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# THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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NOVEMBER, 1919



Glenwood Mission Sunday School.  
See page 697.



HOME  
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN  
EDUCATION  
AND  
MINISTERIAL  
RELIEF



FOREIGN  
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION  
AND  
SABBATH  
SCHOOL  
WORK

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AT HOME AND ABROAD

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ment could not but capitulate; the students were freed (altogether about 1,100 had been jailed in Peking for demonstrating), the traitors were dismissed from office.

I happened to be in Shanghai the very day this news came. It was the 12th of June, about 2 in the afternoon. All of a sudden the lifeless streets took on a new attitude; shutters were taken down, protest-banners were removed and replaced by national flags, strings of firecrackers were set off, business resumed, and the populace were in smiles again.

In this the first skirmish the students and the people won, but just now their real objective seems little nearer than before. That objective is nothing less than the restoration of Tsingtau and all the railway and mining rights in Shantung to China. Although their own officials are largely to blame, the vast majority of Chi-

nese believe that the Peace Conference made an unjust award, and that Japan's taking of Shantung is an act of high-handed aggression, which cannot be justified. China refused to sign the peace treaty, and intends to appeal to the League of Nations. She has no military or naval strength comparable to that of Japan, but feels that the opinion of mankind will support the justice of her cause. If not remedied quickly, the Orient will be left with an Alsace-Lorraine, whose consequences are fearful to contemplate. Most Americans in the East sympathize with China's cause, a fact which has led the Japanese newspapers into violent invectives against America, and many false accusations about her citizens in the East. It does seem that here is a case worthy of the most earnest attention from the League of Nations.

#### A LETTER FROM REV. L. T. NEWLAND.

HOME once more, and it is a good, warm feeling to know that we are back and in the midst of friends, nor are our feelings untouched with gladness over the fact that another ocean voyage has been passed in safety. The good ship *Empress of Japan* bore us safely here, but not until we had had a taste of real winter. On August 1st we had a little snow, and not until we got to Japan did we get really warm, but there all was made up for, and for the last week we have been slowly frying away. On the ship were other missionaries from all parts of the United States and going to all parts of the East, and all were hopeful of a brighter day for missions.

We found Japan much changed in the last year, and chief among these changes were more strict examinations of our baggage. There is also a swing back from what has been a considerable anti-foreign feeling. I understand that a few weeks ago the foreigner was not always treated very courteously, but that period has passed, and we were given every kind of assistance and generous treatment, but the H. C. L. is painfully apparent in Japan in the small stock in the stores and a general unkept appearance of the cities. The spick and span Japan of two years ago cost too much to keep up for the present day. We began to get our first hand information about the Korean troubles when we got to Japan, and with assurance gathered from the statements of thinking Japanese I am certain there are far better times ahead for our people.

The old bald hills of Korea never looked so good as they did last Monday morning,

when they first began to differentiate themselves from the hazy horizon. It was good to hear the old jargon again and to see the white-robed gentlemen with unruffled composure watch our party descend from the boat. Practically every Korean man is wearing a white hat as a sign of his mourning for the old Emperor. They were the same kind, gentle inquisitive people we had left, and after the rushing materialism of America and Japan it was really restful to get back to slow and backward Korea.

After a day spent on the way we came in sight of *Mooden-san*, our big mountain, and *Kwang-ju*. There were of course the Korean friends out to meet us, and the first few days were spent in greeting them. Both Mrs. Newland and I were told as a great compliment that we looked a great deal older, and I think they are really disappointed that our hair has not turned gray. Our American friends were of course glad to see us, for they have been sadly reduced in number. Last night our latest recruit arrived in the person of a new son at Dr. Wilson's home. Since only a girl's name had been decided on, he is yet just called It.

Things have greatly changed here. Work is plentiful and wages are very high. All commodities have advanced about an average of 200 per cent. So the day laborer is worse off than ever and the farmer is plentifully supplied with money. The aftermath of the recent trouble is on us, but I am too recently here to form an opinion. Many are getting out of jail, and it is evident that the methods of last March are not to be repeated. Our work has been greatly disorganized, but we are at

another open door of opportunity, and the gospel is more popular now than ever. I take over the work of two and a half men, with most of my leading men lost to me

temporarily, so we need your prayers and sympathetic co-operation. When I get back into the work I want to write you more about conditions.

### IN KOREA AGAIN.

MRS. M. L. SWINEHART.

THE "Empress of Japan," sailing from Vancouver, numbered among her passenger list eighteen missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Nine of this number are bound for Korea, Mr and Mrs. L. T. Newland and four children, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Swinehart, Miss Elizabeth Walker and Miss Hattie Knox going to Kwangju; Miss Lavalette Dupuy to Kunsan; Miss Anna Lou Greer to Soon Chun, and Miss Ada McMurphy to Mokpo. The first few days of the voyage from Vancouver to Yokohama were uneventful ones, for the Pacific was as smooth as a pond. The course was north and west until the Aleutian Islands were sighted, seven days out. One pale face from the cabins below staggered on deck that morning to see the blessed line along the horizon that the captain said was land; but as she could not distinguish any trees she choked down a sob and returned to her state-room, to emerge only when Yokohama was reached. Today, seventeen days from Chicago, we are in the land of our adoption, Korea. The thermometer registers 93 in the shade, but our enthusiasm registers still higher. We are so glad to be at work again.

The well-remembered sights and sounds and odors are all here. The rice fields

are a deeper green, the hills are a deeper blue, and the little thatched roofs a darker gray than last year. Oh, it is good to be among our Korean friends again!

At the dock in Fusan a group of coolies were loading huge bean cakes into the hold of a ship, and singing a characteristic working song, and of course we all joined in the chorus. The newly arrived missionaries are already in love with the Koreans and are rapidly picking up the queer sounding words that are needed at first hand. We have been repeating these lines as we have journeyed across the seas, and they tell you exactly how we feel as we reach this side of the world:

"I'm going back to the trenches to get another shot.  
I fight beside my Captain—if I fall it matters not.  
So I'm going back to Korea, and over the seas I'll fare,  
My home is in the homeland, but my heart is over there!"

*(This poem is not original; it was published once in the Woman's Work for Women.)*

*Kwangju, Korea, August 18, 1919.*

### AN UNUSUAL CONVERSION.

REV. L. C. SMYTHE.

IN the beginning of June I was a witness to one of the most dramatic conversions, or rather re-conversions (if there be such a thing) that I have ever seen. It was the conversion of a young man who has recently come as teacher to our Golden Castle School here in Nagoya. The influence of the teachers on the girls is of course one of the most important factors in the school life, and it is therefore our most earnest desire to have as far as possible only Christian teachers connected with the school. This, unfortunately, is at present an unrealizable ideal, as the supply of Christian teachers is totally inadequate to the demand, but it is always with a feeling of anxiety that we employ a man or woman who is not a professing Christian.

Last May, however, we employed a young man as mathematics teacher, who came as a professing inquirer but not as a baptized Christian. He was a very likeable young fellow though, and Mr. Ichimura, the principal, and some of the rest of us have been praying steadily for his conversion.

In May, also, some of the younger pastors in the city began the habit of having an all-night prayer meeting once a month out in the open air. Five or six of them went one night in early May to a high hill about three or four miles outside of the city and prayed from about midnight until dawn, when they came back into town. When they were going to have their June meeting they asked me to go along, which I was very glad indeed to do. The party