

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. ESTHER PAK, OF KOREA.

THE young readers of the PALM BRANCH would all be much interested in this brave woman, if they could see her, we know. As you have already heard, she is the first woman to come to America from Korea, as a student. She is taking a four years' course at the Woman's Medical College, Baltimore. Esther has left a husband and little babe, now ten months old, in New York. We talk of sacrifices, dear children, but what are our sacrifices compared with hers? It is not safe to speak to Esther of the husband and baby left behind, for the homesickness of the heart swells up to the eyes, and threatens the loss of self-command. And for what has she made this sacrifice? That she may get an education, and go home to Korea to minister to the bodies and souls of her own people; that she may follow in the footsteps of her Master, "going about doing good."

But some tender-hearted little girl will ask, "Why must she leave her little baby in New York?"

Why? Because it would draw away its mother's attention from her difficult studies. You know the tricks of the little babies—how they fill mind, and heart, and hand, and leave room for nothing else. Esther knew this, so she made her great sacrifice, which Christ will count as done to him. But we will let her tell her own story as she told it, in her own native way, a few nights ago, in the Branch meeting in Washington.

Esther said: "I am very glad to see all these ladies in America—they have been very kind to me. I have been in Mission work eleven years. We have many people in Korea, but few teachers, only sixty or seventy missionaries. Very few of my people go to God's Worshipping House, but many go to places of idols. Many native doctors are no good; there are no surgical doctors; the ladies there like women doctors best. There is a nice hospital there for patients; one trained nurse from Baltimore—doing wonderful work teaching the Bible. Miss Lewis and Dr. Howe were sent out—the Dr.'s health failed, then they wanted me to come into the hospital. I said, "If the Lord wants me to do that work, I will do it." I went in at 14 years, and read the Bible and catechism—I prayed to God and He gave me the chance. Two years ago Dr. Hall brought me to America. When I reached America I felt homesick, but I went to God and asked Him to give me a brave heart. When I was 18 I was married. Young ladies cannot go out in my country, even to do good. After I was married I could go out and carry the blessed Jesus doctrine." Esther then told of some threatened persecution for Christ's sake.

Next month we will give the story of Esther's conversion as told by herself.

THE STORY OF BANBEE.

LITTLE BANBEE was a heathen girl who had been taught to pray to an idol that was in her home. It was a very dreadful looking thing, with long, stiff hands, crooked legs, and a face that made one want to turn away from it at once. But notwithstanding the idol was such a fright, little Banbee prayed to it and gave it food and some of her few little treasures. Often when very hungry the poor little girl would offer all her dinner to the god, thinking it would do her soul good.

One day she hurt her hand with a piece of glass, and when the blood flowed she became frightened, and ran to the idol asking it to help her. When her hand grew worse, she laid it on the stiff wooden fingers of the god, expecting every moment the pain would be gone. But the pain increased, and poor little Banbee cried, but still, through it all, she did not lose faith in the god.

At last Banbee's arm began to look red, and sharp, cruel pains ran up and down from her shoulder to her finger. This new trouble the little girl showed to the idol, but the great, dull eyes just stared on and never noticed her. At this time a good missionary was going home from visiting some sick people, and hearing some one moaning, she went to the hut where Banbee lived, and there she saw a little child, thin and suffering, sitting close to an ugly idol, begging him to stop the pain in her hand. She would hold her little brown hand in the well one, and then lift it close to the great staring eyes, saying words little folks in this country could not understand—for Banbee lived in India—but which meant, "See, see! help poor Banbee?"

The missionary had medicine with her in a case, for part of her good work was to heal the bodies of the poor heathen as well as to care for their souls. She went into the hut, and, taking the poor, aching hand, said, "Little girl, I am your friend."

Banbee was not afraid, for she had seen "the clean mamma," as they called the missionary, going through the village a number of times. She watched her with interest when she opened a bottle and bathed very gently the wounded finger and then the whole hand in a cool wash. And as she bathed it and the pain lessened, Banbee listened to the story of Jesus' great love for little children: how he came to earth to save just such little ones as Banbee. And then the lady told the little girl how useless it was to pray to anything made out of wood, which had once been a senseless tree, standing unnoticed in the forest.

It was a wonderful story for Banbee to hear, and Jesus seemed just the friend she needed, for the little girl had not many friends. But it was quite a time before Banbee could entirely give up her wooden god. She would often, after talking with her new friend (the kind missionary), creep into the room where it was and pray to it. But at last Banbee took Jesus for her best friend, and used to say she loved the far-away Christians, because they sent "the clean mamma" to tell her of Jesus.