



KOREAN TEMPLE.

their necks over the owner's shoulders in reading it.

Doubtless, though, this same characteristic has been of great assistance in the spread of the Gospel tidings. In a country where no one is reticent why should not An, Amnaita, and Wushita talk to every one of the new life that is filling their thought?

At first you wonder when you enter the Korean hut how the flowing garments of the Korean are kept white. Even his stockings are great, padded, white creations in which he steps around as softly as a cat. You soon come at the secret of it, or at least the chief secret of it. It is the labor of his poor wife in the "inner enclosure."

Woman is a subject of contempt, beneath the consideration of the mighty man of Korea. He marries without love the woman his father bargains for. In fact there is no word for love in the Korean language. Woman is simply the necessary bridge between father and son. Her husband refers to her as "What-you-may-call her." She it is who cooks his

food, washes his white garments and, in short, does most of the household work. One must remember that it is scarcely sixteen years since Christianity entered Korea; that already changes are taking place. We are looking at the original Korea, and in "What-you-may-call-her" we find the hope of the nation. She at least works and is useful.

There is, doubtless, another reason why the Korean can dress in white. It is because the majority of the men do nothing. In a country where

nine-tenths of the men are idle and nine-tenths of the land is untillable, it is not hard to account for the poverty of the people. It mystifies the foreigner to know how the Korean lives. Years of residence in the country do not solve the mystery. The Korean is always on the verge of destitution, yet he always manages to continue his retired life. Labor is disgrace in his eyes. So long as he can get along without work he proves his unquestioned right to a place among the nobility. It is his boast and his glory that he does not work—does not even know how to work.

We recall an old lady in our own land who boasted that her daughters knew nothing about any kind of work—could do nothing at all. The good woman's ideas were on a par with the man of Korea. Says some one: "His house may be falling into ruins, his gates and doors off the hinges; poverty and want may stare from every chink, but so long as the master of the house does not work, his importance is assured. It is even greatly added to, if he can keep a staff of