

finished at the neck with a purple and white stripe. The sleeves are made in the same way, and the whole is lined with pale pink. The shoes are made of wood covered with pea green silk, and ornamented with red and white stitching. Little girls wear their hair neatly braided and tied with a ribbon. But these pretty dresses are only worn by the wealthy, white is the national color and most of the people wear white clothes.

Among the higher classes, boys and girls are separated when they are eight or ten years of age, the boys living in the men's apartment, the girls in that of the women; and you can imagine what a dreary unnatural life they lead shut up in their box-like little rooms, knowing little of the sweetness of family affection or the happy home life which we enjoy. There is even a darker side to this picture: their religion is one of fear, consisting of ancestor worship, sacrifices to demons, and spells to propitiate evil spirits.

The habits of the people are filthy; there is no drainage, and no attention to the common laws of health, so it is no wonder that small-pox, cholera, and fevers are fearfully prevalent, and the suffering from these is increased by total ignorance of any rational mode of treating the sick, and by the belief that all disease is caused by evil spirits, who must be driven out before a cure is possible; this they profess to do by piercing the body with needles. Strange remedies are also employed, one of the most dreadful being to cut off the hand of a daughter to make broth for a sick father. Many poor girls are said to be thus mutilated. Thus they have little joy in life, and neither hope nor comfort in sickness and death. "Oh, doctor, doctor, where am I going to? It is so dark, so dark!" said a dying Korean lady to a medical missionary, who had, by a most unusual breach of their customs, been brought too late to see her. Simply, as to a little child, he told her of Jesus and heaven; and as he spoke her terror changed to wonder, then to glad acceptance of the salvation so freely offered, and she passed away, whispering, "Is that for me—for me?" Only last year a little Korean girl, daughter of one of the first converts in Seoul, died of fever. Just before she departed her father asked her where she was going. "I am going to Jesus' land," she replied. "Do you think you are going to die?" said her father. "Yes," she answered, "I am going to die in order that I may go to live with Jesus, and you will soon come too." After her death her father preached a grand sermon, repeating her dying words, with expressions of thankfulness for her faith, and that she was now in the better land.

The king and the poor queen, of whose murder we have lately heard were from the first very friendly to the missionaries and were especially interested in the medical work, and they gave some little girls, who were