

he had sold the books, which were being read by the people with deep interest, and that some men wished me to go to baptize them. Believing that this last statement was merely intended to please me, and made on the supposition that I would never face the arduous journey implied in going there, I paid no attention to it. The man was sent, however, with a further supply of books to other valleys, and after the lapse of another half year he returned, repeating exactly the same story.

During the period of this book-distribution a revolution had broken out in the Korean capital, in which the Progressists, who sought to open their country to western nations, worsted the official and literary men, who opposed any change. Many of the latter were killed, more were cast into prison, and some, who were transported into the armies on the frontier, escaped across the Yaloo to Manchurian soil, where their lives were safe. A few of these found their way to the valleys which had been visited by the colporteur. They saw our books, and their curiosity was excited about the work going on in Moukden. Having nothing to do, they slowly wended their way towards us. On presenting themselves, they mentioned the books they had seen, stating that many of the men were praying to the "God of Heaven." This statement from men who were ignorant of the meaning of what they were saying, was such strong confirmation of the story of the colporteur that I resolved to investigate the matter on the spot, believing it too serious to be neglected. As soon as my colleague, Mr. Webster, was informed of my resolution, with his characteristic courage and enthusiasm, he volunteered to accompany me. It was then summer. The heavy rains of early autumn would soon fall, after which the considerable portion of the road, which was boggy, would become impassable. Waiting till the keen frosts of our winter solidified bog and quagmire and made bridges across our rivers, we started in the middle of November. After the first half of the journey was over, we were compelled to leave wheeled vehicles behind, and with a few indispensable articles on pack mules finish the other seven days' journey on our ponies. We were gradually ascending, till one afternoon we halted at an inn about 2,000 feet above the sea. Two feet of snow lay on the ground, a pathway having been trodden down by preceding travelers. About 3 A. M. next morning, in brilliant moonlight, we set out to scale the two passes which lay between us and the Koreans. From the west fort of the one pass to the eastern base of the second was a distance of thirty miles. Once we tried to ride; but soon had to dismount, and made no second attempt, as the path was so steep, narrow and rough. With a halt on the top of the first pass, we had to walk the whole distance, and thoroughly worn out we at last came in sight of a house, which to our delight proved to be a Chinese inn. Entering the gateway, and