

which includes the territory from Seoul to Pyong Yang, a distance of 180 miles. We loaded our little pack ponies with drugs and books and started on our tiresome journey over rough roads, fording streams and climbing mountains. I have the privilege of being the first missionary appointed to exclusive work in the interior of Korea. I praise God for the privilege of carrying the gospel to those who have never heard of it before. My work is entirely pioneer work. On the 30th of Sept. I entered the city of Pyong Yang. As I passed through the streets throngs of Koreans gathered to see the foreigner. After wending my way through several streets I came to an inn and was given a room eight feet square, the front door of which opened into the street and the back door into the yard where the horses, pigs, cattle and poultry are kept. There were no windows, and the only light that entered the room came through the paper which was pasted over the lattice work of the door. This little room, with its mud walls and floor, was my dining and bedroom. Here I saw all my patients, dispensed my medicines, and sold my books. Each day long before the hour appointed for opening the dispensary the street was thronged with patients. The street answered as a waiting room, and one by one I saw the patients in my little room.

"The people have shown me great kindness, and only once have I received anything like rough treatment, and the same might occur by the rabble in any of our large cities in the home land. One evening one of the fishermen took me out for a row on the beautiful river that flows along the outside of the city wall. We had just got out into deep water when showers of stones came from behind the wall and fell all around us. If one had struck us or the fishing skiff serious results would have followed. We pulled as rapidly as possible over to the other side of the river.

"Our medical work brings us into great favor with the natives and gives us an opportunity of preaching the gospel and selling christian books to many that we could not otherwise reach.

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

The following morning I was sent for in great haste with the message that the boy was dying. I hastened to the house and found him very low. The mother was the widow of a Korean doctor. She told me if I cured her son she would give him to me as my slave, as she was very poor and had nothing else to give. I told her I would do all I could for her boy without expecting anything for it. I told her why I had come to Korea, to give my life to her people, and told her of God, of heaven, and the wonderful story of salvation, and that I was praying for her boy and that He had the power to bless the medicines and restore him to health. God answered our prayer and the family are now diligent searchers after the truth. The Holy Spirit has gone before us and prepared the soil to receive the seed, and will cause it to spring up and yield an abundant harvest.

"I have been invited out to dinner several times by the natives, and they do all in their power to show their friendship and make it pleasant for me. I live upon native food almost entirely. But a person gets tired of rice three times a day, so to-day I thought I would like some pancakes, but I could not obtain any flour. I bought two measures of buckwheat and took it to the hotel mill to be ground. The mill consists of two round stones about 15 inches in diameter and two inches thick. A hole is drilled in the centre of each stone and a wooden pivot inserted. Another hole is drilled near the outer edge of the upper stone for the wooden handle, and still another hole is drilled a short distance from the centre into which the grain is dropped. I got a couple of boys to turn the stone, and after grinding for half a day and sifting the flour through a seive made from horse hair woven together I had ten pounds of flour. I had some baking powder with me and very soon I had the mixture ready to fry. I had a fire made from cornstalks and upon this I cooked my cakes. I enjoyed them most heartily, and I will be able to have them often. I am the only foreigner in this city, and yet amid all uncongenial surroundings I am happy.

"Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song,
Oh, that all His salvation might see."

I look forward to that glad day when in this land "Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."