The Korea Pentecost

And Other Experiences on the Mission Field

By

WILLIAM NEWTON BLAIR

PRINTED FOR USE OF THE BOARD AND MISSIONS

The Board of Foreign Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
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As I have traveled over the country in my year of furlough, I have found everywhere the greatest interest in the progress of the Gospel in Korea, and particularly a desire to know and understand the facts concerning the great revival of 1907. To meet this desire, I have put into writing my own recollections of the revival. At first I planned to write only of that great outpouring of God's Spirit, but the events connected with that time were so dramatic and unusual that I feared they would be misunderstood without some account of the previous history of the Church and the condition of national affairs. It is for this reason that I have recorded first something of the history of the Church from its beginning and some of my own experiences with the Korean Christians during the eight happy years I have lived and worked among them.

W. N. B.

CHAPTER I

First Impressions

There were six of us who sailed together from San Francisco for Korea in August of 1901 on a Japanese ship, the *America Maru*, going out for the first time as missionaries under the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Like most who go a-sailing for the first time, we were seasick the first day, but the second morning found the sea calm and beautiful. We were sailing straight on towards the rim of a great, strange basin filled level full of blue-green solid-looking water that resisted the vessel and foamed for miles along our track. We seemed to be much lower than the distant horizon, sailing continually upward, never reaching the top. There were many Japanese and Chinese on the lower decks, both fore and aft. Most were squatted in the sunlight recovering from the night's seasickness. A few had already spread their blankets in sheltered spots, playing steadily for money with long, slender cards or with dice.

Presently we discovered a man, seated apart from the rest, dressed in the oddest costume I had ever seen. He wore a long, loose coat of white silk with sleeves nearly a foot wide. On his head was a shiny black hat with a stiff rim of three or four inches and a high crown in the middle like an undergrown opera hat. It was made, as we afterwards learned, of closely woven horse hair, starched stiff and glistening and so transparent that one could make out the shape of his peculiar hair dress with the knot of black hair, stuck through with a white pin, running up under the crown of the hat. From what we had read we knew he must be a Korean and, going as we were to give our lives for Korea, we were at once greatly interested and tried to talk to him; but he knew little English and we no Korean, so we made poor progress. The next day, however, we found a Japanese on board who said he thought he could help us. Going down together, we said what we wished to the Korean and the Japanese gentleman wrote it out in those mysterious characters that adorn a Chinese laundry shop, the classical language of the Chinese, which the Chinese and the

Japanese and the Koreans all use in common much as Europe used to use Latin. As our Japanese friend wrote, the Korean stood looking over his shoulder. Presently we could see intelligence dawning in the man's face. He stretched out his hand and took the pen and wrote back in answer, "My name is Whang. I am not a Christian, but I am glad that you are going to Korea to help my people."

Every day after that, Mr. Whang came up on the upper deck and taught us words out of the Korean language. There were six of us, as I have said, in our party going to Korea as missionaries: Mr. E. H. Miller and Mr. W. M. Barrett, Miss Mattie Henry and Miss Mary Barrett, and Mrs. Blair and myself. How eager we were to begin, like children just starting to school, unable to realize the herculean task before us and hence courageous to begin. I have a note book with nearly two hundred words in it which I caught from the lips of Mr. Whang. Many are incorrect, some impossible of identification; nevertheless the book is exceedingly precious, my first steps in the Korean language.

By and by we came to Japan, first to Yokohama and then to Kobe. Here we changed steamers. Mr. Whang went one way and we another, and I have never seen our friend again to this day and do not know whether he is a Christian or not; but I shall always be greatly indebted to him. For one thing, just before he went away, he came bringing each of us a motto written with his own hand and a white silk handkerchief. We learned then and there, what I have ever since found to be true of the Koreans, that they are a loving, generous hearted people, knowing, it seems to me, even before they have heard the words of the Master, that it is more blessed to give than it is to receive.

Our new boat was not an *America Maru*, not even to be compared with the well-equipped ferry that connects Japan and Korea today. It was one of those little freighters that swarm along the cost of Japan and Korea, with a Japanese crew and captain and "foreign chow" after a fashion.

For a day we sailed down the beautiful inland Sea of Japan, with its background of pine-clad mountains and waterfalls and numberless islands, with great curved, carved roofs of temples rising out of black, mysterious forests, villages, villages all the way with their myriad white-sailed fishing crafts blocking the water front or flocking to and from the sea.

Finally we reached Shimonoseki, the last Japanese port, and at sunset turned our faces westward to cross the Korean Strait, the last stage of our journey. The Korean Strait is usually rough

like the English Channel. That night, how it stormed! We lay all night desperately sick, longing for the morning. At last morning came and a quieter sea told us we were nearing land. Weak and dizzy, we climbed to the deck and looked, and there before us were the hills of Korea, bare, brown, desolate, as hopeless looking hills as I had ever seen, without a tree upon them, in marked contrast with the beautiful green of the Japan we had left behind. We could make out here and there on the hillsides white objects that looked in the distance like tombstones. "No," someone said, "they are not tombstones, but Koreans cutting the brushwood and even the grass, and binding them in bundles to use as fuel in the open fireplaces underneath their houses."

After breakfast we went ashore in a "sam-pan" to Fusan, the port of Korea. Fusan was not then worthy to be called a city. It was just a collection of mud-walled, straw-thatched huts with here and there a tile-roofed house among them, all so low that one could stand in the street and put his hand on the roof of any one of them. It was hardly fair to speak of streets at all. Most of the highways are narrow alleys running zigzag in and out among the houses. We met many Koreans in the streets who turned to stare as we passed by. A few of the men were clean, but most of them wore soiled white garments with dirty head-bands and dishevelled hair. The children, playing naked in the streets, fled screaming at our approach, and old women with faces wrinkled and tanned like leather hastened out of their houses to see what was the matter, with frightened babies on their backs, not stopping to put on an overskirt over their padded trowsers. Some wore short jackets that covered a part of the breast. Many came out without their jackets, just as they had been working in the kitchen. And the dogs wormed out of little square holes underneath the walls in bands and set up a frenzy of barking. Korean dogs strenuously object to Westerners. In all the years that I have been in Korea I have been able to make friends with but one Korean dog and he appeared to have foreign blood in him. Even the heathen children in Pyeng Yang will come out and bow down before us with their pretty "Pyeng-an ha-sim-neka?" ("Are you in peace?") but the dogs object to us just as violently as they did nine years ago. In the dead of the night, no matter how quietly I may try to slip through the village back of my house, the dogs will smell me out and arouse the village with their howling. The Koreans say that we foreigners have an offensive odor to which the dogs object. There, in Fusan, too, for the first time, we saw Korean pigs, those scavengers of Asiatic cities, with their long noses, thin

backs and bellies dragging on the ground. No wonder Moses forbade the children of Israel to eat the flesh of swine. We never care to eat pork in Korea. The city had no sewerage whatever, the filth from the houses coming out in a slow moving green stream into open gutters.

It was August, the hot season of alternating rain and blistering sunshine, and the sun with all its noonday strength blazed down upon the rain-soaked ground until it fairly steamed, and the stench went up like a cloud from the city. Weakened by the night's seasickness, we could scarcely resist the impulse to turn back to our ship and return to the beautiful America, whence we had come. Then it was that we thanked God for the Korean gentleman we had met on the *America Maru*. We knew that all the Koreans were not as dirty and hopeless as these people, but somewhere back behind those barren mountains were men like Whang; so we took courage and journeyed on.

Today there is a railroad from Fusan to Seoul, the capital, and on along the west coast as far as Wei Ju. This was yet to come in 1901. Leaving Fusan that evening, we proceeded around the southern end of Korea on the same Japanese ship that brought us over from Japan, and came in the evening of the second day to Mok-po, a small port on the southwest corner of the peninsula where the Southern Presbyterians have a mission station. We went ashore in the dark and could see little of the place by the dim light that filtered through the paper windows. Passing through the town, we crossed what seemed to be a great mud-flat and came to Dr. Owen's house. How good it was to see an American home again and the light streaming through glass windows. Dr. Owen gave us a true southern welcome and took us to see the Korean Church, a building in native style about twenty feet by forty feet, with white paper on the walls and clean mats on the floor. A curtain divided the room in two sections. It was prayer meeting evening and about twenty men were seated on one side and about twenty women on the other, not dressed in soiled garments like the Koreans we had seen in Fusan, but clothed in spotless white. Some one was praying as we entered, and they had all fallen forward until their foreheads rested on the mat floor in reverential Oriental fashion.

After the prayer, Dr. Owen told them who we were and it broke up the meeting. They all crowded forward eager to tell us how glad they were that we had come so great a distance to help the Korean people. I shall never forget one old mother, who took both my hands in hers and poured a stream of meaningless

words in my ear; but the tears in her eyes and the love in her face needed no interpretation. We often know a Christian man from a heathen, even before he speaks, by his changed countenance. We never have any difficulty in recognizing a Christian old woman. All her life long she has been in ignorance and virtual bondage, scarcely as valuable to her husband as the ox that plows his field, rising in the dark to cook the meals for her lord and master, eating after he has finished of whatever remains, toiling, often with a baby on her back, not only in the house, but frequently in the field with the men, unwelcomed at birth, unloved through life and with no hope of a better world beyond, living continually in fear of the demons that people earth and sky, afraid to live and more afraid still to die. When to such an old Korean woman just about to pass out into the unknown terrors beyond comes the message of God's love and forgiveness and of a home in heaven and she understands enough to know that God loves her and gave His Son in her stead, all the glory of it fills her soul to overflowing and shines forth like sunshine, beautifying her old face with the love of Jesus.

That night at Mok-po, when the Korean Christians gathered around us in welcome, in a moment the dread and feeling of strangeness, the impossibility of getting behind the mask that masks an Oriental's feelings, all fell away, and I have always felt since then that I was just as close to a Korean Christian as to an American brother.

CHAPTER II

Korea's Preparation for the Gospel

From Mok-po we journeyed north along the west coast, in and out among the ten thousand islands that form the Korean Archipelago. The west coast, in marked contrast with the forbidding eastern coast, is very beautiful. Some of the islands are large, with villages in sheltered valleys; nearly all are wooded and bright with flowers. The mountains in the western half of the peninsula are low, with wide, fertile valleys between and many rivers flowing into the Yellow Sea.

Korea is about 650 miles long and 150 miles wide, lying between the thirty-fourth and forty-second parallels, about the same latitude as the central portion of the United States. In the north the climate is cold with two feet of snow on the ground all winter. The south is like southern Japan, semi-tropical with bamboo thickets.

The country abounds in small game, with deer and black bear in the north and wild boar, leopards and a few tigers in the central and southern parts. Nearly all the grains and fruits of America are found in Korea. Wheat, cane, corn, barley, millet, buckwheat, tobacco, ginseng, cotton, beans, potatoes and melons all do well; but the staple is rice. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, cherries, persimmons and berries of all sorts are easily grown; but the native varieties are usually of poor quality, except persimmons, which are exceptionally fine. The difficulty in the past of protecting fruit from thieves has greatly hindered its culture. Korea is naturally a fruit country, and some day her hills will be covered with orchards and vineyards.

The Korean people resemble the Chinese and Japanese in appearance, but are distinct from either nation. Their language, though containing many Chinese derivatives, is a separate root language, difficult to master, but sweet and musical to the ear. Korea has a fairly reliable history running back three thousand years, with age upon age of uncertain myths still beyond.

The Koreans are naturally a poetic, deeply-spiritual people. They love to study and ponder the wise sayings of the sages. Even the humble homes of the farmers often have classical quo-

tations written on walls and doorposts. A surprisingly large proportion of the people can read and write not only their own language, but the classical language of the Chinese as well. But Korea's great gift is her religious endowment, which amounts to a religious genius, not so much in the invention as in the practice of religion.

Although Confucianism originated in China, the Koreans have out-Chinesed the Chinese in practicing some of its precepts. The essence of Confucianism is reverence for established authority and order, above all, that the son should honor his father. To the literal-minded Korean this has meant that he should not dishonor the past by attempting to improve upon it. Men have been put to death in Korea for daring to make some new invention. Gripped by this dominant religious idea, Korea has stood stock still amidst the current of the centuries while China, in spite of herself, moved slowly on until she was modern compared with Korea. I have seen images in ancient Chinese temples with the same topknot and general style of clothing that the Koreans wear today, proving that centuries ago the Chinese and Korean customs were similar. It is not necessarily a sign of weakness for a nation to stand still as Korea has done. The forces of progress are well-nigh irresistible. A strong religious conception and an ability to realize in practice the faith she professed aided Korea to remain immovable for three thousand years.

Buddhism came to Korea from India by the way of China in the fourth century of the Christian era. It contained much that was a distinct advance over the old Aninism. Confucianism taught right conduct as an ethical system, Buddhism sought to enforce it by religious authority. It provided a heaven for saints and a fearful hell for sinners. A door of communion with the spirit-world was opened up. Prayer and sacrifice were the keys that unlocked the doors of the inner temple where forgiveness might be found, and peace enjoyed forever. As she has always done, when once her faith was won, Korea entered into Buddhism whole-heartedly. She dotted her hills with Buddhist temples and gave rich lands for their endowment. Korean Buddhist priests crossed over the sea to Japan and converted the Japanese to Buddhism. It was not a military but a spiritual conquest, won as spiritual conquests are usually won, by martyr's blood and irresistible devotion.

Now we come to a special instance of God's providence. Buddhism is dead in Korea. Go to China and you will find the temples in good repair, go to Japan and in every village you will

find the temples flourishing, their roofs looming high above the houses, you will hear the tinkle, tinkle of the bells and see the multitudes pressing through the gates and bowing down before tablets of wood and idols of stone, just as blind as ever. In Korea it is not so. The temples are there, but they are falling and in ruins. There are holes in the tiled roofs where the bats make their homes, where the rainy season floods come through and rot the wooden pillars. The people despise the few shaven-headed priests who remain. The fact is, Confucianism killed Buddhism in Korea. After its first enthusiasm had passed away and the Buddhist Church became rich and powerful, the priests grew corrupt and arrogant. Their lazy, immoral lives disgusted the Korean people, schooled as they were in the high ethics of Confucius, and when the Buddhist hierarchy sought to interfere with the affairs of state, the government itself turned upon Buddhism and gave it its death blow. Most of the temple lands were taken away and the priests forbidden to enter the capital city. Today they point a finger of scorn at a Buddhist priest, calling him a "nom," a "low down scoundrel."

So we find a remarkable condition in Korea, a people naturally intensely religious without any intrenched religion with priests able to hinder the progress of Christianity. Confucianism, considered apart from ancestral worship, which has been added on, is not a religion. It is a system of morals, the mosaic law of that far eastern world, the schoolmaster, if you please, that is today leading Korea to the feet of the Christ.

One other condition that must be noticed in any consideration of the remarkable religious movement now going on in Korea is her preparation of suffering and humiliation. The location of Korea is unfortunate. Lying midway between China and Japan she has been for thousands of years a bone of contention between these two nations, both claiming suzerainty over her. First China would demand and compel tribute, then Japan would pour her warriors across the channel and punish the Koreans for yielding to China. When these two nations had no quarrel with Korea they have usually been at war with each other and have fought out their quarrels on the long suffering soil of Korea until the land has run red with blood again and again, until the poor people, unable to resist the hoards that came upon them, built cities of refuge high in the mountains, where they might flee when one by one their walled cities fell before the ruthless invaders. It is a mistake to suppose that the Korean people are a cowardly people. Their history is replete with records of heroism and desperate

bravery in defence of home and country. They have simply been overpowered. The marvel is that in spite of all they have suffered, they remain unbroken and an integral people, with one language and one blood, numbering today fully thirteen million.

No wonder Korea is poor. Not only has she been continually desolated by war, but her own government has been as worthless and rotten as possible. For centuries her kings have "farmed out" the rule to magistrates and governors who paid many times the salary for the office, and then squeezed back the amount and many times more from the people by unjust methods. It has been as much as a man's life was worth for it to become known that he had accumulated anything, unless he had powerful friends to protect him. If the robbers neglected to come down from the mountains and take it away, the robber magistrate would send out his "runners," arrest him on some trumped-up charge, throw him into prison and beat him till he would be glad to pay all that he had for his life.

Recently the greatest misfortune of all, at least in Korean eyes, has befallen their country. After the Japanese-Russian war, the Japanese withdrew a large part of their victorious army from Manchuria back into Korea. Japanese soldiers were posted in every city and hamlet. The few Korean troops were forcibly disbanded and the common people compelled to give up their guns. Even the old flint-lock guns that the mountaineers used for tiger hunting were collected and burned in heaps, where I have seen the mass of their tangled barrels lying. A treaty was secured from the Korean government giving Japan absolute control of Korea's foreign affairs and virtual control of the internal administration.

It is easy enough for an outsider to look on and philosophically remark that it was inevitable, that it was either Russia or Japan and better Japan than Russia. It is not so easy for the sufferer to see God's hand in the malady. I have no political purpose in writing this narrative and am merely trying to show conditions and how these conditions have conspired in God's providence to work out salvation for Korea. The simple truth is that the Koreans are a broken-hearted people. Corrupt and unworthy as their old government was, they love it just as we love ours, love it all the more, no doubt, in proportion as it seems to be taken away from them. It is pitiable to see them grieve, to see strong men weep over national loss. They come to us and say, "Is there any country so poor, so unfortunate as ours?" But it means much that their eyes are open. Formerly they were

proud and arrogant, they were "wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked" and knew it not. Now they know just where they stand. They know they are despised and rejected. The arrow has entered Korea's soul. Her spirit is broken. She sits today in the dust, mourning, not only her present misfortune, but her past sins; just in the attitude God can bless. Once more His hands are stretched out in blessing over a stricken people, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." Korea's great preparation for the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the preparation of a broken heart. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

CHAPTER III

Pyeng Yang

Many writers have told the thrilling story of the introduction of Protestant Christianity into Korea. It is a significant fact that two great American churches, the Methodist and Presbyterian, were led to begin work in Korea at about the same time, and that largely upon these churches and the reinforcements that have come from the American Methodist Church South and the American Southern Presbyterian Church and the Canadian and Australian Presbyterian Churches has fallen the great burden and privilege of bringing Korea to Christ.

The pioneers on the Presbyterian side were Dr. Horace N. Allen, Rev. Horace G. Underwood, D. D., and Dr. J. W. Heron, and on the Methodist side, Dr. William B. Scranton and Rev. Harry G. Appenzeller. They were quickly followed by many others. God's blessing attended the work from the beginning; but the great awakening undoubtedly began in Pyeng Yang, the ancient capital of Korea, beautifully located on the west bank of the Tai Tong River, about two hundred miles north of the present capital.

Different missionaries had early visited Pyeng Yang, but it was not till 1893 that Rev. Samuel A. Moffett of the Presbyterian Church and Dr. W. J. Hall of the Methodist Church actually established residences in the city. It was not my privilege to know Dr. Hall personally as he died in 1895, but his memory is fragrant in Pyeng Yang. The Koreans still love to tell of his sweet character and zeal in proclaiming the Master.

To Dr. Moffett has fallen the great privilege and honor not only to be the founder of the Pyeng Yang Church, but for seventeen years to be its guiding spirit and beloved leader. He has the rare ability of uniting men, not so much about himself, as in the common service. God has gifted him with wisdom and insight into the future to such a degree that the Koreans frequently allude to him as a "sun-che-cha" ("prophet"). He is still a young man, with light hair and gray-blue eyes, little changed, I fancy, from the day he first entered the city. Stories are still current of the excitement produced. The rumor spread like wildfire that a

crazy foreigner had come to live in Pyeng Yang. Wonderful tales were told of his height, of his narrow trousers, of his white eyes and white hair and great beak of a nose. The Koreans wear huge trousers; they have jet black hair and eyes and think all foreigners have enormous noses. As people crowd to a circus here in America they crowded to see Dr. Moffett till they blocked the road in front of his house so that the ox carts could not go by. We are no longer objects of great curiosity in Pyeng Yang, but out in the country districts it is still common to have one's room besieged. We grow hardened, I suppose, and cease to mind very much except at meal time. Then I always request my boy to shut the paper door and window of my room. Frequently, however, if I look up suddenly from my position on the floor in front of the little table on which my meal has been served, I will find that several boys, perhaps men, have come silently to the outside, and pressing moist fingers to the paper window, have punctured holes and are staring down at me like the eyes of disembodied spirits. It gives a man a queer, creepy sort of feeling down his back. During my seminary days, I used to enjoy going to Lincoln Park and watching the keepers feed the animals. Since going to Korea, I have often felt like apologizing to the animals.

Among those who came to see Dr. Moffett was a stalwart Korean named Chai Cho-si, who kept a saloon in the city, with a blue flag split down the middle to show that he had liquor to sell. This man came many times, no doubt to get a good story to tell to the loafers in his saloon. In some way the missionary's story got hold of him and he understood enough of it to do what we say in Korea, "Yasu mit-ki-rul chak-chung hasso," beautiful words they are, "he decided to believe in Jesus." This man became a strong right arm to Dr. Moffett. He closed his saloon and gave much time to spreading the doctrine. Almost before they knew it there was a church in Pyeng Yang, a company of men and women professing the name of Jesus, assembling for worship on the Lord's Day. Then the magistrate heard of it. "Ah," he said, "you can't do that here. If you worship the foreigners' religion how are you going to worship the spirits of your ancestors at the New Year's time." This is the great cross of the Korean Church. Each New Year every son of Korea must go down upon his face before the tablets that represent to him the spirits of his dead ancestors. Not to bow down, not to offer the yearly sacrifice, is to be guilty of the greatest sin possible in Korea, filial impiety. But Christianity has never been able to compromise with idols. The Church has had to show that men can honor parents without idolatry.

The magistrate sent out his runners and arrested the Christians. Some were beaten, some were threatened with death. A mob hurled stones at the missionary as he walked through the streets. No one knows just what would have happened if, at that juncture, there had not come down from the north the Chinese behind their yellow dragon banners. Up from the south came the Japanese, new armed with modern rifles, and the Japanese-Chinese war was on. The two armies met in Pyeng Yang. The little company of Christians was scattered like sheep to the mountains, as the early Christians were scattered at the time of the great persecution in Jerusalem, and like those early Christians they went everywhere preaching the Gospel.

Dr. Moffett was ordered to return to Seoul, the capital, by the American minister. As soon as possible after the battle at Pyeng Yang, he went back bringing several others with him. They found the city burned to the ground, with the bodies of dead Chinamen lying unburied in the streets. Soon word went out to the surrounding country that the missionaries had returned and the Christians began to gather back, bringing wonderful tidings of little groups of Christians springing up all over the northland. God's Spirit had been using those days of war and peril to make men welcome the message of His love and the comfort of the Gospel. Have you ever seen a fire smoldering in the ashes on a still day and suddenly a little whirlwind come down and lift up the embers and scatter them all around and here and there and yonder other fires begin burning? This is just what happened in Korea. There was a fire God's Spirit had kindled, burning in Pyeng Yang. Suddenly the whirlwind of the war came down and lifted it up and scattered the fire for hundreds of miles in every direction and everywhere those living embers fell, on level rice plains near the sea, in deep set mountain valleys, other fires sprang up and began to blaze and spread until today the fire of the Gospel bids fair to burn the whole length and breadth of the peninsula.

Reinforcements were hurried to Pyeng Yang. Every effort was made to conserve the work, to visit each new group of believers. The missionaries made long trips into the country in every direction, organizing and instructing the new converts. But in spite of all they could do, though they lived among the Koreans till their own children failed to recognize them, though they traveled day and night, the work traveled faster. Overwhelmed, they sent out a great Macedonian cry that has been ringing up and down America, "Come over and help us!"

One of the Pyeng Yang missionaries, Rev. W. L. Swallen,

came to America and to Chicago in 1901, when I was a senior in McCormick Seminary. One Monday night he addressed the students and plead as a man pleads for his life, for some of us to go out and help take Korea. "Ah," I said, "that is a great story, but I could never learn that language." I had never enjoyed language work in either college or in the seminary. "Surely," I reasoned, "if God wanted me to go to the foreign field he would have given me more facility in language." So I hardened my heart. One night about the midnight hour, Mr. Swallen came to my room. It was not till nine years after that I learned who told him about me. "Blair," he said, "why don't you go to Korea? Don't you know we need you?" "Why, Mr. Swallen," I answered, "as far as the hardships and all that go, I think they would rather appeal to me; but that language, I could never learn that language." "Are you honest?" he questioned. "Is that the reason you don't volunteer?" "Yes," I said, "I think I am." "Well," he said, "let me tell you something. When I was here in the Seminary, I flunked in Hebrew. Have you flunked in Hebrew?" "If ever in my life I wished that I might tell a man that I had flunked in anything it was that night; but I had not actually flunked in Hebrew and had to admit it. Here was a man who said he had failed in language and yet God enabled him to get the Korean language. So I found I could not excuse myself on this score any longer. After considerable deliberation, I wrote a letter to the young lady out in Kansas who had promised to share life's problems with me, saying that I was ready to volunteer if she was willing to go, half hoping, I am afraid, that she would say No. Her answer was this: "I am so glad. I hoped you would volunteer." So I sent my name to the Board of Foreign Missions and was accepted and went out to Korea as I have already described in the opening chapter, going out a good deal like a drafted soldier, but I will never, never get through thanking the good Lord that I did go, just when I did, when I was so needed, in time to share in the great Pentecostal movement that is sweeping Korea into the Kingdom.

CHAPTER IV

Beginning to Preach

We arrived in Seoul, Korea, September 12, 1901, and after a month of various mission meetings went to Pyeng Yang where we had been stationed. Of course our first task was to get the language. If I had known how hard and how long a task it would be I am afraid I would have been more frightened even than I was back in Chicago. It is one of those old Oriental languages overburdened with words and endless endings. Euphony is its main law. All the words are softened to harmonize with their fellows. Each is dovetailed into the next till it is scarcely possible to tell where one word ends and another commences. It pours forth in a steady stream, a smoothly flowing uphill and downhill sort of language. Sometimes I would make the most ridiculous mistakes. Chopping a word right in the middle and joining it with half the next, I would go to some Korean and ask him what it meant. "Morogesso" ("I don't know"), he would say, and of course he did not, for no Korean ever uttered such a combination.

I was almost in despair when one Sunday after service a slight, clean-featured man named Ne Che-su came to me and said something that I could not understand, but I could make a distinction in the sounds he uttered. At my suggestion, one of the missionaries asked Mr. Ne to become my teacher and he consented. I remember well the first words he taught me. I was seated at my desk ready to begin; but he was not. "Kedo-hapsata," he said, and I understood him for in a moment he had slipped from his place by my side to the floor and was praying. "Kedo-hapsata" ("Let's pray") and every morning and afternoon for three years it was "Kedo-hapsata." God sent me a Spirit-filled teacher and he prayed the language into me, prayed and labored until I was afraid not to study as hard as I ought. Sometimes when I was dull of comprehension, he would act out the meaning. Once he got down on the floor and wrapped himself up in the carpet in a desperate effort to make me understand the word "chanda" ("I sleep"). I have come to believe in the gift of tongues, not a sudden, miraculous ability to speak an unknown language. That would not be well for us nor for the people to whom we go. We are

ignorant of their customs and dispositions. Our tempers are too unruly and our tongues too swift. Dumbness at first is a blessing to all concerned. But that God does keep His promise, that He gives strength and patience and to our great surprise even pleasure in studying the language, I know. Little by little our ears are unstopped and the tight tied strings of our tongues are loosened, till almost before we know it, as a child begins to prattle its mother's tongue, we begin to speak the language of the people about us. I want to say here for the encouragement of any who may be hesitating as I was, that it is not a question of special gift in language or of a remarkable memory, so much as of a fairly good ear and a willingness to work and live among the people.

As soon as I could speak enough Korean to begin, five counties were assigned to my care north of Pyeng Yang City, partly mountainous and partly level rice plains along the Yellow Sea. At first the church work was small and I had leisure to preach to the people along the way. There are few good roads in Korea, only crooked paths that seek the lowest passes in the mountains and wind in and out between the rice fields. Most Koreans walk. That seemed too slow for me, so I got a nice, red bicycle from Chicago, but I soon gave it up. I met too many men leading enormous oxen, loaded down with brushwood till they looked like moving wood piles with horns in front and tails behind. You can imagine what a great country ox like that would do if he met a foreigner in a narrow path on a bicycle. Conditions have changed greatly in Korea the last few years. We now have a railroad running the length of the land so that a bicycle is no longer a formidable matter. I am even planning to take out a motorcycle to Korea to use on long journeys. Nevertheless, I mean to walk as much as possible still, because it is the best way to preach the Gospel. Jesus walked, and Korea today is a good deal as Palestine was in the days of Christ.

I enjoy walking with my Korean friends, filling my lungs with the fresh mountain air, jumping streams without bridges, throwing rocks at impudent magpies. If it is a long pull up the mountain, how delicious to sit awhile on the summit and rest, and look back over the trail far below, to see the villages nestling like flocks of quail at the base of the mountains, to see the tiny streamlets winding like silver ribbons among the rice fields. To the north and south and east, as far as the eye can see, mountains behind mountains, forest-peaks of mountains, till the gray of the mountains is lost in the blue of the sky. To the west, a few scattered mountains with broad valleys between, and in the distance the long line of

the Yellow Sea, with the smoke of a steamer or the white sails of junks going across to China. We have time to talk over the work together, to plan the evening meeting, to discuss endless problems.

There is a system of market in Korea, five towns in a circle. The market town may not have more than twenty houses; but every fifth day it blossoms into a full-grown city, a great beehive of peddlers with their wares spread out on mats along the road, and farmers from miles in every direction. There is no set price. It is a regular Jews' market. Everybody shouts at the top of his lungs to be heard above the din. What seems to be a fight is probably only a prelude to a bargain, a friendly contest of wind and wits between two old bluffers. It is a fine place to meet men and a fine place to preach the Gospel.

Frequently we will overtake a crowd of farmers going to market, a woman with a bundle of cloth on her head, a boy leading a donkey laden with rice, perhaps a man with firewood piled high on his back on a wooden frame called a "jickey," or he may have eggs in strings heaped high above his back like cordwood. They put ten eggs in a string, placed end to end, and bound with rice straw till you can grasp one end and hold the string out like a poker. We may meet a man with a pig on his back, with the four feet tied together and his nose bound so he won't interrupt the conversation, going along just as innocently as can be.

They smile at me and I at them. No one has any business on the foreign field without a sense of humor. Presently, someone will hear me speak. "What, can the foreigner speak our language?" he exclaims. "Oh, yes," one of my friends will answer, "he speaks very well." The Koreans are exceedingly polite and great flatterers, at least in your presence. By and by, I introduce myself to the nearest man. No third party is necessary, etiquette prescribing certain set phrases to use in introduction. I generally begin by asking the man where he is going, then where he lives. He probably answers, "Over behind that mountain," and asks me where I live, and I tell him, "Outside the West Gate at Pyeng Yang." Then I ask him about the price of eggs and chickens, and we discuss the crops and the weather. Finally, I ask the question that I have come from America to ask, "Have you heard the story of Jesus?" Very likely he answers, "I know a little, but not clearly." Then I begin away back with how God made the world for man's benefit and filled it with fruit and flowers and all that he needed for his good, how men everywhere turned their backs upon the good God and bowed themselves down to tablets of wood and idols of stone, and got to themselves thereby terrible

hurt and damage; how sickness and sorrow, suffering and death resulted. I tell how God so loved the world that He sent His Son from Heaven and Jesus was born, not in the United States of America, but in Bethlehem of Judea, down southwest of China. It makes a world of difference to an Oriental to know that Jesus was born in Asia. I tell of His life and His love, and at last of His death on the cross. I know I never understood half the meaning of the crucifixion till I stood by the wayside in Korea, forgetting to go on, and showed a Korean who had never heard the story before, how they pierced His feet and drove nails in His hands, and heard the man say, "Aigo, kurus-sim-nika?" ("Oh my, is that true?") and had him promise to believe and perhaps found him in church the next Sunday.

In those earlier days, there were few good places to sleep at night, so we frequently stayed at public inns. The inn is usually an ordinary Korean house, consisting of a living-room sixteen to twenty feet long and eight feet wide, and a kitchen at one end with a dirt floor dug out a foot below the level of the ground in order that the flames and smoke from the fireplace, over which the innkeeper's wife cooks the rice for her guests in a huge iron kettle, can pass underneath the stone-slabbed floor of the living-room by a system of flues cut in the ground, and out of a high chimney at the farther end. Mud mixed with finely chopped rice straw is plastered over the stone floor. At first the heat cracks the mud, but after being washed a few times with a wet broom the whole floor bakes hard and smooth like the floor of an oven. The room is generally quite bare of furniture except a mat on the floor, a box on one side where the bedquilts are kept by day, and two earthen vessels at the upper end of the room half full of liquor.

Usually there are anywhere from three to ten guests ahead of us, already stretched out on the warm floor, or sitting cross-legged, puffing away at their long tobacco pipes, till the room is choked with smoke. In winter, no matter how many people occupy the room, all the doors and windows are kept tight shut to conserve the heat in the stone floor, Scientists tell us wonderful stories about how many cubic yards of fresh air a man must have to exist. It is evidently not so, at least in Korea.

Whenever possible, I bribe the innkeeper for a small inner room. Sometimes I have recklessly paid as high as ten cents to get him to send his wife and children to the neighbors and give me his private quarters; but frequently bribery fails, or there is no inner room, and I have to share the front room with the family and the public. Every good itinerator is prepared for such an

emergency. We usually take a pack pony with us, loading him down with two wooden boxes about the size of cracker boxes, and tied firmly one on either side of the wooden pack saddle. In one of the boxes is placed canned goods and cooking utensils for the journey, and in the other books and clothing. On top of the boxes is placed a large bag, called a "tarrion," packed with bed clothing, and on top of the "tarrion," the most wonderful thing a missionary possesses, his folding army cot. I generally carry a rubber blanket to protect the load from rain, and the pack is complete.

When I have to sleep in a public inn, I first unfold the cot to the unbounded astonishment of the Koreans, and place it crosswise with the room, just as close as possible to the whiskey barrels, not because I particularly admire the whiskey barrels, but because the Koreans prefer the lower, hotter part of the room and I decidedly do not. Then my rubber blanket is hung up for a partition across the room and I am ready to sleep. Not quite, either. When the lights are out, I rise and stealthily cut a slit down the paper window about a foot long and two inches wide. This is what habit does for a man. I could not possibly sleep in that air-tight room with all those Koreans. The next morning a few pennies will more than compensate the owner.

Most Korean inns are also livery stables, with a long shed to the rear where the horses and donkeys are fed bean soup in a long log trough with hollowed out sections. Long after I have gone to bed I can hear them fussing with their horses. Each animal is put to bed by having a rope passed under his belly and cinched up to a strong beam overhead. A unique device to save currying. There they swing on tiptoe in a long row, half standing, half hanging, all the night through; restlessly jingling the bells under their necks, and at intervals breaking loose and arousing the neighborhood with their kicking and squealing. Needless to say, an inn is a poor place for slumber.

CHAPTER V

Caring for the Churches

Nowadays we rarely sleep in inns. The church work has grown until there are now more than forty church buildings in my five counties. It takes two months to go around the circuit once. Many of the churches are large, with several hundred people present every Sabbath. All told, there are fully 4500 Christians in the churches under my care. The last time I went to Yung You, one of my country churches, seven hundred people met me for service Sabbath afternoon. The church was filled with women, the men sitting outside on mats under a canopy. I stood in a window, one leg inside and one leg outside, and preached the sermon. This growth is by no means peculiar to my own territory. Many of the missionaries have a much larger work under their care. In all Korea today there are not less than 250,000 Christians worshipping God in more than 2000 places, where they have churches erected and supported almost entirely by themselves.

Several years ago an old widow named Kim-si, or daughter of Kim, heard how a certain woman once built a chamber for Elisha, putting in a bed and a seat and a candlestick. Kim-si thought that would be a good thing to do for me, so when she built a new house she added a room for me, papering it with clean white paper decorated by a local artist, with pictures of birds and flowers. The idea spread to other churches until now wherever I go, I generally find a room near the church freshly papered and prepared for me.

I am almost ashamed to tell how the Koreans love and honor their missionary pastor. Each of us has half a dozen or more Korean assistant pastors, or helpers, as they are technically called, who care for the churches during the missionaries' absence. Most of these men are students for the ministry and will some day be ordained and given full charge of churches as pastors. As yet, however, there are only a few ordained Korean pastors and the great bulk of ecclesiastical authority is still in our hands.

Let me relate the actual happenings on my last country trip before leaving Korea on furlough. Dr. Baird, principal of our Pyeng Yang College and Academy, was absent last year on furlough, and Mr. Bernheisel and I did the best we could to assist Mr. McCune and keep the school running. It is no sinecure, I

can tell you, to step from evangelistic work into a professor's chair in college and teach four or five hours daily such subjects as political economy, geometry and general history in the Korean language.

My country work necessarily had to be neglected. Some of the churches were visited only once last year. My last trip was made to Nam San Moru, a church of over two hundred Christians in a little valley twelve miles north of Pyeng Yang. I had been teaching in the college all the week and left for Nam San Moru Friday afternoon after school on a little donkey, so small that my legs almost dragged on the ground, but surprisingly strong and pugnacious. My loads had gone out on men's backs some hours before. Two men carried my boxes twelve miles for twenty-five cents apiece.

The road to Nam San Moru goes out through a gate north of our house in the old Ke-ja wall, three thousand years old. After a hard struggle with the donkey I finally got him saddled and we shot out through the gate and across the plain toward Nam San Moru, the donkey braying good-bye like a fog horn.

About two miles from Nam San Moru, I found a company of Christians waiting for me at a little village, with thirty school boys drawn up in a straight line by the roadside. Nearly all the stronger churches have boys' schools and some have girls' schools. There are twenty-six church schools in the five counties under my care, all entirely supported by the Korean Christians.

After the greetings by the roadside were over, we started toward the village of Nam San Moru together, a small boy taking proud possession of my donkey, now quite tamed by the rapid ride, while I walked with the men. Just in front of the village we found the old women and the girls from the girls' school, the latter dressed in rainbow tinted dresses and drawn up in line, like the boys, to meet me.

The Nam San Moru church is a fine tile-roofed building, prettily situated in a cluster of oak trees back of the village. Here we assembled and each man came forward for his individual greeting. How they do love to be remembered! "Nal amneka?" ("Do you know me?") is asked again and again; and how can I know them? Over four thousand Christians under my care and I able to visit them only twice a year! Why, I can scarcely keep track of the church officers, to say nothing of the hosts of new believers. One thing helps greatly. The Koreans are in tribes and most of them seem to belong to the Kim tribe. If I fail to recall a man's name, it is good policy to say, "You are Mr. Kim, aren't you?" and if I hit it he will be delighted with my excellent memory.

Calling the officers, we went apart to a small room and prepared for business. First, the roll book was produced. Each church keeps an accurate record of the church attendance of all the Christians. A cross means present and a cipher means absent. Running my eye hastily down the list I found several names with only ciphers. Some proved to be sick or absent from the village, but several had fallen into sin and quit coming. "Be sure and bring these men tonight," I told the officers. "Don't use force, but compel them to come if you can."

We found twenty names on the roll of catechumens who had been attending faithfully for more than a year and not yet baptized. The ordinary course is to receive a man publicly as a catechumen after he has been a Christian for three months and then one year later examine him for baptism. We sent for these twenty and examined them three at a time. Not a perfunctory, matter-of-course ceremony but a real examination, with a weighty decision at the close, whether baptism should be administered or not. "How long have you been a Christian? Who is Jesus? Why do you believe in Him? Have you kept the Sabbath faithfully since believing? Can you read? Do you have family prayers in your home daily? Have you brought anyone to Christ?" We seek to discover through it all whether the person examined is sincere, looking earnestly for the fruits of the Spirit in the new life. If I find a man or woman under fifty who has not learned to read the Bible, or a man whose wife is not a Christian, I nearly always postpone the baptism till more convincing proof is given of real zeal and love for the Master. That night we voted to baptize seventeen out of the twenty.

While the examination was going on, the Korean boy who always travels with me had been busy getting supper ready in an adjoining room. As soon as opportunity offered, he served my meal on a little round table about a foot high. After supper we hurried to the church for service to find the building packed so that an aisle had to be cleared for me to reach the platform. It was then half-past nine o'clock. Most of the audience had been waiting since noon. The meeting was necessarily a long one. First came the singing and several prayers, then an election of deacons and a special offering for Helper's salary, which should have been taken before I came. After the reception of catechumens, I baptized the seventeen whose examination had been satisfactory and then several children. Next was the sermon, not a short one either, followed by public reproof and suspension of the three recreant members, and last of all the Lord's Supper

when a deep and solemn hush rested on the upturned faces and Jesus Himself drew near with His rich and unfailing blessing.

It was past midnight before the benediction came, and I was weary enough to sink to sleep where I stood; but no, the hardest task of all lay before me. The three men I had summoned were there. I had to take them apart and try to win them back to repentance. This is where the real test comes. This is where the Korean Church most needs us. They can win converts and preach the Gospel better than we can. They can build their churches and support them; but they wait most of all for us to come and bring back these who have fallen away, who refuse their pleading. Only on one's knees, by prayer and entreaty and tears, can it be done. Gratefully, I record the repentance of all three that evening.

CHAPTER VI

An Ju

The best way to understand the whole church is to know one congregation intimately. Let me introduce you to the church in An Ju.

In the spring of my first year in Korea, Dr. Moffett took me with him on a trip through his district north of Pyeng Yang City. After ten days of journeying from place to place, we came one evening to the walled city of An Ju, the principal city between Pyeng Yang and Wei Ju on the Chinese border. The city proper is situated on the south slope of a range of low mountains guarding the Chung Chun river. The old Seoul-Pekin road, entering by the southeast gate, forms the main street of the city. Half way up the mountain is a second, inner wall, and still farther up a third wall, the citadel, the last place of refuge in time of battle. The mountains are covered with beautiful old, gnarled and twisted pine trees. The city abounds in springs, several flowing from solid rock in steady crystal streams, ten inches deep and from four to six feet wide, all joining to form one broad brook and spreading into a lake inside the outer wall. The walls are formed of great stones, mostly cut, and built up twenty feet of solid masonry. Inside, the wall is banked with dirt, thickly carpeted with grass and flowers and fringed with weeping willow trees. Scores of little shrines are clustered along the wall among the willows, while back on the mountain side are several large temples, and an altar on the highest point where sacrifice is made to heaven.

The people of An Ju are very proud of their blood and ancient families. They are not so poor as many communities and consequently more conservative. Though Christian preachers, both foreign and native, had visited the city frequently, no visible impression had been made. We found only one man named Kim and his wife in the city and a saloon keeper's wife outside the city who made any profession. Several Christians came in from surrounding villages and we met that night in the rear room of the saloon, Kim's house not being large enough to accommodate even the small company that assembled. This man Kim, by the way, is a fine gray-bearded old gentleman with a hearty laugh and a

violent temper. He would preach to his neighbors about Jesus and if someone refused to believe or became abusive, old Kim would lose his temper and proceed to pound religion into him. I had to postpone his baptism two years till he learned to control his unruly temper.

The next morning, Dr. Moffett took me for a walk on the wall. Standing on a high point overlooking the city, he told me for the first time why he had brought me to An Ju. "This city," said he, "is one of the strategic places in north Korea, and I hope it may be assigned to you." He showed me how the trade from the far-off Kang Kei region passed through An Ju, how a church planted here would do much to evangelize the entire section. I gladly consented to undertake the work if the Mission saw fit to appoint me to it. That fall at Annual Meeting, the An Ju work was assigned to my care. I put all my young enthusiasm into it, not forgetting Dr. Moffett's counsel. Where I visited other cities once, I visited An Ju twice, and God prospered the work from the beginning. In a short time enough Christians had been gathered to buy a small straw-thatched house inside the city. Here we hung out our sign, "Yasu Kyo" ("The Church of Jesus") and hoisted the national flag on Sunday to guide strangers to service.

In God's good providence, two splendid young men, just my own age, Christians from near-by villages, moved to An Ju and engaged in business. They became the natural leaders. God prospered their business and they gave a tenth of their incomes to the church and much more than a tenth of their time, without other pay than the joy of service, to preaching the Gospel and church work.

So the An Ju church prospered; but one thorn continually aggravated us—the Methodists began work in An Ju too. Their leader was very zealous. The father and brother of one of our leaders became Methodists, and our people were greatly offended. Thus was the Body of Christ in this heathen city needlessly divided. Mr. Morris, the Methodist missionary in charge, and I were intimate friends and tried hard to prevent misunderstandings, to teach the two congregations to regard each other as brethren, as helpers together in a common cause and not rivals. Our efforts were far from successful. The thing was wrong and inevitably bred contention and suspicion.

Matters stood thus in 1904, the year the Japanese-Russian War swept down upon us. An Ju, like Pyeng Yang, became a Japanese center even after the Russians had been driven far beyond the Yalu. During the first uncertain days of the war, we

American missionaries were confined to Pyeng Yang by government order, and could do little but watch the Japanese troops march in and out of our city. I doubt if the world has ever seen a finer army than that first Japanese army of invasion. Day by day they marched in from the south, storing their baggage on our college campus, and out the next morning by the Pekin road, right past our houses, silently, without martial music except the occasional call of a bugle. We heard from the Koreans that every Japanese soldier carried on his person some means of death in case of capture. They expected a desperate conflict and went forward by no means sure of victory, but determined to win or die. A great deal has been published concerning the hardships inflicted upon innocent Koreans by disorderly Japanese who followed the army. I can speak only in praise of the regular army. Although the troops had to be quartered throughout the city in Korean houses, not a single case of outrage was reported to us. Our rights as American citizens were scrupulously regarded. Scarcely a soldier entered our grounds.

Naturally, I was anxious about my country churches. As soon as it appeared at all feasible, I went to the Japanese Resident in Pyeng Yang and asked permission to visit my country district. He consented and gave me a passport written in Japanese and English which proved of great service to me afterward. The English translation is odd, but interesting:

> "Rev. Wm. N. Blair. The above named person, being American Reverend, is going in An Ju, Sook Chun and Kai Chun for preaching, and will be allowed to pass freely without hindrance, and such assistance will be given as he may be in need of.
>
> Depot of Supplies in Pyeng Yang.
>
> To Japanese Depot of Supplies and Troops at the places in the bearer's trips."

With this passport as security, I went freely among my churches, meeting troops everywhere, but receiving only courtesy and kindness. Later when the government railroad was finished, I found to my delight that the guards readily honored my passport and let me ride on the construction trains without charge.

It was on this first country trip, during the war, that I came one evening in company with several Koreans to the main road in front of An Ju, and was surprised to find the telegraph wires cut south of the city. Reaching the city, we found the gates closed and Japanese soldiers on guard above. We learned from

Koreans living outside the wall that a company of four hundred Cossacks had suddenly come down from the north the day before, and after cutting the wires had taken position on a high hill to the east and opened fire on the city. There was only a small Japanese garrison in An Ju at the time. Most of the Korean population fled in terror at the first shot.

Fortunately for the Japanese, they had discovered the Russians in time to telegraph the news before the wires were cut, to Sook Chun, twenty miles south, where another small garrison of one hundred men was stationed. The Sook Chun company started at once on a run and ran the entire twenty miles to An Ju without stopping.

Meanwhile a hot battle raged in An Ju. All the extra guns the Japanese could spare were put in the hands of Koreans with the instruction, "Never mind if you can't hit anything. Shoot and make a noise." The Russians never knew the weakness of the place or they would have taken it at once by storming the walls.

When the Sook Chun company arrived, the An Ju commandant threw open the gates and led out his men. Together the less than two hundred Japanese soldiers charged straight up the hill and drove the Russians pell mell down the other side. Probably more Japanese were killed than Russians; but the point is that the Russians fled, leaving enough dead to make a large mound not far from the Kai Chun road east of the city.

This explained the shut gates. The Russians were still in the neighborhood and the Japanese fearful of a second visit. Our problem was how to get into the city. Word had been forwarded to the An Ju Christians to expect me that evening and it was time for service. Presently a Korean came, saying he could guide us over a breach in the wall. Very quietly we made our way along the wall, crawled on hands and knees up broken defiles half way between the gates, and were soon inside the city, being welcomed by our overjoyed brethren at the church. Not a single Christian had fled. Christianity is a religion of peace; but it is amazing how it stiffens men's backbones and gives new courage to defend their rights and homes.

We were busy that evening and all the next day at the church. About four o'clock, several of us went for a walk. I expected to be arrested and was not disappointed. The first Japanese coolie who saw me started off on a run, and in a few minutes a squad of soldiers came marching our way on a double quick and put us all under arrest. I knew enough Japanese to say "headquarters,"

and to "headquarters" we went, with a soldier on either side and a crowd of excited coolies behind.

The commandant spoke a little English, though my passport would have been sufficient identification. With a flourish, he dismissed the crowd, and escorting me into his private apartment, entertained me with tea and cake and the story of the battle the day before. He showed me a heap of Russian fur coats and high boots, with guns and swords discarded in the flight, and two Russian prisoners, one a great bearded fellow and the other a mere lad. My sympathies at the time were entirely with the Japanese; but I shall never forget the feeling that surged over me as I tried to talk to these two Russians. They were white men, prisoners in the hands of an alien race, and all the blood of our common heritage surged through my body in an overwhelming wave of sympathy and desire to set them free.

This battle gave us our new church in An Ju. The Christians saw their opportunity. "Everybody has run away," they said, "and the soldiers are stabling their horses in the houses. The bottom has dropped out of the price of property. Now is the time to buy a new church." It may have been a bit canny; but what a splendid exhibition of faith. One of the best houses in the city was offered for sale. By strenuous efforts half the price was secured; but only half. Possibly, I might have advanced the balance needed; but it is against our Mission rules and policy to put American money in Korean churches. The temptation to do so is often great. They are so poor, how can they give all the funds necessary? Yet experience has proven that it is better to let them bear the burden alone and grow strong by bearing it. They always manage somehow. When every resource had seemingly been exhausted, Choi-si, a widow with some property but no ready money, came forward. "We must have this house," said she, "and if you all agree, I will give my home in the country as payment and live in one room of the church as the keeper." Choi-si's offer was accepted as a gift from God. In twenty-four hours the building was ours and a force of men were at work transforming it into a church.

CHAPTER VII

An Ju (continued)

In the fall of 1904, when danger of Russian invasion had passed, Miss Helen Kirkwood, Mrs. Blair and I went to An Ju to hold a Bible study class for women. Lois, our oldest child, not quite two years old, and Katharine, only four months old, went with us, Lois in a Korean chair with the Korean nurse, and Katharine with her mother. Strong coolies carried the chairs from Pyeng Yang to An Ju in two days. We secured a Korean house near the church and made it as clean as possible with fresh mats and white wall paper. Everything was progressing nicely when on the third day Lois was taken violently ill with dysentery. We used all the simple remedies we knew, with no effect. The child was failing so rapidly that we dared not wait for a doctor from Pyeng Yang. Taking a Korean interpreter with me, I went up the hill to the Japanese barracks and inquired for a physician. Dr. Matsumoto, a slight man with delicate features, responded to our call, and upon learning the trouble, immediately accompanied us to our quarters. He spoke neither English nor Korean. We had to communicate with him by writing Chinese; but little communication was necessary. The child herself was an open book to him. No physician ever inspired me with greater confidence. Gratefully, we intrusted our darling to his care. It was good to see that he loved little children, touching the yellow curls very tenderly and exclaiming over her childish beauty. He had children of his own in "Dai Nip-pon," and took up the battle for our little one's life as if she were his own. For five days the malady ruthlessly wasted the fair form till it became a shadow. Too anxious to sleep and too miserable to talk, the mother and I watched by the bed side continually. As the case grew more serious, Dr. Matsumoto came several times a day, and at last, when the little life hung in the balance, brought several army physicians, summoned from somewhere, for consultation. God had mercy on us. In the end, the medicine conquered, and we were able to carry our darling to Pyeng Yang and nurse her slowly back to health. It was six months before she was able to walk again, but no permanent injury resulted.

Before leaving An Ju, I called upon Dr. Matsumoto to thank him for his assistance, and pay for the medicine and care. "Oh, no," he said, "my country is rich; besides I have a little girl in Japan like yours, and who knows but in my absence she may be sick and need such care from another as I have given your child." "Surely," I said, "you will let me pay for the medicine." But no amount of pressure could move him to accept anything. "No," he said, "but if you have a picture of the little maid, I would be glad to receive it." You may be sure he got the picture. This man was not a Christian, but surely not far from the kingdom of Him who gave the great commandment, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them," and, "I was sick and ye visited me." "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye have done it unto me."

I must not forget to record here another important step in the growth of the An Ju Church, which occurred at the time of this visit: the signal conversion of Chun-si, foster sister of Choi-si, who gave her home to help buy the new church building. These two women had been widows for many years, living together as sisters, highly respected in the community.

When Choi-si became a Christian and Chun-si refused to believe, it happened according to the words of the Master that a sword entered in. Chun-si not only refused to believe herself; but opposed Choi-si having anything to do with "the people of Jesus." For thirty years the two had lived one life. Now Choi-si entered a new world of belief and friends where Chun-si was left out. Loneliness and grief and bitter hatred of the Christians filled her heart. She became so violent a persecutor that possibly a desire to escape may have influenced Choi-si in her gift to the church, inasmuch as it was provided that she should occupy one of the rooms as keeper of the building.

If she sought to escape, she failed. Chun-si packed her goods and moved into the church with Choi-si. Here was a nice situation, an enemy in the camp, a heathen woman and a persecutor, so bitter that the sound of singing and of prayer drove her into a perfect frenzy. The An Ju Christians seemed helpless. Nobody cared to carry the old woman into the street to scream and tear her hair and throw the city into an uproar. Their only hope lay in the strong hand of the missionary. I sent Chun-si word to quiet down or leave the church and for a time she behaved a little better; but when our woman's Bible class began, the Devil seemingly entered into her to break up the meeting. She abused all

who came and cursed and swore so that the younger women were frightened away.

It was high time to act, regardless of consequences. I called Chun-si out and told her she must go. I was sorry; but she had behaved so outrageously that she would have to leave, and leave immediately. "Very well," she said, "I'll go," and in a perfect storm of anger, she rushed into the church, grabbed here and there for her belongings, bound them into a bundle, and tore out of the church, pouring out threats and imprecations upon all of us. That night we had peace. The next morning while the women were having prayers the door suddenly opened and Chun-si rushed in and threw herself on the floor in an attitude of prayer, exclaiming, "Kedo-hapsata" ("Let's pray"). Everybody was nonplussed. Was the old woman pretending, or had contrition overtaken her at last? She had to repeat her request several times before anyone offered to pray.

Chun-si rose up from that prayer absolutely a changed woman. In fact, the change came in the night, when, as she told us, alone and in a strange place Jesus came to her and opened her eyes. She sat through that class a repentant woman and an eager learner. What a miracle! She who once hated the very name of Jesus came over night to love Him with a great love. The transformation of her face was beautiful to see. I had known her before a hard-visaged, hateful, blaspheming woman. Now all the hard lines were gone, driven out by the great peace and love that came to her self-tortured soul. Would that I could paint the two faces as they live in my memory! No better apologetic could be found for foreign missions.

The two sisters now went forth, hand in hand, to preach the Gospel to their friends in An Ju, and Chun-si soon became the greater power of the two. It was said of her, as of Saul of Tarsus, "Is not this she who made havoc of them that called on this name?" Scores of men and women were converted. The Christians were no longer in confusion; but meeting together "with gladness and singleness of heart. Praising God and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to them day by day those that were saved."

In due course of time, Chun-si became a catechumen, and after the usual year's instruction, was baptized, my hand sprinkling the baptismal water on the bowed gray head, and in my heart a profound sense of God's grace and presence.

Another year went by and once more Mrs. Blair and I visited An Ju together. The church was crowded for communion service

on Sunday, but Chun-si was not there. She lay in a room not far away, listening to the singing, but unable to enter. After the service, Mrs. Blair and I, with the officers and one or two old women, went to Chun-si's side and held a short service of song and prayer and I administered the communion. "No," she said, "I am not afraid to die, but very tired and long to be with Jesus." We never saw her again. Only a few days later God called her home with a song of praise on her dying lips, gloriously triumphant.

One other circumstance added greatly to the success of the An Ju Church. A territorial division was finally arranged with the Methodists whereby they took all the territory northwest of An Ju and turned over their work in An Ju to us. We have now but one Church of Christ in An Ju, a Presbyterian Church under the Korean Presbytery; but in reality a union church. At first the Methodist Christians objected to the union, being prejudiced against us just as our people had been against them; but Mr. Morris, the Methodist missionary in charge at An Ju, soon showed them that it was necessary for the good of the whole church. Soon all differences dropped out. Both congregations were surprised to find what splendid Christians some of the men they had doubted before really were. At last we were in a position to know and love one another as true brethren. And God set His seal unmistakably upon the union. The An Ju Church is today the strongest church in my territory. We have a boys' school with two teachers and a girls' school and a church of nearly four hundred.

The winter before we left Korea on furlough, plans were begun for a new church in An Ju, to be built on the hillside overlooking the city. Timber was purchased on a mountainside twenty miles away, cut down and hauled over the snow to An Ju. When spring came, business halted while the foundation was being laid and the big timbers squared for raising. Much of the work had to be done by paid carpenters and masons; but all that unskilled hands could do was gladly done by Christians, for money is scarce in Korea. Saving everywhere possible, the church would cost fully 30,000 nyang, $1,500 in American money; but representing a sacrifice to them of $30,000. Nor was it easily raised, or all at one time. The congregation met time and time again to pledge the money. All gave what money they could, some gave their fields, others grain or merchandise, women gave their jewelry, and it was done.

Finally the frame was up, looming like a cathedral above the city, built to seat six hundred and high enough to permit enlargement to seat twelve hundred. I went to An Ju on a visit of in-

spection and crawled all over the building with the building committee to see if the trusses were sufficiently strong, all of us happy as children. One thing troubled us. The contractor who had promised to furnish the tile went back on his bargain. The rainy season was drawing near and our building uncovered. Letter after letter reached me after I had returned to Pyeng Yang, telling of their anxiety, and asking me to ship tile from Pyeng Yang. I found this quite impossible. One day a letter came saying, never mind, that God had sent them the tile. Where do you suppose the tile came from? I mentioned the spirit-shrines clustered under the willow trees on the wall surrounding the city. The magistrate of An Ju sent word that if the Christians wanted tile badly, he would sell them all these shrines as they were no longer used by the people, and for a price he sold the church the whole collection, and the Christians went up in crowds and lifted the tiles from the roofs of the devil-houses, carrying them on their backs through the city, and set them high on the house of God; greatly rejoicing, and all the city looked on, no one objecting.

CHAPTER VIII

The Church's Testing

Enough has been given in the foregoing chapters to show the character of the Korean Church. There is no overstating the zeal of the Korean Christians, their enthusiasm in witnessing, their generosity in giving, their delight in prayer and the study of God's Word. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that there have been no difficulties to overcome, no problems, nor times of testing. The Far East is in a ferment. Two great wars that have shaken the nations and changed the course of history have focused in Korea during the short period of the Church's history. Nothing but the guiding presence of the Lord's Spirit has brought the Church in safety to this hour. Nothing but the Spirit of the Lord poured forth from heaven in Pentecostal power could have saved the Church at the time of its great testing.

The critical time to which we allude came with the establishing of the independent Korean Church in 1907. It has never been the thought or desire of the missionaries of our church or of our Board of Foreign Missions that the churches established in foreign lands should be permanently under the direction and control of the American Church; but that just as soon as it seemed wise to do so, independent churches should be established in the different countries, which should be encouraged to assume the full burden and responsibility of evangelizing their own lands.

The Korean Church, outside the salary and expense of the American missionaries and assistance given our hospitals and a few high schools, has been practically self-supporting for years. We had ordained elders in many churches. Most of the direction of local affairs had already passed into Korean hands. Looking forward to the time when the Theological Seminary should graduate its first class into the ministry in 1907, the date of establishment of the Korean Presbyterian Church was set for that year. Including one elder from each organized church, the first Presbytery would have more Korean voting members than foreign missionaries, and the control and destiny of the Church would henceforth be absolutely in their hands. Of course, that was just what we wanted. We wanted a Korean church, not an American church.

Nevertheless, we knew there was danger in thus intrusting power to untried hands. We were not ignorant of the experiences of our brethren in other lands. Nor were prophets of disaster wanting. Yet herein lies faith's victory. We had confidence in our Korean brethren. We knew the marvelous development of the church was the work of God and not of man. So we made our plans for 1907. Announcements were out beyond the possibility of change or recall when the whirlwind of the Japanese-Russian War swept over the country and changed the face of everything.

Japan won and Korea went to the victor. It was easy for Japan because she already held Korea. The Koreans had submitted without resistance to the military occupation of their peninsula by Japan, regarding it as a military neeessity. Suddenly Korea awoke with a start. The war was over and Japan still in Korea with no intention of withdrawal. She saw herself stripped of her dignity as an independent nation and was humiliated beyond measure by the return of her foreign envoys, and the careless indifference, even contempt of foreign nations.

In a day, what centuries of misrule on the part of her own rulers had failed to do, Japanese occupaney accomplished: patriotism was born in Korea. A wave of intense national feeling swept over the land. "Korea for the Koreans," and, "It is better to die than to be slaves" were heard on every hand. Unable to resist the Japanese openly, secret meetings were held throughout the country. Many fled to the mountains taking the name of "we pyung," or "righteous army," and waged guerrilla warfare on the Japanese. It is still dangerous for a Japanese citizen to travel alone far from the fortified cities.

Naturally there arose a call for every man to declare himself for or against the Japanese. All eyes were turned upon the Christian Church. Many Koreans saw in the Church the only hope for their country. There is no denying the intense loyalty of the Korean Church. Christianity gives men backbones. There were not lacking many hotheads in the Church itself who thought the Church ought to enter the fight. The country wanted a leader and the Christian Church was the strongest, most influential single organization in Korea. Had she departed even a little from the strict principle of non-interference in politics, thousands would have welcomed her leadership and flocked to her banner. We might have again witnessed the cross of Constantine leading a great army. I believe Korea, like the Roman Empire, would have adopted Christianity in a day, and I believe, too, we would have had another Roman Church.

It took high courage, coupled with wisdom and great love to lead the Church aright, to stand up before men burning with indignation at their nation's loss and preach the doctrine of love and forbearance, and forgiveness even of enemies. Yet this is just what the missionaries and our best Korean leaders did. Thank God, the Church, as a whole, wonderfully taught of the Spirit, received our teachings as the word of God. But some were disobedient. Everywhere there was an element that turned its face away. Efforts were made to undermine the influence of the missionaries and church officers who advised submission. Some of the Korean leaders were openly called traitors, some had their lives threatened.

About this time, too, there returned to Korea a number of young men who had been in America long enough to get the "big head." Most of them professed to be Christians, but their Christianity consisted more of a desire to free their country, and of personal ambition than of a sincere acceptance of Christ and a desire to do His will. These young men made us much trouble. They told stories, all too true, we were forced to admit, of the prevalence of immorality, of drunkness and ungodliness in America. "What right had these Americans, these foreigners, to lead the Church any way!" Some went to the length of saying that the Americans more than the Japanese were responsible for the unfortunate condition of Korea. At different times mobs arose and broke up our meetings. Those who were responsible for such disturbances were never numerous; but a few men can make a deal of noise. When men's hearts are wrung, a dozen wild-eyed agitators can do no end of damage.

The Koreans had long looked upon America as their special friend. Our minister, Dr. Allen, enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the King and all the people. Great was the disappointment everywhere when the United States, following England's example, hastened to recognize Japan's control. A violent anti-foreign, especially anti-American, storm swept over the land. We bowed our heads, not to the storm, but to God in prayer. And you let men get all mixed up in their minds, let some of them get deadly hatred in their hearts towards those whom they regard as oppressors, let some of them grow cold toward their leaders and the message of love and forgiveness unwelcome, and you have a condition the Devil knows how to use. It is impossible to long live up to the high standards of the Christian life in a heathen land without the Spirit's presence. Men with hatred in their hearts simply lost God's help and fell easy victims to temptation. We

were grieved again and again by the falling into sin of men we had trusted.

Have I made the situation plain? We were about to turn over the authority of our Church to Korean hands, to establish an independent Korean Church. Suddenly we found ourselves in the dangerous situation described. How could we take so critical a step at such a time? Yet we had to do what we had promised to do or break faith with our Korean brethren. So it was that God compelled us to look to Him.

CHAPTER IX

The Pyeng Yang Class

In August of 1906, we missionaries of Pyeng Yang, both Presbyterian and Methodist, realizing the gravity of the situation, met together for one week of Bible study and prayer. Dr. Hardy, of Won San, whom God has greatly blessed, came to Pyeng Yang to lead us. The First Epistle of John, which came to be our textbook during the revival, was selected for special study. How often God's Word seems written for special occasions! We were seeking help in time of need. The Apostle John assured us that everything depended upon fellowship with God, and that Divine fellowship was conditioned upon love and righteousness. He who searches the deep things of the heart took the Epistle and made it a living, personal message. "God is love and he that abideth in love, abideth in God and God in him."

We had reached a place where we dared not go forward without God's presence. Very earnestly we poured out our hearts before Him, searching our hearts and seeking to meet the conditions. God heard us and gave us an earnest that week of what was to come. Before the meetings closed the Spirit showed us plainly that the way of victory for us would be a way of confession, of broken hearts and bitter tears.

We went out of those August meetings realizing as never before that nothing but the baptism of God's Spirit in mighty power, could fit us and our Korean brethren for the trying days ahead. We felt that the Korean Church needed not only to repent of hating the Japanese, but a clearer vision of all sin against God, that many had come into the Church sincerely believing in Jesus as their Saviour and anxious to do God's will without great sorrow for sin because of its familiarity. We felt that the whole Church needed a vision of God's holiness to become holy, that embittered souls needed to have their thoughts taken away from the national situation to their own personal relation with the Master. We agreed together at that time to pray for a great blessing upon our Korean brethren, especially at the time of the winter Bible-study classes for men in Pyeng Yang.

The Bible-study class system is a special feature of the Korean

work. Each Church appoints a week or longer some time during the year for Bible study. All work is laid aside. Almost as the Jews kept the Passover the Korean Christians keep these days sacred to prayer and the study of God's Word. The result of such uninterrupted Bible study is inevitably a quickening of the entire Church, a true revival of love and service. Let America follow Korea's example in this one thing and the revival problem will take care of itself.

Besides the classes held in each church and numerous county and circuit classes, each Station has one or more general classes where representatives from all the churches assemble in the center where the missionaries live, and spend from ten days to two weeks in Bible study and conferences. The Pyeng Yang General Class for men is usually held the first two weeks in January, the attendance averaging for years between eight hundred and a thousand. Most of these men walk to Pyeng Yang distances varying from ten to one hundred miles. All come at their own expense and pay a small tuition to defray the expenses of the class. The attendance from the country is so large that local Pyeng Yang Christians are barred to make room for the visitors, a special class being held for Pyeng Yang merchants in February.

The General Class is divided into eight sections, each having, besides the morning devotional period and the half hour of singing, three full hours of Bible study under different missionaries and Korean teachers. At night a mass meeting for men is held at the Central Church; women are excluded for lack of room.

These Station Classes give invaluable opportunity to inspire and direct and unite the whole Church in its faith and life. The strongest men from all the churches are here. A new song taught in the Station Class will soon be sung all over the district. Every new thought and conviction sown here bears fruit in all the churches. This is why we prayed especially for the Pyeng Yang Bible Class.

The fall of 1906 was largely given up to country itineration. No special meetings could be held except a few evenings in the Central Church at Pyeng Yang at the time of Dr. Howard Agnew Johnson's visit immediately after Annual Meeting in September. Dr. Johnson told the Korean Christians about the blessings received in India and left a hunger in many hearts for similar manifestations of God's grace among us.

Christmas came and our scattered force assembled in Pyeng Yang to share the season's joys together. Usually we spend the week between Christmas and New Years getting acquainted with

our families again, resting in preparation for the busy days before us of the Bible Class season. Frequently, the whole community will meet for a social evening, having the best time imaginable. That winter we had no heart for social gatherings. Prayer-meetings were held each evening. Methodists and Presbyterians again uniting, praying definitely for the Presbyterian Class about to assemble and for the Methodist General Class to be held later. When the Presbyterian Class began on January second, the evening prayer-meetings had to be discontinued; but so strong was our desire to pray that although most of the Methodist men had to go to the country, we decided to hold noon prayer-meetings daily during the class for those who could attend. As Mr. Lee says in his brief account of "How the Spirit Came to Pyeng Yang," "These noon prayer-meetings were a very Bethel to us."

The evening meetings connected with the class began January sixth in the Central Church with more than fifteen hundred men present. Different Missionaries and Korean pastors led these meetings, all seeking to show the need of the Spirit's presence and the necessity of love and righteousness. The meetings were intensely interesting as meetings in times of crises always are. Nothing unusual happened. We were not looking for anything unusual. Only a hushed, solemn sea of upturned faces and eagerness to lead in prayer showed how the Spirit was working.

Saturday night I preached on First Corinthians, twelve, twenty-seven, "Now ye are the body of Christ, and severally members thereof," endeavoring to show that discord in the Church was like sickness in the body, "and whether one member suffereth all the members suffer with it," striving to show how hate in a brother's heart injured not only the whole Church but brought pain to Christ, the Church's Head. Shortly after going to Korea, I had an accident while hunting and shot off the end of one of my fingers. All the Koreans knew of this. Holding out my hand, I told the congregation how my head ached and my whole body suffered with the injured finger. The idea seemed to go home to them. After the sermon many testified to a new realization of what sin was. A number with sorrow confessed lack of love for others, especially for the Japanese.

We went home that night confident that our prayers were being answered. Sunday night we had a strange experience. There was no life in the meeting. The church was crowded as usual, but something seemed to block everything. After the sermon a few formal prayers were offered and we went home weary as from a physical contest, conscious that the Devil had been present, apparently victorious.

CHAPTER X

The Korean Pentecost

Monday noon, we missionaries met and cried out to God in earnest. We were bound in spirit and refused to let God go till He blessed us. That night it was very different. Each felt as he entered the church that the room was full of God's presence. Not only missionaries but Koreans testify to the same thing. I was present once in Wisconsin when the Spirit of God fell upon a company of lumbermen and every unbeliever in the room rose to ask for prayers. That night in Pyeng Yang, the same feeling came to me as I entered the room, a feeling of God's nearness, impossible of description.

After a short sermon, Mr. Lee took charge of the meeting and called for prayers. So many began praying that Mr. Lee said, "If you want to pray like that, all pray," and the whole audience began to pray out loud, all together. The effect was indescribable. Not confusion, but a vast harmony of sound and spirit, a mingling together of souls moved by an irresistible impulse of prayer. The prayer sounded to me like the falling of many waters, an ocean of prayer beating against God's throne. It was not many, but one, born of one Spirit, lifted to one Father above. Just as on the day of Pentecost, they were all together in one place, of one accord praying, "and suddenly there came from heaven the sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting." God is not always in the whirlwind, neither does He always speak in a still small voice. He came to us in Pyeng Yang that night with the sound of weeping. As the prayer continued, a spirit of heaviness and sorrow for sin came down upon the audience. Over on one side, someone began to weep, and in a moment the whole audience was weeping.

Mr. Lee's account, written at the time of the revival, gives the history of that night better than any words, however carefully penned three years later, can do. "Man after man would rise, confess his sins, break down and weep, and then throw himself to the floor and beat the floor with his fists in perfect agony of conviction. My own cook tried to make a confession, broke down in the midst of it, and cried to me across the room: 'Pastor, tell me,

is there any hope for me, can I be forgiven?' and then he threw himself to the floor and wept and wept, and almost screamed in agony. Sometimes after a confession, the whole audience would break out in audible prayer, and the effect of that audience of hundreds of men praying together in audible prayer was something indescribable. Again, after another confession, they would break out in uncontrollable weeping, and we would all weep, we couldn't help it. And so the meeting went on until two o'clock a. m., with confession and weeping and praying."

Only a few of the missionaries were present Monday night. Tuesday morning, Mr. Lee and I went from house to house telling the good news to all who were absent, and to our Methodist friends in the city. That noon the whole foreign community assembled to render thanks to God.

I wish to describe the Tuesday night meeting in my own language because a part of what happened concerned me personally. We were aware that bad feeling existed between several of our church officers, especially between a Mr. Kang and Mr. Kim. Mr. Kang confessed his hatred for Mr. Kim Monday night, but Mr. Kim was silent. At our noon prayer-meeting Tuesday, several of us agreed to pray for Mr. Kim. I was especially interested because Mr. Kang was my assistant in the North Pyeng Yang Church and Mr. Kim an elder in the Central Church and one of the officers in the Pyeng Yang Men's Association, of which I was chairman. As the meeting progressed, I could see Mr. Kim sitting with the elders back of the pulpit with his head down. Bowing where I sat I asked God to help him and looking up I saw him coming forward.

Holding to the pulpit, he made his confession. "I have been guilty of fighting against God. An elder in the church, I have been guilty of hating not only Kang You-moon, but Pang Mok-sa." Pang Mok-sa is my Korean name. I never had a greater surprise in my life. To think that this man, my associate in the Men's Association, had been hating me without my knowing it. It seems that I had said something to him one day in the hurry of managing a school field-day exercise which gave offense, and he had not been able to forgive me. Turning to me, he said, "Can you forgive me, can you pray for me?" I stood up and began to pray, "Apa-ge, Apa-ge" ("Father, Father,") and got no further. It seemed as if the roof was lifted from the building and the Spirit of God came down from heaven in a mighty avalanche of power upon us. I fell at Kim's side and wept and prayed as I had never prayed before. My last glimpse of the audience is photographed

indelibly on my brain. Some threw themselves full length upon the floor, hundreds stood with arms outstretched toward heaven. Every man forgot every other. Each was face to face with God. I can hear yet that fearful sound of hundreds of men pleading with God for life, for mercy. The cry went out over the city till the heathen were in consternation.

As soon as we were able, we missionaries gathered at the platform and consulted, "What shall we do? If we let them go on like this some will go crazy." Yet we dared not interfere. We had prayed to God for an outpouring of His Spirit upon the people and it had come. Separating, we went down and tried to comfort the most distressed, pulling the agonized man to the floor and saying, "Never mind, brother, if you have sinned God will forgive you. Wait and an opportunity will be given to speak."

Finally, Mr. Lee started a hymn and quiet was restored during the singing. Then began a meeting the like of which I had never seen before, nor wish to see again unless in God's sight it is absolutely necessary. Every sin a human being can commit was publicly confessed that night. Pale and trembling with emotion, in agony of mind and body, guilty souls, standing in the white light of that judgment, saw themselves as God saw them. Their sins rose up in all their vileness, till shame and grief and self-loathing took complete possession; pride was driven out, the face of man forgotten. Looking up to heaven, to Jesus whom they had betrayed, they smote themselves and cried out with bitter wailing: "Lord, Lord, cast us not away forever!" Everything else was forgotten, nothing else mattered. The scorn of men, the penalty of the law, even death itself seemed of small consequence if only God forgave. We may have our theories of the desirability or undesirability of public confession of sin. I have had mine; but I know now that when the Spirit of God falls upon guilty souls, there will be confession, and no power on earth can stop it.

CHAPTER XI

The Results

The Pyeng Yang Class ended with the meeting Tuesday night. The Christians returned to their homes in the country taking the Pentecostal fire with them. Everywhere the story was told the same Spirit flamed forth and spread till practically every church, not only in North Korea, but throughout the entire peninsula had received its share of the blessing. In Pyeng Yang, special meetings were held in the various churches for more than a month. Even the schools had to lay aside lessons for days while the children wept out their wrongdoings together.

Repentance was by no means confined to confession and tears. Peace waited upon reparation, wherever reparation was possible. We had our hearts torn again and again during those days by the return of little articles and money that had been stolen from us during the years. It hurt so to see them grieve. All through the city men were going from house to house, confessing to individuals they had injured, returning stolen property and money, not only to Christians but to heathen as well, till the whole city was stirred. A Chinese merchant was astonished to have a Christian walk in and pay him a large sum of money that he had obtained unjustly years before.

Just as soon as possible, I went to the country to look after my country churches. Everywhere I found the people already prepared, praying for the Spirit's blessing and not once did He disappoint us. God seemed anxious that not one weak group nor one small child should miss the blessing. I remember two small boys, both nine years old, the only believers in their families, who came forward during the meeting at Yung You, and wept grievously over their sins. After the meeting, they made me promise to pray daily for their unbelieving parents. Two years later I met the boys again. One brought his younger brother who had become a Christian with him and told me that his father had promised to become a Christian. The other stood just behind and said, "My father is already a Christian," the happiest, proudest boy imaginable.

One of my churches, Nam San Moru, was very weak and in a

discouraged condition. The hour this church wept its sins out before God was an hour of new birth and power. Today, it is one of my strongest churches, with a congregation of three hundred. One afternoon during those long-to-be-remembered days, I found I could not keep an appointment to preach at So Kam, a gold-mining camp where we had a few weak followers. Securing a horse, I rode to the church where the few Christians were assembled and told them that I must go back to the city at once, that I would only wait to lead them in prayer. I had scarcely started to pray, when the same Spirit of sorrow for sin fell upon that company of miners, some of them men who had lived hardened lives of sin before believing. I left them weeping together. That hour was also the beginning of new life and power for So Kam. They have recently built a fine new church that will seat over three hundred.

Some strenuous scenes were witnessed during the revival. At Yung You, where Mr. Lee and I held a class for one week in February of that year, I saw a man arise and confess that he had killed a man in a valley not far from the church, and fall unconscious before the pulpit so that we had to work over him to bring him to. Such sins cannot be confessed without the whole nature being torn as with a death struggle. It is remarkable, considering the intensity and wide extent of the revival, that no serious effects were reported. The result was everywhere wholesome, except where men deliberately resisted or sought to deceive the Spirit and their brethren. At first, we were greatly troubled lest in the excitement insincere confessions, perhaps from wrong motive might be made; but we soon found we could trust our people with God. Sometimes a man would get up and make only partial confession of his wrongdoings, holding back the part he was really ashamed of; but the next night would find him back, pale and tortured, ready to rise at the first opportunity and confess his double sin in hiding his great sin the night before. Once the Spirit convicted a man, he seemed to get no rest day nor night till he had unburdened his heart to the church and done what he could to repair the injury. Only in a few cases, where men guilty of sins which they refused to confess in spite of overwhelming conviction which made them writhe on their faces, was injury experienced. God waited long and seemed to put forth all His Divine power to save such; but in the end, if they continued to refuse His pleadings, He turned from them and cast them out. Sooner or later the sin would be uncovered and the church learn just why it was that the brother had failed to find help and peace.

One of my helpers, the man named Kang, referred to as having

been at enmity with Mr. Kim, had a terrible experience. Night after night, he would be under conviction, never finding peace. After the revival was over, he gradually lost interest and we had to remove him from office. Finally, he ceased coming and avoided me. A full year later, the confession of a woman proved this man Kang to have been guilty of immorality while he was a church officer. He refused to confess, resisting the Spirit to the end, and God had to let him go. Kang went from worse to worse, and finally became the keeper of a brothel in the city. Only a few months ago, word reached me that he had attempted to end his wretched life by taking opium.

Outside of a few cases like Kang's, the effect of the revival upon the Church was exceedingly helpful and uplifting. The whole Church was washed and made clean and sweet and new. When we met to organize our Independent Korean Church that fall, not a word was heard about fighting, only a great desire to pray and to preach the Gospel as soon as possible to all Korea and, if God wills, to China and Japan. That first meeting of the new Korean Church was really a foreign missionary meeting. A Board of Foreign Missions was organized. The Presbytery laid its hands upon one of the first seven men to be ordained to the Gospel ministry, the most gifted man in the class, Ne Ke-pung, and sent him as a foreign missionary to the Island of Quelpart, south of Korea. The missionary spirit has taken possession of the whole Church, especially of the young men in the College. Last year the Pyeng Yang College and Academy students raised enough money to send one of their own number, Kim Hyung-cha, to Quelpart to help Ne Ke-pung. Kim Hyung-cha is one of our most promising young men. He would have graduated from college last year; but we had to hold up the graduating class for one year on account of insufficient teaching force. He was spending the year helping me in my office and teaching certain classes in the College. The committee met and elected Kim Hyung-cha to go to Quelpart without his knowledge. I was sent to see him about the matter and found him sick, lying on the floor at his home. I put my hand on his head. He was too feverish to talk so I simply said, "Hyung-cha, the Missionary Committee met today and elected you to go to Quelpart, will you go? Don't tell me now; think it over and tell me tomorrow." He told me later that he turned his face to the wall and fought the battle of his life. His salary as a missionary would only be a little over half what he was then receiving, besides he was enjoying special opportunities connected with his work in the college, for music and language study.

But the call conquered. The next day in answer to my question, he said, "I'll go." He did go, and how the boys prayed for him all the year!

Last year another ordained man was sent by the Korean Church to Vladivostok in Russia, to preach to the thousands of Koreans who have settled in that section. The Mission Committee is planning to send men into China proper and a number of young men in the college have expressed a desire to go.

Who can tell what the end will be? The so-called "Million Movement," now going on in Korea is only the natural result of a Spirit-filled, Spirit-quickened Church. The Korean Christians are resolved to preach the Gospel to every man, woman and child if possible this year. An amount of time to be given to house-to-house preaching aggregating over seventy thousand days has already been pledged by individual Christians. A special effort is being made to place a copy of one of the Gospels in every home. The Bible Society is printing a special edition of 1,000,000 copies of Mark's Gospel to be used in the great campaign. Already this year 700,000 copies have been sold.

Truly the time foretold has come. A nation is being born in a day. May God grant that the glorious ingathering may go on till not only Korea, but Japan and China, and all the nations that have so long lain in darkness and the shadow of death shall be joined to His Kingdom, and may God grant to us here in America an equal portion of His Spirit.

FINIS