

SIR DANIEL WILSON.

OR, MDCCLXII.

IN MEMORIAM.

"God gives to his beloved his good gift, sleep"  
After the long day's turmoil and the heat,  
The weary moments, and the quickened beat  
Of fevered pulses, comes a yearning deep  
For rest, while o'er the slumberous senses creep  
Benumbing shadows, and oblivion sweet  
Enshrines the soul, until dawn angels greet  
The sleeper's wondering gaze with rays which leap  
Into a flood of glory. When life's shades  
Gather, and evening falls, as in the west,  
The sunset's splendour into softness fades,  
With reflex gleamings from the land of rest,  
So longed for,—at God's touch, the weary eye  
Closes,—to wake in immortality.

With reverent hands I lay these cypress leaves,  
Twined with the laurel he so meekly wore,  
Upon his quiet grave, where evermore  
The whispering wind a solemn requiem weaves.  
Remember, though the wounded spirit grieves,  
The words he spake, the life he lived, the store  
Of heaven born compassion that he bore  
Toward the friendless ones whom Christ receives.  
The nine-fold Muses miss his fostering care,  
And the wide world of letters mourns. O heart,  
So kindly and so earnest with rare art  
Didst thou stern duty's rugged tasks make fair,  
So that the Master's mind, as in thee wrought,  
Seemed, even here, to full fruition brought.

Mourn not the shadows, dark, intangible  
That, like a veil, obscure his home from ours,  
Ev'n while the darkening tempest o'er us lowers,  
The fullest trust shall surely in us dwell,  
With power, deep, abiding, that the soul,  
Loved by his Maker, in His likeness grows,  
And wisdom learns, as cycling ages roll,  
Diviner than mere human dreams. He sows  
Infinite realms of thought, and reaps,  
And ever reaps the infinite in realms  
From which forever grief and death and night  
Are banished, and in the trackless deeps  
Of love and light, no gathering storm o'erwhelms  
His barque, no dimming doubts obscure his sight.

—Margaret Eadie Henderson, in *The Week*.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

BUDDHIST MONASTERIES IN KOREA.

Mr C. W. Campbell, of the British Consulate at the capital of Korea, made last year a journey into the northern parts of that country, exploring regions never before visited by Europeans. His most interesting report of his expedition has been sent to the British Foreign Office, and presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of the Queen. We will quote from it part of his description of the Buddhist monasteries in the Keum-kang San, or Diamond Mountains, which stretch through the middle of North Korea downward from the thirty ninth parallel of Korea, as given in the *Mission Field* :—

"Few places are more celebrated in any country than these mountains are in Korea. Their fame, indeed, extends beyond Korean limits, but chiefly as a Buddhist centre the Koreans, who are not remarkable devotees of Buddhism, esteeming them solely on æsthetic grounds. At Seoul a visit to Keum-kang San is very fashionable and supplies all the material necessary for reputation as a traveller.

"The early Buddhists were evidently the first to explore these, to all appearance, uninviting highlands. The absolute seclusion of the place and the severe grandeur of the scenery fulfilled conditions dear to the monastic mind in days when Buddhism was more of a reality and less of a sham than it is now. The religion seems to have spread to Korea some time in the fourth century of our era, and the first historical notice I have been able to unearth relating to Keum-kang San announces that in the reign of Pop-heung (A.D. 515), a monarch of Silla, the monks Yulsa and Chin-pyo repaired and renovated the Ch'ang-an monastery.

"So far as I am aware, the region is only penetrable along the route which the monks have pioneered, and this may be briefly described as seven or eight miles of extremely rough torrent winding up the west slope to the watershed, which is four thousand two hundred feet above sea-level, and a twenty five miles descent of wild mountain path on the other side. Ch'ang-an Sa is superbly situated a little way up the western slope. The lofty hills, which wall in the torrent on the north, recede for a few hundred yards, and rejoin it again, leaving in the interval a semicircular space of level ground upon which the temple is built. Nothing could be more effective than the deep green setting of this half circle of hills rising up like a rampart from the rear of the buildings, and rendered additionally pleasing to the eye by a symmetrical covering of leafy forest and shrub. In front the water swishes and swirls through huge tumbled granite blocks, here and there softening into a clear pool, with just enough commotion in it to invite the bather. Beyond this again towers a conical buttress of the Keum-kang San, thickly clothed with pines and tangled undergrowth for half its height. The peak

possesses the characteristics peculiar to the range. Gaping seams and cracks split it vertically from the summit down until vegetation hides the rock, at sufficiently regular intervals to give one the impression of looking at the pipes of an immense organ. The topmost ribs are almost perpendicular, and gleam bare and blue in the evening sun, but lower down the cracks and ledges afford a precarious lodging to a few adventurous conifers and stunted oaks. The whole forms a *coup d'œil* of mountain, forest and flood which it would be hard to match anywhere.

"The monastery consists of half-a-dozen detached buildings scattered about in no particular arrangement, the best of them no more than forty feet from the ground to the pitch of the roof. Externally, all are of the usual Korean type—oblong, with massive tiled roofs and deep overhanging eaves, which often shelter an abundance of wood-carving. The panels of the doors are cut into a sort of open-work, which allows a modicum of light to penetrate into the interior. The horizontal beams on which the roof rests are ornamented with figures of mythical animals in green and gold, the projecting rafters are gaudily painted, and over the entrance to each structure is an inscription-board bearing its name—usually fanciful and high-sounding—in white or gold letters.

"The interiors of the shrines proper are lofty, huge pillars, a yard in diameter, made of single timbers, support the roof, and the ceilings are paneled, and curiously, though pleasingly, embellished with intricate designs in many colours. The principal shrine at Ch'ang-an Sa is called the Sa sang Chon, or 'Hall of the Four Sages,' and contains three Buddhas in different attitudes of meditation, six or a Lo-hans with their attendants, and a remarkable picture worked in silk and gold, of Buddha and his disciples, which the monks declared had come from China at the foundation of the monastery, some one thousand four hundred years ago. The altar is canopied with a bewildering reticulation of woodwork in three tiers, also gorgeously painted and decorated. This, too, belonged to the original building, as did the massive pine pillars; everything else is modern. The figures of Buddha are of clay, gilt, and the cast of countenance is distinctly Korean. Behind the Sa-sang Chon is an annex containing three images of Hindu appearance. They are of cast-iron, gilt as usual, and came from Si-yo, the Chinese Hsi-yu (India) a long time ago. A magnificent 'salisbury' shades this annex in front, and the parterre is brightened by a bed of asters.

"The only other shrine of importance is dedicated to the ruler of the Buddhistic Hail, Chi chang, and his ten Tai-wang, or princes. Behind each prince hangs a picture representing him sitting in judgment, and depicting the horrible tortures and punishments that await violators of the law.

"From Ch'ang-an Sa the ponies, with the heavier baggage, had to be sent back a portion of the way we had come, in order to turn the northern flank of the Keum-kang San, and follow the practicable route across the mountains to the east coast. This done, the monks took complete charge of us. To ascend the torrents a species of mountain chair is kept at all the principal monasteries. It consists of two stout ten-foot poles, lashed a couple of feet apart, with a narrow seat across the centre, which is provided with slender supports for the back, arms and legs. The bearers are lay members, usually kept to attend to menial services, whom long practice has enabled to manipulate the rickety 'na-myo' over ugly ground with great steadiness and dexterity.

"Our wants in every particular were studied by the good monks, a stamped circular was despatched to the temples in front asking them to prepare for us, and a cicerone accompanied us to explain the 'sights,' supervise the conduct of bearers, and hand the party safely into the custody of the relieving contingent. I ought to mention that the road jurisdiction of each monastery is fixed to a point half way toward its neighbour on either side, and we never failed to meet the fresh chairs and bearers at these boundaries.

"The 7th, 8th and 9th of September were spent in crossing the mountains and visiting the principal monasteries. From a hill behind P'yo-un Sa, where we stayed the first night, the great view of the Keum-kang San, called 'The Twelve Thousand Peaks,' is obtained. I was impolite enough to protest against the needless exaggeration of numbers which the first glance at the chain in front revealed, but my expostulations were met with the news that every little jagged protuberance was a peak, and that in any case no one had ever attempted to count them. The path all along here was about as bad as it could be. The sides of the glen sprang up straight from the bed of the rushing stream, and there was no option but to clamber laboriously over the huge boulders. When the road left the torrent it was to traverse slippery, sloping rocks, some of which the monks had assayed to render less dangerous by a foothold of pine trunks held in place by pegs driven into crevices.

Our cicerone had a story to tell of every pool or abnormal rock, and the place teemed with associations, mythical, historical and Buddhistic. From P'yo-un Sa we follow the torrent through Man-pok Tong (grove of myriad cascades), where a round hole, evidently worn by pebbles in the solid granite bed of the stream, is pointed out as the wash-basin of some Bodhisattva with a terribly long name; past Po-tok Am, an altar to Kuan-yin (Goddess of Mercy), built some one hundred feet up in the face of the rock, and partly supported there by a hollow cylindrical pillar of iron resting on a projection below; past the Lion Stone, beyond which the

Japanese invaders of 1592 were too scared to advance; the Fire-Dragon Pool; several second-rate shrines; the Myokil Sang, a figure of Buddha thirty feet high, carved in the living rock, and on up to An mun Chai (Goose Gate Terrace), the dividing ridge and the highest point (four thousand two hundred feet), reached by me in the journey across Korea.

"The estimation in which each particular scene or prospect was held by Korean pilgrims might be easily gauged by the number of names chiseled in the rocks near at hand. The fantastic confusion of Man-pok Tong appealed especially to their sense of the picturesque, for every accessible foot of stone surface had its quota of Chinese characters, which were very useful indeed in affording a foothold on the smooth, treacherous rocks.

"At An mun Chai the Yu-chom Sa (first temple on the eastern slope) people awaited us, and we were born rapidly down, halting on the way at a beautiful pool to partake of a reflection which the monks had thoughtfully sent out to meet us. What struck me most about Yu-chom Sa was its newness, explained by the fact that the old buildings had been burned to the ground seven or eight years previously, and its cleanliness, not so easily explained at first sight. Koreans generally have an unmistakable regard for the 'great molecular author of existence,' but the monks at Yu-chom Sa were astonishingly clean in dress, person and belongings, all out of respect, it afterwards appeared, to the wishes of the superintendent, who was a determined enemy of dirt in any shape or form. The principal altar, a twining structure with niches in which fifty-three little images of Buddha are placed, and the excellent decorative paintings and frescoes, are also noteworthy. Besides, Yu-chom Sa is almost as well favoured by nature as Ch'ang-an Sa in situation and surroundings."

MISSIONS TO THE NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

In paying sympathetic visits to the centres of our Indian Mission work, the Rev. A. H. Cameron, of New Glasgow, N.S., has done what we hope many of the ministers from the older Provinces will do in the course of their western tours. Mr. Cameron's impressions are recorded in the following letter to the editor of the *Western Missionary*:—Rev. and Dear Sir,—In July I had the pleasure of visiting the Industrial School at Regina and the Indian encampment at Prince Albert. Our missionaries at these places are doing most excellent and self-denying work. In the school at Regina there are ninety-six names on the roll, and the average attendance is eighty-five. During the last quarter thirty-three names were added. In the classes there are seventy-one in the first book and twenty-five in the second. The work in the house, and on the farm is done by the scholars under the watchful eye of competent instructors. My interest in the "Indian work" of our Church is very much increased and deepened by my visit, and I would strongly recommend ministers and elders to seize the first opportunity to see this work for themselves. Principal McLeod says that there is a marked improvement in the conduct of the children. They certainly seem well content and give a prompt and cheerful obedience to the rules of the school and the commands of their teachers.

A boot and shoe factory, carpenter and paint shop, and a blacksmith shop are all necessary establishments, and should be provided as soon as possible by the Government.

The work at Prince Albert is carried on at a great disadvantage. It would be well to press on the Government the advisability of duplicating their work for the Indians at Regina by giving the Indians at Prince Albert the same advantages.

On the occasion of the Rev. W. S. Moore's departure for a visit to his old home across the Atlantic, the people of his mission field and their neighbours gathered together to wish him and his wife a safe journey, a happy visit and a speedy return. The programme published in the local papers shows that they do these things as handsomely on the banks of the Qu'Appelle as anywhere. There were music and speech-making; there were loaded tables and tables loaded more than once, evidently, for many of the participants came from a considerable distance, and made a day of it; there was an address; and, last but not least, there was "a well-filled purse." Well done, Mascoiwpetungs! It was seemly that you should send your missionary off with a well-filled purse, for many a time within the past five years it has been emptied to provide for your Indians.

PEOPLE who give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial realize its great merit, and are glad to say a good word for it. Have you tried it?

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R. W. HARRISON.

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