

## A Glimpse of Korean Life

By Rev. Wm. Scott, B.A., Yong Jung, Kanto, Korea

(Note: From a long letter received by the Editor from Mr. Scott we cull the following. "To such as have the vision clear," his "celebration" of the news of the Armistice (the sub-title is ours) should speak eloquently of the conditions of "another warfare," and of the heroism of the "exiled" soldiers in it, whose work often deserves celebrating and imperial decorations no less than that of the brave men returning from the Front.—Editor B. C. M.)

... Now for a glimpse of Korean life. You would enjoy being with me tonight. It is nine-thirty and I have just got home from evening service in an old-fashioned log church built on the saddle rump of a fairly steep hill, which tries the faith and the legs of both the Christians below and those who live farther up the valley. They could not have built the church much higher up or they would have been on top of a wooded mountain. It seems almost as if these good people had tried their best to hide themselves away from the world. They have built themselves log-and-mud huts, some 30 or 40 feet long by 8 feet wide. A layer of thin stones covered with a light layer of mud forms the floor of the rooms and at the same time the flue of their kitchen fire. The kitchen fire is their only fire, but by the ingenious flue arrangement it heats the whole house and always maintains an evenly heated floor surface. And since the Korean knows no more how to sit on a chair than a goose does on a bramble bush, his seat is always warm. So in the coldest winter he has his heating plant already installed and little fear of any derangement. And, remember, it is cold here in winter. For some time now the thermometer has been registering 18 to 25 below zero, with a bitter north-

west wind blowing three days off and three days on, the winter through. Well, here I am seated in a large Korean room, eight feet by nine and six feet high. There is no encumbrance of furniture except what my itinerating outfit furnishes. On two sides of the room, about four feet from the floor, are two poles stretched to form a primitive shelf, and on this is loaded the clothes box, grain, and farming implements of my host. The night is too cold to keep the door open for long, but you may be sure I take every opportunity I can of airing the place and refreshing my lungs by frequent excursions to the open air. But I am privileged in thus having such a room all to myself. Next door, in a room of the same dimensions, six or seven Koreans are gathered, with the door closed tight and never a dream of opening it. They are reading the Scripture and discussing it by turns, often two or three reading aloud from different passages at the same time and others quite unconcernedly talking on different themes. How do they manage to concentrate on their work? They have done it so for generations and it doesn't trouble them a little. But God have mercy on the poor missionary, who is overworked and though tired and fatigued has to work and try to go