

servants to idle away their time about his premises."

But we must not think disparagingly of the Korean. There are splendid traits in his character. We may treat his ancestor worship as a subject of wonder and even amusement if we will, but there is something profoundly beautiful in his regard for father and mother. The Rev. James Gale tells a little story of how a mob had gathered around him was dispersed because it was found that he had a father and mother in Canada to whom he wished to write:

"In the mob that pushed into the courtyard, I saw the form and cut of dress of the governor's chief secretary—each official grade has its particular uniform by which it can be recognized. A word or two with him might avail something if I could only catch his ear. A moment later he came in through the press, and I had an opportunity to ask him if he would help me. 'In what particular?' said he. 'In this, it is our Western New Year's Eve to-night, and I would like quiet that I may write a letter to my father and mother, for I always write them on New Year's Eve.' 'Is your father alive?' asked the secretary with some surprise. 'Yes,' I said, 'alive, and has a very high regard indeed for Korea.'"

"He at once told those nearest him that my father and mother were alive, and that I was going to write them about their Land of Morning Calm. Word passed that I was to be trusted, for I had been born of parents and showed unmistakable signs of filial affection. Gradually the tumult quieted, the people took their departure, and some of the old women ventured to the front door and shouted questions about my maternal ancestry. Neither years nor miles can carry one beyond the protection that the Orient recognizes in the sacred names, father and mother."

Surely there is much hope of a people who have a filial love as deep



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as this. There may be no word for love in their language, but we feel persuaded there must be some such feeling in the hearts of the people, even though it has never found expression in words. Their filial piety is crudely and quaintly expressed in a stanza of their own poetry:

"That pond'rous weighted iron bar
I'll spin out the thin in threads so far
To reach the sun, and fasten on
And tie him in before he's gone
That parents who are growing gray,
May not get old another day."

Another crude expression of feeling is in the following little Korean love song, which proves that the Korean is quite capable of human emotion. One has the feeling that there is a great deal reserved behind these awkward lines:

"That rock heaved up on yonder shore,
I'll chisel out and cut and score,
And mark the hair, and make the horns,
And put on feet, and all the turns
Required for a cow;
And then, my love, if you go 'way;
I'll saddle up my bovine gray,
And follow you somehow."

Less crude are the lines on life:

"Ye white gull of the sea so free!
What earthly care or rue