

Presbyterian Survey

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MISSIONARY SURVEY



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OCTOBER, 1922

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
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RELIEF



Graduating Class of Woman's Bible Training School, June 12, 1922, Chunju, Korea. (See article on page 763.)

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN
AT HOME AND ABROAD



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PHILIPPIANS 3:19. "WHOSE GOD IS THEIR BELLY"

REV. L. T. NEWLAND.

TO the super-refined Western ear this statement of Paul's probably sounds a little bit coarse, but when one works among an Eastern people who have been living for centuries in heathendom, even though he may have a healthy suspicion that this State ment encompasses a large number of his countrymen, he is perfectly certain that it describes the general condition of all heathen people.

We who have grown up in the atmosphere of books and culture, under the shadow of churches and schools, to whom the daily paper is as much a part of our life as coffee at breakfast and where every man, woman or child that has any desire whatever can mingle in closest intimacy with all the great minds of present and past ages, such favored ones have no conception of the pitiful barrenness of the mental equipment of the people born under the curse of heathendom and ignorance. No papers, no books, no fount of conversation, nothing save their squalid village life and the filthy spring of their defiled minds to draw from. From the cradle to the grave in their social, business or religious intercourse there is not one thing that will lift their minds out of the mud in which they live and which in some way or other has become incorporated into their mental activities.

All this leads up to a little conversation I had yesterday. My helper and I were out preaching to an old man trying to arouse in him an interest in his soul. He listened for a few minutes in blank silence and then turned away with a laugh, half refusing and half apologetic, "I don't know anything about my soul, heaven or hell or a Savior, all I know is my rice." There you have it, you have in a flash the explanation of Paul's vigorous expression—"whose god is their belly." In this epigram he has epitomised the whole of heathendom. It makes no difference where you find it, in a hut; in the syrupy nonentities of

Japanese University or in a Korean Bahism or the cannibalistic rites of central Africa. It is all the same, a religion that makes man's stomach his god. Its periphery is the abdomen and the only mysteries connected with it are the convolutions of the great and small intestines. For heathenism binds man to this earth with cords of steel and sinks him to the level of the beast. Professing to pierce the mysteries of the hereafter it only so befogs the natural God-given knowledge of man that though he one time knew God, in the clouds of heathenism he has turned Him into the form of four-footed beasts and all manner of creeping and crawling things. Man who once talked with God face to face has fallen to the place where he knows only his rice!

"I know only my rice!" Have we no pride in the fact that we belong to one human family and the fall of one part means the hurt of the other part. Have we no pity for our fellows that have fallen so low; can we sit supinely by and watch over half the human race live and die with no higher thought than their own bodies. If it were only possible to reveal to thrice-blessed America the pitiful weakness and insufficiency of a people without a knowledge of God, I am sure our great nation would not rest until a world was brought to the feet of Christ.

I have been told time and again that the heathen's religion is as well suited to his needs as Christianity is to us. I knew that for a falsehood before I came to Korea and now I know that whoever makes that statement either is profoundly ignorant of what heathenism really is or he is finding in Christianity nothing higher than his stomach, and though he names the name of Christ in reality he knows only his "rice."

I cannot get the hopelessness of that reply out of my ears, "all I know is my rice." If I can raise one man's

eyes from this earth, can get it higher than his stomach, and fix it on the limitless beauties of my Saviour and His eternal home, I feel that I have made a wise decision in coming to Korea.

"All I know is my rice," this is the

present motto of Korea. God grant that it may soon be turned to the glad triumphant cry of those whose eyes are uplifted and whose souls have been swept clean by the winds of heaven, "For me to live is Christ!"

Kwangju, Korea.

A VISIT TO CHEIJU (QUELPART)

REV. S. K. DODSON.

THE island of Cheiju or Quelpart lies off the Southern coast of Korea, being about a twelve hour ride from Mokpo if the boat makes good time. Moreover when the sea is smooth, it is a very interesting trip winding in and out amongst the hundreds of islands that rise up out of the sea between this large island and the mainland. But alas! the wind is usually high and the boats small and dirty, so that sea sickness takes most of the romance out of the voyage.

The writer was appointed by the Mission to help the local pastor at Masilpo,

Cheiju in a Bible class this spring. Also the Korean pastor from Soonchun was present at the same time and held revival services at night. There were thirty or forty in the local church to study and representatives came from four or five churches in the surrounding country. The men and women studied well and there were some twenty or more who professed Christ and decided on the new life.

The work in Cheiju is supported largely by the two presbyteries within the bounds of our Mission, this being their special home mission work. At



Pastor and Congregation at Masilpo, Cheiju (Quelpart).