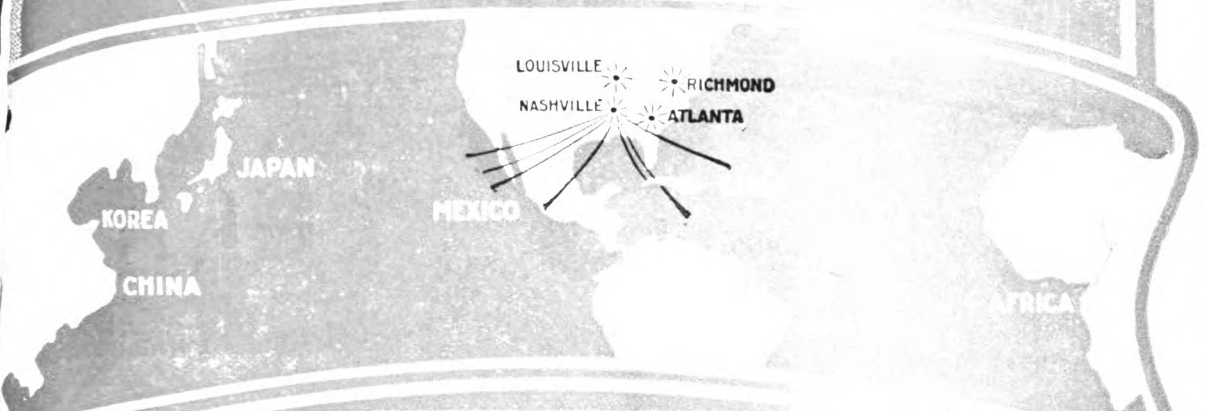


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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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JUNE, 1915



HOME
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF



Mother and three children from nine miles across
The Mountains.



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.

and a half from their home, and on each Sunday preaching. There were only two at first. So faithful were they, ere long the men in that village began to believe. Others joined them and they have now built and paid for a church, it cost not less than two hundred and fifty dollars in American money. Not a cent of foreign money. Now they have Sunday Schools in villages out from there, and better still, two from that church now go every Sabbath a distance of ten miles and have already bought and paid for land to build a church there, too. It is still the living seed propagating itself. This work has all been on their own initiative.

In another village two men have gone out and taught a Sunday School for months and now about forty of the men and women in that village have decided to believe. We hope for a new church there in a short while.

In yet another direction in Soonchun field, the men walked about eight miles each Sunday and preached, with the result that there has been a church built there and now having regular services each Sunday. While this sort of thing is going on among a people with whom every penny counts for at least four of ours, the Spirit of God has not ceased His work.

TO THE WOMEN OF KOREA.

REV. L. T. NEWLAND.

AS I SIT by my window I can hear the rhythmic tattoo of your ironing sticks telling me that you are at this late hour of the night still at work on your Lord and Master's clothes so that he may be spotless and white on the morrow. To-day as he lounged about the market swapping stories with the other idlers, his unsteady hand spilled wine on his white coat and with never a thought of the back-breaking work you had just spent on it, he threw it at you a couple of hours ago, saying, "Here woman, have this ready for me before to-morrow." Then he stalked into his room to smoke and complain because his supper was late, while you, already wearied with the day's work, went to the stream and there rubbed and beat the coat until its original whiteness was restored. Now he is snoring loudly in the next room, soothed by the music your tired arms make as you sit far into the night ironing a snowy linen finish on his clothes.

You are indeed the hewer of wood and the drawer of water with nothing, not even the knowledge to read, to

brighten your life. You spend your days in hot stifling yards behind high walls, or shivering in the coldest part of cold rooms. You do not even dare to be intimate with another woman without running the risk of having your reputation besmirched by the foul breath of slander. Your days are but one round of toil and your nights are spent in isolation and loneliness. You do not know the meaning of a kind word and a caress has never brightened the dullness of your existence.

You live for but two purposes, to work and to bear children; not children, but *sons*, and sad indeed is your lot if only daughters grace your home. Your sons are taught to domineer over you and from mere childhood your lot is to serve. There is no happy childhood or mysterious maidenhood for you, but as soon as you can do a good day's work you are married off to become the slave of your mother-in-law and the plaything of your husband. This leaves you with but one ambition, to bear sons that you in turn may be able to domineer over a daughter-in-law. You have never

known love and never will, because you stagger under the weight of heathendom and live in a land that knows not Christ.

In your sad discouraged eyes I see the tragedy of loveless womanhood and the utter hopelessness of a Christless life. Bend to your tasks, but do not despair, for the woman of America, though now too immersed in pleasure to be touched by your appeal will some

day be awakened. Do not cease to voice your cry to be restored to the rights that are yours as women, and some day your more fortunate sisters will tire of their frantic pursuit of vanity and will come to your rescue. It may not be in your day, but they will bring to your daughters woman's great Magna Charta—the freedom that is in Christ Jesus.

Mokpo, Korea.

THE KUNSAN BIBLE CLASS FOR WOMEN.

MRS. M. L. SWINEHART.

IN ONE village belonging to the Kunsan district, five women met and told each other how much they wanted to attend the February Bible Class, at the mission station, held this year from February 17th to 27th.

"But," said one of them, "eight of us have not enough rice to take with us as food for so long a journey, and though we have looked forward to this class for a year and have prayed earnestly that we might go, we must stay at home."

"No," said the other seventeen, "We'll put all our rice together in one bag, and take share and share alike, and by eating less, we can go in an unbroken band. And what great pleasure it will be to study together the Words of Life that we only hear in fragments."

The eight poor women thanked the seventeen, with tears in their eyes, and as a united neighborhood they visited along the valley roads and climbed in single file the steep paths of the hills, for it was a long, long way to Kunsan.

Upon their arrival, much to their delight, they were all assigned to one big room, and in harmony and content they remained from the first to the last day of the study class. The goodly fellowship of this little band of Christians was a most concrete demonstration of the power of the gospel of peace over the hearts of its sincere followers; for who but a band of

Christians could dwell in concord at such close range?

One woman in this grade had recently renounced an unlawful marriage to become a Christian, and had taken up work of the most slavish kind to earn her support. Her face was an inspiration to the American teachers, and her faith was demonstrated in a practical way, when she brought forward a much-prized silver ornament (a relic of her former life of ease and luxury as the concubine of a rich man), and offered it for sale to help in the offering which was taken to aid the rebuilding of a church recently destroyed by fire.

Another interested listener was one who had been a dancing girl but a few months before. This young woman had shown such a desire to know more of the Great Teacher that the members of Kunsan station had bought her with a price from her Japanese masters, to give her a chance to kneel at His feet, and to hear the words "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

Perhaps the greatest good of this class came to the missionary teachers themselves, for two of them were inexperienced in this work, and the sight of those eager listeners waiting for the words which they felt it possible to give them was like the opening out of a lovely vista stretching away and away to the joys of the uplift land.

Kwang Ju, Korea.