

ble pagoda is one of the dear possessions of Corea's capital. This beautiful little pillar has stood in Seoul for ages, and was the gift to a former Queen of Corea from her father, a Mongol Emperor of China.

In 1592 the Japanese conquered Corea and attempted to take this pagoda to Japan. Being unable to do so, after having removed three stories, they built a huge fire beside it and calcined its northern side; the other three sides were uninjured.

A sharp Japanese recently bought the house beside the pagoda, and then claimed the pillar, since it was in his 'yard.' A diplomatic correspondence was precipitated, but the intruder was not successful. He had intended to sell the pagoda back to the Korean government for one hundred thousand dollars.

The palaces of Seoul are comparatively slight affairs, although some which are in disuse illustrate Corean styles of ornamentation very beautifully. Corean mural decorations consist of brickwork, arranged in various geometrical designs, the most common being the Greek key pattern. The painting on the Chang-dok Palace, or 'Old Palace,' looted by the Chinese in 1884, shows rainbow hues which are considered elegant.

The principal palace of Seoul is the Kyeung-Pok Palace. Here, on October 8, 1895, the Queen of Corea was murdered and cremated by irresponsible Japanese ruffians, because she was believed to be playing into the hands of Russia.

These lootings and murders suggest the sad story of Corean political life. It is supposed that the ancestors of the Coreans came from the region of the Malay Peninsula, drifting along the Chinese coast, from island to island, until they entered the peninsula of Manchuria which now forms Corea.

Their descendants are no more like the agricultural Chinese or pastoral Manchus than like the maritime Japanese. By the strongest of tests, that of language, the present Coreans resemble none of these. The Corean native tongue is quite perfect, having both conjugations and declensions. For many centuries the peninsula was under the control of China; Chinese is the official language of Corea. There was a great Japanese conquest of Corea, and the peninsula became a battleground for Chinese and Japanese armies.

Although crushed and overrun, the ancient Coreans made some notable inventions. They made the first ironclad, a boat in the shape of a turtle, which rammed and sank hundreds of Japanese ships in a single battle; they swung perhaps the first suspension-bridge. This was a bridge of ropes, which, being thrown across a river, were twisted until they cleared the water. On this foundation was laid a corduroy road. The first metal types were made in Corea.

By the Japanese-China War of 1894-5 Corea was freed from the purely nominal domination of China, made 'free,' and dosed with reforms which she could not digest. As the Tartars bury their captives to their chins in sand, and leave them alone in the desert, with tempting fruits placed before their mouths, so poor Corea found herself at the close of that war. Bound with the ten thousand customs inherited from China, she saw before her opportunities of which she could not make use. Being free, she fell into the hands of her own demagogues, a sadder fate for her common people than that to which any Chinese mandarin or Russian despot would have sentenced her.

The hope of Corea is in the work of the missionaries, who have done a marvellous work in Corea, and who will play a tremendous part in shaping her destiny and in the advancement of educational commercial interests.

America has played an important role in Corea's history, due largely to the influence

of Doctor Allen, our very able minister at Seoul. Baldwin locomotives run daily from the seaport Chemulpo to Seoul, twenty-seven miles inland, drawing American cars over a track built by American capital and engineers. A bridge built by a Chicago engineer spans the great river Han. American trolley-cars carry one through Seoul, from the grinning monkeys on one gate to the tomb of the murdered queen, three miles from the city. Nowhere on earth has the silence of centuries been broken by the scream of the locomotive or the whirl of the trolley-car and again resumed its former reign.

Corea will be no exception. A freight-train here, a trolley-car there, a loose leaf of a Testament drifting along the road into wondering hands, a Buddhist bell calling to worship in a Christian sanctuary—a century or two of this, and Corea will stir in its sleep and awaken.

'What have I done,' cried the Nail to the Nail, in the Hindu proverb, 'that through me the sharp tooth doth run?'

'Poor fool!' replied the Nail. 'What do I know? Ask him who beats my head with many a blow.'

Wise words originally spoken of Judea may be quoted of Corea: 'The Little States. They are constituted by the hand of God, and I trust in him that they never will be removed. He has placed them between the Great States as a negation to universal empire, a pacific obstacle to the shocks of their power and the plots of their ambition.'

The Student Conference at Northfield.

The Northfield Student Conference will be held at East Northfield, Mass., July 1 to 10. This conference has been held upon the invitation of Mr. D. L. Moody and members of his family each summer since 1886, under the direction of the Student Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. Its purpose is to build up the Christian life of students and to train them for leadership of the varied organized Christian work of their institutions. It is attended annually by about 700 men from 130 colleges and preparatory schools. The daily programme consists of morning and evening platform meetings in the auditorium, Normal Bible classes, conferences on College Young Men's Christian Association work and life work meetings on Round Top. The missionary feature, under the direction of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, is always prominent, and consists of normal classes, for training leading home and foreign mission study classes, a missionary institute for the discussion of the methods, and missionary addresses. The athletics in the afternoons bring out friendly rivalry between the colleges. Among the speakers for this year are the Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, of Cambridge, England; the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., of New York; the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., of New Haven; the Rev. R. A. Falconer, Halifax; Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. John R. Mott, and S. H. Hadley, of New York City.

The delegates are entertained in the buildings of Northfield Seminary, in tents on the Seminary grounds and in Camp Northfield. For information, letters should be addressed to C. L. Boyntor, 3 West 29th Street, New York City.

This is one of a series of seven Conferences which are held annually for the students of different sections of the country. Two of these, the South-western Conference at Ruston, La., and the Pacific Coast Conference at Pacific Grove, Cal., are held during the winter holi-

days. The remaining four are held as follows:—For the Lake Erie Group, at Lakeside, Ohio, June 17-26; for the West, at Lake Geneva, Wis., June 17-26; for the South, at Waynesville, N.C., June 10-19; and for the Pacific North-West, at Gearhart Park, Oregon, May 28-June 5. The training at these Conferences of from seventeen hundred to two thousand of the strongest Christian men for leadership of the Christian work in the institutions for higher learning in the United States and Canada has a marked influence on the religious life of the colleges of these two countries.

O Love, that dost with goodness crown
The years through all the ages down!
'Tis in Thy strength the mountains stand,
The seasons roll at thy command,
And rooted are all things that bless
Deep in Thy everlastingness.

—J. W. Chadwick.

A Prayer for our Missionaries

(Margaret E. Sangster.)

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand,
Thy vanguard in the distant land.

In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.

Be Thou in every faithful breast,
Be peace and happiness and rest.

Exalt them over every fear,
In peril come Thyself more near.

Let heaven above their pathway pour
A radiance from its open door.

Turn Thou the hostile weapons, Lord,
Rebuke each wrathful alien horde.

Thine are the loved for whom we crave
That Thou wouldst keep them strong and brave.

Thine is the work they strive to do,
Their foes so many, they so few.

Yet Thou are with them, and Thy Name
Forever lives, is aye the same.

Thy conquering Name, O Lord, we pray,
Quench not its light in blood to-day.

Be with Thine own, Thy loved, who stand
Christ's vanguard in the storm-swept land.

Tell Me About Christ.

A Hindoo of rank was troubled in his conscience on the subject of a future state. He had heard of Christians, and longed to converse with them about their religion, and to know who Christ was. So he visited England, the Christians' land, supplied with introductions to some leading people. Being asked to a great dinner, he turned to his neighbor in the course of conversation, and said:

'Can you tell me something about Christ, the Founder of your religion?'

'Hush!' replied his new acquaintance, 'we do not speak such things at dinner parties.'

He was afterwards invited to a large ball. Dancing with a young and fashionable lady, he took an opportunity of asking her who the Founder of her religion, Jesus Christ, was. And again he was warned that a ball was no place to introduce such subjects.

Strange, thought the Hindoo, are these Christians in England. They will not speak of their religion, nor inform me about Christ, its Founder!