

## A LETTER FROM KOREA

TO THE "GRIERSON" MISSION BAND, MONTROSE,  
P. E. I.

FROM REV. ROBERT GRIERSON, OF KOREA.

Nagasaki, Japan, Sept. 1, '98.




## MOTHER CHILDREN:

This is just a little note to you to let you know that your missionaries are all well, and in a very short time will be in Korea, the land to which you are sending us. There are five of us:—Rev. Mr. Foote and Mrs. Foote, Rev. Mr. McRae, my wife and myself.

We have crossed the wide continent of America, sailed over the great ocean of the Pacific, and have been spending the past two weeks in Japan, waiting for another steamer to carry us to Korea.

How I wish you could be here to see the dear little Japanese children, with their funny eyes, shaven heads, bright-colored dresses and wooden shoes.

The shoes are very peculiar—they do not cover the whole foot as ours do, but are only used to keep the feet off the ground. They are made out of a piece of wood as long as the foot, and this has two other pieces of wood set into it underneath, like this  so that they are lifted up well out of the mud in rainy weather.

The shoe is held on by strings which come between the big toe and the one next to it and then fastens round the ankle, so that every pair of stockings worn in Japan has a place separate for the big toe, so as to let the shoe be fastened on.

You can imagine how much noise a lot of children with such boots on make as they go along the paved streets. They make a very pretty clink, clink, as they walk along.

I think it would teach some of you a nice lesson if you could be here. Would you believe it, I have been in Japan sixteen days, and in all that time have not seen a boy or girl cross or out of temper. But I have seen hundreds of little girls carrying around on their backs their little brothers and sisters, almost as big as themselves, never scolding or cross, but always smiling and happy. Could I spend sixteen days in Montrose without seeing one of you cross?

A few days ago in Yokohama I saw a lot of boys and girls having a procession. It was a holy day and they were carrying a beautiful box all full of bangles and gaily colored ribbons, in which their God was supposed to be. They went along singing and gay, carrying banners and ringing bells.

But wasn't it sad after all? To have a god who could be carried round in a box! How different from our God, who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and who is so great that heaven and earth are too small to contain him.



Rev. R. Grierson, M. D. of Korea.

Last night again in this city we saw much of the superstition of the people. After dark they lighted up some of the hillsides with lanterns, thousands of lights burning, so that their gods might see them, and firing off thousands of fire-crackers to keep away the devils from them. But our God can see us without the light of lamp or candle.

Long before you read this we will be over in Korea, beginning to learn the language, and making friends with the people. Please pray to God for us, that we may have help from Him in learning that hard language.