

SCENES IN KOREA. CRUELITIES OF HEATHENISM.

I WITNESSED, writes a missionary, what gave me an insight into the utter heartlessness of heathenism.

I stopped for the Lord's day in a small village. Soon after breakfast my boy came in saying that there was a poor fellow dying out on the roadside.

Going out, I found a man somewhat past sixty years of age lying on a rough litter. He was covered with frost, having lain there all night, and was very weak, though able to talk. Upon inquiry I learned that he had been taken sick on the road five days before, and that, according to the custom which now prevails, he had been placed upon this litter by the men of the nearest village, and by them carried to the next village, where he was dropped at the side of the road. The people of this village, in turn fearing lest he should die on their hands and his spirit remain to haunt them and work them mischief, hurried him on.

Thus the poor man had been carried from village to village, left to lie all night in the rain or frost without covering, without food, or medicine, or any attention beyond that of being roughly carried on and dropped again. For five days he had been so treated, and his strength was almost gone.

I suggested that some one give him food; but no, not one was so minded; so, buying a table of food I fed him with some rice-water. After eating a little the old man looked up gratefully, saying, "Now I shall live," and then he pleaded to be taken care of for two or three days, until he should have strength to go on.

I urged the people to give me a room where he might be made comfortable, promising to pay for his food and fuel. They flatly refused, and were preparing to carry him on.

Turning from them I spoke to him of Christ, of forgiveness of sin, and relief from pain. He seemed to understand, and brightened up a little. After praying with him I turned again to the people and said some pretty plain things about their murdering the man. This seemed to arouse their consciences a little, and the spokesman of the village began to talk of finding a room. Asking me about his food, he named an exorbitant sum as necessary in order to keep him a few days. I agreed to furnish the amount, and told them to prepare the room while I went to get the money.

Entering my room at the inn several followed, saying that it was very kind in me to thus care for the man, but that the people did not want to take him in.

Again I urged and offered more money, but while talking others came in to say that they had already carried the man off. They had gone but a few miles when the poor fellow died, and there they buried him.

Not long after this I passed along the main street of this city of Pyeng Yang and witnessed another incident revealing the degradation of this people. Before me were a lot of boys tugging away at ropes attached to a straw mat, in which was the body of a man who had just died on the street. The boys were shouting and laughing and making gay sport as they dragged this corpse along. This took place on the main street of the capital of the province, the boys being the errand boys of the merchants, who sat among their wares laughing at the frolic the boys were having.

Upon returning to my rooms I spoke of what I had seen, and was told by my boy that the night before he had seen an old man lying in

front of one of the main public buildings on this street. The old man had just been thrust out of an inn and left to die on the streets on that bitterly cold night.

Is this practical Confucianism which professes to pay the greatest respect to the aged and to the dead? This is not an exceptional case, such as might occur in the slums of a large city, but it took place in the sight of all on the main street in the city, where dwells the governor, who in his zeal for Confucianism has recently established anew a Confucian school.

Christianity has not as yet very many adherents in Korea, but already these few show a greatly different spirit from the above.

Last January, in this probably the most wicked city in Korea, it was my privilege to baptize eight men, giving us a church of ten members. They had been instructed in the Gospel for several months, had endured abuse and insult with courage and with a truly Christ-like spirit, and they soon showed that they had been imbued with the practical spirit of Christianity. Before they had been in the Church a month they came to me with the proposition that the first use of the little money they had contributed should be for the care of a little orphan child dying of starvation. I gladly accepted the proposition, eager to encourage them in their Christ-like spirit.

Thus practical Christianity is manifesting itself in Korea. Theoretical Confucianism contrasted with Christianity in a Parliament of Religions at Chicago is one thing; practical Confucianism illustrated in Korea is quite another.—Sel.

CHURCH TRAMPS.

A CHURCH tramp differs in many respects from the idle worthless fellow whose face and form is as familiar on the streets and at our doors, but after all there are some striking resemblances. Let us note a few:

1. A church tramp thinks little of his home. He may not have one. His church letter may be in his pocket or with the society he belonged to before changing his residence. So he feels under no obligation to attend any particular church, but is free to go about to hear the noted divines of the city.

2. A church tramp is usually whining and fault finding. He goes about bearing a bad report of his place, but does nothing to make it what he believes it ought to be.

3. A church tramp dislikes steady work. His strength has gone to whistle and to wheels.

4. A church tramp is poor pay. He thinks collections ought not to be taken, that the Gospel should be free to all, and those who do not wish to pay be saved the embarrassment of declining.

5. A church tramp is not respected. So soon as he begins with his brethren discount him.

6. Finally, he will be altogether homeless and die as he lived. A religious tramp he lived, a spiritual pauper—useless, homeless, frequently Christless, unmourned—he dies.

The one thing for every Christian to do is to find out the church he likes the best, where he can labor to the best advantage, remembering that no church is perfect. Then stand by it through thick and thin, in storm and sunshine.—Frank L. Wilson in *Christian at Work*.

In that great day how insignificant shall appear the offices of honor, the wealth and comforts of earthly life, compared with the crown which shall be given to those who have conquered souls for Christ.—Bishop Simpson.