites—one known as the "Tree House," and the other as the "West Gate" property. Bishop Mallalieu's own great interest in Dr. Hall's project at Pyong Yang is shown in the following letter, which greatly encouraged the doctor's heart :

"BUFFALO, N. Y., *August 22, 1893.*

"MY DEAR DOCTOR : I write you to say that I have succeeded in raising \$350 (gold), to help the Pyong Yang work. As I understand the case, you put in \$350, the Missionary Society \$350, and I have raised this \$350. My thought has been that this would enable you to pay for the property and still have \$350 to fit it up and make such improvements as would help make you comfortable. You can draw on Dr. S. Hunt at any time for the \$350 which I have raised.

"My kindest regards to you and to all the friends, and especially to your wife.

"Truly yours,

W. F. MALLALIEU."

He administered his "Pyong Yang Fund" with the greatest care, and after making repairs, carrying on for over a year the first Christian school in Pyong Yang, and opening regular medical and evangelistic work, there was left at the time of his death over six hundred yen. At the Annual Meeting of the Mission, held in January, 1895, by the request of Mrs. Hall, this fund was carefully set aside, to be devoted toward the erection of a building to be known as "The Hall Memorial Hospital." While writing these lines I am on my way, in company with Edward Douglas Follwell, M.D., Dr. Hall's successor, to begin this pious and, to me, exceedingly pleasant work. The work he commenced in Pyong Yang will be continued. We who remain will lay the foundations, and build that for which, in the short time he was with us, he made so much preparation.

In the three short years Dr. Hall spent with us he made a grand beginning, which promised great things. His sun went down while it was yet day; but the work for which he lived, and for which he died, will go on. We feel his absence. We long for the hearty welcome. We miss the warm grasp, but the inspiration of his life, his devotion, will remain as ointment poured forth.

H. G. APPENZELLER.

SÖUL, KOREA, *May* 5, 1895.

THE FIRST TRIP INTO THE INTERIOR.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." Such was the experience of Dr. Hall and myself, only the divinities in our case were mortal, the future Mesdames Hall and Jones. It was the plan of our future wives, then workers under the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, that Dr. Hall and I should

unite our forces until some other unification became proper, and this was strictly adhered to. Dr. Hall arrived in Korea in December, 1891, and he and I went to housekeeping together. I had planned to make an extended trip in the spring of 1892, and invited Dr. Hall to accompany me. This greatly pleased him, and we arranged that he should go as far as Wi-ju with me.

We left Söul in the afternoon of March 2, 1892. It was a beautiful day, though windy and cold. The sun was bright and the road dry, and we felt in high spirits. Our party consisted of Brother Han, Korean helper in the hospital, and a couple of stranded Koreans from Wi-ju, the state of whose exchequer led them to look upon the journey of two foreigners to their native city at that time as a special dispensation of Providence.

Our intentions were that the trip should be largely a pedestrian one, though we had our packs so arranged on the horses that, when tired, we could mount and ride. So we started in to walk, chatting away and enjoying the sights of, the north approaches to the Söul of Chosen. Just beyond the "Peking Pass" music (?) attracted us to the shrine which had been erected to the deities of the metropolis, and as the doctor looked in on the painted and brutish gods and the mummeries of worship, sadness struggled with interest upon his face, and we both of us turned away with audible protestations that the people of the land of our adoption should not remain in such darkness if we could find a way to enlighten them.

Having sent our pack horses on ahead, we plodded on, hoping to catch up with them. But, of course, we didn't. We intended to walk on the trip, but before we caught up with the train we concluded that there

was a conspiracy to make us walk enough the first day for the entire trip. At last, after a weary tramp of seven miles, we found our baggage put up for the night at a small hostelry on the confines of the Metropolitan prefecture. Here we found quarters secured in advance for us, which were so cramped the doctor had to sit with his feet out the door, and so dirty you might have thought it was in *Cholla-do* somewhere. This inn was presided over by a woman who was a sight to behold, and a sound to charm a swarm of bees with. We managed to get some supper and turned in for the night. And the last remark was a murmur from the doctor: "Say, Brother Jones, doesn't it occur to you that there is a noticeable difference between a stone floor and a feather bed as a sleeping appurtenance?"

And thus we roughed it together. The next day was dismal beyond description. We traveled on through a drizzling rain, plunging along roads ankle deep with mud, chilled with the rain and the cold, but happy and light-hearted, the doctor's lusty voice shouting out the songs of Zion until the echoes awoke and the Koreans listened in astonishment, and a stray dog fled like mad across the fields, nor ever stopped till he jarred his backbone against the top of the hole in the door of his owner's house.

We began our missionary work at Ko-Yang, fifteen miles out from Söul. Here at an inn, but a slight improvement on the one at which we had spent the previous night, we opened our packs; some books were sold, and then the news of foreign medicine brought some patients, and to the intense joy of the doctor, he did his first work in the interior. It was then I discovered how real was my sainted companion's missionary spirit, for the simple administration of physical

relief to these suffering country people gave him intense joy. The administration to the spiritual wants of our callers fell to me, and God gave us a most cheering and hope-inspiring experience in that misnamed magisterial town of Ko-Yang.*

Reaching the magistracy of Pa-ju, we climbed to the top of the hill crowned by the colossi, those relics of the palmy days of Buddhism. But we were more interested in the sight of the tops of Puk-han, twenty miles to the south of us. A few minutes of rest, a few tender thoughts of our friends just beyond the three towering crowns so plainly visible, and then we swung ourselves down the mountain and turned our faces permanently northward.

We arrived in Songdo early on Saturday, and put up at an inn where previously I had been kindly treated. The weather was very cold; the sky became overcast with gray clouds, and finally a heavy snowstorm set in. And our welcome at the inn harmonized with the elements without. Everything and everybody was either frozen or freezing. They gave us nothing to eat, and no fire to warm our room. We had only two meals on Sunday, and in the afternoon were driven to violent exercise to keep warm. We went for a walk about the city in a snowstorm, and after a while found ourselves where, through a deep cut in a low ridge of hills, we caught a view of a vast amphitheater in which had once stood the palaces of the mighty Wang dynasty. Five hundred years of neglect had done much to obliterate all traces of that once powerful family, and little but

* Rev. Dr. C. F. Reid, superintendent of the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, baptized twenty-seven persons at Ko-Yang on Sunday, May 2, 1897. This is a good beginning for this mission, which is hardly a year and a half old. The chapel was the gift of a Korean from Söul, but the cost of repairs on it was met by the Koreans of the place.—*The Korean Repository*.

the site is left. We paused a moment and looked over the deserted gardens, now barren, bleak, and desolate, and as we looked the storm seemed to increase in violence and drove the sifting snow in wild whirls and gusts about the amphitheater. Amid such scenes as this, in this city where everything seemed out of touch with us and our object, we prepared our hearts and did such work as we could. We managed to gather a few people in our cold room in the inn, and together preached the unsearchable riches of Christ. Neither weather nor a "weathery" frame of mind produced any depressing influence on my sainted brother and colleague.

From Songdo our experiences changed a little for the better. The weather improved and opportunities sprung up every three or four miles to preach the Gospel and administer relief to the sick. Failing to reach So-heung, we put up for the night at Chin Tan Mak, and here our host vacated his own apartments and surrendered them to us, leaving his cash box unlocked even in our room.

Passing Pong Son, we descended through the Tong-söl-ryöng to the great plain which stretches to the banks of the Tai-dong. At this point we met the severest hardship of the entire trip. It turned off bitter cold with a high wind. Against this wind we forced our way, finally reaching Whang-ju, where we put up for the Sabbath. Monday morning we started out with that terrible north-west gale still in our faces. At first we were light-hearted and courageous in spite of it, feeling quite gay as together we put our faces down and defied it. But it kept on blowing, steady, keen, bitter cold, biting our faces and hands whenever exposed, forcing its way inside our wraps, numbing us so that we were driven to walk to keep from freezing, and unable, even with that exercise,

to keep warm. Several times in that dreary march we struck small hamlets, shivering in the gale, and as we entered them there was a general dash of everyone for sheltered corners and such open rooms as we could get into. Both the doctor and myself suffered intensely. Our feet became sore with the walking, and yet we did not dare take to the horses for fear of freezing. Thus we struggled on over thirty miles, and finally reached the welcome banks of the Tai-dong. The river was frozen two feet thick, and on this carpet of ice we crossed into the great city of Pyong Yang, and Doctor Hall was for the first time on the field for which he was to give his life.

We reached Pyong Yang March 14, 1892, and found quarters in the home of a most amiable old gentleman, who enjoyed some local distinction from the fact that his daughter had become the concubine of the all-powerful head of the great Min Clan. Pyong Yang was then large, prosperous, and enterprising; a great overgrown city, unclean physically, mentally, and morally, internally and externally, and noted for its rough, ragged, rabid mobs. Its population was then roughly 100,000, a people proud of the hoary age and wickedness of their town. What a history it had seen! And as we visited together the relics of the past we talked of the historic inheritance of Korea. We drank from the well of Ki-ja, dug by that sage king 1,100 years before our era, 800 years before Alexander conquered the world, 500 years before Confucius taught, 400 years before Isaiah prophesied, 100 years before King David sang, and thus by a draught of water we were carried back to the days when Egypt was in her glory, Greece occupied by rude savage tribes, and Rome still 400 years in the distance.

But from morn till night we were besieged by visitors, and to one and all we preached the truth, cared for the sick, and spent a busy, happy week. Our Korean brethren had an exciting time. Opening a book counter in an accommodating store, in one day they sold eighty Christian books. This brought down an edict from the governor of the province prohibiting the sale. But this didn't worry us much, and we kept right on selling. We attempted to organize a class for instruction, but it proved abortive, for as soon as we left the men that joined disappeared. In the five days that we were there we accomplished our object, and left sufficient social dynamite in the form of over one hundred volumes of Christian books to effect the moral regeneration of that wicked city.

The following week was spent in busy work of a pioneer character on the road from Pyong Yang to Wi-ju. We reached the latter place Monday, March 28, 1892, after an absence from Söul of twenty-six days. Here, for over one week, Dr. Hall remained with me, busy with medical work, and then he took the same road we had come back to Söul, while I plunged into the wild mountains amid the wilder people to the north of the great Söul-Peking turnpike.

In addition to the many amiable qualities of my sainted colleague, which will occur readily to the mind of all who knew him, such as his good nature, affectionate disposition, hearty good fellowship, and cheerful, courageous spirit, I was impressed with several things which go to make up the ideal missionary. First, he was unflinching in enduring hardship on that trying trip; he never flinched once at Songdo, or in that terrible gale on the plain, nor during the long hours and trying experiences of the Pyong Yang, An-ju, and Wi-ju.

Then he showed an inventive capacity to make the most out of everything at his command. He seemed willing to attempt to mend anything, from a broken bottle to a dissevered jugular. This showed itself in his improvement of our larder. He was all the time poking about the markets in the towns we visited, and generally came back with something to vary our diminishing bill of fare. One day in Wi-ju, returning in triumph from a trip in town with a bowl of raw oysters, such a fry as we had! When we started out Dr. Hall was all enthusiasm to eat straight native diet, and though at first I tried to argue him from it, he stuck to his purpose like a hero, eating two meals a day of Korean food and one meal of our stuff; and more than once, when the dish was particularly fragrant or the flavor accentuated, I have watched him twist his face into a broad, happy smile. This continued until one day, after we had been out about three weeks, he had found the soup at the inn a suspicious mystery. After the meal we strolled into the yard, and noticing some hides drying on the roof, I asked the innkeeper what they were, and he said, "Dogs' hides." I then asked what had become of the dogs, and he told me that he had served the last of the last one to my companion as soup. This I faithfully translated to the doctor, and it proved too much for him. He swore off native food for several days.

Dr. Hall appeared in one of his loveliest aspects by his faithful devotion to his calling. As a medical missionary he was never too tired to go and see a sick Korean, and no home was too far away to be visited. He held nobly to his work, and "no changes of seasons or place made any change in his mind."

GEO. HEBER JONES.

UTICA, N. Y., *August* 10, 1896.

CHAPTER VIII.

Various Topics of Korean Life and Customs.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

—TENNYSON.

The Korean bride—The Korean New Year—A New Year's story, translated from the Korean—The Korean pony—The Korean cooly—The Korean power shovel—Glimpses of medical work in Korea—The native doctor in Korea—The status of woman in Korea—Esther Kim Pak—Two Korean fables—Hats in Korea—A testimonial—Mission work for Korean women.

THE KOREAN BRIDE.

BY MARGARET BENDEL JONES, IN *Korean Repository*.

THE life of a nation is but an expanded expression of the life lived by each individual member of that nation. The true life of each individual finds its best and most genuine expression in its home life, and home life always centers around the wife and mother. Any estimate of a people's condition which fails to give proper weight to the treatment it accords its women is therefore necessarily imperfect. It is our purpose in what follows to exhibit the ordinary experiences of a Korean woman from the time she enters womanhood by marriage.

The wedding festivities are over and the bride is on the way to her new home. While she is being borne there slowly on the shoulders of sturdy Koreans, or, it may be, on the back of a sturdier ox, should she be a country bride, let us precede her and take a peep into the home in which she is to spend her life. As

the wife of a wealthy Korean of rank, her home in Söul will be large and pretentious. Instead of an alley three feet wide, one six feet wide leads up to the front gate. Just inside of this gate we find a courtyard, on two sides of which extend the *hang nang*, or apartments occupied by the servants and hangers-on of the house. In the middle of this courtyard is a large well with washing stones about it, and the principal drain of the establishment running close by. Beyond this lies another courtyard bounded on the farther end by the house itself. This house is quadrangular in shape, inclosing an open court. Its chief constituents are mud, stone, tile, and wood. There is no glass in the windows, its place being taken by paper. Instead of carpets there are straw mats, and in the place of chairs, nothing—we sit on the floor. The rooms facing the front court are the apartments of her husband. From these she is excluded, for here he receives his friends and transacts his business, which is chiefly smoking a long pipe and gossiping with his neighbors. Beyond these, on the farther side of the quadrangle and facing the inclosed court, are her apartments, the *an-pang*. The two sides of the quadrangle are also open to her, being occupied by the women of the household. In this house the distinctions of dining room, bedroom, sitting room, and parlor are unknown, for any room may answer all these purposes. There is always a kitchen, the floor of which is the bare earth, and the walls unpapered mud. Of kitchen utensils there are few, the principal ones being the rice kettles, which are firmly imbedded in rude masonry, beneath which are fireplaces connecting with the flues, which underlie the floors of the other rooms and heat the house. The other rooms contain a pro-

fusion of native furniture, beautiful *changs*, or chests with brass or iron trimmings, boxes of various sizes and pretty screens. On the walls hang bright banners inscribed with mottoes or quotations from classical poetry.

Our description of the household would be incomplete were we to omit the provisions made for the religious observances of the family. In a special room, generally kept closed, is the paraphernalia used by her husband in the worship of his ancestors, but with this she has little to do. In the entrance to the court hangs the *Köl-lip*, god of luck. To the main beam of the house is tied the *Söng-ju*, major-domo. Just outside her window at the back of the house stands the *Tö-ju*, god of the site, while in various nooks and corners absurd fetiches wait to be honored. The women of the household perform the services rendered these beings.

All this, as above noted, belongs to the privileged few, the ranks of wealth. In describing the home of the ordinary woman we must omit the *hang nang*, the front court with its well, etc., the inner court, at least one side of the house and, it may be, the right angle of it, the pretty furniture and screens, and reduce the furnishings to the barest necessities of the simplest kind of living. Instead of a tiled roof we find a thatched roof. There is, however, the inevitable inside court, the bride's own little world of nature, with a patch of blue sky above, and saucy sparrows as visitants from the great outside world. These are the mechanical elements of the mold in which the Korean woman is formed. Amid these she grows up to maturity and old age, and they must have an influence upon her mental and moral character.

When the bride comes to her new home she does not find it empty, neither does she become mistress of it. She is received by her mother-in-law, and now becomes a member of her husband's family and his clan, losing all connection with her father's family and his clan. Being a mere child, in most cases she is treated as such, and is expected to wait upon the mother-in-law and do her bidding. If there are servants in the home she is relieved from the household duties, but in the middle and lower classes servants are not found in many of the homes, and the bride comes in to do her full share of the work. She must arise early in the morning both in winter and summer, build the fire under the rice kettles regardless of the smoke and ashes which fill her eyes, and prepare breakfast for the family. After all the other members have finished eating she sits down and eats her breakfast alone. Yet, strange as it may seem, she is relieved from the unpleasant task of doing the family washing by her mother-in-law, being prohibited by her youth from going out to the springs on the hillside, where washing is usually done. In the evening she goes through the same ordeal of preparing the evening meal, for the Koreans eat but two meals a day. After the day's work she goes to her room, and until the wee hours of morning is busy with her needle, mending stockings, making new garments, or, to the rat-tat-tat of her ironing sticks, polishing her husband's best coat.

The love and sympathy which a young wife of Christian countries finds in the companionship of her husband is unknown in Korea. Instead of spending his evenings with her in pleasant conversation of the things which transpire in the outside world, or in reading to her while she sews, the husband spends his time with his

friends, and she sees little of him and knows less of his life. This treatment of his wife is forced upon the husband. Were he to show any affection for her or prefer her company to that of his friends, they would make his life miserable by ridicule. The bride also has her noncompanionable obligations. According to custom she must not speak to her husband for the first few days after their marriage. The Koreans tell of one case where the wife did not speak to her husband for eight months. Perhaps he was away from home, but the Korean did not mention that fact.

Sewing occupies a great part of the Korean woman's time. If she is diligent and sews nicely, all well and good; if not, she will incur the displeasure of her mother-in-law and woe be unto her. Who has not heard of the cruelties of the mother-in-law in Korea? Her power for good or evil is great. So deeply have we been impressed with this fact that, in seeking husbands for the girls in our mission schools, we considered ourselves fortunate in finding one without a mother. Koreans themselves have told us that much of the unhappiness of early married life in Korea is traceable to the mother-in-law. Possessed with supreme power over her son's wife, should the young woman have a will of her own there is sure to be a clash sooner or later. If the wife does not become submissive the trouble continues, and in all probability she will be sent back to her home in disgrace, for one of the causes for which a woman may be divorced is incompatibility with her mother-in-law. About twenty-five per cent of the divorce cases in Korea are caused by troubles between the daughter and the mother-in-law.

Judging from the size of their homes and their simple manner of living one would be at a loss to know

how the Korean women occupy their time, but when we remember that the Koreans wear white clothes both in winter and summer, and that to launder them each garment must be ripped to pieces, we can readily understand their busy and laborious routine and sympathize with them. An occasional visit to her relatives, if they live near, is the only relief for the monotony of this daily routine. Were she able to read she might find a pleasant variety in reading, especially now that we have a Christian literature in the native character. But the percentage of those who can read is very small. Their ignorance, however, is not due to their inability to learn, but to the lack of opportunity to study. In my work among the women I have found a number who have learned to read after they were thirty years old, and one woman learned to read after reaching the age of fifty. From my experience in the school I feel convinced that if Korean girls were given the same advantages for study as their brothers enjoy they would take their place beside them as their equals in scholarship. But she is only a woman. Why should she know anything beyond cooking and sewing? So say the Koreans.

Viewed from our standpoint the life of a Korean woman seems very barren. She is shut off from the broadening influences which contact with the outside world and intercourse with friends would give her. We would expect to find them discontented and unhappy, but on the other hand they certainly appear contented and even happy. A Korean woman's pride is her children, and as a family grows up about her and her cares increase her happiness also increases. The appearance of the first tooth, the first attempts to walk, and the babbling words of baby give the Korean mother as much pleasure as it does the foreign mother. She



BY PER. OF THE CLASSMATE.

THE KOREAN MOTHER'S PRIDE.

takes great delight in decking her children in gay colored garments and providing some luxury for them on the New Year and other holidays. She attains a new dignity. Where she was before known as Mr. So and So's *taing-noi*, "house," she becomes the mother of such a child. The name may be the most unpoetical one imaginable, as "The mother of spotted dog," "The mother of the rock," "The mother of the mud turtle, the monkey, the pig," etc.; but be it what it may there is always "the mother" attached to it, which is sweet to her. These little toddlers become her inseparable companions. Visit her at any time of the day and you will find her with one strapped to her back or lying snugly in her arm, or sprawling on the floor beside her. As the babes grow up her troubles begin, and from what one may learn on acquaintance with the boys of Korea, human nature is certainly the same the world over. They tear their clothes, soil their faces, quarrel and get into all sorts of mischief. They involve their mother in disputes with her neighbors and, motherlike, she always thinks her boy is all right while her neighbor's boy is the greatest rascal on earth.

By and by the old folks in the home go the way of all flesh, and the husband and wife, who have occupied a secondary place, become the heads of the family group. The daughters, just at the age when they could be most useful, marry and leave the parental roof, and the sons bring their wives into the home, and the wife now occupies the enviable position of mother-in-law. As she grows older she gains greater respect and consideration from her children, for the Koreans have great reverence for old age. Indeed the last days of a woman's life in Korea seem to be her best days. She is free from all responsibility and duties, and is well cared for by her

children. This reverence of Koreans for old age, whether in man or woman, is worthy of note, and may well teach the boastful West a lesson. No matter of what station in life, a younger person would not venture to subject her to any rudeness. While she may not command yet her wishes are law, at least to her posterity. Etiquette demands both respectful language and attitude in her presence. This reverence for the aged produces practical results. In walking through the streets we meet on every hand well dressed old people, showing evidence of care and affection. The greatest sin a Korean can commit is *poul-hyo*, lack of filial piety. This is the one unpardonable sin of the Korean code.

I have attempted to describe the life of an ordinary Korean woman of the middle class. Of the high class women I can say very little. But their lot must be an unhappy one. In the first place the law of seclusion is more binding upon them than upon their more humble sisters. We are told of one case where a woman had not been outside of her compound since she had entered it as a bride thirty years previous. Then the knowledge of the existence of one or more concubines must rob her life of all happiness, for, although as wife she occupies the first place in the home, yet in the affections of her husband she is only secondary.

Our review of Korean woman would be incomplete did we ignore a new force which has been introduced among them. Christianity has come with its proclamation of release to womankind, and already the first fruits of Korea's redeemed women may be seen. Our girls' schools are the beginning of this great work, which shall go on until woman shall reach her God-given sphere. These schools are object lessons to the Koreans, proving to them that their girls are as capable

and worthy of intellectual training as the boys, and that education does not unfit them to become good wives and mothers. They certainly make better companions



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN KOREAN BRIDE AND GROOM.

for their husbands. They have studied about the different countries and peoples and of the wonderful things of nature, and can converse with their husbands upon other topics besides those of a domestic nature.

Some of the happy marriages from our Christian schools prove that if we Christianize the soul and educate the mind, the result will be happy homes. In one of these homes, where both husband and wife are Christians from our schools we saw them studying the Scriptures together ; in another home the wife was teaching her husband, while in both there was love and happiness. These homes are great powers for good, and are living testimonies to the heathen populace about them of the power of Christianity to lift up and ennoble the life in the home.

What to do for the wives and mothers of to-day is a problem which confronts us. We cannot educate them, although in many cases they may learn to read. But we can give them Christianity, which works such marvelous changes in the hearts and lives of men. As husband and wife become Christians a change is soon visible in the home. The old fetiches which they have worshiped all their lives are torn down and a family altar established, around which they worship the one true God. Among our Christian families we notice that where formerly the husband ate alone, he now has his wife eat at the same table and out of the same dishes with him. We have also seen the husband and wife coming to church together. I have made inquiries of the women at Chemulpo as to the change in their family life. "We don't quarrel any more at our house, and I think my husband loves me since we have become Christians," says one woman. "My husband is a very different man now, and he treats me much better than he formerly did," is the testimony of another woman. I know the same has been true in other homes.

To me there seems but one way in which to reach the women of Korea, and that is to visit them in their

homes, meet them as their friends and not as superiors, and to win their love and confidence. To show an interest in the things that interest them, listen to their stories of sorrow and hardships and sympathize with them, accomplishes more good than many a sermon. An especial effort should be made to reach the wives and families of our professing Christians. Christianity which confines itself to the chapel and is not shown in the homes is not worth much. But Christianity will make itself manifest in the home, and this will open the homes to us.

CHEMULPO, KOREA, *February 1, 1895.*

THE KOREAN NEW YEAR'S, AND HOW IT IS OBSERVED
IN THE LAND OF CHOSEN.

Though Japan has introduced our Western calendar into the "Hermit Nation," and it has been used by the government officials, yet the common people and officials alike will, no doubt, join this year, as they did last, in observing the old, time-honored *ante-bellum* holidays.

For nearly three hundred years Korea has reckoned time after essentially the same system as that used in China. They use a cycle of sixty years instead of the century, and each year is known by a name and not by a number. This year is called *Eul-mi*; it is the forty-first in the present cycle, and the calendar is the same as that used in the *Eul-mi* years of past cycles. Thus a series of sixty calendars having once been prepared, all that has to be done now is to reproduce the proper one as the years of the cycle roll round. Their months correspond with the moon, and to correct the difference between lunar and solar time a leap year is introduced once in about three years; but the leap year, instead

of having one extra day, has one extra month. The present year, *Eul-mi*, contains thirteen months. It began, according to our calendar, January 26, 1895, and will end February 12, 1896. So the Korean New Year begins somewhere between the middle of January and the middle of February each year.

There are many holidays in Korea, but that of the new year surpasses them all. It is really celebrated for fifteen days. All who can afford it shut up their shops



KOREAN WOMEN IRONING.

or close their work for this whole period of time, and everybody, be they rich or poor, high or low, must manage somehow to come out in a new suit of clothes at the New Year time. The last moon of the old year is a very busy one for the good Korean housewife, for if, as it often happens, the *chu-ene*, or lord of the household, can afford to purchase new clothes for himself only, then she must rip apart the old garments for

the other members of the family, send or take them to the mountain streams to be washed, then carefully mend, dye, and starch them, and, rolling them very smoothly around a wooden cylinder, she irons them by pounding with clubs until they shine like silk; and when they are made over this way Korean garments appear quite as well as new. As the old year draws to a close, all day long and at night into the small hours of the morning, one hears the rat-tat-tat of these ironing sticks all over the land of Chosen.

The last day of the old year the women of the household are very busy preparing much food for the offering at ancestral worship at daybreak, New Year's morning. Boiled chestnuts, meats cooked in different ways, native bread, which resembles the heavy dough that we sometimes find in our potpie, bread soup, *kim-che*, a sort of sauerkraut, pepper sauce, and other kinds of salty sauces made of turnips, beans, and breaks, and eaten with their staple article of diet, boiled rice; dried persimmons, sweet wine made of rice and honey, and the ordinary *sule*, fermented wine, are the dainties that every thrifty housewife likes to have on hand at this time. Portions of these foods and wines are arranged in brass dishes upon the small Korean tables, and set before the tables that the ancestral spirits may regale themselves with the flavor, the men of the household at the same time prostrating themselves five times before the ancestral tablets; then all is removed to another room, and forms a part of the New Year feast.

The men, dressed in shining, spotless white or delicately tinted silk, linen, or cotton, now go out to make their New Year calls upon their gentlemen friends or relatives. They say, "The old year has passed and the New Year has come," and they congratulate their

friends upon having entered it safely, and hope they will have a peaceful year. If there are children in the family they remark how happy the father must be because their children have grown a year older. This alludes to their custom of counting a child's age according to the number of New Years he has seen. If he be born the last of the old year, when the New Year comes he is said to be a year old, and when the next New Year's Day comes he is two years old, although in truth, perhaps, but a few days over one year. While making these calls upon their gentlemen associates, they are treated from the abundance of food and wine each house has prepared. It takes so long to do anything in Korea that these calls cannot all be made in one day, as with us, but they spend the whole two weeks at it.

Men often take their little sons with them, and larger boys go in groups together and call upon relatives or intimate friends of their fathers. These boys have their long, shining black hair parted in the middle, gathered on either side into small braids, and then these side braids caught together with the back hair into one long braid which, at the New Year time, is always tied with a new purple ribbon stamped in gold Chinese characters, wishing them long life or riches. Korean boys do not wear hats until after they are married. Their stockings and pants are always of white muslin, and at this time of year wadded with cotton batting to keep them warm; so is also their jacket, for no one wears undergarments in Korea. Boys' jackets are of the brightest colors; pink, green, red, or purple, and often a fond mother will make for her little son a jacket of as many colors as Joseph's coat consisted, the sleeves being pieces of from ten to thirteen different bright colored strips,

much upon the plan of a log cabin block. Thus gaily decked, and with a new pair of rope shoes, or wooden rain shoes, according to the state of the roads, the boys go and bow to their grandparents, uncles, and aunts, and friends of the family. Each one gives the boys a few pieces of "cash," one piece being worth about one tenth of a cent. They often get 50 or 100 cash in a day this way, and then return home and enjoy themselves, telling about who they have seen and counting over their money. Some save their money to help their parents buy their books or shoes with, others spend it for candy and nuts or kites.

The first thirteen days of the New Year is the time for flying kites in Korea. It seems as if little boys and big boys, and even men, have nothing else to do all day long. One can scarcely pass along the streets without getting entangled in somebody's kite strings. The kites are made of thin but strong paper over a light framework of bamboo splints. They are square, with a large round hole in the middle, and they have no tails. They are generally white, but often have one or two bright red or green spots painted on them. They use very long and strong strings, having them wound upon a sort of wooden reel. Each boy tries with his friends to see who can fly the kite the highest; and they try to cut the other boys' kite string with their own, and then they have that kite. After the thirteenth of the New Year kite flying is deemed a nuisance until the next year, and the evening of that day each boy writes down upon his kite the names of some diseases, and hangs a piece of money upon it, and throws it away. Some poor boy picks it up for the money, and it is supposed he will also get all the diseases.

Girls cannot fly kites, and only girls under seven



BY PER. OF THE CLASSMATE.

KOREAN KITE FLYERS.

years of age can be seen upon the streets at any time ; however, at the New Year time, through the back courtyard, or somehow, each girl manages to get another girl with her. They cannot go early like their brothers, for it is said if a girl or woman enter another person's house early upon New Year's Day it will bring bad luck. The chief amusement of the girls when they meet at this holiday season is to play "see-saw" out in the women's court. Often the women join in too, and they all have a gay time. They do not sit upon the teeter, as American girls do, but they stand on either end, and they jump alternately, the spring of the board giving such impetus that they jump very high and fast, and become much exhilarated. The girls must have some way to get rid of their diseases, too ; so they buy three *chyong* ; these look like tiny wooden bells ; they sew these wooden *chyong* with a piece of cash upon one of the strings that tie their jacket, and wear them until the night of the fourteenth day, when they throw them out, together with the cash, to be picked up by boys who, though they get the money, will bear the diseases.

There is thought to be a certain devil for each year of the cycle, who will come in and take up his abode with the members of the family of each house. To prevent this dolls about the size of a baby, and made altogether of rice straw, are bought, a certain amount of money placed inside the doll ; then, after staying all night near the head of the mat they sleep on, it is thrown away early in the morning, and the devil will enter into whatever person picks it up.

Tai Poram Nal, or Great Fifteenth Day, is the last of the festival. The evening before the Koreans bathe themselves from crown to toe, then they dress and



THREE INTIMATE FRIENDS FEASTING, TAI PORAM NAL.

spread their nicest matting out upon the mountain side and bow to the moon and stars. The women buy a lot of red silk thread and tie in their jacket strings or hang over the door with the hope that brightness and happiness will follow them like a thread all the year. At daybreak, the morning of the fifteenth, sacrifice is again offered to the dead. The Korean housewife will try and have prepared twelve different kinds of vegetable food, and many knickknacks, and the people are said to eat nine times and to sleep nine times this day. There are so many customs for this last day of the New Year festival that one is at a loss to see how one person can observe them all. They buy two or three kinds of nuts and play a game of chance with them; they seek a fortune teller, and telling the year and month and day in which they were born, they learn, for a small sum of money, what is to befall them through the year, and how to avoid ill-luck. Farmers climb the nearest hill toward night, and watch anxiously to note the color of the moon as it rises above the horizon. If it is pale it is the sign of much rain for the coming summer, and consequently of a good rice crop; but if it be a fiery red it means a great drought and the rice a failure, and they exclaim, "*Ae ko chuk kaes so!*" ("We shall all die.") This evening, also, in the moonlight, the Koreans "walk the bridges." The word *ta-re* is used for both bridge and leg, and it is supposed if anyone crosses a bridge upon this day as many times as he is years old he will have no pains in his feet or legs throughout the year!

Thus we see that the character of even the New Year customs in Korea shows how much this people are in need of the truth of the Gospel.

ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL.

LIBERTY, N. Y., *January 1, 1896.*

A KOREAN NEW YEAR'S STORY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE *Liberty Gazette* BY ROSETTA S. HALL, M.D.

King Chyong Chong was a wise king in Korea. One night he walked to the Royal College, where the scholars are. The time was the end of the year, and all the scholars had gone to their houses except two men who were talking to each other. One man said, "The others have all gone to their houses to celebrate the New Year holiday, but we two have nowhere to go; how pitiable we are." "Yes," said the other; "then you also have no house and family; how does it happen?" The man answered: "I will tell you the reason. My parents arranged with the parents of a suitable young girl that we should be married, but before the wedding ceremony could be celebrated, the bride's father died, so we could not be married for the three years that she had to wear mourning clothes. Just after three years my father died, and again we had to wait the three years of mourning; then after that, the woman who would have been my mother-in-law died, and again we waited for three years; then my mother died also, and we waited three years again; this was four times three years or twelve years, thus we were becoming old. Then the bride was taken sick and was about to die. Her brother came and said, 'My sister is very sick, and even though you could not celebrate the ceremony of marriage, you should have been husband and wife, and you may go to see her.' Therefore I went, but she died soon after she saw me, and since then I did not care to marry, consequently I do not have any family or house." The other scholar said: "My house was very poor, and we were starving as often as others were eating. But I went to every examination, and my wife would manage to get a handful of rice, and one cash worth of charcoal

with which to boil it, and she sat by the fire pot to wait for me. Every examination she did so. One time when at last I passed the examination, I went home with delight, and I found my wife had made the gruel as before, but was sitting by the fire pot dead. Since then I have had no mind to keep house." The king heard these stories and was very much touched with pity. He came back to his palace and sat upon his throne. He sent for these two men and asked, "The other scholars have all gone to their homes to celebrate the New Year festivities; why did not you go?" "We have no houses to go to, sir," replied the two men. "How is that?" said the king; "dogs, children, cows, and horses all have a place to live, and also birds have their nests. Can a man have no house? You ought to have a reason; you must tell me." Then the two scholars repeated exactly the same as they had talked in the college. The king heard these stories again and felt the more pitiful for the men, and he gave them high ranks and good houses to live in.

The above illustrates several of the Korean customs.

1. The parents arrange, through a "go-between," the marriage of their children—the prospective bride and groom never seeing each other until the marriage day.
2. While mourning three years for parents, men are not supposed to enter into any business relations at all.
3. Men who belong to the upper class will let their wives do all the work, before they would lay aside their chance of getting office and work with their own hands, which would degrade them and debar them from obtaining rank.
4. Men without families are an exception in Korea—old maids are unknown.
5. Though men may be away from their families studying, or upon business during the whole year, they always return at the New Year time.
6. There is no word in the Korean language for our word "home."

R. S. H.

THE KOREAN PONY.

BY REV. JAS. S. GALE, IN THE *Korean Repository*.

Among the creatures that have crossed my path, the one that has had the most influence on my personal character is the Korean pony. It would be impossible to recount the varied experiences through which he has led me. Instead of lifting my hand, and pointing to some noted professor or eminent divine, as the master spirit of my life, I stand a safe distance off, and point to the Korean pony, and say, "He has brought more out of me than all the others combined."

In his company I have been surprised at the amount of concentrated demon I have found in my heart. Again, as he has carried me safely along the dizziest edge, I could have turned angel, and taken him on my back.

My usual pony has been not one of your well-groomed steeds from the palace stables, but a long-haired, hide-bound object, for which your whole heart goes out in pity. "Weak creature," you say; "how easy it would be for it to expire," but after a little experience of its company you change your mind, for you find its heels are charged with the vitality of forked lightning, and that on slight provocation he would bite through six-inch armor plate. These things have taught me to treat him carefully, as I would an old fowling piece, loaded to kill—lock, stock, and barrel—and in danger of going off at any moment.

Korean ponies hail principally from the southern island Quelpart, from the group off the west of P'yung An, and from Ham Kyung Province. A Manchu breed is being introduced of late, but they are more bulky, harder to feed, and not nearly as good roadsters as the ordinary Korean pony.

Breeding districts are under the charge of officers named *Kammok*. They have with them keepers who, twice each year, lasso a certain number of ponies and send them to the palace. There they pass their palmy days. When their hair grows long and they take on a sheeplike look, they are turned out through the back gate, and become pack ponies, carrying goods along the four main roads of Korea. They keep this up until they develop ringbone, spavin, rawback, windgalls, and heaves. Then they are bought by a Korean living near the "New Gate," and are used specially to carry foreigners for the remainder of their mortal existence. The fact that the creature is dangerously ill, and the risk so much the greater, accounts for the double charge made to all foreigners by the man at the "New Gate."

But to return to the subject. The Korean horse figures in literary and scientific ways as well. He is the animal of the twenty-fifth constellation, and appears specially as the symbolical creature of the seventh Korean hour (11 A. M. to 1 P. M.). This doubtless refers to the fact that he eats his *chook* at that time, though 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. would have been a more correct division. We read that his compass point is South. Probably the inventor of the Horary table was on his way North at the time, and finding that his pony naturally gravitated the other way marked it South. His poetical name is *tonchang* (honest sheep). While the noun here is well chosen, the adjective is purely fictitious, as we say "honest Injun."

In size, when alongside a Western horse, he looks like a ten-year-old boy accompanying his grandfather.

His gait is a peculiar pitter-patter, and rides very nicely, until he reaches the raw-backed spavin age, when he stumbles every few paces, calling forth remarks

from the foreigner. The so-called Chinese ponies are all rough, awkward creatures. A pack on one of them heaves up and down like an old-fashioned walking beam, while a Korean pony in good condition glides along like a palace Pullman. For a journey over such roads as we have, a small Korean horse, astride of which Don Quixote's feet would drag along the ground, will use up a large Chinese pony in less than three days, as I have found in more than one case by actual experiment.

Their sure-footedness is a marvel. If you have been fortunate enough to escape the man at the "New Gate," and have really secured a good pony, then give him his way over all the danger of ice and precipice that you may chance to pass. Sit perfectly cool on your pack, for the danger is less when trusting to him than to your own feet. How my heart has risen to the occasion and taken up its quarters in my mouth, as I have felt him glide along an eight-inch path, overlooking a chasm with twelve feet of green cold water below me! But never a failure, never once a slip. At such times if I had been in need of a proper joss to crack my head to, I should have enshrined my Korean pony.

And yet in spite of all these excellencies my opening remarks are true, for in heart and soul he is a perfect fiend. Obstinacy is one of his commonest characteristics. He will have his own way as assuredly as any Korean cooly will have his. When the notion takes him, his neck is of brass, and his ideas fixed as the king's ell.

His diet is *chook* and chopped millet straw. *Chook* is boiled beans and rice chaff, and is fed to the pony in a trough of water. The beans are very few, and the water is very deep. The long lips and nose of the Korean

pony is an evolution of nature to capture that bean in the bottom of a trough of water. He has been after it for generations, and another result is, the pony can breathe through his eyes when his nose is a foot deep in *chook* water hunting beans.

The fact that the water is always colored leaves it uncertain as to the amount put in, and grievous are the disputations that arise over an equal division of these beans. On one of my journeys, I had for *mapoo* a huge-trousered, pock-marked fellow, whose disposition seemed to be to get into disputes and difficulties on the way. The pony I rode was a long-nosed, dejected creature, that required three hours to feed. On one occasion I went out to hurry the animal up, and found it eye-deep in its trough apparently having an extra good time. The innkeeper happening by saw the twinkle in the pony's eyes, and concluded that the *mapoo* had "squeezed" his beans. Immediately a most interesting conversation took place, that passed rapidly through the various stages of the first three acts of a tragedy, and beheld the innkeeper wild with rage, the *mapoo* meanwhile currying his pony. "To perdition," says he, "you and your beans." With that in a burst of tragic frenzy, the innkeeper seized the brimming trough of *chook*, poised it in the air as a Scotchman would his caber, and let fly at the *mapoo*. With all the centrifugal force of a projectile the trough grazed the pony's back, and shot by the *mapoo*. The water taking the centripetal route showered down over the head and shoulders of the innkeeper, the beans gliding gently down his neck.

People speak of a "horse-laugh," but a pony's smile is something that, in watery richness of expression, surpasses everything. That dejected-looking pony smiled, and we resumed our journey.

They never allow the pony to drink cold water. It is "sure death" they say; neither do they allow him to lie down at night, but keep him strung up to a pole overhead by ropes, so that the creature is perfectly helpless, and all the cocks of the village warm their feet on his back, and crow into him the delights of pandemonium.

The work of feeding ponies seems endless to one uninitiated. For a seven o'clock start in the morning, you hear them up at half-past one slopping, dishing, crunching, jangling. "Wearing the life out of the miserable ponies," I said to myself, when I first heard it. I begged and implored, but it was all in vain, for when a Korean pony and native combine in some pet scheme it is as useless to remonstrate as it would be "to pick a quarrel wi' a stone wa'."

By way of poetic justice, I love to see the pony shod, see him pinioned teeth and nail, bound head, feet, and tail, in one hard knot, lying on his back under the spreading chestnut tree, with the village smithy putting tacks into him that brings tears to his eyes. But seasons like this are all too short to square up with him for the sins of his everyday existence.

To conclude by way of illustration. I was on a journey through the South and had reached the city of Tagoo, the capital of Kyung Sang Province. There my pony took sick, and not being able to find any for hire, I asked one of the mayor of the city. The morning I was to leave he sent me round a perfect whirlwind of a pony. This was number one of a courier service, which necessitated changing horses every five miles.

In the fourteen or fifteen animals that I enjoyed for the next three days I had an excellent demonstration of the merits and defects of the Korean pony. As men-

tioned, the first horse was a great success, the next one also was in good condition and fairly well proportioned. On mounting, however, I found he had a peculiar gait, a limp that defied all my efforts to locate; it seemed, in fact, to possess his entire being, a jerking that left one's inmost soul in shreds. The inconvenience of this five miles was indescribable. Taken all in all he was the most uncomfortable horse I ever had anything to do with. Glad was I to hand him over at the next post-house.

Pony number three was soon in waiting. He carried me out of the yard brilliantly. The road skirted the bank of a river. "A magnificent view," thought I, "and a pleasant pony to ride on," when suddenly the creature stopped, reversed all his ideas, and began backing up at a dangerous pace directly for the edge. I managed to get off just in time to save myself, and then thinking to teach him a lesson by a good shaking up, I attempted to assist him over the side. But no! he skillfully grazed the edge, at an angle sufficient to have dumped anything from his back, and righted himself again as neatly as though he had done it a thousand times. Evidently it was a premeditated scheme on his part to take my life. I tried him summarily, found him guilty in the first degree, and sentenced him to as many lashes as the whalebone in my possession would mete out. I used it up, the only thing in all my personal effects that the natives admired, and then on the advice of Mr. Yi, I decided to walk until the landscape was a little less picturesque. When we had left the river and gained the open fields, I tried him again, thinking surely that his spirit must be broken by this time, but it was not long until the old sensations took him, and he was again backing up at terrific speed. As

there was no immediate danger, I thought to let him back, which he did until he had run me into a bristling shrub, that lifted my hat off, combed me up generally, and marked my face. Having no more whalebone I gave him up entirely and footed it for the remainder of the distance.

Then came three indifferent animals that just managed to make their five miles. Mr. Yi in every case gave special orders to provide good horses, and the answer of the posthouse keeper was invariably so bland and righteouslike that I could have seen him caned, knowing how little these answers meant. After one of the most immaculate keepers on the whole way had professed to have gotten in his case an excellent pony, we again moved on. When the creature was far enough away from the stables to protect his master against any assault on our part, he peacefully lay down in the middle of the road. There he remained, until lifted bodily by tail and ears, and then he refused to put his feet squarely on the ground, Mr. Yi and the two pony boys straining themselves to the most to hold him erect.

The last one that I felt particularly incensed against was a ragged-looking beast that was troubled with a weakness in its forequarters. It went down on its nose without the slightest provocation, all the time, however, its hinder parts keeping perfectly erect. If its strength could have been divided a little fore and aft it might have made a passable pony, but as it was no forelegs at all would have been the only honest turnout. The creature hobbled along, kept me in a state of constant suspense, played on my hopes and fears most cruelly, and at last, in utter collapse, pitched me clean over its head to the total destruction of my personal appearance.

SÖUL, KOREA, *May* 1, 1895.

THE KOREAN COOLY.

BY REV. JAMES S. GALE IN THE *Korean Repository*.

Few subjects present more of interest to a foreigner in Korea than the cooly. He it is who exhibits in his person those peculiarities of race that have been smothered out of the gentry by fumes of Confucianism. The latter, having inhaled this teaching from childhood, have gradually lost their natural traits and have become more and more artificial, ever striving to mortify the man that they are by birth, and to put on for new man a ghost of antiquity. The cooly, however, is not in any such bondage, but exhibits a host of characteristics that make him in some respects the most interesting figure in the Land of Morning Calm.

From the first glimpse you have of him you recognize that he is a creature of repose. Nothing should be more restful to a nervous, impatient foreigner than the sight of a cooly by the wayside, sitting on his heels or, as we say, squatting, sometimes long rows of them, motionless as sea fowl, indifferent to the heat of the sun, to the flies that congregate upon them, or to the pestiferous gutters that crawl beneath their feet.

While other mortals are in constant commotion, fearful of this and that, yet aching for change, the Korean cooly continues throughout the ages to squat on his heels, never growing tired, sniffing all the while odors that would depopulate a Western city, or by way of diversion, eating melon rinds, and all in the face of cholera and other plagues of Egypt.

It is an atmosphere of repose rather than indifference that envelopes him. Indifference suggests an environment with which one is not in harmony, while repose indicates perfect agreement. Not only can he sit in a painful position for ages, but he can sleep with



THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE CAPITAL AND CHIEF CITIES OF KOREA.

(The Mul Chang Syu, or Water Cooly.)

head downward, and mouth wide open under the fiercest sun of the Orient, and rise as refreshed as though he had had a night on a spring mattress and a morning bath. This is proof that it is not a matter of indifference with him, else he should have had sun-stroke. The fact that he rises refreshed to enjoy his pipe proves the repose.

Undoubtedly he is the greatest living example of the absence of all excitement or animated interest of any kind whatever. He can eat an astounding dish of *pap* (rice), and be asleep with his head on a wooden block in less time than a foreigner would trim his toothpick. Nothing short of a bowl of *kuksu* (vermicelli) or the crack of doom, can create the slightest interest in him, or prove that he has nerves at all.

This characteristic, while highly to be commended in some respects, has frequently proven a source of difference between the cooly and the foreigner. The latter proud of his watchword, action, runs full tilt into the cooly who sits heavy in repose. It is like the railway train taking a header for a mud embankment, when newspapers announce next day, "Smash up," not of the embankment, but of the railway train.

In view of this danger to the foreigner, the cooly has, of late years, done considerable to change his ways, though, of course, even in foreign employ he still feels old sensations come over him, and falls at times into his native repose.

Only once do I recollect seeing marked animation in a cooly's eyes. It was at a stone fight such as they used to indulge in in the brave days of old. Several hundred of the best marksmen of the capital chose sides, and armed with stones weighing one and two pounds assembled for the fray. When I arrived, mis-

siles were flying through the air, any one of which, had it struck, would have done for a man as easily as a fifty pound projectile. They were all awake to dodge these, and the rush and scramble to escape was like a stampede of wild beasts. The throwing was magnificent. It seemed in truth a little war of giants. The fight grew fast and furious. Grimy with dust and sweat each side drew in the closer and sent rocks flying among the enemy in a way simply appalling. Then came a shock of cessation and shout as though a goal were scored. One of the best marksmen of the enemy had been struck squarely and was killed. His body was carried off the field and again the fight began. Before evening closed one had fallen on the other side, and thus the score was even.

Such is the cooly, and yet a gentler, more lamblike creature never lived. Apart from this one ancient custom he is peace itself; even his personal wars are merely threatenings. One of the amusing sights of the street is a fight, the combatants of course always being coolies, as no gentleman would soil his garments who has a servant to engage for him. It begins usually in dispute, passes through different stages, each marked by a special pitch of voice and rapidity of utterance, and at last ends in a climax of fury. A perfect stream of invective is poured forth, accompanied by appeals to men and angels to behold the object of depravity. The foreigner is horrified, convinced as he is that nothing short of one life can relieve the pent-up condition of affairs, when suddenly the whole case collapses, and the combatants are seen on each end of the piazza smoking as peacefully as if all within the Four Seas were brothers.

The question has often arisen, Is the Korean cooly

an arrant coward, or is he the bravest man alive since Jack the Giant Killer? Evidence is not lacking for the support of either supposition. On the first announcement of the Japan-China War we saw him, with personal effects on his back and considerable animation in his feet, making for the hills. We have seen him, too, in the capacity of trespasser, being whipped out of a compound with a small willow switch, and writhing under the blows as though they had been sword cuts, repeating with imploring look, "Igo! You've killed me! You've killed me!"

A small foreigner of hasty temperament once resided in the Land of Morning Calm. I had the pleasure of seeing him marshaling his men on a journey. The coolies he had were noted for strength rather than agility, and as speed was the chief consideration friction resulted. Matters came to a climax at last, and the small foreigner made a round of those coolies with his right foot, spreading consternation at every kick. No great damage was done, as a Korean's padded dress serves much as a bird's plumage would under a similar form of attack. The group bowed to the inevitable, simply remarking of the foreigner that an offspring of that kind was a caution (*keu nomeui chasik maknania*).

But there exists just as strong evidence as to the cooly's pluck. He will undergo a surgical operation without flinching, where a foreigner would require an assistant to administer an anæsthetic. It has been said that he has no nerves and so does not feel it, but he felt the willow switch as keenly as you or I would. Considering his weapons and opportunities, he gave a good account of himself in the old days in the defenses at Kangwha. Often still with a wretched flintlock or fuse gun, he will steal his way among the

rocks and beard the tiger, capturing his game and returning home in triumph.

Not being able to find a definite example of more than ordinary courage, I referred the matter to my Korean friend and he told me the following, which in his mind bespoke a heroism rarely seen among mortals. A number of coolies had imprisoned a huge rat in a grain bin. Now the question was, who would venture in, barehanded, capture and despatch the rat? One stout-looking fellow smiled broadly and volunteered to go, amid the admiration and applause of the onlookers. He pulled his jacket tight, tried his fingers as if to see that all were in working order, and advanced to the attack; meanwhile the rat, facing about, resolved to die game. The parrying lasted a few minutes, then a pass, then a rush of confusion and sudden leap into mid-air, all quick as lightning, and the cooly held the lifeless rat by the tail amid renewed applause. "Your common cricket ball," says my Korean friend, "is nothing; but to catch a live rat, which is equal to a cricket ball charged with dynamite, requires courage indeed."

Not only does the cooly exhibit at times surprising agility, but his strength is phenomenal. With a rack made of forked limbs fastened together so as to fit the shoulders, he will carry a bale of piece-goods weighing four hundred pounds, or bring a perfectly paralyzing load of deer hides all the way from Kangge, four hundred miles.

In Korea there are practically no carts or wheeled means of transportation. Many of the roads will not permit of beasts of burden, so the strength of the nation has gone into the cooly's shoulders. With a load such as we often see he reminds you of the Titan Atlas lifting the world.

It has been a sorrow to many a foreigner that the cooly should be so slow in his mental movements, so obstinate about changing his mind or responding to an order, but it is easily explained. Like his body, his mind moves under a pressure of from one to four hun-



KOREAN COOLY WITH "JIGGY" ON HIS BACK.

dred pounds, which accounts for all its slowness of motion. Run violently against his inclinations, and he goes obstinately along, feeling it in fact as little as if you had collided with him when carrying his load of piece goods. In disgust, and with all your timbers shivered, you resolve to avoid him forever, neglecting

the one way to manage the cooly, which is to take him softly and gently at first, but with increasing pressure as his being comes into motion, and you can run him this way and that, physically or mentally, as by the turning of a rudder, for his condition is not of obstinacy but of inability.

Independence is a new thought to Korea, and a new word is coined to express it. The native has never dreamed of existence apart from that of others. In the Western world, a man may bear his own burdens, just as a house may stand by itself in a wide expanse of country; but in the Orient men work in groups, and houses draw together into hamlets and villages. The great forces with us are centrifugal, marked by extension, separation, and the like; while in the East life tends toward the center, and is characterized by contraction, limitation, the cooly being one of the largest contributors to this end. The sphere of his usefulness is so contracted, in fact, that he will undertake nothing without an assistant. He eyes the simplest task with a look of hopelessness, unless you will permit his friend to engage as well. Should it be the handling of a wood-saw, he must have a cooly at the other end, not from necessity, nor specially by way of ornament, but because it is established custom and convenient withal. His use of a shovel, too, is striking; with one man at the handle and one or two others on each side holding ropes fastened to the same, he creates a union of forces that vividly explains why the sun and moon drawing at the same angle, and at about the same visible degree of motion, should influence the tides.

No amount of money can tempt him to break faith with custom. He regards money as a convenience, but in no case as a necessity. Other things being satis-

factory, he will agree to accept of it, will demand more at times, or will regard with a look of scorn the largest amount you can offer him. He never descends to purely business relations. When you engage him for a piece of work, he comes simply with a desire for your convenience, while in the evening you present him with *cash*, expressive of your friendship and appreciation. Should the relations during the day become strained, he will probably demand more; should friendship be strengthened, he will accept less; should mutual disagreement break out, he will not work for you for any money, and in all probability will have you boycotted by others of the village.

The cooly's religion consists in a worship of ancestors and a hatred of all officialdom; not that he really loves the former or dislikes the latter, but custom requires that he attribute success to the virtue of his forefathers and failure to the depravity of the district mandarin, hence expressions of reverence for the one and sworn hatred for the other.

In the first prefecture I visited the coolies of the village spent a large part of their time squatting on their heels, anathematizing the *wön*, prefect, who lived over the hills in the *yamen*. It seemed to me that they were on the eve of an uprising that would leave not even cotton wadding enough to tell of the fate of the hopeless magistrate. During the course of the season we became acquainted, and a more sleek, contented official it has never been my fortune to know; wholly oblivious he seemed to the storm brewing about his ears. The storm continued to brew, but never broke. Visits to other parts of the country have since demonstrated, beyond doubt, that this discontent is the normal condition of affairs in Korea, and that the *wön* would never

be happy or safe without this centripetal force to keep him within a reasonable orbit.

While cherishing such hatred on the one hand, the cooly is quite emphatic in his loyalty to the king on the other. To him his majesty is the peerless perfection of wisdom and benevolence, one who cannot sin, in fact, who, though as wicked as Nero and unscrupulous as Ahab, would be spoken of as the Son of Divinity, the sinless jade ruler, etc. ; while the officials who surrounded him from ministers down are regarded as public goblins, veritable fiends of state.

The cooly's relation to his deceased ancestors I have never been able to define. That he is devout in the performance of the sacred rites is unquestioned, but that he has a clear understanding of their purport is exceedingly doubtful. A proof, however, of his grasp of the situation is seen in this, that he can point you out every grave of his ancestors to the fourth generation, or can talk as familiarly of a great-grandfather's second cousin as we would of a half-sister. No spirit is forgotten in his round of yearly sacrifices. As to what it all means he leaves you in doubt. Prosperity in some mysterious way hangs on it, and there the subject rests.

Calling himself depraved existence, unconscionable sinner, the cooly mourner wanders for three years, with a burden on his heart and the shade of a wide hat over his countenance.

The cooly's home life is simple ; a mat or two on a mud floor with a fire underneath is comfort enough for the most fastidious. His iron-jointed, supple-sinewed wife keeps all in motion. The Korean would long since have been reduced to dust had it not been for her. While her husband sits and smokes she swings her batons or makes the kitchen ring with cook-

ing and the sounds of her voice. Though unacquainted with the embroidered side of life, she is a faithful, decent woman, and does honor to the Far East. True to her husband and kind to her children, in spite of her unat-



THE COOLY'S WIFE.

tractive appearance and emphatic manner, she takes her part in the struggle of life bravely and modestly, and does credit to womankind the world over.

One cooly stands out prominently before me as I conclude this paper, a little man with brown face,

who accompanied me on trips into the country, keeping the way clear, and acting throughout in our interests. One evening, after a bleak day of nearly forty miles, we entered quarters for the night, and were informed that they had no room, nothing to eat, and no use for a foreigner. All the town apparently had come out to tell us so. There I was alone in the world, no one to depend on but the little man with brown face, and he had run forty miles already. Not wearied, but shortened in temper, he spent about eight seconds arguing the question with the townspeople, and when that did not avail, turned on the chief speaker, a tall, lanky fellow, and taking a double hold of the after part of his garments, ran him down that street as though propelled by a locomotive. This was conclusive proof to the inhabitants that we were running the town, not they; so they yielded us a room, and strings of eggs, and comfort for the night.

Many a day since all my hopes have been centered in the little man with brown face, and never once has he failed me, but has carried me on his back over streams, stood by me through rain and snow, ever forgetful of his own comforts; trustworthy as one's brother and faithful as the sun. All for what? a few cash, that he could have earned with much less labor on his own mud floor at home; but down in his cooly's heart it was for him a matter of friendship and honor.

It is long since a difference of location compelled us to separate, but frequently still, by post or courier, comes a thick-wadded letter, written in native script, on coarse paper, wishing long life and blessing to the recipient, saying that he still lives and is well, signed awkwardly and humbly by the little man with brown face.

YOKAHAMA, JAPAN, *November 15, 1896.*

THE KOREAN POWER SHOVEL.

BY REV. G. H. JONES, IN THE *Korean Repository*.

This interesting invention occupies a front rank among the labor saving machines of Korea, for it saves from three to five men a vast deal of work. It consists of a long wooden shovel armed with an iron shoe to cut into the earth properly. The handle is about five feet long, and is worked (to a certain extent) by the cap-



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

KOREAN POWER SHOVEL.

tain of the crew. Two ropes, one on each side, are attached to the bowl of the shovel, and these are managed by the men who seek to save their labor.

When in operation the captain inserts the iron-shod point of the shovel as deep into the earth sometimes as three inches, and then the crew of two or four men give a lusty pull and a shout, and away will go a tablespoonful of dirt fully six feet, if not more, into the distance. This operation is repeated three or four times, and then the weary crew take a recess and refresh themselves with a pipe. It is a beautiful sight to watch a crew working these power shovels; everything is executed with such clocklike regularity, especially the recess. Then the crew sometimes sing in a minor strain, for

the Korean day laborer can always be depended on to do it in as pleasant a manner as possible.

That this implement belongs to the class called labor-saving machines there can be no doubt. It takes five men to do one man's work, but entails no reduction in pay. In fact, the number of its crew can be extended to the limits of the shovel's ropes without risk of a strike among the laborers. Many interesting stories might be told to illustrate its name of the *power* shovel, one of which I will tell. We had a small patch of garden we wanted turned over, so we hired a cooly and put in his hand a beautiful new spade from America. He attached two straw ropes to it, hired four other coolies, at our expense, of course, and did the job in triumph. Such is the *power* of this instrument over the Korean mind!

GLIMPSES OF MEDICAL WORK IN SÖUL, KOREA.

BY ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, M.D., IN *The Post-Graduate*.

What would *The Post-Graduate* think of a doctor's carriage without wheels, of a dispensary waiting room without seats, and of hospital wards without beds! Such is our style in Korea.

The carriage is a native palanquin, which has a wooden framework of about 3x3x3 feet, and is covered with cloth upon the top and sides; a wooden grating forms the floor upon which the doctor sits; the front door can be raised or fastened down as one pleases, and there is a small paper window at each side. Extending before and behind, from the bottom of the palanquin, are two poles, by means of which two men carry it, or, if the doctor is going a long distance or wishes to put on a little more style, four men are thus employed. These men travel from three to four miles



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

KOREAN PALANQUIN.

in one hour, and receive about fifty cents for a day's work, boarding themselves. If the doctor closes her eyes upon the squalid mud huts and the naked children, she might imagine she was being borne swiftly along upon an elevated car in her home city, but the odor ever arising from the filthy streets rudely awakens one from such day dreams. Imagine mud-walled hovels with thatched or tiled roofs so low that the eaves are within six feet of the ground, all built with their backs to the street, and with their chimneys pouring out their smoke just on a level with your nose; the privies, built so that they overhang the ditch at the side of the street, only used by the women, the men and children commonly using the street itself, which is without sidewalks, and is practically but an open sewer, fortunately washed out annually by good Dame Nature at the time of the rainy season. If you can imagine these things, then you have before you a picture of the average street in the capital city of the Hermit Nation. No doubt the seclusion of women, as practiced in Korea, accounts for a great deal of this condition of affairs. Picture to yourself the probable appearance of our own streets if women had not been allowed to appear upon them for the last five hundred years.

Now look into the dispensary waiting room. The floor, composed of stone and mud, is covered over with Korean oiled paper, which by use has taken on a polish like marble; there are some pictures and Scripture texts on the walls, but when you have mentioned these you have spoken of all the furnishings within the room. The women and children you find waiting there to see the American doctor sit upon the floor, as they do in their own homes. Were you to offer them chairs, they would not know how to sit upon them—would probably

climb up in them and sit down upon their feet. If it be winter, you will not find them all crowding about the stove or register or steam heater, for no such thing is in the room; but each is made comfortable by the floor upon which she sits being warmed. The fire is built just outside and underneath one end of the room, and it draws through channels in the floor to the low mud chimney on the outside of the opposite end of the room; thus the floor, when once heated, keeps warm a long time, like the old-fashioned brick ovens. In their own homes the Koreans have their rice kettles set over the fire, so that their rooms are heated when cooking their morning and evening meals.

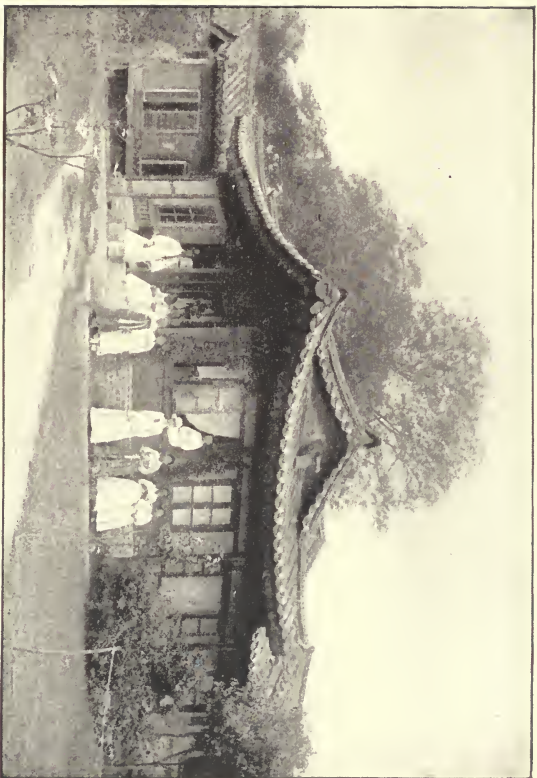
Enter the consulting room while the Bible woman is teaching the waiting patients, and here you find a revolving armchair for the doctor, placed before a table, upon which lies the large record book. On one side is a handsome Korean cabinet whose numerous drawers contain everything necessary for the doctor to use in such a general outdoor clinic, while through the open door the well-stocked shelves of a drug room appear, and in the operating room may be found a really good assortment of surgical instruments. As a rule, both instruments and drugs come from America.

A patient enters; the doctor asks her name, and, though all Korean women are married, she replies by giving the surname of her father. A Korean girl is called by her "baby name" until she is married, somewhere between the ages of twelve and sixteen, after which she is nameless until she becomes a mother, when she is known as the mother of such a child. The next question, "How old are you?" if asked of a child, literally means, "How many years have you eaten?" "Eat" is a favorite word. The doctor never says, "Take

your medicine," but always, "Eat your medicine." If a patient wants to tell you she is deaf, she will say she has *eaten her ears*.

A glance through that big record book will tell you that the American lady doctor, assisted by the Korean girls she has trained, treats from four thousand to seven thousand cases yearly. The great majority are dispensary patients only, but a good proportion are out-calls and patients cared for in the hospital wards. Quite as great a variety are treated as in a like number of women and children in New York city, but the order of frequency would no doubt be different; there is much less gynæcological and obstetrical work. The majority of the diseases could be grouped under the following heads, and in their order of frequency: Digestive, surgical, ocular, venereal, lymphatic, skin, respiratory, nervous, gynæcological, febrile, aural, and circulatory. A description of some of the interesting incidents met with in such general practice would make this paper too long, but may form the basis of another some time.

The hospital wards are built Korean style, about an inner court. Koreans use only paper windows, but those in the foreign doctor's hospital contain some glass. The floors are warmed in the way before described. As Koreans both sit and sleep upon the floor, they need neither chairs nor beds. Though it is rather hard on the doctor's back and knees to count pulse, make physical diagnoses, attend to obstetrical cases, and do surgical dressings with patients lying upon the floor, yet after all it has its advantages. It is cleanly; the smooth oiled paper covering the floor is wiped up with an antiseptic solution every day, and oftener if necessary. There is no chance for those vermin which, with the best of care, often infest the beds in hospitals of the



FROM TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS, BALCH BROS., BOSTON.

WOMAN'S HOSPITAL, SOUL.

Korea Methodist Episcopal Mission.

home land. It makes it very easy to sweat a patient without the use of hot-water bottles. It is safe—*the patient cannot get out of bed* without the doctor's orders, and last, but perhaps not least, especially in a mission hospital, it is economical.

LIBERTY, N. Y., *December*, 1895.

THE NATIVE DOCTOR IN KOREA AND HIS WORK.*

BY ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, M.D., IN *The Post-Graduate*.

The medical man in Korea dates back over six hundred years before Hippocrates was born. No doubt the god of their healing art is even more ancient than Esculapius.

Medicine was first introduced from China, and all remedies were divided into twelve classes, one kind especially for the king, another for the highest official class, and others for the lower grades of officials and the common people in their respective order. A Chinese classic in medicine, consisting of nineteen volumes, and a work on therapeutics, also written in Chinese, are used by the regular Korean doctor, but the principal part of his instruction is handed down orally from father to son. There are many doctors, however, who have not had even this much instruction, but have picked up their knowledge of the healing art for the money there is in it, and they try first one remedy after another until they cure or kill.

Korean doctors are generally paid by the month. Rich officials often employ more than one, and keep them the year round, so long as they give satisfaction. If, however, there is but little sickness in the household

* This article may not be quite fair to the Korean doctor. No doubt he uses many good methods with success, but, of course, these cases have not come to me, and I confess I have had little time to investigate his methods, aside from what my patients have told me or I have seen.

for a month, they may pay him less, or if he has had to use very expensive medicines another month, they may pay him a little more. It is also customary to make the doctor numerous presents. The quantities of eggs, chickens, pheasants, chestnuts, cherries, persimmons, preserved ginger, and sauerkraut that have been bestowed upon me by grateful patients I am sure would astonish even the country editor. Here is a sample of the letters that often accompany such gifts. As nearly as it can be translated it reads: "Letter take up in the presence of the doctor lady. I am thankful for the benefit received, though I am not able to pay back; it will be difficult for me to forget till my bones turn white. Sorry I am poor, consequently can only send up eighty eggs for you to make sauce of."

There are no native hospitals. Some of the apothecary shops are kept by doctors, and these form sort of dispensaries. They are well stocked with dried herbs, roots, and barks tied up in paper bags and hung overhead, with the Chinese name of the drug written on the bottom of the bag. The rhubarb used is from China, like our own, and there is a fair quality of castor oil of native manufacture. Here, also, may be obtained the bones of the tiger, a soup made from which is one of the best tonics, and the pulverized skull is a specific in hydrophobia. Various insects and small mollusks are also kept on hand to use in poultices and ointments. Small cubes of iron pyrites are also on hand to be swallowed in case of fracture. Ginseng is, perhaps, the most valued tonic. It will restore the vigor and strength of youth to the aged or infirm; next to it in value ranks deer-horn sprouts. It is most too much of a task to undertake to enumerate all the strange drugs in the Korean pharmacopœia, and it might not prove particularly edifying.

Here is a copy of a prescription for an ointment used by the native doctor for eczema: "Disintegrated rock, licorice root, willow, orange-peel, bark of the mulberry tree, root of the pine tree, four spiders, and five centipedes, all ground into a powder and mixed with honey, and applied to either acute or chronic cases." Many of the black, sticky pastes and ointments that decorate most of our patients when they first visit us are very difficult to remove.

One thing the Korean doctor must observe in his practice, and that is to work in harmony with the *Chuk-il-in-sin*, or the guardian spirit in each person. This spirit daily changes his residence from one part of the body to another, and any attempt to treat a part on the day in which he is residing in it is sure to anger him and increase the trouble. His round through the body is a monthly one, and as he returns to the same part on the same day in each month of the year, the table given in their calendar answers for the whole year. The *Lang-moon*, or death's door, is supposed to be in the West. Dying Koreans are always laid with their heads to the West, that the spirit, which is thought to leave the body through the head, may travel a straight line into eternity.

Variola in Korea is quite as common as rubeola with us, and is considered a child's disease, that does not require the attention of a doctor. It visits the large cities every spring; we often meet cases of it in the street, for if the child is fretful, their best method of quieting it is to strap it to the back of the nurse, or some older member of the family, and send it out on the street. I have had such cases enter my dispensary, not on account of the child, but because its nurse needed some medical attention. Koreans think it very strange that

adult foreigners should fear smallpox, supposing, naturally, we must have all had it in our childhood. Korean children that do die with smallpox are not buried, but wrapped in some matting and hung up outside the city wall until the epidemic for that year has passed. I have not been able to learn their reason for this custom, but it certainly answers the purpose of giving all a fair chance to contract the disease.

Midwives are numerous, and there are said to be many Korean widows who are general practitioners; and it would seem necessary, for none of the higher class women can see any man outside of her own family. However, so far as I know, I never happened to meet a woman doctor in any of my work among the Korean people.

In obstetrics a midwife is usually employed. Her duties are very simple. The child is not bathed until the third day, and the mother is supposed to lie in bed only three days, and then goes about her work as usual. In malpresentations, where nature cannot effect a spontaneous delivery, the patient generally dies, as the native doctor knows nothing really of the science of obstetrics; and the people are only just beginning to learn that the foreign doctor can help them.

One of the favorite treatments of the Korean doctor, for ills too numerous to mention, is burning with a red-hot iron or with the moxa. I suppose, in some cases where a strong counterirritant is needed, this treatment must do good; at any rate the majority of my patients bear the scars that such treatment produces. One woman, for a pain in her arm, was burned so deeply that the tissue sloughed down to the muscle, and she had erysipelas in her whole arm and shoulder. Many cases of ascites had been burned nearly through the abdominal walls. Another patient, with lateral curvature of the

spine, had been given a decoction of snakes after the doctor had failed with the red hot iron treatment.

Many of the remedies of the native doctor are almost too revolting to speak of even in a medical journal. Urine is an eyewash in common use. I have treated abscesses that have been poulticed with human *feces*, and one poor sick woman gave the history of having been ordered by the doctors to suck the syphilitic sores of her husband to cure them!

Korean doctors have little idea of either surgery or anatomy. All doctors do general practice, but some become more famed in certain lines. Acupuncture generally demands a specialist. In common with some specialists we have before heard of, he impresses the people with the idea that his needle can cure every pain that flesh is heir to. In rheumatism, the knee, thigh, and lumbar region are pierced every day for seven days. In hemiplegia, the ankle and calf of the unaffected side are punctured every seventh day until relieved. Even sprained ankles and wrists receive this treatment; and as the Korean doctor's needle is by no means aseptic, bad results following this method are frequent. Abscesses are opened with the needle and a seton of twisted Korean paper inserted. This does not give very complete drainage, but is better than none. Very few parts of the body are exempt from acupuncture—the abdomen, the super and infra orbital spaces, and even the eyeball itself. I know of one instance in which an aneurism was punctured.

As it was once my privilege (?) to see a native specialist in acupuncture at his work, I will try to describe it. I was called one day to the house of one of the higher class to see a child who had become very sick two or three days before, after being carried a

long distance, strapped to the back of his nurse, his bare head and nape of neck exposed to the fierce heat of a July sun. I found him in convulsions, and, after a careful examination, it proved to be a severe case of meningitis, and I told the father I feared there was little or no hope of recovery. Both father and mother bowed before me in oriental style and begged me to "give life." I told them only God could do that, but we would do all we could, and I left them medicine, with the necessary directions, and the promise to return early in the morning. Now, this was the only son of these people, and their love for him was quite as strong as that of fond American parents; and, like them, they wanted to leave nothing undone for their darling. They had sent for the Korean doctor before they called me, and when they saw the child surely growing worse they thought they would try the foreign doctor; but as morning dawned and no improvement was visible, they again sent for the Korean doctor, who arrived shortly after I did. After examining the little boy, I told the father he was dying; that I could do no more for him; God was surely going to take him very soon to his heavenly home. Then the father bade the Korean doctor to again try his skill. The first thing he did was to burn a moxa of brownish-looking powder upon each breast of the child; as it began to burn the tender skin, I begged the father to have it removed, and said to the doctor, "The child is dying; you know it can do him no good," but he only calmly smiled, as he obeyed the now almost frantic father to go on with his treatment. He then took from its sheath a needle, half-way between a darning needle and a surgeon's probe in appearance, and this he proceeded, with a sort of twisting, rotatory motion, to stick through each

little foot, through the palms of the hand, the thumb joints, and through the upper lip into the maxilla just beneath the nose. Again I tried to make him stop, but he said it was "Korean custom." I replied, "It is a very bad custom;" and then I could not refrain from delivering him, perhaps, the first medical lecture he had ever heard, explaining that, though the child was in a deep coma and did not feel it, yet it was useless and cruel, and that in cases where recovery from the disease might occur, inflammation of those punctured joints was sure to follow, and often suppuration with death of the bones; that such cases had frequently come to me in the hospital, where amputation was the only radical cure. He listened with a bland smile, wondering, no doubt, at the impudence of a Western barbarian undertaking to instruct him. A few days later the mother sent a servant to me with a message that the child had died and was buried; she sent me a present and an invitation to visit her again. There are many such doors open to receive us, but our workers are so few we are often unable to enter them. In a number of cases where we have thus followed up our work whole families have been won for Jesus.

How much more medical missionaries are needed for this poor people! What a privilege, not only to relieve the poor suffering bodies and sin-sick souls of those who come to us, but to train young native helpers, who will do much to teach better ways even in this generation, and whose influence upon the coming generations will be felt in ever-widening circles. Phillips Brooks wrote, "If I can only place one little brick in the pavement of the Lord's pathway, I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city."

LIBERTY, N. Y., *March*, 1896.

THE STATUS OF WOMAN IN KOREA.

BY GEORGE HEBER JONES, IN THE *Korean Repository*.

The status of womankind in any nation is not to be determined by the experiences of one member of the sex. It would be easy for anyone acquainted with Korean life to cite the case of some woman and contend that the position of the sex in Korea is either all that can be desired or anything but what it should be. But this would not be a fair handling of the matter, for in either event the case cited would prove to be an exception rather than the rule. To reach a just conclusion we must inquire as to what views obtain among the people concerning the sex as a whole ; what customs, usages, and laws govern her, and what experiences appear to be common to her in the various levels of social life. And prefatory to our discussion, it is well to note that in the general upheaval of 1894-95 a change has been provided for, but has not yet taken effect to any great extent. With a few exceptions, the position of woman is the same as it was ten or ten hundred years ago.

The following appear to be the chief facts in evidence with which we have to deal. Woman is regarded theoretically as man's inferior, and her proper attitude in his presence is one of submission and subjection. She is kept in seclusion, given no intellectual training, and enjoys customary rather than guaranteed legal rights. As a result, her theoretical status is one of inferiority, but by force of character she has risen superior to circumstance and occupies a higher position than man would grant her. These facts wear different aspects in the different classes of the Korean social scale, but they meet us universally and form the basis upon which to determine woman's standing.

1. *Inferiority.* A Korean's views of womankind are based on a dualistic philosophy which dominates his mind. All nature appears to consist of pairs of opposites, though he does not hold with the Zoroastrian that these opposites are also antagonists. These categories run as follows: Heaven and earth, light and darkness, strength and weakness, superiority and inferiority, virtue and iniquity, male and female, and so on. The first member of each couple is always the superior, the second the inferior; as scientific categories, they appear to be based in the very constitution of nature, and are thus necessarily correct.

Nature having thus marked woman as inferior, a man-made philosophy hastens to ticket her to that effect, and the Korean is educated in the same from his earliest school days. He reads it in the *Youth's Primer*, it confronts him in the *Historical Summaries*, and the *Little Learning* fills his mind with uncomplimentary notions concerning the sex. These views are further reinforced by the views which he imbibes from the young men about him, until man certainly is lord as far as his estimate of himself is concerned and woman the subject. Where a man and woman meet who are of the same rank, the woman will be expected to use a higher form of language to the man than that addressed to her. Woman is incapable of understanding a man's business, friendships, or life, and is continually exhorted to confine herself to "woman's sphere." The following quotation from the *Youth's Primer* exhibits the accepted view: "The husband must manifest dignity and the wife docility ere the house will be well governed. Should the husband be incompetent to govern alone, not able to follow his way (of propriety), and the wife encourage him in his incompetence, departing from

righteousness by not sewing—the ‘Three Following Ways’ (proprieties governing woman’s submission) will be obscured, and though there be ‘Seven Reasons for Divorce’ through which the husband may find relief, his house will be annihilated by his personal incompetence. A man honors himself by governing his wife, and a woman honors herself by subordinating herself to her husband.” Man is then regarded as intrinsically superior to woman, and the very existence of the home is made to rest on this superiority (called competence). The happiness of married life is bound up in assent to this dogma, by the husband exhibiting and asserting his superiority, and the wife subordinating herself with docility and gentleness!

2. *Seclusion and Subjection.* One of the baneful effects of the dogma of inferiority has been the seclusion of woman. Her inferiority is a barrier to her entrance upon public life, and the best way to exclude her from it has been deemed the measure of confining her to a proper sphere—“woman’s sphere”—and surrounding it by such impassable safeguards that outsiders have no entrance to it, neither has she an exit. The complete seclusion within the inner apartments of the homes of all young women and all older women, except those of the low class, is an inexorable law in Korea. Foreigners just arrived have doubted this until they learned that the young people with long braids of hair down their backs and feminine features, so frequently seen in the streets, were boys. But all young women of respectability are carefully hidden from the eyes of males, whether strangers or friends. The rat-tat-tat of her flying ironing sticks may be heard in the streets, the smoke of the green pinewood fire she is cooking by be seen ascending above the roof, and possibly her voice

be heard by a passer-by, but her face and form are never seen.

In noting this seclusion of women one commendatory feature must not be ignored. It is in the nature of protection to a young woman and a safeguard of the family. The theoretical inferiority and weakness of woman, and the superiority and strength of man render some such protection necessary; the facts of history point to protection of some sort as highly desirable. The previous dynasty had no law of seclusion, women enjoying great public freedom. In the final decades of the dynasty women became the special objects of violence. Buddhist priests were guilty of widespread debauchery of homes; conjugal infidelity was estimated the lightest of crimes; the most popular sport of court and provincial nobles was a raid upon a home known to contain a beautiful woman. These onslaughts on the home did more to ruin and destroy the state than anything else, for the prevailing corruption and debauchery finally engulfed royalty itself. The present dynasty tried to remedy this evil by withdrawing woman from the public eye.

In a country like Korea, where the distinction of being a patrician carried with it privileges and prerogatives of a most substantial character, even the protection gained by seclusion has not always been sufficient. We might multiply instances, to which our notice has been called during the past decade, where men clothed with power have not hesitated to invade the "seclusion" and possess themselves by violence of a woman whose fame had reached them. We have in mind a case, in 1892, where the parties involved were a prefect of the first order, *Moksa*, of a northern town, and a young widow aged twenty-three years, and famous for her

beauty and constancy. The woman was dragged from the "seclusion" of a relative's home, and force, even to personal violence, used to compel her to consent to become a concubine of her persecutor. She finally escaped by suicide, while the prefect escaped by a dead run for the woods with a maddened populace at his heels seeking for his life's blood.

Granted that this "seclusion" is necessary because of woman's inferiority, the necessity for it is a terrible comment on the awful dominance of vice in man, not on the weakness of woman's virtue. A Korean frankly told us that men seclude their wives not because they distrust them but because they distrust one another. Distrust is an important factor in this seclusion of woman. The Korean men know Korean character better than a foreigner can. Concubinage and prostitution have long undermined male virtue and the man measures woman by himself. The very idea of common friendship and association of the two sexes for helpful and cooperative purposes only is not deemed a possibility.

The effect of this seclusion has been to fasten upon woman the stigma of inferiority. At the age of six or seven years she is taken away from all outside association and confined in the inner apartments of her father's home. This she leaves at the age of sixteen years (a late provision which was formerly as early as twelve or thirteen years of age), a married woman, for the seclusion of her husband's home. Thus the days which are spent in Christian lands in delightful association with young friends, in healthful and instructive converse with elders, in study to deepen, and travel to broaden the mind, are spent by the Korean young lady in strict seclusion. The only mental or other stimulus she has is

a routine composed largely of cooking rice, sewing, gossip, and combating the abounding sorrows and difficulties of life. If of the patrician class she will learn to read the native script (in rare cases Chinese even) but the literature this opened to her, until Christianity came to enrich and ennoble it, was of a depressing character. It is not surprising that the young Korean, finding his wife's mind undeveloped, concludes rather that it is dwarfed and dark. Their association together, in the majority of cases, hardly rises to mental and spiritual plains, and from his own experience "young Benedict" often concludes that the native dogmas are correct.

The manner of contracting marriage is an outgrowth of the law of seclusion. Men and women may not see each other, consequently the element of mutual choice in the matter of a wife or a husband is impossible. The match is made by the parents, and the two most interested parties never see each other until the fatal moment which binds them together for life. There are many evils which flow from this, but among the chief is the cheapening of woman. The struggles, the conquest of difficulties, the hopes and the fears which form such an important experience along the road to marriage in Western lands, the Korean never has to face. The woman who becomes his wife costs him little more than a few dollars, a ride on a white horse, and four bows. It is not surprising to find her estimated cheaply in consequence. There are undoubtedly many happy marriages in Korea, but these might be infinitely more so, and the number greatly increased if marriage cost a Korean more than it does.

3. *Rights.* The rights granted woman in Korea are customary rather than legal. This is not to be deplored, for Korea is still in that stage of development

where custom has the force of law, and customary law is always a step to statute law. This has proven true recently in the case of remarriage of widows. For centuries remarriage of widows has been frowned upon, but custom has tolerated it in cases of necessity. This custom of tolerating the marriage of widows is now taken up into the new constitution, and one of the first rights conceded to woman is that of remarriage. Still another legal right granted her is that which establishes the age of sixteen as the earliest at which she need marry. Aside from these her rights are as a rule customary. Property rights, social standing, control of children, redress in case of damage, protection, etc., custom only recognizes her. The matter of divorce is legally entirely controlled by her husband. He may cast her off for any one of the following seven reasons: (1) Incompatibility with her husband's parents; (2) adultery; (3) jealousy; (4) barrenness; (5) incurable disease; (6) quarrelsome disposition; (7) theft. For any one of these causes she may be returned to her home with an indelible stigma upon her. As divorce is a matter of private arrangement on the part of the husband it is impossible to discover to what extent it prevails. So few instances have come to our notice we are inclined to believe that it is very far from being as frequent as the manner in which marriage is contracted, and the ease with which it may be annulled would lead one to suppose it would be. Desertion is the great sin of the Korean, however, and we are informed prevails to a sad degree. Many and many a wife sits amid the ashes of her happiness, while her unfaithful lord spends his time in the company of a favorite concubine, or squanders his money in stews of iniquity that abound in every town of any size. The marriage tie is some-

times snapped by the flight of the wife, and this is also frequent, but the husband always has legal redress, for the authorities can force the wife to return.

Until the recent changes, which permit widows and widowers to remarry, a Korean could have but one wife. As above cited the marriage of widows and widowers was tolerated, but the woman had a lower social station than a real wife, and but one level higher than a concubine. Ordinarily a second marriage was simply a mutual agreement to live together, unmarked by any ceremony, though sometimes "bowing to each other" was privately observed. The first was the only legal wife and in this the Koreans are strict monogamists. The first wife's offspring may not be supplanted, and all others by future or additional marital relations stand aside from the pure line of descent, bearing a slight taint in Korean estimation.

Concubinage is tolerated as an institution, but no concubine is regarded in the light of a wife. As an institution, concubinage enjoys an evil odor in Korea. The women who enter upon this relation come from the lower or the disreputable walks of life, and are regarded as dishonored by it. The offspring have imposed upon them certain disabilities, such as exclusion from desirable official posts, and bear wherever they go a serious social stain.

There are no native girls' schools in Korea, for women are given no literary training. Among the higher classes women may learn to read the native script, but even then the number able to do so is not more than one in a thousand for the mass of women. The sphere assigned woman requires no literary training, with the possible exception of those women who stand outside the pale of the reputable classes. Intended for mis-

cellaneous male companionship they are trained in accomplishments calculated to render them attractive, such as reading and reciting stories, dancing, singing, and playing musical instruments. These women may find their way into the higher social levels, but never a wife's. The preservation of his line from moral taint renders it necessary for a Korean to seek elsewhere, and he will take to wife a woman with a mind as blank as a white wall, but never one from outside the reputable classes.

4. *Real status.* An absurd philosophy, the dogmas of a man-made religion, shadowy legal rights, illiteracy and neglect have combined to force woman beneath man's level in Korea. But she has risen in spite of these depressing forces, and actually occupies a place in national life all theory denies her. In her essential qualities she is diligent, forceful in character, resourceful in an emergency, superstitious, persevering, indomitable, devoted. There is much more in evidence of her diligent integrity, than there is of her lord's industry. There are no man tailors to share with her in clothing a race, the spacious dimensions of whose garments indicate seemingly that they were designed to use up cloth—great quantities of cloth. Then the entire job of laundering these garments, and cooking the two hundred thousand bags of rice which the nation eats daily, is all done by her. She does a man's work on the farm (we have seen her yoked with a man, dragging a plow in the country), and runs thousands of small stands for merchandise, as well as doing a thriving business in the huckster line. In part, the power and influence of Korean women are to be met with in every quarter of the world man deludes himself into believing he has appropriated to himself in

Korea. When times of trial arise and the home is threatened with starvation, the busy needle and flying washing and ironing sticks of the wife keep the household together. Even more, her persevering and indomitable energy rises superior to the severest poverty, while her liege lord collapses as though he had a shoestring for a backbone. Could we know the actual facts in every case it would be found probably that many of the strutting, self-styled aristocrats in large towns are really drummers up of trade, purveyors of washing and needlework, messengers for the real "man-of-the-house," who is too busy or too modest to appear in the street. Korean women are withal inveterate *intriguantes*, exercising an unseen but powerful hand in general affairs—all the more powerful because unseen.

No more striking example of what Korean woman is can be found than that of her majesty the queen so foully slain on the October 8, 1895. Where is the boasted self-appropriated superiority of the *male* in the face of the measures found necessary to remove the unfortunate lady—days and nights of consultation, alliance of all available forces, a regiment of troops, a night attack, hired foreign assassins, and—as though afraid of her, dead—heaven and earth moved to blacken her memory and enshroud her fate in mystery. Surely it is not too much to conclude that woman occupies a place out of all proportion to that assigned her by philosophy in Korean society.

June, 1896.

ESTHER KIM PAK.

By DR. R. S. HALL, in the *Liberty Register*.

In the year 1876 another girl baby came to a poor family named Kim, in the capital of Korea. At that time there were no missionaries in Korea. It was known as the "Hermit Nation." Mr. Kim and his wife called their little baby Chyom Tong. When Chyom Tong was five or six years old, another girl baby came to this family, making four daughters in all, and as they had no sons, they felt badly, for when the father died there would be no son to carry on the ancestral worship; so, though they were very poor, they adopted a son. Not long after this, in the year 1885, some American missionaries came to Korea and began work near the place where Mr. Kim lived, and it so happened that both Mr. Kim and his adopted son became employed by Rev. Mr. Appenzeller, one of those missionaries, and thus they heard about the girls' school that Mrs. M. F. Scranton opened for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Mr. Kim thought it might be a good place to put one of his daughters, as she would thus get her rice and clothes, and perhaps the new doctrine taught there would not harm her much. So, fortunately for Chyom Tong, she was the one selected, and thus became a pupil in the first school ever established for Korean girls. She was supported by the Bellevue Auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, this little auxiliary, near Pittsburg, Pa., contributing forty dollars each year to this end. Chyom Tong well remembers the first time she saw any foreigners, how she was struck with the large size of their noses in comparison to those of Korean women, who would not think it at all pretty to have such large noses. She also thought it very odd to find the foreigners burning fire in large iron boxes,



MR. AND MRS. PAK.

instead of under their floors, as all Koreans do. She wondered how they could keep comfortable with no warm floors to sit or sleep upon. However, she found the Korean girls were to have rooms heated after the native method, and soon decided that, though the foreign teacher's nose was so large, she had a very kind heart, and she soon learned to love her and her new home dearly. Chyom Tong proved very quick to learn, and soon surpassed the other girls in the school. She studied the Bible and Catechism in Korean, and she also studied Chinese and English. Little by little she began to understand the Gospel truths the missionaries had come to bring, and she had learned to abhor lying and stealing, two of the sins so common among Koreans, and then among most of the girls in the school.

Chyom Tong felt the need of a clean heart, and began to pray in secret for it. When she had been in the mission school nearly a year, the usual rainy season came round, and it seemed as if it rained in greater torrents than ever before. One night, as Chyom Tong lay in her room listening to the heavy rainfall outside, the thought came to her that perhaps the Lord was going to punish the sins of her people with a flood, as he did in the time of Noah, which she had just learned about, and she expressed this thought to her roommate, who said she was just thinking those same thoughts. Chyom Tong suggested that they get upon their knees and confess all their sins to God, and ask Him to take them away and give them clean hearts, so they would not be afraid to die. This they did, and their simple faith was rewarded. God's own peace filled their hearts and took away all their fears, and they fell asleep, God's forgiven children. The next day Chyom Tong told the other girls about the change that had come to her heart,

and invited them all to her room that night to have a little prayer meeting, such as she had seen the missionaries have. So she cleaned up her room and decorated it with flowers, and got some hymn books, and they sang and prayed, and had such a good time that they decided to do it every night. Their Korean teacher, hearing about the meeting, asked if she might attend, and then the other women came in, and this was the origin of the first woman's prayer meeting in Korea.

When Chyom Tong was a girl of about fourteen, Dr. Rosetta Sherwood was sent to Korea for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to take up the medical work in the Woman's Hospital and Dispensary, that Dr. Metta Howard had been obliged the year before to leave on account of ill health. As the work had already been organized, and many patients had been waiting a long time to consult the woman doctor, she had to commence work in the hospital the second day after her arrival, with no knowledge of the language. As by this time Chyom Tong had outstripped all the other girls in her acquisition of English, she was sent to the hospital several hours each day to interpret for Dr. Sherwood, and, together with two or three other girls, the doctor taught them physiology, and later materia medica, while each day they received practical lessons in the dispensary in putting up drugs and learning to care for the sick, so that they became quite valuable assistants, young girls though they were. At first Chyom Tong liked the interpreting and the study better than the other part of the new work, and naturally rather shrank from surgery. But she soon learned to appreciate all, and after assisting at an operation for harelip, surprised her friends by declaring she would like to be able to perform such an operation herself, and from that time

on never gave up her determination to become a doctor herself, should God open the way.

Sunday, January 25, 1891, Chyom Tong was baptized by the Rev. F. Ohlinger, and received the name of "Esther." As in Korea, a woman loses her given name when she is married and is called by none till she becomes a mother (when she is only known as such a one's mother), the missionaries have to give the women and girls new names in baptism, and quite frequently they use Bible names ; so the name Esther was chosen for Chyom Tong. Esther said her heart felt very happy that day, and she clearly showed she appreciated the true import of the service.

The following quotations from Esther's letters to Dr. Sherwood will give an idea of her style of thought, and show that a Korean girl's heart is not so different from that of an American girl after all :

"My very dear friend, I will tell you one story. You are an American people and I am Korean girl ; but I love you like sister, and I want you to please love like your own sister. Jesus is our oldest Brother. I do right, then I am Jesus' sister, and you are Jesus' sister, too. To-day I am full of joy ; to-day I shine very bright light."

Another time she writes in a different mood, probably after some reproof.

"You are wise more than me. I am unwise. Please think I am unwise, and forgive me 490 times, my dear doctor. I am Korean girl ; you are American lady. I know your heart a little ; you know my heart very well. My heart is narrow, narrow. I cannot tell how much my heart is narrow. I get angry quick. My heart is just like your stove that gets red hot so quickly. I hope my heart will become clear just like glass, and wide just like the world. God is our Father ; He helps you

and me all the time, and see your heart and my heart also. God sent you out to Korea, and sent me to this house, and I think God wants me to help you many years. Please do not forget me if you will be one hundred years old, or if you go to America."

Time passed rapidly on, and Esther became sixteen years old; her father had died, her two elder sisters were married, and her mother and Korean friends became very anxious that Esther should be married, as most Korean girls are before the age of fourteen. As girls have to wear their hair in a long braid down the back until they are married, even the dispensary patients could not help exclaiming when they saw her, "Why! such a big girl and not married, what can be the matter?" There is no such thing as an unmarried woman in Korea, except the dancing girls, and perhaps a few so deformed or diseased that "go-betweens" could arrange no match for them; so, though Esther feared marrying would interfere with her cherished idea of going some time to America to graduate in medicine, yet she was so tormented by her relatives that she decided she would have to abide by the customs of her people. Her friends said if the missionaries did not find a husband for her, they would get one from the country; and as that meant a heathen, her missionary friends began to look around, and finally decided upon a Mr. Pak, a young man converted in Dr. Hall's work. So the engagement was arranged by a "go-between," as, according to Korean custom, husband and wife must not see each other until the marriage day. Dr. Sherwood's own happy marriage, though at first a great grief to Esther, later had done much to reconciling her to the idea of marrying, and she behaved very sensibly about it, as is shown by the following letter written to Mrs.

Hall. "My very precious sister, how are you to-day, and my dear brother, Dr. Hall, is he quite well? I am well and happy. I was much pleased with your letter yesterday. You wrote much, and also many strange words. Now, I will tell you some strange words which I never tell. Do you know how my heart feel? Three nights I could not go to sleep, and feel troubled, because I never like man, and also I do not know how to sew well; but Korean custom all girls have to marry, have to be husband and wife, I cannot help that, even I do not like man. If our dear heavenly Father send Mr. Pak here, and make me his wife, I will be his wife. If God send me anywhere I will go. I do not care about rich or poor, or high or low. You know I will not get married to one who does not like Jesus' word."

So May 24, 1893, they were married by the Christian ceremony. As Esther had never known any man before except Dr. Hall and a few other missionaries, it was no more than natural that she should have been at first rather disappointed in her husband, who, though quite as good and better than most Korean husbands, was of course rather different from the ideal Esther had gained from what she knew of American husbands. It was a year before she could say she loved her husband. In the meantime, however, Esther continued faithful in her work and studies, and became more useful than ever; veiling herself in the "green silk coat" she was now able to accompany the doctor often on her visits to the houses of the people, and as her style of hairdress now showed her to be a married woman, her earnest words were listened to with respect. She took up the study of instrumental music under the kind instruction of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Hulbert, and soon got so she could accompany upon the organ a number of the



BY PER WOMAN'S MISSIONARY FRIEND.

VEILED IN THE GREEN SILK COAT.

tunes used in our Sunday afternoon services at the dispensary ; she also proved an efficient leader of these meetings. Her medical training was not neglected. She became familiar with the Latin names of all the drugs in the dispensary, and compounded most of the prescriptions. She learned to administer the ether in surgical operations, and sometimes when help was short would hold the ether cone in one hand, and sponge the wound with the other. And thus she became familiar with the appearance and technical names of most of the diseases met with in a dispensary and hospital practice of six thousand cases a year.

Korean people dislike living in any other place than that in which their family has lived for generations, but when Mrs. Hall asked Esther if she would be willing to go to Pyong Yang, 180 miles away, to work for Jesus, she replied, "I will go wherever Lord open the door for me ; if He open door in Pyong Yang I will go ; I give my body and soul and heart to the Lord ; my body, and my heart, and my soul, are all the Lord's things, and I give my life to teach my people about God even if people kill me. I do not hope I get rich, or have many pretty things, but I want to work for Jesus most of all." So in April, 1894, she and her husband accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Hall to Pyong Yang. Her missionary zeal was somewhat tried by her first experience with seasickness, but it stood the test. The following rather amusing account of this, her first sea voyage, Esther wrote to Dr. Mary Cutler :

"I am in Pyong Yang. We came here just to-day. I am very tired, but I want to talk to you just the same as if I were with you. I wish I could tell you all what I saw, but I am afraid I don't know how to spell these names. We left Mrs. Jones's house on Friday about eleven o'clock ;

we came to water and went in a little boat and came over to the steamer. The steamer was very great and high, the very great-steamer I ever saw in my life." (But not one quarter so large as one she crossed the Pacific in not many months later.) "Each side had kind of stairs made of wood and iron to help us come up. Mr. Pak and Dr. Hall helped me up. There were many, many men and dancing girls. Then we came up a stairs to our room. It was small and dark and bad smell. We were very tired, so we spread our beds and lay down. I do not remember what all but I commenced to seasick. I had very bad headache, also heart-ache, and I vomit and vomit all afternoon and all night. I thought I was going to die on the steamer and my mind was all gone. The steamer began to roll more and Mrs. Hall's baby's nurse vomited up, and Mrs. Hall vomit, and Dr. Hall vomit, and Mr. Pak's face looked like a dead man. We all so seasick, therefore Dr. Hall called one of the seamen to help take care of the baby. Sunday we feel a little better so we ate some gruel. On Monday we feel more better, and we ate a little more gruel. We were on the steamer four days. O, we had a hard time! On Monday afternoon we stop at Po San harbor, then we came on in a river boat. This boat had a little room dirty like a pigpen, full of bugs and lice, and cannot lift our heads it was so low. We lie down and try to sleep. We stay there all night. Mr. O, one of the earnest Christians from Pyong Yang, came to meet us, and in the morning we read our Bible, and Mr. O made such a good prayer. We got to Pyong Yang that afternoon and came in closed chairs to the house where Dr. Hall stops."

Mr. Pak and Esther proved faithful helpers at Pyong Yang. They were quite brave during those three days

of severe persecution when Chang Likey, Mr. O, and other Pyong Yang Christians were thrown into prison. One day Mr. Pak was seized by his topknot, beaten and kicked, and ordered to be carried off to prison ; but Dr. Hall was able to rescue him, to Esther's great relief. Later, when the persecution had subsided, Esther proved efficient help to Mrs. Hall in opening the first Christian work for the women and children of this city of one hundred thousand people, called the "Sodom of Korea." After a month of most interesting and successful work the whole party were obliged, much to their regret, to return to Söul on account of the war. After the great battle of Pyong Yang was fought, Dr. Hall returned to follow up the work there, contracted typhus fever, and returned home to die.

Mrs. Hall decided it would be best for her to return to America for a season. Esther at once begged leave to go with her, and Mrs. Hall thought perhaps the opportunity had now come for Esther to pursue her long-cherished idea of studying medicine in America, and, receiving permission from the mission and a little financial help from individuals, she decided to bring her. Hesitating to separate Esther for so long a time from her husband, who had not had so good advantages even in Korea as she had had, Mrs. Hall thought it wiser to bring both.

Mr. Pak is most industriously pursuing the study of English, and at the same time has saved enough from his earnings to help his wife quite substantially in preparing for her medical studies. On February 1, 1895, Mrs. Pak entered the public school at Liberty, N. Y. Different friends, believing in this practical form of mission work, boarded or paid for her board each month, and she made good progress in the schoolroom. September, 1895, Mrs. Pak entered the "Nursery and Child's

Hospital," of New York city, where she was able to earn her way for over a year, and at the same time was kindly allowed to pursue her studies in Latin, physics, and mathematics, under the instruction of Mrs. Walberg, so that she became fairly well prepared to enter a medical college last autumn. During the winter, knowing Esther had several things to discourage her, Mrs. Hall wrote asking her if she was not inclined to give up the idea of becoming a regular physician and return to Korea with her soon. In her reply Esther said: "While I am here, I would of course like to have you live in America; but I cannot please only me, and also I do not wish to be selfish and hinder your going back on account of me, but I like you to return and help our poor sisters before I am ready. I know God will send me a good faithful friend to help me. I do not have a mind that I will give up learning to be a doctor if I can get into college safely. I know I will have no other chance if I give it up now, so I don't think to give it up if it is the Lord's will. Also Mr. Pak wants me to learn to be a doctor more than anything. I will try all my best, and after I have done all my best and can't learn, then I have to give it up, but not before."

Mrs. Pak entered the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore, October 1, 1896—the first Korean woman to take up the study of medicine. Dr. Cordell, secretary of the faculty, says they find her intelligent and studious. She has finished her first year's work with credit, and will no doubt complete the full course in three years more. Any interested reader desiring to help defray Mrs. Pak's expenses may forward funds to Mrs. E. B. Stevans, 607 Thompson Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Anyone who has ever read of the ignorant and often very cruel methods practiced by the native Korean doctor, will surely deem it a privilege to aid Esther Kim Pak in her laudable desire to become thoroughly equipped in Western medical knowledge, that she may, at the conclusion of her studies, help relieve her suffering sisters in Korea.

TWO KOREAN FABLES.

TRANSLATED FOR *The Christian Herald* BY MRS. ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL
MISSIONARY AT PYONG YANG.

WHOSE CHICKEN ?

There was a man who was a famous magistrate in Korea. Once there were two men who quarreled for a chicken. One man said, "This is mine," and the other also said thus. At last they came to the magistrate and beseeched him to find out the true proprietor. The magistrate said, "These two men each said he is owner, how can I find out? But this chicken you brought to sell to the market, did you not?" "Yes, sir," said they. "Then what did you feed the chicken at your houses when you left your houses in the morning?" asked the magistrate. "At my house I don't have any other grain, but only have little corn, and I fed her that sir," said one of them. "I fed her some rice," said the other. The magistrate told his servant to kill the chicken and cut open the crop, and when he had done so he found there plenty of corn. The magistrate said to the man who said that he had fed rice, "There is no use to remain such a wicked man as you, but I will punish you by some whipping only." And then he gave the chicken to the servant to eat, and paid the innocent man twice as much as the real price.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

There was a poor man who lived in the country, five hundred li distant from Söul. His wife was very anxious for her husband having to suffer to go to Söul by foot. One day there came a watermelon seller. Now this village was in a deep valley of the mountain, and she had never seen a watermelon before. She asked, "What is it?"

The merchant saw the woman was simple and easily deceived, and replied, "It is an egg of a donkey. If you wrap it with cotton and keep it in a warm place of the room, you would see a small donkey after a few days." "What is the price?" "One thousand cash," said the man. The woman had only three hundred cash. She asked the merchant if he would sell one for three hundred cash. Then she bought it. A few days after, her husband came back. She was very glad to come out to meet him, and said, "I bought a donkey during your absence, and you will never suffer when you go to examination after this." "How could you buy it?" asked her husband. "I had money, but it was too little to buy a big donkey, so I bought a donkey's egg, and it is nearly already to hatch," said she. "How can a donkey have eggs? Let me see what you bought." She showed it to him under a coverlet, but he found a watermelon half rotten. "How much did you pay for it?" he said. "The merchant wanted one thousand cash, but I paid three hundred," said she. The husband was very angry, for they were so poor, to think his wife had bought a watermelon for three hundred cash when it was not thirty cash worth, so he threw it under the fence. There was a rabbit under the fence, and it ran away with great fright. The woman cried and said, "Is not it an egg of a don-

key? The young donkey has run away. Why did you not wait a little longer?" The man then also believed it was really an egg of a donkey. He ran after the rabbit, but the rabbit ran into a gentleman's barn and hid under the manger. Then he went to the gentleman and told the story about what had happened, and he wanted to take his young donkey back. "My donkey has born a young one to-day; why are you going to take it by force?" The man answered, "Generally a donkey bears only one young; if there are two, the one is yours, the other is mine." Then they went to the barn and found there were two young donkeys. "There's no doubt about it," said the gentleman to the man," but as it was born from the egg it has no mother donkey to care for it, so you may keep it here until it can eat grain."

HATS IN KOREA.

BY ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, IN *The Classmate*.

The Korean man's hat costs more than any other one article of wearing apparel—more than his shoes, more than his overcoat! And yet it is of the least utility; it is so thin and gauzelike that it affords little protection from either the cold in winter or the sun in summer. It is very easily broken, and if caught in the rain it is ruined. It seems as if they serve to mark one's place or condition in life more than any other purpose. As womankind is not supposed to be seen outside of her own household, a hat is not provided for her, and this correctly marks her as belonging to the lowest order of society. Boys and the cooly class also have no hats; and these poor, hatless people are addressed in lower forms of speech and treated with much less respect than the fortunate individual who



KOREAN HATS.

wears a hat. Then, again, one can tell by the hat whether the man under it is a farmer, a priest, a mourner, a soldier, a gentleman of the upper class, a scholar, or a palace official.

The artist has represented several of these different styles of hats in the picture. That in most general use is the one at the top. They are most commonly made of bamboo, split to the fineness of thread, and woven with flax, and so lacquered as to resemble shining black horsehair. Those made of real horsehair are very expensive and only worn by the higher classes. The brim of this hat is about five inches wide; it is perfectly circular and flat; the crown is six inches in diameter and about five in height, slightly tapering, with a flat top five inches in diameter. The "old Mother Goose" style of hat beginning to be worn by some American women, reminds one strongly of the Korean hat. The crown being too small to fit on the head, and the entire hat so light—not weighing two ounces—the softest summer breeze would blow it from the head, strings of black silk gauze are attached and tied beneath the chin; or there may be used instead, strings of amber beads, which are considered very ornamental. Pins are not among the inventions of Korea, but the hat pin would surely prove most useful, for the men all have long hair, and it is done up on top of the head in a tight twist about three inches perpendicular. It is quite the proper thing for this topknot to show through the thin walls of the hat. When the country is in mourning for some member of the royal family, then white hats with white strings replace the black ones.

The three-storied, gauzelike affair the artist has drawn at the left of the picture is known as the

“scholar’s cap.” It is made of horsehair, and was formerly worn only by those who had taken a literary degree. To the right there is the “palace-going hat,” which is also made of horsehair; it has winglike projections, supposed to aid in catching his majesty’s words. As its name implies, it is only worn by officials who have business at the palace. One exception is made to this rule, men upon their wedding day are allowed, if their means permit, to rent the whole palace-going dress, including the hat, and for this one day in their lives even common men can dress like princes. Beneath is represented a cap made of black silk gauze, ornamented with gilt, with a cape flowing from the back. This is sometimes worn by little boys at the New Year holiday only. There is another ornamental cap made mostly of strings of beads that may be given to a baby, together with its first embroidered socks, when it is one hundred days old.

Now let us notice the picture in the center. Here we have a farmer boy; he is only a boy and not a man, as may be told by his parted hair, which hangs in a braid down his back instead of being put up in the manly topknot. He is just coming in from the country with a basket of farm produce, which, instead of being balanced on a pole over his shoulder as the Chinese would carry it, is placed upon a carrying rack, called a “jiggy,” and borne upon the back; very heavy burdens are carried this way. His jacket and trousers are made of white cotton cloth, loose and baggy, as the style is in Korea; he has rope shoes on his feet, and in his hand is the “farmer’s hat.” This is one of the largest of Korean hats, its hexagonal brim measuring nearly eight feet in circumference; it is very bluntly cone-shaped, like an umbrella, and is plaited of

coarse reeds or splints. Of much the same shape and size is the "mourner's hat;" it is made of quite fine bamboo splints uncolored. Besides this immense hat, completely hiding the upper half of the face, the Korean mourner covers the lower half of his face with a piece of coarse grasscloth stretched from two sticks which, wound with the same cloth, extend as handles. Before this mourning headgear was devised, mourners were supposed to remain at home attending to no form of business, until the whole three years of mourning had passed. Do not imagine the Korean mourner observes this custom for his wife; no, it is for his father. Should his wife die he simply uses for a brief period unbleached grass-cloth strings to tie his trousers at the ankle, and to gird them at the waist instead of the colored strings generally used.

The hat of the Korean Buddhist priest is very similar to the mourner's hat, but not quite so large. The soldiers wear hats of coarse black felt, in shape and size about like the first hat described. Official chair coolies also wear coarse felt hats of a brownish color, with a rounded top, and with red plumes.

As has before been intimated, in Korea only men—married men—wear hats. Every boy looks forward with eager longing to that happy day when his crown may be shaved, and his long hair combed up over it and twisted into the beloved topknot—the loose or straggling short hairs are held up by means of the headband, which is a net made of either horsehair, or, the finest ones of human hair; it is bound on its lower edge with black satin, and by means of strings and small rings attached at the ends it is drawn very tightly about the head, passing across the upper part of forehead as shown in the picture. This arrangement is called a



BY PER. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY FRIEND.

A KOREAN MOURNER.

mang kun, and it is much more neat than it is comfortable. Crowning all, now comes the hat, and the boy, though he may not be more than ten or twelve years of age, emerges at once into the dignity of manhood, invested with all its privileges. The name by which he has been known as a boy is put aside, and there is added to his surname a generation and a given name by which he is henceforth known. He now offers sacrifice before the tablets of his ancestors, and calls upon his father's friends, being received for the first time in his life as their equal. Perhaps not the least of the rights belonging to this newly-made man is that of marriage, the ceremony of which is usually performed the same day he puts up his hair and assumes the hat.

The Korean word for hat is *kot*. When a Korean enters a house to make a call, he leaves his shoes at the door, but keeps his hat on. Even at dinner he would not remove it; he might take it off at home with his most *intimate* friends, but never in the presence of a superior.

FROM THE OFFICIAL MINUTES OF THE TENTH ANNUAL
MEETING OF THE KOREA MISSION OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Wednesday, January 23, 1895.

Devotional.—Devotional exercises were conducted by Bishop Joyce.

Journal.—Journal read and approved as read.

Resolutions.—The following resolution, prepared by G. H. Jones, was presented and adopted.

“In the latter end of 1894 the Board appointed Wm. B. Scranton, M.D., of Cleveland, O., and Henry G. Appenzeller, a student in Drew Theological Seminary, its first missionaries to Korea, and directed them to

proceed to that country and found a mission, to be carried on under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On the night of December 4, 1894, now famous in Korean history as the date of the *èmeute*, Bishop Fowler, unconscious of the bloody scenes being enacted in Korea at the time, ordained Dr. Scranton, in New York city, to deacon's and elder's orders for the purposes of missionary propaganda in that country.

“The two brethren started for Korea. At San Francisco, on February 2, 1895, the day before they set sail from their native land, Bishop Fowler ordained brother Appenzeller to deacon's and elder's orders. Brother Appenzeller was the first to reach Korea, coming as far as Chemulpo, where he landed April 5, 1885. After a short experience of the pseudo-hotels and embryonic character of that place he retraced his route to Japan, returning again to Korea with Dr. Scranton's family, whither Dr. Scranton had, in May, preceded them. Dr. Scranton was the first of our mission to reach Söul, where he arrived May 3, 1885. These brethren came into a land of which little was known by Christian nations; to a city where the hardly cooled embers of bloody political strife threatened at any moment to burst out afresh; to a people who had been trained for generations to look with suspicion upon all men of western nations. Amid blind alleyways, mud huts, cesspools, and indescribable sanitary conditions they set up their homes; they grappled with the mysteries of an unknown tongue; they set themselves to work to master the conditions of the field to which, in the providence of God, the Church had assigned them, and in the face of an avowed hostility to the religion of Christ began to lay the foundations of the Redeemer's kingdom in Korea.

“With no desire to lavish praise, it is but meet that their history should be recorded. Through all the cholera scourge of 1886, when thousands died in Söul and the gates of the city were never closed—to allow the unending procession of the dead to pass under them—they and their families remained at their posts to do what they could in Christ’s name. More than once peril to life and property has threatened, but never once did these brethren falter.

“To-day they look upon a mission which has grown from two families and one Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society worker to six families and six Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society workers; upon a church which numbers, of our own communion, two hundred and fifty souls, and which has spread from Söul into the provinces; upon the broad beginnings of a Christian literature and a Christian school system. Therefore, be it

“*Resolved*, That this Annual Meeting extends its sincerest and heartiest congratulations to Brothers Scranton and Appenzeller and their noble wives upon having completed, amid circumstances so complimentary to themselves, the first ten years of missionary effort in Korea; and as a testimonial to them we direct that this paper be inscribed in the journal of this meeting and published in the printed Minutes.”

WOMAN’S WORK IN KOREA.

BY LILLIAS H. UNDERWOOD, M.D., IN THE *Korean Repository*.

The history of woman’s work in the Presbyterian Mission during the past ten years has been that of beginnings. We have been preparing the ground and laying foundations, and the few fruits to which we can point represent in no way the results of the work that



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

A KOREAN FUNERAL PROCESSION.

God has done and is doing by us. As we review the past we see mistakes and errors, steps taken wrongly and sadly retraced, but over all God's continued blessing and a slow but sure and steady growth, a great increase of interest on all sides, a good foundation laid, and a band of earnest, strong-hearted young missionaries, some of whom, with the language now ready for effective work, are stepping forth to the rescue of their Korean sisters. We see not a few native Christian homes where Korean mothers are teaching their little ones to pray and sing, "Jesus loves me." We see a band of bright little girls gathered in a healthful, happy school, in a locality where they are as a city set upon a hill, being taught to be useful, practical Christian women. We see that women's Gospel meetings and Bible classes are being held not only in Söul but in various places in the country as well; and we see great numbers of women receiving medical aid, and with it the word of God from three, and in a short time we hope to say four, dispensaries in this city, as well as one in Fusan. Not the least among the blessings granted by our gracious Master has been the unity and sincere affection which marked our relation with the devoted women of our sister mission, and may God grant that the past in this respect at least may cast a long shadow into the future.

But the lines of our influence include more than schools, hospitals, and Bible classes. Innumerable women are received into our homes as sight-seers. Nor is it the least difficult part of a labor of love for a busy housekeeper to drop everything, from the bread to the baby, and in season and out of season be ready to speak a word to these ubiquitous visitors. To these women the truths of the Gospel are carefully stated, and many of them carry away tracts and leaflets.

Nor is this all. Constant, faithful visitation is being made to the homes, more and more of which are opening to us; frequent trips have been made to the river villages and for nearly a hundred miles into the country in different directions. One of our ladies has carried the Gospel across the peninsula to Wonsan; one south to Chun Choo and one north to the Chinese border in Wi-ju; and we like to think that thus, in the form of the cross, has the story of the Cross been carried.

Ten years ago it was thought hardly safe for ladies to enter Korea as missionaries, and seven years ago the writer's life was threatened on the street, and her chair bearers told they should die—if they carried her to the hospital, so that it was necessary to go there on horseback for a day or two. This year the Gospel was preached to the queen (would God it had been done oftener and more persistently!), and her majesty thanked us for the good work we were doing for the Korean women and girls.

We believe the first woman converted in Korea was one who died at the hospital in the very early days. Told by Dr. Allen of a bright world beyond, free from sickness and sorrow, she died with smiles of joy, exclaiming, "For me, for me!" Dr. Allen and Dr. Heron treated many women at the hospital, and many came to their homes. Mrs. Heron after a while received a class of women twice a week, several of whom were among the first members of our church baptized in 1888. Some of these are still with us, some have fallen asleep, while one has found that she was not of us.

Miss Ellers, the first trained nurse in Korea, arrived in 1886. She saw large numbers of patients at the hospital and won high favor at the palace. Within a year she became Mrs. Bunker, and the writer was sent

out. One year after her arrival, the first trip into the country made by a foreign woman was taken, going as far as We Ju. Thousands of Korean women were seen, books and medicines were widely distributed. With a picture book and a small moiety of the language, an effort was made to tell the women the story of a Saviour. This at Songdo, Whang-ju, Pyong Yang, Ano-ju, Kangga, Wi-ju, and many smaller places. Miss Hayden arrived in 1888 and took charge of the little girl whom Mrs. Bunker had been teaching as the first pupil in the girls' school. She is now, by the way, a dear little Christian mother. On my return from Wi-ju another Bible class was started. From this nucleus a regular Sunday service was opened, and the meetings were taken in charge later by Mrs. Gifford, who has kept them up ever since.

When sickness deprived the mission of a woman physician in 1890, Dr. Heron, and later Dr. Vinton—followed again by Dr. Avison—received and treated thousands of women.

Mrs. Heron, some time after the death of her husband, instituted a Saturday sewing and Bible class, and somewhat later a series of regular weekly visits among Korean ladies. Miss Doty arrived in 1890 and joined Mrs. Gifford in the care of the school. Mrs. Baird came in February, 1891, Mrs. Vinton in 1891, and in quick succession were followed by Mrs. Dr. Brown, Mrs. Moore, Miss Arbuckle, Miss Strong, Mrs. Swallen, Mrs. Miller; and also by the ladies of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Junkin, Miss Davis, and Miss Tate. Our own mission was reinforced later by Mrs. Avison, who arrived here in 1893, Mrs. Irvin, Mrs. Lee and her mother, Mrs. Webb; the following year and last year we greeted Mrs. Dr. Whiting and

Miss Jacobson. The latest reinforcements to the Southern Presbyterian Mission are Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Bell.

The first lady of the Australian Presbyterian Mission was Miss Davis, who arrived in 1889, and, on the death of her devoted brother, returned to Australia in 1890. The Australian ladies, Miss J. Perry, Miss Menzies, and Miss Moore, now in Korea, have been in Fusan three years, and have gathered a promising little school of twelve pupils, are holding three Sabbath and several weekly services for women and girls. They also have a native Bible woman who takes quite extended country trips and visits the women of the villages. Mr. and Mrs. Baird left Söul in the fall of 1891 and were joined a year later by Dr. and Mrs. Brown. In 1892, Mrs. Gale left the Söul station for Wonsan, followed, in 1894, by Mrs. Swallen. Miss Arbuckle was moved in 1895 from the school work to which she had at first been appointed, and placed at the government hospital. Miss Strong was also obliged to leave the school on account of sickness, leaving Miss Doty alone with Korean assistants. The school, in the meanwhile, has been moved to a most desirable location in Yun Mot Kohl, and domiciled in a commodious building in the center of a thickly settled district. Mrs. Gifford for a long time was the only woman in our mission able to do systematic woman's work. The arrival of the single ladies of our own and of the Southern Presbyterian Mission was a much-needed reinforcement. Miss Davis for over a year has been reaching great numbers of women at In Sung Putchai, and Miss Tate has lent her welcome and most efficient aid at hospitals and women's meetings, and for over a year has been conducting women's meetings at Yak Kuin. She also made a long

trip to the south, carried the Gospel to hundreds of women there, and last month left Söul to make Chun Chu her permanent field of labor.

The number of women attending these various meetings is large and steadily increasing. The same may be said of the meetings held at other places.

We are seeking by these varied agencies to "sow beside all waters." Often, alas, only weakly and half-heartedly the seed has been sown, and is now germinating out of sight to bring forth in the next decade a glorious harvest; but, like little children, we cannot wait; we want to dig up our seeds, count them, and see if they are growing. Let us rather trust the Lord and calmly abide the sure result. I believe and am sure it is the ambition of us all to seek to establish the true knowledge and pure worship and faith of the one true God and His Son, our blessed Saviour. We are not as eager to see a large number of women entered on our rolls as to be sure that the Gospel in purity and simplicity is being spread far and wide. God alone can bless His word; we alone, in the mystery of His will, can publish it. He can and must gather in the fruits, we only sow the seed. His book is the only reliable church roll of members, but He will require from us an account of how we have published His call. Ah! how poor, how small our work appears, as we look it over on the human side. How full of mercy and grace on the divine side. In this alone we take heart for the future, "Looking unto Jesus."

SÖUL, KOREA, *January*, 1896.

WOMAN'S WORK IN KOREA.

BY MRS. M. F. SCRANTON, IN *Korean Repository*.

The Korean work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church may be said to have had its beginning in the little town of Revenna, O., in September of the year 1883. A district missionary meeting was being held there, at which time work in India and Japan was given particular prominence. The unopened field of Korea had not entered into the thought of the speaker of the day. One dear old lady was present, however, whose heart and eye the Lord had opened to see and feel for those whom all others present had forgotten. She rose and said she had a small sum of money which she had dedicated to God. She wished to place it in the hands of the Missionary Society to be held in trust until such time as Korea should be opened to the Gospel. She expressed the earnest hope that it might be the nucleus around which other sums should speedily gather that the women and girls of Korea also might be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. It is certain that from this time forward prayers went heavenward for this dark land.

In October of the following year the first representative of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to Korea, Mrs. M. F. Scranton was appointed.

A speedy going forth to the field was planned for and anticipated. Political disturbances, however, held us back, and it was June 20, 1885, when we first set foot on Korean soil. You who have come more recently, can, I think, scarcely realize the difference between the Korea of to-day and the country to which we came more than ten years ago. To-day there are gleams of brightness and promise all along the horizon.

Then it was only as we looked upward and beyond the stars that we could see a ray of light or hope. The presence of the foreigner was not desired. We were counseled by our United States representatives to use the utmost caution in manner and speech. We were not expected to make manifest in any way the designs we had in coming to the country. Nothing remained, therefore, for us to do but to win hearts, if such a thing lay within the range of possibilities, and acquire the language. Both of these under the circumstances proved difficult. Our presence on the street in too close proximity to the women's apartments was oftentimes the signal for the rapid closing of doors and speedy retreat behind screens, while children ran screaming with as much lung power as they could bring to bear on the occasion. Then, too, how could one expect quickly to acquire the language when there were no books, no teachers worthy of the name, and no interpreters whose knowledge went further than the simplest form of speech. It was no great feat to get a vocabulary of nouns, but when it came to verbs and we were obliged to "act" them, it sometimes became puzzling, not to say ludicrous.

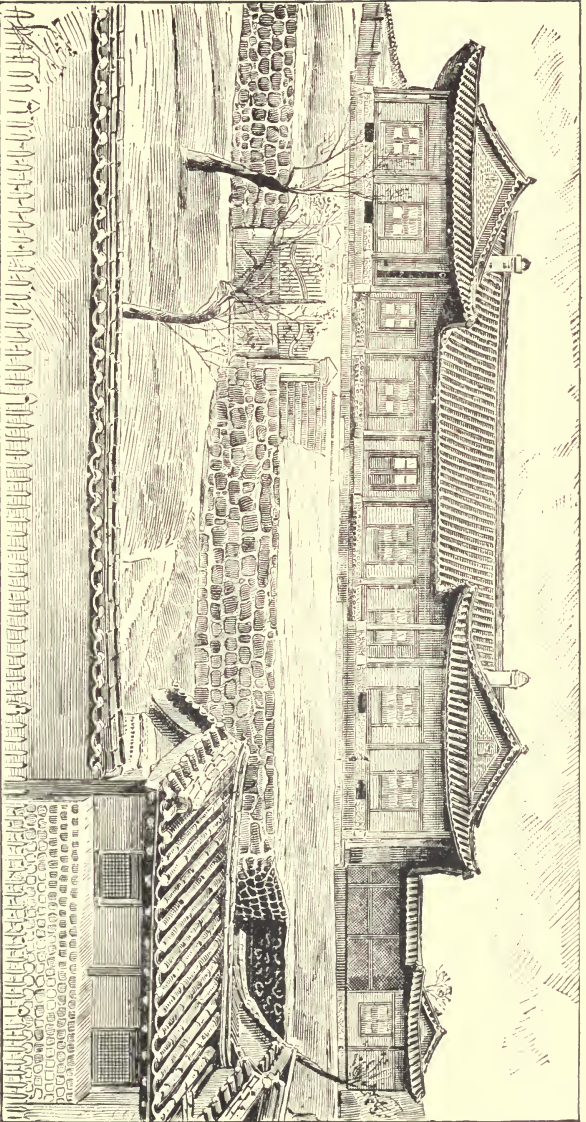
We had no fine houses in those days. My drawing room and study was eight feet by twelve. On all sides but one (that leading to my sleeping apartment) there were only paper partitions between me and the outside world. This, during the summer, was not a serious defect, but when winter came it had its objections. There was no window glass anywhere to let in the brightness and sunshine, until one happy day Mr. Foulk, our *chargé d'affaires*, made me a present of three photograph plates. These I thankfully, if not proudly, inserted in the window near my desk, and once more

rejoiced in being able to see, at least with one eye at a time, the light of heaven again.

I suppose missionaries ought to be so far above the earth as never to think of the "what shall we eat;" but in this respect I am quite confident the first representatives to Korea, during their first summer, signally failed. The meal in the barrel, if it did not "waste," turned sour, which was nearly as bad, and Japan and China were far away. Beef was forbidden on account of disease among the cattle. Of potatoes and other vegetables, there were none. But there were chickens and eggs. While we were forced to acknowledge that in outward appearance these resembled those we call by that name in the home land, the taste we thought as different as the two countries themselves. But we ate them, "not one day, nor two days, nor five days, neither ten days; but even a whole month," two months, "until they came out at our nostrils." Is it any wonder that even missionaries sometimes longed for "the leeks and onions of Egypt?"

The experiences of the first few months, while not free from trials and annoyances of various kinds, were nevertheless, on the whole, very pleasant ones. A day was never so dark but that at its close we could honestly say, "We are glad to be in Korea." Whether we won the people's hearts or no, it is certain they won ours, and the desire grew more and more intense to be a blessing to them.

Firmly believing that for the most speedy advancement of the country the women and girls must be educated, plans were early formed for the fitting up of a home and school building. The first purchase of property was made in October, 1885. It consisted of nineteen straw huts and a very unsightly strip of



EWA HAK TANG, IN SÖUL, THE FIRST GIRLS' SCHOOL IN KOREA.

unoccupied land. To eyes which looked on that picture, the one which now presents itself seems one of beauty. The huts have been transformed into a home worthy of the name; the barren sands have become a grassy lawn, and the stony lane and foul gutters have been hidden away under green terraces.

All possible preparations for building were made during the winter of 1885, and early in the spring of 1886 the work was commenced. The shouts of the workmen as they prepared the ground, tramping and stamping to the beat of the drum, was far sweeter music than such sounds ordinarily are. I felt that every step brought me nearer the day when I should, through the school, get into closer relation to the people whom I so longed to help. The "shoutings" which brought forth the plain upon which to erect our house, drew from my heart the echo, "Grace, grace unto it."

In November of the same year, we took possession of the home, though much more work remained to be done. We are indebted to Mr. M. E. Blackstone, of Oak Park, Ill., for a large portion of the money spent in the erection of our home and school building.

School work was commenced in the house of Dr. Scranton six months previous to the removal to the new home. It began with one scholar. She was the concubine of an official who was desirous his wife should learn English, with the hope that she might some time become interpreter for the queen. She remained with us only about three months. The first permanent pupil came in June, 1886, one month later than Mrs. Kim. Poverty unquestionably brought the girl to us, but not many days had passed before the mother felt it better to brave poverty rather than trust

her child to a foreigner. The neighbors accused her of being a bad woman and an unnatural mother, or she would never have trusted her to the *No Pou In*. They said it might be well for a little time; there would be plenty of food and of good clothes, but by and by she would be carried away to America, and what her fate would be there no one could tell. An assurance was finally given in writing that the child should never be carried out of the country, which partially satisfied the mother for a while, though it was several months before she was really at ease.

The second pupil was a little waif who, with her sick mother, was picked up out by the city wall by Dr. Scranton and taken first to his hospital for treatment.

Koreans watched these girls very closely. As they did not find them unhappy or ill treated other mothers gradually gained a little confidence, and at the time of removal to the home on the hill the school numbered four, and the following January we counted seven.

School duties, had they been the only ones, would not have been arduous for one person to perform alone; but these, added to the care of building and many other pursuits and responsibilities, made a burden far too heavy for the one representative in the field.

October 20, 1887, however, brought us relief. It was marked a "red-letter day" in our calendar, for it brought us Miss L. C. Rothweiler and Dr. Meta Howard. Miss Rothweiler immediately entered upon school work, and Dr. Howard went to our Parent Board Hospital, where, with the help of Dr. Scranton, she was able to begin medical work among the women. She continued there until November of the next year, when we removed to a hospital of our own.

In January, 1888, we organized a Sunday school. Members of our household had, of course, always received more or less religious instruction, but it had been thought expedient that it should be given in most informal ways. We felt that now the time had arrived for us to vindicate our right to be called "Methodists," by being more systematic and orderly in our assembling and teaching. School opened with twelve girls, three native women, the three missionaries of the home, and one of our parent board ladies.

One month later meetings were commenced among the women. This step would not have been taken quite so early had it not been for the repeated requests of the Korean Christian men. They said, "We are being taught; why should not our wives learn the doctrine also." We told them over and over again that our opportunities for study had been so limited we knew too little of the language to take up the work of formally teaching any but members of the household. Our words had no effect upon them; they came again and again with the same request, until we dared not refuse any longer. A few women seemed glad to come. They claimed to understand our words and to be interested; but this is a subject upon which I have always had my doubts. The meetings were discontinued after two months on account of the illness and enforced absence of the leader.

The following May an order was received from our American minister bidding us cease religious instruction of every kind whatsoever. The Romanists had committed acts which brought all foreigners into disfavor. China, as we then thought and now believe, for political reasons also added much "fuel to the flame." For some weeks the excitement among the

people was great, and the lives and property of foreigners were thought to be in peril. Under the circumstances we decided it was best to send our girls to their homes until the trouble should be over.

Although the girls were glad to go to places of greater safety, there was much weeping and wailing when they came to bid us good-bye. They were sure we were to lose our lives, and they would never see our faces again.

On two different occasions a crowd gathered about our gate and threatened to kill our servants. Guards were appointed, who vigilantly patrolled our compounds, and we held ourselves, in accordance with the directions of our United States minister, in constant readiness to leave at a moment's notice. After about six weeks, however, the disturbances all came to an end. The girls returned to us and work went on as usual, with the exception of the women's meetings, which were not resumed till the following September. At that time we tried the experiment of having one of the native Christian men talk to the women from behind a screen. These meetings were largely attended. Many seemed interested and many only curious. In the month of September the ordinance of baptism was administered to three women ; they received the names of Mary, Martha, and Salome. After this we had a few months of prosperity. We believed we were gaining the confidence of the people, and that many of them were being convinced that the doctrines we taught were what they needed for their salvation. Suddenly we were again forbidden "to speak at all or teach in the name of Jesus." This was in February, 1889. We obeyed in part ; that is, we discontinued public teaching, but continued the services with our women and

girls as usual. We told the outside women they must not come any more. They were scarcely more reconciled to this order of things than were we, and frequently came to inquire if the time had not now arrived when they could come to us as formerly. One Sunday evening a woman ventured to come notwithstanding the injunction which had been placed upon her. She came in while we were at prayer, dropped down in a corner out of sight, and was not discovered by the leader until service was nearly over. At the close of the meeting she said: "Won't you please let me come every Sunday night? There is only a little rice at our house and not much wood, and living is very difficult. Coming here and listening to the good words and the sweet songs makes my heart lighter. Won't you please let me come every Sunday?"

I assure you it was not an easy matter under such circumstances to obey the "powers that be," and it was not many months before we forgot all about "laws" and found ourselves at work in evangelistic lines with more energy than ever before. Before many weeks we had the great joy of seeing the rite of baptism administered to three of our girls and to our Enmoun teacher. In the fall of 1889 Dr. Howard was obliged to leave us on account of her health and returned to her home in America. During the two years she was with us she treated 3,000 patients. Shortly after this daily evangelistic services were begun in the dispensary waiting room. These have been continued until the present and have been productive of much good.

On December 31 of this year our records read as follows: Number of women in attendance upon our Sunday evening service during the year, not including the women and girls of our own household, 1,064;

patients treated by parent board physicians, in the absence of our own doctor, 2,000 ; number of pupils in the school, 26 ; number of probationers in the church, 20.

In the spring of 1894 Mrs. Dr. Hall accompanied her husband to Pyong Yang with the full purpose of opening both medical and evangelistic work among the women of that city. She took our Esther with her to assist in both branches of the work. They had scarcely got into their homes before a storm of persecution burst upon them. For a time it seemed as if not only their lives were in peril, but also those of all who were in any way connected with them. Mrs. Hall, however, bravely opened her dispensary and commenced work as calmly as if on the wave of prosperity. Esther, too, began to teach the people. A goodly number availed themselves of the opportunity of consulting the foreign physician, and a few came to the religious services. They were able to continue this work for about one month only, having been ordered by the English consul, on account of the disturbed state of the country, to return to Söul at once. This was a great regret to Mrs. Hall. She felt that an important work could be done there if time could only be allowed her. She still cherishes the hope of resuming the work by and by.

The war excitements of the spring and summer of 1894 made for a time sad work with the school. The mothers and relatives of our girls, upon the coming of the Japanese army and the rumors of the immense numbers of Chinese in the North who were soon to swoop down upon us, became much alarmed, and begged to be permitted to take their children away. They said, "Perhaps they will be no safer with us than with you, but since we shall all probably die we wish to die together." Under the circumstances we could

not refuse to let the girls go, and it seemed at one time as if we were in danger of losing every pupil except such as had no home or friends. But this, like other excitements to which we are subject in Korea, soon subsided, and most of the girls were thankful to get back to us again. A few were taken to other provinces, and we have never seen them since. Two or three mothers also improved the opportunity to give their girls away in very early marriage. All the gaps were soon filled, however, and school work again prospered.

Notwithstanding the excitements caused by invading armies and Tong Hak rebellions, evangelistic work had few interruptions during the entire year. For a few weeks our congregations were somewhat smaller, but not a Sunday service was omitted, and, as far as my knowledge goes, only one week-day meeting. Trouble in many instances seemed to bring our people nearer to God; we added to our work rather than subtracted from it. Meetings were commenced at Chong No December 1. When the year came to a close it found our churches with an increase of membership, and we believe with an increase of spirituality as well.

As a brief record of the last year of the ten I think I cannot do better than give a few statistics. One of our evangelistic workers reports that during six months she has conducted 140 meetings and made 50 visits to the homes of the people. Another tells that during eight months of the year she received 3,000 Koreans in her own rooms, and to nearly all of these gave religious instruction. Another Sunday school has been organized with an attendance of women and girls ranging from 30 to 65. One church reports that the number of members (women) has more than quadrupled dur-

ing the last year, and every church testifies to a goodly increase. Our women are learning to deny themselves for the sake of Christ and his cause. More than \$100 has been given by them for the church which is being built in Chong Dong, and in each of the other churches week by week contributions have been made, which should be accounted generous. They give, not out of their abundance, but out of their poverty. Dr. Cutler reports: "Hospital has been opened for regular work only 161 days. But 3,429 cases have been treated, 170 out-visits made, and 53 patients received into the hospital; 3,302 women were taught in the dispensary on week days and 1,786 on the Sabbath. Our school is larger and more prosperous than ever before, now numbering 43. We believe the Ewa Hak Tang is a great blessing to this land. Five of our girls are employed as Bible women. Another is in America to prepare herself for medical work among her countrywomen. Others have gone to their own homes, where they are trying to live Christian lives. A large proportion of the girls in the school are Christians, and we believe there is not one among the least of them but expects to become such, and when she is old enough to be listened to, to tell the story, as she has heard it, of Jesus and his love."

We give praise and glory to God for the wonderful work he hath wrought among the women and girls of this land.

Number of missionaries employed, 7; number of pupils registered from beginning of school, 94; number of patients treated in the hospital, 21,000; number of out-visits, 971; number of towns and villages visited, 24; number of members and probationers, 171; number of Bible women employed, 7; and 7 books and tracts translated.

CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Hall's Published Letters.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.—*The Apostle Paul.*

Letter from Yokohama—First impressions of Korea—Expedition to Wi-ju with Rev. Mr. Jones—Appointment and visit to Pyong Yang—Rev. Graham Lee relates an incident in Dr. Hall's third country trip—A tour to Wi-ju with Rev. Mr. Noble—Letter relating the origin of the Pyong Yang Fund—Ten weeks of pioneer work in Korea's ancient capital—Dr. Hall takes his family with him upon his eighth trip to Pyong Yang—Sight-seers—Native Christians cast into prison and tortured—Water supply cut off—Protection at last—Work carried on successfully by both Dr. and Mrs. Hall—Recall to Söul—War—Dr. Scranton writes of the work of the summer of 1894 in the Si Pyeng Wön—Rev. Mr. Appenzeller gives his reminiscences of July 23, 1894—The last trip to Pyong Yang—Rev. Mr. Lee's Description of the Pyong Yang battlefield—Dr. Hall's last published letter—Rev. Mr. Moffett tells how the doctor's work was completed.

FROM YOKOHAMA.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM W. J. HALL, M.D., TO THE *Athens Reporter.*

On the morning of November 12 I bade good-bye to friends and loved ones, and started on my voyage of nearly ten thousand miles as a medical missionary to far-off Korea.

Six days and nights are consumed in our trip of three thousand miles across the continent. The most inter

esting features of this trip are the vast prairies of the Northwest and the Rocky Mountains. The scene of our passage through the Rockies is fascinating in its terror. In many places the railway is notched into the face of the cliffs of the mountain, which rises thousands of feet above us, and the river and valley are seen hundreds of feet below us. During our journey we have had ample opportunity to become acquainted with many of our fellow-passengers, and to deal personally with them.

We arrived in Vancouver on the afternoon of the eighteenth, and set sail from there to Yokohama on the morning of the nineteenth. There are seventy-seven passengers in the first and second saloons, twenty-five of whom are missionaries. There are about three hundred Chinese in the steerage.

The missionaries represent the following societies : Church Missionary Society (Church of England), 9 ; China Inland Mission, 5 ; American Baptist, 4 ; Methodist Episcopal, 1 ; Wesleyan Methodist, 1 ; Independent, 1 ; American Presbyterian, 1 ; Scotch National Bible Society, 1 ; unconnected, 1.

We have union meetings each day, which have been a great source of blessing to us all. Every afternoon there is a Bible reading, a service for the sailors and Chinese, and a prayer meeting in the evening.

On Sabbath we had two services in the first saloon. A great deal of personal work is being done among the passengers. I never met a more consecrated band than the missionaries on board. We are already cemented together as one great family, and it will be a trial to separate. Denominational lines are lost sight of, and we have only one aim, the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The work among the Chinese is very interesting. The first day I went among them, one who spoke a little English came up to me and said: "You a good man? You look like a good man. You look like a Jesus man." I realized as never before that we were indeed "living epistles known and read of all men;" that the Holy Spirit may so fill our hearts that He will reveal Himself through our countenances; that we may preach Christ even though we may not utter a word. We were also enabled to tell the Chinese of a Saviour's love through an interpreter.

Our bible readings are increasing in interest and blessing. On Saturday it fell to my lot to lead. The subject was consecration. To-night (November 30) we have had one of the best missionary meetings I have ever attended. A large proportion of the passengers and crew were present. Prominent among the passengers were the Governor of Hong Kong and the Vice President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Chief Justice Way, of Adelaide, South Australia, presided, and in his opening address related a number of incidents that came under his own observation, attesting the value of foreign missions. He was followed by three who had been engaged in mission work in China, and who are now on their way back to their fields of labor. As they spoke of their experience in China, a great deal of interest was awakened, and we all felt that much good must result from the meeting.

On the morning of December 2 we were all up bright and early packing up our baggage and getting ready to leave the steamer, as we were within a few miles of Yokohama. The coast as far as we could see was dotted with the white sails of small fishing boats. The first sight that aroused our curiosity as we steamed into the

harbor was to see about fifty sampan (native boats), coming toward the steamer, each anxious to get a passenger. A friend was awaiting us, so, after arranging our baggage, we were transferred to a beautiful steam yacht and taken ashore. Our baggage was taken by coolies (Japanese laborers) to the customhouse and examined. Our attention was at once drawn to the the jinrikishas (small two-wheeled carriages drawn by men), which were standing about twenty in number near the depot, the owners of which were very anxious to be engaged. Passenger after passenger got into one of these jinrikishas and were trotted off at the same rate that a horse would travel. They run about six miles an hour, and can travel forty or fifty miles a day. It seemed very peculiar at first to be drawn about the city by a man, but we soon got accustomed to it.

We started for the capital, Tokyo, which is about eighteen miles from Yokohama, as soon as we could get a train. The cars are quite comfortable, and run about eighteen miles an hour. We soon found ourselves passing through a most beautiful tract of country; rice fields which had lately been harvested, and the straw still remaining in the field. They thresh the rice by taking small bundles and striking them against the side of a large tub. The straw is used for thatching houses, making mats, shoes, ropes, etc. They do not use horses in farming, as we do, but do nearly all their work by hand. They prepare the soil with a tool somewhat similar to our hoe, but the blade is much heavier, and about fifteen inches long and five inches wide. Their rice fields have to be in low lands, which are irrigated by the rivers, which are turned out of their channels and made to flow through the land in a large number of small streams turned into the rice fields. Everything presented the



BY PER, WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS.

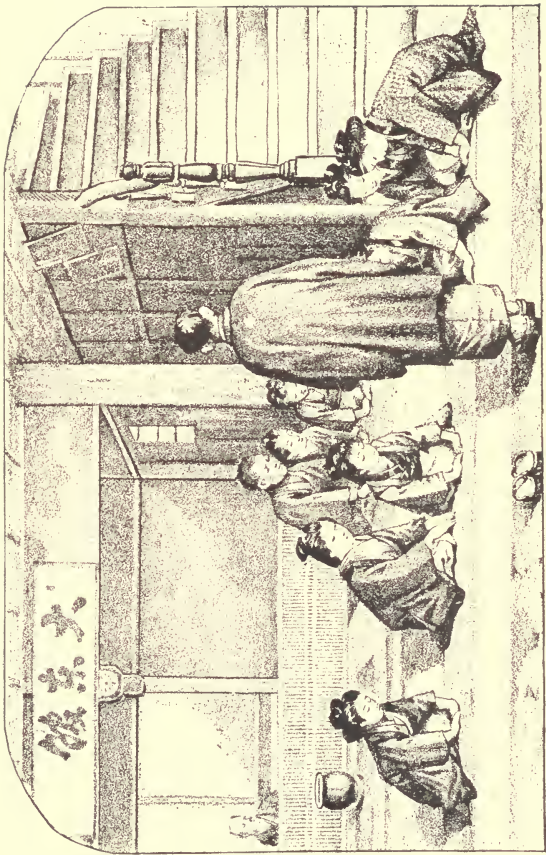
JURIKISHA RIDING IN JAPAN.

appearance of a beautiful morning in spring. The birds were singing, and the air was soft and balmy. The trees and shrubs remain green throughout the year. Flowers of various kinds are seen blooming everywhere all seasons of the year. The country is very uneven, and the verdure of different hues covering hill and valley presents a most beautiful spectacle. This appears to be an earthly paradise.

Soon we arrived in Tokyo, which has a population of 1,200,000. We engaged a jinrikisha at eight cents per hour to take us through the city. We first visited some of the temples, and after paying a small sum were shown through them. They are magnificently adorned with gold, bronze, and elaborate carvings. Here

“The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.”

I never felt more grateful than then for the privileges and blessings I was enjoying through the Gospel, and I longed to be able to tell them of a Saviour's love. In Yokohama I visited a great many places of interest, and among them one of the Christian schools. Here the children of the Japanese, in addition to their regular course of study, are instructed in the Gospel, and all the scholars attend the Sabbath school. In Kobe I went with a missionary to a Japanese prayer meeting. After wending our way in a jinrikisha through several narrow alleys, some of which are only about four feet wide, we came to a small Japanese house. The windows consisted of frames covered with white paper. The door was made from slats about an inch in width and an inch and a half apart. This was also covered with paper. On sliding back the door we passed through into the entry or hall. Here we were told to remove our shoes. This being done we entered the house proper,



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

THE CEREMONIAL OF RECEIVING VISITORS IN JAPAN.

the floor of which was covered with straw matting. The owner of the house and his wife got down on their knees and made two bows, their foreheads almost touching the floor. We returned the salute in a similar manner. We were then invited up a narrow ladder leading to a room where a number of native Christians were met. The salutes were repeated. There were no chairs or furniture of any kind in the room, as the Japanese sit, eat, and sleep upon the floor. We were handed a small mat about twenty inches square for a seat. They sang several Japanese hymns, and a number led in prayer. I spoke to them for a few minutes through an interpreter. After the meeting our host gave us tea of a delicious flavor, but very weak. Cakes were passed around with chopsticks, and oranges in abundance. On leaving, the salute was repeated as at the beginning.

From Kobe to Korea we took a native steamer, all on board being Japanese but two. On Sunday I held a service through an interpreter.

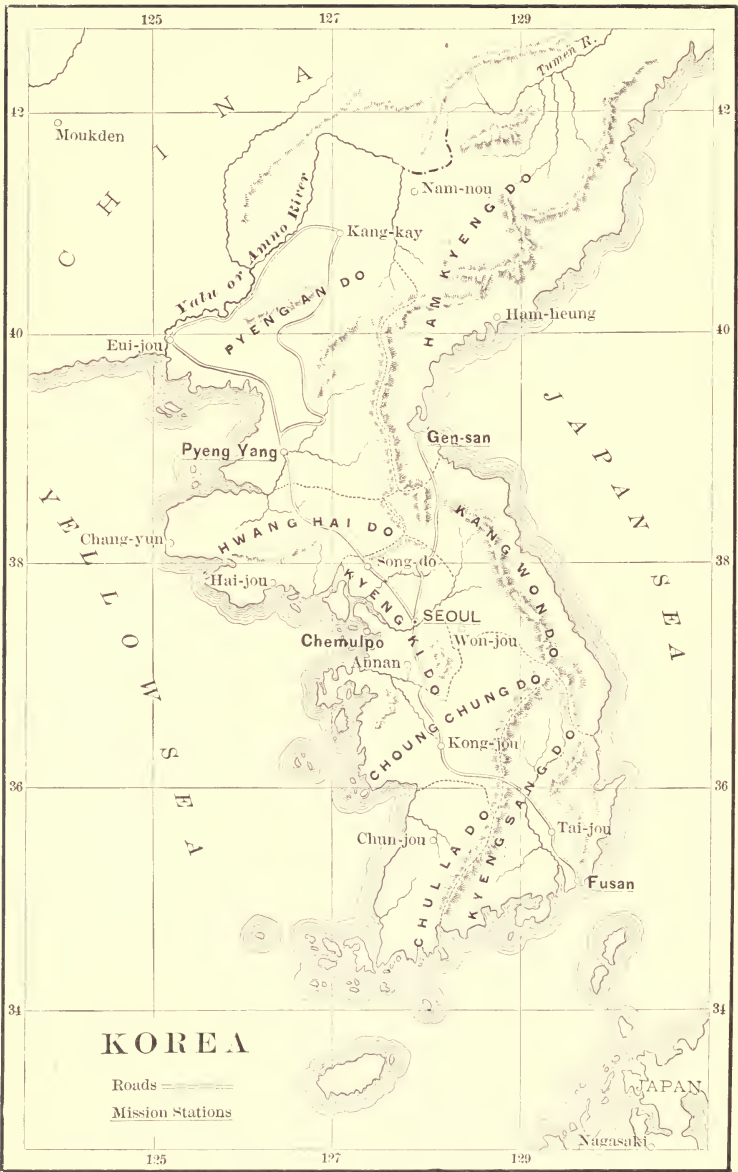
SÖUL, KOREA.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF KOREA.

BY W. J. HALL, M.D.

On the afternoon of December 13 we first sighted Korea, or "Land of Morning Calm" which occupies the peninsula hanging down from Manchuria and Russian Siberia, between China and Japan, and extending from the thirty-third to the forty-third parallel north latitude.

The area, including the outlying islands, is about one hundred thousand square miles. The population, according to the most reliable estimate, is a little more than sixteen millions. Yet, as the people live in cities,



KOREA

Roads 
 Mission Stations 

125

127

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JAPAN
Nagasaki

towns, and villages, the country does not seem to be thickly settled.

The climate varies much at the extremities of the peninsula, owing to the fact that the southern portion is somewhat affected by the warm southern currents that give Japan its tropical climate, but which are warded off from Korea proper by the Japanese islands. The climate of the central and northern provinces is much the same as that of the northern and central United States, with fewer changes, and considerably



FUSAN.

milder than Canada. The large river at the capital is not uncommonly frozen over for weeks at a time during the winter so that heavy carts pass over on the ice. There are a few falls of snow which usually only remains for a few days.

The country is decidedly mountainous and well watered. Heavy timber abounds in the northeast. The valleys are fertile and are fairly well cultivated.

Our steamer stopped for a day in the harbor of Fusan, a city at the southern portion of Korea, and about three hundred and fifty miles from Söul, the place of

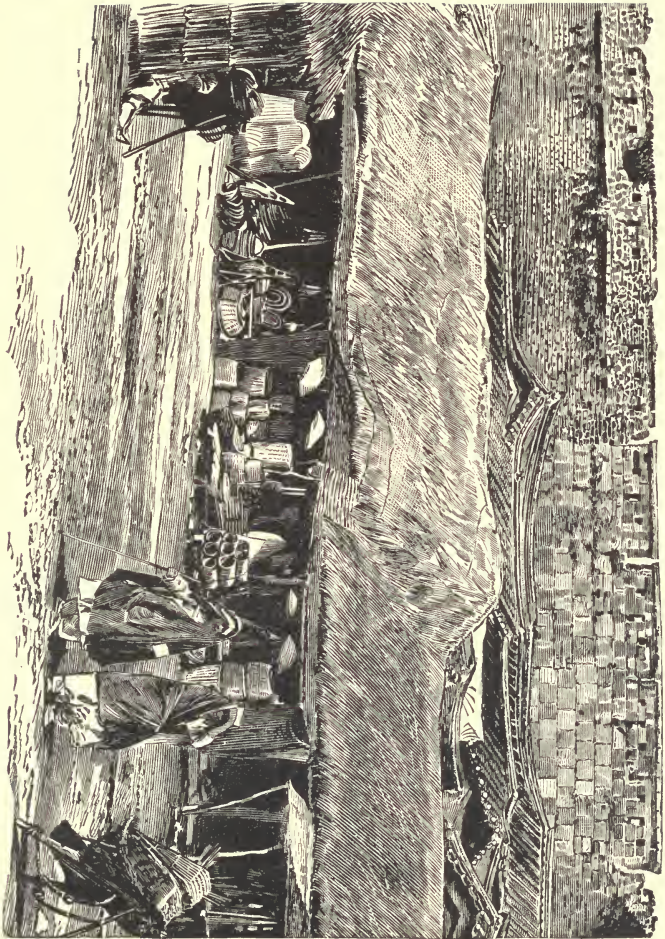
my destination. Dr. Hardy came on board to meet us and we were taken ashore in a sampan (native rowboat), and very soon found ourselves in a little upper room where several missionaries were gathered in a prayer meeting. The Master was with us and we had a very profitable time together.

The following morning as we came on deck we noticed a large company of natives returning in rowboats from a fishing expedition. They had been successful and were announcing their good fortune by making a great noise which resembled the beating on tin pans.

The Koreans dress in garments made from bleached cotton (imported), which are heavily padded with cotton batting in the winter. Their pants look more like bags than anything else, and are four times as large as ours. They wear shoes made of straw or wood. The coolies scarcely ever wear any covering on their heads. The boys have their hair braided and hanging down their backs. The men have it done up in a bunch about an inch and a half in diameter and three inches long, sticking up straight on the top of their head.

Their skin is of a dark brown color resembling very much our North American Indian. They have very scant beards and mustaches.

Many of the coolies or laboring class have racks fastened to their backs on which they carry immense loads. Cows and small ponies are used as beasts of burden, but a great deal of the labor is done by men. Their cows are never milked except for the use of foreigners. We saw large numbers of Koreans walking along the road with heavy burdens on their backs, and one side of their face stamped with the same mark that was on the goods. We met a number with loads of



BY PERI WOMAN'S MISSIONARY FRIEND.

A STREET SCENE IN SOUL NEAR THE WEST GATE.

cash (Korean money). These are made of an inferior metal about an inch and a quarter in diameter and an eighth of an inch in thickness. A hole about three eighths of an inch square is punched in the center, through which a straw rope is passed, and one hundred strung on each rope. There are five cash in each piece, and at the present time two thousand eight hundred and thirty cash in a dollar.

The majority of the Koreans live in mud huts. The floor is made of stone and mud, underneath which the fire is built which heats their room and boils their rice.

Each room is about eight feet square, and usually two rooms to each house. The roofs are thatched with straw. They have no furniture, and therefore sit, sleep, and eat upon the floor. The door is about four feet high and two feet and a half wide. It is made of slats covered with paper, which answers also the place of a window.

In future letters I will tell of our work among them as missionaries and its results.

GOSPEL HEALING IN KOREA.

SÖUL, July 28, 1892.

To the Editor of The Christian Herald:

On March 4 Rev. Mr. Jones and I started on a seven hundred-mile trip into the northern interior of Korea. Our pack ponies were loaded with books, medicines, and a small quantity of provisions. These were put into boxes about the size of a small trunk, and one box fastened on each side of the pony, which left a place in the center for our blankets, upon which we rode when tired of walking. As our ponies could not travel faster than a walk, we were able to go on foot most of the journey. The principal modes of traveling in Korea

are by pack pony, chair-carried by men, rough ox cart, and on foot. How slow compared with our rapid railways in the home land! But we wished to meet the people, and this gave us every opportunity of stopping at the villages and towns that lay in our pathway. The Koreans showed us great kindness and hospitality. They have great faith in the foreign doctor. They believe him capable of curing all diseases that are brought to him, if he will. Those who have been blind from infancy expect to receive their sight, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

Early one morning I was sent for in great haste. A young man about twenty years of age had been suffering from fever for several days, and was now at the point of death. I went as fast as possible, but as it was some distance away, it took considerable time to reach his home. The father met me at the door and informed me that his son had been dead nearly an hour, but urged me so strongly to come into the room that I consented. He was the only child, and I shall never forget the sorrow of the parents. They pleaded with me to bring their son back to life. They said, "Doctor, you can make the dead man live if you wish, and if you do we will do anything you ask of us." I told them how sorry I was for their trouble, but to bring the dead back to life was beyond my power. I then pointed them to Jesus, and told them how to prepare for the life beyond the grave. We had prayer together, and I left them with him who says, "My word shall not return unto me void."

In one of the villages I was called to see a young man suffering with pleuropneumonia. Life appeared to be fast ebbing away, and I entertained little hopes of his recovery. As we were only to be in the village

over night, I left him some medicine and directions how to treat him. Judging from a human standpoint it seemed a hopeless case, but God has often shown us in our work for Him that this is His work, and that all power is given unto Him in heaven and in earth, and where it is for God's glory we have a right to expect wonderful results; we do ascribe to Him all the glory. I pointed him to the Great Physician, and for the first time he and the family heard the glorious tidings of salvation. The father bought a copy of Matthew's gospel, and promised to read it. No one except those who have had similar experiences know the joy that comes to the soul of him who carries the message of a Saviour's love to those who have never heard of it before.

Several weeks afterward, as we returned to this village, the first to greet me was this young man. He had fully recovered, and his expressions of gratitude were very great. He said that he was trying to do all that I had told him. He had been reading the good Book every day, and the whole village of four hundred inhabitants knew what the doctor had done, and they met together every day to hear the good Book read. The people flocked into our room and remained until nearly midnight, listening with the deepest interest to the story of salvation and inquiring the way to God. They pleaded with me to remain with them, and I was very sorry that I could not. In our return visits we will be able to follow up the work and reap the results.

Although women are not expected to see any men, except those of their own household, the medical missionary has no difficulty in gaining an entrance to the homes and hearts of the people. God is wonderfully opening up our way before us. We treated a large number of

patients, sold a great many books, and preached the Gospel to all with whom we came in contact. Many expressed themselves anxious to embrace Christianity. The fields are already white unto harvest, but the laborers are few.

We were able to live nearly entirely upon native food. It consists of rice, kimche, highly seasoned with cayenne pepper, fish—often spoiled—soup, beans, and sometimes pork and beef. If we did not see them preparing our meals, or know what we were getting, they would be much more palatable. At one hotel we saw nine dogskins spread on the straw roof. We asked what they did with the dogs. The reply was, "We make soup of them." I had quite enjoyed the soup previous to this, but I left it untouched the rest of the journey. I also gave up the meat, as I did not know whether I was getting beef or dog. My bill of fare had now narrowed down to rice and kimche (made from a vegetable almost similar to our cabbage and raw turnip, prepared somewhat similar to sauerkraut), three times a day, with occasionally fish, chicken, or eggs. The fire which cooked our food warmed the stone and sand floor upon which we slept. Sometimes it was far too hot, at other times too cold.

A day's travel was from twenty-five to forty miles. On our return trip, on account of unexpected expenses, our money was running short. We were still several days' travel from where we could get any. We arose early one morning and prepared for a long day's travel. I told my men that as our money was nearly gone I would only take two meals that day. About nine o'clock rain came on and continued nearly all day. At other times we would have waited for fine weather, but it was very necessary for us to push on

now as rapidly as possible. I had walked one hundred and twenty li (forty miles) that day, and late at night foot-sore, wet, cold, hungry, and weary, we came to our inn. We were given a small room with stone floor for a bed, no fire, clothes wet through, straw roof leaking. Here we spent the night. We were very tired, and slept, notwithstanding our uncomfortable abode. We spent all excepting twenty cash (twenty-eight cash equals one cent) for lodging and breakfast. We traveled twenty miles that forenoon with less than a cent of money, and several days' journey from home. We had a check on the bank of heaven and asked to have it cashed (Phil. 4. 19). We were within a mile of where we wished to get our dinner and feed our ponies. Just at this juncture we met a Japanese doctor that we had formerly known, but did not know he was then in that part of the country. If we had been ten minutes later we would have missed him, as he would have branched off to another road. We made known our situation. He said he would gladly let us have all the cash we wished. "They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be confounded." What a wonderful Deliverer is ours!

Yours in Christ, W. J. HALL.

IN HEATHEN KOREA.

SÖUL, KOREA, *December 16, 1892.*

To the Editor of The Christian Herald :

At our Annual Meeting in August I was appointed to the Pyong Yang Circuit, which includes the territory from Söul to Pyong Yang, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. We loaded our little pack ponies with drugs and books, and started on our tiresome journey over rough roads, fording streams and climbing mountains. I have the privilege of being the first mis-

sionary appointed to exclusive work in the interior. I praise God for the privilege of carrying the Gospel to those who have never heard of it before. My work is entirely pioneer work.

On September 30 I entered the city of Pyong Yang. As I passed through the streets throngs of Koreans gathered to see the foreigner. After wending my way through several streets with difficulty I came to an inn, and was given a room eight feet square, the front door of which opened into the street, the back door into the yard, where the horses, pigs, cattle, and poultry are kept. There were no windows, and the only light that entered the room came through the paper which was pasted over the latticework of the door. This little room, with its mud walls and floor, was my consulting room, dining and bed room. Here I saw all my patients, dispensed my medicines, and sold my books. Each day, long before the hour appointed for opening the dispensary, the street was thronged with patients. The street answered as a waiting room, and one by one I saw the patients in my little room. How much we need a suitable building for carrying on our work! One which could be used for a hospital, dispensary, book room, and chapel. But we are trusting God to open our way, and we know he will supply all our needs.

The people have shown me great kindness, and only once have I received anything like rough treatment, and the same might occur by the rabble in any of our large cities in the home land. One evening one of the fishermen took me out for a row on the beautiful river that flows along the outside of the city wall. We had just got out into the deep water, when showers of stones came from behind the wall and fell all around us. I

one had struck us or the frail fishing skiff, serious results might have followed. But Providence protected us, and we pulled as rapidly as possible over to the other side of the river.

Our medical work brings us into great favor with the natives, and gives us an opportunity for preaching the Gospel and selling our Christian books to many that we could not otherwise reach.

One day I was called to see a boy who was suffering from dysentery. He had been ill for several days and was rapidly growing worse. I left him some medicine and came away. The following morning I was sent for



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

KOREAN FISHERMEN.

in great haste, with the message that the boy was dying. I hastened to the house and found him very low. The mother was the widow of a Korean doctor. She told me if I cured her son she would give him to me as my slave, as she was very poor and had nothing else to give. I told her I would do all I could for her boy without expecting anything for it. I then told her why I had come to Korea to give my life for her people. I told her of God, heaven, and the glad story of salvation; that I was praying for her boy, that God had the power to bless the medicines and restore him to health. God answered our prayer, and the family are now dili-

gent searchers after the truth. The Holy Spirit has gone before us and prepared the soil to receive the precious seed, and will cause it to spring up and yield an abundant harvest.



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

KOREAN BOYS.

“Ye cannot toil in vain,
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry;
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.”

I have been invited out to dinner several times by the natives, and they do all in their power to show their friendship and make it pleasant for me. I live

upon native food almost entirely. But a person gets tired of rice three times a day, so to-day I thought I would like some pancakes, but I could not obtain any flour. I bought two measures of buckwheat and took it to the hotel mill to be ground. The mill is the same as is referred to in Scripture, and consists of two round stones about fifteen inches in diameter and two inches thick. A hole is drilled in the center of each stone and a wooden pivot inserted which serves as an axle. Another hole is drilled near the outer edge of the upper stone for the wooden handle, and still another hole is drilled a short distance from the center in which the grain is dropped. I got a couple of boys to turn the stone, and after they had been grinding half a day and sifting the flour through a sieve made from horse-hair woven together, I had ten pounds of flour. I had some baking powder with me, and very soon I had the mixture ready to fry. I had a fire made from cornstalks, and upon this I cooked my cakes. I enjoyed them most heartily, and I will be able to have them often. I am the only foreigner in this dark heathen city, and yet amid all these uncongenial surroundings I am happy.

“Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation might see.”

I look forward to that glad day when in this land “Jesus shall see the travail of his soul and be satisfied.” I am proving his power to keep no matter what our surroundings are.

Last spring when I first visited Pyong Yang an edict was issued prohibiting the buying of our books. This fall I have sold over six hundred copies of Christian books without the slightest opposition. The people appear to be anxious to buy and read. They are manifesting a deep interest in Christianity, and we are

looking for glorious results. God is wonderfully opening up our way, for which we praise him and ascribe to Him all the glory.

We feel deeply grateful to the many friends in the home land who are bearing us up with their prayers and helping us in this glorious work of carrying the Gospel to the "regions beyond."

Yours in Jesus,

W. J. HALL.

Dr. Hall was accompanied by his native teacher only upon this trip. He took with him no English books whatever, determined to learn all the Korean he could, which he spent his forenoons studying, seeing patients in the afternoon. He was gone five weeks, and then was only home twelve days when he started back upon his third trip, of which he wrote no record; but the Rev. Graham Lee, of the Presbyterian Mission, who took his initiatory country trip at this time, relates the following dangerous experience which they shared in an inn:

"I first became acquainted with Dr. Hall on an itinerating trip into the interior of Korea. And let me say that a trip like this, where travelers are thrown into such close contact, will usually be the means of cementing a very close friendship or forming a very indifferent acquaintanceship. I am glad to say that on my first trip with Dr. Hall I learned to love him as a friend. He was a most considerate and thoughtful man, always looking for an opportunity to help some one else, and never thinking about any sacrifice he had to make himself. I shall not soon forget an experience we had one night in one of these Korean inns. It was in the fall of the year, and the weather was cool. To warm our room our innkeeper brought in a pan of fresh embers,



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

PREPARED FOR AN ITINERATING TRIP IN KOREA.

from which the gas had not all been burned. Before either of us was aware of our danger I had fainted, and Dr. Hall was in nearly the same plight. How well I remember on coming to, how he cared for me, and, though scarcely able to stand, how he would get up and search the packs, trying to find some medicine to give me. This experience showed me the self-sacrificing, thoughtful nature of the man, and did much to form that sincere admiration and friendship that but grew stronger as I knew him better. On this same trip, while staying in the city of Pyong Yang, I was sick for several days and had to keep my bed. Here again Dr. Hall showed those qualities that have endeared him to so many. He was as gentle and tender as a mother could be, and his sincere sympathy made it felt in every word and act. It was this tender consideration and sympathy that made him so beloved by the Koreans. He loved the Korean people, and they knew it, and loved him in return.

“It was a privilege to meet Dr. Hall on the street or anywhere ; his cheery smile, his hearty hand grasp, and his kind words were like a benediction. When he left you felt better, felt that you had gained something from the meeting. As I look back over my past life I count among my blessings the fact that I was privileged to have, though but for a short time, the friendship of this earnest Christian man.

GRAHAM LEE,

Missionary of the Presbyterian Mission, North Korea.

PIONEER MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK IN THE INTERIOR OF KOREA.

BY REV. W. J. HALL, M.D., IN *The Chinese Recorder*.

On February 20, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Noble, I started upon my fourth missionary tour into the north-

ern interior of Korea. Our little pack ponies were well loaded with books and medicines and a little foreign food. The weather was still cold, and, although we were quite well equipped, we suffered considerably. The rivers were frozen, so we could cross them on ice.

One cold morning we came to a man lying in the road. At first we thought he was sick or drunk, but upon closer examination we found he was dead and frozen stiff. The natives passed by without paying any attention to what seemed to us such a terrible sight. We tried to find out all we could about the case and learned that the poor man had been sick, was without house or friends, and being unable to go farther, and as the night was bitter cold, he had frozen to death. When the sick are without friends here they have a hard time; often they are put out on the city wall to die, and frequently we find them before it is too late and take them to the hospital, where they are clothed and fed, and with proper treatment in a good room they soon recover. Many precious lives are saved in this way and led to Christ.

We traveled about thirty miles each day, and as our pack ponies could not go fast we walked most of the time in order to keep warm. Upon arriving at the inns often we would find them very cold, and at other times too hot. The vermin troubled us a great deal, although not so much as in warm weather. The diet was very unpalatable, but hunger soon enabled us to consume a good portion.

After six days' travel we reached Pyong Yang, one hundred and eighty miles from Söul. We at once went to a friend's house, where I had been entertained last fall. He was one of the governor's assistants, and last summer I was called to treat his son, who was in a

dying condition. God blessed the means and speedily restored the boy to health. The gratitude of the parents knew no bound. They made me several presents of eggs, chickens, and ducks. When I returned in the fall I was invited into their home and given a very pleasant room. What an agreeable change from the filthy inn where I had been stopping in a room eight feet square, in which I had treated my patients one by one!

Our new friend manifested a deep interest in Christianity and would frequently come in late at night after his duties at the governor's office were done, and we would talk of the things of God until midnight, and then we would kneel together and pour out our hearts to God. We are looking for good results from this seed sowing. When I went back the second time he said he was more glad to see me than he would be to see his parents, and he wanted me to use everything he had just the same as if it were my own.

Through our native helper we were able to get a place well situated for our work, which I trust will soon be our hospital. As it was in a different section of the city from where I had been before the people did not know me, and they felt uneasy over my presence, and went to the governor and asked him to remove the foreigner, as they were much afraid. The governor replied: "The foreigner is not a bad man but a gentleman. He cures the sick and helps the poor; is he not a good man?" He gave orders to the captain in charge of the district I was in to quiet the people and arrest any giving me trouble. Their fears were allayed, and soon my hands were filled with patients flocking from all parts of the city and surrounding country. Long before the appointed time they would gather

on the street in front of the dispensary, and wait until the hour arrived.

Before I left Pyong Yang I was treating over sixty patients daily. Others would come for me with chairs carried by coolies and take me to their homes to see the sick unable to come to the dispensary. Nearly every patient bought a Christian book and appeared to be deeply interested in Christianity. We held services with the patients before treating them, and each night and upon Sunday we gathered those together who appeared interested and further instructed them.

Since returning to Söul I have received letters urging me to return as soon as I could ; that those I had taught met together every Sunday and read the Bible and prayed to God. Others have come the whole distance, six days' journey on foot, for medicine for their friends.

How much we need more workers, so that we could stay longer with the people, instructing them in the truth! But we did all we could and will leave the result to Him to whom all power belongeth in heaven and in earth.

After reaching Pyong Yang we had made only one fourth of our tour. We went one hundred and seventy miles farther north, treating the sick, preaching the Gospel, and selling Christian books in the cities and towns through which we passed. Many expressed a desire to be Christians.

In Wi-ju we had stopped nearly a week before we knew the danger to which we were exposed by our room having just previously been occupied by small-pox patients. In our journeyings the pack ponies often fell and threw us to the ground. In one place, going over a steep mountain pass, I was walking behind the

pony when it commenced to slide, and soon fell over backward, rolling with the pack on its back to the base of the mountain ! There was just room for me to step aside in a cleft to let it pass by, or I would have been crushed. Strange to say, the pony appeared but little injured, and was able to travel on with us with its load.

The hardships, dangers, and privations of the missionary appear as nothing compared with the joy of carrying the blessed tidings of salvation to the lost. We feel that God has a special care over missionaries and suffers no harm to befall them. O, that those who are His may place themselves where God can make the most use of their lives in His service !

“ Not for ease or worldly pleasure
Nor for fame, my prayer shall be,
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.”

SÖUL, KOREA, *September 18, 1893.*

To the Union Gospel News :

We have just had our Annual Meeting, and each one is appointed to his work for another year. What experiences the past year has brought. Trials, persecutions, dangers without, perfect peace within. What a wonderful Saviour is ours. During April and May soldiers guarded our houses night and day. We knew not what would befall us, but the dear Master protected us, so nothing has harmed us. God's mercies have been new every morning and fresh every evening.

During the past year three of my beloved brethren with whom I labored in New York, reaching down after lost ones in the slums, have gone from the mission field to their reward. Brothers Pixley and Coot have fallen

on the Dark Continent—Africa—and Dr. Goldsbury in China. They gladly yielded their lives to God, and when the call came to go home they were ready. They now rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

Eight years ago our church commenced work here. Up to last year little had been done outside the treaty ports. Occasional visits had been made into the interior, but no one had been especially appointed to that work. Last year at our Annual Meeting I was the first Protestant missionary appointed to exclusive work in the interior of Korea. I praise God for the privilege. Again this year I am appointed to the same work. How vastly different it is from our work in the ports where we have our fairly comfortable homes with dear ones there, and surrounded by our fellow-laborers. It is not the dangers, hardships, or privations of a missionary life which are hard to bear; it is separation from friends, far away from those whose hearts beat in unison with ours, as we are obliged to travel alone in the interior. No one to sympathize—our own hearts overflowing with love to those who look upon us with suspicion and give no love in return. What feelings of utter loneliness comes over the soul, and we understand to some little extent our Master's words when He said: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft I would have gathered you as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, but ye would not." And then the Holy Spirit comes into our souls and fills them to overflowing. He comes nearest when we need Him most. O, blessed work for Jesus! I would not exchange it for any on earth. He makes the desert to bloom as the rose. As we penetrate this dark kingdom, carrying with us the message of salvation, I am sure we shall have the pray-

ers of thousands of warm Christian hearts in the home land.

I told you of our little room eight feet square in Pyong Yang, with its mud walls and floor, in which I ate, slept, and treated my patients. On my return to Söul at the children's meeting I told about our work, and how much we needed a better house in which to do this work for Jesus. The children said, "Well, Dr. Hall, we will ask God to give you a house." I shall never forget those prayers; they went straight to the throne of God, and soon the answer came. After the meeting closed Bertie Ohlinger came to my room with a bright silver dollar and said, "Dr. Hall, here is a dollar to help buy a house in Pyong Yang. I wish I could give more, but it is all I have." Next came Willa, his sister, a dear little girl of nine years, with ten cents. Following her came Augusta Scranton with fifty cents. It was only one dollar and sixty cents, and the prayers of God's little ones, but He who fed the five thousand with five loaves of bread and two fishes has multiplied the children's gifts until they have grown in eight months to \$1,479.99. To-day we have our property for hospital and dispensary well situated in Pyong Yang.

We wish to express our gratitude to the many dear friends in America and Korea for the deep interest they are manifesting in our work for the Master. We are looking to God for great blessings this Conference year.

Yours very sincerely, W. J. HALL, M.D.

September 20 and December 1, 1893, the doctor left upon his fifth and sixth trips to Pyong Yang, but wrote no special report of the same.

TEN WEEKS OF PIONEER MISSIONARY WORK IN
KOREA'S ANCIENT CAPITAL.

BY REV. W. J. HALL, M.D., IN *The Chinese Recorder*.

On January 10, 1894, I again left Söul for my work in the north, Pyong Yang. Mr. McKenzie, from Nova Scotia, accompanied me. God has given him a wonderful experience. He felt that God called him to Korea, and although his mission board did not feel able to start a mission here he trusted the Lord to supply the necessary funds for his outcoming and support after reaching here. God always honors the faith of His children. We had blessed seasons of communion with God on the journey.

I was only one day out when I was called to see a patient who had been badly cut and stabbed by robbers. I dressed the wounds and told the story of the Great Physician. His comrade had been so badly stabbed that he only lived a few minutes afterward.

After seven days' journey I reached Pyong Yang and went at once to one of the houses which had been purchased for our use, but which on account of the opposition of the governor we were unable to occupy for several months.

It had been used as a home for dancing girls, and was still being used for the same purpose. After some difficulty they consented to give up the house. The following two nights the house was vigorously stoned by a band of men who had been accustomed to spend their evenings there, but had now been defeated in their evil purposes.

Every day we saw our patients, and had a great many visitors who all heard the story of salvation. Every night we held our service, and a deep interest appeared to be manifested by a good number. Everything was

moving on smoothly, and all opposition had ceased. But on the morning of February 17, several of the leading men of the district came in and said they had been accustomed to receive 1,500 cash (\$2.50) from this house every year to sacrifice to the evil spirits, and they wanted me to give the same amount. I told them of the sin they were committing in worshiping evil spirits instead of the true and living God. Shortly afterward my helper, a young man of twenty years, but an earnest Christian, was sent for by a man who lived near our home. He went, and returned shortly afterward with torn clothes, and told me they had seized and beaten him, because he would not give the money for sacrifice. They gathered the people of the neighborhood together, and decided to drive us out. I went to the magistrate and told him the whole story and asked him not to punish the men but to quiet the disturbance, which he promised to do. While I was gone the same man who had beaten my helper came to the house and seized a boy of eighteen years, who had been attending our services, tore his clothes and beat him severely. I shall never forget his testimony, which he gave on my return. He was cheerful and happy, and showed no spirit of resentment. I asked him if he felt like giving up serving Christ when he was so sorely persecuted. A smile lighted up his countenance as he said, "I cannot give up serving my King, even if they kill me."

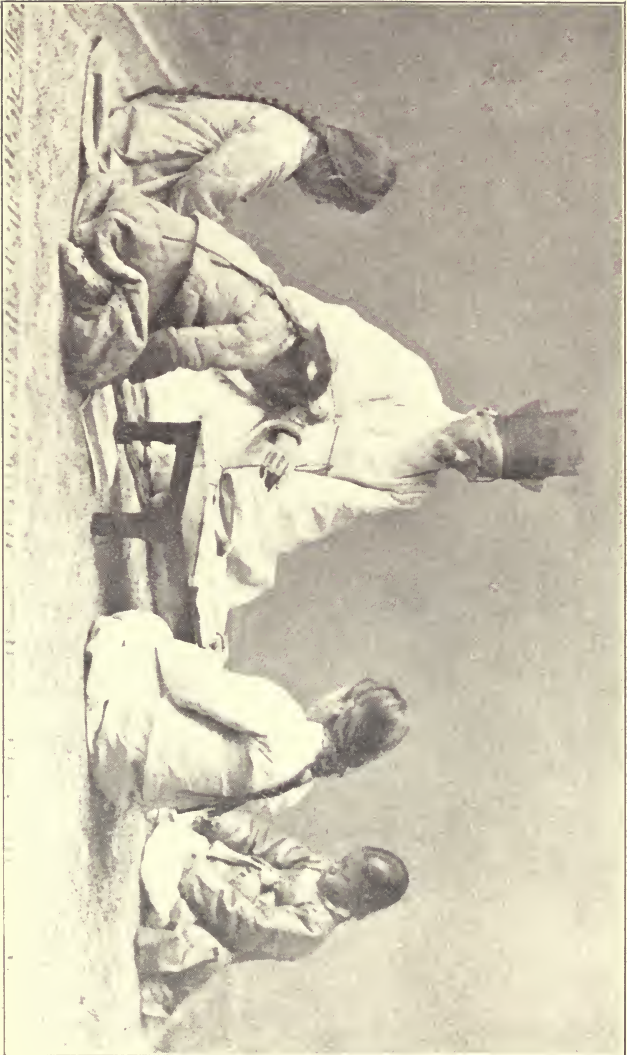
O friends in the home land, who can serve God under your own vine and fig tree with none daring to molest or make you afraid, pray for those who are not so favorably situated. Some, like Peter, have denied their Lord. Others, like Paul, are braving every storm and allowing nothing to separate them from Christ.

The following week our persecutors threatened those

who came to our meetings. The numbers decreased. We held our service every night, and before the regular service held a children's meeting, at which fifteen bright boys attended. One boy, who had learned the whole catechism, was beaten by one of our persecutors and forbidden to come to the meeting. But, praise God, they cannot beat out the truth from their hearts and minds. It will yet yield a rich harvest. Dr. Scranton, our superintendent, was with us for two weeks, and proved a great blessing to the work.

I had considerable difficulty with some under the influence of liquor. It is distilled by the natives, and is the same curse here as in the home land. One afternoon, after I had treated my patients, I took my usual walk. As I ascended a hill three men were sitting in the pathway with a jug of liquor. After I passed them they followed me and asked me to drink. I told them I never drank liquor. They then seized me and dragged me to the place where the jug was and tried to force me to take the liquor. When I still persisted in not complying with their request one of the men ran and picked up a stone as large as my head, and, coming up to me, was in the act of throwing it at me, when God stayed his hand, and the other men let go of me and I walked slowly away. They stood and shouted after me for some time, and then followed me for about a mile, shouting at the top of their voices. This and even far worse treatment our Christians have to endure when they refuse to drink liquor.

Late one Saturday night two of the native Presbyterian brethren came in and said there was a great deal of talk all over the city, and that the people said they would kill the Christians and the foreigners. They seemed much alarmed and wanted us to secure protec-



A NATIVE SCHOOL, IN KOREA.

tion for them. We told them that our Father was stronger than all they who could be against us, and He would suffer no harm to befall us unless it was for our good and God's glory. As we were being persecuted we talked together of Paul's experiences, and God filled our hearts with joy and peace. We were ready to die for Jesus if He required it. We received great blessing from God's word, and we turned to the passages that then applied to our case. Luke vi, 22, 23.

The following Sunday morning at our regular service we baptized two men, who had given good evidence of saving faith in Christ. We are laying our foundation stones in the midst of persecution, and we believe they will be solid.

We have commenced the first Christian school in the interior of Korea with a class of thirteen bright boys. We teach them doctrines of Christianity, Chinese and the native language. We can win the children for Christ. I want the boys and girls to help me. Pray for them. Collect all the picture cards you can, of all kinds, no matter if they have been used, and I will paste a text of Scripture on the back of the cards and give them to the Korean boys and girls for you. In this way you can help to lead the Korean children to Jesus. Send them postpaid by mail to me.

April, 1894.

PIONEER MISSIONARY WORK IN THE INTERIOR OF
KOREA.

To the Editor of The Christian Herald :

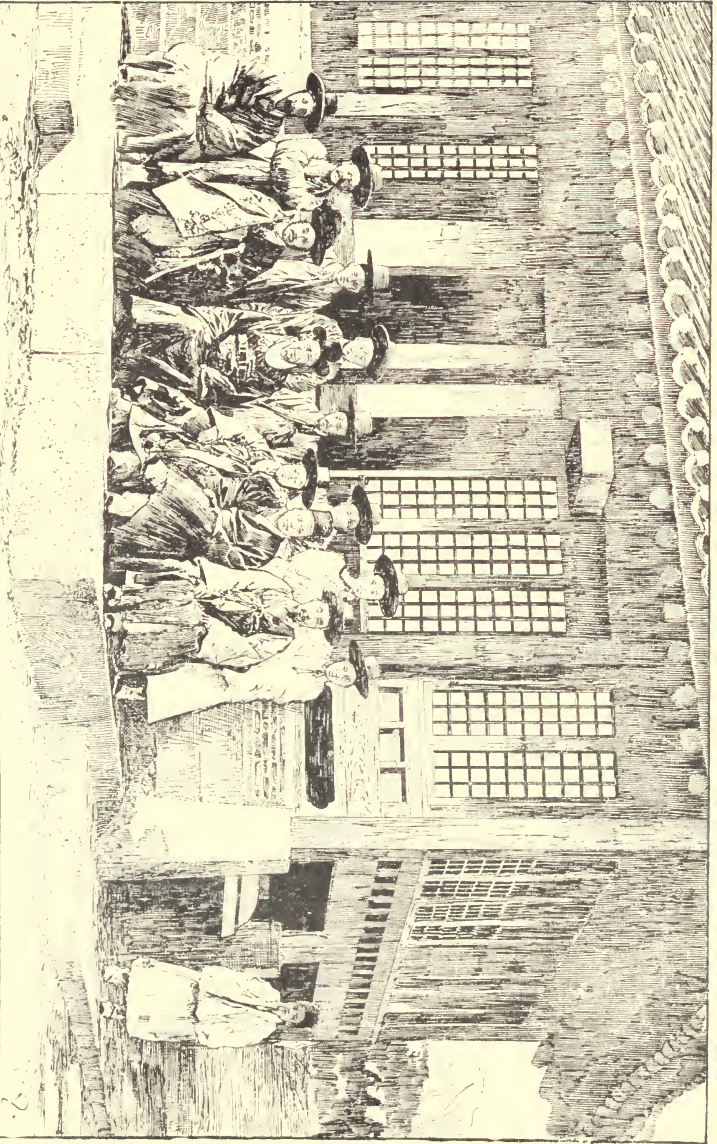
On May 4 Mrs. Hall, baby, and I left Chemulpo by steamer for Pyong Yang. We had only been out a few hours when we encountered a typhoon, and were obliged to anchor for thirty-three hours. On Monday

afternoon we reached Po-san, which is twenty-five miles from Pyong Yang, and as near the city as the steamer goes. We took a native rowboat for the rest of our journey, and arrived Tuesday noon. The native Christians were waiting on the shore to greet us. Shortly after our arrival great numbers of natives came to see us. Mrs. Hall told them she would see them Wednesday afternoon. By noon hundreds of women and children had gathered in the road and outside yard to see Mrs. Hall and baby. We arranged to let them in by tens to remain for five minutes. This worked well for a short time, but soon those behind became impatient, commenced to crowd, broke down the gate, and soon the inside yard and the house were filled to overflowing. The only thing now to do was for Mrs. Hall to come outside with our little boy, where she saw yard after yard full, until over fifteen hundred women and children had been seen. As we could no longer control the people I went to the magistrate and asked for a soldier to protect us. He promised to send one the next day, but none ever came.

About one o'clock Thursday morning we were awakened by two of the native Christians, who informed us that our faithful helper, Chang Si-key, and the former owner of the house we were stopping in, had been cast into prison. We could do nothing then but commit them to God. Early in the morning I went to the governor's, but he was sleeping, and I could not see him. I then went to the prison and found that, in addition to our men, the helper of Mr. Moffett, of the Presbyterian Mission, and also the former owner of the house that the helper lived in, were both in prison; and that same night policemen had gone to where Mr. Moffett stopped when in Pyong Yang and cruelly beat all the native Christians

that were there. Chang Si-key had his feet wedged in stocks, and was suffering intense pain. I then went to the house to see if Mrs. Hall was all right, when Mr. O, one of our Christians who had accompanied me to the governor's, was seized and taken off to prison. Mr. Yi, another of our native Christians, then accompanied me on my rounds to the prison house and telegraph office. He would say to me, "I will be taken to prison next, and then you'll have to go alone." We were the only foreigners in a city of one hundred thousand heathen, and you can imagine our situation when I had to leave Mrs. Hall and little Sherwood alone and unprotected, as much of the time I was away at the prison or the telegraph office.

I telegraphed the state of affairs to Dr. Scranton in Söul, and he and Mr. Moffett carried the matter to the British and American Legations, and soon the welcome message came over the wires: "Legations will act at once." No time was lost in Söul. The missionaries and the legations acted with that characteristic zeal for which Britishers and Americans are noted. Soon there came a telegram from Mr. Gardner, British consul general, and Mr. Sill, American minister resident, stating that they had insisted that the foreign office order the release of the men in prison at once, and our protection according to treaty. A telegram also came from Mr. Moffett, "Joshua, first chapter, ninth verse." This was Thursday evening; that night our house was stoned and the wall torn down. We did not know the moment a mob might be upon us. Early Friday morning a servant of the governor's came and said the telegram from the king had been received, but that it said we were bad people and to kill all the Christians. I went to the prison, and this report was confirmed



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE AT SÖTL.

there. Our men had been removed to the death cell, the torturing continued ; they expected to die, but would not give up Christ.

The water carriers were forbidden to bring us water. There are no wells in Pyong Yang, and the water is brought from the river a half mile distant. The governor is a relative of the queen, a powerful family here in Korea, and it began to look as though he were not going to pay any attention to the telegram from the foreign office. It seemed to us that the time had come for religious toleration for Korea, and God would require the lives of some of his children to secure it. We were ready to die for His cause. Grace had been given sufficient for every trial thus far, and we knew abundance would be given if it were required. My heart ached as I witnessed our faithful brothers in Christ suffering extreme torture, such as had not been experienced here by Christians for twenty-eight years, when thousands of Roman Catholics, including several priests, laid down their lives for their faith. Two telegrams from the foreign office had been sent since Thursday night, but five o'clock, Friday, came, and still no relief. At six o'clock, after thirty-six hours of torture in prison, threatened many times with death, all were sent for by the magistrate, beaten and discharged, but stoned all the way home. Chang Si-key was so badly injured it was with difficulty he reached home. I felt like sitting at his feet ; such a faithful martyr for Jesus I had never before seen.

Messrs. Moffett and McKenzie started Friday from Söul as a relief party; traveling day and night they reached us the following Tuesday. A week later Dr. Scranton arrived. He and Mr. McKenzie returned the next week.

We remained a month after the difficulty arose, treating patients daily, both myself and Mrs. Hall; we had from twenty to thirty a day. We held services Sundays and every night. Our last Sunday there I had twenty men, and Mrs. Hall had seven women at the service. The interest in Christianity is deepening. God is removing the obstacles and clearing away the rubbish for a harvest of souls in Pyong Yang.

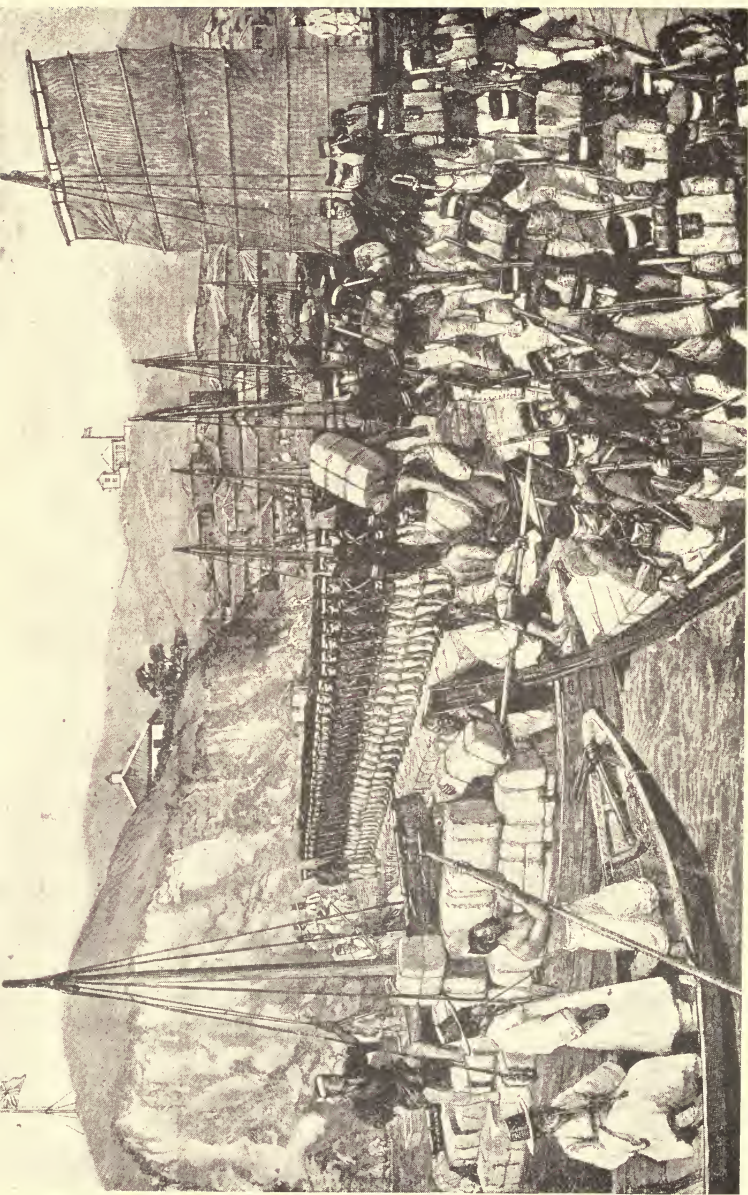
The people as a rule are friendly toward us. The instigators of the trouble were some of the officials and their servants. There has just been secured through the foreign office an order demanding the restoration of the money extorted from those who were in prison and the punishment of the guilty parties.

We remained at Pyong Yang until I received an order from our consul to bring Mrs. Hall and our little boy to an open port. We felt anxious to remain with our little band of Christians, but under the circumstances were obliged to go and leave them under the care of our great Protector.

We took the last steamer that came from Pyong Yang before the war; it was filled with soldiers, and upon reaching Chemulpo we found the harbor filled with men of war.

On the morning of July 23* we were awakened at five o'clock by the Koreans, who were almost frantic with excitement. Detachments of Japanese soldiers were rushing to guard the city gates, and there was heavy and constant firing of guns on the palace grounds, about half a mile from our home. The Japanese succeeded in taking the palace in about twenty minutes. Since that time they have been assisting the Korean government in adopting measures of reform.

* See Reminiscences of July 23, 1894, by Rev. H. G. Appenzeller.



FROM WAR IN THE EAST, ZIEGLER & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

JAPANESE TROOPS LANDING AT CHEMULPO.

The Chinese and Japanese armies both are now in Korea. They met in their first battle at Asan, about fifty miles from Söul; shortly after there was a naval engagement near Chemulpo; the Japanese were successful in both.

China poured her troops in at the north, and soon the city of Pyong Yang, which we had so recently left, was occupied by the Chinese. The Japanese next sent large forces north, and on September 14 the two armies met at Pyong Yang. A heavy battle ensued, and on the sixteenth the Japanese were victorious, and entered the city. A naval battle was fought near Pyong Yang, in which the Japanese were also successful.

Dr. Scranton and I have been very busy in the hospital since the war commenced. Here many precious lives have been saved, and all have heard the glad tidings of the Gospel. Several have professed saving faith in Christ, and many others have bought our Christian books and have gone away feeling they wanted to know more about the "Jesus doctrine." The seeds of truth are daily being scattered, and we know they will be cared for by the Holy Spirit and bring forth a rich harvest.

On September 26 we received a letter from Pyong Yang, written by our faithful helper, Kim Chang Si-key, which stated that our Christians were all safe and well, that the Chinese had been defeated and the Japanese now occupied the city. He was very grateful to God for keeping them through such great danger. He remained at his post, holding our little Christian flock together and caring for our property during the battle. Chang Si-key was led to Christ through Brother Ohlinger, and was in his employ until he went to America; since then he has been my helper. He has shown him-

self a true Christian hero! Last spring he was imprisoned, had his feet wedged in stocks for two days and nights, was stoned and almost beaten to death, but would not give up Christ. I believe there will be many such jewels found in Korea.



KIM CHANG SI-KEY.

Revs. Moffett and Lee and myself start for Pyong Yang overland October 1.

I have received hundreds of packages of cards and letters in response to my appeal. Many have asked for replies, but as the work here makes such pressing demands upon my time will the dear friends please accept

this as my reply. Let me thank you in behalf of the Korean children. I am printing in Korean the text John iii, 16, on the back of each, and I am sure God's blessing will follow each one, and they will be the means of planting the seeds of truth in many a little heart. Papers printed in English cannot be read by Koreans.

It is such a comfort to know that thousands of warm Christian hearts are interested and are praying for us and the work.

Yours sincerely, W. J. HALL.

Dr. W. B. Scranton, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Korea, kindly adds the following to the work done by Dr. Hall at the General Hospital in Söul during the summer of 1894 :

DR. W. J. HALL AT THE SI PYENG WÖN HOSPITAL IN
THE SUMMER OF 1894.

Our hospital in Söul during this year was in the charge of Dr. J. B. Busted, but during a few months' vacation of Dr. Busted the work fell once more into my care.

On the morning of July 23 we were awakened in Söul with peculiar sensations, for the sound of bullets was in the air. The Japanese soldiers were taking possession of the city and the streets and walls were patrolled by them. The king was their prisoner in the palace. By the end of the following night we were not left in doubt as to what bullets can do, and our hands were full and hearts heavy.

At this time it happened that Dr. Hall was at his home in Söul, having just returned from his post in Pyong Yang. I asked him to assist me at the hospital,

as the work there was far beyond the powers of one man's care. He and I undertook the work together at the hospital as alternates from July 27.

These were hard days, from early morning to late at night, and required the most zealous supervision at every point.

The demands made upon the missionary physician know no end, and are as various as man's misfortunes. He must be a specialist in *all* departments and his own consultant in most trying and unexpected moments. Thus it was that in the summer of 1894 our hospital was called upon suddenly to exchange its routine for the work of a military hospital.

Here Dr. Hall was called upon to be surgeon and nurse, druggist and steward, but he had a faculty for patient and tireless work without getting tangled in a complexity of duties as some of us do. Everyone knows that when Dr. Hall made up his mind where his duty lay he faithfully persevered in it. It was not himself then, but the work that thrived.

During these days in the Söul hospital he was constantly at his post and tireless in his endeavors. One day when he had been most fully occupied and might well have remarked on his own weariness, I well remember how he said, and with what a genuine spirit, "Doctor, how I enjoy this! I could spend my whole life in this way. It is so good to help people." It was equally a pleasure to be helped by Dr. Hall. He was so gentle in his way and so earnest.

The very diversity of the demands which a hospital in a mission field makes upon one increases the opportunities for usefulness; the inevitable discouragements, and the daily delights of the work. Yet, perhaps especially, the quality necessary is patience. "With a



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

DRS. BUSTEED AND FOLLWELL AND SI PYENG WŪN PATIENTS.

heart for any fate, still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait."

Here Dr. Hall was at home. Neither the dull routine nor the squalor and neglect that so sorely tries one's heart, and patience too, could draw aught but greater care from him. One is often tempted to wish for the power to cure the blind and paralytic and dead, when so many without hope in this world or another beset one, and their bereavements are so sad, and one's heart is sorely touched; and yet our very successes lead us to see that our limited power is as really God-given as His gracious successes permitted through us. It is so easy for the god of this world to blind the eyes of missionary and people to what is the true good.

But Dr. Hall had learned the secret that the patient and kindly touch of sympathy and love are the little things ordained of God to accomplish mightiest ends. They, and not the greater, are miracles in reality.

After a little more than a month's work the wounded decreased and the usual hospital routine was resumed. For the following month, until the return of Dr. Busted from the United States, Dr. Hall kindly took the entire charge of the Söul dispensary and hospital.

His work done there still lives on. From time to time old friends of those days come to the hospital again to see us, and not infrequently say, "You must miss Dr. Hall. His death was a great loss."

His kindly spirit was felt by everyone, and his acts became living entities—waters to quench the famishing.

Dr. Hall's painstaking tirelessness and a living faith in God were his distinguishing features. He had a faith that everything and anything was worth doing, and that a leading in any direction was the equivalent to an enablement.

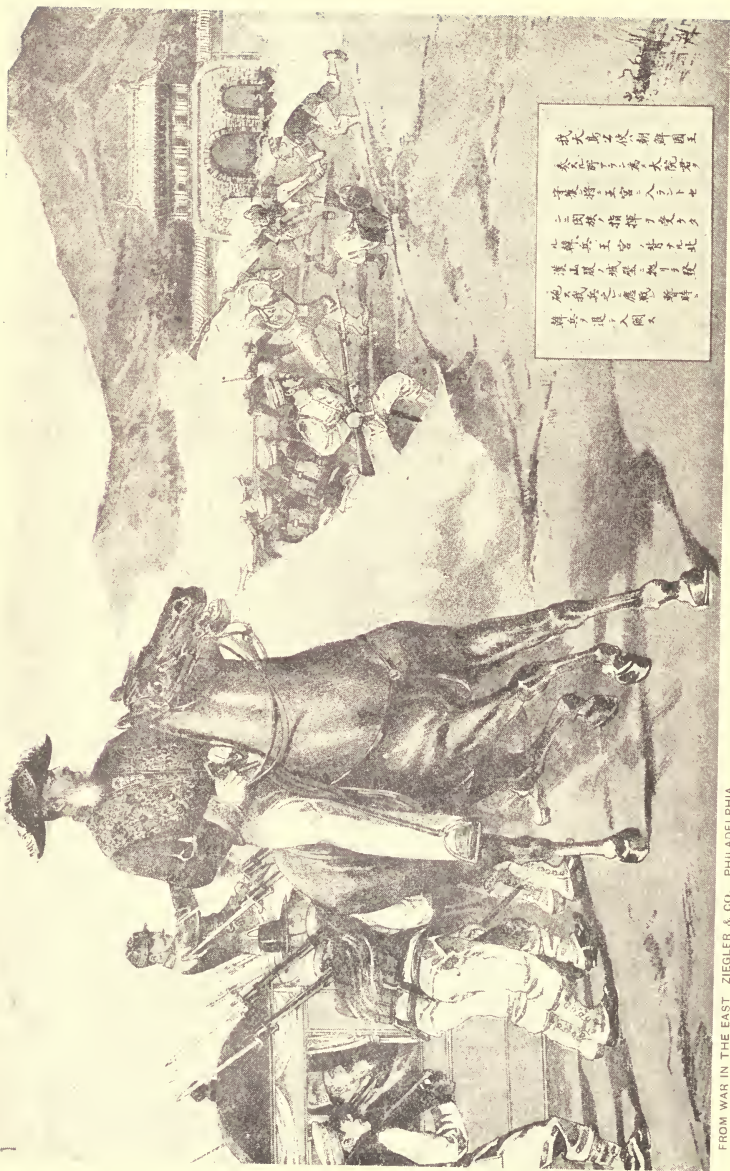
WM. B. SCRANTON.

REMINISCENCES OF JULY 23, 1894.

BY H. G. APPENZELLER IN *Korean Repository*, JULY, 1896.

It is not the purpose of this article to write a history of this day, but rather to recall a few of the minor happenings. The day dawned as many since the arrival of the Japanese troops had dawned. The farmer with rice, beans, barley, and fruit, was on his way to the early market. The slaves, servants, and humble poor, with basket in hand or laid across the shoulder, were about to go out to make the purchases for the day. Unusual activity among the soldiers was observed. They were not only marching in and out the south gate, as they had done for the past month or more, but were seen going toward the royal palace. For several days before this alarming reports of Japan's ultimatum, and that decisive measures were about to be taken, were extensively circulated. What that ultimatum was, or what steps of a decisive character Japan was about to take, the common people could only guess, and that very vaguely. When the Japanese soldiers were seen marching toward the palace the Koreans surmised what was going to happen, and the war cry, a long-drawn whoop, was raised in various parts of the city.

I did not hear this war cry. But a few moments later there was a sharp knock at the front door. A Korean, half scared to death, announced: "The war has begun! The war has begun!" It was now a few minutes past five. A few moments later I was on the top of the Pai Chai School hill where a few excited Koreans had already gathered in answer to the war cry. The west gate was crowded with Japanese soldiers, looking across the school campus in the direction of the palace. On the city wall back of the Ewa School there is quite



我武身依新羅國王
 奉命討之於大宛宮
 守麥特王宮。今十七
 二國外指揮刀受多
 北鎮英王宮。昔元北
 漢山巖。城壁。地。力。險
 地。我。兵。之。應。戰。聲。特
 韓。兵。之。進。入。國。云

JAPANESE SOI DIERS

MINISTER OTORI.

FIGHTING BEFORE THE PALACE GATE.

FROM WAR IN THE EAST ZIEGLER & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

THE TAI WON KUN.

an elevation. Here sentries were posted. They frightened the schoolgirls nearly to death, as the little things did not know for whose special benefit and for what purpose these soldiers were gathered on the wall. There is deep silence on all sides. Bang! sharp and clear is heard from the palace. "Ei-ko! Ei-ko!" is the suppressed response from not only the few Koreans around me, but from thousands in the city. Bang! bang! are heard again at short intervals, and with every sound the Korean's heart sank perceptibly.

My good friend, Mr. Hulbert, always prolific in resources, appeared on the scene and was ready to affirm or "guarantee" that the discharge of musketry was intended to drive away the demons that had disturbed her majesty's peace by giving her neuralgia. This seemed plausible, but not conclusive either to me or to the Koreans near me.

The firing between the Japanese and Korean soldiers became quite general and the city was thrown into great excitement. All business and traffic ceased, and everybody, from the highest "general" in the Korean army to the farmer just in from the country with a new load of green muskmelons, dropped everything and sought the nearest place of real or supposed safety. The few remaining Chinese made for the English consulate; generals, brigadiers, and majors sought the friendly protection of the Stars and Stripes; "scribes" in foreign employ and Pharisees in no employ or service whatever, entered the first open gate they came to that gave them entrance.

The flight from the palace was as precipitate as it was disgraceful. Yangbans of such exalted rank, once so inflated with their self-importance that they could hardly persuade themselves to treat their equals with

civility or to mingle with them, now seized the rack—*jiggy*—of the first cooly that happened to be in their way, and as bearers of the filth and offscouring of Korea, they sought egress from the palace and fled to the country or skulked in some dark hole in the city. The wail, the howl, the crocodile tears of these mighty ones was as repulsive to the foreigner as they were disgraceful to the Koreans themselves.

My neighbors had more than once informed me, previous to this day, that “when the war came” they would come to see me—for the love they bore me, I suppose.

One of these, a man of great bluster but thoroughly good-natured, came this morning in great mental agony, if the wry face stood for any internal agitation, scraped, bowed, rubbed his hands, and said, “Honored sir, what in the world is your humble servant to do?” “Squat right down here between these two walls and don’t stir,” was the only advice available, as I did not want him in my house. The front gate to the school grounds was bolted, but that did not keep the crowd from getting in as long as the drain was not barricaded and the fence could be climbed.

From the school hill, by the aid of a field glass, I could see the hill to the west of the palace covered with fugitives; this while the firing was going on. There was nothing remarkable in this; on the contrary, it was quite natural that those nearest the firing should do what was done everywhere else—try their best to get as much space between them and danger as possible. But it seemed strange to see men in dark clothing, doubtless Korean soldiers, the farthest up the steep and rugged hillsides.

Coming down from the school hill, a few minutes after the firing had ceased, Dr. Scranton called out to

me, "I have a war patient." It seemed to me impossible the remark could have reference to anything other than to a mishap to one of the neighbors who sought safety in his compound. I was therefore not interested specially in this new trophy of my colleague's, but later I found that a Korean brave had received a wound in



KOREAN SOLDIERS.

the back, where, by the way, all or nearly all Koreans that came under foreign treatment seemed to have been wounded, and that he made the distance between his post at the palace and the Si Pyeng Wön in Chong Dong in an incredibly short time. Possibly he commenced to run when the firing began, feeling sure he

would need medical attention, and one of those bullets heard by the English guards overtook him on the way. If I remember correctly he lost his uniform in his efforts to make the hospital.

My friend, the carpenter, a man more skilled in making mud walls than in trusting them in times of danger like the present, sent me a dispatch by a trusted cooly asking advice about sending his family to the country. As I knew he wanted to have a good excuse for going to the country himself, and that, if advised to remain in the city, he would be sure to move in on me, I promptly and earnestly recommended him to break for the bush, which advice he followed with more readiness than some other I had had occasion to give him in days gone by.

A man in my employ was found in the street with his soldier's hat and blouse on. He came back without them. "How did you come to lose them?" "Why a Japanese soldier, whom I had the misfortune to meet on the street, told me to give them to him. 'Take anything you want, only do not kill me.'"

We breakfasted; then acting under the advice of the United States minister, raised the American flag on our premises to silently notify the Japanese soldiers and the Korean mob, should it get loose, that American interests were here that would receive the protection of their government. This done, several of us sat down to counsel together. When we had compared views we found we knew as much of what was going to be done as we did before the conference—nothing. Such a state of mental uncertainty may be ideal for the Buddhist whose ambition is to be equally balanced between life and death, neither dead nor yet living, neither active nor inactive—but it was not for us.

No one could tell how the Japanese were going to conduct this war, whether according to "civilized" methods or according to true Asiatic methods. Returning from our "council fire," I suggested to our lamented Dr. Hall to take a walk through the city. "Will it be safe and wise?" was his cautious reply. We started. At the west gate we found a strong guard. Here we left the street and went up on the city wall. No challenge. We unconsciously straightened up a little. We came to the south gate. This likewise had a heavy guard. Cavalrymen were met here. The few Koreans in this busy street were all making for the gate. Trade in everything except in muskmelons was suspended. Loads of these were brought in for the early market, dumped anywhere on the streets when the firing began and safety sought in flight. The ubiquitous boy and enterprising local dealer gathered them up and retailed them, war or no war. I doubt not Koreans suffered more real pain from the effects of these green muskmelons than they did from Japanese bullets.

At Sang Dong we raised the Stars and Stripes over our hospital property, which probably inspired the Koreans with a feeling of as much security as it did us, and we then went on. The Chinese consulate was closed, but not looted. Every few rods sentinels guarded the street.

At Chong No, from the central drain to the intersection of the south gate and east gate streets a large force of Japanese infantry and cavalry was stationed. Koreans were rigidly excluded here. We offered to enter, were challenged, but immediately Jupiter, whoever he was, nodded; we entered and, as we expected, passed through unmolested.

We did not go up to the palace, being fully per-



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

OUR HOSPITAL PROPERTY AT SANG DONG.

suaded, no matter on what evidence, from a distance of several hundred rods that the Japanese had not only seized the person of his majesty the king, but the whole city as well. We did not know but our presence might be an embarrassment to either or to both parties, and therefore left the honor of being the first foreigner to enter the palace after its capture to the king's adviser, C. R. Greathouse.

By the time we reached the new west gate it commenced to rain in torrents. The stream of fugitives increased—a bundle of clothing on the mother's head, a child on her back, one at her side, and the father following with a heavy load on his back. The young, the old, the weak, the strong, the high, the low helped to swell the steady stream that for days afterward poured out through the seven gates of the city.

At Dr. Underwood's front gate we met Mr. Junkin coming in with his family from his home outside the south gate. He reported he had just found out that he had about two hundred neighbors who were on the point of taking quarters with him for an indefinite period of time.

In the evening I met an old woman in front of the German consulate. She was in great distress ; walking up and down the street, folding her hands over her head and looking upward, she exclaimed, " Lord of heaven, let it not be so ! let it not be so ! " Her grandson was wounded in the afternoon when the barracks in the eastern part of the city were taken. She feared he would never return home again. Therefore she offered this prayer. The young man died that night.

DR HALL'S LAST TRIP TO PYONG YANG.

PYONG YANG, *October 8, 1894.*

DEAR DR. STONE : We had a very pleasant trip and did not experience the difficulties we anticipated in procuring accommodations along the road. We saw a great many dead horses and cattle along the road, which had been used in conveying army supplies. Many villages were completely deserted, but the people were beginning to come back and settle down again. We had no difficulty in making our way through the army lines. We met the first large detachment of the Japanese army at Whoang Chu, one hundred ri south of Pyong Yang. They have four hundred and fifty prisoners there. At Chung Wha, fifty ri south of Pyong Yang, we saw the graves of seven Japanese scouts, who had been killed by the Chinese. Between Chung Wha and ten ri south of Pyong Yang we saw one Chinese body partially covered. Ten ri from Pyong Yang we reached the river and were at once on the field of battle.

The battle commenced on September 13. There were only a few shots fired that day. On Saturday, the 15th, the great battle was fought.

We have partially visited the battlefield. It is strewn with Chinese bodies, some of which are still unburied, the rest have a few inches of dirt thrown over them. The stench is terrible and the sight indescribable. There were fourteen thousand Chinese and ten thousand Japanese in the armies.

We have met Mr. Creelman, reporter to the *New York World*, and Fredrick Villiers, reporter to the *London Standard*. We expect them with us for supper some evening. They are roughing it also.

Mr. Moffett's things are totally destroyed, even to his stores; so he and Mr. Lee are with me.

I have not lost anything. The house where Mr. O (a native convert—the house was used by Dr. Hall for his dispensary) lived has the windows and doors torn off and a little of the wall torn down. Beyond this we have lost nothing. Our Christians have done and are doing wonderfully well. We had two services on Sunday and one to-night (Monday). We think everything is clear for our remaining here for a while.

The Chinese army is reported to have gone into China and the Japanese are marching on to Wee Ju.

A Japanese (Oshinea) was wounded, and I have been sent for to visit him to-morrow morning to consult with the Japanese doctors. The city is almost deserted. The Koreans are just beginning to come back. They all rejoice to find us here, and we expect grand results from our work now. We have God's sure promises and believe the soil has been made fertile and mellow and will bring forth much fruit. As far as our work for the Master stands it never looked so hopeful as now. I am so glad we are here, and know God will protect us.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELD OF PYONG YANG.

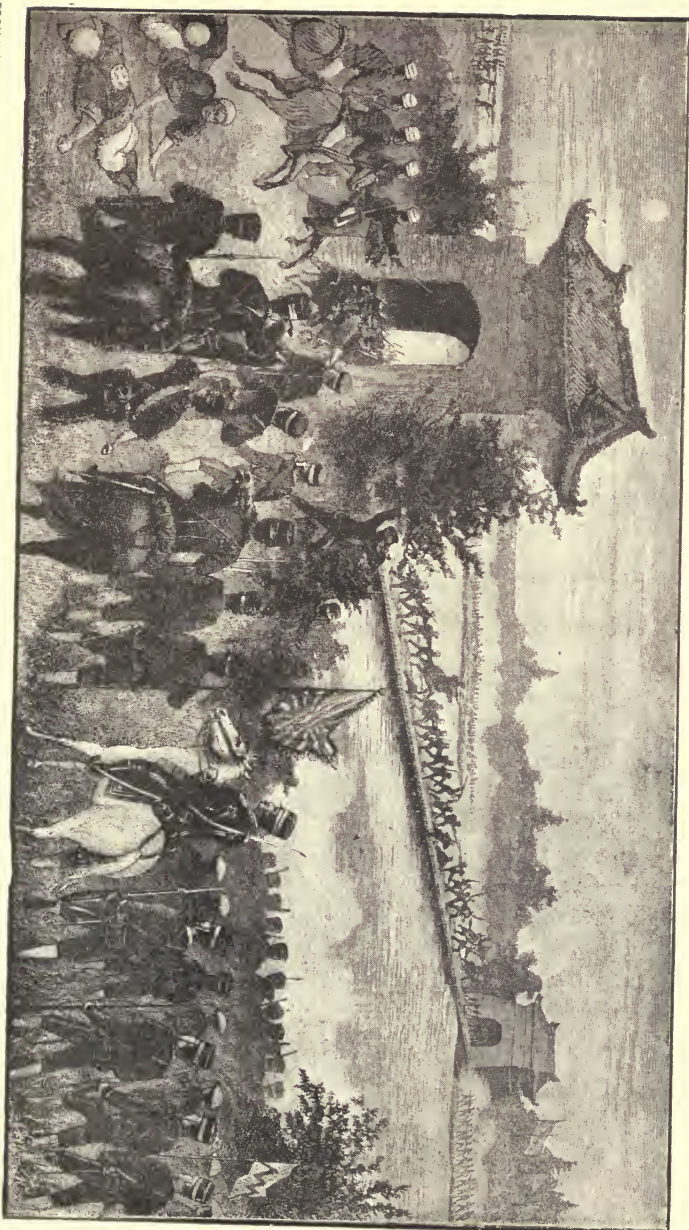
BY GRAHAM LEE, IN *Korean Repository*, JANUARY, 1895.

On the first of last October, in company with the late Dr. Hall and Rev. S. A. Moffett, I left Seoul for Pyong Yang. We wished to find out what had become of our Christians and how they had passed the time during the late stirring events. The city was in the hands of the Japanese, and the Chinese soldiers were flying toward China as fast as their legs could carry them. Armed with passports from the Japanese minister we set out upon our journey. This time I tried the experiment of

touring in Korea on a bicycle, and found it a great success. Traveling in the land of the morning calm, at the best, is hard and disagreeable, and if there is anything by which one can make the journey less tedious it behooves him to make use of it.

It is my experience that spinning along on a good "wheel" is a deal more interesting, and much less tiresome than sitting all day, Korean fashion, perched on top of a pony load, with your feet dangling over on each side of your horse's neck. We reached Pyong Yang Saturday afternoon, and crossed the river on a pontoon bridge of Korean boats, built by the Chinese, who in their hurry to depart forgot to destroy it. The first few days we spent in viewing the battlefield, and truly it was a sight to one unused to scenes of war. That we may have some idea of this battlefield, which in future will be looked back upon as a crisis in the history of these nations of the far East, let us present in general the plan of attack. Pyong Yang is a walled city, and it is most admirably situated for purposes of defense. In front runs the Ta Tong River, too wide and too deep to be crossed in the face of a determined foe. To the north, inside the city wall, is a hill, some hundreds of feet high, which commands the surrounding country for miles. No enemy could take Pyong Yang until its defenders had been driven out of this key position.

The Chinese army had been in Pyong Yang some forty days, and had had ample time to intrench themselves most strongly in and about the city; but intrenchments, be they never so strong, are of little use unless manned by brave men. I do not say that the Chinese soldiers, who tried to hold Pyong Yang, are cowards, but I must say from what I saw that in most of the positions given up by the Chinese there was little



FROM WAR IN THE EAST, ZIEGLER & CO., PHILADELPH A.

THE ATTACK ON PYONG YANG.
(Japanese crossing the Ta Tong on pontoon bridge.)

evidence of hard fighting. The Chinese seemed to expect the main attack from across the river in their front, and here they were well prepared, but the Japanese did not see fit to give battle according as the Chinese had planned for it. For two days the Japanese kept up a cannon demonstration from across the river in front, and while the attention of the Chinese was turned that way two divisions of the Japanese army marched around to the rear of the city and got in readiness to attack at a given time. On the morning of September 15 all was in readiness, and very early a combined attack was begun from three sides. The Chinese were driven out of position after position, and before night the Japanese were in possession of all the outer works. The Chinese still held the high hill at the north, and on this hung their fate. This was the key of the whole position, and, once taken, the battle of Pyong Yang was over. Some time during the evening of the 15th the Japanese made a grand charge, and up the steep sides of this hill they went in the very teeth of the Chinese rifles. It was a brave charge, and was made with such vigor that the hill was carried with a rush.

After this there was nothing left but retreat for the Chinese, and little chance of this, for the Japanese were on every side of the city. On the night of the 15th in the darkness and rain, the Chinese army, demoralized by the defeat of the day, and dreading capture by their foes, left the city. Their leaving was not a retreat; it was a flight. Out of the south gate they went tramping each other down in the mad rush. Once outside the wall they seem to have scattered to the hills like sheep, every man for himself. For miles about the city the country is strewn with pieces of Chinese clothing thrown away on this eventful night.

Such was the poor defense of Pyong Yang by the Chinese army. Were we, who saw that battlefield, asked why the Chinese made such a poor stand against a foe that from time immemorial they have despised as unworthy of their prowess, we would not be hard put to find the reason.

Among other things thrown away by these fleeing Chinese were great numbers of fans and paper umbrellas. It is almost beyond the comprehension of a Westerner that a soldier should carry as part of his equipment a fan to cool his heated brow and a paper umbrella to shield his devoted head. The Chinese were armed with good guns, as the Krupp cannon and modern rifles among the trophies of war testify, but they were also loaded down with a lot of trumpery which was worse than useless in time of battle. As a trophy of this battlefield I picked up a large two-handed sword, which had a blade about two feet long and a handle about four. It was clumsy and awkward, and absolutely useless as a weapon in these days of the magazine rifle and Gatling gun. Also scattered about I saw many bamboo pikes with rough iron tips which were in perfect keeping with the big sword. Such things showed that the Chinese army was several hundred years behind the times. Is it any wonder that an army, unpatriotic, poorly drilled, and badly equipped, could make no stand against an opposing force smaller in number, but patriotic to a man, drilled almost to perfection, and armed with the best of modern implements of warfare?

Some of the sights to be seen on this battlefield were horrible in the extreme. The dead that fell near the city had mostly been covered, but those killed some distance away were lying all unburied. In one place I

counted over twenty bodies literally piled one on top of another lying just as they had been shot down. In another place where a body of Manchurian cavalry ran into an ambush of Japanese infantry the carnage was frightful. Several hundred men and horses, lying as they had fallen, made a swarth of bodies nearly a quarter of a mile long and several yards wide. It was three weeks after the battle, and the bodies were all there unmolested even by the dogs. One can imagine what must have been the sights and smells about the place. These Manchus were said to have been charging a force of Japanese infantry, but all the evidence of the field leads me to think that they were simply trying to get away, and happened on this ambush. One fact that especially leads me to think so was the condition of a gun found near one of these dead cavalrymen. It was a Winchester carbine of the magazine sort, and it had eight shells in the magazine and none in the barrel, and, what is more, the lever used for ejecting the old shell and throwing in a new one was locked. Surely a soldier with his gun in such a condition was not making a charge. Had he been fighting instead of running away his gun barrel would have held either a loaded or exploded shell, and the lever would have been unlocked ready for quick service. Another fact that leads to the same conclusion was the finding of two large lumps of crude opium, which must have weighed seven or eight pounds. Would any cavalryman going into a charge have loaded himself down with such a burden? The one who carried this was evidently doing his best to save himself and his opium.

Some of these sights were not only horrible, but sad as well. In an empty Korean house I saw the body of one poor Chinese soldier. He had been wounded and

had crawled into this house to die. By his head was standing his water bottle, showing that the poor fellow had probably lived some hours before death brought relief to his sufferings.

Before going to Pyong Yang we had heard about the mines which the Chinese had laid; which mines, as the report went, had been exploded after the Japanese entered the city, doing great damage. As with most rumors this one had a basis of truth, for we saw the mines. One day, while following along one of the Chinese intrenchments, out southeast of the city, we came across the remains of an electric battery. It had been smashed to pieces, and the broken cells were scattered all about. What had it been used for was the question. Looking about we saw the ends of five electric wires which led out across the embankment and then underground. They had not been laid deeply and were easy to follow. With keenly aroused interest we struck off across the field eagerly following up this electric trail. For a quarter of a mile it led us, and then suddenly our search was rewarded and we found what we had not expected to see, the terrible (?) mines planted by the Chinese. These five wires ran to five shells, three of which were planted some fifty feet apart, while about one hundred and fifty feet distant were planted two more the same distance apart. All had been exploded, and each one made a hole about six feet deep and ten feet across. These were the terrible mines of which we had heard. It is difficult to understand what those who planted these shells had in mind. Had the Japanese army taken a position on top of these mines and waited for them to be exploded a few men might have been hurt, but otherwise the chances of doing much execution were slight. Then, too, the mines

were laid in a field of standing corn, which would have made it very difficult for the man in charge of the battery to know just when an advancing enemy was in position to be blown up. The shells had all been exploded, but there was no evidence of the enemy having been in their vicinity. The Japanese made their attack in another place. The man in charge may have touched them off just before bolting, or, what is more likely, the Japanese set them off after winning the victory.

Some of the Korean stories about the battle are interesting, not only for the vivid imagination they show, but because they bring out most clearly the deep-seated hatred of anything Japanese and the ingrained inherited regard for anything belonging to China. One of these will suffice to illustrate both these traits as well as the Korean imagination. It is told by the Koreans that General Mah, one of the Chinese generals, became disgusted at the way his soldiers fought, and just at this juncture, being wounded in the ankle, he became very angry. Marching to his quarters he donned his armor and, grasping a cannon in his hand, he sallied forth single-handed against the Japanese army, and by his own unaided efforts killed two hundred Japanese soldiers.

The poor Koreans of Pyong Yang have had a hard time. Although not responsible for the war, yet they have had to endure its attendant evils. Many have lost their all, but this has been nothing more than just punishment for the dreadful lives of sin they have lived. Let us hope that Pyong Yang, made thoughtful by her fiery trial, will be more ready in the future to hear of that way of salvation which alone can save man from his sins.

DR. HALL'S LAST PUBLISHED LETTER.

PYONG YANG, *October 17.*

DEAR DR. STONE: Our work never looked as encouraging here as now. The trying circumstances through which all have passed have culled out the dross, and only the gold remains. We are now on rock bottom, praise the Lord! We have very interesting services every night. I rejoice that we came when we did. The hymns of praise that less than a year ago, when sung, brought cursing and stones upon us from the surrounding neighborhood, are now listened to with delight, and carry with them a feeling of security similar to the sound of the policeman's whistle in New York. Comparatively few of the Koreans have yet returned to their houses, but every day brings new additions. Every day numbers of those who have returned and those from the surrounding towns and villages visit us. They buy our books and seem far more deeply interested in the Gospel than I have ever seen them before. While the Chinese army was here our Christians started a flour mill and sold flour to the Chinese, and in that way supported themselves. Every Sunday the mill was shut down and no flour sold. It makes my hearts rejoice to know how faithful our Christians have been under such trying circumstances. True heroes for Christ! They put on the jiggy (a rack for the back used in carrying loads) and bring in wood and water, and so forth. Chang Siky sets them the grand example. It is taking all the Yangpanism out of them, praise the Lord!

My patients are daily increasing. I have several gunshot wounds. I use my bamboo cot for a stretcher and our Christians as the ambulance staff.

Our property and work are now in most satisfactory

shape. Of course, we do not know what turn things will take next, but we are hoping and praying that every turn will work together for our good and God's glory. The Koreans rejoice to have us with them, and the Japanese treat us very kindly.

Our time of stay here will be governed by circumstances.

PIONEER WORK IN KOREA.—DR. HALL'S WORK COMPLETED.

FROM *The Chinese Recorder*, FEBRUARY, 1895.

The readers of the *Recorder* have doubtless become interested in the pioneer work of Dr. Hall in the north of Korea, and so will appreciate a few words telling of his last earthly labors for the Master. His letter in the November *Recorder* told of his expectation to return to his work in Pyong Yang in company with Mr. Lee and the writer of this. We reached Pyong Yang within three weeks after the great battle, and for over a month were able to stay there, reassuring the frightened Koreans, looking after our interests there, preaching the Gospel and healing the sick. Dr. Hall was busy from morning till night attending the sick, directing his men, reestablishing his school for boys, and holding service every evening with the Koreans. It was his privilege to see some of the first fruits of his labors, and at this time he examined a class of six applicants who had for several months received instruction. Four of these he baptized as he received them into the Church of Christ. The Lord was especially gracious to him in giving him this privilege as his last work in that city, where sin and Satan had such a stronghold. It was with greatest joy he praised the Lord on that Sunday for having allowed him to see the evidence of faith in the hearts of these

men. Shortly after this the doctor began to feel the effects of his untiring application to the physical and spiritual needs of this people, who had taken such a strong hold upon his heart's affections. This, together with the exposure of the past year in his numerous visits to Pyong Yang, had left him in poor condition to withstand the dreadfully unhealthy condition of the atmosphere in and around this city, which had been the battlefield. The decaying bodies of men, horses, and cattle were so numerous that in whichever direction we went we came across them constantly, so that the atmosphere was foul beyond all expression. We all suffered from malaria, and as this seemed to have taken more serious hold upon the doctor we arranged to leave for Söul by Japanese transport. Through the courtesy of the official we were able to do this, and after going down the Ta Tong River some forty miles we embarked on board a transport carrying some six hundred sick soldiers, who were suffering from dysentery and various fevers. We had a pleasant voyage, and when we reached Chemulpo all thought the doctor had almost recovered from his fever, but the sequel shows that he had probably contracted typhus fever on the transport. After a day in Chemulpo, in which he seemed fairly well again, his fever went up and continued to rise while we awaited the arrival of the small river steamer upon which we took passage for Söul. Leaving in the afternoon, by dark we had reached a point opposite Kang-hoa Island, when we struck a rock and nearly capsized. All efforts to free the steamer were futile, so there was nothing for us to do but to get the doctor on shore, make him as comfortable as possible in a Korean hut, and seek for a junk. This we secured at daybreak, and after a slow journey reached Söul the next morning. Here in the

hands of his wife, and with all the care the doctors could give him, we hoped he would recover, but the Lord had higher service for him, and he left us on Saturday, November 24, entering into his reward.

Short as was his service in Korea (three years) none had been more faithful, and no one was more ripe for heaven than he. It seems to us that in recognition of his fidelity and his rare consecration the Master has called him to a higher place and a more glorious service. Well do I remember the calm assurance with which he left it all with the Lord as we talked of the probability of his going. He remarked that he had been willing to leave home when the Master called him to Korea, to leave Söul when he was called to Pyong Yang, and that he was ready and willing to go to other service on high if the Master called him from earth. He was a man of great faith, great love, and great humility. His prayers were an inspiration to us. His love for the Koreans was such that although he had not been here long enough to have gained a fluent use of the language, yet he had loved some into the kingdom of heaven, and he had exercised a great influence upon all with whom he came in contact. His love for children was especially noteworthy, and whether in New York or in the foreign community in Söul, or among the Koreans in Pyong Yang, the children were always around him and always occupied a large place in his plans for work. When beginning his work in Pyong Yang he was not satisfied until he had secured a school-teacher, gathered a number of boys and established a school, so that he could at once influence the children and win them to Christ. Great was his joy when one of these boys had induced his parents to give up spirit worship and allow him to kneel in the midst

of them offering prayer to the only living and true God. This boy he received into the Church, and no privilege the Master gave him was the source of greater pleasure.

In the community Dr. Hall was known as a thoroughly sincere, earnest Christian, whose love for all led him to be continually serving others. He has been a blessing to his fellow-workers, a blessing to the Koreans, and an influence in the establishment of the Church of Christ in Korea. As one most intimately acquainted with him in his work in Pyong Yang it is my privilege to bear witness to his fidelity, to the solid character of his work, and to the great hold which he had upon the hearts of the people who intimately recognized his great sympathetic love for them. May the Lord send us many more such missionaries!

His wife, who was so earnestly laboring with him and who had endured not only the hardship of service with him in Pyong Yang, but also the hardship of separation from him during part of that work, has decided to return to America for a few years. Our prayers and our sympathy go with her in the hope that she may be able to return and carry on their work so well begun.

SAMUEL A. MOFFETT.



M. E. MISSION OF KOREA IN 1905, AT THE TIME OF THE VISIT OF BISHOP FOSTER, DR. LEONARD, AND MRS. KEEN.

CHAPTER X.

Social and Home Life.

“ The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need;
 Not what we give, but what we share,
 For the gift without the giver is bare.
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
 Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me.”

—LOWELL.

A true guide has left us—Characteristics—Mr. Gilroy's interest in Dr. Hall—“ An ideal home ”—Will he never marry?—An inmate of Dr. Stone's home—Does not agree to be consigned to the life of a bachelor—A love story from real life—Mr. Merritt hands the Madison Street work over to Dr. Hall—Plans for its enlargement—Some encouraging results—“ Hammered ware ”—Motherly gentleness—Illustrations from personal observance of the doctor's life in the slums—Has he forgotten the foreign field?—Quotations from private letters—Bishop Thoburn wants him for India—Thinks of going out under Chinese government employ—Sent for by Dr. Baldwin—Hopes to go to Korea—The way seems hedged—Accepts appointment to West China—Released to go to Korea—James A. Seaman's tribute—Sails for Korea—Married—Visits China—Begins the new home—Hospitality—Bishop Mallalieu appoints him to Pyong Yang—Meeting the doctor on one of his return trips—Accompanying him into the country—His methods of work—Delight of having the doctor at home—The two homeless waifs—His son—Glimpses of the real heart life—The Söul side of the story of the persecution at Pyong Yang—Dr. Hall's last days at home—The grave on the banks of the Han.

A TRAVELER as he pushes his journey into the night is guided by the presence of a light held by a hand unseen. He enjoys its companionship and cheer as he moves on with sure footsteps. Scarcely does he realize

its value till suddenly it disappears and the traveler is left amazed at the depth of darkness around. So we feel in the death of our beloved brother, Dr. Hall—a holy life, shining brightly; truly a guide has suddenly left us, and we are brought to know how great a place he filled in our lives. Memory now fondly traces the character we loved. He was best known as a friend. He was unchangeable as the oak. Familiarity never lessened the strength of the inwrought fiber of his friendship. Close associations, that so often make friends careless and indifferent, only bound him a more devoted worshiper at its shrine.

In boyhood he would part with his school friends at night only to wait with impatience for the next morning's greeting, not alone for self-satisfaction, but with studied plans for their happiness.

Friendship he ever craved. A cool heart was his greatest grief and a sign for its immediate conquest. Many the flower he, unseen, dropped by love's hand on others' pathway. They came drifting over one like sifted flakes by breezes scattered from some near bloom-laden hedge.

He was a man of mighty faith. Though scrutinizing evil, and realizing obstacles, their import unable to fathom by reason, and though in view of but a grain of leavening right, he by an unconquerable faith waited for right's fulfillment. In dangers and storms, or in safety and peace, within his soul ever reigned a great calm.

A man of fine executive ability, born to lead, with that rare gift for directing affairs and leaving others to feel that they were doing it all, holding in view the work of those around him with definite plans for its extension, yet never imposing his views upon others

unless called forth by counsel or compelled by duty ; ever deserving and winning favor, yet earnestly shunning notoriety.

Strangers met and respected him, acquaintances loved him, intimate associates revered the noble grandeur of his character. In that character he who mined the deepest found the most precious gems.

He stepped from us so lightly that we scarcely knew that he was gone until we reached for a grasp of his warm hand and listened in vain for his familiar voice, or gazed upon the field of his recent labor in the North, hallowed by his sufferings and final great sacrifice. It was a precious gift he made to Pyong Yang. Without a murmur, but with rejoicing his life was given. Like O'Connell, he labored for the freedom of men, and though a nation has not bowed before his name in gratitude for broken shackles, individuals have. He set in motion liberty's wave in the hearts of some that shall roll on till multitudes join the flood and the Korean nation shall count him one of her benefactors.

" His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature could stand up
And say to all the world, ' This was a man ! ' "

One seldom thinks of timidness as one of the qualities of such a strong character as Dr. Hall possessed, and yet he was most timid by nature. It was this that held him back at first from going forward to the altar in the old stone schoolhouse, his spiritual birthplace, and that later made him hesitate to take the step of entire consecration ; but though timid he was no coward. Mrs. Gilroy, a dear Glen Buell friend, writes that she never knew of his missing a chance to witness for God or engage in prayer.

And, just as he had apprehended, Jimmy Hall was

often impelled by the Holy Spirit to do, or say things from which his timid nature sorely shrank. Once when attending a country party, when some of the young people present proposed to end it in a dance, he felt impressed with the duty of offering a prayer. Gladly would he have gone away and left the gay young people to please themselves; but no; he must obey his convictions at the risk of being made fun of, and he did, with the result that instead of a dance the party was turned into a prayer meeting!

Another time, when seeing a young lady friend home from church one Sunday evening, he felt he ought to speak to her about her soul's salvation, but he bade her good night without having done so. Upon his way home there came over him such a strong sense that his neglected duty might imperil the soul of his friend that, singular as he knew it would appear, he returned to the home of the young lady and asked to see her again. To his great satisfaction he found that the Holy Spirit had preceded—that the young lady was desirous of making her peace with God, and had wished upon their way home that he would talk to her about it. She was soundly converted that night. One week from that time, stricken by a sudden illness, this young lady lay dead in her coffin. How doubly thankful then was Jimmy Hall that he had allowed the Holy Spirit to use him as he would—that God's grace overcame his timidity.

Just here let us pause as we are thinking of the old days in the doctor's home at Glen Buell, and relate in the words of his much-esteemed neighbor, C. J. Gilroy, how the news of the doctor's own death was broken to his family. It was most fitting that to this dear and lifelong friend this sad task should be committed. "I

shall never forget," writes Mr. Gilroy, "the great look of sadness and disappointment which came over his beloved mother's face when I conveyed to her the sad, sad news of his death. I got along fairly well with Mr. Hall, his father, and also with the brothers; the sisters were absent, and it was very hard to break the sad intelligence to his mother, who would have found it a great privilege to have laid down her life to save his." Mr. Gilroy also speaks of the largely attended memorial service that was held, and of the marble tablet erected by his family for him in the home church, similar to the one he had himself ordered for his friend, W. J. Hayes.

Mr. Gilroy adds also: "It was at the time Miss Karley was teaching him that I first took an interest in the boy, James Hall. The teacher boarded in our home, and he used often to be here getting extra lessons, or completing the ones in hand. From this time forward until he settled in far-away Korea, I have had great interest in his development, and have often been blessed of God in telling other young people how that the Lord had opened the several doors of usefulness to him just as soon as he was ready to step in and enjoy the blessed privileges, and He would do so for any of His servants He could trust with the care of His lambs and sheep."

It was in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gilroy that later Dr. Hall committed the care of a little girl he rescued from the slums of New York. He often spoke of their home as an "ideal home," and in his secret heart looked forward to the time when he might himself have such a home. Little guessing these thoughts dear Mrs. Gilroy once remarked to him that she thought that he would never get married. He asked her rea-

son, and she replied that he was so busy in his work she thought he would never find time. But to her surprise he assured her that some day he hoped to have a partner in his lifework.

While a student in New York Dr. Hall lived at the home of the International Medical Missionary Society, at 118 East 45th Street. The cheap board provided here did not include lunch, which he often went without, or, at best, made five cents purchases. Home comforts were not many, but he never complained.

After graduating in 1889 he became associated with Dr. J. Sumner Stone in the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, and for a year he became an inmate of Dr. Stone's own home. Here, again, he found an "ideal home," that made him long for one of his own. However, his friends continued to think that he chose the life of a bachelor; but the good doctor knew he was only waiting to find the one that he believed God had in training somewhere for him. And he had not long now to wait.

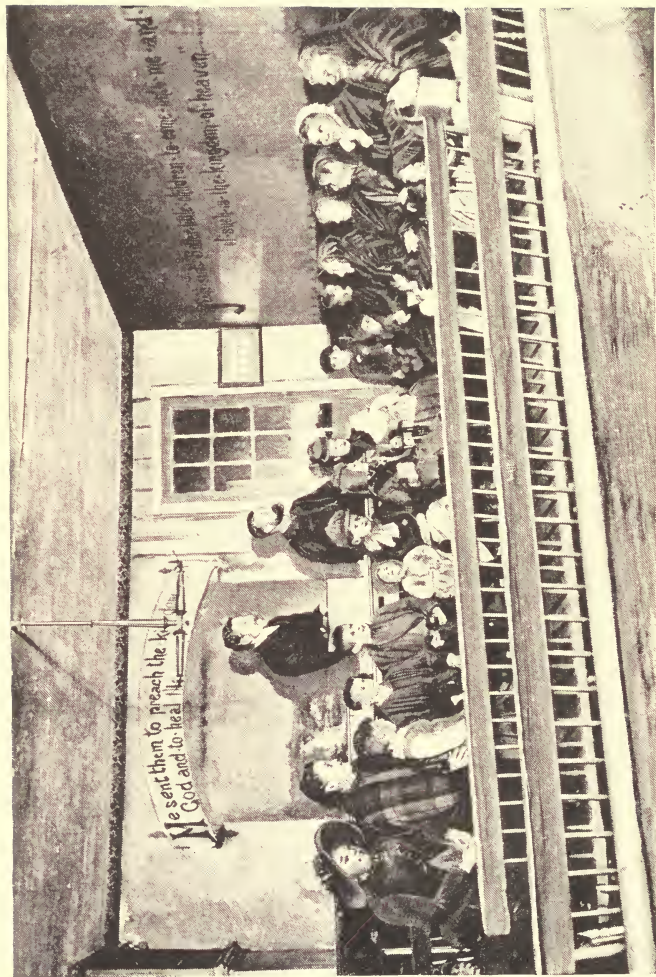
There are some men whose inner life we never penetrate, who present to the world none of the warmth and tenderness which the human heart craves. Such was John Calvin. But, again, with others we live and talk in pleasant companionship; we see their struggles, their hopes, and their fears. They lead us into the sunny paths of their joys, as well as on the rugged peaks of their conflicts. Such was Luther, and such was Dr. Hall.

One busy day in November, 1889, Mrs. H. L. Jenkins, trained nurse at the New York Deaconess Home, who, with Misses Lewis and Casterton, often gave Dr. Hall valuable help in his dispensary work, stepped into the consulting room of the Roosevelt Street Dispensary

and said, "Dr. Hall, I have brought our newly arrived doctor at the Deaconess Home to help you." The good doctor looked up from the little patient he was examining, and, as he afterward claimed, "fell in love at first sight" with the young woman who stood in the doorway.

Dr. Rosetta Sherwood, of Liberty, N. Y., a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, all unconscious of what was going on in Dr. Hall's mind, but eager to show the New York doctor in charge of this medical mission that she was professionally well qualified to give him the help Mrs. Jenkins spoke of, at once handed him some certificates and testimonials to the effect that after graduating at Philadelphia she had served a successful internship, and that her diploma had been indorsed by his New York college, and that she was registered at the county clerk's office. Dr. Hall carefully read these papers and gravely returned them to Dr. Sherwood; but in after years he frequently teased Mrs. Hall because she so highly recommended herself to him when first they met.

In downtown dispensaries or in the tenement houses of their poor patients the two doctors frequently met each other in their work. Dr. Hall found that Dr. Sherwood was a Methodist, that she was a candidate for foreign mission work, and that his chosen field, China, was also hers, and the more he saw of her the more convinced he became that she was the one he had been waiting for, and he thought she must see how he felt. But Dr. Hall was so kind and loving to everybody that Dr. Sherwood little thought of anything personal in his attentions, and even one day in the Madison Street Dispensary, when he greeted her with, "Doctor, I believe the Lord sent you to me," she only interpreted



BY PER. MEDICAL MISSIONARY RECORD.

ROOSEVELT STREET DISPENSARY.

it as meaning there was more work than usual that day, and immediately set about helping with it. And when upon Christmas Day the doctor invited her to go to Central Park with him, and on the way homeward he asked her to be his wife she was quite as surprised at his question as he with her quick response, "O, doctor, I couldn't think of such a thing." He had been thinking and praying about it for more than a month, and felt so certain that it was the Lord's leading that he could not understand this result. He concluded he had been too hasty, and he told Dr. Sherwood he would not take "no" for her answer, that she must think and pray about it as he had done.

The doctor did not renew his proposal until Easter time, and then he met with more favor, but with little hope after all, for Dr. Sherwood stated that in the meantime she had sent in her application to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, had been accepted and appointed, not to China, but to Korea, and that she would not want to marry for five years. Dr. Hall had never believed in long engagements, but after praying over the matter and consulting his good friend, Dr. Stone, who had somewhat a similar experience, he decided to enter into such an engagement, Dr. Sherwood telling him, however, that he must feel perfectly free to change his mind; as she was going out to the foreign field anyhow, if he could take another worker who otherwise would not go, then that would make three new missionaries in the field instead of two. The doctor afterward confessed that this idea had considerable weight with him, but, after all, he felt there was no other who could take Dr. Sherwood's place in his affections.

Dr. Sherwood left her home in Liberty August 22,

1890, for Korea. However much pain the separation might cause him Dr. Hall rejoiced that she was doing what she believed was God's will. His new affection gave color to his whole subsequent life. Some quotations from the doctor's letters to Dr. Sherwood will best show his thoughts and feelings at this time.

August 26, 1890, he wrote : " I believe our separation from each other, whether it be short or long, will do us both good. With me it has touched a heartstring which never vibrated before. I have asked the Lord to train me for His service at any cost. You were never more precious to me than to-day. I am in most hearty sympathy with all you have done, and prize you all the more for being willing to leave all and follow Jesus. The uppermost desire of my heart regarding you is to have you where you can best glorify God. While naturally it would have been very hard to see one I loved with all my heart going off to a strange land to fight alone the battle of life, still I realize you are not alone. You have One to fight all your battles and share all your conflicts. I can with the utmost confidence leave you in His almighty care."

September 5. " I suppose you are now upon the great Pacific. How often I think of you and bear you to Him who holdeth the waters of the sea in His hand. Although you are being wafted farther and farther from me each successive day, still in heart you are daily getting nearer. My love for you is developing a part of my character which has hitherto remained dormant, and God is developing my heart along this line ; my love for the perishing around me is stronger, and my love for God is steadily increasing.

" Dr. Stone has returned, and is into the work with all his heart again. It is such a privilege to be with Dr.

and Mrs. Stone. They are well, and baby Mary is improving wonderfully. She is a very sweet child; we all think there is no baby like Mary. Old Asbury is booming, and we are expecting a great work in the city this fall and winter. Two very wealthy Christians have pledged fifteen thousand dollars each for Mr. Merritt's work. One will rent a building on Park Row, to be carried on after the plan that was adopted at Roosevelt Street during Mr. Merritt's short stay there; the other on Eighth Avenue. The above sums will cover the rent for ten years for the two buildings. You remember this line of work was suggested to Mr. Merritt after our visit to the dives, when you thought if people could only get a glass of milk, instead of whisky, and their night's lodging elsewhere as cheaply as in these dives, the work would be more promising. How wonderfully God opens up the way! Mr. Merritt told us last Sunday, 'When I want money I ask God for it, I never go to man.' May God raise up more Merritts for the world!

"My cousin, W. J. Drummond, left here the Monday following your departure. He goes under the Presbyterian Board to Nanking, China. I have not yet seen Dr. Baldwin—expect to have Dr. Stone introduce me to him soon. If God wants me in China He will open the way—if not, I pray Him to hedge it. Anywhere for Jesus."

September 17. "I used sometimes to think I might never meet the one I could love as I believed those coming together should love, but I was mistaken. When the proper time came God had you ready. Although born and trained hundreds of miles apart I believe God was fitting us for each other. How dearly I love you, Rosetta, with a love that grows deeper and

stronger each day, and I believe will continue to increase through life and great eternity. God must enter into and control all we do. I rejoice that *He* is in the contract."

In October, 1890, Dr Hall was placed in full charge of the work at Madison Street, and not long after decided it would be best for the work for him to reside there; so he gave up his pleasant home with Dr. Stone, and made one for himself and helpers at 209 Madison Street.

In his letters to Dr. Sherwood the doctor thus speaks of this work: "Mr. Merritt has handed Madison Street Mission entirely over to me. It appeared to be my duty, so I dare not shrink. I have been laying plans for the work. We had 36 at Sunday school our first Sunday, and 60 last. I expect 100 before the end of November. We had a glorious meeting last night. I know the Lord has called me to this work, and it must prosper. I feel of Madison Street as Judson did of Burmah; when asked of its prospects he replied, 'As bright as the promises of God.'"

February 17 the doctor writes: "The work at Madison Street is moving along gloriously. Since November the membership has almost doubled. Twenty-one have been received upon probation and others by letter. Some Roman Catholics have been converted and have united with us. A Hebrew has accepted Christ as the Messiah, and was baptized the other Sunday. Our Sunday school is flourishing. We have a boys' meeting every week, composed of the boys that have been converted in our work. It would do you good to hear them speak and pray. Dear boys, how I love them! We also have a girls' meeting equally interesting and profitable."

June 2. "I have a very large family here now. We sheltered sixteen last night besides the janitor's family. I am glad we have a home where I can welcome those who need our help and those who are willing to give themselves to the work. There are two doctors here besides myself; the work is moving along triumphantly, and souls are being saved each week.

"I am thinking of putting in about ten cots in the basement, arranging them so they can be turned up against the wall when not in use. This would take up very little space and not interfere with the use of the room for meetings, etc. I purpose using them for unemployed men who are anxious to lead a Christian life. I will have them do all the cleaning, washing, etc., in connection with their apartment, and let them give an hour's work for a cheap lunch. In this way we could cull out the insincere. I have not laid the matter before the society yet, but I expect they will grant my request, as they have never refused anything I have asked yet. I have already tried it on a small scale, and find grand results. One man who was with us about three months was soundly converted, and has now a good position, getting \$50 per month, and is earnestly working for Christ. I believe many a brand can be plucked from the burning in this way. Many a man has gotten down and discouraged that would have gladly led a different life if only a loving hand would lift him up."

Dr. Hall labored under great difficulties for the want of means to carry on the work. From his own scanty funds he contributed generously for that purpose. He lived upon the simplest fare, stale bread and apples often constituting his chief diet, and was known often to go without the ordinary necessaries of life that

he might contribute something to the work. To the remonstrance of friends he would reply, "It is all for the Lord." He was not an ascetic. His greatest joy was in the companionship of warm hearts. Nor did self-imposed pain make him self-conscious of the heroic. Sacrifice but awakened in his mind a simple joy.

One day I found him at a shop of a dealer in second-hand china ; he was buying cups with broken handles and plates with nicked edges. In reply to my question he said, cheerily, "I am expecting more helpers in the mission, and need a larger supply of dishes."

After a day of toil, however weary the doctor might be, he would make a round of the whole circle, inquiring into the welfare of each ; nor would he retire until all were at rest, when he would again visit the cot of each young man and gently arrange the blanket or a pillow for the sleeper's comfort.

Dr. Hall believed in a strict Sunday observance. He felt that in this matter the United States was more careless than Canada. He pointed to the cities of Canada with pride for not having street cars run on Sunday. His own conscientious devotion to the observance of the Lord's Day is well illustrated by an experience he used to tell in a sermon upon consecration. He said :

"One of the hardest struggles of my life occurred while in the city of New York. Late one Saturday afternoon I received a telegram from a physician which read as follows : 'Your father is seriously ill. Come immediately.' In a few minutes I was at the depot, and started on the first train. At ten o'clock Saturday night I reached Utica. I was then within a few hours' ride of my home, and found that the next train would leave Sunday morning at six o'clock, and that there would not be another train till the following morning at

the same hour. What was to be done? I had always spoken against traveling on the Sabbath, but now the testing time had come. Satan never tempted as he did that night. He told me if I would take that Sunday morning train I would see my father alive: if I waited until Monday I would be too late. He accused me of a lack of filial love to think of waiting under these circumstances. I went to my room, and with my open Bible before me I fought the hardest battle of my life on my knees. I sacrificed my Isaac upon the altar. I left my father in the hands of God, and the matter was soon settled, and I promised to obey God at any cost. I cannot express the calm peace that filled my soul. On Monday I started for home, and on reaching there found my father very much better. He had taken a change for the better about the same hour that I was pleading with God in regard to my duty in Utica. We have a wonderful Saviour. They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be confounded. Obedience is better than sacrifice."

The life of Dr. Hall in New York city is best shown by a glance at his surroundings. Located right in the heart of the neglected portion of our great metropolis, he lived and labored amid gigantic evils; amid discouragements with unconquering faith he joyously toiled on.

A great horde of human beings are congregated behind these brick walls. Each member, in the effort to exist, tramples his fellow lower until on every side is heard the cry of despair. Visit a street of this section. The street is narrow, and you become bewildered at the moving mass of people who fill up the walks even into the gutter, men and women alike struggling and pushing their way through the throng in the wild compe-

tion for bread. There is no place on earth, it is said, where the people are so closely packed as in this part of the great city. Squalor reigns everywhere.

Through such a crowd Dr. Hall makes his way, and up long flights of stairs through dark hallways, by rooms closely packed with tenants, and at last he pauses at a door and enters. The room is cold and damp. A mother and six children are the occupants. She wears scarcely clothing enough for a covering. Two little children wear no clothing at all. A baby is lying in a cradle wrapped only in a newspaper. The weather is bitter cold, and it has been long since a fire burned in the stove. On the table is a small loaf of bread sufficient to feed a man at one meal, and this must last the family for some days.

At the offer of kindness the poor woman breaks down and sobs, and from her tears she says, "You need not help me, but please give the children something; I can't bear to see them die." Dr. Hall devises means for their relief, and, kneeling down, commits them to the care of Him who is a friend of the poor. He hurries from the grateful home on another errand of mercy.

One day I entered the home of a poor Jew and asked the sick and poverty-stricken family if the doctor had called that morning. "Yes," was the reply; "Dr. Hall has visited us constantly for some time. He is a wonderful man; he treats us without charge; he brings us food and then gets down on his knees and prays for us all. Who is Dr. Hall? My people have long been looking for the Messiah, and we have become tired of waiting. Would the Messiah be more kind than this man?" The earnest inquiry of the poor ignorant Jew is an illustration of the reverence held for

Dr. W. J. Hall by those with whom he came in contact in his missionary work in the slums of New York. He was indefatigable in his devotion for the lost of our great metropolis. He possessed a rare faculty of coming in contact with the masses. He was ever evolving plans for the final evangelization of our great cities—plans that in extension and practicability of character were equaled only by Mr. Booth, of England; plans unmaturing only because of insufficient means; plans that, though laid aside, were, until his death, cherished with a hope of their realization.

He possessed a mind that comprehended great things and loved to dwell upon the destinies of the race; yet the minutia of everyday life received his careful attention.

He was a friend to all classes and ages, a man in whom the Church was glad to trust. The rich found him a faithful steward and wise counselor, the poor and distressed a loving, sympathetic friend.

But one might ask, Has Dr. Hall forgotten his calling to the foreign field? Some quotations from his letters will show. July 10, 1890, he writes: "We had a glorious time on Sunday. Bishop Thoburn was at Asbury; he preached on the street in the evening, and afterward inside. I had a good visit with him at Dr. Stone's. He wants me for India, but I think that is not my place. But the needs and claims of the foreign field are pressing upon me with greater force than ever, and the probability is that I will start for China in about a year. I but recently returned from a few delightful days spent at Northfield. What a privilege it is to come in contact with such men as we meet there! I tented with several of the International Medical Missionary Society students, and we boarded ourselves.

C. Vanderbilt furnished our tickets, so our expenses were very small. July 7 I met Mrs. Moody, D. L. Moody's mother; she is eighty-five years of age, but enjoying good health. I think nature has done more for Northfield than any place I have been in. No wonder God chose this place for D. L. Moody's birthplace. He is a living example of what God can do through a man thoroughly consecrated to himself."

From Buffalo, N. Y., March 3, 1891, the doctor writes: "I am taking a few days' rest or rather change. I arrived here last night from Cleveland, O., where I attended the greatest Student Volunteer Convention ever yet held. There were over six hundred delegates. We will hold two meetings here to-day and two in Rochester to-morrow. I can't tell you what a wonderful blessing the convention has been to me. God is drawing me closer and closer to Himself. Now about China. Our Board don't expect to be able to send out any medical missionaries this year. I have an offer of \$1,000 per year from the Chinese government to go to China to treat some Europeans in the government employ, with the privilege of doing all the missionary work I choose. There is no missionary in that place at all. In this way I could get to the field without any expense to the Missionary Society and be self-supporting. The engagement would be for five years. The New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society have engaged my services another year, but I told them there was a possibility of my going to the foreign field next fall. I like the Society very much. They have done nobly by me."

June 3, 1890. "Shortly after my return from Cleveland I received a letter from Dr. Baldwin, stating that they wished to see me at the Secretaries' rooms. I went

up, and they asked me if I would be willing to go to Korea in case they had to send a man to take Dr. Scranton's work. I said I would. But now they can't settle anything until Bishop Goodsell returns. But I have given up the Chinese government offer entirely in view of going to Korea under our own Board.' Later he wrote: "The way to the foreign field at present appears to be hedged, and God is marvelously opening up my way here and giving me the hearts of the people. Indications point strongly as though He wanted me in New York. He knows best, and I am glad to have Him choose for me. I don't lay nearly so many plans as I used to. I am just resting passive in His hands."

August 27, 1891. "The Canadian Methodist Board have been urging me very strongly for the past two weeks to go out under them to China, and went to work and raised the money to send me, without receiving any encouragement from me, as I hoped to go out under the Board here; but the Lord has hedged up the way here and opened it wide there."

Naturally the doctor longed to receive his appointment to Korea, but with him it was not a question of choice, but obedience. His prayer had been, "Lord, open the way, and I shall follow;" and he prepared to leave, actually shipping his goods with the Canadian party. It was a test. God's faithful servant proved true, and suddenly is rewarded by receiving the desire of his heart. Friends finding out his relation to Korea, and desiring to retain his valuable services in the Church in which he was laboring, placed the matter before the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society in such a way that he was immediately accepted and appointed to Korea.

September 19, 1891, the doctor writes to Dr. Sherwood (upon her birthday): "Well, Rosetta, I have just been appointed to Korea! Yesterday I received my release from the Canadian Board, providing I was appointed by our Board to Korea. I rejoice that the Lord has opened the way. He knew I would gladly go anywhere for Him, and I feel so grateful that we are soon to be together. I never felt His presence and power more than now. I will now take some post-graduate work. I am rooming at 118 East 45th Street, with Dr. Scranton. I have also met his mother, and I like both very much. They speak highly of you. Dr. Baldwin tells me he wants me to leave Vancouver November 22. I go that way, that I may visit my dear old home. Miss Lewis will go out this fall to help you. I wish we could sail together, but I suppose her Board might not be willing to let her go *via* Canada. I expect Mrs. Skidmore would much rather I was not going to Korea. I am urged on every side to remain here, but I feel God has a work for me in heathen lands. This has been a wonderful experience. I praise Him for the many valuable lessons He has taught me while here, and for the precious souls and warm friends He has given me. It is all of Him, to God be all the glory. How often as I see His power and love manifested I am led to exclaim: 'What a wonderful Saviour! What rich blessings He has in store for us if we live close to Him!' May God glorify Himself through us to the fullest extent possible, is my most earnest prayer."

The following testimonial from the pen of Mr. James A. Seaman shows how Dr. Hall was regarded by the Society under whose employ he had so happily served:

“NEW YORK, *September 14, 1891.*”

“DR. W. J. HALL: Dear Brother, the Executive Committee of the New York Church Extension and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its meeting on the 4th instant expressed a wish that I should write you as recording secretary and convey the assurance that the Board of Managers fully appreciate your valuable services rendered in the mission work of the Society; and the Board at its meeting on the 11th instant, concurring most heartily in this wish, voted your retirement from active work in the Society with great regret for the loss of such services and recognition of their unquestioned value; and they recommend you to the General Missionary Board for work in the foreign field, trusting that by such recommendation they may aid in securing for the cause of Christ and His Church the invaluable aid of your wide experience, great ability, and rare enthusiasm and devotion.”

“Permit me to add that among the many members of the Society whose admiration and personal attachment you have won, and in whose hearts you will always hold a warm place, is

“Yours most fraternally,

“JAMES A. SEAMAN.”

The attainment of two things was of especial value to Dr. Hall—a personal consciousness of the presence of the Holy Spirit and a familiarity with hardships, the vicissitudes of which never took him by surprise. The enthusiasm of his life was born of his responsibility to man and God. Like the apostle, he felt he was “debtor both to the Greek and to the Barbarians;” that all men, because of the glorious gift which he had received, had a right to his service, and he labored with

all the intensity of a sanctified life, that he might save some.

The doctor was very seasick upon his voyage to Korea—so sick that he felt if he ever reached his destination he would not want to return. But seasickness is always strangely soon forgotten, and the doctor lived to look forward to his return to the homeland some day *via* Europe, that he might fulfill his lifelong desire of visiting Palestine. But God had prepared even a better vision than the Holy Land for His servant's eyes when he should leave Korea.

As it may be easily understood, the doctor's great heart was indeed rejoiced to meet her who had preceded him to the foreign field by more than a year. Dr. Sherwood always considered that the greatest thing she could have done for mission work in Korea was being instrumental in bringing Dr. Hall to that field. That they should so soon meet again in the Lord's work was indeed a privilege unexpected by both when they parted. As the doctor himself exclaimed, "I do praise God with all my heart. Life to me thus far has been a continued surprise, getting better and brighter every day, and I expect now it will to the end." Even so, dear doctor, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Although when it looked as if the doctor was going to settle in China Dr. Sherwood had refused to leave her Korean work before the appointed time to help make that "ideal home," now that she would not have to leave that work at all there was no good reason for deferring it longer, and it was soon settled that they would be married in about six months' time.

So upon one of those perfect days, June 27, 1892, the Rev. William James Hall, M.D., of Glen Buell, Ont.,

was united in marriage to Miss Rosetta Sherwood, M.D., of Liberty, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. Ohlinger, assisted by Rev. D. Bunker, and in the presence of Her British Majesty's Consul Hon. W. C. Hillier, United States Deputy Consul General, Dr. H. N. Allen, and some thirty invited guests, at the pleasant home of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, graciously presided over by Mrs. M. F. Scranton.

Rev. Appenzeller, who was upon his way to America with his family, voiced the feelings of all present in his congratulations: "I believe Jesus was present at the 'marriage' in Söul, Korea, because 'both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.' May God bless you richly in all things, both temporal and spiritual, is the wish and prayer of your friends the Appenzellers, Oriental Hotel, Kobe, Japan, June 27, 1892."

Dr. and Mrs. Hall went to China for a wedding trip, where they spent a month's vacation at Chefoo. Here they had the pleasure of meeting a great many missionaries to China—Dr. Randall and family at 'Tong Shin, whom Dr. Hall knew in the old days of the International Medical Missionary Society in New York; Rev. and Mrs. Goforth and Miss McIntosh, of Honan Province; Rev. and Mrs. McKee and family from Ning-Po; Mrs. Scofield, widow of the lamented Dr. Scofield; and Miss Roberts, sister of Dr. Roberts, who was then filling the late Dr. McKenzie's place in Tientsin; Mr. and Mrs. Stook, of the China Inland Mission Sanitorium, and a number of China Inland Mission workers resting there; Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hunter Corbett and Rev. and Mrs. George Hays, of the Presbyterian Mission, Chefoo. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Nevins were on the way, but had not yet arrived from their American trip.

Quite a party from Korea also spent their vacation at



BY PER. OF WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS.

A CHRISTIAN CHINESE MAN AND HIS WIFE.

Chefoo this summer: Mrs. Greathouse, mother of the American Adviser to the King of Korea; Dr. and Mrs. Vinton, the Drs. Brown, Rev. and Mrs. Gifford.

It is related of Dr. Hall that, ever desirous of making the most use of his time, he took with him on this trip a number of volumes in his course of Conference study, such as the *Life of Wesley* and the *History of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, but he never could be gotten to tell how many of them he read!

Upon returning to Söul Dr. and Mrs. Hall began housekeeping at the home of Rev. Appenzeller, who with his family were upon their well-earned furlough in America. Though frugal, their home was always hospitable. Dr. Hall never seemed so happy as when he could have guests at his table, especially the bachelors of the various missions, or strangers in town. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chain, of Colorado, U. S., were the first guests in the new home. They were traveling around the world, and being earnest Christians they took especial interest in missions, and it brought pain to many hearts when the sad news came that upon October 13 they went down in the *Bokhara*, overtaken in a typhoon off the coast of China. But, as Dr. Hall remarked to Mrs. Hall, "It was nice that this dear husband and wife could *together* enter glory and be forever with the Lord." They were reminded of the incident spoken of in F. R. Havergal's memorials, where a missionary, his wife, and six children had thus gone home to heaven:

" It was a day of death,
 But not of tears;
 A day of wondrous change,
 But not of hopes and fears.
 No parting look was given,
 No farewell word was spoken,
 As the link that kept those souls from heaven
 By a single touch was broken.

" No heartache and no pain,
 No weary breath, no sighing,
 No speechless look of love,
 No deathwatch, and no dying ;
 No eyes were softly closed,
 No hands were gently folded,
 No living face hung in anguish wild
 O'er the statue death had molded.

" It was a day of life—
 A day of wondrous bliss;
 What entrance through the gates of pearl
 Could ever equal this !
 How rapturous then the greeting,
 What look of love outspoken
 As the union of those souls in heaven
 Was sealed, ne'er to be broken ! "

—M. Cox, 1867.

At the Annual Meeting which occurred soon after Dr. and Mrs. Hall's return, the summer of 1892, according to the appointments read by Bishop Mallalieu, Mrs. Hall was to continue physician in charge of the Woman's Hospital at Söul, and Dr. Hall was to do pioneer work on the Pyong Yang Circuit, 180 miles away ! Thus, so soon were they again separated; it was a sacrifice for the Master's work and borne bravely by both for His sake. In the words of the doctor to his wife: " I am glad, after all, my precious one, that God permits us to do hard things for Him. It is a special mark of His favor. Let us not worry, but get all the blessing from this trial that it is His will to bestow. God is training us and getting us ready for lives of greater usefulness, and it is all right."

It was largely due to Dr. Hall's influence that I and Mrs. Noble were appointed to Korea. We reached Söul October 18, 1892, and were kindly welcomed to their home by Mrs. Hall, the doctor being absent at Pyong Yang; but he had thoughtfully left us a letter of warm greeting. Later we were privileged to have his

cheering presence with us for a short time, and it was decided it would be best for us all to live together on account of the little available parsonage accommodation in Korea, and that we might aid the doctor in his scheme of paying the passage out and boarding another medical missionary that year.

Learning about the time of the doctor's return from his next trip I went out a day's journey to meet him. His face was radiant with gladness—he had been especially successful in the treating of patients, the selling of books, and the propagation of the Gospel. At last he felt he had a firm foothold in Pyong Yang. The doctor could not wait to tell the joy of his heart, but led me out upon a mountain top, and there, amid the wild mountain scenery and the silence and grandeur around, he rehearsed the particulars of his late journey, and, kneeling down, his face bathed in tears, he poured out his heart to God. He said, "I know it is an opening of the Lord." Little did he know the stormy path through which it would lead, or that the very facts over which he now rejoiced were indicative of the early crown that he would wear.

Upon Dr. Hall's next trip into the interior it was my privilege to accompany him. The discomforts of traveling in Korea are multitudinous. There are peculiar trials that tend to bring out any sterling worth the missionary may possess.

It was an inspiration to see Dr. Hall face these difficulties, even as joyously as if he had been traveling by the most luxurious railway coach. On leaving an inn one morning during our journey the coolies, as was their daily custom, began a general quarrel, each declaring that he had more than his share of the baggage to carry. At last they said they would not go another step. The

doctor looked ruefully around upon his scattered baggage and upon the boisterous coolies and, without replying, sat down and, taking a paper from his pocket, he commenced to read. Such diplomacy on his part had the effect that entreaty or storming would not have had. They hastily placed the baggage on their ponies, and were soon on their way. The doctor himself, seated on a pack astride of the strongest pony, would entertain with the brightest Gospel stories the cooly who trudged at his side. One who afterward became a most faithful Christian follower was won to Christ by these talks from the saddle. To the Korean mind the spirits around him have a great deal to do with his destiny. Every green tree, every bubbling stream, every green mound, the roof of his house, the walls, and the floor beneath are peopled with unseen beings, all to harass and none to cheer his weary life. On our journey at certain points we would pass small trees devoted to the spirit worship. At the foot of such a tree would be a pile of stones formed by the contribution of each passer-by; on the limbs were tied strips of paper and rags. The doctor would watch his coolies bow low to these places of worship, and at a convenient opportunity would, by question and suggestion, lead them to an acknowledgement that such worship brought them no satisfaction, and then he would offer Christ. Frequently after traveling together a few weeks his whole party would cease doing homage to the spirits at the wayside. We find him at an inn resting on the Sabbath and preaching to the people who gather to hear him. Books are offered to those who will read, and the whole Sabbath day is devoted to preaching, prayer, and song. "By this means," he would say, "we are packing the dynamite of the Gospel away among the towns and in the homes of

this people, and soon the spark will come from God's altar that shall lift the clouds of sin and heathenism."

In his dispensary at Pyong Yang it was much the same. Seated on the floor like the Korean himself, the doctor would meet the people who thronged to see him, some coming from curiosity, others to be treated by the foreign doctor. He would say, "My greatest delight is to sit with my patients," and none came under his care that did not leave not only with the Gospel message to ponder over, but with the impress that they had been in the presence of a great and good man. Dr. Hall used often to exclaim, "It is glorious to live in these times and really be able to do something for Jesus."

At one time the people of Pyong Yang were aroused through the influence of an official with resentment against the foreigner. While sitting at an inn uncertain what would be the outcome of their animosity Dr. Hall was asked how he felt over the prospects. He replied, "If it is God's will to open up this city by the sacrifice of one life I am not unwilling to be that one." Commencing his work in Korea he took up the keynote with which Luther at one time had shaken all Europe, proclaiming, "Justification by faith." The crowds at his hospital and dispensaries heard the vigorous call to repentance and the promise of life. He held a clear conception of the divine law, and when the questions of heathen indulgences were presented he spoke with no uncertain sound, permitting no compromise. One law he knew, holiness to God and love to man, yet none held a tenderer feeling for the weak and erring or pity for the viciously wrong.

Dr. Hall never lost sight of his commission, but ever proclaimed the Gospel. A prayer went with every

bottle of medicine, and if the suffering patient at last dipped his feet in the cold stream of death it was the doctor who lingered by to repeat the story of Christ's love. He was fond of reading from the Gospel and preaching the truths of Christ's death and resurrection. Nothing else, he would say, wins men's hearts as the story of the cross. If you tell the Koreans of the Western civilization, they marvel but little. If you tell them of the miracles of the Old Testament history, they will have something greater to tell. If you tell them of the great age of Methuselah, they will tell you of a man who lived two thousand years. Tell them of the waters of Egypt that were turned into blood, they will tell you that the river of Pyong Yang, at a certain period, for three days ran blood. Tell them of the manna that fed the Israelites in the wilderness, and they will tell you of a clan that lived on the mountain tops fed with the dews of heaven ; but tell them of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, and they are silent ; repeat the story, and the great deep of the heart is moved, and they cry out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?"

One secret of Dr. Hall's great success was the fact that he made his sermons exceedingly personal. Nothing was more interesting than to watch a service under the doctor's care. The little sliding doors of his room would be pushed back so that outsiders could see and hear. He would be seated on the floor and begin by singing a hymn. Eager faces would soon be at the door, some of the bolder would venture in ; at the close of the hymn the room would be filled, and in a short time the windows and doors would be crowded with quiet listeners. At the close of his simple Gospel sermon, he would ask each individual if he would become

a follower of Christ. As he pointed out each face they were compelled to say yes or no. Many were the glad responses, and although many rejected the offer of Christ, yet all were convinced that Dr. Hall was their friend. The children, though as a rule shy of the foreigner, would cling to him and express their affection with childlike caresses.

It was a great delight to have Dr. Hall back in his home after those trying journeys into the interior. The word "home," so sweet to the American mind, bore a double wealth of meaning to him. It was his one retreat of sunshine from the storms of pioneer missionary life. The few days he would spend at Söul in recruiting at the close of each trip from the interior would be in close application to the study of the language, looking after repairs upon mission buildings and frequently, also, the care of the hospital fell upon him. Yet he ever had time to give a helping hand to anyone in need and a word of cheer to those about him. His spirit of Christian devotion was most prominent in his home. Christian perfection was a theme on which he prepared nearly all his sermons. They were written with a devotion without cant, and a vigor without ostentation. That which he preached he lived, and to live in his presence was to know more of the Saviour he loved. He possessed a meekness that was supplicatory and a firmness that was intensely aggressive.

One time when in Söul, upon a walk with Mrs. Hall, the doctor came across two little homeless waifs that had been sleeping on the street all through the cold month of January, with only some old rags and straw matting to protect them. They were frost-bitten, covered with vermin, and nearly dead with suffering. Dr. Hall took them to the hospital, gave them nourishing



BY PER. OF THE CLASSMATE.

DR. HALL AND THE KOREAN WAIFS.

food and proper treatment, bought material and had one of Mrs. Hall's convalescent patients make them each a new suit; then, burning their old rags, he with his own hands gave them a good bathing, cut their hair, and arrayed them neatly in their new clothes. When all was done I remember with what pleasure the doctor took Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Noble, and myself to witness the transformation. Mrs. Hall remarked that he had spoiled their best pair of shears cutting their hair, but that was of little moment to him, so long as he hoped that this cleansing of the outside was the sign of the moral regeneration to follow. When they became strong and well the doctor secured them work and schooling in the mission; but when spring came one of the boys, seemingly preferring the old life to the new one of work and study, ran away. However, as the doctor said, we might be glad if fifty per cent of those we endeavor to help are benefited.

Upon the occasion of one of his home visits the doctor's great heart was overjoyed with the birth of a son. This little fellow came November 10, 1893, the eighty-ninth anniversary of his Grandfather Sherwood's birthday, and he received the name of Sherwood Hall. When little Sherwood was three weeks old his father was again off faithfully attending to his chosen work in Pyong Yang. Later, taking his first opportunity of trying the trip by water, he took a small steamer that the Japanese had begun to run to Pyong Yang from Chemulpo, and came home in less than half the time it takes to make the overland trip. He was with us but ten days, and then was gone upon his next trip nearly ten weeks.

A truly great man is always the most natural and simple. It is with satisfaction that we watch a public

man return to the home life, to the noble principles of affection found in the child. It is, after all, the inner life that influences the world.

To express the real character of Dr. Hall reference to his private letters could ill be spared here. Writing from the interior he gives expression to the great love he had for his home and the dear ones there. In a letter to his wife he says: "Our home is so happy; the only bitterness we have is our separation from each other; but it is for Jesus, and it is all right. Don't worry about anything, my darling; how I would like to bear the burdens for you, but our dearest friends come far short of being able to give us the needed comfort and help, but Jesus can, and, praise the Lord, He does. Let us cheerfully do hard things for Him."

March 16 he writes: "How my heart goes out in love to you, my darling wife, and little Sherwood, dear little boy; he is very closely entwined around our hearts. I hope God may spare him to grow up a good man, a comfort and a joy to us, and a blessing to the world. Your precious letter reached me last Tuesday, and although it was as long as I could expect, yet while I was reading it I was dreading that each page would be the last. You know how I long to be with you; my whole being yearns for you, and I have had to seek special grace from the Master. He has given me a heart to love, and He comes in and fills it."

March 28. "It costs me a great struggle to leave you so long, my precious ones; but I believe this trip will prove a blessing to each. It has taught me more fully to give up to God the dear ones that I love with all my heart. Trials do me good. I need them. But I thank God He lifts me above them and enables me to rejoice continually in Him."

This is how it was that during these times of hardships and even danger the closest observer would not have imagined that often beneath the cheerful happy exterior was a suffering homesick heart.

But those were happy days that he spent among us at home. The memory of them fills us with the old-time tenderness with which we used to gaze upon his face. Like a scene of childhood which in after years unbidden breaks in upon the busy hours with a yearning tug at the heartstrings, so his memory follows us through the busy days and the long nights. No voice returns to us, nor his familiar footfall, but we know that somewhere in God's great universe he waits our coming.

The labors of Dr. Hall, which were of such tragic interest, centered at Pyong Yang, "The City of the Beautiful Turf." The city is located a little north and west of the central part of the kingdom. The natural basin in which the city is situated is boat-shaped, and the natives are superstitious in regard to its form. They think some genii of past ages prepared this for the present great city, and they fear to perforate the bottom in the digging of wells, believing that water would rush in and drown all the inhabitants. Beyond the prow of the boat is a high mountain from which a view can be had of the country for many miles in all directions; a view fascinating in beauty. At this point may be seen Ke-ja's grave, the first King of Korea. On this mountain side for three thousand years the patriarch has rested undisturbed with the rise and fall of succeeding dynasties. Toward this well-tended mound ten millions of people turn their eyes in worshipful reverence.

Around the city is built a massive stone wall run-

ning up the mountain ridge and culminating at its farthest peak. The people numbered about one hundred thousand. Like the great mass of all Korea, the common people live in houses of mud walls and straw roofs. The life of the common people is representative of the nation, and emphatically so of those whom the missionary is called to serve. A view of one such home would introduce one into the Korean life and also transport him back to conditions that existed a thousand years ago.

The story of the persecution at Pyong Yang is elsewhere told. The doctor's brave wife shared all the dangers during those dark days. He afterward said, "She was my strength." Pyong Yang is a hundred and eighty miles from the capital, where the larger body of missionaries were located. During the persecution it was with the greatest anxiety that we waited for news from Dr. and Mrs. Hall in that city. News came by telegraph that their servants and Christians were in stocks in prison, and were being beaten, and that their own lives were threatened. The American minister and the British consul took rapid means toward securing the release of the prisoners and the safety of Dr. and Mrs. Hall. Yet the government moved slow. The waiting was painful. After repeated orders from the foreign office at Söul to release the prisoners the following telegram was received from Dr. Hall: "Prisoners unreleased—You Sanie beaten in my presence—No protection given self. Servant from governor claims that telegram received says, 'Kill all Christians'—House stoned—Great excitement." Later followed another telegram. It read: "Report confirmed at prison that governor ordered all Christians killed—No protection given self—Water coolies forbidden to give us water."

Telegrams were again sent from Söul ordering the release of the prisoners. In reply word from Dr. Hall was again wired to Söul: "Servants all in stocks in death cell, badly beaten—Governor says he does not understand telegrams—Says we are Tong Hoks—Will appeal to the queen."

For once in the history of the Korea Mission all work was laid aside in the capital, and the missionaries of all denominations gathered for prayer. Each one seemed to feel that the crisis was of the deepest personal concern. Many were the prayers that went up in behalf of the two so well loved by all. It is a significant fact that at that hour, while the company was gathered in prayer, Dr. Hall wired these words, "All released. Chang Sikey badly injured."

It was with deep, solemn gratitude that the missionaries returned to their work, realizing that the epoch had changed and that the faithfulness of Dr. and Mrs. Hall had ushered in a new era. Never again could such opposition occur at these strategic points. The long-struggled-for opening was at last secured.

On their return to Söul the doctor lightly treated the dangers through which they had passed, but was constant in his praises of the native Christians. Their courage and constancy, he would say, were unexcelled by the martyrs in the early days of Europe.

At the close of the battle between the Chinese and Japanese in Pyong Yang Dr. Hall hastened back to look after the young church there. The Chinese dead, with their horses and cattle, were left unburied in great heaps around the city walls. He labored among the sick and wounded until he himself was taken sick, when he returned again to Söul. The words of Mrs. Hall in a letter to a friend best describe his return and what followed:

“The doctor was taken sick in Pyong Yang, and the home journey consumed nine long, wearisome days. During the last day’s journey up the Han River, in conversation with Mr. Moffett, doctor said he had been willing to leave home when the Master called him to a foreign field, to leave Söul when he was called to Pyong Yang, and that he was willing and ready to go to other service on high if the Master called him from earth. After Mr. Moffett had read a chapter from the Bible and prayed with him, doctor remarked, ‘How sweet it is to trust in Jesus!’ and then fell asleep, the first really refreshing sleep he had since his illness began.

“Monday morning, November 19, just as I was getting some medicine ready to visit an out-patient, word came that doctor had arrived. I hastily picked up our little boy and ran to meet him. He was too sick to stand alone even, and had to be carried to his bed. Nearly his first words were, ‘I have known what a joy wife and home are in health; now I am to experience what a comfort they are in sickness.’

“He seemed so bright and cheerful the first day after getting home that it was difficult to realize he was so dangerously ill; yet the fever thermometer would register one hundred and five degrees. He was able to help himself to water that stood close by him that night, but by the next night he was as helpless as a babe.

“Wednesday morning doctor asked Mr. Noble to bring pencil and paper, and he gave him the items of expense in the trip he had just made; all his other accounts, he said, would be found in his books. He was ever thus careful about all business details. When he had finished he said, ‘Now I am ready to live or to die; I would like to work longer for the Master if it be

His will, but if not, I shall go “sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb;” and after a moment’s pause he added, ‘It is all the blood of Jesus.’ A favorite hymn of his, often upon his lips in health, was,

“ ‘Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.’ ”

“Already it was hard for him to talk, and it was beginning to be difficult to understand what he said. A gradually spreading paresis seemed to be involving the muscles of his throat. We had the best advice of five physicians, but it began to look as if he were going to leave us in spite of all that could be done.

“Thursday morning doctor asked for pencil and paper and attempted to write, but found that he was far too weak. His only trouble seemed to be because he could not tell all that was in his heart to say. His eyes would look sorrowfully into mine, but he could only stammer brokenly, ‘I—love—you.’ In the afternoon he asked for little Sherwood; he looked at him lovingly and longingly, but he who was known in both America and Korea as the ‘children’s friend’ had to take a *silent* farewell of his only son. His last attempt to talk much was to tell me not to regret his going to Pyong Yang, and he said, ‘I did it for Jesus’ sake, and He will reward me.’

“Dear doctor, his faith was ever as simple as that of a child, and he never had any more fear of death than a babe of falling asleep in its mother’s arms.

“Saturday, November 24, 1894, just at sunset, he fell ‘asleep in Jesus,’ to awake in the eternal Sabbath day.

“All that afternoon he kept his eyes fixed upon mine, and he seemed to want me to hold both his hands in mine, and that is how he left me. I closed those loving



DR HALL'S GRAVE ON THE BANKS OF THE HAN.

eyes, then, thinking how they could never look into mine again, I opened them for one long, last look ; they were still so bright and so clear it seemed as if he must still see me. I then went to my room, took dear little Sherwood in my arms, and claimed God's promises for him and myself."

The next day, Sunday, we placed the form of our beloved brother in a huge Korean coffin, and bore it down to the banks of the beautiful Han. It is a peaceful place to rest, lying among those for whom he died.

W. A. NOBLE.

MADISON, N. J., *January*, 1896.

APPENDIX.

The Memorial Service.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1894, the following beautiful and appropriate memorial service was rendered in the Pai Chai Chapel under the direction of Rev. W. A. Noble :

Hymn, "Asleep in Jesus."

Isa. xliii, 1-15, the doctor's favorite Scripture lesson.

Prayer by Rev. W. B. Scranton, M.D.

Address, biographical, by Rev. W. A. Noble.

Address, Dr. Hall as a Medical Missionary, by Dr. C. C. Vinton.

Address by Rev. S. A. Moffett.

Hymn, F. R. Havergal's Consecration Hymn.

Address by Dr. J. B. Busted.

"Who Will Go?" written by Fanny Crosby.

Address by Rev. Graham Lee.

Hymn, "My Jesus, I Love Thee," by request of Mrs. Hall.

Address by Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, "Dr. Hall's Introduction to Mission Work and End."

Solo, "Sweeping Through the Gates," by Rev. Graham Lee.

Benediction.

A Wreath of Memorials.

DEAR DR. BUSTEED : I have received the sad news conveyed in your letter with feelings of the most profound sympathy. The death of so devoted and earnest a worker in the mission field will be not only an irreparable loss to his fellow-missionaries, but will also be deeply regretted by his many friends in other walks of life, of whom I am proud to count myself one.

I do not like to intrude at such a painful moment, but I should feel obliged if you would kindly take an opportunity of conveying to Mrs. Hall the expression of my sincere sympathy with her in the trial which has befallen her.

Yours very truly,

WALTER C. HILLIER.

November 24, 1894.

MY DEAR MRS. HALL : I have been longing to in some way be able to express my own grief and my deep sympathy with you, but I have felt dazed, not knowing what to do. I had so little knowledge of the real situation, and had felt so confident that as soon as we reached home all would be well, that I have not been able to realize that the end has come. The doctor and I had never been so intimately associated as we were these last two months, and I feel my own loss much more keenly in consequence.

We had counseled together and planned together for our work in Pyong Yang. He had helped me much and had shown so much pleasure in having me meet with and preach to your men while in your house there. He had consulted with me about the men who wished to be received into the church, and I had talked with

them and was to have had a share in the service that day had I not been too unwell.

His last work there was care for the sick and the baptism of four men who gave every promise of being sincere believers in Christ. Truly he has left you a rich legacy in the knowledge of his faithfulness in the Master's service; instant in season and out of season, making full proof of his ministry.

I shall now never forget the two long talks I had with him, one in Chemulpo and one on the Korean junk as we came up the river. Perhaps he realized then that he would soon be going, but, although we talked of heaven and of the Lord's call, I did not then think that the Lord would call him so soon.

With what perfect assurance the doctor left himself in the Lord's hands, and with what peace and restfulness he trusted in the promises which I read to him from the Psalms, I now think of with gratitude and comfort.

Some day, not now, when doubtless you wish to be alone with God, I shall want to talk with you of those two conversations.

How distinctly I remember now the quiet peace which rested upon him after I had read and prayed with him! He closed his eyes, saying, "How sweet it is to trust the Lord!" and then went to sleep.

"We sorrow not as those who have no hope." May your faith be strong, giving you a nearness to God and sustaining you and enabling you to cast this great burden on the Lord.

Most sincerely,

SAMUEL A. MOFFETT.

MRS. HALL: My dear friend, I should love to see you, but that I cannot do, as Miss Strong is away and I am unable to leave the school.

I need not tell you that I have thought of you many, many times. Those beautiful words which you brought to our thoughts in one of our little prayer meetings have come to me so often as I have thought of you, and I have prayed that He verify them to you, "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind."

Ever lovingly yours,

SUSIE A. DOTY.

December 3, 1894.

SÖUL, KOREA, *November 26, 1894.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: You can't, my dear friend, know how deeply we both feel for you in this sore affliction—the death of your husband. No one loved him better than we did. I wish I could be of some comfort to you. You know Dr. Hall is in heaven, is at rest in the presence of our heavenly Father. God took him because it is best; we don't or can't know why.

Now, Mrs. Hall, as soon as you can will not you and your child come over and stay several days with us? You can be as quiet here as you like; you need the rest and change from sad surroundings. Let me know when you can come, and I will send my chair for you.

My son is far from being well, is not going out at all. Only for a day or two has he left his room to come and see me, and I am feeling very nervous and everything upsets me. Excuse this writing, am not feeling equal to it.

Now, if we can do anything for you, let us know it.

Yours with much love,

M. E. GREATHOUSE.

MY DEAR DR. SCRANTON: I have learned with deep regret of the death of Dr. Hall. I would attend his funeral if I were in good health, but I have been confined to my room by fever. Although I am better, I do not dare venture out of doors.

Pray, tell Mrs. Hall that I deeply realize her loss. She may be assured that all who knew her husband share in her sorrow.

Yours faithfully,

C. W. LE GENDRE.

November 29, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HALL: I just want to write and tell you that my heart goes out in tenderest sympathy to you. I think of you so often! and pray that God may "bless you and cause His face to shine upon you" in tenderness and comfort. Our loving Father loved our dear Dr. Hall, we know, and he lived so close to his God that it was but a step higher for him. O, how happy he is now! Kiss little Sherwood for me, and believe me

Your sincere friend,

PATSY B. REYNOLDS.

P. S.—Mr. Reynolds wishes me to send his sympathy, and tell you that he prays that you may have all the comfort that a living Saviour can give. P. B. R.

DEAR MRS. HALL: When I would tell you how my heart bleeds for you, words fail me. If there is anything I can do for you, get some one to write and let me know.

Surely yours in sympathy,

MATTIE TATE.

SÖUL, *December 3, 1894.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: Several times I have intended calling upon you to offer you my sincere condolences on your great and sad loss, but I have as often been prevented; therefore, at last, I write to tell you how sincerely I sympathize with you in your great sorrow.

The great part of your married life has appeared to me to consist of farewells and welcomes to your dear husband. Now it is the farewell for the last time, but how joyous will be the welcome when at last you meet where no partings come to mar the joy of that reunion.

I shall always remember Dr. Hall as last I saw him, so gently caring for Mrs. Noble and her baby—indeed all of us on the sanpan, as we came up the river that evening—so thoughtful and kindly to all.

I hear you are probably leaving for home soon; if that be so, I wish you and your son a safe voyage and journey to your own land, though I am sorry you are leaving Söul.

Again with warmest sympathy, believe me, dear Mrs. Hall,

Very sincerely yours,

L. R. COOKE.

Sunday.

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: My heart goes out to you in love and sympathy in this trying time. Our thoughts have often been with you in these last few days, although we have not been to see you.

We feel that we have lost a dear friend, for the more we saw of Dr. Hall the better we liked him. But our Father knew best, and has called him higher.

Dear Mrs. Hall, we pray that you may be strengthened to bear this trial, and dear little Sherwood—God bless him! and may he grow up to be a great comfort to you, as I know he already is.

Mamma and Mr. Lee both join me in heartfelt love and sympathy.

Yours lovingly,

BLANCHE W. LEE.

December 4, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HALL: Miss Arbuckle is sending her boy over your way to-day, and I am taking the opportunity to write you a little note of love and sympathy. I should have been to see you before, especially since I heard that you were going away so soon, if I had not been laid up myself. Just now I am staying with Miss Arbuckle at the hospital, and am not able to go out for a few days. I am afraid that you will be away before I can see you and tell you how sorry I am for you, and how I hope the dear Lord will comfort and keep you.

May you have a safe journey, and both you and Sherwood be kept well! I have prayed for you each day since your sorrow came, and believe that God will comfort you and give you a peace that no one can take away.

With very much love, and a kiss to the baby.

Yours lovingly,

ELLEN STRONG.

WONSAN, KOREA, *December 5, 1894.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: I cannot tell you how greatly pained I am upon hearing of the death of Dr. Hall, your dear husband, whom we all loved. How very sad it is! I first heard of it through Dr. Hardie

this morning, and was hoping it was not so, but alas! when I opened the letter from Dr. Scranton, as our mail has just arrived, it was too true. May the dear Lord guide and comfort you through these trying hours! My husband is away. Gone for a two weeks' trip. I know he will be greatly pained to hear the sad news. Hope your dear babe is well and we shall hear from you when you feel able to write. How I would like to do something for you! I know you have lots of dear friends in Söul that will do all they can to comfort you.

Yours, with much love,

LIZZIE MCGILL.

CHEMULPO, *November 26.*

MY LOVED FRIEND: My heart is filled with grief and sympathy as I write to you this morning. We have just heard of your sad bereavement, and our hearts are filled with sorrow. We cannot realize that doctor has gone to his heavenly home. How I wish I could say some word of comfort to you! but at such times man's words seem but empty sounds. As a wounded child flees to its mother for comfort, so, my dear friend, rest in the bosom of Him who shall wipe away all tears and pour soothing balm into the wounded heart.

I feel that I have lost a big brother, for such doctor was to me. Nobody was better fitted for heaven than he, and how precious the hope that we shall meet him again!

“ Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown ?

“ Their toils are past, their work is done
And they are fully blest :
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

“ Then let our sorrows cease to flow ;
 God has recalled his own ;
 But let our hearts, in every woe,
 Still say, ‘ Thy will be done.’ ”

Be assured of our daily prayers.

Lovingly, M. BENDEL JONES.

DEAR MRS. HALL : I have not said any words of sympathy or of comfort to you, not because I have felt no sympathy with you, not because I have not wished you the best of all comfort, but simply because I felt that *words* express and convey so little at such times. You know you have had my sympathy ; you know I would comfort you if it were in my power, but you have better comfort, even the God of all peace. May He ever be with you, guide, keep, and bless you is my prayer.

If you find time to drop me a line sometime I shall be very much pleased. I hope you may have a safe and pleasant journey. You will find friends everywhere on the way to help you on. I pray that you may be enabled soon to come back and work with us again. I wish you could stay now.

God bless and speed you on your way ! With much love,

Yours, as ever,

L. C. ROTHWEILER.

FROM ONE OF THE MISSION SCHOOL GIRLS.

MY VERY DEAR MRS. HALL : How are you, dear doctor, and is your baby very well ? I think you are very busy now, because you go to America very soon. I am glad you can go to your country and see your father, mother, brothers, sisters, and friends ; but I am not glad, because I cannot see you until you come to Korea again.

When I stay in Mrs. Scranton's house, one Christmas time, you told us the story of you and Dr. Hall, and you said by and by you would be married. I felt very bad because I was afraid I can't see you often, and that time I don't love him, because I never saw him much, but you get married, and I see him more, and I think he is very kind and true and very good man, and I love him. But now he is dead—gone to heaven to live with Jesus, and I am sorry for you. I hope you will not feel bad, because when you will die and go to heaven you will see each other. I hope Sherwood will grow soon and take care of his mother, and be a good boy and come again to Korea and preach to the people God's word. I hope God will bless you everywhere you go and always give you peaceful heart.

I shall wish to see you very much and think of you every day. My dear doctor, when you stay in America please must not forget me and pray for me. I think this is like a dream. I will not write more because I do not know English much.

From your truly friend,
MARY SPARKS WHEELER (PONG SUNIE).

CHEMULPO, KOREA, *November 27, 1894.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: I write this to convey to you my heartfelt sympathy with you in this sad, heavy trial you have been called upon to pass through. Yet human sympathy must seem very shallow and hollow, and I rejoice to know that He who alone can pour balm into a heart wounded as yours has been is your comfort and stay.

We have all suffered a personal loss. We all grieve with you. I loved Dr. Hall as a brother, and esteemed

him for all his lovable qualities. In him a great and good man has gone to his reward.

“Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints.” The good deeds which have filled your sainted husband’s life make its short span equal to the three-score and ten of most others. Assuring you of the united love and sympathy of Mrs. Jones and myself,

Yours most regretfully,

GEO. HEBER JONES.

DEAR MRS. HALL: I loved the doctor more than any words would express, and any slight service I have done or may yet be permitted to do is in itself a sweet pleasure.

Anything you wish done, please command me. Mrs. Noble and I will be around to see you in the morning—perhaps you will have some particulars about which you wish to speak.

Very sincerely,

W. A. NOBLE.

ELBE MILLS, *December 27, 1894.*

MY DEAR SISTER AND NEPHEW: Words cannot express the terrible shock we received on Friday, December 7, when a letter came to us from Mr. McCabe, New York, announcing the death by typhus fever of my dear brother. We could scarcely believe it, but thought there must be some mistake, as we had received word a short time before that he was well. How anxiously we looked for every paper to see if it would not be contradicted, but our hopes were soon dispelled when we received your letter of November 22.

How deeply we feel for you and the little baby. It seems as if it would not be so hard to bear if we could only be together. Although we know that Jimmy was

ready and willing to go, yet it is so hard to give him up. We know it must be all for the best, though we cannot see it. It would have seemed some comfort if his body could have only been brought to his native land, but then what does it matter where the body lies, as long as we know the soul has gone home.

Although Jimmy was away from his home, away from all his people, yet we have a great deal to be thankful for. We know that God was always with him, and then he had one who was not only skillful, but loving and tender to watch over him. O, how we thank God for giving him such a wife.

You have lost a loving husband and I a dear brother. May it serve to bring us closer together and nearer heaven.

We are all quite well except mother, who takes Jimmy's death very hard.

Do you think of coming home. How I hope we may live to see each other, and that we may see dear little Sherwood.

We had a very kind and sympathetic letter from Dr. Dowkontt. What a dear good man he must be to write such a letter.

I must now close. Write often, and may God sustain you as He alone can, is the prayer of

Your loving sister,

LILLIE H.

LIBERTY, N. Y., *December 7, 1894.*

DEAR CHILD AND GRANDSON: With a sad heart and tears in my eyes I write you this short letter. O, we feel so sorry for you. God's ways are so mysterious. As your sister Annie says, the doctor was working almost day and night for the Lord; why could he not

have been spared? But God's ways are not ours, and we must believe them best.

Brother Turrentine and wife came down and called upon us, Wednesday, the fifth, and inquired after you and the doctor. I told them I received a postal from you the first of the week, that said you were well and safe, and that you had good news from the doctor in Pyong Yang, and was expecting him home soon. Brother Turrentine then said what had brought them down. He told us he read in a daily New York paper that morning that a cablegram had been received at the Mission Rooms, 150 Fifth Avenue, that the doctor was dead. The news came there December 1. It was a great shock to us. How hard it must be for you, dear child. We are anxious to hear from you all the particulars. Did he die with you or at Pyong Yang? O, we hope he got back to you! What will you do? Will you come home? We don't know how to advise you; you must use your own judgment, but remember you will be very welcome here. You have our sympathy, and that of the pastor and wife—in fact, of the whole church in Liberty.

Trust in the Lord, dear child; He is our help and shield. Don't neglect yourself or Sherwood; we do hope he will be spared to you and us—he will be a comfort to you. My prayer is that our lives and health may be spared to see each other in this world, and if this is not ours to enjoy, we will all meet in heaven to part no more. God bless and keep you safe. MOTHER.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., *December 11, 1894.*

DEAR COUSIN ROSA: Word has just reached us of your sad bereavement, and I write at once to send you our heartfelt sorrow and sympathy.

What are you going to do, poor dear one? It does seem too hard. The last letter from you told of so much happiness, we all shared in your joy. And now, so soon, you are left alone, more alone in that horrid land than at first, before you knew the comfort of a helper. It is very hard for you to bear this trial, the loneliness of it. Won't you come home? You should not brave it out there until you, too, break. I declare, I am rebellious at the thought of the loss of such a noble life as Dr. Hall's. And how much more terrible it must be to you, dear one.

Write to me if you can. My thoughts have been with you all during this war, and we have been hoping you and yours were safe.

Mamma and I are in the South, seeking, for me that unknown quantity, health. I am much better, being able to walk and write a little.

Mamma sends her love to you. She says to tell you she thinks of you often with sympathy.

Rosa, do not wear yourself out in that lifework. Come home to your own people, if only for a little while.

With a heart full of love for you,

As ever, lovingly,

EVELYN C. DEWEY.

NORTHVILLE, N. Y., *December 13, 1894.*

DEAR SISTER ROSETTA: The last *Christian Advocate* contained the sad news of the death of your husband. Can it be possible! It is, indeed, a mysterious providence. How sorrowful you must be in your far distant home! So shortly wed—so soon parted! Though left alone in a strange land, yet He who never leaves nor forsakes is with you. His arm is strong; His grace sufficient. The sympathizing words of earthly friends

may be pleasant, but none but Jesus, "whose you are, and whom you serve," can afford you real comfort and solace in such a trying hour. But rest assured, prayers went up for you as soon as the mournful news reached us. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." These inscrutable things of God will be fully explained when we see them in the clear light of eternity. Till then we will have to wait in wonderment and submission, and simply say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

We had fondly hoped that you and your husband would be spared for many years to each other, and that some day we might see you both in the flesh; but God, whose name is love, in His infinite wisdom has ordained otherwise.

What are your plans now? Will you go on with your missionary work? We shall be very anxious to hear from you the particulars of the doctor's death, and also about your future plans.

The boys thought it hard that their Uncle Will should die away off there and be buried and they never see him. They could not understand it. Who can?

Annie wrote us that C. C. McCabe wrote them after receiving the cablegram of your husband's death. May God bless and sustain you is our prayer.

Lovingly and sympathizingly, your brother

FRANK.

CASTILE, N. Y., *January 21, 1895.*

DEAR SISTER ZETTIE: We saw by *The Register* that you had arrived home. We are so glad to know you are safe at home, and dear little Sherwood. Charlie and I both wrote you at Korea as soon as we heard of your husband's death; but, of course, you left before you

received it. We feel so sorry for you, and wish we could do something to show our sympathy.

I wish I could write some words to comfort you. You must not grieve too much. You have dear little Sherwood, and you know the promise, "I will be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God." All the dear home friends will help you all they can, I know; and if there is anything Charlie or I can do you must not hesitate to ask.

It all seems dark now, but after a while you will love to think of the good service you were both permitted to do for the Master. What a blessed memory is left to you! Your dear husband was about his "Father's business," and he was so dear in "His sight" that He has taken him away from all the toil, weariness, and hardships which he was enduring for Christ and the Gospel's sake, and He has given him "a crown of life." But I know it seems as if the light had gone out of your life, and I pray God to comfort you as a mother comforteth her children. With a heart full of love and prayers that God will bless you,

MAGGIE.

FORESTBURG, N. Y., *January 28, 1895.*

MRS. ROSETTA S. HALL.

MY DEAR COUSIN: I believe this is the first time I have addressed you as "Mrs. Hall;" but the remembrance of you has ever been vivid to me, and I have always been pleased to hear from you through others, and also through *The Christian Herald*. My sympathy, though unexpressed, was with you and your husband in your work in Korea. And now, since this great sorrow has come to you I feel impelled to write and express my heartfelt sympathy for you.

I know by recent experience how little comfort earthly friends can give, and I know, too, how much the great Comforter can do to heal the wounded heart. May you feel the fullness of His sympathy, and trust Him for everything, knowing that He is too wise to err.

I trust this may find you rapidly recovering, and that yourself and family may not be affected by the rigidity of our Northern winter. The change must be very great, and you will, no doubt, have to get acclimated. I congratulate you on the speed and safety of your journey.

Frank and I wish to be remembered to you all.

Yours in love and sympathy,

MINNIE GILDERSLEEVE.

CLEVELAND, O., *April 27, 1895.*

MRS. ROSETTA S. HALL, M.D.

DEAR FRIEND: We were very much grieved indeed to learn of the death of your husband. Although personally not knowing him, yet we felt that we did know him through his letters and through a warm interest in a common cause. We are glad indeed that you know where to seek comfort. We are sure that you have it, and thank God that it is so.

We are also glad to learn that you are with friends at home, and that you have children that will help to fill and cheer your lonely heart. May God bless you and them!

Sincerely yours,

D. L. DAVIS.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., *December 13, 1894.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: We have just returned from a trip south and on taking up the *Advocate* discovered

our great loss. It seems utterly useless to try and express my feelings. It seems as if the one that could least be spared from the field had been taken. Dr. Hall had become widely known here at home as an earnest and faithful leader and worker. The Church was proud of him, and I am neither flattering nor exaggerating when I say that he was more frequently quoted, especially this last year, than all the rest of us taken together. The mission seemed to need his unselfish, quiet, modest devotion to duty, Pyong Yang his fearlessness, and the whole Church the inspiration of his apostolic zeal. It may have been selfish, but I felt personally the need of such a brother missionary. He has entered upon enjoyments too great for finite reason to grasp or for halting words to describe. There are a number of them joined in a long praise service, and they'll reach the grand doxology just as we approach the gates. It must be that this dying is a slight matter, "You're coming too." They leave us so quietly, almost indifferently, that one is inclined to think they see the past and future blended in one unbroken, eternal present. By and by we'll know how it is.

There are many channels, though but one source of comfort. Some of these channels have a swift current, others bear a deep, slow flood. A kind and all-wise Father directs their courses, and they will not fail to reach the desert spot of your sorrow. "Wait on the Lord; and again I say, Wait on the Lord."

I must close. Plant a flower or two when you go to the cemetery; they will blossom under the dew of far-off tears. God bless you.

Sincerely,

F. OHLINGER.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., 1895.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I received a letter from Mrs. Scranton telling me that you had gone to Chemulpo on your way home, but that you had been compelled to stop there, as Sherwood was taken ill. I do not know what to write to you; words cannot express our sympathy, nor could they help or comfort you in any way. We both had a great respect and love for your husband. He seemed one of God's own children, and he was so full of his love to the Saviour that all knew and felt it. God's ways are past finding out. As far as we could see Dr. Hall was necessary to the work in Korea, but it seems that God's eyes look differently. I know that you will be comforted and blessed by God, and that what is so hard and so very great a burden will be cleared up then, and the love of your heavenly Father will be shown to you. We sympathize with you from full hearts.

My love and a kiss to Sherwood. I suppose that he is a great, large boy by now. Mr. Bunker joins me in love and best wishes to you. God bless and keep you in all your ways!

With love,

ANNIE E. BUNKER.

MOUNT SILINDA, GAZALAND, *February 24, 1895.*

MRS. ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, M.D.

DEAR DOCTOR: Your very interesting letter of November 5, 1894, came about ten days ago. We were very glad to hear from you both and were much interested in the account of your work amid persecutions and trials, to know of your faith and hope that all these dark things but precede a brighter dawning. We felt to rejoice with you in the blessing which you have received in the son that God has given you, and of

which we heard for the first time through your letter. How surprised we were to get a paper (*The Christian Herald*) by the next post giving an account of the death of your dear husband! How sad this seems to our short-sighted vision! How your heart must overflow with sorrow! But through it all you can look up and find comfort and hope—can “rejoice in hope of the glory of God.”

We wish to express our deep sympathy with you in this affliction, and we pray you may be sustained and comforted by the God of all comfort.

Dr. Hall was one of my most esteemed and respected friends, and I feel a personal loss in his death. The example of his life is an inspiration to all who knew him, I am sure.

I cannot write more now. We are all well and going on with our slow, plodding work as it often seems to us to be. I frequently travel from ten to forty miles on foot over mountains and valleys to see a patient. Mrs. Thompson joins me in sympathy and kind regard.

Very truly,

WM. L. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, *January* 18, 1895.

MRS. SHERWOOD HALL, M.D.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The news that your beloved husband, and my dear friend, Dr. Hall, has died in Korea of typhus has just reached me. It was of course a great surprise to me, but since my dear wife has gone to heaven just so lately a similar circumstance of this kind does not cause such a shock to me now as it would have done before.

I mean what I say, that I sympathize with you most sincerely, but how can I comfort you? My comfort is

in the promises of God ; study them, trust them ! God is faithful, who has promised. We were created to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever. Do you not think that it is more than probable that your dear husband and my dear wife are glorifying God more now than ever before ? On the mission field, especially at Conferences and the like we put so much stress on our own individual importance in His work ; we must have a man here and must have a woman there, forgetting that it is all God's work, and He is merely allowing us the privilege of working with Him awhile. We may each wonder why our beloved has been cut off so soon, but does it not only prove that the work does not depend on us, and God does not put stress so much on what we do as on what we *are*, and when we become and *are* like Him by reflecting his image, then we are fit to go and be with Him, to be his bride. How beautiful a thought, that they are weaned from earth and *wedded* to Him !

I am taking post-graduate work here, but hope soon to go back to China in a month or six weeks probably. Dr. Dowkontt and all are well at 118 E. 45th. Love to Dr. Busted, Dr. Vinton, Mr. Noble, and their wives, if you should see them. You need not trouble to answer, as I know how hard a task it is to write. I trust your son is well.

Very sincerely your friend in Christ,

WM. MALCOLM, M.D.

WEST NEWBURY, MASS., *December 18, 1894.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: I was so shocked to hear of the death of Dr. Hall. I have wanted to write you and let you know how sorry I was for you, but have felt as though no words of mine could bring to you any com-

fort. I have never met with such an affliction, and only those who have can know what it means. Dr. Hall was one of the best men that I ever knew, and I have heard so many ungodly men bear testimony to his Christian character that it seems as though he had been able under God to do more for the world than most have been. Words seem so cold on paper, I would like to say them to you.

I learned so much of Dr. Hall through Dr. Scott; he always had so much to tell of his Christian life. You know that Dr. Scott has come home ill with consumption and is living in Pasadena, Cal.

May the dear Father comfort you in every way!

Believe me yours with love,

LILLIAN G. HALE.

SANDY HILL, N. Y., *January 27, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: I wrote to you a few weeks ago and inclosed my photograph, but I have just heard of your return to Liberty, and, knowing you had not received my letter, I wrote to you again extending to you a cordial and friendly greeting on your return. How I would like to greet you in person!

I tried in my letter to you to say something comforting to you about Dr. Hall's death, but I know nothing I could say would be of any comfort. I assure you, however, that I sympathize with you in your grief. He has done such a noble work, and he surely was a martyr to the cause. When I first heard of his death I could not believe it. It seemed to me that God would not let one who was doing such a noble work die. I have felt this way about both of you. I knew that you both were surrounded by dangers, but I felt sure that God

would protect you. I am so thankful that you and little Sherwood are spared.

The people here are interested in you. I have told them so much about you and Dr. Hall. I read the article that you sent me written by Dr. Hall in relation to his new building at Pyong Yang at a meeting at our church two or three weeks ago.

Mr. Bond is our pastor, and he is a particular friend of your brother Frank.

I am anxious to know about your health, and all about you and little Sherwood. I have been wondering if you would not come here sometime and talk to us about your work.

I hope to hear from you soon. It seems so good to know that a letter will reach you so soon.

My love to all of your people, and kisses for Sherwood.

I am lovingly yours,

ELLEN S. ANDERSON.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., *February 13, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: There have been sad days for you since that postal I was so delighted to receive was written. The news of the death of your husband came just a few days after the arrival of the card, and I wanted to write a little line of condolence, but feared to send it to Korea lest you should not receive it. I now learn of your return to "haunts of your childhood," and I hasten to tell you how much I feel for you in this day of your great bereavement. There are "everlasting arms" underneath which I know are sustaining you, and what more can I do than pray that His grace may be sufficient for you even in this dark hour. May the dear Lord bless and sustain you! Your card was an agreeable surprise to me. I remember you well,

though I had no idea when I sent those picture cards to Dr. Hall that there was one in his family of whom I had such pleasant remembrances. I've always been a delighted reader of the accounts of Dr. Hall's work in *The Christian Herald*, and doubly so since I've known of your connection with that work. Missions interest me much. My connection with the Missionary Department of the State Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor makes this even greater. I hope it may be my privilege to speak face to face with you ere you return again to Korea, if you intend so to do; but I will be more than glad to have a line from you whenever you may find time to write to me—anything about yourself, your work, the field, whatever you are inclined to write about will interest me greatly. You ask me to write about myself. I know not what to say other than that the dear Lord has blessed me wonderfully, led me out into the light, set my feet on "the solid rock," willed to work through me for His honor and glory, put me in the midst of unlimited opportunities, advanced me, given me a happy home, a loving little wife and all needed blessings to enjoy, for which "to Him be thanksgiving forever, Amen." With warm regards, believe me

Yours, very cordially,

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

BROOKLYN, *February 3, 1895.*

MY DEAR ROSA: I should have written you long ago, but lost your last letter, and in it you told me of your being *en route* for a new field; and in losing the letter I lost the new address. After reading of your husband's death I wanted more than ever to write to you. I have been anxious about you in the midst of the wars, and was greatly pained to hear of your bitter loss.

I am very, very sorry for you, my dear. I have seen scarcely any account beyond the mere mention of Dr. Hall's death in the *Tribune*, *Christian Advocate*, and a foreign missionary magazine. I had hoped for a more detailed account in the *Advocate*. I do not take it, but have friends here who do. It seems a pity that those who are so much needed, and are doing so faithfully work that is so sorely needed, should be taken away; but God knows best, and we can only be glad that the occasion of our grief is the beginning of the glorified life of our loved ones.

I am glad that you came home. I could not bear to think of you in that troubled land alone in your grief. I hope you will remain at home long enough for me to see you during the summer vacation.

Miss Clock and Hattie join me in warmest sympathy and love. Give my love to your people.

Lovingly yours, TEMPERANCE GRAY.

NEW YORK, *December 13, 1894.*

DEAR MRS. HALL: The news of your husband's illness and death is read by us with deep regret, and in this note we, the members of the New York Deaconess Home and Training School, desire to express to you our heartfelt sympathy and loving interest in your hour of sorrow.

Though many of us have come to the Home since your leave-taking for work in Korea we ever hold in memory your membership in our Home.

Our prayer is that the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in our affliction, may uphold and keep you by His own great power, and may you and the little one given you be precious in His sight.

Yours with loving sympathy,

ISABELLE A. REEVES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 11, 1895.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: What can I write you at such a time as this? Words seem cold, and even the tenderest expression of consolation may appear officious. I know so well, so sadly, alas! how to sympathize with you in this great irreparable loss. A great pang went through my heart when I knew that your good husband had been called away and you were left a widow in a strange, far-away land. My dear, I folded you to my heart—you and your little one, and held you to the great compassionate heart of our Lord Christ. I recall so vividly the morning you left the New York Home to start on your long journey to Korea. Dr. Hall walked beside you; some of us wanted to accompany you to the train, but we read his heart and knew that he wanted to be alone with you at the last. So we denied ourselves the pleasure.

I think of him as I then saw him—the last time, it proved to be. I knew you carried his heart with you, and I watched with much interest your two lives (as much as I could know of them) until Dr. Hall followed you across the wide continent and wider seas to make you his wife. It was a pretty, romantic story.

The end came soon; but, dear friend, you have the fragrant memories, you have your darling little boy, and I trust the little one to come so soon may be the dearest treasure of your life. Please God, may your motherhood be a crown of inexpressible wealth to you, as mine was and is to me, for surely my darling little girl must be forever mine.

Believe me your sympathetic, loving friend,

C. B. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, *December 12, 1894.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: It seems as if there must be some mistake—that letters yet to be received will deny the message of the cablegram that struck such consternation to our hearts. It seems impossible that our beloved Dr. Hall could so soon be called away—and called from a post where his services seemed so indispensable.

When Mrs. Bishop Thoburn lost her third and almost idolized child—the one she called Grace, because, in a sense, a special grace bestowed—she wrote on her memorial cards, “Accepted for higher service.” Surely your husband has only been promoted. The earth could illy spare him; but heaven has some service for which he was ripe.

I don’t write empty words; Dr. Hall was a beloved brother and friend; we truly loved him, and he knew and loved us. Our hearts are tortured by the fact that we allowed affairs to prevent our writing more frequently. Then I write from a heart mellowed by experience of sorrow and bereavement.

On the very day that the cablegram reached New York, and possibly the day your husband passed away—December 1—our precious little boy went into the better country. We went home very unexpectedly, not knowing an hour before that we would go. We went to celebrate the tenth anniversary of our wedding with joyous festivities, but our heavenly Father meant we should have the support and comfort of home and home friends while we watched over the terrible suffering of our brave little boy. He was two years and three months old, but very large, robust, and vigorous, and when we left New York was apparently perfectly well. He was sick when we reached Wheeling next day, and never

rallied, but died five days after of diphtheretic croup. We miss him terribly; our hearts are sore; but God has wonderfully sustained us, and we know He has not failed you in your far sorer bereavement.

I fear you were denied even the sad solace of ministering to your husband in his illness.

I thank God that he gave me strength to minister to my dying child, to comfort him by my voice; and "like as a mother comforteth her children, so the Lord comforteth me."

Mrs. Crane has just come in to see us. Her home is now up the Hudson, and I seldom see her. She had not heard of your bereavement, and sincerely mourns with you. I have been busy to-day and yesterday reviewing manuscript for Dr. Stone's paper, and have been reading again Dr. Hall's last letters. How nobly he fought his battles! Surely it is a comfort to you that he fell at his post. The Lord sustain and comfort you! I have tested and proved His ability. "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

Yours in sincerest sorrow and love,

KATE E. STONE.

SYDENHAM, *December 13, 1894.*

MY DEAR SISTER: The papers report the, to me, very sad news of your dear husband's death. I can scarcely believe it to be true. How glad I am that he called to see me on his way to Korea, and though he had only a little while to stay I cannot tell you how highly I prized his visit. How hopeful he was for the future; how full of plans for his Master, Jesus! It can scarcely seem possible that in about three years from the

time I bade him good-bye and wished him Godspeed on his mission he has been taken from his work. Yet it is so.

“God moves in a mysterious way.” I wish I could see you and sympathize with you in your sore bereavement. I know that words, and especially written words, have but little power to heal such wounds as yours must be, yet I am sure you will permit me thus to express my sympathy with and to assure you of my prayers for you in this the heaviest trial, no doubt, of your life. How often I think of the times your dear husband and I have spent together. I recollect well when he consecrated himself fully to the service of his God, and how ever after he seemed to have only one aim. And now, after so short a life, just when he was, as we see things, being fitted for successful work in the foreign field, to be taken away. However, we must think of him not as dead. He lives as he never lived before. He lives to die no more. He lives in the immediate presence of the Master whom he loved and whom he delighted to serve. Let it be ours to follow him as he followed Christ. I shall regard my acquaintance with him as among the brightest and dearest reminiscences of the past, and shall look forward to a blessed and happy reunion in a better world. Heaven will be all the nearer and dearer to me because my beloved friend, Dr. Hall, is there. I will be greatly obliged if you will furnish me with any particulars of his life and labors and death in Korea that will be suitable for publication in the columns of our Church paper, *The Christian Guardian*, for I think that his name—the name of one of our Canadian boys who was so widely known and so greatly honored, should have a place among the names of our honored dead. And though it will be to me a painful task, and I do not think myself

at all competent for the work, yet I believe no one will do it with truer affection for the departed. And I know had he been consulted in the matter there isn't one among his Canadian friends whom he would rather have pay such a tribute to his memory. Again assuring you of my deep sympathy for you, and praying that God may abundantly bless you and your dear little one, I remain

Yours in Jesus,

D. WINTER.

MRS. W. J. HALL, M.D., KOREA.

PORT SIMPSON, B. C., *March* 20, 1895.

MRS. ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, M.D.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST: When the first shock of hearing of the departure of my Christian friend, Dr. Hall, had passed over my mind reverted to your grief, and my next thought was to write you immediately, but the mail steamer was off again before I could get at it. And now we soon expect another. Bare words would not express my sorrow in learning that Dr. Hall had been so early and so suddenly taken from his work and his home. Neither can I adequately express my sympathy with you in your sorrow. But as far as human sympathy can go you may be assured that Mrs. Bolton and I feel for you, and ask that He who *can* sympathize and soothe and cheer may be very present to sustain and help you. You will have known from Dr. Hall something of our intimacy in school and college life, Young Men's Christian Association and city mission work, and in preparing for our chosen field. To know Dr. Hall was to love him, especially to anyone who could appreciate a pure, devoted, self-sacrificing, philanthropic character such as he possessed.

Never since we mourned together in New York over

the death of our mutual friend, Will Crummy, has such news affected me so much, and, as in that case, so now, we feel like looking up and asking, Why is it? The answer comes, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." And we must say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Last fall I had the privilege of a visit east, attending General Conference. I spent two weeks in New York and a few days in Kingston, and scenes and faces in these cities brought to mind much of our association in college days.

Your late husband and W. J. Crummy were intimate friends and active Christians when I first met them. My first week at High School I attended the weekly prayer meeting in the Methodist church, and offered my humble prayer and testimony—which was enough to attract Brothers Hall and Crummy, and at the close of the meeting, with hearty hand grasp and sincere welcome they received me into their hearts and circle. The following Monday evening I attended my first prayer meeting with other boy students, held as usual in the rooms of one of the number. Hall was there, and Hartwell (now Rev. S. Hartwell, B.A., B.D., of the Chen-tu Mission); they were attending the model school. Crummy and Hayes and others were there from the High School; Kilborn was then entering his first year at Queen's, Kingston. It was a little surprise to me to see those boys sit round and give their practical experiences in everydāy language. I wanted to stand up and use set phrases, as I had always done in the class meetings in the old county schoolhouse.

Many of us who were already Christians were greatly helped in those days to a better experience and more active service by the counsel and example of W. J. Hall.

While still at the High School I would laugh at him for saying, "I expect to see you in the pulpit yet, Albert." Like himself I looked forward to the life of a Christian physician full of privilege to do good, but never thought I would be called to preach. I preceded him one year at Kingston; then we were two years there together. During our last session there Mr. Forman visited the college in the interest of the Students' Volunteer movement. With many others Hall, Kilborn, and myself offered. It came to us all gradually. I remember Kilborn saying that he hoped some day to support a foreign missionary when he became established in practice. Then he and I said what a grand thing it would be if we two could send out and support our friend Hall, whom we considered fully worthy of the work. But we all had to lay ourselves on the altar, and in due time the Lord led us each to the place he had prepared for us.

I noticed lately in *The Christian Guardian* a memorial notice of the late Dr. McPherson, of Prescott, Ont. He came to Kingston at sixteen years of age, when Dr. Hall was entering his second year at college, and through his instrumentality was converted. He has now gone to meet him—another star in his crown. I might think of others if I could take time. I knew your late husband, and think of him as preeminently a soul-winner in the true apostolic succession, whose counterpart I have yet to see on this earth. He was always about his Master's business. His very face spoke his mind, his hand emphasized it, and anyone would know his whole heart was occupied.

I have read from time to time with much interest of the good work done by you and your husband among the Koreans. We are doing a humble work here in the

same line, and not altogether without evidences of divine approbation.

Again assuring you of our deepest sympathy, and wishing you and the dear little boy all earthly blessings, and in the end a happy reunion with the one gone before, I am

Yours sincerely for Christ and humanity,

A. E. BOLTON.

“Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence.”

CHEN-TU, CHINA, *February 12, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: The sad, sad news has just arrived of your dear husband's death. The mission field has lost an earnest worker, you have lost a loving husband, your little son has lost a noble father, and we, his companions for so many years, have lost a most invaluable friend and adviser. What earth has lost heaven has found. Heaven seems more real now than it ever did before.

Your beloved husband was, perhaps, my best earthly friend, and I am more indebted to him for my present position than to any other person. My deepest sympathy goes out for you, and my prayer is that God will give you daily grace and support you and your son in His everlasting arms.

Mrs. Hartwell joins with me in sending our deepest sympathy and love.

Believe us ever your very sincere friends,

GEORGE E. HARTWELL AND WIFE.

KIATING, SZ-CHUAN, CHINA, *February 2, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL: My heart is full as I attempt to write you a line. O, may the everlasting arms be

round and about you and clasp you tight at this time ! But who can say a word to soften your grief ? And yet I know, if anyone on earth does, what you are passing through ; for I, too, have been through the fire. O, may your faith be strong and your confidence in our loving Saviour all unmoved. He knows it all. " He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Our dear Jimmy (as I always called him) is in glory, and we all know his crown is bright with many jewels. How many he is greeting and will greet in the future who will say to him, " By your help I was led from darkness into light."

Last evening I wrote and sealed a letter to him in answer to his circular letter of October 8—the one to which you had added a note. An hour ago I received the *Celestial Empire*, of Shanghai, bearing date December 28, with the letter from Söul announcing Jimmy's death. The mail does not go till to-night, so I send this in place of the first.

When you can do so may I ask from you some account of his last illness and of his death ?

I know his was a *glorious* and *abundant entrance*. O, how often Jimmy's example comes up before me in my daily routine of duties to stimulate and strengthen me in the path ! And I am sure there are scores—yes, hundreds of others—who ever came to know him well—who would say the same thing. Bright is his crown.

I don't know when I have received such a shock as when I opened that paper an hour ago.

But I cannot write more. My heart goes out in the very deepest sympathy for you and your little fatherless one, and you have my earnest prayer.

Yours in common sorrow,

OMAR L. KILBORN.

NEW YORK, *April 3, 1895.*

MRS. R. S. HALL.

DEAR SISTER : I extend to you my deepest sympathy in the terrible loss to which you have been subjected. Your husband was a great worker and fell a martyr to the cause.

When you come to New York, please come and see me.

Yours faithfully,

C. C. McCABE.

DEAR ROSETTA : The cable has brought the sad news of your great loss.

We have no particulars, only the fact, and that Dr. Hall contracted typhus fever in working at Pyong Yang. Unselfish work in the Spirit of the Master.

We cannot understand why one so useful should be taken away ; but he was fully consecrated to God, and we know that the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and we will try to say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." I know there is little comfort in human words or sympathy in such an hour, and I only write to assure you of my love, and to offer any service that you may need from a friend. Is there any plan in which I can help you or your little one ? If so, let me know, and I will gladly do my utmost. God bless you and save you in this hour of trial.

Lovingly yours,

MRS. H. B. SKIDMORE.

NEW YORK, *December 4, 1894.*

MY DEAR MRS. HALL : Most sincerely do I sympathize with you in your great affliction, of which I have just learned.

I pray that God's blessed comfort may be equal to all your need, and that He will graciously open your future before you.

I hope you will be able to stay in Korea and do valiant work for the Master in the field consecrated by your dear husband's life and death.

Sorrowing with you, sincerely yours,
S. L. BALDWIN.

BUFFALO, N. Y., *December 8, 1894.*

MY DEAR SISTER HALL: You cannot tell with what surprise and sorrow I read the notice in the paper of the death of your dear husband. He had a very warm place in my heart. I admired him for his heroic spirit of self-sacrifice and his dauntless courage, and I loved him for his sweet Christian spirit. I shall ever hold his memory precious. It is so strange he should be taken when he was more needed and more able to serve humanity than ever before. But we may not reason, we can only trust.

I assure you of my profoundest sympathy and my constant prayers.

Ever truly yours,

W. F. MALLALIEU.

NEW YORK, *November 18, 1895.*

DEAR BROTHER NOBLE: Dear Brother Hall was an ideal missionary. Fitted, prepared, dedicated, and consecrated, he was a man among men, and I being associated very closely with him and very delightfully in peculiar mission work in this city, and knowing his great value, earnestly commended him to the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board, and he was by them accepted and sent. He lived long enough to delight my heart in his wonderful and blessed work, and then was not, for God took him.

He was so true, so sweet, simple, and strong, so unselfish that the zeal of God's work ate him up, and while

it seems so mysterious that such a prepared worker so needed and appreciated should be so suddenly and sadly removed, yet it is the Lord, and we trust, though we cannot trace and know, He doeth all things well. My sympathy and condolence to his bereaved widow, to the Mission Board, and to you his coworker, brother, and friend.

STEPHEN MERRITT.

W. A. NOBLE, *Madison, N. J.*, "Drew."

EVANGELIST KIM'S LETTER.

TRANSLATED BY ESTHER KIM PAK.

PYONG YANG, 17th day of the 5th Moon.

MY DEAR DOCTOR LADY HALL: Last year I sent you a letter, and I waited to receive the answer, and it came this year the fifteenth day of the fifth moon, and I was very glad, and felt as if you were present. Although we don't hear from each other often, I think about you and the children and Mr. and Mrs. Pak, and I often take you in prayer to our Father, and I know you will pray for us Korean Christians. So, although our bodies are in different countries, our hearts are in the Saviour's kingdom.

Once Jesus took Peter, John, and James upon a mountain, and they saw Moses and Elias there, and heard them talk of the crucifixion. I think I feel as they did every time I think about our loving Dr. Hall. I feel that Jesus, Dr. Hall, and myself are on the mountain.

It was four years ago that Dr. Hall, Mr. No, and myself were on our way to bring the glad tidings of our Saviour to the people of Pyong Yang. On the way, we were talking about the Pyong Yang people being so wicked, and he counseled us that with our whole heart and with our whole mind we three must help and teach this people who do not know how to serve the Lord.

and we must build the Church of God here upon the Rock Christ Jesus; and he said after we have finished our work we will go before our Father's throne, and live with him in glory forever. And we arrived at Pyong Yang and started to preach, and to treat the sick body as well as the sin-sick soul. Many of the wicked people there disliked this man of righteousness and persecuted him, but he never paid any attention to them; he preached morning and night, and helped the people suffering from sin and sickness. It was not long before a few earnest followers gathered about him, and even to this day we all remember the faithful teaching that came out from his mouth and his hands; and although he has parted from this world, we will carry on this work which he showed us, and taught us and prepared us for, and after we have finished we hope to be together again with him in our everlasting home.

I remember every time Dr. Hall met anyone on the street or in the house, he asked them one very important question; that is, "Brother, do you know God?" and then he would explain who God is, and tell them what God had done for them; that He created, fed, protected, and loved them, and had sent His only Son Jesus to teach them the way to heaven. Then he would point out two ways of going—one into life, the other to death—and asked them which way they would like to go? And all the people were surprised, and they would return to their homes and talk about his beautiful teaching, and about how kind and loving he was. Even till now they say, "Dr. Hall loved us on earth, therefore he will love us more in heaven."

I will speak about our severe persecution in Pyong Yang; how when O Syok-hyong and myself were in prison the doctor would come and lay his kind, loving

hands upon us and comfort us with his warm, loving heart. Yi Hang-syon bravely accompanied Dr. Hall, and sometimes Kim Chai-syon. O what a comfort they were to us! The doctor looked tired and weary walking up and down from his home to the prison, and from the prison to the telegraph office to try to get us relief. We can never forget his tenderness and love for us while we were in prison.

Kim Nak-syon and Cho Pyong-yo the doctor often took with him on his walks, and sat down by them and taught them. When Dr. Hall baptized Cho Tong-syon and Chu Kyom Cho he taught them a beautiful verse from the Bible, which they always think about when they think of Dr. Hall. Whang Chyong-mo went up to Söul while the war was in Pyong Yang, and Dr. Hall comforted and encouraged him greatly; and there is Cho Han-kyn—the doctor cured his eyes; and Ku Eung-syo and others I might mention whom the doctor taught to believe in Jesus. These are all faithful Christians, and they help to carry on Dr. Hall's work, and there are very many new members, and they are increasing every day. This is all the fruit of the church that Dr. Hall established here in the midst of so much persecution.

For two years after Dr. Hall left us we had no American preacher to encourage and help us, but we remembered our dear Dr. Hall's teachings, and we studied the Bible and prayed every day with the people, and the work grew faster and faster. Now Dr. Follwell is here, and Mr. Noble is coming, and we hope also to have Mrs. Hall with us again.

KIM CHANG SI-KEY.

Chu Kyom-Cho writes: "The church at Ah Yong Tong, Pyong Yang, will never forget the faithful teaching of Dr. Hall. It remains in our hearts, although we cannot see Dr. Hall, and we praise God for his example."

Kim Chai Son adds: "Dr. Hall was a good gentleman, therefore I wish to write a few lines of his work in Pyong Yang. He had a remarkably unchangeable, loving heart for old people and children. Dr. Follwell tells us it was just the same when Dr. Hall was in his own country.

"When our brothers, Kim Chang Si-key and O Syok-hyong, were in prison, Dr. Hall sympathized with them truly. It was very hard for him to see his loving friends in pain and suffering. He was in great danger himself and tired and weary, but he often visited them, and finally secured their release; and, also, when Pak You-san was beaten and ordered off to prison he rescued him, and comforted him with loving words.

"Even people who do not belong to our church yet speak of how loving he was, and the remembrance of his deeds stimulates us church members to live better lives on this earth. We avoid the works of the flesh spoken of in Gal. v, 19-21, and we seek the fruit of the Spirit, verses 22 and 23, and we hope when this life is ended to inherit the kingdom of God."

DR. HALL'S REMARKABLE WORK IN PYONG YANG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE KOREAN BY ESTHER KIM PAK.

Because Dr. Hall was born of the Holy Spirit, was kind, pitiful, humble, and meek, and lived a faithful, perfect life through his Saviour, God chose him to do a remarkable work for our poor people in Pyong Yang. He obeyed God's command, and left his parents and

brothers and sisters and friends and came to Korea, and was appointed to this wicked city of Pyong Yang. It is the nature of Pyong Yang people to throw stones. They worship idols, and other unnecessary things ; and they don't know how to help one another.

When Dr. Hall first came to Pyong Yang the governor and the people hated him, and it was hard for him to make a beginning ; but he prayed earnestly, and he went around the city and healed sickness, and he taught the children to love him, and by and by many stony hearts began to melt down, and the people became more friendly, and began to love the doctor ; and soon the doctor started a school, in which I had the honor to be teacher ; and he established a little chapel with a few faithful members. Then severe persecution suddenly arose, but the Lord's mighty hand saved us.

A few months after the persecution ceased the war arrived in Pyong Yang. Chinese and Japanese soldiers came, and most of the people of the city ran away. But four of our Methodist Episcopal Church members stayed at the little chapel and prayed night and day, and though the flying cartridges were like pouring rain we were kept perfectly safe.

Two weeks after the battle Dr. Hall came down to Pyong Yang from Söul to see if we were living, and when he found us safe and happy his heart was full of joy. He was much pleased with us, and loved us more than ever ; and he taught us, and he went around the city to heal the wounded. Amid all our trouble, we had the peace of God in us. Even till to-day the four of us think of Dr. Hall and how much he loved us when he was on earth ; and all of our men and children want to live more like him. Our church inside the west gate is built on the Rock of Ages, and it will not receive

any falling. After Dr. Hall was separated from us Mrs. Hall and their only son went to America ; but we trust she will return, for the women of Pyong Yang need her ; and, also, we pray earnestly for the only son to grow up like his dear father, and come to our country and take up his father's work.

O SYOK-HYONG.

FROM MR. YOUSAN C. PAK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE KOREAN BY MRS. PAK.

While my father was living on this earth he was a prominent man of education, and he tried faithfully to teach me in our country home in Korea. But I often ran away, and I let the devil lead me into all kinds of sins, yet I did not realize it at the time.

Once I ran away to our capital, Söul, and a friend of our family who keeps horses to hire out, seeing I was so fond of travel, offered to let me go to take care of the horses upon these trips into the country, as is our custom in Korea. I liked this, but my father was so grieved about my being a hostler instead of an educated gentleman, he was ashamed of me, and he worried about me and sent for me many times to return, but I did not.

At last my father's loving, immortal soul departed from his mortal body. After I had buried him I again came up to Söul, and took up the same work.

In the fall of 1892 I made my first trip with a foreign gentleman. It was Dr. Hall, and I went down with him to Pyong Yang. When I first started out with him I had a little fear, but he was so gentle and had such a loving voice that my fear soon left, and it proved the most delightful journey I had ever made.

It was upon this trip that I first learned about prayer.

At the close of each day we would stop at a Korean inn. These are very uncomfortable as compared with American inns, yet Dr. Hall enjoyed all for our Saviour's sake. Before he ate his supper, tired as he was, Dr. Hall would always pray with us and read the Bible, which is the bread of life. Sometimes the people would laugh and mock, and the owner of the inn would ask, "Why do you kneel down and pray before you eat?" Dr. Hall would then explain to them. Once when Dr. Hall asked one of the boys to pray he began to laugh instead of to pray, and so he prayed himself; when he had finished he asked the boy, "Why do you laugh? Would you do so before the king and his officers?" The boy answered, "No," and the doctor said, "Then why do you laugh before our Lord, who is the King of kings?" And thus he taught us with gentle manners and loving words. O, he was so sweet and pure and filled with God's wondrous love.

Another important lesson I learned was not to travel on Sunday. On Saturday evening we would put up at an inn over the holy Sabbath. Everybody would ask why he did not go on his journey such a fine day; then he would tell them about how God made heaven and the earth and everything, and rested on the seventh day and blessed it, and asked us to keep it holy; therefore we should rest from our work and worship God with a thanksgiving heart this day. And then he would tell how much God loved the world and gave His only Son to die for us. Then he would ask us to pray with him. Some thought there was no use of praying, yet more than half would kneel down and pray.

And this is the way Dr. Hall scattered the precious seed by the wayside, and I know some day that many of the individuals that received his teaching will become

followers of our Christ. It was thus that I became interested in the Bible and desired to learn more about my Saviour. O, how willing Dr. Hall was to help those in need, either spiritually or temporally. I can't begin to tell all he did for me.

One time after we came up to Söul he told me to come and see him. This I did, and he asked me, "Do you love God in your heart?" I told him yes, I had learned to do so while with him. And then he wanted to know what he could do to help me, and I chose to stay with him, and helped him in the house and went down with him to Pyong Yang several times. Once he asked me if I didn't want to marry, and I promptly answered I did. He asked me what kind of a bride I preferred—one who worked faithfully to serve God, or one who could only cook and sew well for me. I told him I preferred the bride that could work for the Lord. I suppose readers of this will think it very strange that Dr. Hall should ask me these questions, but in our country the custom is that we cannot choose our bride ourselves, but if we have no parents some friend chooses for us. I hope some day this will be changed in Korea. But in this way I became engaged to a young lady in the Methodist Episcopal mission school, who was a very earnest Christian. The more I thought of this matter the more determined I was to become an earnest Christian man, and I repented of all my sins, and the Holy Spirit witnessed in my heart that I was no more Satan's, but I was the child of God.

May 24, 1893, I was married, and though I did not choose my own bride and never saw her before, yet I found I had a sweet, loving, faithful wife. She read the Bible and prayed with me, and has taught me many lessons of patience and self-denial.

As others have told so much about Dr. Hall I will not add more, but I cannot close without thanking his good wife for allowing me to write these few lines to put in his book.

O how much I would like to live like him. I ask the prayers of the readers of this book that I may live such a life as Dr. Hall did.

LIBERTY, N. Y., *August 18, 1897.*

THE STORY OF SAINT HARAK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE KOREAN BY ESTHER KIM PAK.

In 1893 Mr. Ohlinger recommended me to teach the native language to Dr. Hall. I asked, "How can I teach a stranger from another country?" But Mr. Ohlinger told me to try, and at once introduced me to Dr. Hall. My first impression of him was that he was tall, and did not look much like a scholar, and I did not think much of him at first; but the more I became acquainted with him and saw his kind ways, I liked him better, and we became very good friends—one heart and one mind.

That summer the weather was exceedingly hot, and Dr. and Mrs. Hall decided to go for a couple of weeks to Puk Han (North Fortress), and the doctor asked me to go with him. We spent a pleasant time, studying most of the day, and toward evening we used to go around and see the sick people and give them medicine, and also teach the Gospel to the Buddhist priests that live in that mountain. Then Mrs. Hall had to return to her work in Söul, and we left Puk Han and went back to the work we had before. In the morning the doctor studied the native books with me, and in the afternoon he saw the sick people, and dressed the wounded at the hospital; in the evening he went to the South Gate Dispensary with his friend, Dr. Busted, and my-

self, and we took his little organ, and Dr. Busted played, and we sang a hymn. Many people from all parts of the eight provinces go past this place, and they heard the music and came in; sometimes from one to two hundred came in, and we told them about the Saviour that redeems us. Yet I never saw Dr. Hall become tired doing such work. There is no one in this world who does not love his own body; but this doctor does not love his own body only, he loves everybody. He gives medicine and money to the poor, and helps them to bury their dead. He did the hardest work among all the preachers who came from America, and he did it all with his whole heart. It is not only I that speak well of him, but I write what I have heard our native people say, as well as what I have seen with my own eyes. He was always doing such kind work, therefore we love him.

In September he asked me if I could go down to Pyong Yang with him, and I was very glad to go. When we reached there many of his friends came to see him, because he had been there before. We were there about seven months altogether, and during that period we had some pleasant times—and some that were not so pleasant. I cannot well write everything of his generous work in Pyong Yang, as I have forgotten; but I remember one day very well, when about twenty of our neighbors came in and said, "Our Pyong Yang custom is, every year each house gives according to its wealth to the offering for the spirit of Pyong Yang, so you who are from Söul, and especially that gentleman from the West [and they point to Dr. Hall], can give us a lot of money to offer to our spirit, then he will keep you and help you on your journey, and bless you all the year round;" and they asked me to explain this matter well

to Dr. Hall. I knew it was wrong to offer money to evil spirits, and I told them, "People who serve God do not give money to this spirit;" but they were angry with me, and said, "You do not have to give the money; you just simply tell that gentleman from the West, as we told you." So I did so, and Dr. Hall said to tell them, "We have nothing to do with your spirit, and we will not give it money, for we worship the true, living God, who made us and you, and wants your worship too." Then they were very angry, and they all went out; but a few minutes after they rushed in, and they pulled me down, and also a young boy that believed, and they tore his clothes and hurt him; and they beat me with their fists and kicked me with their feet; and they said, "This is not our work, but it is the spirit punishing you." When they were through beating me and let me go I went to Dr. Hall and told him what had happened, and my heart was very angry. He tried to comfort me, and asked me if I had not read how St. Paul was beaten, but I said I did not care, that if I continued to do this Jesus doctrine my body would not last long, and I did not care about the good things I would get after I was dead, and I told him I would return to Söul at once. Then he put his dear, loving arms around me and said, "Let us pray, brother," and we both knelt down, and he asked me to pray first, but I could not pray with my angry heart, so he prayed for me. But I couldn't get over it yet; and he tried still to comfort me with such a loving, patient heart. After a little the young boy that also got hurt came in, and Dr. Hall bound up his wounded leg and paid him for his torn clothes, and he told us he was so sorry we were persecuted for doing right. After all this I became ashamed of myself, and got rid of my angry heart, and felt a good deal happier.

After this many people continued to crowd around Dr. Hall like flies around honey, yet at night the stones would sometimes fly like rain pouring, and we felt we were sitting out upon ice in the river. But God turned the wicked hearts kinder every day, and we were protected by His care.

The doctor was always a friend to children. Whenever he went many children followed him and bothered him, yet he loved them. Many times the children used to pull his whiskers, but he would only laugh and pet them. One day I asked him why he let the children bother him so much, and he turned to me and said: "Brother, what makes you so cold and hard? The Lord says in the Bible we are to have a child's faith and heart, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." By this, I perceived that his faith was like a child's.

Many of the town people used, sometimes, to cry out, "Good Saint Harak; he is one fit for the kingdom of God!" So when I went to write about him I called the heading of my story "Saint Harak."

P. S. No.

NOTE.—"Harak" was the Chinese name for Dr. Hall that appeared upon his passport.

RESOLUTION.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call home our brother and fellow-missionary, Dr. W. J. Hall;

Resolved, That we express to Mrs. Hall our sincere sympathy in her sore bereavement, and that we further record our deep sense of loss to our work in the taking away of our brother so intimately associated with us in Söul, and especially in Pyong Yang.

It is also our desire to note individually and as a Mission the spiritual benefit which we have derived from our association with a man so consecrated to the Master.

Words cannot express our feelings, but in this feeble way we would convey to you the sentiments of all our Mission.

Committee : { H. G. UNDERWOOD,
G. LEE,
SUSAN A. DOTY.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, SÖUL, KOREA, *Dec:* 29, 1894.

EXTRACTS FROM THE OFFICIAL MINUTES OF THE TENTH
SESSION OF THE KOREA MISSION OF THE METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH :

Whereas, In the deep and mysterious providence of God, Mrs. Rosetta Hall, M.D., has been called on to mourn the loss of her husband, Rev. W. J. Hall, M.D., a brother beloved by us all, and in consequence has returned to the United States ;

Resolved, That we again assure her of our profound sympathy with her in her bereavement, that we record our high appreciation of the worth, zeal, and devotion in her labors for the Koreans while among us, and that we indulge the hope that she may soon, in the good providence of God, be brought back again to Korea to continue the work for the women she so faithfully and successfully prosecuted.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

It was moved and carried that a service in memory of Dr. W. J. Hall be made the special order for Friday at 11 A. M., and that Bishop Ninde, with W. B. Scranton and H. G. Appenzeller, be a committee to prepare a program for the same.

Friday, January 18, 1895, the bishop made the devotional exercises of the morning one with a memorial

service to our sainted Brother Hall. After Scripture reading, prayer, and singing, H. G. Appenzeller read a memoir prepared by the committee for that purpose. It was voted to spread it on the journal. The memoir is as follows :

REV. WILLIAM JAMES HALL, M.D.

On Saturday, November 24, 1894, there passed away from earth to his reward in heaven one who, faithful to the last, mid changing scenes, mid trials and persecutions of a heathen land, remained unshaken in his zeal for the promotion of God's glory among people in whose hearts the Sun of righteousness had never shone.

Dr. William James Hall was the first adult missionary of the Korea Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church to lay down his life for the work. God had work for him elsewhere, and we cannot complain, but say, The will of the Lord be done. Among the band of his fellow-workers he was one of the most energetic and consecrated, and his life, like that of the Saviour's while on earth, was spent in doing good to others. Among whomsoever he mingled his life was a rich fragrance of consecration and devotion, and was an inspiration, not only to the members of the Mission, but to the native converts. To him was allotted one of the most difficult fields, and in fact he was the pioneer medical missionary to Pyong Yang. Notwithstanding this fact his work bore early fruits of a rich harvest, and although he is gone there has been established in that wicked city of heathendom a work which will go on increasing until the last day.

Dr. Hall was preeminently "a good man and full of the Holy Ghost." His goodness was not of the effer-

vescent, but of the solid and normal kind. In Pyong Yang some of the "baser sort" attempted to circumvent or overreach him, but he in his straightforward and yet simple way so presented the truth that his assailants confessed that though they came to abuse his goodness they could not even say a word against him.

At the eighth Annual Meeting of the Mission Dr. Hall was appointed by Bishop Mallalieu to the province of Pyong Yang.

He entered upon his work with great enthusiasm. His visits during the first year gave him sufficient foothold, and property was purchased. For this purpose over \$1,500 was raised by his own individual effort. On Christmas—probably the last one he spent on earth—he said to his wife, who was in full and hearty sympathy with him in his work, "Let us make Pyong Yang a Christmas offering," and one hundred yen was placed on the altar. This was added so quietly to his Pyong Yang fund that hardly anyone knew it save those most intimate. This "fund" was administered with the greatest care, and at his death over six hundred and twenty yen was handed to the Superintendent of the Mission for Dr. Hall's successor in Pyong Yang.

His last year in the field was a stormy one. In the spring of 1894 he took Mrs. Hall and child to Pyong Yang. Then the petty persecution to which we are more or less subjected burst forth in all its fury. But through it all he had unflinching trust in God.

His last summer was spent in the Söul hospital here. He loved the hospital with all the love of his great soul. On October 1 he left for Pyong Yang to strengthen and comfort the brethren there. The little company was most glad to see him. On October 17 he wrote to the superintendent: "I rejoice we came when we did.

The hymns of praise that less than a year ago, when sung, brought cursing and stones upon us from the surrounding neighborhood are now listened to with delight. It makes my heart rejoice to know how faithful our Christians have been under such trying circumstances. True heroes for Christ, praise the Lord! . . . My patients are increasing daily. I have several gunshot wounds. I use my bamboo cot for a stretcher and our Christians as the ambulance staff." What a true and beautiful picture of a missionary's life. He baptized three men and a boy the last Sunday he was there.

He came to Chemulpo in a Japanese transport. Either on board or before he contracted typhus fever; but he reached Chemulpo, where Dr. E. B. Landis, of the English Church Mission, attended him, together with Brother and Mrs. Jones. He longed to get to his home in the capital to see his wife and child. Brothers Moffett and Tate, of the Presbyterian Missions, North and South, who were his companions from Pyong Yang, accompanied him up the river on the little Japanese steamer. The Mission is under a great obligation to these dear brethren for their services to the departed brother at this time. The steamer capsized—a delay of thirty-six hours on the river took away the only chance of life the sick man had.

He reached his home Monday morning a very sick man. Dr. Busted was at once summoned; other physicians came in, and were faithful in their attentions. Brother Noble, a devoted friend of the dying man, was at the sickbed receiving final instructions about temporal things.

His devoted wife never left his side. Life ebbed out slowly. Saturday morning the doctor gave up hope;

speech had ceased before, and at six in the evening he passed away.

“ Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

Committee : { H. G. APPENZELLER,
 J. B. BUSTEED,
 W. A. NOBLE.

AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM THE MEMBERS OF THE GLEN BUELL METHODIST CHURCH TO MRS. ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, M.D., RETURNED MEDICAL MISSIONARY FROM KOREA, WIFE OF THE LATE REV. W. J. HALL, M.D.

OUR ESTEEMED AND BELOVED SISTER: The occasion which has brought together the members of this church and residents of this and adjoining communities, of all shades of religious opinion, we assure you to be one of unusual interest to us. Some weeks ago we learned of your purpose to pay these parts a visit. These have been weeks of pleasurable anticipation to us, while we have not forgotten that to yourself the deep waters of a continued bereavement were being passed through. We are glad and thankful that in the good providence of our God your way has been opened up to come into our midst.

We extend these words of greeting to you on your first visit as one big family because we feel assured of our united interest in all your movements.

We welcome you to our land and to the Methodist Church in Canada because we feel that, while a twin branch of beloved Methodism has committed to you the honored legacy of pioneering her work beyond the seas, and among peoples whose ears have never heard

nor hearts been warmed by the glad news of the story of Jesus, her triumphs are our triumphs, for we are sisters nourished on the lap of a common mother.

We welcome you to our community as one about whom we have oft conversed, and whose ways, for reasons well known, we have watched with keenest interest since we first heard of you.

We welcome you to our homes. They are plain and simple, but if you would accept of such hospitalities we would be pleased to have you at our tables and in our family midst—yourself and family and the foreign brother and sister, whom we are glad to greet as trophies of the power of Jesus to save in other tongues and lands than ours.

We welcome you as a returned missionary. The word "missionary" stirs our hearts, but much more does the presence of one whom God has called to follow Him, out over the broad sea into the midst of a people of strange beliefs, strange customs, strange attire—there to preach His name and live the life of the lowly Nazarene. With an experience obtained only from looking upon those whitened fields, with laborers far from abundant, and needs the home Church has long disregarded—we feel sure the Lord will bless you in any and all of your efforts to teach us our duty and responsibility as individuals to the great work of the evangelization of the world.

But we welcome you far from least of all for a reason that steals a little farther into our hearts as the beloved wife of one whose boyhood scenes and associations were these streets and farms and neighborhoods, and whose name is to-day far and near, "as ointment poured forth." When he had equipped himself at the seats of learning for his life's work, the world called him doctor,

but the people of these communities, for some subtle reason, could not keep pace with the times. He was ours still, lent to the world and to the Church as doctor, but known to us by a far more familiar name—a link that still binds, an association never to be broken, a memory to be continued as a fountain of sweet waters. We followed his steps from boyhood lessons in the public school and the Sabbath school year by year, as the innocence of his youth and the purity of his developing manhood began to reflect themselves. Words are too feeble to express his genial manner, his kindness, his sympathy for all, and above all his unreserved consecration, anywhere and everywhere, to the work of the Master he loved. In all our hearts he has planted Korea, if for no other reason, because it was dear to him. Our affections followed him as he embarked hither at God's command; and his letters breathed the same ardent spirit in yonder land, and for yonder distant people, as we had seen blossom into fragrance in our midst, there as here led on, guided by the inspiration of that little beacon light:

“O the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.”

But while he had a mission to a foreign people, he still felt a mission to us that we never merited and feel unworthy to receive. Being absent, he would still speak. We embrace this opportunity of making this public acknowledgment of a gift to the homes of this community made some time ago—a library of one hundred and twenty volumes of the choicest soul-feeding literature. This came unsolicited, the voice of a full heart, a “library of love,” an investment for God that we pray may one day yield an abundant interest.

It pleases us to-night, that you have permitted us this occasion to give expression to feelings far too deep to be fully told. We are drawn to you, if for no other reason, for his sake. We welcome you for his sake, our interest will attend all your future steps for his sake.

To all the mysterious providences of the last year, it behooves us as creatures who walk by faith to confide in these certain words, "He doeth all things well." Not an event, nor a disappointment, nor a disposal has taken place that crosses, or in any way falls athwart the promises of our God. They can all be harmonized. The day is not done. The final reckoning is not yet completed. Over it all is being written, with the same fingers that wrote for Moses in Sinai, "For the glory of God, for Time and Eternity." We feel assured that the strongest consolations will be given to you by the Holy Comforter, to keep you and bless you in your efforts still to perform your humble part to bring the salvation of the Gospel to the land of Korea. May the Master bless the brother and sister whose hearts and confidences you have won, and who have placed their plans and lives to be directed as the way shall open up. May you be a comfort and a blessing to the father and mother and family who have been your companions in passing through these deep waters.

Permit us in conclusion to express the hope that your visit to our midst may be a blessing to us all. We hope you may not be here long before you shall fully *prove* that you are among a people who have no mere transient curiosity to gratify, but an interest that seems to us as deep as if you had been reared among us.

Kindly accept these few words of welcome from this congregation as an imperfect expression of the interest we feel in you.

Signed, on behalf the members of the Glen Buell Methodist Church.

W. F. PERLEY, Pastor.

H. E. WARREN, Assistant.

C. J. GILROY.

JOSEPH TOURISS.

LUCY GILROY.

CECELIA DACK.

JAMES A. LEE.

GLEN BUELL, ONTARIO, CANADA, *July 31, 1895.*

A PLEA FOR KOREA'S EVANGELIZATION.

EXTRACT FROM *The Christian Herald* OF DECEMBER 4, 1895.

Those who were interested in Dr. Hall's work at Pyong Yang, Korea, and those who helped him in raising the money with which to buy property for a hospital, may be glad to know that after securing a fine site, building a wall, and making some necessary repairs, there were left 620 yen (\$310, gold). Dr. Hall intended to make this the nucleus of a fund that should grow until sufficient to construct good hospital buildings in the place of the small native houses now in use. He had hoped to be ready to begin building as soon as peace should be established in Korea, and he looked forward with much pleasure to having a hospital in Pyong Yang complete in each department. The last Christmas that he spent upon earth, he proposed that we sacrifice the pleasure of making each other and our friends the usual gifts, and instead make our Christmas offering to Pyong Yang.

Already Korea has stepped out as an independent kingdom among the nations, and she will soon be making long strides toward modern civilization. Dr. Strong says, in *The New Era*, the prospect is that in the

course of a few generations the heathen world will become either Christian or agnostic—which it will become will depend upon the Church.

What can be done to make heathen Korea Christian? No greater help toward this end can be given than to build a Christian hospital in Pyong Yang. This city, the ancient capital of Korea, contains one hundred thousand people. It is situated upon a large and beautiful river in a fine agricultural district with coal fields and great metallic wealth in its immediate vicinity, and it is bound to become the metropolis of Korea. As before stated, Dr. Hall had already set aside money toward building this hospital in the city which he was the first to open to Christian work. Might it not be the most fitting tribute that could be paid to his memory if his plan be yet carried out? Nothing of the kind would better please him than such a building for Pyong Yang, whose people he loved, and for whose highest interest he labored and died.

Let the children help—Dr. Hall wrote, you remember, how in the first place the fund for buying the property in Pyong Yang was started by three little children of the missionaries. “It was only one dollar and sixty cents and the prayers of God’s little ones,” but it soon grew to over \$1,500. Perhaps Korea may become a Christian nation in the lifetime of the children who read this, and if they have helped to make her so how happy they will feel! Phillips Brooks once wrote, “If I can only place one little brick in the pavement of the Lord’s pathway, I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city.”

ROSETTA S. HALL.

LIBERTY, N. Y.

The Roentgen Rays have been turned to the benefit of religion and philanthropy. Dr. F. E. Caldwell, of Brooklyn, gave an exhibition of them a few days ago for the benefit of the fund for the erection of the missionary hospital at Pyong Yang, Korea. The work there commenced by the late Dr. W. J. Hall is being carried on by Dr. Follwell, who finds his dispensary so crowded that a hospital is urgently needed. It is proposed to make the hospital a memorial to Dr. Hall, who gave his life to his service in Korea.—*Christian Herald*.

MEMORIAL TO DR. W. J. HALL.

Dr. W. J. Hall was the pioneer medical missionary to Pyong Yang, the ancient capital of Korea. In *The Korean Repository* for May Rev. H. G. Appenzeller thus writes of him: "From the time of his appointment to this northern city, in 1892, until his early and lamented death in November, 1894, Dr. Hall devoted his time and energies to the furtherance of the work intrusted to him. For it he thought, planned, labored. To it he contributed liberally himself, and at the same time presented the claims of Pyong Yang to his friends in Korea and the home land as well. The response was prompt, and money began to come in. The 'Pyong Yang Fund,' as he called it, grew, and he was enabled by it to purchase the valuable property now occupied by his successor without drawing upon the regular appropriation. The utmost care was exercised in disbursing this fund, so that it was surprising only to those not acquainted with the details that about six hundred and fifty yen were on hand at the time of his death. This amount was paid to the Superintendent of the Mission, and Mrs. Hall at the same time expressed the wish that this money might, if possible, be used toward the erection of

a hospital to the memory of her husband. The Annual Meeting heartily approved of the object, and promptly set aside the fund toward this purpose.

“ Douglas Follwell, M.D., is the successor of Dr. Hall, and to him is committed the pleasant, and we may say sacred, work of erecting this memorial. It was our privilege to visit Pyong Yang, and with Dr. Follwell, on May 6, to begin this building by giving out the contract for the erection of a dispensary to a Korean carpenter, who agreed to finish it in five months.

“ This dispensary is located inside of and adjoining the west gate, on high ground, and but seven minutes' walk from the commercial center of the city, which in Pyong Yang, as in Söul, is marked by the big bell. This building will be 40x16 feet and in Korean style, containing a waiting room, clinic, drug room, and the doctor's office.”

Dr. Follwell, in writing of this dispensary building recently to Mrs. Hall, stated that it was going to cost seven hundred yen exclusive of doors, windows, papering, or painting, and that there would be a deficit of about two hundred and fifty yen, and that he felt sure that different friends of Dr. Hall would gladly make good this deficit—that he himself and other friends in Korea would help.

Mrs. Hall has since forwarded to Dr. Follwell, as a “special gift,” through the Methodist Episcopal Mission, fifty dollars gold (about one hundred yen) to help finish this dispensary ; and she hopes in the near future to raise one thousand dollars to build suitable operating room and medical and surgical wards, so as to make the memorial a well-equipped general hospital, such as Dr. Hall himself had planned to build.

Mrs. Hall feels that the true monument is not a cold,

expensive shaft of marble or granite, but the foundation of some work for the uplifting of the race or the amelioration of suffering. Such a monument is alive, warm, and ever reproductive.—*World-Wide Missions*, September, 1896.

Those desiring to add to this Memorial Fund may do so by sending to Mrs. Hall herself, or to Dr. F. D. Follwell, Pyong Yang, Korea; or to Dr. W. T. Smith, 150 Fifth Avenue, Missionary Secretary for Korea. All such gifts will be gratefully acknowledged.

Mrs. Hall has been reappointed by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society as Medical Missionary to Korea. She will shortly sail with her two children for that field, and looks forward to taking up her work again in Pyong Yang.

HALL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, PYONG YANG, KOREA.
DOUGLAS FOLLWELL, M.D., in charge.

BISHOP JOYCE AND MEMBERS OF THE KOREA MISSION: My medical work since last Annual Meeting covers a period of a little over four months. During six weeks of this time I treated only surgical patients in a small room of my house. Since February 1, 1897, the Hall Memorial Hospital has been opened to all comers. The building, without any expense whatever to the Missionary Society, has been erected through the self-denial of our late beloved Doctor Hall, his wife, also a physician, and their kind friends in Korea and the home land. We now have a fine building, 44x16 feet, consisting of four rooms. Our hospital is situated just outside the large west gate, and is, in my opinion, an ideal spot. It is on high ground, and faces one of the prominent streets of the city. We are ready for all the work that comes to us if we only have the room to put

the patients and sufficient funds to buy necessary instruments. I have repeatedly sent patients away either because I had no instruments suitable for operation or because of lack of ward room. A surgeon cannot work without proper instruments any more than a carpenter can build a house without saw, hammer, or nails. It is a great mistake for anyone to think that the medical missionary can get along with few instruments, and poor ones at best. We cannot afford to have poor results from our surgical work, that gives us the best success. I am hoping that the coming year will see these necessities to the carrying on of the medical work in Pyong Yang supplied. The results thus far have been most encouraging, and I have already been privileged to see some ripened grain gathered from the fields that are white already to harvest. Our medical and evangelistic possibilities in Pyong Yang are enormous. Mrs. Bishop, the well-known traveler and writer, says of this city and the surrounding country, in pleading for more missionaries: "I consider the spiritual condition of Pyong Yang more remarkable than in any other mission field I have ever visited." There are but two physicians in all northern Korea, Dr. Wells, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and myself. Patients come to our hospital every day all the way from ten to five hundred li. I often ask a patient why he came to see the foreign doctor, and he replies that he met a friend who was cured or relieved of some disease, and so he thought he would come and see what could be done for him. We see many whom we cannot cure of their bodily ailments, but we do tell them, often for the first time, of One who can cleanse from all sin and give pardon, peace, and purity through Jesus's blood. No patient comes to our hospital for treatment but goes away with some Gospel

message. Everyone knows who we are, what we are in Pyong Yang for, and that our Saviour is Jesus Christ the Lord. My helper Yi is a splendid man, and has great tact in dealing with men and women. A patient comes for treatment, and while I am dressing the wound or preparing the medicine, often occupying several minutes, my helper makes his introduction in very polite terms, and then tells the patient he is a "Jesus man," followed by the question, "Are you?" Thus the way is opened for telling him or her of Jesus, and the advantage is taken at every opportunity. Many become interested and come to our church through hearing for the first time of Jesus in the hospital.

There came a poor woman one day to the dispensary suffering from cancer of the breast. She was in great pain, and begged me to please make her well and take away her pain. The odor was such that I could hardly stay in the room, but in a few minutes this was all removed by washing the wound with bichloride of mercury solution. I told the poor soul I could not heal her and that an operation was too late, but I would try to make her pain less and herself more comfortable. One afternoon she began to cry as if her heart would break, all the while beseeching me to please give her life. Then my helper Yi told her of One who could give her peace and joy in her heart and take her to heaven. He told this poor woman that only Jesus could help her, and with the tears rolling down her cheeks she listened to every word spoken. The day she returned home I gave her Matthew's gospel, telling her to read it, and my Christian helper again told her of Jesus, and the tears flowed as she asked if He would help her. It was a scene I shall never forget, and my own eyes were not dry. The seed was sown in her heart, but I have

not heard of the poor woman since and cannot tell what the result will be until we shall all appear before the Judge of all the earth. But I am glad that this poor sin-sick, body-sick soul could come to a Christian hospital, where she could at least obtain some help from her disease and without price, for she was so destitute, and where she heard for the first time in her life of a Saviour who can heal all her diseases. We have many cases that we cannot cure, but we can help them, perhaps, to die more easily and make their last moments more comfortable.

The dispensary gives mighty indirect results. It is in the hospital that we obtain the best direct results. Let me give you one or two instances :

One afternoon a man came to the hospital from a distance of one hundred and twenty li (forty miles). He was too weak to walk, and could only breathe with great difficulty. I saw at once this patient was a very sick man and needed immediate relief. He told me he had spent twenty yen for sorceresses to heal his disease, who said his trouble had come because his father and mother were buried in poor ground, and not until the remains were removed to a better location would the disease get well. (I should say the man was suffering with empyema.) He did as the sorceresses had told him and spent a large sum of money, but alas ! the disease grew worse instead of better. At last, after all his resources were exhausted, some friend told him if he came to Pyong Yang the foreign doctor, perhaps, might heal him. A day or two after this patient came into the hospital I aspirated and removed fifty-five ounces of bloody fluid. Relief from the severe pain and distressed breathing followed this operation, though he was still very weak, but with good nourishment and careful

nursing he gained strength daily. A few days before he left for home he told us he had such joy in his heart because he could eat and sleep well now and had no pain, and that he entered the hospital thinking he was going to die, but instead of that he came to life again. During this patient's stay he received Christian instruction every day. Two Sundays before he left for home he came forward in church when the invitation was given to those who wanted to become Christians, and made public confession of faith in Jesus Christ. This meant much to a Korean. It meant that his devil and ancestral worship, his old customs and superstitions, his gambling, drinking, and immorality were all to be put away, and that henceforth he would worship only the true God. This patient said there must be something in our religion which was not in any other to make a man heal his disease and treat him kindly, and when he returned home he said he should tell everyone he knew about Jesus, who had sent the good physician to heal him of his disease.

Another case was that of a boy with "harelip," who came one hundred and twenty li, asking to be cured. I took him into the hospital and operated with good results. The brother of the patient, who came to look after him, became most interested in the truths of the Gospel, and before leaving the hospital promised to serve the only true God, and joined our Church on probation.

One more case let me relate. A young man came one afternoon to the dispensary with consumption, and asked if he could stay in the hospital. I told him I couldn't allow him to do that, because I had not enough money for his support, but that he could take some medicine which I would give him and return home. This patient kept begging me to please let him stay,

and he would be no expense to me. I consented, and during his several weeks' tarrying improved very much, though I told him I could not cure his disease. Before he left for home he was rejoicing in Jesus as his Saviour.

A few weeks ago a poor, ignorant, destitute woman came to the dispensary suffering from a very common trouble, toothache. She was in great pain, and in a moment or two the tooth was extracted. No sooner was it out than she dropped down on her knees before me and bowed herself to the ground over and over again out of sheer gratitude and thankfulness. If you could see the joy that shines upon the faces of the many patients whom we help you would be willing to spend and be spent in the service of Jesus in Korea.

Our hospital in Pyong Yang has made it possible for Brother Noble and myself to enter many homes that otherwise would have been impossible. One evening I was called to see a young man who had fallen from his pony and received some injury. On my arrival I found the patient suffering from severe laceration of the knee. A native quack who had been called in the previous evening said he could do nothing, because it would cause the boy so much pain (I thought so too), and, besides, some pus would have to be drawn, after which the wound would heal. Brother Noble kindly helped me by administering the anæsthetic, and I then sewed up the wound with thirteen sutures. When we had finished Brother Noble, myself, and the household all sat down on the floor, and after the mother had thanked us for our kindness Brother Noble preached Jesus to them, thus following in the footsteps of our divine Master and obeying his commands when our Lord sent His disciples to heal the sick and say unto them, "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

WRITTEN BY DR. HALL, BUT NOT BEFORE FULLY PUBLISHED.

There are thousands of children who love to read, and I desire to write this story especially for them.

Last fall, after traveling nearly one hundred and eighty miles on foot and on top of boxes loaded on a pony's back, I came to Pyong Yang and stopped in a little room eight feet square. Here I saw the many patients that came to me day after day to be cured of their diseases, here I ate my rice, and, tired after the day's toil, spread my blanket on the mud and stone floor, and when the vermin were not too numerous I slept.

Many weary nights I have been kept awake in the filthy inns, and I have prayed that God would give us the needed building to carry on our work for Him.

One day I was called to see a little boy whose life was gradually ebbing away. He was the son of one of the governor's assistants. God blessed the medicine, and the little boy speedily recovered. The gratitude of the parents knew no bounds. They sent me presents, and invited me to their comfortable home. They moved out of the best room they had in the house and gave it to me. The father said, "You have saved the life of our boy; use anything we have just the same as if it were your own." What a contrast to the filthy inn! Later, when I told him I wished we had such a place for our work, he offered to sell it to me. It was nicely situated, and I did so desire it that we might do better work for Jesus!

After I came back to Söul at our next children's meeting I told the whole story, and how, though we had not a single cent toward getting a building, yet this was God's work, and the silver and the gold were His, and He would give us just what was needed if we asked

Him. The children became much interested, and they said, "Well, Dr. Hall, we will ask God to give you a house." I shall never forget those prayers; they went straight to the throne of God, and soon the answer came, and these little children helped to bring it.

Shortly after the meeting was dismissed Bertie Ohlinger came running to me with a bright silver dollar and said, "Dr. Hall, here is a dollar to help buy a house in Pyong Yang; I wish I could give more, but it is all I have." At Christmas time he had been presented with two dollars. With one he had bought a present for his mother, the other he now gave to God. Next came Willa, his sister, a dear little girl of nine years, with ten cents that she had earned herself picking moths from the fruit trees. Following her came Augusta Scranton with fifty cents, saying, "I was saving it to help buy a piano, but I would rather help with God's work." Dear, precious children! they had given their hearts to Jesus, and now they had brought Him their all.

It was only one dollar and sixty cents and the prayers of God's little ones; but He who fed the five thousand with five loaves of bread and two fishes multiplied the children's gift until in six months the one dollar and sixty cents increased to one thousand four hundred and thirty-five dollars and eighteen cents, and to-day we have a good property well situated for work in Pyong Yang.

A few weeks ago Jesus took Bertie and Willa home to Himself, where they will be happy for evermore. Bertie was twelve years old, and had early learned to love Jesus. One night before he died he told me that Jesus made him very happy. The morning before Willa went home she called all the family to her bedside and asked her papa and mamma to pray, and then prayed herself. She said, "I would so like to go and be with

Jesus ! but I think Jesus is not quite ready for me yet." But that evening Jesus was ready, and came for His precious little lamb. Though Bertie and Willa have left us their work is going on.

Dear children, how much you can all do for Jesus, first by giving Him your hearts, and then by living and working for Him !

W. J. HALL.

SÖUL, KOREA, *August 10, 1893.*

WHO WILL GO ?

HYMN WRITTEN BY FANNY CROSBY ON THE DEPARTURE OF DR. HALL FOR THE MISSION FIELD.

O'er the ruthless rolling ocean,
 Where the prince of darkness reigns,
 Holding fast his countless victims,
 Crushed beneath his cruel chains ;
 O, the wail of bitter anguish,
 O, the deep despairing cry,
 Send us light or we must perish,
 Send it quickly or we die.

To these wretched, starving millions,
 Who the bread of life will bear ?
 At a throne of grace and mercy,
 Who will plead with them in prayer ?
 Who will undertake the journey
 O'er the stormy billow's foam,
 Leaving all without a murmur,
 Parents, friends, a native home ?

Firmly, bravely comes the answer,
 From a loyal mission band,
 That our blessed Lord is keeping,
 In the hollow of His hand ;
 Firmly, bravely comes the answer
 Even now I hear him say,
 " Gracious Master, Thou hast called me,
 And Thy message I obey."

Dearest brother, you are going,
Where you oft may sow in tears,
And the fruit of earnest labor,
Be withheld perhaps for years,
Though you toil amid their changes,
Burning sun and chilling frost,
Not a seed will be forgotten,
Not a single blade be lost.

God be with you on the billows,
God protect you o'er the main,
In his tender, loving kindness,
Bring you back to us again ;
But if otherwise determined,
And on earth we meet no more,
May we all sing hallelujah,
On the bright eternal shore,

