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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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NOVEMBER, 1915



Class In Basket Making, Lees-McRae Institute, Banner Elk, N. C.



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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RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

that it is not costing nearly as much to educate each pupil as when there were so few here to take advantage of the instruction of the teachers. I shall send

in a table of accounts with report for June which will show it.

With best wishes for you in your labor.

Chunju, Korea.

"THE IRONING SONG."

REV. L. TATE NEWLAND.

Note—The Korean women iron their cloth by beating it with two short clubs. The rythmical tattoo of such ironing can be heard in Korea at practically any hour day or night.

You break upon the stillness
 Before the stars are gone.
 All night I've heard the music—
 'Tis called your ironing song.
 A rat-tat-tat and a rat-tat-tat,
 Without a rest between them.
 Ironing fast,
 Hours slip past,
 And what will come tomorrow
 A heavier load,
 A wearier road,
 A greater weight of sorrow.

Your labor's never ended,
 Your back is ever bent.
 You carry woman's burden,
 Nor love its aid has lent.
 A rat-tat-tat and a rat-tat-tat.
 Your soul the blows are feeling.
 To man a slave,
 Tho' love you crave,
 No loving word you cherish.
 O weary maize
 Of work-filled days,
 O hopes that spring and perish.

Your eyes are blank and hopeless,
 Your soul is black as night;
 For sin's far-reaching shadow
 Has blotted out the light.
 A rat-tat-tat and a rat-tat-tat,
 Your womanhood you've squandered.
 And naught is left,
 Of all bereft,
 Save passion's scorching fire.
 A wretched toy,
 A cheap alloy
 To please and then to tire.

All that is sweet and precious,
 All that you hold most dear—
 Have gone to feed the Moloch—
 Your idol serving fear.
 A rat-tat-tat and a rat-tat-tat,
 To heathen customs shackled.
 Bend low the knee,
 You'll ne'er be free,
 Or dare assume your station
 Of wife and queen,
 Or stand between
 The scourge that sweeps your nation.

Your life is waste and dreary;
 E'en maidenhood is scourged.
 And laughter dies in silence,
 As light and darkness merge.
 A rat-tat-tat and a rat-tat-tat,
 Your laughter's wild discordance
 Tells of the woe
 That grips you so,
 And sin gives no surcease.
 Your idols fail,
 Nor prayers avail
 To bring long-sought release.

O woman sad and weary—
 O daughter of the East,
 Behold the light is breaking:
 The day dawns for the East.
 A rat-tat-tat and a rat-tat-tat,
 Glad tidings now are ringing.
 A risen Christ,
 A loving Christ
 Your shackles can dis sever.
 Uplift your head,
 For sin is dead—
 In Christ is life forever.

Mokpo, Korea.