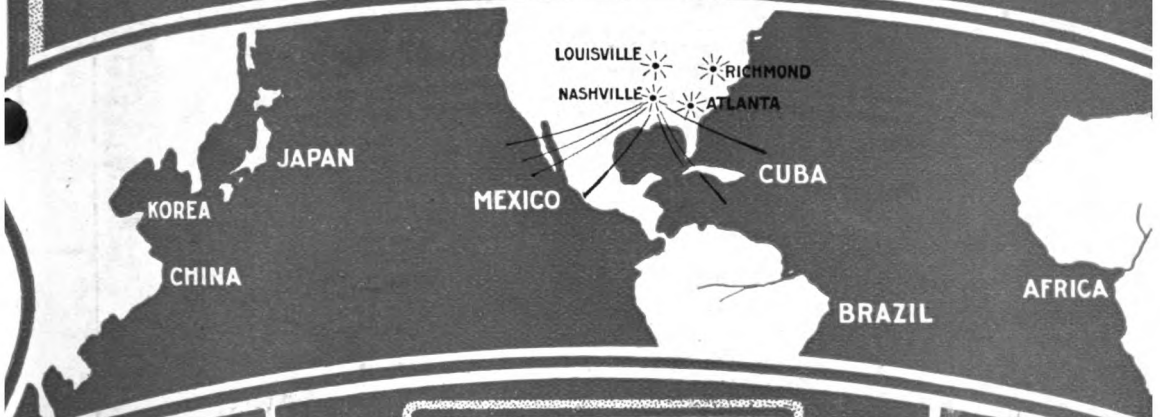


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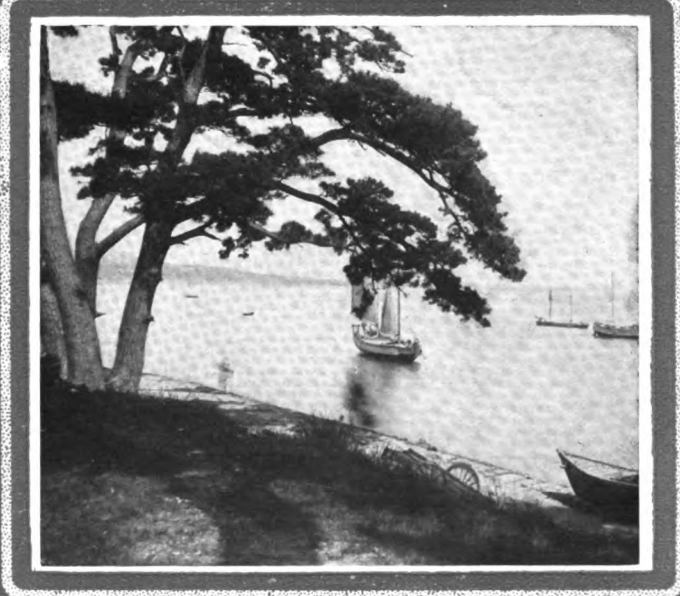
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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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AUGUST, 1914



HOME
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF



FOREIGN
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.
AT HOME AND ABROAD

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an automobile garage, and here are three large automobiles, made in Japan after American models. The party of Koreans and missionaries seat themselves and are whirled away to catch the early morning train into Kunsan. Twenty miles away the train stands ready to leave, but it is a matter of but a few moments to cover this distance, take the train and in another hour be in Kunsan ready for the evening steamship, which will carry the party to Mokpo. Before sailing they will drop a telegram to their host and will be met on arrival the following morning.

Surely then Korea under the leadership of Japan has emerged into the twentieth century civilization and needs our help no more. Schools are to be found in every town and hundreds throughout the country which correspond to our grammar schools at home, and schools to teach trades or farming are scattered throughout the land. Five hundred Korean students are in Tokyo studying in the universities, preparing themselves in law, medicine, etc. Will there then longer be need for our hospitals and schools, which we have built with so much anxious labor and prayer? As I retrace my steps homeward, after bidding the party Godspeed, I see the Chunju Hospital and Boys' School, the one to heal the body and the other to enlighten the mind, both of which have for so many years been bound down by superstition and ignorance. But what is that new sign, erect-

ed on the hill, adjoining the hospital? Since this has been erected by the Japanese Government surely it will be in line with their "Enlightened Policies." It is a Shinto Shrine, and over yonder is a Buddhist Temple remodelled, and the Imperial edict is enforced that all pupils in Government schools must be taught to render to the Emperor Divine honors, to observe the national religious holidays, to pray for the departed spirit of the late Emperor, and to study such ethics as are taught by Confucius and other illustrious sages of the East.

Are we then ready to retire from the field? Is an outer gloss of civilization of Western ways, identical with Christianity? By no means; Japan and Korea, speaking generally, are heathen to the core. Whether dressed in ancient or modern ways, the heart is the same. If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch? Rather than retire from the field, shall we not accept the challenge of that Shinto Arch as it stands over against the mission Compound, and with the Cross of our Lord before us, give ourselves with a new zeal to preaching and teaching and living that life that alone can give hope, life and light? Shall we not give them the root from which spring these fruits of light and blessing? Let the Church at home redouble her efforts and spare neither money, prayer nor men in her conquest of the East.

Chunju, Korea.

"BUT HE WAS A LEPER!"

REV. L. TATE NEWLAND.

LEPROSY—there is something in the very sound of the word that strikes fear to the hearer, for it calls to mind all manner of disfiguration and loathsomeness. Probably this idea has been heightened in the Christian by the knowledge that from out the hoary past leprosy has ever been used to set forth the hideous-

ness of sin. To you in America, who have to depend for your knowledge of the disease upon hearsay, I am afraid the full conception of its repulsiveness has never come with sufficient force or the needs of the lepers would weigh more heavily upon you. The old Jewish cry of "unclean" would clear a road for the crier thru the busiest thorough-



Leper Hospital, Kwangju.—Some Male Inmates.—Note Expressions.

fare of America. And yet we in Korea come in contact with the disease in every form practically every day.

Leprosy is the Bernard Shaw among diseases. With diabolical skill it eats out the nose, withers the lips, puffs out the cheeks, hoarsens the voice, sheds the hair and stiffens the fingers; twisting and distorting all that goes to make a man or woman attractive, and turning beauty into ugliness. Then it eats away the skin, revealing quick flesh and bleeding tissues, and eats off fingers and toes, exposing whitened bones. Even the English playwright cannot take a greater pleasure in covering the beautiful and parading the ugly, reversing the natural order of things, than this disease seemingly does. I am not a doctor and so cannot go into the science of leprosy, but I want to tell you a little about what the Gospel has done for the leper.

This disease is distressingly common in Korea, due no doubt to the absolute lack of isolation of the infected ones and the people's indifference to the disease. A man with a mild case will sleep in public inns and ride on public conveyances. The beggars come right up to the doors to beg and the leprosy women wash their clothes at the same pool that the other women do. I am told that there must be actual contact with

the disease before it can be contracted, but because the people are so careless and indifferent it is gradually spreading in Korea, and especially in the southern part of the peninsula.

Here, as elsewhere in the world, the leper is an outcast and a pariah, making his living by begging from market to market and town to town. In the East filth is considered to be one of the biggest assets in the begging trade. So the leper, dressed in his crawling mass of dirty rags, with his bleeding feet leaving a red trail as he walks, his stumps of hands, his distorted features, and with his utter repulsiveness, is a beggar well equipped for his trade. In fact, as beggars go the leper is pretty well fixed and is often able to give a good price for his medicine. But until the foreigners came no one cared for the souls of these unfortunates. True the people gave them a grudging living and endured them, but no one tried to save them. After the missionaries came the love of Christ began to constrain them to try to do something for these outcasts, and the first visible fruit was the hospital at Fusan. Then our own Dr. Wilson was touched by their condition and began planning for them.

The way did not seem open at all at first, for there was so much else to do, and they were a pretty hard people to treat. But a woman just on the edge of the grave was brought in, and her case was too pitiful to be turned down,



Some Women at the Leper Hospital, Kwangju.

so Dr. Wilson put her in an abandoned tile kiln and kept her until her death, which did not occur until she had made a good profession of faith. By that time some other members of the station were interested, and they were able to put up a little house that would hold six, though eight or ten generally managed to squeeze in. Here for several years he treated as he could, encouraged and helped these outcasts until among the few there was not one that did not believe. But every day the afflicted ones came in such numbers that he felt that he must do more for them. Finally he was able to interest the Society for Lepers in the Far East, and through their generosity was able to put up a nice comfortable hospital for the men. This was immediately filled with grateful patients. But the women were totally unprovided for. So another hospital is being built now, this one to be used for the women, giving room for about 100 patients. These quarters are still too small, but it is the best we can do at present. When a man has hobbled and crawled on the raw stumps of his legs some twenty-five or thirty miles and then has to be turned away from what to him is as good as Heaven—a comfortable home—he tastes the cup of disappointment at its bitterest.

It was my great pleasure a few Sundays ago to hold a service at the leper home, and I believe it was one of the most satisfying services I ever held, for they really hungered and thirsted after righteousness. I had seen a good many of the inmates when they were beggars, so I was hardly prepared for the great change in their appearance. Then they were as repulsive as man can get, while on that Sunday they were all clean, had on clean white clothes with

their scanty hair combed and brushed. Gone was the old hangdog wheedling look of the beggar, and in its place was happiness and intense eagerness. That Sunday there were about seventy-six men and women out, all who were well enough to come, all with Bibles and song books, and all as orderly as an American congregation. They all followed the service very carefully, and while their voices were hoarse, they sang with great gusto. They have absolutely nothing in this world to pin their faith to, and so, with empty hands, they go to the Master for their blessings, and he never turns them away. Theirs is a real faith that is invigorating to see. After the service they took up a collection, they poor dependents upon charity gave, as did the widow, all they had, and while it was not much in money, it was weighty in love.

After the services, as I was leaving, they all came to the edge of the terrace to wish me Godspeed, and when I had reached the foot of the hill I looked back at them and could see them in their white clothes sharply outlined against the green background. The distance had hidden all the ravages of the disease, and as they called out their good-byes they looked like those who had come out of great tribulation and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They had found no cure for their disease, but they had gained that better part and found healing for the far greater leprosy of sin. Through suffering they had been able to find the cross and He who suffered there for them. I rode away with my mind filled with what I had just witnessed, and I realized how much the poor leper had to teach me in the lesson of faith.

Kenanju, Korea.

From Mrs. John H. Bellot, Yoakum, Texas: The SURVEY gets better all the time, and I wish it could be in every home of our church.