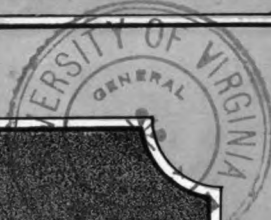


Presbyterian Survey

Bx
8960
.P7

THE 13-7



MISSIONARY SURVEY

HOME MISSIONS

FOREIGN MISSIONS

JULY, 1923



Mission Study Class with Survey as Text Book. See page 491.

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

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



PUBLISHED BY
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

have had no fear. Both nights it was filled to capacity, 119 the first night and 126 the second. The first night we had a good sermon by one of the local pastors but the second night was the fine one. The preacher of the evening was a young Presbyterian minister whose ancestors for twenty-six generations have been Buddhist priests. Think of it! He is a descendant of two of the most famous Buddhist saints of Japan and for nineteen generations his family have been in the same temple. He himself is a graduate of the Department of Philosophy of the University of Tokyo, but his studies have led him to see that the crown and completion of religion is in the faith of Jesus Christ; so he has left his temple and entered the gospel ministry.

He spoke the other night to a crowded house for over two hours in a most unassuming, quiet manner. But he held his crowd from beginning to end. First he said he wanted to explain Buddhism, which he did with the authority and assurance of a scholar and with the sympathy that would naturally be his. When he had fin-

ished he said: "It is a wonderful religion, a fine one. But I have thrown it all away. I find no salvation except in Jesus Christ." Then he proceeded to show how all the things that were pointed to and longed for in Buddhism were found in actuality in Christ the Son of God. For an audience, all familiar with Buddhism and many of them real believers themselves, it was a speech of absorbing interest. What the results are we cannot say, as the meeting was held only night before last. But pray that God may produce them.

Let me add that our Sunday School also is on a boom. We have a corps of young men and young women teachers and a church full of children every Sunday.

Japan is turning to Christ. I wish I could tell you of some of the conversations I have been having with students during these spring holidays. They are seeking God, they are seeing Him in Christ and they are surrendering themselves to Him. Pray for us and for them.

Nagoya, Japan.

Although Christianity has enrolled less than two hundred thousand believers in Japan, yet the direct influence of Christianity has poured into every realm of Japanese life. . . . Christianity has affected us not only in such superficial ways as the observance of Sunday, but also in our ideals concerning political institutions, the family, and woman's station. . . . Japan received Buddhism and Confucianism from India, China, and Korea, and under their influence she declined. But under the impact of Western Christianized thought Japan has revived. Count Okuma, quoted in Helen Barrett Montgomery's "The Bible and Missions."

TO A KOREAN CHILD

L. T. NEWLAND.

YOU are one of millions, and what I say of you applies equally to the great swarming mass of Korean children. You came into this world in a tiny interregnum between wash days or work in the barley fields. Your mother rested one day, made a sacrifice to the spirits if you were a boy, sighed if you were a girl, covered your

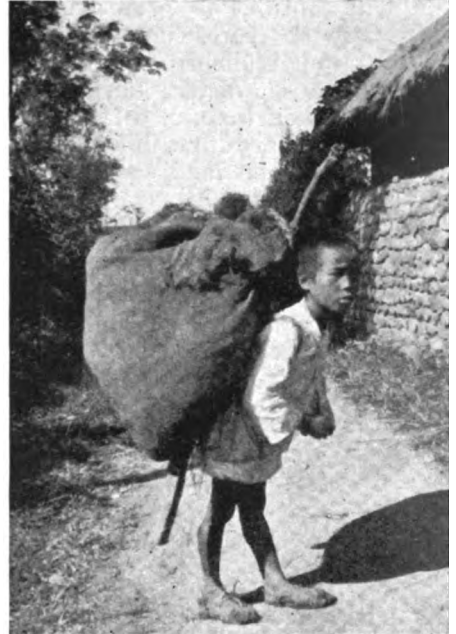
tiny form with an old cloth, put you on the warm spot of the floor, ate some vile medicine or some chicken meat, if she could afford it, and the following day dragged herself out doors to take up again the stern tasks of life. Or perhaps there was a hemorrhage, a terrible one; in that case a sorcerer was called, cauterization

with raw lye or a hot iron was resorted to, and then most probably she groaned feebly a few times, lay white and lifeless for an hour or so, and then hiccoughing softly, she drew up her knees and departed this life. While you cried pitifully a few days, tried to live on rice water and then went to be with her on the hillside.

But if you both lived, every time you cried you were forced to nurse until your little stomach almost gave up the unequal task, but finally accepted the inevitable, likewise raw turnips, sweet potatoes, half cooked rice and all the debris of a dirty Korean floor—all this before it had been functioning six months, consequently you, its owner, soon assumed the figure of a toy balloon with toothpick legs and a scrawny head, while the abdomen is terribly swollen and bloated.

Still nature is tough and does not give up easily, so if my Korean child survives the first year he has about forty per cent of a chance of going through the second.

Now you come to childhood. You were carried on sister's back until you were four or so and then the appearance of little brother abruptly ended that and passed you through the trying time of weaning, an event which had not yet happened in your life. By this time you are a dirty-faced, pot-bellied, towled-haired, naked Korean child. Only the coldest weather sees you clothed, while spring and fall see you in a little short jacket and summer finds you gloriously naked. Home has little appeal for you run at will. There is not one toy in your home or village. You play in the mud with sticks, pieces of old dishes and eat everything that will help answer the insistent cravings of your stomach. As a result you suffer constantly from stomach trouble and diarrhoea and each summer takes fearful toll from the ranks of your playmates. By the time you are six you have had three



or four kinds of eye trouble, seven varieties of skin disease, measles, mumps, whooping cough, and, if you are far enough away to escape the police, probably small pox. In none of these times have you been quarantined or even kept in the house, be sick or well, you have played with every child in the village, consequently almost every night the sorcerer is called in to drive out the sick spirit as many are the little mounds made carelessly on the hillsides.

You are not unloved, especially if you are a boy, but you are just one of a mass. Neither father nor mother exercise the least control over you hence your violent and useless outbursts of temper. Your mother may hit you over the head with an iron stick and deafen you; your half drunk father may playfully twist your arm until it is broken and hangs useless all your life, but still some affection enters into your life and to the best of you know how, you play at your simple games and enjoy life.

Over 200 men attended the ten-day Bible class at Soochun, Korea.

You will continue to grow and go into the life of Korea ignorant and filthy of mind, stubborn, wilful and lawless as to character, dark with abysmal night as to soul, all because you opened your eyes first in a heathen home of a heathen land, where the

brightening influence of Christ was never known. God speed the day poor, pitiful, dirty, Korean childhood, when you may grow up under the influence of the gospel of Christ.

Kwangju, Korea.



“IT IS HARD TO FORGET.”

JAS. I. PAISLEY.

IT IS often easy to forget. We, who have recently come to the foreign field and have experienced all the hard things incident to learning even a little bit of a new language, find this truth impressed upon us, time and time again. We think we have learned a word. We know it when we see it in the book. We recognize it easily, but when the time comes to use it, it has gone and we feel helpless. This has not happened once or twice, but many times and it is not peculiar to one missionary, but I dare say is the common experience of all. Neither is it peculiar to those who are at work in the foreign field, but doubtless everyone everywhere has been reminded that as for himself it is easy to forget. How often we have gotten away from the good impressions that have been made upon us. We thought we would always remember them, but other things have come and dissipated them and they are for the time at least forgotten.

But that is not what I started out to say, but exactly the opposite, viz.: That “it is hard to forget.” A true story from life will illustrate. The other day I met a man who years ago went to America and spent twenty

months there. I asked him if he remembered any English, and he said he did not. I asked him several simple words like “house” and “dog” and he could not give me the Korean word for it. Then he said a word that is too profane to put in this letter and asked me what it meant. He had remembered that, though doubtless he did not know the exact meaning of it. This word he had heard in America, doubtless, many times, for it had stayed in his mind all these years. He had forgotten the rest. I told him it would have been well if he had forgotten that too. Is it not true that the memory of some evil saying or the impression that some ugly picture made upon our minds in the years that are long past, lingers when many of the good things have gone. I confess, it made me ashamed that while in my country, the great America, the land of Christian principles and high ideals, he had heard the Deity profaned whom we have come here to preach. But thank God, it is not the bad only that one remembers. I believe that many good impressions will be hard to forget and so day by day it is our privilege to give to those who have known nothing but the awful, midnight darkness of