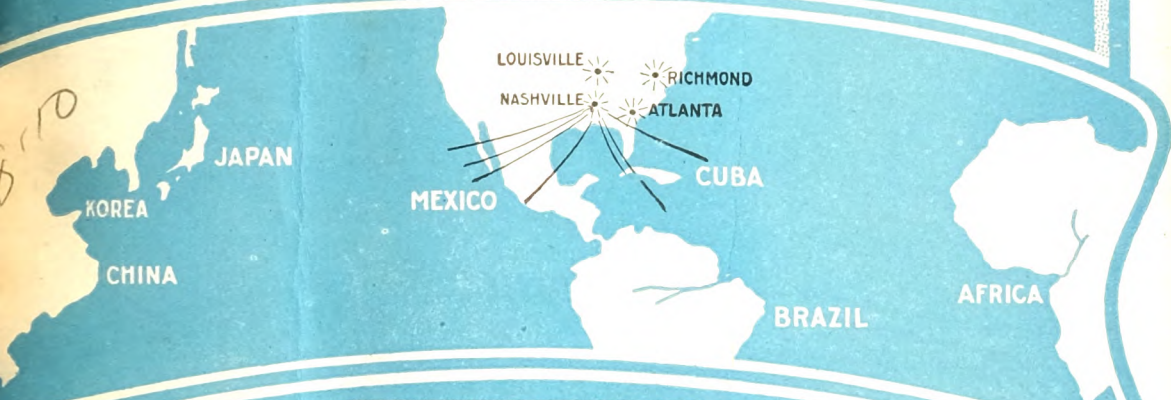


# THE MISSIONARY SURVEY



OCTOBER, 1918

Our aim this  
year is every Sunday  
school studying, praying  
for and giving to the sup-  
port of  
Our China Missions.



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

PUBLISHED BY  
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Digitized by Google

wife informed me of numerous visitors in my absence—some of whom were still waiting—and also of dinner, which had long grown cold.

"I can't stop to think of such a little thing as dinner," I said, "I've been engaging an outside man." And I showed her my result. "I'll just tell him to see the visitors off."

So with some words to Kim, which meant in Korean, "Tell them to go. I have hired you and want no more," I went to the table and prepared to eat, telling my wife to get some rest in the sitting room. We had potatoes for dinner, so my wife had said, but I didn't see them, so I called Kim and said, "Namja kajeo" (which meant, "Bring in the potatoes"), for I thought I might as well make him useful, and I knew the cook was busy. I never heard so much noise of tramping feet, and I kept wondering where my wife had let my visitors stay, for it couldn't have been in the study; they seemed to be all over the house, and Kim seemed to be having no end of trouble getting them out. I was just getting up to investigate when I heard a scream from my wife and she came into the room.

"What kind of a man is that you have got?" she said. "Here, I just went into our bedroom to see what all the racket was about, and I found one of those visitors of yours, that wuzly one with the dirty long beard full of vermin, the one who comes every day for work, trying our bed, and some more of them taking a look at the clothes closet, and another using your comb and brush, and—"

I had already left the room, and was on

my way to the bedroom, when I met Mr. C.

"See here," he said, "what's the matter? Thought I heard a noise, so I came in to see if I could help."

"Well, get these blooming bearded Turks out of my bedroom, and ask this man what he means by letting them stay after I told him to send them off. They'll drive me crazy."

We went up and found the men all in another room. They were looking at some things that had been washed and ironed, and were waiting to be sorted out. I would have punched them, but C. took it more calmly. He asked them what they were doing.

"Having a sight-see."

"Why?" And then followed a loud confab, which I did not understand, but it must have been amusing, for C. occasionally smiled.

"Kim says you told him to give these men a sight-see."

I indignantly denied the charge.

"What was your last order to Kim?"

I told him about the potatoes. He repeated the words to Kim, and in a few minutes both of them were laughing. After my patience was all gone they subsided, Kim left the room with his followers, and C. explained.

"*Namja* means *men*, man. What you told Kim was to bring in the men, and he thought you meant to give them a *kook-yeng*. The word for potato, which you may have use for, is *Kamja*. Good-bye. If I can ever be of any help call me in."

*Pymgyang, Korea.*

## STARTING A CHURCH IN KOREA.

REV. L. T. NEWLAND.

EVERY once in a while our Presbyterian Minutes, of our home Church, contains a statement running like this: "Four families living at \_\_\_\_\_ petitioned Presbytery that a church be begun in their town, and the following men were appointed to organize a church at that point." But rare indeed do we find a church beginning *de novo* in a place where there was not a single professing Christian. Yet that is the way we begin practically all of our churches in Korea.

I want to tell you about one or two of these churches that began in my field in the last year.

The first one began in a village called Tong-ho-di. A couple of years ago two young men came in from there to our hospital. They were just ordinary Koreans. Worked

hard, and as fast as they made a little money spent it on drink and gambling. The women-folk of the home where drudges, and many were the family fights. Of course, they worshipped their ancestors, idols, spirits and everything else that they thought could help them.

These boys had granulated eyelids, and having heard of the American doctor, got together about \$2 in money and came in to be cured. It is sometimes hard to see why God afflicts us, but that case of sore eyes was the greatest blessing those boys ever received. For they had no sooner gotten into the dispensary door than the evangelist began preaching to them. It was, of course, new to them, but even to their heathen ears the message sounded mighty attractive.



Their treatment kept them there for several days, and they spent that time listening to and questioning the dispensary evangelist. From the first they were interested, and almost at once gave their hearts to God. After their treatment they bought two Bibles and then put their money together, and one of them stayed on to hear more of the Jesus doctrine. He attended church and prayer meeting, all the hospital services, and drunk in the message like a sponge. Never having a single doubt as to whether Jesus was his saviour or not, from the very first.

Then he went home and he and his brother began on their old parents and sisters. In just a little while I began to hear about this family of new Christians, for the gospel broke down even Korean customs and made those old parents and older brothers listen to the youngest boy in the family and heed what he taught, an unheard of thing in Korea.

This was just before Christmas, and in February both boys came back to my Bible class for men, where they further perfected their knowledge of the gospel. They begged me to come out to their village, but I told them I could not get out till late in the spring, but I exhorted them to be faithful and perfect their faith. As soon as I could I went to that village, getting there on Monday. When I came to the home I was surprised in not seeing anybody about, and further surprised as I drew nearer to hear singing. They did not know I was coming, and when I came into the yard, I found the whole family were having services, having lost count of the days, and thinking Monday was Sunday. I found they were poor, and as yet new in the faith, yet for the last three months they had kept Sunday carefully. The whole family gathered together, even to the as yet unbelieving members, while this boy as best he could led the services and told them what he had learned.

We had examinations, and I found that they had already taught their old mother and sister to read and had themselves read the New Testament through, while one of the boys recited the Shorter Catechism perfectly. The mother and three boys were well enough prepared to pass the catechuminate examination, but the others decided to wait until fall.

Now comes one of the wonderful parts. As I said before, this had been a poor family, but that summer they quit their drinking and gambling and went to asking God's blessing on their crops, and He heard in a wonderful manner. Their little farm brought forth by the handsful and became a matter of neighborhood talk, and while most of the farmers were droughted out in that section, they in one year became well-to-do for a

Korean, and the best part of it was that they gave God all the praise.

Last fall I went back there and found one believing home had increased to three, and I baptized three of the family, receiving all the others, even to the old hard-hearted father, in to the catechuminate. We had a fine service this time, and I already saw a good church in process of development.

This spring I went back and baptized all the rest of the family, until now I have in that one home nine good, earnest, intelligent Christians. They are reaching out beyond their own village and are bringing in believers from near-by villages. No Christians have moved in, no special services have been held, no high pressure methods brought to bear, yet within the short space of eighteen months nine lights have sprung up in heathen darkness, a church has been started and the power of the gospel is being brought to bear upon a large center of heathenism.

Then I had another place called Tol-mudi. From here several years ago a couple of lepers from one family went to our hospital in Kwang-ju. From time to time they went home and told about the things they had learned; of course, one of the first things they heard was the gospel message. Here in their hopelessness of their physical suffering they accepted him, who alone can heal the soul. Pretty soon at their persuasion the father and mother and one or two other members of the family began attending church, about seven miles away. Here I met them and was urged to come down to their village and home. About six months later the opportunity presented itself, and I went.

I am not squeamish, but I shuddered inwardly as I sat down on the porch of a leper's home, and I most positively declined to share their meal with them. I scented around to see if there was not some place we could meet, for I knew it would never do to meet in this home. I found a guest room in the home of a gentleman drunkard that we could get. Then went to the nearest church, seven miles away, and laid it on the heart of a deacon there, that he should go down every Sunday and work in this village. I came back a few months later and held a several days service for them, and already his work was bearing fruit. About thirty or forty of us met every day in a little room, and I had lepers on both sides of me. I rubbed shoulders with them, found the place in a song-book for a leper woman, and mingled with them generally. (Let me say right here, if I made it a point never to come near a leper, I would spend most of my time in one cellar or garret, for they are everywhere in my territory, and are quite a serious menace. But the Lord has

taken care of me thus far, and I can only leave the future to Him.)

This young deacon went here faithfully for about a year, at his own expense, and the work prospered. The drunken landlord was reformed, and his whole family attend. I had the pleasure of baptizing eight in that village this spring, and there are about thirty attending every Sunday. So here,

too, I have a new church. That is the way we begin them in Korea, not often by the missionary, but by the people themselves, for where they find the Lord they immediately tell others, and thus the work grows. A trial that I can heartily recommend to the American Christian.

*Mokpo, Korea.*

### A NOTE FROM REV. L. O. McCUTCHEM.

DEAR DR. CHESTER: It has been longer than I expected since we have communicated with you. Soon after my accident Mrs. McCutchen wrote and advised you of it. My recovery seems very slow. The hip, which was dislocated, was set by a passing Korean—just a man who seemed to have common sense and a heart in him. He was a heathen and a stranger; but he took compassion on the man in trouble and lent a helping hand. Our doctors had nothing to do for it except to give advice about taking care of it. Now it is not normal yet, but I am thankful to be able to walk around some and to use it without special pain. My arm gives me more trouble. A break almost in the elbow joint, coupled with the dislocation of the joint and a bad shaking up of the shoulder—so that it has not anything like free motion yet. We are giving the elbow exercises for from two to three hours a day. Whether

I will ever get free motion of the joint or not, I trust it will not incapacitate me for the active service. Mine has thus far been a right active service, and at my age I should be in a position to do my best work for the Master here; now I find one values the privilege of this service more keenly for being brought face to face with the possibility of having to be laid on the "scrap heap."

The work on the Memorial Bible School building here is proceeding slowly, but it looks mighty good to us to see it going up. It has been a need for a long time. We think it is going to be ornamental as well as useful. It is on a beautiful site, and one that is convenient to reach from all the homes (missionary) here. It has been a comfort to me in my enforced rest from itinerating to be able to look after the construction of this building.

*Chunju, July 17.*

### THREE LITTLE MAIDS OF CHOSEN.

MRS. LETITIA SWINEHART BOWSER.

JUST three little girls from among thousands—one who was touched by the gospel, but who weakened and fell away—two who never experienced life outside the narrow existence of that of the heathen Oriental woman—all three as lovable and human as those of us who are not brown-skinned and slant-eyed.

Sunie, the girl to the right, who wears the dark skirt, was born into a moderately rich household. There were already two healthy boys in the family, hence the little girl baby was received with no marked antipathy, and was even arrayed in a bright-colored jacket. She grew up within the mud walls of her father's house, and after she was ten years of age was never allowed to leave the court yard, save at night. Occasionally she slipped through a hole in the wall into the next yard. Soon after her fifteenth birthday she overheard the plans for her wedding being discussed—heard

them, but dared not show by the slightest indication that she realized what her father and mother's intentions for her were. The day of the marriage drew near. One night Sunie complained of a headache, but her mother scoffed at the "excuse," and promised her that the ironing sticks would soon cure it. In the morning she had a high fever, and the mother, alarmed, sent for the village sorcerer, who acted in the capacity of demon abolisher and doctor.

After numerous delays and demands for more money, he finally entered the room where the sick girl lay. Looking wise, he drew from its case a "chim" (an instrument which resembles a sharp-pointed needle), and thrust it into her elbow, remarking, "That will let the devils out." The "chim" surgery was of no avail, and at noon Sunie died.

About midnight, when the moon was veiled under the dark clouds, two coolies