CHAPTER V.

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"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, the just shall live by faith."—Rom. 1:16-17.

Girl's Position.—Kaundi Agi was a happy little girl playing around the streams near her home in the northern mountains of Chosen, until one day when she was nearly fifteen her mother said, "Kaundi Agi, you must help me some now with the sewing; the go-between has been here and we have arranged to marry you to Mr. Yang's son away over in Kolson; and so you must help me get ready." In vain Kaundi Agi said that she did not want to leave her mother; she disliked the idea of going among people whom she had never seen,—please wait just one more year until she was a little larger. The mother sighed but answered firmly, "You are a Korean girl and you cannot do what you want to do; you must do what the Lord of the House says, and since you are not very strong we are fortunate indeed in getting so good a price for you as Mr. Yang offers."

Marriage.—Kaundi Agi had no real name; she was the second daughter, so they called her "Kaundi Agi," the Middle One. Despite her tears and protestations she was sent thirty miles from home to the house of the prosperous farmer, Mr. Yang. There her place as wife to his son was entirely secondary in all their minds to her position as daughter-in-law in the home. It was not a question

of "Will her husband find pleasure in her?" but rather, "Will she lighten her mother-in-law's work?" The poor little fifteen-year-old girl had to stifle her sobs and conceal her longing for her mother and for her childhood home, for those were all dead to her now. She belonged absolutely to her new family.

The New Enemy.—The Yang home was down in the valley and the mountain reared girl soon became the victim of malaria. Added to her natural homesickness she now heard on all sides regrets for the bad bargain that the family had made in getting such a weakly girl. But as the mother-in-law frankly remarked, "She won't last long, and we shall be more careful next time. I won't trust any go-between, I shall go myself and pick out a strong husky girl, one who can lift heavy jars of water." Poor little Middle One, is there no eye that sees and pities your loneliness and misery? Many a night when the



Rev. and Mrs. K. P. Yi.



Rev. C. I. Yi.

rest of the family was asleep, she crept out of doors, and gazing up at the stars that seemed to her poor tear-blinded vision like the eyes of guardian spirits, she would lift her heart and voice in a cry for help.

No one had ever told her of God, she knew nothing of His Son and the wonderful Home He had prepared; but she felt that somewhere there must be Someone who could help her. And so in her ignorance and sorrow she stood night after night out in the starlight with arms outstretched, calling on the unknown God to show her the way.

The New Friend.—No one ever cries to Him in vain. One day her father-in-law came home from market with two books and a wonderful story. There had been at market a blue-eyed Westerner, his nose was as large as a house, and his ears stood out like fans. Yes, he was curious looking, and very ill-mannered as all those crude Westerners are, but he was teaching a new religion called "The Jesus Doctrine." Mr. Yang had bought two books and he thought he would see what this Jesus taught. Thus His Word found entrance into that home; but among all its inmates only the father and the little despised "Middle One" were ready to let Him into their hearts.

The son was uninterested, the mother was "too old to learn"; but the Middle One, though she could not leave home to attend any of the meetings, found that there was a new bond between her and her father-in-law. He taught her to read and to sing the Christian songs and bought her copies of the Gospels and finally of the whole Bible. How she devoured its contents! Life, everything, had a new meaning to her after that.

Ownerless Thing.—When she was twenty-two a fearful scourge of fever swept through that province, and both Mr. Yang and his son died. Middle One now became "An Ownerless Thing"; her husband, her real owner, was dead, and her own family had no claim on her. There is

nothing more pitiful than a young Korean widow. But soon Middle One learned that her brother-in-law had arranged to send her as a concubine to a rich man in a distant village.

Flight.—She refused to go, put on her old torn clothes, and covering her head with ashes declared that if taken it would be as a beggar and not as a bride. Her brother-in-law shrugged his shoulders and replied that there were ways of making a hard-headed Korean girl mind; he had received her purchase price and go she must. She saw that there was nothing to save her, and so at night, clad in her oldest clothes, with her head and face covered from view according to Korean custom, she fled, hoping to gain shelter in some missionary's home.

Capture.—For three days she trudged through the December snow, footsore and weary; on the fourth night she was caught. Her brother-in-law had accepted thirty dollars for her and he must deliver the goods. And so she was taken to her new owner's home. It was a rich home; at first they tried to deceive her by telling her that if she would only stay quietly there and teach them of Jesus they would all believe. She told them that she would gladly stay as a servant, but she could never be a concubine, nor could she have anything to do with spirit worship.

"My God Can Deliver."—She told them of how powerful God was, and how He always cared for His own. Thousands of years ago some of His chosen people were captives in Egypt and He delivered them just as He was going to deliver her.

Bridegroom Sick.—That night the bridegroom was taken suddenly ill, and they prepared a dummy man to take out to the mountain to deceive the spirits that they might think this was the one whom they wanted to afflict, and so leave the real man in peace. In the confusion,

Middle One made her escape to the home of a Christian in a nearby village. But the next day when the bridegroom was better they found her place of refuge and she was again carried captive to an alarmed and frightened household. What kind of a Korean girl was she? She feared neither her mother-in-law nor the tigers of the mountain.

Middle One did not give them much comfort. She told them how that her God had in one night slain 185,000 men because they had dared to oppress His people, she pictured with vivid picturesqueness the dying horrors of the Chaldeans who thrust the Hebrew children into the fiery furnace, she lingered over the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea, and she added, "My God's arm is not shortened, He is able and He will deliver me, just as He has delivered His children in the past."



McCutchen Memorial Bible School and Students, Chunju, February, 1919

God's Promise Fulfilled.—That evening they came to the women's quarters with fearful faces; the bridegroom had had a relapse. Despite all their offerings to the spirits he was again very ill. Middle One calmly remarked to her would-be mother-in-law, "I am afraid that he will be much sicker if you don't let me go. I don't know how God intends to save me from your son, but save me He will. Remember what I told you of the first born of Egypt."

Go in Peace.—About midnight Middle One was awakened by her new mother-in-law, who commanded her to arise and dress and go in peace. She added, "I have a servant here who will escort you to the home of a church leader who lives about fifty miles from here. I have prepared food, money, and clothing, and I shall see that you are not followed or molested. I do not know your God, but I do know that He is more powerful than our spirits, and I want you to go in peace,—then perhaps my son will recover." Thus in the home of the Korean church leader Middle One found a home, and for five months she lived there helping in the village and family life. Then one day Mr. Lee, of Pyeng Yang, came through the village hunting for a sewing woman and nurse for his children and Middle One gladly went with him. She spent five years in the Lee home, learning lessons of thrift and neatness, and growing daily in her love of the Bible and in knowledge of its power.

Rev. K. P. Yi was ready to graduate from the Seminary in our first class. Years before he had thrown stones at Dr. Moffett on the streets of Pyeng Yang, but now he was known as one of the most consecrated and able men in our church. And so when he asked Middle One to join her life with his in an effort to bring their people to Christ, she gave a glad assent.

Missionaries to Quelpart.—When Mr. Yi graduated in 1907, he and his wife were sent as the first missionaries of the Korean Church to the island of Quelpart. There

for eight years they did a wonderful work. Mrs. Yi taught the Quelpart women the Way of Life, and along with it, lessons of hygiene and homemaking. In 1915 Mr. Yi's throat gave out, so they spent a year in Mokpo. Then he became pastor of the Kwangju church. In all his work Mrs. Yi has been in every sense a helpmeet. When she was baptized she was given the name of Hamna, "Brought into Harmony," for had not all her hopes, desires, and thoughts been brought into harmony with God's great plan for those who truly love and serve Him?

2. Faith Casting Off Old Customs and Ideas: Mr. U.

Six Misfortunes.—"What makes Mr. U such a melancholy looking man?" asked the Moksa on one of his first visits to the island of Pekum. "Oh," was the reply, "Mr. U has had a very great misfortune, enough to make any man look sad. All of his neighbors sympathize with him greatly." The missionary's kind heart was touched and he inquired, "What is his trouble?" From their reply he learned the distressing fact that Mr. U had six daughters and no sons. Any Oriental will feel that his lot is indeed hard if he is denied the *summum bonum* of life, a son; and it is much worse if he is burdened with a lot of foolish, useless girls.

Changed Spectacles.—But as Mr. U grew in Christian knowledge and faith, his face brightened, he had a new light on life's pathway. God had given him these little girls and they were precious in their heavenly Father's sight, therefore he also must love and cherish them. And so he named them all using the Chinese character "So" which means "Little" as the first syllable of each one's name.

Then Mr. U caught another vision, a strange one for an uneducated Korean farmer to catch. He saw something of what educated Christian womanhood would mean

to his people, and he determined to give each of his girls at least three years in a Christian school.

A New World.—One day soon after, I heard much clearing of throat and coughing at the front door; there stood Mr. U with an old rooster and a string of eggs as a propitiatory offering to the president of the school, and with him were two wild looking little girls. Their eyes were so bright and their whole air so untamed that I was afraid they would fly away before I could get them tagged. But no, "Little Daughter" and "Little Strength" (Soapi and Soyup), had come for an education. They brought a large bag of barley with them, for that was what they raised on their own island farm. They proposed to bring their own food from home and cook it at the school. I agreed to give them a brazier to cook on as the other girls were then eating rice.

It takes grit for a school child of any race to live in a dormitory and daily prepare and eat inferior food while all around are other pupils enjoying better food, and the Korean child is no exception.

At the close of the second year typhus fever swept the island and Soapi was one of the victims. And so Sojin, "Little Truth," came to take her place at school in the fall, and the stricken father said that "Little Daughter" had gone singing to her Heavenly Father's Home. In time, So-ai "Little Love," took up Soyup's place, and Soyup was married to a well-to-do but illiterate farmer living on Udol mountain, about a mile from the school. These new relatives of Little Strength were prosperous people, but they knew nothing of the value of an education. They were amazed when Little Strength begged permission to take her small niece to school. For almost a week she patiently took that long walk each day with the little seven-year-old girl, until the child learned the way for herself and was not afraid to come alone.

A Happy Marriage.—She taught her husband to read; and so well did she fill her mission in the home, that when her older sister-in-law died, Mr. Chay sent to our school, asking for an educated girl for his wife. He said that he had watched Little Strength for over a year, and he too wanted a cleaner home, and a wife who would be a companion to him.

A Victory for God.—Last year there was a mighty victory won for God out in Mr. U's island home. That strange epidemic, called the "Flu," which swept the world, sparing neither palace nor hut, visited the little island of Pekum, and every member of Mr. U's family was stricken at once. There was no one to build fires, bring water, cook food, or help in any way. At last his heathen neighbors came, but, before they would cross the threshhold, they must first make a sacrifice to the evil spirit that was thus afflicting the family. But Mr. U could not give his consent to demon worship in his home. "Then we cannot come in the house to help you," was the verdict of the village, "for the foul spirit will certainly be angered and attack us."

Day after day they came with offers of help if Mr. U would permit even a little offering to this fierce demon. He saw his wife and his now dearly loved girls sick and helpless, but he felt that to yield would be to acknowledge that the devil still held power over him and his. He knew that he had been bought with the precious blood of Christ and was free from the power of Satan. And so he claimed victory through the Lamb, and obtained it; for, while many of his heathen neighbors died, he and his entire family came unscathed through the scourge. And the neighbors look at him and wonder if after all the demons are as powerful as they are believed to be.

3. Faith Sowing Seed: Mrs. Yi.

In a country village in Korea lived a family by the name of Won. There was a little girl whom they called Arun Yuni and she spent a part of each day with her little friends putting together bright little scraps of cloth to make the pieced jackets that Korean children love so well. The sleeves of the jackets are often made of twenty different colors, sewed together to simulate stripes, and we wonder if Joseph's coat of many colors was half so pretty.

Marriage.—One day her mother called Arun Yuni and informed her that she had been betrothed to the eldest son of the noted Yi family. This alliance, she added, was eminently fitting inasmuch as the relatives in conference had discovered that there existed an affinity between the eight ideographs that composed Arun Yuni's name and those that occurred in the young man's name. An exorcist would forthwith be called to select a propitious day for the wedding.

The Wedding Chest.—Arun Yuni did not want to be married, but she was interested, childlike, in all the new clothes and pretty bright cloth that the bridegroom sent for her trousseau. The shiny new chest held silk for waists, linen for skirts, fine domestic for underwear, lovely silver ornaments for her hair, shoes, a comb, a small mirror, and even charcoal to be used as an offering to the spirits when Arun Yuni's first son was born.

Eight Characters Are Unfortunate.—The marriage was as happy as most Eastern marriages are, for the Oriental woman is always taught self-abnegation. She expects little of her liege lord. Arun Yuni did her full duty in presenting the Yi family with a beautiful baby boy, and for a while it seemed that her eight characters were certainly meant for happiness. But, alas, the young husband and the much loved baby boy were taken from

her, and as a most unwelcome baby girl was born soon after the boy's death, everyone knew that Arun Yuni must have displeased the spirits greatly. This useless, undesired baby girl became a sight almost unbearable to the poor widowed mother, for she constantly reminded her of the anger of the gods and of her present forlorn condition. How the poor, ignorant child-mother hated that baby and how she wished it would die!

Flight.—A woman, whose business it is to locate unattached women, began to frequent Arun Yuni's home and to pity her because of her sad condition, for none of her family cared for her now since they saw her cast off by the spirits. This woman told her that she knew of a very fine wealthy desirable man who would gladly welcome her to his home and make her mistress of it. Arun Yuni finally consented to go, but what should she do with the unwanted baby girl? The go-between met her out in the back of the village, where she had planned to drown the baby and leave a suit of her own clothes, as proof that she herself was drowned; for that would be less of a disgrace than for them to know that she had "mended her eight characters," or married in the only way that a widow could. But when the time came she could not kill the little girl, and so she decided to take her with her.

A Prisoner.—When the coolies put her chair down in the yard of her new home she stepped out from the curtains to find that the go-between, the chair coolies, all, had disappeared; and although she already bitterly regretted the step that she had taken, she was virtually a prisoner in the household of the new lord of her life. Looking upon him she knew that he was a drunkard and a man to be feared, but according to Korean custom she was tied securely to him; there was no place to which she could flee. Henceforth abuse and beatings and drudgery were to be her portion.

Let us pass over the years of starvation and suffering through which she lived as the practical slave of that ill-tempered, drinking, Korean man. At last she decided that she could stand it no longer; she would take her child and escape to Seoul and become a Buddhist nun. It was a long, hard trip, but they made it.

Meeting With Miss Tate.—Mrs. Yi had a very bad sore of some three years standing, and it would not heal though she had continued to use on it the strongest native medicine, manure and dried salt fish. After she had been in Seoul for some time she heard of an American doctor who did most wonderful things. She went to see him, and at the hospital she heard of another most wonderful thing, a school for girls! Well, this was the place to get rid of her undesirable daughter. She succeeded in placing her girl in the school. There she met Miss Mattie Tate, who had only recently come to Korea and who was then in Seoul studying the language in preparation for her wonderful work among the country women of Korea. No one would have thought of this poor, ignorant, sad, Korean woman as a Helper but she went to Miss Tate as a servant and later she developed into a wonderful Bible student, a seed-sower who was instant in season and out of season.

Chief of Sinners.—At first it was difficult for her to study and she did not seem to care for the hours of Bible work; but one day she came home from the Bible class with her face beaming, and said, "I am so glad to know what my sins are and that Jesus has died for all of them," then breaking down and crying the cry of an awakened sinner, "Yes, He died for others, but surely not for me, for I have committed all the sins known." But after reading God's word on the subject and hearing a talk on Christ's healing the blind, she became very happy that He had opened her eyes spiritually and made her to know that, though she were the chief of sinners, Jesus' blood was sufficient to make even her scarlet life white as snow.

Her Message.—Her great desire was to tell others of the cleansing blood of Calvary, and first she must take the message to her own home people. And this she wanted to do even though she knew that they would rather believe her dead than to know that she had disgraced her name by the life which she had led since she left them. She realized that she might be denied recognition, beaten, even killed by her father's family, but she bravely took the long, hard journey, and later had the joy of bringing several of her own family to Christ.

When Miss Tate prepared to make her first trip to Chunju, Mrs. Yi went with her as companion, friend, helper; and later when Miss Tate moved permanently to Chunju, Mrs. Yi declined an offer of a much larger salary in Seoul, saying that she was glad God gave her a chance to sacrifice a little for Him and to go a long way from home to tell the women of Chulla Province of God's love and His Son who had come to save.

Two Partners.—For many years the "Woman from America" and the "Woman from Seoul" worked together in this southern country, and their souls were knit in a wonderful love and purpose to bring the message to the Korean women. Even as the Bible speaks of the "Samaritan Woman" who so "published the tidings" that crowds came to hear Him, so the Koreans called Mrs. Yi the "Seoul Woman," and she too published the glad news far and near for many years.

She was a great help to Miss Tate by her love and constant unselfish thought for her comfort during those early years of seed sowing. Once she walked thirty miles to send chair coolies for Miss Tate when she was in the country, and having taken no money for her own dinner, she drank water "often and often."

Once in speaking of the wounds and abuses which she had received at the hands of her second husband, she

said, "Oh, never call them hardships any more, but just God driving me to where I could learn of Him and His Son. I had thought that I would never see my beautiful boy again, but now I know that God took him that I might not teach my baby to worship evil spirits and idols. Oh, He is keeping my boy safe for me, and I know that it was God who kept me from drowning my baby girl that time, although I did not know Him then. He has led me all the way."

The despised little daughter was one of the first Korean teachers in the Chunju Girls' School.

The heathen Koreans are terribly afraid of death, but even yet the women of her village speak of Mrs. Yi's triumphant Home-going. Thank God for such seed sowers!

4. Faith Under Temptation: Rev. C. I. Yi.

When Yi Cha Ik first heard the gospel story he was a merchant. He learned that a Christian must be a man of clean hands and pure heart, and must pay his debts. Now up to this time Yi Cha Ik's debts had not worried him much; he expected to pay them when it was convenient. But as a Christian he had to settle with his creditors, and that left him without funds with which to carry on his merchandizing. He and his young wife were reduced to such straits that they had only two scant meals a day.

The Test.—His father-in-law was well-to-do and he sent for Yi, saying, "If you will give up doing the Jesus doctrine I will give you money to go into business." But the answer was, "I cannot sell my Master." From the first Mr. Yi was eager to tell others both publicly and privately about Jesus. He often led the church meetings in his own village, walked twelve miles to conduct services in another town, and then came back in time to lead services in his own church at night.

The Second Temptation.—Again his father-in-law sent for him. "You say that doing that doctrine is believing in Jesus and leading a straight life. Well, I am willing for you to do all that quietly at home. If you will only give up preaching I will give you money enough to open up a good store." But Yi Cha Ik had felt within his soul,



Going to Market

"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." And so he replied that he could not promise that he would not tell others of Jesus. His father-in-law was very indignant and with a stick drove him away from home, and said: "Though you and your family starve you must never come to me again for help. Henceforth you are aliens to me."

When Mr. Yi reached home he found his wife on the floor in a faint from lack of food. A kind neighbor, knowing their condition, sent in a table of dinner. After she had revived somewhat, Mr. Yi told his wife of her father's offer and asked what she thought they ought to do about it. She replied that it was for him to decide.

Decision Made.—He then answered, "It is true perhaps that I could believe and do right quietly here at home; but I feel that God is calling me to preach, and I am afraid that this is just the Devil trying to silence me. If I make a compromise with the enemy then I myself may become a useless servant." The wife at once replied,

"You are right. Go on preaching. If we live, we live, and if we die, we die."

Consequences.—Years afterwards Mr. Tate asked Mr. Yi what he now thought of that early decision, and he answered, "I still think that if I had not done what the Lord gave me to do, I would have been a castaway. I am sure of one thing. If I had decided differently I would never have had the joy of leading my father-in-law to Christ. Last year when he was dying he called all of us to his side and told us of his joy in Christ, and exhorted us all to meet him in Heaven."

Mr. Yi is now an ordained minister in charge of a group of churches in Mr. Tate's field. He is gifted as a personal worker and his colleagues bear testimony to his unselfishness in anything that has to do with himself or his family.

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

5. Faith Dealing With Little Things of Daily Life: Chassubby Umini.

Some one has rightly said, "No one is a hero to his valet," and many a hero has lost some of his glamor when seen too close, but I have always said if I ever wrote a book, it would be the life of my cook; for in that humble, ignorant, Korean woman, for twelve years I have daily seen the miracle of a new life, a beautiful, unselfish life growing out of the mires of the old superstitions and teachings of ages of heathenism.

First Meeting.—Chassubby Umini has no other name that I ever heard, but that given her as a recognition that her oldest son was named Chassubby, and so she was called Chassubby's mother. We met five weeks after I landed in Chosen, and our household goods having arrived, we decided to begin housekeeping, and kind neigh-

bors called Chassubby's mother to cook for us. She had never seen a stove, a biscuit, a chair, any of the things we use. I knew no Korean and she no English. Thus we began partnership. I had learned to say keu-ruk-ky ha-si-o, "do it that way." So I would make up a bed or prepare a cup of coffee and tell her to do it as I did.

Housekeeping.—But oh! I thought she was so stupid and hard to teach. I knew I had come to Korea because the people needed help, but I used to look at my cook and think surely the Lord might have sent me somebody brighter and cleaner than she was to start with.

Outwitting the Mountain Spirits.—Just a short time before she came to me, they had a terrible drought in Chunju, and Chassubby's mother and some other village women got the entrails of a hog and dragged them all over the sacred mountain to make it so filthy that the spirits that lived there would send rain to cleanse their sacred home, and of course the village gardens beneath the mountain would get the benefit of the showers. I knew she was noisy and high-tempered and slovenly, but you can imagine my feelings when one day she came up drunk. I would have sent her away but I just felt that I would not give up the first person God had put under my influence in Korea.

I talked to her, I prayed with her, I cried over her. I remember the last time she was drunk was on our wedding anniversary, and I had made a little feast and invited all the missionaries, and she had taken so much wine she could hardly wait on the table. She knew how the Moksa and I had planned and decorated for that little entertainment, for I had told her of that wedding day back in my Tennessee home. When she saw our grief was not for our ruined dinner but for her, because she had fallen short of her own knowledge of true womanhood, I think that night the old, hard, sinful heart received its first vision of the light.

Born Again.—From that night there was a change. I never saw her drunk again. The growth was slow, but day by day Satan had less and less power over her. Little by little her surrender to Christ was more complete. Gradually I saw the miracle of a new woman, sweet-spirited, unselfish, born from that erstwhile Korean virago.

Of course, at first many even of her religious ideas were wrong. She had an idea that once baptized she would lose all desire to sin. I tried to teach her differently but all in vain. The day after she was baptized, she came to me discouraged and disheartened, to confess that she and her husband had had a fuss, and she had lost her temper, even though she had just been baptized. Then she too learned that "the devil was too strong for young Melancthon."

Loyalty.—Her loyalty and love for her "Moksa and Poo-een" caused her to do some funny things. If we were not always invited to tea at a neighbor's home when others were invited, it was all I could do to keep her from going up and demanding an invitation for us. Dr. Nisbet had no white linen suits like the other missionaries were wearing, and she insisted on stiffly starching his underwear so he "could wear it on the outside."

The Narrow Way.—At prayers one morning we spoke of how easy the plan of salvation had been made. God had not asked a hard thing of us; all we had to do was just to believe. Chassubby's mother has a great respect for the Moksa, but that was more than she could stand. She interrupted, "Moksa, do you think it is easy to believe? It is easy to say you believe with your lips, but to believe down in the middle of your insides, and to show your belief with your hands and feet and tongue, that is the very hardest thing in the world. And I think Jesus means for you to believe with all there is in you." After living with her for twelve years, I know that she believes "down in the middle of her insides," for I have seen her tested.

Faith and Works.—Mr. Parker had been very ill with typhus fever; all over our mission we had united in asking God to spare him to the work, and our prayers had been granted. When he was convalescent, Mr. McEachern was taking him to Kunsan to recuperate. They reached our home in Mokpo about nine at night, and as their telegram had failed to reach us, the kitchen fire was out and there was nothing for the hungry men to eat. But eat they must for they had had a scant lunch. Chassubby's mother had done a hard day's washing and I knew she ached; but when I called her, she answered gladly, "Cook supper for Mr. Parker? Of course, I would like to do it. Did I not pray him well when he was sick, and what kind of a Christian would I be, if, after praying him well, I was not glad any hour of the night to get up and cook supper for him?" That is her idea of faith and works, and they make a good combination.

A Dragon.—She lost several little girls before she was a Christian, so in order to deceive the spirits when her third girl came, she called her "Yongie" (a dragon), so the spirits would not know there was a girl in the home but think it was a dragon.

Grace.—Several years after she became a Christian a beautiful little girl was born and named "Unhay" (Grace); for was it not of God's grace that this baby girl had come for the mother to show what a child would be like, who never saw spirit worship, and who with her mother's milk drank in the spirit of love and service? Unhay was a beautiful child and each day the proud mother told me some new plan for Unhay's education.

The Laughing Baby.—There hangs by our bureau, the picture of a little three-year-old nephew. He is holding out his arms to catch a ball, and his face is all alight with smiles. He laughed his way into our hearts, and then he laughed his way into Heaven, but because of his short bright life, all babies are just a little dearer to me. My

cook has always called him "The Laughing Baby," and loved to hear me tell how he sang, "The old time religion, 'Tis good enough for me," in his sweet baby voice.

Suddenly Unhay was stricken and in a week the idol of that humble Korean home was laid to rest in the little Korean church cemetery.

The Test.—How my heart ached for the poor mother, and I could but wonder how her faith would stand this test. The next day she was back in the kitchen, saddened but cheerful and efficient, and as she went about her work of making the Moksa and Poo-een comfortable, she asked, "Poo-een, who do you think was the first one to meet Unhay in Heaven?" I replied that I did not know, and she answered, "Well, I think it was your Laughing Baby. At first I was afraid Unhay would be lonesome up in heaven, and then I thought, no, the Laughing Baby will meet her and take her by the hand and lead her right to Jesus' feet, and say, 'Jesus, here is a little girl from Korea, and she has no friends here for the Koreans have not heard about Jesus long, so we are going to play here at your feet till her mother comes.' "

And in humble faith and love the mother is waiting until Jesus calls her to see her child again, happy in the thought that Unhay and the Laughing Baby are together playing at His feet.

6. Faith Through Prayer: Mr. Su.

Half Way House.—Nestling at the foot of Chunnun pass, is the little village of Chunnun, with perhaps a hundred little straw-thatched mud houses. One house is a little larger than the others, and if the traveller asks why, perchance some village man will reply with pride, "That is our church," and add with still greater pride pointing to a small two-roomed house, "And yonder is our schoolhouse," for the two-score Christians in that little village of Chunnun had caught a vision of what a Christian education meant to their young people and had

built them a neat schoolhouse. This building was a great convenience to the missionaries, for Chunnun was just half way between Kwangju and Chunju, and so the little building became the Rest Home. Before the days of railroads, when the seventy mile trip had to be made on horseback or in a sedan chair, we would send food and bedding ahead and prepare to sleep at Chunnun and make the distance in two days.

An Unfinished Ride.—On February 13, 1911, Miss Laura May Pitts and I left Chunju at six in the morning for the long horseback ride to Kwangju. I was going to help them in their mid-winter Bible class; Miss Pitts wanted to pay a little visit to friends there. She had been in Korea only six months, but in the hospital (she was a trained nurse), and in the Korean homes, she had already won her title of "One who loves to help."

About nine o'clock it began to rain, and for about six hours we rode on through a heavy downpour. We could not stop, for our bedding, food, etc., were ahead of us at the little village of Chunnun. We got off the road at one place and lost about two hours finding the right



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path again. About four o'clock the rain turned into a driving snow, but neither of us was easily discouraged; so with jest and laughter we rode on.

Welcome.—Bad as the weather was, a crowd had gathered at Chunnun to welcome us. A few came out some distance to meet us. They had good fires and a warm room, and soon we were comfortable. I know of few things sweeter than the welcome these lonely Christians give to their Moksa and Poo-een, especially if there happens to be one in the crowd whom you have been privileged to lead to Christ. I do not believe there is any joy on earth like that of looking into the face of a man or a woman who first learned the name of Jesus from you. Talk of missionary sacrifice! The missionary's joy at such a time so outweighs all else that he would not change places with any man on earth.

Elder Su.—After we had somewhat dried our clothes and had supper, we had a short service with the women. The leader of the Chunnun group was Elder Su. In youth he had been a drunkard and a gambler, and he had sown his wild oats; but with the entrance of the Gospel, all that had been changed. He had the same personal magnetism and genial manners that had made him "such a hearty good fellow," but coupled with it was a deep realization of the personal leadership of his Master.

A heathen woman once heard Mr. Tate preach on, "Ye must be born again," and she remarked to a friend: "I don't know anything about that Book, but I know the man he was talking about, who was born again; his name is Su and he lives in our village. He is a new man since he became a Jesus believer."

Miss Pitt's Home-Going.—Dr. Nisbet had sent a trusted Korean man with us on this trip, so Mr. Su promised to find a lodging place for him, and about ten o'clock all the Koreans went home. After they had gone we realized our

matches were wet, but we would not call them back to get fresh ones. Some time in the night, I left my narrow army cot to get a drink of water, and in the tiny confines of the Korean room, I touched my friend's hand lying outside her cot. It was cold with that peculiar coldness that strikes terror to the heart. I called her, I knelt beside her and felt her face, her throat; I could not believe it, but I knew I must have light and aid.

It was still snowing, but out into the night, barefooted, I plunged. The first house where I called for aid, the man told me he had no dealings with the Christians; the second home the man was deaf; and at the third they could not understand my Korean language; but the fourth was a Christian home, and they called Elder Su and other Christian friends, who brought lamps, and hot water and Korean restoratives. We worked for a half hour, but all in vain. Long before I awoke, in the quiet little Korean room, God had called Laura May Pitts to enter into the glory He had prepared for those who love and serve Him.

Jas. 1:5.—I then prepared to send a telegram to Chunju for my husband and Dr. Daniel to come to me. There was no telegraph office nearer than Kobu, the county seat, seven miles away, and the telegram had to be written in Korean and sent there. I breathed a prayer for help and wrote: "The trained nurse died last night. Mr. Nisbet and Dr. Daniel come at once." After the man had mounted a horse and started to Kobu, a voice seemed to whisper to me, "You have left out a necessary word in that telegram, you ought to have inserted Chunnun, for if they receive it from Kobu, they will go to Kobu. I called the man back and rewrote the telegram, "The trained nurse died at Chunnun last night. Mr. Nisbet and Dr. Daniel come to Chunnun at once." Later I asked my husband what he would have done if the word Chunnun had been left out, and he answered, "We would have gone to

Kobu, the place from which the message was sent, for we would have thought you girls had lost your way and were there. And so I know His Spirit leads in our hour of need.

Availing Prayer.—After the man had gone with the telegram, Elder Su said, "We have done everything that human wisdom can do, let us ask the Father of all wisdom and help to show us the way." And I have never heard such a prayer as followed. It seemed as though the very gates of heaven were opened, and we stood in the presence of the ever-loving, ever-helpful Father. He prayed for the loved ones in the homeland, that they might realize that Heaven was as near Miss Pitts in Korea as in America, and that they might be comforted; for me, that the barriers of race and language and customs might be swept away, and I might understand them and they me, and that we might indeed be as one family; for them, that they might know how to help and comfort me, and lastly that in her Home-going God might be glorified and souls saved. He ended with a glorious thanksgiving for God's help to His servants in ages past, with full assurance claiming present help.

Coroner's Inquest.—Through the long eighteen hours before my husband and the doctor reached me, there was nothing that love and thought could do for me that was not done by those Korean Christians. About nine o'clock, the Japanese officials came from the county seat for the coroner's inquest. For four hours there was a long grilling examination. Of course they read the events according to their light,—we were wives of the same man, I was the older and uglier wife, therefore jealous, and so had murdered the younger woman. They examined our food, our luggage, my pen knife. They asked all kinds of questions, but no more than our police would ask a Japanese woman if her companion was suddenly found dead in a lonely place.

At last they told me they were going to perform an autopsy. I had submitted so far to all questioning, and searching, but there is a limit, and it had been reached. I told them they could not do that. I had sent for an American physician and until he came they could not touch that dear body. When they looked a little uncertain, I placed myself in front of the door and told them I was an American woman and I claimed the protection of the American flag. If they entered that room they would do it over my body, and if they knew anything of Americans, they knew they protected their women. They withdrew for consultation and that was the last I ever heard of an autopsy.

The Koreans are afraid of a Japanese official, but through it all, Mr. Su was right by my side, interpreting, helping, suggesting. That day I saw the promise in Jas. 1:5 literally fulfilled. My Korean is far from perfect now. I am provoked when I tell the boy to bring me a hoe (Quangie) and he chases the cat (Kwangie). But that day I could speak Korean as well as I could English. I never lacked a word, I could understand and be understood.

To this day, whenever I hear "Blest be the tie that binds," all else fades, and again I am in that little narrow Korean room kneeling beside my dead friend while that humble Korean farmer leads me straight into the presence of the Father.

Prayer Answered.—I would like to tell how I have lived to see every request of that wonderful prayer granted, but I have time for only one.

There was a wealthy woman in Chunju that we had tried to bring to Christ, but the old, old story was unheeded. Several years after I moved to Mokpo, I went back to Chunju on a visit and found her an earnest Christian. I asked her what finally moved her, and she replied, "Do you remember the trained nurse, who died at Chunnun? Once I was sick at the hospital and she was so

beautiful and clean and so kind. I could not but wonder why she left her home to come to minister to a people she did not know. I asked one of the Koreans and she told the trained nurse. With a smile she said to me, 'Jesus' Love.' She could not talk much Korean, but I knew she meant that Jesus' love called her here to help us who did not know how to help ourselves. And after her death I just could not get away from her Jesus. Night and day He called me through her message of a surrendered life, and so at last I just had to come to Him."