

M
S

DR. W. J. HALL

MISSIONARY TO KOREA

LIBRARY
OF THE
Folts Mission Institute.

Class 922.7

Author H 14

Volume 2401





DR. WILLIAM JAMES HALL.

THE LIFE OF
REV. WILLIAM JAMES HALL, M.D.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK
PIONEER MISSIONARY TO PYONG YANG, KOREA

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, M.D.

INTRODUCTION BY

WILLARD F. MALLALIEU, D.D.

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
PRESS OF EATON & MAINS

JAN

~~W. L. H.~~

BV
3462
H3
L54
1597

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO THE

YOUNG PEOPLE

OF

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES,

FOR WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT DR. HALL HAD WISHED THE STORY OF
HIS LIFE MIGHT BE WRITTEN.

"THE RICHEST LEGACY A FRIEND CAN LEAVE US IS HIS UNFINISHED WORK."

~~3554~~

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Boyhood Days. By Mrs. Robert Sturgeon, Dr. Hall's first School teacher, Glen Buell, Canada,	11
CHAPTER II.	
Consecration in Early Manhood. By Rev. D. Winter, Pastor Methodist Church, Ottawa, Canada,	23
CHAPTER III.	
High School and College Days in Canada. By Dr. Omar L. Kilborn, M.A., Canadian Methodist Mission, Sz Chuan, China,	36
CHAPTER IV.	
In Training for Mission Service. By George D. Dowkontt, M.D., Director of International Medical Missionary Society,	57
CHAPTER V.	
Medical Mission Work in New York. By Rev. J. Sumner Stone, M.D., Pastor Mott Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church,	65
CHAPTER VI.	
Madison Street Mission. By Rev. Roger E. Thompson and members of the Madison Mission Corresponding Circle : Dr. Henrietta Donaldson Grier, Presbyterian Mission, China ; D. R. Lewis, M.D. ; Dr. Mary Macallum Scott,	

American Board Mission, Ceylon; Dr. Orissa Gould, Baptist Mission, India; Dr. Walter B. Toy, Presbyterian Mission, Siam; Dr. Ina Ross Anderson, China Inland Mission; Dr. J. B. Busteed, Methodist Episcopal Mis- sion, Korea; Dr. A. H. Henderson, Baptist Mission, Burmah,	78
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

Introduction to the Mission Field of Korea. By Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Söul,	119
The First Trip into the Interior. By Rev. Geo. Heber Jones, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Chemulpo,	124

CHAPTER VIII.

Various Topics of Korean Life and Customs. By Mrs. M. B. Jones, Mrs. R. S. Hall, M.D., Rev. James S. Gale, Rev. G. H. Jones, Mrs. L. H. Underwood, M.D., and Mrs. M. F. Scranton,	132
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Hall's Published Letters,	238
At the Si Pyeng Wön Hospital in the Summer of 1894. By Rev. W. B. Scranton, M.D., Superintendent Methodist Episcopal Mission, Korea,	281
Dr. Hall's Pioneer Work Completed. By Rev. Samuel A. Moffett, Presbyterian Mission, Pyong Yang,	304

CHAPTER X.

Social and Home Life. By Rev. W. A. Noble, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Korea,	309
---	-----

APPENDIX.

The Memorial Service—A Wreath of Memorials—Address of Welcome—The Hall Memorial Hospital—Dr. Hall's Unpublished Story for Children—"Who Will Go?" By Fanny Crosby,	351
---	-----

INTRODUCTION.

KOREA is one of the ends of the earth. Until very recently it has been unknown to the Christian world. It has been overlooked, neglected, and despised. It was a thoroughly heathen country. Its people were as blind and bigoted in their idolatry as any on the face of the earth. The laws of the land provided death as the penalty for any of its people who might embrace Christianity. Those laws are not yet repealed, though they are dead for all the future.

With other Churches our own has within the last twenty years entered this forbidding field. The command of our Lord Jesus Christ sent us to Korea as it has done to so many widely scattered fields. The results already prove that when the Master says "Go" there are always waiting souls ready to receive the Gospel message. The greatest difficulties have been overcome, the most obdurate soil is being cultivated, and now our happy converts are numbered by hundreds, and soon will be by thousands. Everywhere the fields gleam with ripe harvests waiting for the reapers.

William James Hall, whose lifework this volume

records, not only prayed the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers, but volunteered himself to go. He gladly, yes, joyfully, gave himself and all he had or hoped for to the service of the blessed Redeemer. It was my privilege to meet Dr. Hall in Korea in the summer of 1892. He was a most lovable man, and no one could help being drawn to him. He had a warm, hopeful, fearless heart; he had a sort of quiet, steadfast strength, an unwavering faith, a most unselfish nature, a purposeful, determined will, and a measure of patience and endurance that made him a rare, good man, one to depend upon, one that would bring things to pass. His faith embraced the uttermost bounds and the last one of the ten or fifteen millions of Korea. At the memorable Annual Mission Meeting of 1892 the soul of Dr. Hall was all aflame with a restless desire to leave the comparatively comfortable surroundings of the Mission Compound at Söul, and make a way into the regions beyond, and preach the Gospel and heal the sick where these blessed ministries had not been known. In accordance with his earnest desire he was given the Pyong Yang Circuit—a circuit without bounds, stretching away to the north, full of all dangers and difficulties. But with joy he undertook his work and, considering all the circumstances from first to last, he achieved a wonderful measure of success. The Koreans believed in him. They found he was thoroughly fearless, honest, truthful, and ready for any sacrifice if so he might be a blessing to them.

Dr. Hall was a hero and a martyr—for he really gave his life, lost his own life as the result of ministries to the sick and wounded who were congregated in and about Pyong Yang during the war between Japan and China. The name of Dr. Hall will never die in the memory of the people of Korea. In years to come, when there will surely be hundreds of thousands of Christians in Korea, the name of this noble, saintly, Christlike soul will be everywhere cherished and honored.

W. F. MALLALIEU.

AUBURNDALE, MASS., *August 18, 1897.*

2



MRS. DR. ROSETTA S. HALL AND CHILDREN.

WILLIAM JAMES HALL.

CHAPTER I.

Boyhood Days, 1860-1878.

"The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."

Ancestry—Birth—Name—Baptism—Early traits of character—Begins school—Diligence—Good nature—A fight—Conversion at the age of fourteen—Joins the Methodists—In the school-room—Thinks he cannot be a farmer—Learning a trade—Health fails—Returns home to die—"Must I go and empty-handed?"

WILLIAM JAMES HALL was of Irish descent. His great-grandfather, George Hall, lived in the County of Armagh, Ireland. He married Margaret Boyd, and they had a pleasant home on a farm near Cady. Belfast, twenty-three miles away, was their nearest seaport. The farm, according to the custom prevailing there, was leased for a period of ninety-nine years. George Hall and wife were Presbyterians, and no doubt were of that good Scotch-Irish lineage from whom so many of our best men, and especially missionaries, trace their ancestry. To them were born three children—James, Boyd, and Sarah. George Hall died early, and after his death the farm was carried on by the eldest son James. He married Jane Foster. Sarah married Robert Gray and emigrated to Canada. Boyd went to Belfast to see them off, and he was sorry he had not planned to sail with them—a little later he did go.

M 2 My 98

The mother, Margaret Boyd Hall, married John Sturgeon, and many years later came to Canada with her Sturgeon sons, the youngest of whom, Robert Sturgeon, aged eighty-five, still lives at Glen Buell, Ont.

On the old homestead in Ireland, to James Hall and wife were born George, Sarah, and Boyd, the oldest three of their twelve children. After the birth of his third child, James wrote to his brother Boyd, then in Canada, to come home, and they would sell out their right in the homestead, and all go back to Canada together, where there would be more room for such growing families. Boyd came, and the property was disposed of. Boyd married Elizabeth Baird (still living in 1896, aged eighty-eight), and the two brothers with their families removed to Canada in 1831, and were among the early settlers of Glen Buell. James Hall was a mason by trade, and in 1842 he built of stone the old homestead, which is yet in good repair. His eldest son, George, remembers of helping to carry stone to build the house. James Hall lived to the age of eighty-five years; he was a strict Presbyterian all his life, and a great lover of the Orangemen.

April 7, 1859, George Hall, at the age of thirty-three, married Margaret Bolton, aged twenty-four, the daughter of John Bolton, of New Dublin. She is also of Irish descent, and belongs to a family of great longevity. Her great-grandfather, George Bolton, a United Loyalist, was born in Ireland, and there married Nancy Bickfort. They early emigrated to Canada. Upon their way, while passing through the United States, a boy baby was born to them that received the name of William; a daughter, Alice, and six sons were born in Canada. All these children lived to a great age; one son, Abram Bolton, celebrated his one hundredth birthday

anniversary by chopping down a tree. He lived to be one hundred and three years old. The Boltons were strong adherents of the Church of England. George Bolton lies buried at Lyn; a large basswood tree has since grown over his grave.

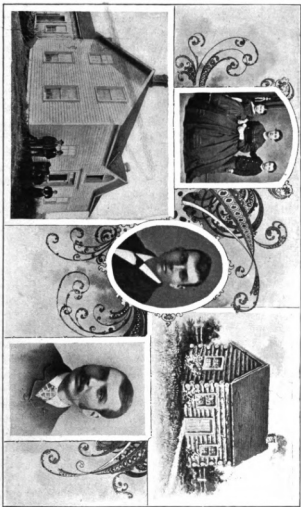
William, the eldest son of George Bolton, perhaps due to the fact of having been born in the United States, was more cosmopolitan in his tastes, and stepping outside of the Irish race for his wife, married Martha Elliott, who was of Dutch descent and was born in Vermont, July 3, 1777. She lived to be one hundred and two years old. To William Bolton and Martha his wife were born three daughters and three sons. The stone house upon their homestead in New Dublin, Ont., was built in 1835, and here their eldest son, John Bolton, yet lives, aged ninety years (1896). At the age of twenty-eight he married Alice Colborne, aged twenty-three, and to them were born six daughters and three sons.

The eldest daughter, Margaret, as already stated, married George Hall, of Glen Buell, and the young couple settled upon a small farm near the Hall homestead, and began housekeeping in a log house. Here, January 16, 1860, William James Hall was born. He was named "William" after his mother's grandfather Bolton, who was then living, and "James" after his grandfather Hall. Before baby William James was a year old he went with his parents to Kitley, to pay a visit to his aunt Susan Hall Seymour, and while there, together with his cousin, Mary Seymour, he was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Evans of the Presbyterian Church of Toledo, Ont.

Little William James walked when he was sixteen months old, but talked before. He was not a pre-

cocious child, but he possessed a very amiable disposition. His mother says, "Jimmie was always a good-natured child." He was a thoughtful little boy, of rather a serious turn of mind. His aunt, Jane Bolton (now Mrs. Willoughby Rowsom), used to live at her eldest sister's quite a great deal, and little Jimmie often slept with her. When they had prayed and gotten into bed, he would always say, "Now Aunt Jane tell me about the good place where the good little boys go to, and the bad place where the bad little boys go to." When about four years old he paid a visit to his grandmother. On looking out of the window, and noticing some brush that had been set on fire in several places in an adjoining wood, he carefully watched it for some time when he exclaimed, "O, grandma, when all these fires get together, won't they make an awful hell!" It evidently made a deep impression upon him, for in after years he said this event was his very earliest recollection. The first year after reaching the foreign mission field he thus wrote to his Aunt Jane, under date of July 21, 1892: "I can't tell how glad I was to get your letter—it was so full of cheer. You were always such a good aunt to me—I shall never forget your kindness and love. Your talk to me on religion, and your influence over my early training, eternity alone will reveal how far they have gone to make my life what it is to-day, by early giving my mind a turn in that direction so that as I grew older I readily yielded to the influences of grace. It is becoming more and more impressed upon me how great a work can be done with the children."

Little Jimmie loved to be in the house by his mother's side and never seemed so happy as when his mother would give him a piece of dough, and let him



LITTLE WILLIAM JAMES HIS AUNT JANE, AND SISTERS ANNE.
 THE FINEST HOUSE BUILT IN 1872.

WILLIAM JAMES AT SEVENTEEN.

THE LOG HOUSE WHERE WILLIAM JAMES WAS BORN.
 W. J. HALL AT TWENTY-FOUR.

enjoy the fun of making it into cakes. "Jimmie was always rather a delicate child" his mother says, and he was not sent to school until the spring after he was seven years old. Though at first unwilling to go, he soon learned to love the schoolroom, and early ingratiated himself into the good graces of his teacher, the writer. He was not one of nature's favored ones; he had no uncommon abilities or remarkable talents, but he early evinced a love of reading, and would be often seen poring over his books when others were at play, and by his diligence achieved as much as some of his more brilliant schoolmates. His progress was slow but sure; scarcely ever discouraged, of an enthusiastic temperament, "Always bound to succeed" seemed to be his motto; and he then showed that particular trait of character that was so plainly discerned in all his after life—an *indomitable perseverance!*

William James was a universal favorite among his schoolmates; always good-tempered, never quarrelsome, he soon earned the soubriquet of "Good-natured Jim," and many a dispute did he settle, and his kindly tone of persuasion quelled many a quarrel.

Thinking over his school days reminds me of the only occasion I ever knew William James to resent an injury. Among his fellow-pupils was one who on every possible occasion would seek to make him fight. As their road home led in the same direction, it was not an easy matter to shake off this bully. However, with his usual good nature he bore the jibes and sneers, the cuffs and kicks of his antagonist, till at last even his amiable spirit was aroused, and he resolved to take some step toward putting a stop to his persecution.

One evening, after being struck repeatedly and his collar torn off, he felt patience had ceased to be a

virtue, and stepping into the home of his uncle he said : " Uncle Boyd, I have been pounded and mauled by that boy again, and can stand it no longer. What had I better do?" " Why, take your own part, Jim, and give him a right good thrashing, as he deserves," his uncle replied. The following night, when he was again molested, he acted upon his uncle's advice, and, to the surprise of all, sent his persecutor home a sadder and, we hope, a wiser boy. From that time William James was allowed to walk home undisturbed. It was his first and last fight.

Though Mr. and Mrs. George Hall nominally held to the respective Churches of their families, the Presbyterian and Anglican, they allowed their children to attend Methodist Sunday school and services at Glen Buell schoolhouse, and here, during a powerful revival held by Rev. A. D., Traveller, Jimmy Hall, then a tall lad of fourteen, felt the need of a Saviour from sin, but he hesitated about going forward to the altar. His uncle, William J. Bolton, one of the recent converts, felt impelled to go and speak with Jimmy, which he did. Seeing his hesitancy, yet intuitively knowing the struggle going on in the boy's heart, he urged him to come forward, and though he was still reluctant, his uncle threw a kindly arm about him and almost drew him from his seat to the altar. The two nights following when the invitation was given, he went of his own accord, and the last night, October 23, 1874, was made happy in a pardoning Saviour's love. There was no unusual demonstration, but his joy was such that many remarked it and still remember the night of his conversion. Mr. O. F. Bullis, who relates these incidents, adds that he has often quoted Jimmy Hall's conversion in answering the claims of some, that people should not

be *urged* to go forward at such times, but be allowed to go of their own free will.

Jimmy Hall thought the stars never shown one half so bright before as he walked home that October night, his young heart all aglow with love to the dear Saviour he had found. What, think you, was his first step? He went and *told his mother!* and yet this lad was naturally bashful and reticent.

William James connected himself with the Church of his choice, the Wesleyan Methodist, which at that time held services on alternate Sundays with the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Glen Buell schoolhouse. In 1884 these two Churches were united into one, the Methodist Church of Canada.

Methinks the query may arise that in one naturally so amiable as Jimmy Hall there would be no marked change after his conversion. Not so! from that period till the day he bade us all good-bye everyone was aware of a change. It was felt, a subtle, undefinable influence one can scarcely explain. I never met with one so thoughtful. He was constantly watching for an opportunity of doing a kind act; if a pencil were dropped, he was the first to spring forward and recover it, the first to replenish the fire, bring a pail of water, and to show those innumerable attentions that count so much and cost so little. Yet this boy had no wonderful genius, no brilliant talents, only a loving heart, softened and mellowed by the hallowed influence of religion. He invariably came into the schoolroom with a smile. I often took pleasure in watching him. He would open his arithmetic and begin—first glancing down the page to see if there were any “hard ones”—then pausing for a moment, as it were, to gain courage; number one completed—a few moments longer—num-

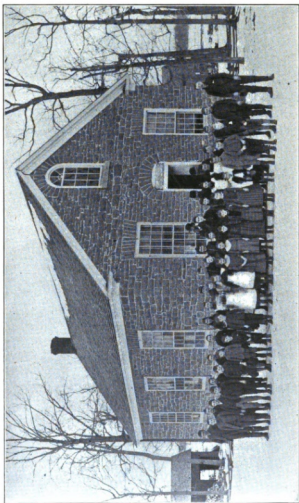
ber two has been successfully solved; now for number three—ah! my boy is puzzled. He tries, erases, then tries again, and is baffled. I leave my desk and go to his seat. "Shall I not help you?" I ask. "Are you not inclined to give it up?" "O, no," he exclaims; "I have no notion of such a thing," and like the spider in Bruce's history, he tries again, till his patience and perseverance are rewarded. I once asked him if he were going to be a farmer. "No," he replied; "a farmer I can never be; what am I fitted for?" "A minister or a doctor, my boy." "If I could attain either," he answered; "but I hardly dare hope I shall be good or wise enough." Good enough! I thought; would there were more pupils like William James Hall!

"None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise."

The old stone schoolhouse still stands—the place where he first learned to read and spell; other faces are there, other voices heard; his desk may be occupied by a more brilliant student, but the loving smile and pleasant "Good morning" of my hero cannot be seen or heard. In a far-away land he is sleeping; among strangers he is resting; but his memory is with us still, as one whose life, though short, was not in vain—his influence will go on till eternity alone shall reveal the good he has accomplished.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, *acts* the best."

In the winter of '76 William James resolved to leave school and devote himself to learning a trade. Four years before his father had built a new frame house for



THE OLD STONE SCHOOL-HOUSE AT GLEN BUEL.

his family, which now consisted of William James, Alice, John, and Lillie, and some years later, Clifford, the youngest, was born. During the building of the new house Jimmy had spent most of his time with the carpenters and became much interested in their work. Later he showed considerable skill in repairing things about the house, and in fashioning little articles of use or ornament, and he now decided when opportunity afforded, to try what he could accomplish in this line. In January, 1877, the opportunity came, and he went to Athens, Ont., to learn the cabinet and carpentry trade with Mr. T. G. Stevens of that place. He was a faithful and painstaking journeyman, employing every moment of his time to the best advantage. Mr. Stevens was carrying on quite an extensive business in carpentry, cabinetmaking, and undertaking, and, besides William James, employed quite a number of young journeymen. When in the course of their work these young men would complete a coffin, one of them would sometimes get into it. This at first was quite a shock to the rather timid nature of William James, but he got used to it, and by the time he had finished his first coffin he could do the same.

Odd moments outside of shop hours he often used in making picture frames or brackets for his friends. He was faithful in attending the means of grace at his church at this period, but as yet had not become particularly active in winning others for his Saviour.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Jimmy Hall was destined for another calling than that for which he was now so industriously laboring. He was a chosen vessel being made fit for his Master's use. How inscrutable is the divine purpose! The

knowledge gained in Mr. Stevens's shop was to be put to use in far-off Korea—in training the native carpenters to make foreign articles of furniture, in superintending carpentry and repairs on mission buildings; and his loving hands fashioned the coffin for the dead darling of more than one of the missionary families.

After about two years spent patiently at hard work acquiring his trade, his health began to fail, a bad cough, a hectic fever, and a greatly weakened body obliged him to give up the work which he always loved, and return home to die of consumption, as both himself and his friends expected. He was willing to die, but was grieved at the thought that came heavily pressing upon his mind, that should he die now, he would meet his Saviour "empty-handed." The following hymn which he heard sung for the first at this time, exactly expressed his feelings:

" ' Must I go and empty-handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
Not one day of service give Him,
Lay no trophy at His feet.

Cho.—" ' Must I go and empty-handed,
Must I meet my Saviour so?
Not one soul with which to greet Him?
Must I empty-handed go?

" Not at death I shrink nor falter,
For my Saviour saves me now;
But to meet Him empty-handed,
Thought of that now clouds my brow.

" O, ye saints, arouse, be earnest,
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee,
Strive for souls while still you may."

SARAH A. STURGEON.

CHAPTER II.

Consecration in Early Manhood, 1878-1881.

" Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

On the farm again—Seeking entire consecration—The blessing received—His own description—Miss Havergal's consecration hymn—Establishes the family altar—Health restored—Resolves to better qualify himself for soul-winning—Goes back to school—His teacher's reminiscences—Letter to his teacher—Various incidents of his home work—Becomes a book agent—Early evangelistic labors—Mrs. Findlay's account.

IT is a melancholy pleasure for me to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of my much beloved and greatly lamented friend, the Rev. W. J. Hall, M.D. My acquaintance with him began in the summer of 1878, when stationed in Farmersville, now Athens, Ont. I found him a young man of not very prepossessing appearance, between eighteen and nineteen years of age. He was living with his father whom he assisted on his farm not far from Glen Buell, County of Leeds, Ont.

Although a member of the church and a faithful attendant upon the means of grace, and also a diligent worker in the Sabbath school, there was not anything very striking in his experience, nor marked in his life. He kept on "the even tenor of his way," respected and beloved by all who knew him.

Some time after I became his pastor, and while endeavoring to preach the doctrine of "Christian Perfection," as taught in the Scriptures and so clearly stated

in Methodist theology, Mr. Hall saw his privilege in Christ Jesus. He at once set himself to seek in right good earnest the blessing of "perfect love." He did not seek long until he obtained; for whatever he undertook he accomplished.

At first his timid nature shrank and held him back with the fear that he would be required to say or to do things for which he might be ridiculed, but he felt he must trust God in this too, and that at any cost he cared more to please God than for what man might say of him. So laying all upon the altar, making a complete surrender, he became, as he himself expressed, "willing to be whatever God required, to do whatever he commanded, and to suffer whatever his providence appointed."

The following is a brief description of this change in his life, written in Brother Hall's own words:

"I was converted to God when but a boy of fourteen. My conversion was as clear as the noonday. For some time my life was perpetual sunshine. Not a shadow crossed my path. But unexpected trials and temptations came. Duty became a burden, and many times I trembled beneath the weight of the cross. At this juncture I left home to learn the carpenter and cabinetmaking trade, but at the end of one and one half years I was obliged to give up the work through ill health. I went home, as I thought, to die. O, what dark days! Going out into eternity without having won a single soul for Christ.

"I could not bear to harbor the thought. I promised God if He would restore me to health and strength I would consecrate my life entirely to Him. Rev. D. Winter had just come to our circuit and was preaching the glorious doctrine of 'Holiness.' I don't see why many good people oppose this doctrine. I love it; it was

just what my soul was longing for. I made a full surrender of my all to God, and He gave me His all. I received the evidence that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleansed me from all sin. I only then really began to live. O, what a change it wrought in my life! My heart was filled to overflowing with love to God and man."

He frequently sang Frances R. Havergal's consecration hymn. It had become the language of his heart, and his whole after life was a most beautiful personification of it:

"Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee;
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages for Thee;
 Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in endless praise;
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my will and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
 Take my love; my God, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee."

And this was the beginning of one of the most earnest, devoted, and, withal, successful Christian lives I have

ever known. He was seized with an almost overwhelming passion for the salvation of his fellow-men. The first duty that appeared to him was that of establishing family prayers in his own home. At first he led them alone, but it was not long before his father helped, and that family altar exists to-day, and no doubt has had its influence in bringing each of its members into the Church.

His health gradually improved in answer to earnest prayer for God's blessing on the means employed. I believe, as he always claimed, that his restoration to health was in connection with his full consecration to God. He became able to resume his work occasionally. At home he had fitted up a shop where he still continued from time to time to ply hammer and saw. However, he had resolved to devote himself to soul-winning. This thought was ever uppermost in his mind. "I have but one short life to live, how best can I employ it?" He found his education lacking, his means limited; but, nothing daunted, he at once set about qualifying himself intellectually for a life of usefulness. He had no sympathy with the foolish sayings that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," and "the less one knows the better the Holy Ghost can use him." He resolved to go to school, and went back to the old schoolroom in the stone schoolhouse at Glen Buell, which was then under the efficient management of Miss Lettie Karley. Here, under the inspiration of a new purpose, he applied himself diligently to his studies.

Miss Karley (now Mrs. Kendrick, of Comber, Ont.) sends the following reminiscences of these days:

"It was in my second year of teaching at Glen Buell that I first met W. J. Hall. He called at my school one morning and told me how he had worked at learning a

trade until his health failed and he had feared consumption. His education, he said, was very limited, but if I wouldn't put him in the second class he would like to come to school. I assured him everything would be satisfactory, and the next morning I had one more big boy added to our number. I think he was nineteen years old at this time, looking very thin and pale. He was quite backward, having little knowledge of grammar, history, or geography, and was therefore quite unfitted for the senior classes, but 'Jimmy,' as we all familiarly called him, was ever active, and while the juniors were being instructed in these subjects we always had his attention, and it was really astonishing how rapidly he progressed. I think he passed into the high school at Christmas, 1880. There was something endearing about Jimmy's disposition. He had no enemies—every one loved him, and those who knew him best loved him most. I boarded at Mr. Gilroy's, and Jimmy used frequently to come there to get help in his lessons, and to visit the sick room of Mrs. Gilroy's mother, who was an invalid for several years. She was a pious Quaker lady, and was quite well-versed in simple healing arts. She took an especial interest in Jimmy, and many an hour he spent gathering herbs for her, and making them into simple decoctions and syrups. People often urged him to aim at becoming a minister of the Gospel, and I believe his inclination strongly led him that way. Perhaps his mother's wishes, together with the advice of this dear old Quaker friend, had an influence upon him to become a doctor. 'Thou wast born to be of great use to mankind, William James,' she would say. 'Nature has made thee a physician; thou must minister to both body and soul.'

"One day I remember telling him I expected to see

him write M.D. after his name yet. A few days after he asked me why I had spoken as I had, saying that it was his ambition to spend his life for the good of perishing souls. I shall never forget his look of satisfaction when I told him that was why I chose that profession for him ; that I thought no one had a better opportunity of doing good than a doctor. In time of pain and sickness, the strong become weak, and often feel the need of something more than weeping friends or human hands can give, and in these tender moments may become converted through the influence of a Christian doctor.

"Time and its many changes rolled on, and my boy 'Jimmy,' after spending a few years of mental labor, writes his name Rev. W. J. Hall, M.D. How it pleased me to gaze upon that name ! I felt paid a thousandfold for the little extra time I had spent with him. The following is a copy of a letter he wrote me when about to leave as a medical missionary for the foreign field :

"On board *Empress of Japan*,

"VANCOUVER, B. C., *November 18, 1891.*

"DEAR MRS. KENDRICK :

"If you imagine I have quite forgotten you, I assure you I have not. I have often thought of writing to you, but there have been so many things pressing upon my time that I have not done it. I shall never forget your kindness and the deep interest you have taken in me, which has been used in a great measure to make my life what it is to-day. Since I saw you last God has wonderfully used me and blessed my feeble efforts, and now the great purpose and ambition of my life is about to be realized. I am to have the privilege of carrying the Gospel to those who have never heard of a Saviour's love. I have received my appointment as a medical

missionary to Korea. I am now on board of the *Empress of Japan*, which sails for the Orient at daybreak to-morrow. I know you are interested in all the affairs of your boys, and I feel free to tell you that I am engaged to Dr. Rosetta Sherwood, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She is now in charge of a hospital in the foreign field. I am sure God will bless my efforts to extend His kingdom among the heathen. I am going forth in His strength, determined that my life shall be spent entirely to God's glory. How happy it has been for the last few years! I have seen His guiding hand in all things. Rom. viii, 28, has been fully realized. I let Him choose my way and everything in life, and He chooses so much better than I would ever have thought of doing.

"I can never repay you for all you have done for me, but *Father* will. Please remember me kindly to Mr. Kendrick. Yours in Jesus, W. J. HALL."

At the same time Brother Hall was so faithfully pursuing his studies in the schoolroom, he was very earnest in his work for God. How he prayed and labored for the salvation of souls! I well remember when holding special services in Glen Buell schoolhouse, assisted by the Rev. M. Somerville, how faithfully Brother Hall attended the meetings, and how diligently he toiled for souls. And while he did not neglect his studies, he certainly was in "labors abundant" for his Master. The Sabbath school, his especial delight, felt his power. Never was a boy in the neighborhood passed without the inquiry, "Do you go to Sunday school?" With a smile and a kind word for everyone, he not only sang "Gather Them In," but went about gathering them in—were they poor, it but in-

creased his interest in them. How many picnics and excursions for their pleasure and profit the Sabbath school children can still remember that he originated for them! His generous donations to church and Sabbath school were never accompanied by ostentatious display—he gave as God prospered him—his first earnings being consecrated to God. One of his efforts was the procuring of an organ for the Sunday school; who else would have had courage to canvass a neighborhood so sparsely settled? but the necessary amount was raised, many subscribing who would have refused any other person.

When diphtheria first made its appearance in Glen Buell it was a disease dreaded by all. Few dared approach a house where it had alighted. A certain family lost a child, a little boy lay dead with no one to perform the last sad office. On learning the particulars Brother Hall went, laid the child out, did all he could for the afflicted ones, returned home, and changed his clothes in an adjoining building, that others might not incur danger. Though naturally timid he did that which others would shrink from, counting not his life dear for the cause of Christ.

The people in Glen Buell knew Brother Hall well; coming in and out among them as he did, many of them his relatives, they had ample chance to form their estimate of his character. "I never saw Jimmy angry," was remarked by one of his aunts, into whose home he was almost a daily visitor. "O, you could not make Jim mad," said one of his schoolmates. Even scoffers at religion would say of him, "O, Jimmy Hall is all right; we never doubt his religion." Thank God for those whose daily lives can never be questioned. Inspired by the Holy Spirit, Brother Hall's thoughts,

prayers, purpose in life, were to bring those about him to Christ. In conversation once with his former employer, Mr. Stevens, he remarked, "It is a real luxury to win souls for Jesus."

Nothing caused him to swerve for a single moment from his purpose to gain an education. His father, however, was not in sympathy with the idea, his health having failed in his attempt to learn a trade, he foresaw only failure in this project also, so after completing public school he was allowed to shift for himself; but he was not discouraged, and was ready to do anything to gain an honest penny in order to accomplish the end in view.

He became a *book agent*, and such was his kindness of disposition and so earnest his perseverance that he succeeded admirably. He thoroughly believed in the necessity of putting forth effort to distribute good literature among the people of his neighborhood and vicinity. At the same time he saved up his small profits carefully for the next school term. The new edition of the Methodist Hymnal was the first book he canvassed for. Later he took up John B. Gough's *Platform Echoes*, *The Royal Path of Life*, *Moody's Works*, *Mother, Home, and Heaven*, *Chase's Recipe Book*, *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, *Miss Havergal's Memorials*, *Life of Belle Cook*, and others of like character. He never started out to sell books without seeking divine assistance in his work, a plan that might well be followed by those similarly engaged. He also acted as agent for the Sun Life Assurance Company, of Canada, and in this he was eminently successful. Mr. McWilliams, the cashier, upon learning of his death, wrote in a note to Mrs. Hall: "Allow me to offer my heartfelt sympathy with you in your bereavement. I

was personally acquainted with your late husband, and esteemed him very highly as a friend. It seems sad to think of his being stricken in the prime of life, but there is the consolation of knowing that he died with his 'hand to the plow.'"

As a Christian worker, he excelled. Not because of the brilliancy of his talents, but because of his entire abnegation of self and complete consecration to God. He labored with me in evangelistic work at Mallorytown, North Augusta, Carleton Place, and Portage du Fort. He spent his time when not in meetings in selling books, and was at the same time faithful in dealing with souls.

Sister Ella Birdsell writes: "I was a member of the Athens praying band, of which Brother Hall was one of our most efficient leaders. There were a number of young people in it, and it was a cause of regret any time he was obliged to be absent. Coming and going as we usually did in loads, his presence was a guard against any appearance of levity that might arise."

Mrs. Rev. J. Findlay, of Beachburg, Ont., formerly Miss Williamson, who was associated with Brother Hall in several evangelistic campaigns, kindly furnishes us with the following account:

"I have not known," writes Mrs. Findlay, "a purer or more lovable character than that of him whom his Christian brothers and sisters familiarly called Jimmy Hall, who went from us and laid down his life in heathen lands. It was through working with him, and largely because of his kindly, persistent importunity that I went into the evangelistic work, and have so often been blessed in seeing sinners turn from death to life, and from the power of Satan unto God.

"I first met Brother Hall in the winter of 1880, when

he came with some other students to those meetings for the promotion of holiness held in the basement of the old Canada Methodist Church, by Rev. D. Winter. Later we were associated in the Athens praying band, which Rev. W. Blair organized. Among other members of this band, who later became successful public workers in the Master's vineyard, were Sisters Birdsell and Mason. It was largely through Brother Hall's influence and encouragement that they, too, entered the evangelistic work. The praying band held meetings at all the appointments of the Athens circuit. Upon the Sabbath we were often invited to other places, holding sometimes three services a day. Those were blessed times of toil for Jesus. Later, Brother Hall organized evangelistic campaigns for us at Glen Buell, Union Springs, and Manherds. He was a most efficient leader.

"Brother Hall," Mrs. Findlay continues, "could not be regarded above the ordinary as a preacher, but in prayer, few, if any, whom I have known, could compare with him in the qualities that constitute a successful suppliant at the throne of divine grace. His prayers were both an inspiration and a benediction to me, as they doubtless were to others. He was characterized by great humility. He did obey the injunction, 'in honor preferring one another.' Without pride, or egotism, or vanity, he seemed to be wholly dead to self. This made cooperation and work with him specially pleasant.

"If, after he had gotten me to 'take the meeting,' as we called the giving of the exhortation, it seemed a failure in my own eyes, he would say that he knew God used my talks to the good of souls. I was often tempted to shrink from this more public work, and would wish him to make the exhortation, but he would

say, 'I think the people would prefer you.' If this was not a stretch of courtesy, it must have been because of the novelty of a woman preaching. Possibly many did come out of curiosity in those days—but often 'those who came to mock, remained to pray.' In either case, Brother Hall saw no impropriety or loss of importance in encouraging female evangelists and giving them a prominence in his meetings, which he could better have taken. Perhaps, like Paul, he was willing to be 'all things to all men, that he might by all means save some.'

"In 1884," she adds, "I labored with him at Glen Buell, where he was teaching school. The meetings were held during the summer holidays. They were well attended, and the Lord blessed the work in a very remarkable manner; many souls were born into the kingdom, and some were wholly sanctified to God. If, without presumption, we may link the human instrument with God's immediate operation on the souls of men, and I believe we may, since God works by human instrumentality, then we may well believe that Brother Hall's influence was an important factor in the transforming work that took place there at that time. He was known by the people, he had lived his religion among them, they had confidence in him, and believed that he loved their souls and was anxious for their salvation. God honored his faith, and answered his prayers, and blessed his unremitting toil; and the day of judgment alone will reveal the amount of good which was then done for that community. Men would come into the services at night, saying that during the afternoon they had to leave their work and go into the fence corners to pray! In the intervals between the services Brother Hall and I visited the people in their homes,

singing, talking, and praying in every house. Nor did he allow his feelings or sentiment to interfere with his purpose of getting through with so much work every day. If, from some cause or another, I protracted my talk in one house so as to shorten the time available for others, he would look at his watch and say, 'We have so many more calls to make to-day.' And if I got through with my part of the task with greater promptitude in another home, he would remark, 'You did pretty well this time.' There was no dallying in these visits. His restless zeal was as a 'fire in his bones,' and with business promptitude, he hurried from one house to another feeling that the 'king's business required haste.' But the most striking feature of the man, like Donald Matthewson, John Ashworth, and every other great evangelist from Him who gave His life for the salvation of the world to the present, was his great love to God and man."

D. WINTER.

CHAPTER III.

High School and College Days in Canada,
1881-1887.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—WHITTIER.

At high school—Appearance—“Talking religion”—Breakfast prepared by Hall—Methodical as a student—The character of his reading—A revival—Organizes a prayer meeting in the high school—Prof. Jolliff’s encomium—A coincidence—On the playground—Marketing—Helping the preachers—Working in recruits—1883 gets his teacher’s certificate—Begins teaching—Extracts from his diary—Decides to study medicine, to the surprise of many—1885 enters medical department of Queen’s University—Last entry in diary—Organizes the first Y. M. C. A. of the Medical College of Kingston—Letter to his cousin—In the dissecting room—Economy—Attended Queen St. Methodist Church—Sunday school work at Portsmouth—“I do like to get hold of the boys”—Visit of the Rev. John Forman—Becomes a “student volunteer”—Attends the Northfield Convention—Meets Dr. Dowkontt—Decides to pursue his medical missionary preparation in New York.

IT was January 1, 1881, that I first met W. J. Hall at the High School at Athens, or Farmersville, as it was then called. My recollection of him at that time is that of a tall lanky individual, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, and a pale solemn countenance. He wore a split-tail coat, and his other garments seemed to set awkwardly upon him. He was known at once as a very "religious" fellow, one who attended prayer meetings, prayed, and spoke. He was consequently at first the subject of jesting and ridicule on the part of some of the coarser scholars of the school; especially so, as he seemed awkward in his manners. He walked with a long, swinging gait that was peculiar, and I remember that years afterward, when he and I had together joined the ambulance corps of the 14th Battalion of Rifles, Kingston, he found it difficult to keep step in marching. He was not essentially attractive in face or figure; but, by the power of the grace of God, his was a countenance which constantly beamed forth a love and compassion that was divine, and which had truly become one of the most beautiful this world ever sees.

Hall was one of the oldest scholars in the school when he entered. We were in different classes, and did not become acquainted at once; although long afterward he told me that from the time he first entered the school, he picked me out as one to be prayed for and led to Christ as soon as possible. That was his way. He always had three or four or more boys, usually younger than himself, whom he considered, all unknown to them, as his especial care, whether to lead them to Christ, or to train and help them along in the Christian life, as the case might be.

His habit of "talking religion" to the boys, was not always relished by those not yet Christians. But his

was a most *designing mind* where the interests of Christ's kingdom were concerned. Not always brilliant in his classes, yet when he undertook to influence a fellow-scholar for Christ, none equaled him in tact. At one season revival services were being carried on in one of the Methodist churches of Athens, and Hall bent every energy toward the salvation of certain among the scholars. I was so fortunate as to have this man's influence thrown about me before he had been many months at school, and I shall praise God for it as long as I live. Now I positively hated to have anyone "lecture" me on "religion," and I did not like it a bit when Hall inveigled me into a long walk one moonlight night, and talked to me and tried hard to get me to decide for the Master. I probably showed my feelings by my actions, for only a few days later I was much surprised on receiving a call from him, in the evening, at my room. "Now," I thought, "I am in for it. He's cornered me here in my room, and it will be nothing but religion the whole evening." But he only wanted a little help in mathematics, and seemed very grateful to me for giving it. He gave me a hearty invitation to go over to see him at his room, and said good night. I was more surprised than ever. That a man like Hall could spend an hour or more alone with a fellow in a room, and never mention the disagreeable subject once! He wasn't such a bad sort of a fellow, after all. And so, by his consummate tact, he won us.

He was so quick to recognize the importance of gaining the love and confidence of those whom he was trying to lead to Christ. I recollect an incident that occurred before Hall and I were very well acquainted. He was keeping house for himself at the time. For economy's sake he in company with his cousin, William

James Drummond (now missionary in Nanking, China), had rented two little rooms, brought furniture and bedding from their homes, and waited entirely upon themselves, preparing their own meals, etc. On this particular occasion Hall was alone. He wanted me to go over to stay overnight with him. I didn't want to go, because I feared the probable topic of conversation, but finally yielded and went. Sure enough he did talk to me a little on the subject dearest to his heart, and which seemed always uppermost in his mind. Then we must needs have family prayer together; he read and prayed,—O, so fervently!—and we went to bed. It so happened that, for some reason, breakfast at my boarding house was put at an early hour the next morning, and I had been warned to be back in time, if I wanted any breakfast. At about 5 A. M. Hall got up, lit his lamp, and very gently hinted that it was nearly 5 o'clock. But it was a dark and bitterly cold morning in winter, and I remained in bed. We rose in due course, and about 8 A. M., after some brisk work on his part, Hall and I sat down to a most appetizing breakfast of fish and flour gravy, and I enjoyed it immensely. Years after, he told me the agonies of mind he had suffered that morning. The staying overnight was all right, but to have to go ahead with preparations for breakfast, under the circumstances, was certainly more embarrassing than being "talked religion" was to me. But to him all experiences were pleasant so long as they furthered in the least his longing desire to win some one to Christ.

Hall was a conscientious student, methodical in his habits, believed in system, and as a rule worked by the aid of a time-table, apportioning his time to the best possible advantage. He had a keen sense of the value

of time, stimulated to the highest pitch by the reading of Smiles' *Self-help*, Todd's *Student's Manual*, *Tact, Push, and Principle*, *Successful Men of To-day*, *Self-effort*, *Life of Livingstone*, *D. L. Moody and his Works*, and other like books. He was very fond of such books; was always discovering a new one of that sort from which he himself first derived great benefit, and then he would diligently recommend it to others. By this means he introduced a great deal of this most helpful literature among his friends and fellow-scholars. He kept a small daily diary at school and got a great many other scholars to do the same. He set great value upon his diary as a daily record of his Christian experience.

It was nearly a year after Hall began attending school at Athens that a most successful series of revival meetings were carried on in the Methodist church. The principal speaker was a young man named Dorland, of the Friends. At these meetings Hall was one of the most energetic and untiring workers, and during their course he had the great joy of leading several of the high school scholars, for whom he had been so especially praying and working, to the penitent bench—and of seeing them soundly converted to God. Now was made manifest the genuineness of Hall's religion. He considered his duty toward us young fellows only properly begun when he had helped us over to the Lord's side. Immediately by his suggestion and leading, a little prayer meeting was organized, to be held weekly in the rooms of five or six of us in succession. Every Monday afternoon at four o'clock when we were free from school, we made our way to the room of one of our number. Hymns were sung, and in the seasons of prayer each one of us was expected to lead in prayer, and each one

did usually pray—though at first with great hesitancy and much stammering. Scarcely a meeting passed in which we did not one and all give in our testimony for Jesus. At the close of the meeting a leader was appointed for the following week, and some such subject chosen as witnessing, private prayer, promises, temptations, etc.

At the same time a holiness meeting was being carried on every Tuesday at 4 P. M. by some of the more devout members of the Methodist Church. These meetings Hall faithfully attended himself, while he endeavored to take as many of the young Christian scholars with him as he possibly could.

A few weeks after the close of the special services, Hall, with a brain full of plans for helping young Christians, and training them to work for Jesus, obtaining permission from the teachers, organized a weekly prayer meeting in one of the class rooms of the high school building. Every Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, a goodly portion of scholars remained to the meeting. Christian boys and girls, even the most recent converts, were encouraged to take their turn in leading the meetings, to testify faithfully before their fellows, and to lead in short prayers. Thus were these babes in Christ nursed and helped and encouraged by Hall's noble example and faithful teaching until they developed in nearly every case a strong, sturdy Christian character for themselves.

Rev. T. C. Brown, at that time Hall's pastor, relates that in conversation with Principal J. O. Jolliff of the high school upon the subject of entire sanctification, Prof. Jolliff said that of a number of men that he had intimately known who professed holiness, James Hall was the only one in his estimation that *lived* it. He had watched him in the schoolroom and upon the play-

ground, and was convinced that he led a holy life. And Rev. Brown adds, "He was not brilliant, but he was *good*—the best specimen of a young man I ever met."

All the two or three years of Hall's attendance at the Athens High School he practiced the most rigid economy in living. At first he and W. J. Drummond rented a room together. Afterward he and W. J. Hayes roomed together and provided entirely for themselves.

It is a singular coincidence that three of the William Jameses who at Athens High School were preparing for God's service now praise him together in heaven. William James Crummy was the first to go. In a letter written November, 1889, from New York, to his cousin, Miss Rowsome, Hall says: "I was greatly shocked to hear of the sudden death of W. J. Crummy. How often we are reminded that this is not our abiding place and to be ready when the call comes. I spent the last Sunday I was at home with W. J. Crummy—heard him preach—W. J. Hayes, W. J. Crummy, and myself were together, and as we parted that night we knelt together in Mr. Hayes's yard and had a prayer meeting. Little did we think it would be our last. Our next will be a praise-meeting!" The news of W. J. Hayes's death was in the first home letter that Dr. Hall received in Korea. In his memory the doctor presented the Glen Buell Sunday school a library consisting of over one hundred and twenty volumes, and on the church wall he had erected a marble tablet, with the following inscription:

In loving memory of

WILLIAM J. HAYES, B.A.,

who died January 2, 1892,

during his second year in theology in Drew Seminary,

Madison, N. J., aged 24 years.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Partly because it took so much time marketing, cooking, etc., and partly because he was so much older than the average schoolboy, Hall never greatly distinguished himself on the playground. He did play football a little, and was rather fond of it, but he was naturally awkward with his feet and legs, and sometimes made some wonderful exhibitions. The boys would laugh at him, and he would invariably join in with them, enjoying it himself just as much as they. Nobody ever offended him by laughing at him. In fact in all the years of my acquaintance and intimate friendship with W. J. Hall, I don't remember ever having seen him take offense at anything or anyone. In the first place everybody liked him; even those who felt his silent presence a reproach to them for their way of living could not but respect him. To such he never had anything but a kindly word. While those who felt the warmth of his intimate friendship loved him too well to ever intentionally wound his feelings in the slightest. I recollect entering a store with Hall, on one occasion, to make a purchase. When about to wait on him the clerk behind the counter showed some rudeness to him. Hall took it in a characteristic way. He said nothing, but quietly completed his purchase and we walked out. I said to him, "If that clerk had treated me in that way I would have turned and walked out at once." "Well, now," he replied, "I was simply looking out for my own interest; it was this article I wanted, and I didn't think it worth while putting myself to the inconvenience and delay of going elsewhere for it." W. J. Hall's whole being was so completely saturated with the spirit of the Lord Jesus that it had become well-nigh impossible for anything but love, patience, gentleness, kindness, forgiveness, to ever show itself.

Hall had a clear, ringing voice which he used with good effect in song and speech. His power as an exhorter was well known, and often taken advantage of by overworked preachers of Athens and vicinity. I have heard him say that on his way the first time to such a service, I think it was at the Greenbush Church, he felt so weak and unable to perform the duty that he had to kneel by the roadside and pray for strength. Mrs. McLean, at whose home he had his room, said she always heard him praying in the kitchen Sunday afternoons before going upon these appointments. He had also a great faculty in getting others interested in praying for him at such times. His cousin, Alice R. Rowsome, relates how, one Saturday afternoon, when she was invited to take tea with him at Mrs. McLean's, the minister called to get him to take one of the services the next day. Before she left for home he said to her, "Now you must pray for me, because you know I have that service to-morrow." And though but a little girl at the time she was deeply impressed with the responsibility placed upon her, and never forgot it.

One cold night in winter, crisp and clear, one of those for which eastern Ontario is famous, a preaching service was due in a schoolhouse a few miles from Athens. But the minister was down with a heavy cold, and Hall was asked to take it. No thought of refusal ever entered his mind at such a time. It was a matter of principle with him never to say NO when a call to duty came. Here was a glorious opportunity to do a little work for Jesus! But he could not content himself with going and holding the service by himself, as he could have done with perfect satisfaction to the people. He must work in a couple of those raw recruits. G. E. Hartwell (now Rev. G. E. Hartwell, B.A., B.D., of

the Canadian Methodist Mission, Chentu, China) and I must needs go along to help and be helped. It was arranged that Hartwell should preach, while I read the Scripture and hymns, and Hall should pray. He liked no other part better than that assigned him, and in none could he work with better effect. His faith seemed to reach right up to God, and as his clear, strong voice rose in fervent prayer, the crowded congregation in the little schoolhouse was lifted to the very presence of the Saviour. A great blessing fell upon everyone present that night. And as we rode homeward, with the stars shining brightly overhead, and the hard snow sparkling and glittering beneath, our songs of praise rang out strong and joyous on the clear night air.

Hall got his teacher's certificate in July, 1883, and spent a good part of the next two years in teaching, mostly in the public school nearest his own home, Glen Buell.

The following extracts from a brief diary kept by Hall for a few months in 1884 will best give an idea of his life at this time:

"January 1. Praise God for the blessings of to-day! This has been the happiest New Year's Day I ever spent. O——, one of my dearest and best associates, staid with me last night. We were on our knees before God as the old year went out and the new year came in. God blessed us, and we gave ourselves afresh to His service. I have written a whole sermon since six o'clock. It is not my words, but God's. O, that He may enable me to deliver it with more than mortal energy, and to Him be all the glory!

"January 3. Just commenced teaching to-day. I have earnestly asked God to help me to faithfully discharge all the duties that devolve upon me, and I know He

will. Went to see Uncle Boyd Hall (his great uncle) to-night; he is very poorly; did not know me.

"January 8. Uncle Boyd died this morning at 6:30. I stayed all night. Went to Brockville to see about coffin, etc. Uncle Boyd is at rest. He toiled faithfully for Christ for many years. I remember him as an earnest worker in the Sunday school.

"January 12, Saturday. Got my room arranged, bookcase and stove set up, and everything handy, so I am now quite comfortable. Went down to the school-house this afternoon and put up some mottoes on the walls.

"January 14. Missionary meeting to-night; appointed poor me to fill the chair; did the best I could; signed \$4. I am glad I can help the cause of Christ more than before.

"January 16. This is my birthday; twenty-four years old. How time flies! but none too fast for the Christian. Got a letter from O——. No outward influence does me as much good as O——'s letters, there is so much of Christ's spirit in them. I am glad I have such a noble friend.

"January 17. At school I am beginning to learn more and more that the teacher needs a great deal of grace to enable him to order himself aright. It is the hardest work I ever did. I have to be quite stern, but I think I can relax after a while. I love my pupils, and I am endeavoring to do them all the good I can. I want to set that example before them that shall be worthy of imitation, and to impress upon their minds truths that, if followed, will lead them to lives of usefulness. I desire to live very near my blessed Redeemer when I have so many little minds to help to mold. I feel the need of spending more time in prayer O, for more

of the Holy Spirit to enable me to rightly discharge my duties ! I want to make this year count for Christ.

" January 23. At school ; was nearly sick all day ; I never needed to walk closer to my Saviour than this year. It is a year of battling with the stern realities of life. I have not the same influences thrown around me this year that I had last. I find it difficult to *do* just right. But God's grace is sufficient. His blood does cleanse. I am glad my anchor is cast. Christ is very precious.

" January 25. At school ; did my first whipping to-day, but did not have much trouble. I do bless God from the depths of my heart that I am His child.

February 12. Took one of my pupils, whom I whipped yesterday for swearing, aside and prayed with him.

" February 13. At school. I feel very weary, bodily, but praise the Lord I am not spiritually. I find I need lots of sleep in order to be prepared for my work. This has been a good day. I have been very near my Saviour. I praise God His grace is sufficient for me, although outward circumstances would tend to disturb my peace within. But glory to God ! they can't drive His love out of my heart. When I think of the state our neighborhood is in I would be discouraged did I not know God is all powerful. Praise His name !

" February 16, Saturday. At Kingston ; left Brockville at 2:10 ; arrived at K. 4:15 ; reached Omar's 7 A. M. Went down to the market, and from there to college ; went through arts and medical colleges, including dissecting room. After dinner went to the penitentiary ; it looked dismal enough. In the evening went to hear the " Salvation Army," and enjoyed the meeting splendidly.

" February 19. At school. Told the pupils all about my

trip; have a full school now; pupils working hard. I wrote out some items for the *Recorder* and *Times*. Mr. Gilroy is quite sick; got a letter from W. J. Drummond; he is soon going back to college. [Christ is all in all to me. His blood cleanses from all sin. I want to do more for Him.]

"February 24, Sunday. I took charge of Sunday school for Mr. Gilroy. Mr. Blair preached; we had a glorious fellowship meeting; my soul is full of the love of Christ; am to preach for Mr. Blair at Sheldon's next Sunday.

"March 7. Social to-night; had a very good time; the lecture was good; Mrs. Gilroy in the chair. Took in \$16.13. I stopped at R. Sturgeon's to-night; had a good visit and grand time at family prayers; living very near my Saviour; His love does fill my heart."

His holidays and vacations were occupied in various ways, now in bookselling, again in life insurance, and at another time in the manufacture and sale of a well-known and much-used copying machine.

At the same time he was always the most energetic worker in the Sunday school, and no one was more regular than he in attendance at prayer meeting. These institutions could never languish while W. J. Hall remained in the neighborhood. Should the spirit of revival take hold of the people, then Hall was foremost in the fight, cheering, encouraging, and leading the weaker Christians out into a fuller life in Jesus, and yet working most earnestly and successfully for the salvation of the unsaved. Small wonder that people everywhere marked him for the ministry, and great was their surprise and disappointment when he declared his intention of studying medicine. Many talked with him, warned him of the sadness of finding when too

late that he had made the great mistake of his life in not choosing the sphere for which he was evidently so well fitted, and urged him to reconsider. But he quietly followed the dictates of his own sanctified judgment, and after life showed that as a medical missionary, so far from having made a mistake, he had, on the contrary, chosen the very sphere which the Lord intended for him.

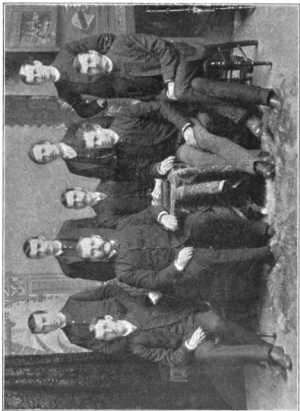
October, 1885, found Hall in Kingston ready to begin his long anticipated course in medicine. October 2, 1885, he writes in his diary: "Left home to-day for college; reached Kingston 5 P. M. Had many serious thoughts. I have consecrated myself afresh to God."

"October 3. Found a boarding place; think I will like it. Glad to meet old friends again."

The press of his new work soon forced him to drop his diary, but the last entry in it is characteristic:

"November 9. Went for a walk; spoke to Isaac Oser about his soul; he wants to be a Christian; I am to call for him 9 A. M., Sunday."

The medical college had never, up to session 1885-86, had any organized Christian work. There was no medical Young Men's Christian Association, nor was there a prayer meeting of any sort. There was a flourishing university Young Men's Christian Association, but meetings were always held in one of the class rooms of the arts department, and it was commonly looked upon as an "arts" institution. It remained for W. J. Hall to organize, or at least to be the leading spirit, in the organization of the first Young Men's Christian Association of the medical college at Kingston. Early in November, 1885, the organization was complete and the first regular weekly meeting held. The president for the first year was J. F. Smith, afterward medical missionary to the province of Honan, China, while the recording



OFFICERS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

secretary is now a medical missionary to the Indians of British Columbia, Dr. A. E. Bolton. Dr. D. A. Gallagher, now practicing in the United States, was vice president; Dr. T. J. Jameson, practicing in Ontario, was treasurer; Dr. Hall was recording secretary; Dr. A. G. Allen, practicing in Ontario, was librarian. Dr. J. C. Connell, M.A., now an eye and ear specialist in Kingston; Dr. W. H. Downing, the gold medalist of the class, and myself formed a committee. Though Hall was quite content to fill one of the minor offices of this infant association, his was never the disposition to be content with looking on and doing nothing. At that time there was a very small percentage of Christian students in the institution, and a still smaller percentage who were willing, amidst such surroundings, to show their colors bravely and work faithfully for Christ and his cause. And as Hall's genius for organization had shown itself—just as when in the high school at Athens—so now, also, his faculty for getting hold of the young men began to manifest itself at once. He selected several of the younger students, and by preference from the earlier years at college, and began to pray in private for them, just as he had done for his fellow-scholars years before. Presently his active brain was busy with plans for helping them, whether collectively or individually. He took the greatest pleasure in showing them little kindnesses, especially if he had to go out of his way in order to accomplish his object. Before the young man knew what he was about, Hall would have him, in the most innocent and agreeable manner possible, inveigled off to some meeting; or more likely, perhaps, would have him in the privacy of his room engaged in a most earnest conversation on the all-important question of his salvation. More than one

young student, now practicing physicians of several years' standing, trace their conversion to God direct to the influence of W. J. Hall during his two years in the medical college, Kingston, while many more who were Christians at the time received invaluable help and permanent stimulus from his consecrated walk and conversation.

"Hand-picking," "Personal work," "All at it and always at it," "In season and out of season," were some of his favorite mottoes. And while he never neglected the regular work of attending lectures and his home study, yet he managed at the same time to accomplish an almost incredible amount of Christian work. His daily routine in class room and hospital wards was marked by unfailing punctuality and regularity in attendance at lectures. These were a matter of principle with him.

Under date of February 11, 1886, he wrote to his cousin, Alice R. Rowsome, who was then in high school at Athens: "It always does me good to hear from the dear friends where I spent many days that have been among the brightest and best of life. I always look back to my school days in Farmersville with a great degree of comfort. There I formed ties that will only be broken by death, to be again united on the other shore. I like Kingston very much. I have enough work to keep me busy night and day. I have laid down definite rules for work, exercise, and sleep, and I intend to stick to them. I find my college mates very sociable, friendly, and agreeable; they appear to have great respect for the rights of their fellow-students. I find life, to a great extent, to be just what we make it. If we are virtuous and true, our life will not only be a blessing to ourselves, but to others."

In reference to the work of dissection, he did what he could by word and example to combat a not uncommon notion that tobacco or drink is a necessity for health or comfort in the dissecting room. He was, of course, "total abstinence" to the core, and while he sought always not to make himself obnoxious by hasty or ill-timed advocacy of his principles, yet when he believed duty demanded it, he was ready to sacrifice everything else to the determination to make a bold stand for the right, whether for temperance or any other Christian principle. His frank candor and patent honesty, and the absence of anything bearing the remotest resemblance to cant, always won him the respect and admiration even of those who were in practice diametrically opposed to him. Yet Hall was never slow to join with his fellow-students in any and every movement that had for its object the advancement of the best interests of the college.

In Kingston, as elsewhere, during all the years of preparation for his lifework, Hall was extremely economical. During the holidays he earned and saved what was sufficient, with the greatest care in expenditure, to put himself through the following term at school or college. He denied himself almost everything that could possibly be done without. He, along with two or three kindred spirits, tried boarding themselves. They bought such things as oatmeal, milk, and bread, and with the aid of an oilstove they prepared in their rooms two very plain but cheap and wholesome meals a day. For the third meal they usually succeeded in obtaining special rates at boarding house or hotel. It was a great satisfaction to Hall to be able in this way to support while educating himself, and to cause his hard-working parents no expense whatever on his account.

He chose for his church Queen Street Methodist, and attended there regularly while he was in Kingston. Among the congregation he made many warm personal friends, in intercourse with whom he was often much blessed and a blessing.

He was always fond of Sunday school work, and for months he used to walk regularly to Portsmouth every Sunday afternoon, a distance of at least two miles. There he taught a class of boys in the little Methodist church. "I do like to get hold of the boys," he would exclaim, with that peculiar warmth of manner that was all his own. And he did get hold of them, for he always had them loving him before he was with them two Sundays. The secret of it was that he loved them first with all the warmth of his great heart, and they unconsciously paid him back in kind. Many a boy in Portsmouth, Kingston, and in Leeds County, Ontario, many a one in New York city, and afterward many a boy in Korea will never be able to forget the magnetic influence over them for good of the consecrated personality of W. J. Hall.

It was much the same in the case of "boys of older growth" with whom he became intimate. "For genuine out and out GOODNESS, under all circumstances in life, I never knew his equal," is the testimony of every one of that inner circle who were privileged, at one period or another of his varied life, to count themselves his friends.

The great turning point, or, perhaps, rather the great culmination in the life aims of W. J. Hall, came in the spring term of session 1886-87 while at college in Kingston. He and some of his intimate fellow-students had talked over the subject of foreign missions together previous to this time, but he had not thought very

seriously of going himself as a foreign missionary. He did not consider himself capable, but he was always underestimating his own powers. He had gone so far, however, in his unselfish desire to further the cause of foreign missions, as to offer to stay at home himself, and support one of his intimate fellow-students, if the latter would be willing to go. It was in February, 1887, that Queen's among other Canadian colleges was visited by Rev. John Forman, now a missionary in India. That winter saw the beginning of the now world-wide and world-famous student volunteer movement for foreign missions. As an immediate result of Mr. Forman's visit to Queen's, twenty-one students from arts, medicine, and divinity signed the pledge. "We are willing and desirous, God permitting, to become foreign missionaries." Hall was one of the first in the medical college to put down his name, and from that time forward, while he never allowed his new resolution and his consecration to the Master's service in a foreign land to interfere with present duties, yet he always held himself in readiness to take advantage of the time when "God would permit," and the way would open up.

In July, 1887, Hall was able to carry out a long-cherished plan, that of attending Rev. D. L. Moody's annual summer school for students at Northfield, Mass. He traveled on the cheapest possible railway ticket, and took a tent with him (one of his own manufacture), besides his own bedding and cooking utensils. He camped out along with a great many other students, and was at the smallest possible expense during the twelve days' session. While at Northfield he met Dr. Dowkontt, director of the International Medical Missionary Society of New York, and from him he

learned of the advantages afforded by this society for obtaining not only a medical, but a *medical missionary* training in New York city. After a long, careful, and prayerful consideration of the situation he decided that the Lord wanted him to finish his medical course in New York, and to New York he accordingly went for his third and fourth sessions in medicine, graduating with M.D. from Bellevue Hospital Medical College in April, 1889.

OMAR L. KILBORN.

CHAPTER IV.

In Training for Mission Service, 1887-1889.

Expect great things from God ;
 Attempt great things for God.

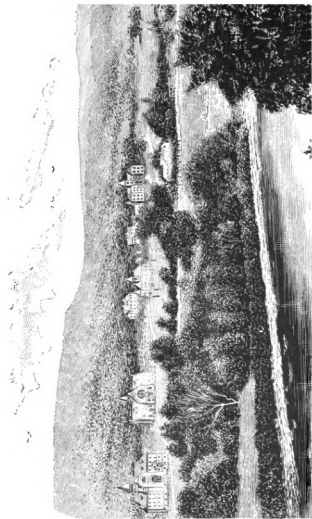
—WM. CAREY.

Meeting at Moody's Convention in '87—"Orders from headquarters"—Goes to New York city—Introduced to life in the Fourth Ward—Roosevelt Street Medical Mission—Given a Sunday school class of two!—Later becomes superintendent—An incident in self-denial—Limited means—Blackens shoes and tends furnace—An incident in faith—His influence—The secret of his power—The kind of a man fitted for labor abroad—Need of more means for training such men—A tribute.

It is usual to use the words "the late" when writing of one who has passed from this earthly life. But it seems difficult, nay, impossible, to write these words concerning our departed Brother Hall. "To depart and be with Christ, which is far better," so wrote that veteran Christian warrior-orator, Paul, and so we believe.

To write a sketch of our devoted Brother Hall is no easy task for one who knew him, lived and labored with him, as the writer did. Yet it is with feelings of deep gratitude to God for the privilege of helping such a man that these lines are penned to honor one who honored his God, and was honored by Him according as He has promised.

In the summer of 1887 the writer was spending a few days at the Northfield Conference of Christian Workers. He had given an address upon medical missions, and



MOODY'S SCHOOL AT NORTHFIELD.

By perm. of The Christian Herald, New York.

invited any of those present whose hearts were turned toward this twofold agency to confer with him upon the subject. Among those who responded to the invitation was a tall, well-built young man, one of the Canadian contingent in attendance at the conference.

His diffident and unassuming manner was the first thing that impressed itself upon the mind, but the warm welcome given soon dispelled the feeling of shyness, and he spoke freely of his heart's desire to be a blessing to his fellow-man in the most needy part of the world, wherever God should in His providence call him.

There was no frothy excitement, no setting forth of all the wonderful things he expected to accomplish, but a quiet, steady purpose, having as a foundation the desire to *be* rather than to *do*. The hour spent in conversation and prayer was not one to be ever forgotten.

The counsel given, to "obtain his orders from headquarters," was not presented in vain; and with a full conviction that such guidance had been granted Mr. Hall came to New York in September of that year to pursue medical study and engage in actual medical mission work in the great city, the better to fit him for service elsewhere.

In company with a dozen other students of the International Medical Missionary Society, young Hall was "introduced" to life in the Fourth Ward of New York city. "Why, doctor, I never knew that there was any such place as this," he remarked, as his soul within him shrank at the awful sights and sounds of sin, sickness, and sorrow around him. And yet this was the best possible field and way in which to prepare him for the work to which he was called.

With the first Sunday in the session came the reopening of the Sunday school at the medical mission in

Roosevelt Street—a place that had been one of the vilest liquor stores from the time the house had been built, thirty years before, up to the day when, five years ago, the liquor seller was *moving out* at one door, with his whisky bottles and devilish business, and the doctor was *moving in* at the other, with his medicine bottles and the Gospel.

Mr. Hall was given two small boys to take charge of for his first class. Somewhat surprised, he remarked, "Doctor, I think I can manage five or six; I used to have twice that number in my class at home." "Very well, Mr. Hall, try your hand with these two first, and we will give you some more."

Poor fellow, he soon found out the difference between *quality* and *quantity*, for, coming to the superintendent a few minutes later, he said, "Doctor, if you'll take one of those boys away, I'll try to manage the other, but I can't do anything with the two of them; they beat all I ever saw or heard of."

Two years later, however, he was able to *manage* the whole school as superintendent, a position he held for a year at that mission, and for the two years following at the Madison Street Mission, in the next ward. To-day it would be safe to say that no name is better known and revered in that whole neighborhood than that of Dr. Hall. It was a very common sight to see our friend surrounded by half a dozen or more of the very poorest children, who would seek to clasp his hand, as they saluted him with, "Hallo, Dr. Hall; how are you?"

Not only did he win the hearts of the children, but of their parents also. It mattered little to him whether they "sent for the doctor" at 2 A. M. or at 2 P. M., he was always ready, by day or by night, to help them in their times of need.

A straw will show the course of the tide as clearly as a log of timber. One winter's night an old man called at the Fourth Ward Mission at the close of the Gospel service which Dr. Hall had conducted, and desired to see the writer very urgently. Upon Dr. Hall giving him the address, about three and one half miles distant, the old man asked, "Do you think he'll be gone to bed by eleven, as it is half past nine now, and I don't think I can walk it in less than an hour and a half?" A word to the *wise* is sufficient; so, too, to the loving. The doctor had but five cents in his pocket with which to ride home, but he gave these to the old man, and walked. He did not, however, let him know that fact, and it was only discovered by close questioning on the part of the writer, the old man having arrived so long before the doctor leading to suspicion as to the cause. Ah! how this sin-stricken world wants such men as Hall, men willing to *walk*, that others may ride! And yet it was just like him. He would buy cheap clothes and shoes, and really, at times, go shabby; but he did it to help some others poorer than himself, and he found his greatest pleasure in so doing.

During his course of study his means were very limited, and it was not possible for him, as with many another brave soul, to provide for all his needs and expenses.

"Doctor, can't you find me something to do, I don't want to have anything for nothing; and if you could get me a place where I could go and work for a couple of hours a day, I could get on first-rate, and you see I need some exercise, and that would be my gymnasium.

Such an opportunity opened up for our friend, and he rejoiced in earning three dollars a week by cleaning

boots, getting up coals, and looking after the heating furnace at the residence of Andrew Green, Esq., late comptroller of New York city. Here he found warm friends in Mr. and Mrs. Kneudsen, who took much interest in the medical missionary students. When he took his degree of M.D. it was remarked, "Now, *doctor*, you will have to give up that job." "O, no!" he replied; "I don't want to do so just yet, for although now I am going to get an allowance from the Mission Board for a while, yet I want to help so and so (mentioning three young men), they're having a hard time getting through college, and you know they're good fellows and we were boys at school together." Yes, when at school he had been the means of leading those three boys to Christ, and he had the joy of having all three of them at the mission with him on more than one occasion, and he could well say, as he tried to say of every day, "*Friends, this is the happiest day of my life.*"

Dr. Hall, was a man of great faith in God. It was the faith of a child—simple, implicit. At the time of graduating from Bellevue College, he had not the money to pay for his well-earned diploma. He said: "This money must be forthcoming or I cannot graduate, I have exhausted all my resources in the endeavor to raise the amount, but I have failed. I took the matter to God in prayer. The college days drew to a close without the money, the hour came for the gathering of the graduates and still no money, but I had faith; I joined the company, and just as I was leaving the house the money was placed in my hand. From whom it came I do not know, but my faith in God is stronger than ever."

The influence of such a man cannot be measured

or stated. The students of the International Medical Missionary Society would have indeed missed a great deal had Dr. Hall not come to New York as he did. The personal influence of the self-denying, Christlike spirit of Dr. Hall upon his fellow-students, as also upon his patients—men, women, and children alike—is immeasurable by mortal man. Soon after he left for Korea one of his fellow-students asked, "Doctor, what is it about Hall that gives him such power?" "Doubtless it is the power of God in him, but if you ask further I should say in a word it is because he is like Nathanael, *free from guile!*" was the reply. When the Saviour found such a man He asked all the world to look at him, saying, "*Behold.*" Just such persons God is looking for to-day.

It was no wonder that a strong feeling should be manifested against his leaving New York by those among whom he had lived and labored, when the time came for his departure to Korea; but it is just such men who are needed in the lands of darkness and heathenism, men of mark at *home*, men who have so lived as to be missed when they go, are such as are best fitted to labor *abroad*.

No greater pleasure may be desired or possessed than that of in any way aiding such men to prepare themselves for their lifework of devotion to God and service to man. The writer desires no greater privilege on earth than this, he only desires more means and better facilities to do such work. Of the more than one hundred young men and women students who, after being trained with us, have gone out to the dark places of the earth, there to heal sick and suffering bodies and win dark and sinful souls to Christ, there has not gone a greater or nobler soul than William James Hall.

When Sir Humphrey Davy in response to his friends' request made out a list of his many important discoveries, he wrote at the bottom of the list in large letters, "MICHAEL FARADAY, *the greatest of them all.*" He had aided a poor, struggling young man in his earnest endeavors to succeed, until he eclipsed his teacher and friend ; and in this he could and did rejoice.

GEORGE D. DOWKONTT.

CHAPTER V.

Medical Mission Work in New York, 1889-91.

" Said Christ our Lord, ' I will go and see
 How the men, my brothers, believe in me.'
 He passed not again through the gates of birth,
 But made himself known to the children of earth."

Necessity for medical mission work in New York city—Doctor Hall tells his own story—Work among drunkards and thieves—Solving the problem—Work among Roman Catholics and Jews—Testimonies—Two families on Water Street—Another family relieved; Fred's prayer—Importance of winning the children for Jesus—A man of deeds, who worked while others questioned.

WHEN the Master visited the great city there were palaces, but they had no charms for him. There were parks and gardens, but they attracted him not. His steps turned toward the pool on the brink of which lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, and withered. It was not the great nor the wealthy, but the Son of God

" Sought out an artisan,
 A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
 And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
 Pushed from her faintly want and sin."

In our great cities, crowded with the poor and suffering, in far-away mission lands, he who seeks the sick with words to cheer, sympathy to comfort, medicine to heal, and Gospel to save, will find eager welcome and garner large results in his Christlike service.

The masses of the people of New York are poor, liv-

ing in tenement houses where disease is always a guest, the fires of fever never burn out, the cough of the consumptive is never stilled, children cry pitifully, mothers, with aching head and heart, drag themselves to their work. Hospitals are always full, and multitudes wait in their homes the touch of the healer, the medicine of the physician, the sympathy of the brother.

Dr. Hall, the beloved physician, a brother born for adversity, went as an angel of light among the sick and dying in the densely packed districts of lower New York. His work was a romance of grace. Without money and without price he went at the call of anyone, at any hour of the day or night, his delight being to relieve suffering and alleviate pain. None were too poor or vicious for him to serve. No cellar too damp, no garret too high for him to visit. Among murderers, thieves, thugs, harpies of vice and crime, he went in his gentle, health-giving, Gospel ministry.

The spirit of our loved friend, the Christlike Hall, still seems to linger about the tenements of the seventh, eleventh, and fifteenth wards.

Why Kirke White ceased singing at 21, Summerfield left his pulpit at 27, McCheyne at 29 stepped from the altar to the throne, and Dr. Hall left off healing at 34, while the old world, freighted to sinking with suffering, sweeps groaning on its course—who can tell? But

" I wage not feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face ;
Nor blame I Death, because he bear
The use of virtue out of earth ;
I know, transplanted, human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere."

Let us, gentle reader, while we turn back the pages of the record, accompany Dr. Hall on his rounds

among his dispensaries and the homes of his patients in New York. We will let him talk as we walk by his side. The doctor says :

“Not only do we meet the sick poor in the dispensaries, but we go from cellar to garret, into their wretched hovels, healing, feeding, clothing, preaching—doing all in the name of Jesus.

“As in heathen countries, so among the masses of New York, the people must be won by disinterested kindness. I believe this solves the problem of reaching the masses in our great city. Lay your lives alongside of theirs, and with a touch of genuine Christian sympathy and love they can be won for Jesus. The labor of love is never lost. The Gospel thus taught and lived is the power of God. Through the medical work we find an easy entrance into the homes of those who would otherwise drive us away with curses, and if we did not beat a hasty retreat the boiling water treatment would be applied to help us quicken our paces. We deal personally with each individual, and our visitors follow them up in their homes. Not a week passes without souls being saved. They are all hand-picked. Many of them have been rescued from the lowest depths of sin.

“In searching for jewels our experiences many times are heartrending. A few nights ago I was called into a miserable home. The husband was a drunkard. The poor wife had to struggle hard to support herself and little ones. A couple of days before the youngest child, through lack of nourishment, had been seized with cholera infantum. The husband, after spending a great part of the week's earnings, had come home drunk to abuse his wife and children. I shall never forget the terrible scene that met my eyes that Saturday night. On the

lounge lay the husband in a drunken stupor, on the opposite side of the room lay the dead body of his child. The broken-hearted mother and the rest of the children were huddled together in a corner of the room."

Threading our way through crowded streets, we enter the dispensary. Dr. Hall runs on with his experiences :

"Three months ago a poor, sad, dejected woman entered this dispensary. 'Many a night,' she said, 'my husband has come home crazed with rum, and has driven the children and me into the street, where we have been obliged to stay until two and three o'clock in the morning. You see, doctor, those scars on my face ; I got them from blows given by my husband when he was drunk.'

"I treated the woman, then followed her to her home, and found it a typical drunkard's home. The husband, after considerable urging, came to our meeting—conviction seized his soul, and from that night he became a regular attendant at our services. For several nights he refused to yield to God, but finally he came to the altar and found the pearl of great price.

"He next brought his wife and four children to the church, and soon they were all rejoicing in a knowledge of sins forgiven. They all united on probation, and are now among our most faithful attendants and workers.

"I never enter that home now but I receive a great blessing. A family altar has been erected, and Jesus reigns supreme. The husband now holds a responsible position, being foreman over seventy-five workmen, over whom he wields an influence for good. 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'

"But let me tell now of another one of my home cases. Not long ago I was called to see a woman living

in terrible quarters. When my knock was heard on the door a boy of fifteen hid in an adjoining room. As soon as I went in the mother said, 'Come out, Willie, it is only the doctor, he won't touch you.' The poor woman was a widow with two children. As she was unable to work, the boy was trained to steal what he could to supply the needs of the home.

"I told them of a Friend who was rich, who supplied all the needs of His children, and that I knew He was willing to take them under His care. The mother said, 'We are too bad for God to have anything to do with us. Nobody cares for us.' 'Did you know,' I said, 'it was for such as you that Jesus died. "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'" I knelt and prayed that God would show them their sinfulness and His willingness to save the vilest sinners.

"They promised to come to our meetings. True to their promise they came. When the invitation was given they responded, knelt at the altar, and were converted. They are now active workers for Christ, leading consistent Christian lives. The boy has a good position and is respected by his employer. The home which was so dark and degraded is now shining with the presence of God. Willie said to me a few days ago: 'Before I was converted I would hide when I heard any steps in the hallway. I used to be afraid to meet the police upon the street, but since I have been converted I am not afraid to meet or speak to anybody.'

"One of the most painful and alarming features of the New York problem is found in big lads, almost young men, for whom life appears a *lost battle*, compelled as they are to herd with thieves and beggars. Among these I have been casting from my dispensaries the net into the deep, landing within the circle of homes and

industrial agencies hundreds who, but for such means of escape, must have been forced into lives of desperation which bear bitter fruit in crime, vice, or habitual pauperism.

“O blessed work for Jesus! How wonderfully He pours His blessings upon us as we endeavor to obey His command, ‘Preach the Gospel, heal the sick.’ Praise God for the privilege of walking so closely in the footsteps of our Master. He sweetens the bitterest cup and smooths the roughest way. He comes nearest to those who most need His help. How much easier it is to find the entrance to the heart, when we show people in a practical way that we love them. I have had Jews and Roman Catholics take me by the hand, with a grasp I knew came from the heart, and lift it to their lips and plant the kiss of gratitude upon it. Is there any other way whereby we could gain a greater influence over these people? The high wall of prejudice is soon broken down, and their hearts are in a fit state to receive the Gospel, and God will watch the precious seed.

“A few weeks ago I was called to see a child of Roman Catholic parentage, sick with pneumonia. I became very much attached to the children and got the consent of the parents to let them come to the Sunday school. They soon began to attend our services, and when the invitation was given to take a stand for God, two of the children, bright and intelligent boys of twelve and fourteen, came forward to the altar. They found the pearl of great price, and are now consistent Christians. They have been received into the Church with the consent of their parents, who have also sought and found Christ in our meetings. There have been several bright conversions among the Roman

Catholics since the work was commenced. At the Madison Street Dispensary I was called to visit a man, a Roman Catholic, who was in the last struggles of the 'king of diseases,' consumption. I told him his time was short for this world and he had better get ready for heaven. After talking with him a short time he expressed his desire to become a Christian. I pointed out the way, and he was soon rejoicing in a knowledge of sins forgiven. I visited him frequently during his illness and always found him happy in his Saviour's love. He remained steadfast to the end and left a bright evidence behind that he had gone to be with Jesus. . . . Another Roman Catholic with a large family I am attending now ; he is suffering from a severe scald. I have had several interesting talks with him about his soul, and the last time I visited him he decided to give his heart to God, and promised to erect the family altar that night. The children will be gathered into the Sunday school and the father and mother into the church. Praise God !

"We have, every Sunday, Roman Catholics and Hebrew children attending our Sunday school, brought there through our dispensary work. We have a Gospel service with the patients before they receive treatment. The majority of our patients are nonchurchgoers, and are composed of all nationalities and creeds. Jews and Catholics alike listen attentively to the unadulterated Gospel, and not without results. . . . A short time ago a young Hebrew came to our dispensary, suffering from an injured hand. As I dressed the wound he related the story of his life. He had worked hard, and had succeeded in building up a lucrative business, but failure came. Discouraged, penniless, sick, he came to New York. I told him of Jesus, the great burden-

bearer. Yes, he wanted some one upon whom to cast his burden, but he was a Jew, and knew nothing of Christ the Messiah. I showed him the prophecies pointing to Jesus as the Messiah. He at once began to read the Bible and search for the truth. He was soon led to accept Christ as his Saviour, and to-day is a shining light for Jesus. He was baptized and received into the Church on probation. He is now preaching Christ to the Hebrews with remarkable success.

"I was called to see a Jewish family upon Allen Street. I found the mother very ill and entertained little hope for her recovery; but God blessed the means used, and she has now fully recovered. The missionary had been trying to get a hold upon the family and this proved the entering wedge. It was followed up, and now the parents are members of the Christian Church and the children attend the Sunday school. Another family that we have been visiting upon Ridge Street has been converted and to-day are earnest workers for Christ. Last night a Hebrew boy, sixteen years of age, came for me to visit a Jewish family. Although he was born in Jerusalem, still he knew nothing of a Saviour's love until a few weeks ago. He is now rejoicing in a knowledge of sins forgiven and is an earnest follower of Christ. I had prayer with the family before leaving, and my young Hebrew friend also led in prayer. We left the sick man's house together, and he asked if he might come a short distance with me, as he wished to have a talk with me. He was all aglow with the love of Jesus. How our souls burned within us as we talked by the way. It was nearly midnight, and I feared his friend would be uneasy over his absence, so I urged his return. I shall never forget his reply. He said, 'You were born a Christian, but I am only three

weeks old, and I would like to learn more about your religion so I can work for Jesus.' O the joy that filled my soul at that moment! I felt I would gladly spend all night with him, instructing him in that knowledge for which he was so deeply hungering and thirsting. . . . Other Hebrews are anxiously inquiring the way. You see as Jesus first healed their diseases, then pointed the grateful recipients of this grace to the remedy for sin, so we follow the medicine with the Gospel. Jew and Gentile alike need and take both. Not a week passes by but souls are saved through our dispensaries.

"How encouraging to listen to the testimonies, week after week, of those who came for healing of the body, and there met the Great Physician, and to-day are rejoicing in Christ their Saviour.

"Last night at our prayer meeting a young man told how he had come to the dispensary a wreck, physically and spiritually. But to-day he is clothed, and is in his right mind. Instead of eyes burning with the fires of drink they are now beaming with the love of God. . . . A poor girl came to our dispensary a few days ago. She had wasted her days in sin; she had sunken to the lowest depths. We pointed her to Christ, and now she is rejoicing in her Saviour, and has been restored to her loved ones again.

"I was called recently to see a man who was suffering intense pain, but his face was aglow with the love of Jesus. He said to me: 'I am as happy as the day is long. What a wonderful change has come to my life and home since we gave our hearts to God! When I was converted I owed seventy dollars; to-day I don't owe the price of a loaf of bread. Before I was converted I would not have enough to pay my way across the ferry; now I could go to Europe and back, and take

a cabin passage. Doctor, I don't want you to think I am a poor man,' he said, as he brought out his bank book. 'I have saved all this and put it in bank since May.' I looked over the account, and found he had one hundred and twenty dollars deposited. With this and Jesus he felt rich.

"A few days ago I was called to visit a family living on Water Street, in an attic, in a crowded tenement. The family numbered six, and were huddled together in a room seven feet wide by nine long. The furniture consisted of a bed, a small table, a cooking stove, and two chairs. I had only been there a short time when another was added to the miserable home. The husband was feeling unwell, and was shortly after taken down with pleurisy. The rent is to be paid, children fed, and father and mother sick, and no money. Sickness is hard enough to endure when one is provided with the comforts of life, but imagine what it must be to those destitute of those things! I did all I could to relieve their sufferings and to supply their needs.

"One afternoon one of their children, a bright little girl of ten years of age, came to the dispensary for medicine for her father. I said, 'Katie, how are you getting on?' 'Not very well, doctor.' 'What did you have for dinner to-day?' 'We had a little stale bread and some tea.' 'How did you get the bread?' 'I washed one of mamma's sheets and took it to a pawnshop, and that got us a little.' I wrote an order for bread, gave her milk tickets and medicine for her father. The poor child went home with a brighter face than she had when she entered the dispensary. Last night, as I was about to retire, this poor family came up before me. The work had been heavy through

the day, and I was very tired ; but I felt I could not rest until I saw them that night. It was just as I suspected ; I found the poor mother looking over her bunch of pawn tickets, for everything had been pawned that was of any value. I asked what was the trouble. 'O, I am about crazy,' she said. 'To-morrow we are to be turned into the streets. I went this afternoon to see the landlady to beg a little time, but she refused to listen to me.' 'How much do you owe?' 'Two dollars,' she said. I assured her I would see the landlady that night and go security for that amount. Their eyes filled with tears which expressed their gratitude, and I realized it a good time to tell them of the great Burden-bearer, of the Friend who is always ready to deliver. They manifested a desire for salvation ; and, as we knelt together in that little room, they both prayed very earnestly to God to forgive their sins and help them to spend the rest of their lives to His glory. Thus we win souls for Jesus.

“ There is another family in Water Street that I am deeply interested in. Their home was miserable in the extreme. How different all is now. Both husband and wife are soundly converted, and are bright lights for Jesus.

“ Among our dispensary patients there came a poor woman who was suffering from dyspepsia, no doubt brought on by improper nutrition. Her husband had been out of work for some time, and the only support of the family was a boy fifteen years of age, who was earning three dollars and fifty cents a week. When from this amount rent was paid very little remained for food and clothing. I asked her to send one of the

children to the office in the evening, and I would see what could be done to relieve them. The boy who was the support of the family, and the sister aged twelve years, came for the promised help. I asked the boy, whose name was Fred, what they had to eat during the day. He replied, 'This morning mother borrowed a few pennies from a neighbor, and bought a few rolls and some stale bread.' 'What did you have for supper last night?' 'Nothing.' 'Have you anything left for breakfast?' 'No, we had the last to-night.' Their clothes were old and patched, but clean. The little girl had one toe out of her shoe; Fred's shoes were almost falling to pieces. We gave them some meat and an order for bread, then took them to the shoemaker to whom they were to bring their shoes to be mended. I then took them to the dispensary, and had a talk with them about Jesus and His love. They were both anxious to become Christians. As we knelt together we felt the presence and power of the Master. After leading in prayer I asked Fred to ask Jesus for just what he wanted. He said: 'Dear Jesus, forgive my sins, and make me Thy child. I thank Thee for the good things Thou hast given me to-night, and for the dear friends that have been so kind to us.' I have heard many prayers, but few have touched me like the prayer of that little boy. We cannot be too zealous in leading the children to Jesus. Those who are doing the most to advance God's cause to-day were converted in childhood. May our motto ever be, 'The children for Christ.'

The shortest biography ever written of Jesus Christ was, "He went about doing good." Like his Master, Dr. Hall wrought daily to lighten men's burdens, ease

their pains, alleviate their sufferings, dry their tears, and open for them the gates into a brighter, better, larger life.

He wasted no time philosophizing or theorizing; he was not full of words on social, labor, or religious problems. He was a man of deeds—gentle, loving, golden deeds—not vague, wild, impracticable theories. While others questioned he worked.

“ Will He come first ? or comes His kingdom first ? ”
 So spake the baffled thinker to his book ;
 And then a little child, in running by,
 Fell on the cruel stones with frightened cry.
 The thinker turned impatient from his thought
 To chide misfortune for its presence there ;
 But, ere he spoke, a traveler, all untaught,
 Unskilled in questions, and not long in prayer,
 Had a whole work of kindness swiftly done,
 Had raised and comforted the little one.
 Then, while the weary thinker pondered on,
 The loving Jesus had both come and gone.”

J. SUMNER STONE.

CHAPTER VI.

Madison Street Mission.

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

Extracts from "Historical Sketch" of the Madison Street Mission, by Rev. Roger E. Thompson—An open letter showing how the work continued to progress—Reminiscences by members of the Madison Mission Corresponding Circle—Dr. Henrietta Donaldson Grier, Presbyterian Mission, China—D. R. Lewis, M.D., Whitestone, N. Y.—Dr. Mary Macallum Scott, American Board Mission, Ceylon—Dr. Orissa Gould, Baptist Mission, India—Dr. Walter B. Toy, Presbyterian Mission, Siam—Dr. Ina Ross Anderson, China Inland Mission, Shanghai—Dr. J. B. Busteed, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Korea—Dr. A. H. Henderson, Baptist Mission, Burmah.

EXTRACTS FROM AN "HISTORICAL SKETCH" OF MADISON STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

By REV. ROGER E. THOMPSON, its pastor in 1892, 1893, and 1894.

"THE building now occupied by the Madison Street Methodist Episcopal Church was dedicated to the work of soul-saving October 17, 1886. The property had been purchased by the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society in 1885.

"It was formerly used as a dwelling. The Alanson Methodist Episcopal Church, on Norfolk Street, had been given up, and the members went, at their choice, either to Willett Street or to the new church at 209 Madison Street. The latter received about fifteen by letter. Some of the furniture of the old and beloved Norfolk Street was given to the new center of Metho-

dist life. Among these were the pulpit suit now in use and the Mason & Hamlin organ which still does good service. M. F. Compton was the first pastor, and was reappointed at the Conference of 1887. The little church grew, and souls were added to the heavenly record. In the spring of 1888 Geo. N. Compton was appointed to Madison Street. His ministry was successful. One of the evidences of material progress is the piano which was bought at this time, and which has added much to the enjoyment and value of the church services, as the organ has to the mission and Sunday school work in the room below. Dr. J. S. Stone was the successor of Brother Compton, and his evangelistic vigor, live methods, and loving heart gave grand impulse to the work. But Dr. Stone was called to the larger work for which he was fitted, and old Asbury received, and is still receiving the blessing of his labors. The missionary character of our downtown work was emphasized by Dr. Stone, who put out the now familiar transparency, 'Madison Mission.' During his pastorate Mrs. Charlotte Leffler, formerly with the Church of Sea and Land, Market Street, came as a mission worker, continuing till the changes in the building in April, 1892.

"The departure of Dr. Stone was a misfortune for Madison Street, but the consecration and energy of his successors gave continued strength to the work. For two years, from April, 1890, to April, 1892, the name of Stephen Merritt, as acting pastor, links Madison Street with a long list of places upon which that consecrated man has bestowed energy and money.

"And the name which will always be remembered with his at Madison Street is dearer yet to the little church for which he labored. Brother Merritt was

with the church hardly more than an hour per month—for the Lord's Supper. Dr. W. J. Hall, as superintendent of the mission, however, was with the people literally day and night, in kindest ministrations both to physical and spiritual needs. His coming to Madison Street opens up a new and so important an avenue of help to Madison Street in every department, and the work was for these two years so completely dependent on this help that our attention will now be directed to the services rendered by the International Medical Missionary Training Institute. This institution furnishes such training as its name indicates for workers who have the foreign field in view. Dr. Hall had graduated in 1889, but had been retained in the home work, in charge of dispensary and mission work at Pitt and Eleventh Streets, and at Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church. Early in 1890, having been appointed superintendent of Madison Mission, he gave up Pitt Street to take the new work. Asbury and Eleventh Street work was also soon given up. In sore need of helpers, Dr. Hall soon added an undergraduate helper from the institute, J. Bernard Busted. About the same time Dr. Walter B. Toy was associated with Dr. Hall in the dispensary work. From this beginning grew the large helpfulness of the students of the Institute. When Dr. Hall sailed for Korea in the fall of 1891, Dr. Mary Macallum took his place until April, 1892. In the 'reconstruction period' following, the dispensary was discontinued, but was reopened in October, 1892, J. Bernard Busted, M.D., physician in charge. When Dr. Busted was appointed to Korea in March, 1893, A. H. Henderson, M.D., was appointed to fill his place.

"The value of medical missions in the work across the seas is not for a moment doubted, but we are

strangely slow to perceive its true value at home. Its value as a charity is not small, but its full value is only realized as an adjunct to church work. The great problem in our work is to reach effectively the un-churched multitudes. We make pastoral calls, and are plainly told we are not wanted. We offer a tract or a Testament, and have it pushed back in our faces. We send our large-hearted deaconesses to sympathize and help, and even their ministrations seem almost unwelcome. But when the sixteen-year-old daughter of the home sickens with pneumonia, the attending physician of our dispensary possesses the practical key to the home which has repelled all other advances. His skill opens the way for the visitor, the nurse-deaconess, or the pastor, to second the ministrations to the body with words of healing for the soul. This work our dispensary is doing, but we are unable to enter effectively the splendid openings which it offers us. We need a visitor, or several of them, who shall follow up faithfully the initial advantage.

"We insert here a partial list, as complete as our data will furnish, of the workers from the Institute who helped to hold Madison Street for God, when the hour was dark and defeat seemed almost inevitable. We give denominational affiliation to thus commend still more strongly their unselfish devotion to the hard, not infrequently discouraging work at Madison Street. And this work in dispensary, church, and Sunday school, was performed largely, be it remembered, in connection with the duties of a thorough medical course for the degree of M.D. Madison Street only gives honor to whom honor is due when she recognized most gratefully the whole-hearted service of her student-helpers. The following is a partial list :

"W. J. Hall, M.D., one year and one half of service as superintendent of the mission, physician in charge of the dispensary, and supply for the pulpit. Now (since-September, 1891) in Korea.

"Dr. J. Bernard Busted, M.D., served as Dr. Hall's assistant in the work as superintendent of the Sunday school, and, after Dr. Hall's departure for Korea, as superintendent of the work just when the need was greatest. Lacking a resident pastor, feeling sorely the loss of so true a friend and faithful a worker as Dr. Hall, and awaiting in suspense for several months the new pastor, who was completing his studies, it was not strange that the little church depended for its very life upon the persistent labors of Dr. Busted and his helpers. When the dispensary was opened in October, 1892, Dr. Busted added this to the duties of a superintendent of Sunday school, filling admirably both responsibilities. Dr. Busted will join Dr. Hall in Korea in a few weeks.

"Dr. Walter B. Toy was for about six months associated with Dr. Hall in charge of the dispensary. He is now in Petchaburi, Siam.

"Dr. Mary E. Macallum was also in charge of the dispensary, as well as a beloved teacher in the Sunday school. Dr. Macallum is now Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, and her address is Ceylon. Mr. Grier was another valued worker, now in China.

"Mr. Thomas Coote, an early worker at Madison Street, is now in Africa.

"Dr. D. R. Lewis, one of our Sunday school workers, expects to go to Burmah.

"Dr. Orissa W. Gould, now taking post-graduate hospital work in Boston, is already under appointment to India.

"Dr. Ross was also one of the earlier helpers, and is now under appointment to China. Alexander McDonald is another worker whose name cannot be forgotten. He is now in Africa.

"Dr. Henrietta B Donaldson, a valued worker in our Sunday school and mission work, is now under appointment to China, and expects to sail in September next.

"Dr. A. H. Henderson, now physician in charge of our dispensary, has been for long time the popular and most helpful teacher of our Bible class. Dr Henderson expects to go to Burmah after some further post-graduate work. His brother, J. E. Henderson, is still in the Institute and is serving most acceptably as our Sunday school superintendent, taking the place of Dr. Busteded.

"Miss Emma H. Hodge and Mr. Ernest D. Vanderbergh are earnest workers in Sunday school and Sunday evening work. They are undergraduates at the Institute.

"Drew Theological Seminary has sent us very valuable help, and the names of Noble (now Professor W. A. Noble, of Pai Chai College, Korea) and W. J. Hayes (deceased). There are still others who have rendered really valuable service in dispensary and general mission work, whose names we do not know.

"It was under the care of the students that the never-to-be-forgotten Canadian trip took place in the summer of 1891. Dr. Hall, with eight helpers, took out a 'Fresh-Air Party' of one hundred and forty children to Canada for over two weeks of most delightful outing."

AN OPEN LETTER.

"January 25, 1894.

"DEAR FRIENDS IN THE FOREIGN FIELD: It is a very pleasant task to convey to you very hearty greetings from old Madison Street. And please, if possible, forget that your individual copy is taken from the mimeograph, and realize that as I write this first copy I am thinking of you who have helped us and have since gone out into the broader work in which you are now engaged. We think of you often, and when we talk with our Father, both in private and in public, you and your work are often remembered. Madison Street cannot easily forget the earnest, warm-hearted service of her student-helpers. And what a band! Some are in glorious work on this side, some few already in glory over yonder; some across the seas, and some still blessedly adding to the light and warmth which make people about us feel that God is still at Madison Street.

"We cannot tell you how glad we always are to hear from you across the seas. Whether our news is from China, Korea, Ceylon, Siam, or Burmah our hearts are gladdened, and we feel ourselves linked to the uttermost parts of the earth, as we almost hear you speak, and as we pray for you. Some of you who were here after our earliest helpers went from Madison Street know how eagerly all our people listen to every word from the familiar hand. We want to hear often of your work and of you. While we pray we are expecting success for you. We are expecting that you will have health and strength sufficient. To hear the facts once in a while will increase our faith.

"And I doubt not that a somewhat similar interest attaches to any items concerning our work which reach you. I am sorry that they are so few and meager. I

must plead guilty of being too busy to chat with my friends as often as I wish.

“ With the new year God is blessing us with his presence and power, and the work seems to prosper better than at any time in my service here—since July 1, 1892. The average evening attendance for three weeks just past has been thirty-five. The interest is good. At class meeting last Tuesday evening there were thirty-five present, and seven came forward for prayers—four women and three men. Our Epworth League has twenty-five members. Its prayer meeting on Monday nights is good. I inclose a topic card which has a list of our officers for this half year. Our Wednesday evening prayer meeting is always strong. Last night there were thirty-two present and six requests for prayer. On Thursday nights I have a Bible study class in the life of Jesus. The class is small, but there is more real, delightful study of the old Book than I ever saw in a church of this size. Our Friday evening temperance meeting is well attended, and we are proclaiming Gospel temperance as the only way to victory. We have now no English service on Saturday. Assistant Pastor Gaebelein, who is in charge of the new and successful work for the Hebrews at Allen Memorial Church, holds meetings in our upper room on Wednesdays and Saturdays. He speaks the Hebrew-German jargon, and has written several tracts, hymns, sermons, etc., in the same dialect. He originated here the first Hebrew-Christian paper printed in the jargon. The little sheet, *The Hope of Israel*, is widely spread and read. The converts from this work are many.* On the

* 1896. The work at 209 Madison Street is now altogether for Hebrews, with Rev. Arno C. Gaebelein superintendent, and Dr. Zeckhausen, himself a converted Jew, in charge of the dispensary.

afternoons of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Dr. J. M. Weir has a clinic for treatment of diseases of women and children, and on the alternate days Dr. Homer Jones, resident physician at 91 Madison Street, has his dispensary hour. Our Penny Provident Savings Fund, open every day, has nearly 1,100 depositors enrolled. Our Sunday school is in better condition since the holidays than at the same time last year. Attendance, January 14, 100; January 21, 80. We have twelve teachers. Mr. James H. Welch, of Roselle, N. J., is our acting superintendent, and is a great help to us. Before Christmas, this season, we announced that we should do most of our giving to the poor, and neither then nor at Christmas time was any dissatisfaction expressed with the plan. We had an orange and a bag of sweets for each of the 180 who were there, but the rest of our \$110 of Christmas fund went to fifteen of our poor families. We gave no cash, but to each family one half ton of coal, thirty-five loaves of bread, one dollar's worth of meat (all these in the shape of tickets), and a peck of beans, some of potatoes, one pound of tea, two of coffee, three and one half of sugar, six bars of good soap, and pepper and salt. With the tickets we put a note of greeting like the inclosed. The distribution was a pleasure. Our girls' meeting at 7 P. M. on Sunday is profitable. The Gospel service at 7:30 P. M., Sunday, is the best attended of all our meetings, save the meeting for homeless men. Last Sunday night Mr. Townsend and Dr. San C. Po, of the Institute, had charge of the meeting, and the doctor's talk upon the difficulties in the way of the Christian in Burmah, his native land, was very interesting and gave great weight to his exhortation. The Sunday afternoon service for men only, in charge of Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, of Upper Mont-

clair, N. J., is overcrowded. We accommodate 300 from the crowd that applies, and give to each a bun or Dutch biscuit, a corned-beef sandwich, and two cups of coffee. Having used this bait to get men here, we give them the Gospel. We are thus brought in touch with the wretchedest crowd New York can furnish. We can keep in touch with them during the week through our free reading room, where we have from one to two hundred every day of our great unemployed army. When a man really makes an effort to help himself, we give him all the chance we can with tickets for work, lodgings, meals, bath—even for a shave—and with gifts of clothing. We also have large opportunity for dispensing relief to poor families whom we help with orders for groceries, coal, bread, and gifts of clothing. Since July 1, 1892, our friends have sent us over 3,700 articles of clothing and over \$1,085 in cash for this relief work. This hard winter is offering us great opportunity for showing people their real need and their great enemy. Sin is the great curse, but in our work its stronghold is the saloon.

“If I were to name the brethren and sisters who desire to be personally remembered to you, I should need more space. Sister Miller speaks oftenest, I think, of you all, but we all earnestly desire and pray for your success. Lena Keller, Hattie Dean, Annie Dietz, Jennie Veitch, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Pollard, and Mrs. Force are a few of our people whom you knew and who think of you.

“And now may God’s blessing rest upon you in all your efforts. Num. vi, 24-26. Most cordially,

“ROGER E. THOMPSON.”

The following letter of Dr. Henderson explains the origin and object of the M. M. C. C. Each member of the circle has been asked to contribute some personal reminiscences of Dr. Hall for this chapter, but as all did not respond, some letters to the circle have been inserted in place of the lacking contributions.

“ 118 EAST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY,

“ *April 19, 1893.*

“ *Madison Mission Corresponding Circle.*

“ FELLOW-SUFFERERS: Seeing that most of us are either on the field already or expect soon to start we who are still here have been perfecting the plan first suggested by Mr. Noble to form a corresponding circle including our Madison band of workers, namely, Drs. Hall, Toy, Busted, Ross, Macallum, Donaldson, Lewis, Henderson, Mr. Coote, and Professor Noble. All of these have agreed to join except Dr. Toy and Mr. Coote, whom we have not written to yet, so that there is no need to say anything about the advantages. The plan as it stands is this, Miss Davies has consented to be our secretary. We each agree to write two letters a year, posting to her. She agrees to copy them on the mimeograph and send a copy to each. To meet the first expenses we subscribe three dollars each the first year, and one dollar each per annum afterward. In this way we will receive eighteen letters each year, and be enabled to keep in close touch with one another, so continuing the pleasure and blessing which we so much enjoyed when together we worked at Madison Street. Drs. Busted, Macallum, and Miss Donaldson have already paid in their three dollars. Dr. Hall conveniently left a fund here from which we have appropriated his amount, so with Dr. Lewis's and mine



By, per. of The Christiania_Herald, New_York.

CLASS OF MEDICAL MISSIONARY STUDENTS CONTAINING MOST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE M. M. C. C.

we have enough to start, but must ask the rest to live on pounded corn and dog soup (*a la* Dr. Hall) until you can forward your subscriptions, which for your sakes and ours we hope will not be long.

"I have asked Miss Davies each year to send us an account of how we stand with regard to money, and to take her share in the writing, that we may be kept posted in the *Institute News*.

"I append a table which we have drawn up that our letters may be regularly distributed evenly through the year. I would suggest that we paste it in the front of our Bibles or some other place where it will be often seen (say the quinine bottle for those in Africa), for unless we conscientiously carry out our part a great deal of the pleasure and profit will be lost. Do let me urge each to really make an effort to fulfill his *obligation to the others*, for we have already had experience of how much we may expect from promises to write soon. (Don't blush, Noble.) Each is expected to post his letters that they may reach Miss Davies as nearly as possible at the time stated on the table which is as follows :

" Dr. Busted, first part January and June,
Mr. Coote, latter part January and June.
Dr. Donaldson, first part February and July.
Dr. Hall, latter part February and July.
Dr. Henderson, first part March and August.
Dr. Lewis, latter part March and August.
Dr. Mrs. Scott, first part April and October,
Professor Noble, latter part April and October.
Dr. Ross, first part May and November.
Dr. Toy, latter part May and December.

" Please address letters to Miss Davies here. On behalf of the circle, Yours,

"A. H. HENDERSON."

" PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, CHINING CHOW, CHINA.

" As I sit in my Chinese home, so far, far away from the busy, stirring city where I first met Dr. Hall, a great crowd of happy, sacred, helpful memories come rushing as a flood before my mind, and involuntarily the pen drops and the question, ' Which shall I tell about ? ' is asked.

" It was in 1890 in a little downtown mission in New York that we became acquainted. For weeks I had been hearing accounts of Dr. Hall's consecration, zeal, and influence given by my friends who were already at work with him, and naturally was anxious to see and hear for myself.

" I think I must have formed an imaginary picture of the man they so often spoke about. Surely it was so, else why should a little feeling of disappointment have been mine, when a tall, thin man, standing by a rusty stove, surrounded by a number of dirty urchins, was pointed out as ' Our Dr. Hall ' But the feeling of disappointment only lasted a moment, for he turned toward our group one of the kindest of faces, and coming over to where we stood gave us each a hearty handshake, and in that way of his, which no one could ever forget, because he felt the words to be truly sincere, said, ' The Lord bless you. ' From that moment began Dr. Hall's influence over another life. Some one has said, ' The nearer a life is fashioned after the Great Pattern the more beautiful and wonderful it is. ' The Master was Dr. Hall's pattern as well as his most intimate friend ; therefore the likeness.

" How often in the ' experience meetings ' we Madison workers attended have we listened to his testimony ringing through the little chapel.

“ Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour.
 Trying to follow our Saviour and King ;
 Shaping our lives by His blessed example,
 Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.

“ Walking in footsteps of gentle forbearance,
 Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy, and love,
 Looking to Him for the grace freely promised,
 Happy, how happy our journey above.

“ And he was like the Master in many ways. How did he become so? Let me relate as nearly as I can recall it, an incident in his life and a conversation which followed by way of answer. In a tenement house in New York one member of a little family lay dying. Dr. Hall was needed in that home and he was there. A priest of the Roman Church was also there, striving in his way to prepare the soul for its entrance into the unseen universe. Protestant and Catholic stood side by side in this home of sorrow. What happened? After a short conversation doctor and priest knelt at the bedside, and Dr. Hall prayed to a common Father and Saviour. The friend who related the circumstance exclaimed as he finished, ‘ No one but Dr. Hall could have done that down here in this neighborhood.’ ‘ Why?’ ‘ Well, he has a power within him that the rest of us have not. I’m just beginning to realize what that will do. You know I’ve been rooming with him lately, and often when he thinks me asleep, he quietly gets up and spends the night in prayer.’ O, that was the secret! The circuit between heaven and earth was never broken. Then is it any wonder his influence for the Master was great; any wonder he was called a ‘ Jesus man;’ any wonder that doors ready to be slammed in the faces of other workers were stayed and a welcome given because Dr. Hall’s name was used as a passport? Occasionally we workers would smile at the oft-

repeated phrase, 'Shall we have a word of prayer,' but none of us doubted the sincerity of every petition sent heavenward. Many a time have I felt that the Master was truly present and that Dr. Hall was speaking with Him as friend to friend. I believe that our little missionary circle, scattered over the world as it is, would give and have given many times testimonies similar to that spoken of Enoch—he walked with God.

"It was the close walking with the Master and the peace and gladness which comes to those who strive to 'keep step with His dear feet' that most influenced me.

"There were other very noticeable characteristics such as self-denial, gentleness and his great love for children; but were these not the fruit of the other?

"The death of our friend, though so sad, seemed to me to be a very fitting end—for as the Master lived and died for others, so did His servant do. And because he followed Him who said, 'The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him,' has he not long ere this heard the blessed words, 'Happy are ye because ye did it?'

"HENRIETTA B. DONALDSON, M. D."

"BREEZEHURST TERRACE, WHITESTONE, N. Y.,

"*July 9, 1897.*

"The Madison Street Mission, that spot around which cluster some of the tenderest memories of the students of the International Medical Missionary Society, constituted a field peculiarly adapted to Dr. Hall's unique and varied talents. It was situated in the center of a typical east side section, whose inhabitants represented many nationalities, though the Hebrew race was probably the predominant one. There were native New Yorkers, descendants of the old settlers,

whose lives had been spent in continuous contact with the influences of the Christian religion; there were recent emigrants from some European land, permeated with the instincts and ideals and prejudices of their people; there were the wanderers, the great army of the unemployed, whose home is often in some hallway, or on the settees in the parks, or, when fortune smiles on them, in one of the numerous Bowery lodging houses. These are the modern Ishmaelites; their hand is against every man, and too often, alas! every man's hand is against them. And finally there was that ancient nation whose is the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom is Christ as concerning the flesh, who is over all, God blessed forever. Here the mission stood as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, through its words and works the light of the glorious Gospel was shed forth in an intensely practical way into the thick darkness around. To it converged the currents of want and misery. Here Dr. Hall came with a mind disciplined and a heart all aflame with purpose to serve his Master. Here he found a congenial field, and one whose duties and responsibilities were commensurate with his abilities.

"In all its departments—the regular preaching service, the Sunday school, the special meetings, he was an organizer and leader. His transparent godliness was impressive, while his enthusiasm was positively contagious. In the healing of the sick he displayed a rare and beautiful character, in which meekness and strength were harmoniously blended and proportioned; kind, yet shrewd and practical, foreseeing and sagacious.

"As a preacher we well remember his clear presentations of the truth. The words of his mouth, being the

fruit of the meditation of his heart, came freighted and vitalized with divine power to the consciences of the people. The outstanding characteristics of his public discourses—yea, indeed, of all his discourses, public and private—were his unmistakable sincerity and positive convictions. Here, indeed, was one who spoke as having authority. He believed; therefore he had spoken. These qualities gave his sermons and addresses a wonderful impressiveness and solemnity. He used plain English, and did not allow his strength and directness to be shorn by yielding to the seductions of garnishing them with fancy flights of rhetoric. He was too much in earnest. The King's business required haste. He had felt the power of an endless life in his own experience, and he must needs press the need and blessedness of that life on others.

“He was not exempt from dark days and difficulties, problems and obstacles. There was a vast number of small details that did not appear to the casual observer, all requiring his oversight and taxing his energies. The complex character of the work at Madison would have overwhelmed him had he not had the refuge of a strong, abiding trust. Like the great Hebrew lawgiver, his faith received its reward. ‘He endured as seeing Him who is invisible.’ This trust of his was not cold, labored, and formal, but it was rather the artless confidence of a child in its father. There was a delightful naturalness and spontaneity about it—it was a part of him. ‘He counted him faithful who had promised,’ and God abundantly demonstrated the truth of His promise in his case, ‘He that honoreth Me, him will I honor.’

“He was characterized by a cheerful, uplifting optimism; not that visionary, impractical optimism which springs from ignoring the unchanging facts of

life, but rather one founded upon his experimental knowledge of the power and love of God. He could give a reason for the hope that was in him. It expressed itself, not in a short-lived, emotional joy, but rather in a calm and settled peace that gave steadiness, poise, and power to his life. He exerted a deep and abiding influence on his fellow-students at the Medical Missionary Institute. Indeed, it can be safely said that in this respect he was unsurpassed and but rarely equaled. Strong, transparent, genuine—there was no escaping his power. Gentle, patient, unassuming, and at last giving his life as a sacrifice on the altar of his Master, he has left a rich legacy to those who knew him and loved him—a legacy not of perishing riches, but of that enduring wealth, the example and inspiration of a noble life. D. R. LEWIS, M.D.”

“AMERICAN BOARD MISSION, MANIPPAY, JAFFNA;

“CEYLON, *September 7.*

“MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS: I quite expect my letter to be a little late, *a la* Miss (I beg her pardon, Doctor) Donaldson. I have begun several letters, and they have all gone the way of the wastebasket. But Dr. Hall's letter came last week, and to-day Drs. Donaldson and Henderson, so now I feel quite in the humor. How many changes have come already in our little circle! Mr. Coote gone home; he always made me think of that verse, 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' and truly now he does see God. Dr. Henderson has joined the ranks of 'wedded bliss.' Accept my heartiest congratulations. If I only knew when you were to pass by Colombo I might have gone down to spend the day with you, as the vessels usually stop there about twenty-four hours.

"And so Miss Donaldson is away off to China by this time! Poor Africa! so many of us were going there, and now we have not a single representative there. How strange that none of us should have gone where we had planned!

"We reached Ceylon May 24, but did not reach our station till June 13. We began housekeeping on my birthday in a few packing cases. It reminds me of Madison life, but in time things began to look a little better, and now we feel quite comfortable. We have a very pleasant house, and are very busy and happy in it. We were forced to begin medical work almost at once, though we would have preferred it if we could have spent a few months on the language; but we just have to pick that up as best we can. It's a great scheme both being doctors. I have two rooms for seeing my patients, and my husband has two more for seeing his, and as we have our work at the same time, we can consult as often as we wish, which is possibly several times a day. We have from one hundred to one hundred and twenty patients a day, but we have shut the dispensary three days a week, and have only three days for regular work—one day for operating, and I have Wednesday for private patients. The people are pretty poor, and live in miserable little huts, with precious few of even the comforts of life. The other day I was called to a Moor family to see a woman who was very ill. There are about three thousand families of these Moham-medan people in Jaffna town, and as yet no missionary has been able to get into the houses. They would far rather let their wives and daughters die than call in an English gentleman to see them; but they willingly called me. And how my heart ached for these poor, pale-faced, shut-in creatures! They are never allowed

outside their own yards, never see any men but their own fathers or husbands, or any other woman but poor creatures like themselves. They can never go to the temple, for religion is for the men, not for them, and so they lead these shut-up, aimless lives—little interest in this life, and no hope for the future. The case I mentioned above was a bad one, but turned out splendidly, and I hope it may lead to my gaining free access to the homes of these people. If it does, I will feel that, after all, that diploma was not earned in vain. We have no long missionary tours to tell about like Dr. Hall. The people mostly come to us. We have service with them before dispensary, and then we have a Bible woman and a catechist who reads or sings with the ones who are waiting to be treated while we are treating others. We find, however, as I am sure every medical missionary must, that the ones we keep with us in the hospital are the ones over whom we can gain most influence, and to whom we can carefully teach the way of truth.

“We had one man with us a little while ago, a carpenter by caste, whose eye Dr. Scott removed. The operation proved successful, and the man went away from here, I believe, a real Christian. We are especially glad about him, because none of his caste, in all the years the Gospel has been preached here, has ever accepted Christianity, and we hope it may be the beginning of great things for them.

“After all, Miss Donaldson, I'm not sorry I did not go to Africa. These people here are nearly as dark as the Africans, only they have much better features; some of them are really beautiful and very lovable. I have as my special charge a young girl about twenty-three years old. She is my interpreter in my dispensary, and assists me in many ways. It is very strange

about her. You know that in this country girls are married when they are very young, and it is an unheard-of thing for any girl to grow to be twenty-five or twenty-six without being married. Some way—and I believe the desire was God-given—this young girl years ago had it strongly impressed on her that she must study medicine and be a help to her countrywomen. It seems strange that the wish should come to her, for there seemed no possible way of ever having it fulfilled. There then had never been a lady physician here, and nothing had been said as to there ever being one. But the girl cherished the wish, and for years, morning and evening, and many times in the day, lifted her heart to her heavenly Father for guidance in what she believed to be his will for her. Marriage after marriage was planned for her, but she absolutely refused to think of it. They tried to force her to marry, but she stood firm, and when I came here and wanted an assistant, some one told me of her. I went and saw her, and now I have her in my own home, training her in all that I do in medical work. I can't be thankful enough for her; she is just what I wanted, and what I thought it would be impossible to find in this country, for of course such a thing is unheard of among them; but I feel as if the kind, loving Father had had us both in his plan, and had just arranged us for one another. But I am going on too long.

"I have heard nothing from Dr. Ross. I am anxiously waiting till it is her turn to write to the circle. And now I must say good-bye. May our great all Father keep us very near to himself until the time when we shall see him as he is.

"With much love to all, in which my husband joins

"Your friend, M. E. MACALLUM SCOTT.

"AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION,

"NELLORE, INDIA, *June 25, 1895.*

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL: I hardly know how to reply to your note of May 13, received by last mail. Very gladly, were it in my power, would I contribute something as a memorial of Dr. Hall and his work in Madison Street, but I was not so intimately associated with him in the work there as were the other members of our circle, so cannot contribute any details.

"To those who knew Dr. Hall nothing need be said of his genial, warm-hearted personality; to those who knew him not no words will convey the tone of voice and lighting up of the eye as he shook hands with one of his fellow-workers and said, 'I am glad to see you,' even though interrupted at his busiest moments.

"One of the strongest impressions which he made upon me was that of a man of much prayer. I sometimes thought there was no time or place but what he would stop his work and hold a little prayer meeting with two or three friends. How many times can I hear him say, as we separated after some plan or phase of the work was under consideration: 'Let us pray about it,' or 'Let us all remember it in prayer.' In the interval between the Sunday school and evening service, part of which we always spent together at the throne of grace before going down stairs, his voice was always most earnest seeking for a blessing upon the scholars of the Sunday school and beseeching for the poor, weak, and downfallen ones that we were sure to meet in the evening; perhaps he had but just left his own room, where he had gathered a few of the boys together for prayer and talk. From the first of my acquaintance with him at the institute this habit of much prayer was promi-

ment. When the interest of a few of us was centered in Roosevelt Street, and we met together for a few moments before the regular Saturday evening service, we all felt the power of his earnestness as he sought guidance and power for the Sabbath.

"I wish I might add something more worthy, my dear Mrs. Hall. I miss the doctor's letters very much from the circle.

"May God bless you and guide you in the rearing of the little ones he has given you!

"Your sister in Christ,

"ORISSA W. GOULD."

"PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, PETCHABUREE, SIAM.

"October 18, 1893.

"*To the Friends of the M. M. C. C.*

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: The time has arrived for me to write you if this is to be received at the appointed time. I am very busy at present, being in the midst of building operations, besides much general work outside of the care of hospital and medical work. Petchaburee at present is short-handed, which accounts for so much of the extra work falling on my hands.

"Last year we had another male missionary here, and I was able to get in considerable study, notwithstanding the amount of medical work I had to do, but this year I have been able to study only about two months. I have often felt thankful for my early training, as I have found it extremely useful out here, having to superintend the building of the new women's ward and other buildings, and often have to do considerable of the work myself.

"The carpenters here are not like the Chinese; you

cannot get them to work by the job very often, as in Bangkok, and they work at a snail's pace. I have a circular saw and shaper (moulding machine), which is worked by two or three men swinging a framework, one end of which is attached to a crank on either side of a large wheel and the other end suspended by a rope. I have had to do a great deal of the work on the machines, as the natives are inexperienced in the use of machinery. I have also a lathe and jig saw and mortising machine.

"All the buildings are brick, with woodwork of teak, oiled; the roofs of old buildings are part tiles and part chaak; new will be teak shingles. They are clean, and buildings of which no one of us would be ashamed—certainly better than any of I. M. M. S. dispensaries, and better equipped. I have about all the apparatus needed to compound drugs. We have to thank the king and queen for most of the buildings; the king gave the money to build the largest part of the men's building, and the queen gave the money with which I am building the women's ward, operating and drug rooms.

"The city contains, according to statistics, 10,000 inhabitants, but I doubt if it reaches that. We have some very good roads, so that in visiting patients I am able to use a cart during the dry season; in the wet season, however, I am forced to go on horseback, and oftentimes through water four or five feet deep. Now I have given you a pretty fair idea of my hospital, and I must say something about the work itself. The hospital work is not so brisk at present, but is picking up again. We have five patients in the hospital now. This being the wet season, when most of the land is under water, very few of the country folks can come in,

so there is less surgical work; for during the dry season, when the roads are all open, the farmers come to market and drink Chinese whisky, and the result is usually a cut head, arm, or chest. Very often two or three join together on a cutting expedition, and cut up anybody they meet, especially if they hold any old grudge against them. They always endeavor to pay anyone back that has injured them in any way. The knives they use are of all sizes and descriptions, but the usual one for carving at night is about three feet long, including the handle, which is about ten inches long. The wounds inflicted by these knives form the greater bulk of our hospital patients, syphilitic troubles forming most of the dispensary patients. Besides knife wounds, we have those inflicted by spears, sharpened bamboo, and gunshot wounds. Some of the cases we receive I feel sure would have little chance of recovery at home, but they heal nicely here without the trouble that would be necessary to bestow upon them at home. It is common to have patients brought with broken skulls, and oftentimes with large parts of the brain surface exposed, and sometimes lacerated, arms and hands all butchered up; but they usually all pull through, even when Siamese doctors and others declare that they must die; in fact, if I remember aright, I have only lost one case of this kind, and he came weeks after having been shot in the back, and gangrene and pneumonia had already set in. Besides patients of this kind, we have plenty of skin diseases, syphilis, and syphilitic ulcers, hemorrhoids, and diarrhoea. We do not have much call for the general run of medical work at home, as there are scores of Chinese and Siamese doctors here. Well, as to the general work I cannot give such an encouraging account. The work is hard and very little apparent results.

"Touring I consider to be of the greatest value, but we are limited in regard to that work here on account of the small number of workers, one male member having to stay on the compound to protect the ladies and property. Our chapel and Sunday school are fairly well attended, but there is the tendency for only those who are more or less in our employ to attend. We have every Thursday night an English prayer meeting, which we find very profitable and helpful. Besides this, we meet for prayer every day at noon in my house, which is a great help in keeping up the tone of spiritual life. I was delighted to hear so much news in the last from Madison and 118, but sorry to hear of Brother Coote's death. Well do I remember the talks we had together at 118, and especially at Madison, where we were so intimately connected in the work ; but we sorrow not, for our loss was his gain. Pixley, too, has gained his reward. How good the Lord is to us, unprofitable servants as we are, in continuing to spare us to labor in his vineyard. Has anyone heard anything from Malcolm ? What is the matter with him ? I have heard nothing from him since he left Vancouver. Briggs was down to Bangkok, ninety miles from here, getting tied up again, but could not come to visit me. I must now close. I fear you will not enjoy this letter very much, but it will give you some idea of the work in Siam. I hope to give you something more interesting when I get some of this extra work off my hands. I pray that God's richest blessings may rest upon every member of our circle, and that we may all be used in the blessed work of bringing the world to the feet of its Redeemer.

"Yours in the work,

"WALTER B. TOY."

"CHINA INLAND MISSION, SHANGHAI.

"In the summer of 1892 it was laid on Dr. Hall's heart to gather together the children of the downtown Sunday schools in New York with which he was at that time associated and take them to the country for a few weeks in connection with a fresh-air fund.

"Ever on the alert for ways of getting at *souls* to win them for the Master, he thought this was a means of getting at the boys and girls which ought to be made the most of. One hour a week in Sunday school with the children is all too short to affect its purpose. The home influences surrounding the majority of them during the rest of the week are such as go a long way to undo the influences of the Sunday school.

"Eleven helpers gathered around Dr. Hall to help in carrying out his plans. The writer had the privilege of being one of them. About one hundred and thirty children were gathered together. A lovely spot near the Charlestone Lake, Ontario, Canada, was chosen as the camping ground. Tents were prepared and provisions stored. Each child took a cup, plate, knife, fork, spoon, and bedding. We started off on a warm night in June. We had not gone very far when the train stopped, and on inquiring what was the matter, we found there was a landslide ahead, which was being repaired, but would take several hours for the repairs to be finished. To keep the children in the train and from running about the track was a task, but we did so, and in a few hours started off again. Next day, when we got to a stopping place where we ought to have made a connection, we found that we had missed the train we ought to have connected with, on account of the stoppage of the previous evening. Four more hours were spent in entertaining the children and keep-

ing them out of mischief. This work was more difficult in daylight. One little girl managed to get a deep cut in her head.

"Food was getting exhausted, and we were turning over in our minds how to get more to supply our one hundred and thirty children when the Secretary of the Utica Young Men's Christian Association came along, and directing Dr. Hall to a restaurant nearby, asked that the children have lunch at the expense of the Young Men's Christian Association. Gladly accepting the generous offer we marched the children off in two lots just half an hour before the train should start. All the teachers had to become waiters. Some hard work and quick eating was done, and the children were then hurried back just in time to catch the waiting train. In the evening came our next unlooked-for stoppage. A train ran only once a day from Brockville to Athens, and we had missed that by a few hours. No other train ran till next day. Friends met us, took us all to a nice little Methodist chapel, where lunch was again provided for us, and then arose the question where we should spend the night? Dr. Hall and the friends arranged to have cots brought into the basement of the chapel for the girls and ladies, and let the boys and gentlemen spend the night in a hayloft. An old gentleman rose to tell those who were present what arrangements were thought of for our accommodation, saying at the same time that if any present wished to entertain two or three or more of us for the night, kindly say so. Offers came in until all the girls and ladies, and nearly all the boys, had homes provided for them instead of basement and hayloft. The few remaining boys and one or two gentlemen had comfortable cots in the chapel basement. It was 4 P. M. next

day before our train was due, and we were loath to trouble our kind friends further, so a picnic was planned for the children in a grove just outside the town. Swings, bats, and balls, etc., were brought out and we had a jolly time. After the picnic we had about an hour in the train, and at length alighted at the nearest railway station to our chosen camping ground. Again we were met by friends, taken to a church lawn, where lunch was awaiting us.

"After a happy hour or two spent there, we accomplished the remaining five or six miles, some on foot and some in the carts of kind farmers. We found ourselves at the end of our journey the third night after leaving New York, instead of the second as we had anticipated. Our camping ground was a piece of uncultivated land, plentifully supplied with trees, by the side of a lovely island-dotted lake some few miles in circumference. The night of our arrival it was too late to have tents pitched, etc., so we slept (?) in a little frame house that Dr. Hall had engaged in case of emergencies, such as rainy weather. It was a tiny house, two rooms up stairs and two down stairs were at our disposal. We got all the girls tucked into tight sleeping quarters up stairs, and the boys down stairs. It was very late before all settled down to sleep, and very early when they awoke.

"The beautiful lake soon became a source of anxiety to some of us, lest some of our lively youngsters should manage to drown themselves. However we soon got to know the safe and the dangerous spots for children, and forbade any going to the latter. Saturday, tents were erected, a dining room with a carpet of grass chosen nearby, the children separated into families of from nine to twelve, each family having a teacher to

care for them and a tent to live in. Arrangements were just made for spending a happy and profitable two weeks together, when rain began to fall, slight at first, but getting heavier as the hours went by, until, to city children, everything around us looked very desolate.

“Then began a time of homesickness for the majority of them. A teacher here and there, in the tent door, with a group of crying children about her or him, looking out dolefully into the rain, and refusing to be comforted, formed the program for the closing hour or two of that day. Dr. Hall was to be seen moving from tent to tent, cheering teachers and children, and discussing the advisability of spending the night in the tents and risking the children getting cold, or spending another night crowded into our little cottage as on the previous night. At last it was thought best to put as many as was thought safe into the tents, getting all bedding away from the sides where it was most liable to get damp, the rest of the children being taken to the cottage. The night passed without anyone taking cold. Next day the sun was shining brightly, and all vestiges of the previous evening's gloom had disappeared. We had a happy Sunday. Services were held for the children out of doors morning and afternoon. Many people from surrounding farms and villages joined us, and these meetings sometimes took the form of Gospel services.

“On Monday arrangements for entertainment of the children were completed. Some twelve or thirteen boats were hired. A nice beach for bathing was discovered some twenty minutes' row distant, and a trip thence for the girls every morning, and boys every afternoon, formed part of each day's proceedings. Two

weeks were spent happily and profitably. Opportunities for personal dealing with the children were many. Dr. Hall was assiduous in his efforts to win the young souls committed to his care for those weeks to the Master. He used to say, "Be in earnest about taking these opportunities of seeking to lead these boys and girls to Jesus. We will never have these opportunities again." Some of them, we had reason to believe, took Jesus as their Saviour. Over all an influence was obtained such as we had not managed to gain in two or three years of simple Sunday school teaching. The work became easier and more full of interest to children and teachers since we had spent these weeks together, and got to know each other so well. The loving willingness of Dr. Hall to spend and be spent for others was beautifully shown, while his thought and care, both for the bodies and souls of the children, were splendidly rewarded.

INA ROSS ANDERSON, M.D."

"METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, SEOUL, KOREA,

December 4, 1895.

"Although writing from the last field of Dr. Hall's labors, I like to turn to another field and recall the days of our early acquaintance in New York.

"I had just arrived in the busy metropolis to commence my medical studies, and the difficulties and temptations through which one must pass in obtaining a medical education were ahead of me. Dr. Hall had passed through them all, and like a father he started Dr. Henderson and myself on the road. Many times the doctor would stop in the midst of his work to help us over difficult places, to make hard things plain, and to pray with us in times of need. In fact, he seemed to take a delight in it, and would often supply the needs

of others without thinking of his own. A downtown dispensary became a sacred place when the attending physician, together with the medical students, lifted up their hearts to the great Physician for direction in the work of the day, and sought help in preaching the Gospel to the poor. Few realize what influence those months spent with Dr. Hall had on my after life.

"Day and night I have been by the doctor's side while he consoled those in trouble, lifted his hand to soothe the brow racked with pain, or taking a host of children from the foul air of lower New York to enjoy with him the country air of his Canadian home. Even if it were five hundred miles away from the city of New York the difficulty was soon overcome. Or, while with him in the meetings at Madison Mission, raising his strong voice in song,

"I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

he exhorted tramps, thieves, and outcasts to turn from their sins, I have learned lessons in devotion to work, consecration, and zeal which I shall never forget.

"I might speak of the rich fellowship in those little gatherings of the Madison Mission Band of which Dr. Hall was the leader. They were truly soul inspiring, and we perhaps then little realized what a preparation they were for our life work. Discouragements, difficulties, all fled as the words of 'Draw me nearer' rose from earnest hearts in unison.

"At the closing hours of Dr. Hall's life, on that chill November day, we joined in prayer for the last time, and the words of the song which so frequently echoed and reechoed from the walls of the mission chapel, 'I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,' came

back to me. Yes, doctor, we will meet in that city, and those of us who remain in that little mission band will exhort others to meet you and us by and by, where Africans, Burmans, Hindus, Chinese, and Koreans will join in the great song of redemption.

“JOHN B. BUSTEED, M.D.”

“BAPTIST MISSION, MONÈ, BURMAH.

“In doing what I can to honor and perpetuate, to some small degree, the memory of one to whom I owe much, it has seemed best to try to present the picture just as it is. It is a difficult matter, often, to do what seems so simple, for friendship always wishes to emphasize what is best, and to minimize what may appear faulty. So it is that often in biographical sketches we have presented to us men and women who seem far beyond our reach. They stand on a pinnacle with no steps leading up to it, and though we admire and may long to emulate them, unconsciously forgetting that they fought the same nature which is our bane, we feel that we can never reach that height. Perhaps we may not; yet what is a life worth that does not show the way through the difficulties with which we are all beset and hindered to heights that we are all striving after, so emphasizing the fact that victory may be won by *us*? Was not this a part of the work of Christ, stepping down into our fallen human nature, then beating down, one by one, the enemies which opposed Him as they do us, till by His fallen foes He had marked out the path leading up to the throne of God, in which we now feel pit-possible to follow? So in men whom we know, admire, and love, we see much that is *very* good, but we are *very bad*, so that it is rather their human nature cropping up which gives us hope; it is a connecting

link between them and us ; why, then, hide it? It is the more easy to be truthful here because truth does so little violence to friendship. Dr. Hall's life has few marring spots.

"My first impressions of him were not very favorable. Sitting, cramped in a corner, he said rather awkwardly, what little he did say. He did not seem brilliant, though he *did* seem kind. He left with an invitation to come down and see the dispensary, which invitation was afterward accepted because it was the only one I had, rather than for any special pleasure that it promised. He was, too, it afterward appeared, by nature rather timid, though this was not often seen. Once a tooth had to be drawn, the property of a strapping young German, who, in the midst of the operation emitted such a blood-curdling groan that Dr. Hall was glad to leave him in possession of it. Yet as we grew together his life became a constant marvel, a constant study. Where was his power? Why should this man succeed where others failed? If we can but find out his secret we too may succeed.

"One factor in his success was his patience.

"As far as I can remember, I cannot recall one instance of impatience. My memory may play me false, but I recall none. Occasionally he spoke sharply, but only when it was needed. Truly as one thinks of it, a life among children filled to the brim with mischief and wickedness, work where for years he was surrounded by young lads bent on provoking, older men and women drunken, untruthful, degraded, and at first so bitterly hostile that they would furtively stone him as he walked along the street, to be unable to recall *one* impatient scene is marvelous. Yet it was not his patience that struck one ; given his character and

you would expect patience, just as given a good apple tree you would expect apples. The roots of patience, humility, and obedience were there. Pride and selfishness, the roots of impatience, were not, or, if they were, it was known only to himself; *we* never saw them. He lived in an atmosphere of love, his one thought concerning these people seemed to be how they might be rescued to better things, and in such an atmosphere impatience withered and died. God's infinite patience toward us is not grounded on our goodness nor on the promise of better things to come; it rather rests on His infinite pity, because, blinded and bound, we are led captive at the will of the devil. The worse we are the more He pities and bears. This servant of His in this had caught his Master's spirit. We can trace it everywhere in his work.

"Besides this he had a great deal of tact. One is accustomed to think of tact as born rather than won. We sigh envious sighs when we meet those brilliant people who seem always to know exactly what to say and just how to say it. But there is a tact of another sort, one which is neither so brilliant nor so envied, and which is far more the result of the will than the wits. This kind Dr. Hall possessed in an eminent degree: the power of getting the best out of everyone. We had a handful of uncohesive church members as a center from which to work. With a few honorable exceptions who were a comfort and encouragement in every time of trial, each one seemed either to have his own private grievance, old or new, or to have espoused that of somebody else, so that the most energy was spent in tearing one another to pieces. This was his first task to face in taking up the organized work of which I chiefly speak. Spurgeon used to say he

thanked God he was pastor of a large church, for he feared he would not have had grace enough to be pastor of a small one. If ever tact is needed it is in a place like this. We knew nothing of it till twelve or eighteen months later. We only saw different ones whom we afterward learned to know and appreciate coming in and taking an interest in the meetings. God only knows what arguments he used ; his plan of work was to 'keep at them.' He sympathized in their trials, visited them constantly, won their hearts, and lived Christ before them. This, together with the constant recognition and encouragement of what was good in a person, gave him the key to people's hearts. I speak from experience when I testify to the immense power for good which this loving habit of a loving heart possesses ; namely, the recognition of what is good and blindness to what is bad. With his great, generous heart he would overestimate your character for good, and it gave you courage to try and be equal to his estimate. An incident of which he never knew the inner history may serve to illustrate. We had not worked together long, and I was yet but a slow hand at putting up prescriptions, much slower than he was at writing them. One day, when away behind and inwardly fuming at every fresh prescription he added, I felt very much like throwing some of the bottles at him, or relieving myself in some less pugnacious way. However, we got through at last, and on our way home he said : 'You'll be able to do a lot of work ; you don't worry over things ; you just go quietly on and do them.'

"We were thrown together every day in dispensary work for about eight months, and the lessons of a beautiful Christian life were constantly before me. He

would put his arms around the dirty little children who came in, and talk to them so kindly and lovingly that in a very few minutes he would win their hearts.

"Here is a specimen of his plans : One summer at the beginning of his work in the New York slums he spent working single-handed in Roosevelt Street. He tackled the Sunday school, with all that that means when the ruling force is short-handed, and then for his breath of fresh air he would take ten or a dozen children to spend the afternoon in Central Park, paying their carfare out of his small means. That these were none too plentiful may be imagined from the fact that when an intimate friend wrote him asking for a small loan he sent it along, adding in confidence that some of it had been earned blacking boots and carrying coal.

"We have now touched another marked trait in his character; namely, his self-denial and consecration. These two words were the keynotes to which his life was pitched. They show well in a scheme of his for the children which was carried out one summer. It might be taken up and made an untold power for good. Some one hundred and thirty children were collected from various Sunday schools and taken off for a two weeks' stay in Canada. The plan differed from the ordinary summer outing for poor children in the fact that in place of quartering them in different homes, we made one camp with seven or eight tents, each worker becoming responsible for one tent. To gather them on Sunday under the trees and tell them some Bible story, to play with them during the week, to go at bedtime into the tent and after a few earnest, loving words, to quietly pray with them in the twilight, forged a chain of influences round them that was golden in its possibilities for good. The responsibility rested very heavily upon

him at times. The first night, before we had had time to get them properly housed, the rain fell steadily, and it was impossible to keep all dry. Visions of bronchitis and pneumonia rose up before him, aggravated by the weariness of a very tiresome trip. He spent the night in prayer, and his fervent 'Praise the Lord,' as he went from tent to tent at daylight finding not one sick, still lingers in our minds. It was a characteristic of his to spend long seasons of the night in prayer. He would often, almost always in fact, after we had been talking over study or work or plans end up with, 'Well, let us have a word of prayer,' but until we heard of those night seasons it was often a puzzle how this never-ebbing spiritual life was kept at flood tide. His whole working life was a communion with God, yet this is more often a result than a cause of a deep spiritual life, the source of which is found in the secret chamber where the soul meets with God alone. One thing is surprising, he seemed to be neither a deep nor constant student of the Bible; that is to say there were not in his life the *regular* hours of quiet study and meditation which form the foundation stone in the lives of so many holy men. Apparently he depended more on prayer. Many of the workers were better versed in Scripture, better versed in medicine, better educated altogether; but it was his entire self-abnegation, his preeminence in practical godliness, and his never-ceasing self-denial, which made all willing to yield the first place without question and follow in all his plans. To give anything like a comprehensive account of his self-denial would simply be to give a detailed account of his life. He lived in it and he died in it. It was just as natural to him in the slums of New York as it was on the battle-fields of Korea; the same spirit sent him tramping off a

mile or two in the dark to serve a child in the Western city as sent him in the face of danger to treat the wounded soldiers in the East. He would share his last cent with anyone who needed help. God was the provider, he but the steward. On this principle he undertook to share his salary with some six others of us, that we might all work during the summer months in the tenement districts of New York, where we had plenty of prodigals and rejoicing, but, from the nature of the case, very little fatted calf. Poor Dr. Hall! those are never-to-be-forgotten days. What memories cluster round them! What lesson seed were sown there! Nothing seemed too costly to give. Money was his least gift. Drunkards, thieves, or any friendless man was received into his home and to his table. If he could only feel that anyone wanted to do better he was willing to befriend him with all that he had. Whether any may question the wisdom of his methods or not, none can question his heroic unselfishness. Yes, he was sometimes imposed upon. What good man is not? Who gives more to men that are unworthy than God does?

“And now that those times are forever at an end, what have been the results of it all? Time has rolled by now sufficiently to gauge them more justly than we might at first. If you have ever worked downtown you know of the difficulties of the work. So many depend far too much on the magnetism of the moment, and far too little on their own personal effort and responsibility. They cling like so many iron filings, some to the magnet, some to each other, so long as the magnet is there. They stuck to us, and I presume are sticking on somewhere else now. Of the inner circle of these there remain a small number of souls redeemed or sanctified. But to estimate the results of his work in New York,

to this you must add the sweet savor of a holy life found in many a home in that ward, the blessing of many a poor mother, the love of many a poor little waif whose career we will never know until we meet around the throne of God in heaven. Time and again letters arrive which tell of streamlets of good influence, running in different directions, which trace their source to conversions due to his work. In a large city with such work as he carried on results can never be tabulated; it is more like salt dropped in and spreading everywhere as populations go and come. We can more readily trace his influence on his fellow-workers. Two work in China who were brought to Christ by him; others in Brazil, China, Korea, Siam, Burmah, India, and Ceylon, as well as at home, with thankful hearts cherish his beautiful memory and can constantly trace both in woof and warp of their work the golden threads which God chose *him* to weave in.

"It would be very far indeed from my desire if, in writing this little fragment, any standard impossible of attainment to others has been held up. Rather the lesson of Dr. Hall's life is that *all* may do a grand work. Tact and patience like his are prizes to be won by everyone, and the beautiful little blossoms of self-denial are budding in every life, only waiting our permission to open and fill each one with fragrance. His face may be lost, his presence gone, his form laid by to rest, but ever as paths of self-denial and holiness open before us we will hear his voice behind us saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'

"A. H. H. HENDERSON, M.D."

CHAPTER VII.

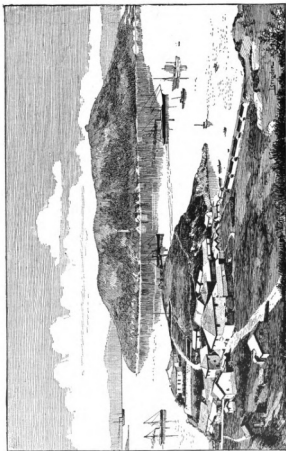
Introduction to the Mission Field of Korea.

"Happy, thrice happy, everyone
Who sees his labor well begun."—LONGFELLOW.

Walk of twenty-five miles from the port to the capital—Superintendent Appenzeller measures the new missionary by three essential standards—Advises a country trip—Appointed to Pyong Yang—A grand beginning—Rev. Jones's description of that first trip into the interior—Witnessing heathen worship—First experiences in a Korean inn—Began missionary work at Ko-Yang—A Sunday in a snowstorm at Songdo—The kind host at Chin Tan—A bitter cold journey—A week of medical and evangelistic work in Pyong Yang—Another of work in Wi-ju—Unflinching endurance of hardship—Capacity to make the most of things—Tenacity of purpose—An amusing outcome.

DR. HALL'S ENTRANCE UPON MISSION WORK IN KOREA.

DR. HALL arrived in Korea in December, 1891, and was heartily welcomed by the Mission. I well remember when he came to my house on a Thursday evening, after a walk of twenty-five miles from Chemulpo. Brother Jones, of our Mission, went down to the port to meet him. When they were ready to start for the capital, with that perversity sometimes met with in other countries besides Korea, for some reason I do not now recollect there was only one horse for the two men to ride on. We know that the pioneer Methodist preacher to New England, Jesse Lee, because of his avoirdupois, was compelled to travel with two horses and to change off. Had two horses by some happy accident been supplied for Dr. Hall to ride on to Söul, it would have



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

CHEMULPO.

been more appropriate than for these two brethren to ride one horse. Notwithstanding the protestations of Brother Jones, Dr. Hall insisted upon walking all the way to Söul. When I welcomed him there to the Mission and to Korea there was a warm response in the hearty "Amen" and the grasp of the hand.

A few days later we counseled together as to the work to be assigned the new missionary. A few things are absolutely essential in order to be a successful missionary. They may be repeated here, for I think that Dr. Hall possessed these in an eminent degree.

1. Deep spirituality. Great faith in God. Implicit confidence in the Bible as the inspired word of God. Personal knowledge of sins forgiven. There must be welling up from his inmost soul a mighty, a glorious, feeling that God's Spirit bears witness with his spirit, and that he is an heir of God and joint heir with Christ.

" What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell ;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

Nothing can take the place of this experience. The missionary must know that he has "religion." It was not necessary for one to be long in the presence of Dr. Hall to find out that he was not only thoroughly grounded in the faith, but that he had a deep, warm, joyous Christian experience. In prayer he was fervent ; in singing, hearty ; in experience, clear.

2. Aptitude for language. The difficulties in the acquisition of a new language can only be properly appreciated by those who have spent years of hard labor in their efforts to acquire it. The words, the thought, the construction of the sentences are all different from his own. The missionary not only enters a new country

with strange habits and customs, but the thoughts, the ways of thinking, and the matter thought about, are all equally new and strange. He is bewildered. He has truth he wishes to impart, a message he is anxious to deliver; but he has no means of communication until he has acquired the language, in some part, at least. Dr. Hall was not preeminently successful in this respect. Like Savonarola he was essentially a man of action. He did not care much for the desk. If he burned the midnight oil it was not in extracting a root of a verb, but in relieving the pains and groanings of the sick and dying. He was an early riser, but the multitudinous endings of the Korean verb "to be" did not disturb his slumbers so much as the desire to spend the first part of the day in earnest study of the word of God and prayer. He studied at the language, he worked hard here, as at everything else, but his progress was slow, and, though I never heard him say so, could not but have been unsatisfactory to himself.

3. The missionary must be a man of sound judgment, good common sense, and not afraid of hard work. Measured by this standard, Dr. Hall came up to the full measure. Before my departure on furlough to the United States, I had not had much opportunity to become acquainted with him other than to recognize in him an earnest worker. But after my return, in the summer of 1893, I was more intimately associated with him in important work, and I soon began to rely on his good judgment.

Shortly after his arrival I suggested to him to make a trip to Wi-ju. His answer was prompt, and in less than three months after his arrival in Korea, in company with Brother Jones, he was off on a country trip of three hundred and fifty miles to the north.

In his report to the Annual Meeting in August, 1892,

Dr. Hall strongly recommended opening mission work in Pyong Yang, the principal city in the northern interior, which I myself had visited several times since 1887, but where as yet no mission had a foothold.

Bishop Mallalieu promptly appointed Dr. Hall to this new field. Immediately at the close of the Annual Meeting the doctor again visited Pyong Yang, and entered upon his work there with great enthusiasm.

Not only did he give his whole time to this work, but he planned for its permanency by presenting its claims to his friends, and raising a fund for it, which, subscribed to generously by himself and devoted wife, through his faithful representations, received donations from British, American, German, and even Chinese friends. It became sufficient so that as early as April 1, 1893, he was able to purchase two fine sites—one known as the "Tree House," and the other as the "West Gate" property. Bishop Mallalieu's own great interest in Dr. Hall's project at Pyong Yang is shown in the following letter, which greatly encouraged the doctor's heart:

"BUFFALO, N. Y., *August 22, 1893.*

"MY DEAR DOCTOR: I write you to say that I have succeeded in raising \$350 (gold), to help the Pyong Yang work. As I understand the case, you put in \$350, the Missionary Society \$350, and I have raised this \$350. My thought has been that this would enable you to pay for the property and still have \$350 to fit it up and make such improvements as would help make you comfortable. You can draw on Dr. S. Hunt at any time for the \$350 which I have raised.

"My kindest regards to you and to all the friends, and especially to your wife.

"Truly yours,

W. F. MALLALIEU."

He administered his "Pyong Yang Fund" with the greatest care, and after making repairs, carrying on for over a year the first Christian school in Pyong Yang, and opening regular medical and evangelistic work, there was left at the time of his death over six hundred yen. At the Annual Meeting of the Mission, held in January, 1895, by the request of Mrs. Hall, this fund was carefully set aside, to be devoted toward the erection of a building to be known as "The Hall Memorial Hospital." While writing these lines I am on my way, in company with Edward Douglas Follwell, M.D., Dr. Hall's successor, to begin this pious and, to me, exceedingly pleasant work. The work he commenced in Pyong Yang will be continued. We who remain will lay the foundations, and build that for which, in the short time he was with us, he made so much preparation.

In the three short years Dr. Hall spent with us he made a grand beginning, which promised great things. His sun went down while it was yet day; but the work for which he lived, and for which he died, will go on. We feel his absence. We long for the hearty welcome. We miss the warm grasp, but the inspiration of his life, his devotion, will remain as ointment poured forth.

H. G. APPENZELLER.

SÖUL, KOREA, *May* 5, 1895.

THE FIRST TRIP INTO THE INTERIOR.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." Such was the experience of Dr. Hall and myself, only the divinities in our case were mortal, the future Mesdames Hall and Jones. It was the plan of our future wives, then workers under the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, that Dr. Hall and I should

unite our forces until some other unification became proper, and this was strictly adhered to. Dr. Hall arrived in Korea in December, 1891, and he and I went to housekeeping together. I had planned to make an extended trip in the spring of 1892, and invited Dr. Hall to accompany me. This greatly pleased him, and we arranged that he should go as far as Wi-ju with me.

We left Söul in the afternoon of March 2, 1892. It was a beautiful day, though windy and cold. The sun was bright and the road dry, and we felt in high spirits. Our party consisted of Brother Han, Korean helper in the hospital, and a couple of stranded Koreans from Wi-ju, the state of whose exchequer led them to look upon the journey of two foreigners to their native city at that time as a special dispensation of Providence.

Our intentions were that the trip should be largely a pedestrian one, though we had our packs so arranged on the horses that, when tired, we could mount and ride. So we started in to walk, chatting away and enjoying the sights of the north approaches to the Söul of Chosen. Just beyond the "Peking Pass" music (?) attracted us to the shrine which had been erected to the deities of the metropolis, and as the doctor looked in on the painted and brutish gods and the mummeries of worship, sadness struggled with interest upon his face, and we both of us turned away with audible protestations that the people of the land of our adoption should not remain in such darkness if we could find a way to enlighten them.

Having sent our pack horses on ahead, we plodded on, hoping to catch up with them. But, of course, we didn't. We intended to walk on the trip, but before we caught up with the train we concluded that there

was a conspiracy to make us walk enough the first day for the entire trip. At last, after a weary tramp of seven miles, we found our baggage put up for the night at a small hostelry on the confines of the Metropolitan prefecture. Here we found quarters secured in advance for us, which were so cramped the doctor had to sit with his feet out the door, and so dirty you might have thought it was in *Cholla-do* somewhere. This inn was presided over by a woman who was a sight to behold, and a sound to charm a swarm of bees with. We managed to get some supper and turned in for the night. And the last remark was a murmur from the doctor: "Say, Brother Jones, doesn't it occur to you that there is a noticeable difference between a stone floor and a feather bed as a sleeping appurtenance?"

And thus we roughed it together. The next day was dismal beyond description. We traveled on through a drizzling rain, plunging along roads ankle deep with mud, chilled with the rain and the cold, but happy and light-hearted, the doctor's lusty voice shouting out the songs of Zion until the echoes awoke and the Koreans listened in astonishment, and a stray dog fled like mad across the fields, nor ever stopped till he jarred his backbone against the top of the hole in the door of his owner's house.

We began our missionary work at Ko-Yang, fifteen miles out from Söul. Here at an inn, but a slight improvement on the one at which we had spent the previous night, we opened our packs; some books were sold, and then the news of foreign medicine brought some patients, and to the intense joy of the doctor, he did his first work in the interior. It was then I discovered how real was my sainted companion's missionary spirit, for the simple administration of physical

relief to these suffering country people gave him intense joy. The administration to the spiritual wants of our callers fell to me, and God gave us a most cheering and hope-inspiring experience in that misnamed magisterial town of Ko-Yang.*

Reaching the magistracy of Pa-ju, we climbed to the top of the hill crowned by the colossi, those relics of the palmy days of Buddhism. But we were more interested in the sight of the tops of Puk-han, twenty miles to the south of us. A few minutes of rest, a few tender thoughts of our friends just beyond the three towering crowns so plainly visible, and then we swung ourselves down the mountain and turned our faces permanently northward.

We arrived in Songdo early on Saturday, and put up at an inn where previously I had been kindly treated. The weather was very cold; the sky became overcast with gray clouds, and finally a heavy snowstorm set in. And our welcome at the inn harmonized with the elements without. Everything and everybody was either frozen or freezing. They gave us nothing to eat, and no fire to warm our room. We had only two meals on Sunday, and in the afternoon were driven to violent exercise to keep warm. We went for a walk about the city in a snowstorm, and after a while found ourselves where, through a deep cut in a low ridge of hills, we caught a view of a vast amphitheater in which had once stood the palaces of the mighty Wang dynasty. Five hundred years of neglect had done much to obliterate all traces of that once powerful family, and little but

* Rev. Dr. C. F. Reid, superintendent of the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, baptized twenty-seven persons at Ko-Yang on Sunday, May 2, 1897. This is a good beginning for this mission, which is hardly a year and a half old. The chapel was the gift of a Korean from Söul, but the cost of repairs on it was met by the Koreans of the place.—*The Korean Repository*.

the site is left. We paused a moment and looked over the deserted gardens, now barren, bleak, and desolate, and as we looked the storm seemed to increase in violence and drove the sifting snow in wild whirls and gusts about the amphitheater. Amid such scenes as this, in this city where everything seemed out of touch with us and our object, we prepared our hearts and did such work as we could. We managed to gather a few people in our cold room in the inn, and together preached the unsearchable riches of Christ. Neither weather nor a "weathery" frame of mind produced any depressing influence on my sainted brother and colleague.

From Songdo our experiences changed a little for the better. The weather improved and opportunities sprung up every three or four miles to preach the Gospel and administer relief to the sick. Failing to reach So-heung, we put up for the night at Chin Tan Mak, and here our host vacated his own apartments and surrendered them to us, leaving his cash box unlocked even in our room.

Passing Pong Son, we descended through the Tong-söl-ryōng to the great plain which stretches to the banks of the Tai-dong. At this point we met the severest hardship of the entire trip. It turned off bitter cold with a high wind. Against this wind we forced our way, finally reaching Whang-ju, where we put up for the Sabbath. Monday morning we started out with that terrible north-west gale still in our faces. At first we were light-hearted and courageous in spite of it, feeling quite gay as together we put our faces down and defied it. But it kept on blowing, steady, keen, bitter cold, biting our faces and hands whenever exposed, forcing its way inside our wraps, numbing us so that we were driven to walk to keep from freezing, and unable, even with that exercise,

to keep warm. Several times in that dreary march we struck small hamlets, shivering in the gale, and as we entered them there was a general dash of everyone for sheltered corners and such open rooms as we could get into. Both the doctor and myself suffered intensely. Our feet became sore with the walking, and yet we did not dare take to the horses for fear of freezing. Thus we struggled on over thirty miles, and finally reached the welcome banks of the Tai-dong. The river was frozen two feet thick, and on this carpet of ice we crossed into the great city of Pyong Yang, and Doctor Hall was for the first time on the field for which he was to give his life.

We reached Pyong Yang March 14, 1892, and found quarters in the home of a most amiable old gentleman, who enjoyed some local distinction from the fact that his daughter had become the concubine of the all-powerful head of the great Min Clan. Pyong Yang was then large, prosperous, and enterprising; a great overgrown city, unclean physically, mentally, and morally, internally and externally, and noted for its rough, ragged, rabid mobs. Its population was then roughly 100,000, a people proud of the hoary age and wickedness of their town. What a history it had seen! And as we visited together the relics of the past we talked of the historic inheritance of Korea. We drank from the well of Ki-ja, dug by that sage king 1,100 years before our era, 800 years before Alexander conquered the world, 500 years before Confucius taught, 400 years before Isaiah prophesied, 100 years before King David sang, and thus by a draught of water we were carried back to the days when Egypt was in her glory, Greece occupied by rude savage tribes, and Rome still 400 years in the distance.

But from morn till night we were besieged by visitors, and to one and all we preached the truth, cared for the sick, and spent a busy, happy week. Our Korean brethren had an exciting time. Opening a book counter in an accommodating store, in one day they sold eighty Christian books. This brought down an edict from the governor of the province prohibiting the sale. But this didn't worry us much, and we kept right on selling. We attempted to organize a class for instruction, but it proved abortive, for as soon as we left the men that joined disappeared. In the five days that we were there we accomplished our object, and left sufficient social dynamite in the form of over one hundred volumes of Christian books to effect the moral regeneration of that wicked city.

The following week was spent in busy work of a pioneer character on the road from Pyong Yang to Wi-ju. We reached the latter place Monday, March 28, 1892, after an absence from Söul of twenty-six days. Here, for over one week, Dr. Hall remained with me, busy with medical work, and then he took the same road we had come back to Söul, while I plunged into the wild mountains amid the wilder people to the north of the great Söul-Peking turnpike.

In addition to the many amiable qualities of my sainted colleague, which will occur readily to the mind of all who knew him, such as his good nature, affectionate disposition, hearty good fellowship, and cheerful, courageous spirit, I was impressed with several things which go to make up the ideal missionary. First, he was unflinching in enduring hardship on that trying trip; he never flinched once at Songdo, or in that terrible gale on the plain, nor during the long hours and trying experiences of the Pyong Yang, An-ju, and Wi-ju.

Then he showed an inventive capacity to make the most out of everything at his command. He seemed willing to attempt to mend anything, from a broken bottle to a dis severed jugular. This showed itself in his improvement of our larder. He was all the time poking about the markets in the towns we visited, and generally came back with something to vary our diminishing bill of fare. One day in Wi-ju, returning in triumph from a trip in town with a bowl of raw oysters, such a fry as we had! When we started out Dr. Hall was all enthusiasm to eat straight native diet, and though at first I tried to argue him from it, he stuck to his purpose like a hero, eating two meals a day of Korean food and one meal of our stuff; and more than once, when the dish was particularly fragrant or the flavor accentuated, I have watched him twist his face into a broad, happy smile. This continued until one day, after we had been out about three weeks, he had found the soup at the inn a suspicious mystery. After the meal we strolled into the yard, and noticing some hides drying on the roof, I asked the innkeeper what they were, and he said, "Dogs' hides." I then asked what had become of the dogs, and he told me that he had served the last of the last one to my companion as soup. This I faithfully translated to the doctor, and it proved too much for him. He swore off native food for several days.

Dr. Hall appeared in one of his loveliest aspects by his faithful devotion to his calling. As a medical missionary he was never too tired to go and see a sick Korean, and no home was too far away to be visited. He held nobly to his work, and "no changes of seasons or place made any change in his mind."

GEO. HEBER JONES.

UTICA, N. Y., *August 10, 1896.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Various Topics of Korean Life and Customs.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

—TENNYSON.

The Korean bride—The Korean New Year—A New Year's story, translated from the Korean—The Korean pony—The Korean cooly—The Korean power shovel—Glimpses of medical work in Korea—The native doctor in Korea—The status of woman in Korea—Esther Kim Pak—Two Korean fables—Hats in Korea—A testimonial—Mission work for Korean women.

THE KOREAN BRIDE.

BY MARGARET BENDEL JONES, IN *Korean Repository*.

THE life of a nation is but an expanded expression of the life lived by each individual member of that nation. The true life of each individual finds its best and most genuine expression in its home life, and home life always centers around the wife and mother. Any estimate of a people's condition which fails to give proper weight to the treatment it accords its women is therefore necessarily imperfect. It is our purpose in what follows to exhibit the ordinary experiences of a Korean woman from the time she enters womanhood by marriage.

The wedding festivities are over and the bride is on the way to her new home. While she is being borne there slowly on the shoulders of sturdy Koreans, or, it may be, on the back of a sturdier ox, should she be a country bride, let us precede her and take a peep into the home in which she is to spend her life. As

the wife of a wealthy Korean of rank, her home in Söul will be large and pretentious. Instead of an alley three feet wide, one six feet wide leads up to the front gate. Just inside of this gate we find a courtyard, on two sides of which extend the *hang nang*, or apartments occupied by the servants and hangers-on of the house. In the middle of this courtyard is a large well with washing stones about it, and the principal drain of the establishment running close by. Beyond this lies another courtyard bounded on the farther end by the house itself. This house is quadrangular in shape, inclosing an open court. Its chief constituents are mud, stone, tile, and wood. There is no glass in the windows, its place being taken by paper. Instead of carpets there are straw mats, and in the place of chairs, nothing—we sit on the floor. The rooms facing the front court are the apartments of her husband. From these she is excluded, for here he receives his friends and transacts his business, which is chiefly smoking a long pipe and gossiping with his neighbors. Beyond these, on the farther side of the quadrangle and facing the inclosed court, are her apartments, the *an-pang*. The two sides of the quadrangle are also open to her, being occupied by the women of the household. In this house the distinctions of dining room, bedroom, sitting room, and parlor are unknown, for any room may answer all these purposes. There is always a kitchen, the floor of which is the bare earth, and the walls unpapered mud. Of kitchen utensils there are few, the principal ones being the rice kettles, which are firmly imbedded in rude masonry, beneath which are fireplaces connecting with the flues, which underlie the floors of the other rooms and heat the house. The other rooms contain a pro-

fusion of native furniture, beautiful *changs*, or chests with brass or iron trimmings, boxes of various sizes and pretty screens. On the walls hang bright banners inscribed with mottoes or quotations from classical poetry.

Our description of the household would be incomplete were we to omit the provisions made for the religious observances of the family. In a special room, generally kept closed, is the paraphernalia used by her husband in the worship of his ancestors, but with this she has little to do. In the entrance to the court hangs the *Köl-lip*, god of luck. To the main beam of the house is tied the *Söng-ju*, major-domo. Just outside her window at the back of the house stands the *Tö-ju*, god of the site, while in various nooks and corners absurd fetiches wait to be honored. The women of the household perform the services rendered these beings.

All this, as above noted, belongs to the privileged few, the ranks of wealth. In describing the home of the ordinary woman we must omit the *hang nang*, the front court with its well, etc., the inner court, at least one side of the house and, it may be, the right angle of it, the pretty furniture and screens, and reduce the furnishings to the barest necessities of the simplest kind of living. Instead of a tiled roof we find a thatched roof. There is, however, the inevitable inside court, the bride's own little world of nature, with a patch of blue sky above, and saucy sparrows as visitants from the great outside world. These are the mechanical elements of the mold in which the Korean woman is formed. Amid these she grows up to maturity and old age, and they must have an influence upon her mental and moral character.

When the bride comes to her new home she does not find it empty, neither does she become mistress of it. She is received by her mother-in-law, and now becomes a member of her husband's family and his clan, losing all connection with her father's family and his clan. Being a mere child, in most cases she is treated as such, and is expected to wait upon the mother-in-law and do her bidding. If there are servants in the home she is relieved from the household duties, but in the middle and lower classes servants are not found in many of the homes, and the bride comes in to do her full share of the work. She must arise early in the morning both in winter and summer, build the fire under the rice kettles regardless of the smoke and ashes which fill her eyes, and prepare breakfast for the family. After all the other members have finished eating she sits down and eats her breakfast alone. Yet, strange as it may seem, she is relieved from the unpleasant task of doing the family washing by her mother-in-law, being prohibited by her youth from going out to the springs on the hillside, where washing is usually done. In the evening she goes through the same ordeal of preparing the evening meal, for the Koreans eat but two meals a day. After the day's work she goes to her room, and until the wee hours of morning is busy with her needle, mending stockings, making new garments, or, to the rat-tat-tat of her ironing sticks, polishing her husband's best coat.

The love and sympathy which a young wife of Christian countries finds in the companionship of her husband is unknown in Korea. Instead of spending his evenings with her in pleasant conversation of the things which transpire in the outside world, or in reading to her while she sews, the husband spends his time with his

friends, and she sees little of him and knows less of his life. This treatment of his wife is forced upon the husband. Were he to show any affection for her or prefer her company to that of his friends, they would make his life miserable by ridicule. The bride also has her noncompanionable obligations. According to custom she must not speak to her husband for the first few days after their marriage. The Koreans tell of one case where the wife did not speak to her husband for eight months. Perhaps he was away from home, but the Korean did not mention that fact.

Sewing occupies a great part of the Korean woman's time. If she is diligent and sews nicely, all well and good; if not, she will incur the displeasure of her mother-in-law and woe be unto her. Who has not heard of the cruelties of the mother-in-law in Korea? Her power for good or evil is great. So deeply have we been impressed with this fact that, in seeking husbands for the girls in our mission schools, we considered ourselves fortunate in finding one without a mother. Koreans themselves have told us that much of the unhappiness of early married life in Korea is traceable to the mother-in-law. Possessed with supreme power over her son's wife, should the young woman have a will of her own there is sure to be a clash sooner or later. If the wife does not become submissive the trouble continues, and in all probability she will be sent back to her home in disgrace, for one of the causes for which a woman may be divorced is incompatibility with her mother-in-law. About twenty-five per cent of the divorce cases in Korea are caused by troubles between the daughter and the mother-in-law.

Judging from the size of their homes and their simple manner of living one would be at a loss to know

how the Korean women occupy their time, but when we remember that the Koreans wear white clothes both in winter and summer, and that to launder them each garment must be ripped to pieces, we can readily understand their busy and laborious routine and sympathize with them. An occasional visit to her relatives, if they live near, is the only relief for the monotony of this daily routine. Were she able to read she might find a pleasant variety in reading, especially now that we have a Christian literature in the native character. But the percentage of those who can read is very small. Their ignorance, however, is not due to their inability to learn, but to the lack of opportunity to study. In my work among the women I have found a number who have learned to read after they were thirty years old, and one woman learned to read after reaching the age of fifty. From my experience in the school I feel convinced that if Korean girls were given the same advantages for study as their brothers enjoy they would take their place beside them as their equals in scholarship. But she is only a woman. Why should she know anything beyond cooking and sewing? So say the Koreans.

Viewed from our standpoint the life of a Korean woman seems very barren. She is shut off from the broadening influences which contact with the outside world and intercourse with friends would give her. We would expect to find them discontented and unhappy, but on the other hand they certainly appear contented and even happy. A Korean woman's pride is her children, and as a family grows up about her and her cares increase her happiness also increases. The appearance of the first tooth, the first attempts to walk, and the babbling words of baby give the Korean mother as much pleasure as it does the foreign mother. She



BY PER, OF THE CLASSMATE.

THE KOREAN MOTHER'S PRIDE.

takes great delight in decking her children in gay colored garments and providing some luxury for them on the New Year and other holidays. She attains a new dignity. Where she was before known as Mr. So and So's *taing-noi*, "house," she becomes the mother of such a child. The name may be the most unpoetical one imaginable, as "The mother of spotted dog," "The mother of the rock," "The mother of the mud turtle, the monkey, the pig," etc.; but be it what it may there is always "the mother" attached to it, which is sweet to her. These little toddlers become her inseparable companions. Visit her at any time of the day and you will find her with one strapped to her back or lying snugly in her arm, or sprawling on the floor beside her. As the babes grow up her troubles begin, and from what one may learn on acquaintance with the boys of Korea, human nature is certainly the same the world over. They tear their clothes, soil their faces, quarrel and get into all sorts of mischief. They involve their mother in disputes with her neighbors and, motherlike, she always thinks her boy is all right while her neighbor's boy is the greatest rascal on earth.

By and by the old folks in the home go the way of all flesh, and the husband and wife, who have occupied a secondary place, become the heads of the family group. The daughters, just at the age when they could be most useful, marry and leave the parental roof, and the sons bring their wives into the home, and the wife now occupies the enviable position of mother-in-law. As she grows older she gains greater respect and consideration from her children, for the Koreans have great reverence for old age. Indeed the last days of a woman's life in Korea seem to be her best days. She is free from all responsibility and duties, and is well cared for by her

children. This reverence of Koreans for old age, whether in man or woman, is worthy of note, and may well teach the boastful West a lesson. No matter of what station in life, a younger person would not venture to subject her to any rudeness. While she may not command yet her wishes are law, at least to her posterity. Etiquette demands both respectful language and attitude in her presence. This reverence for the aged produces practical results. In walking through the streets we meet on every hand well dressed old people, showing evidence of care and affection. The greatest sin a Korean can commit is *poul-hyo*, lack of filial piety. This is the one unpardonable sin of the Korean code.

I have attempted to describe the life of an ordinary Korean woman of the middle class. Of the high class women I can say very little. But their lot must be an unhappy one. In the first place the law of seclusion is more binding upon them than upon their more humble sisters. We are told of one case where a woman had not been outside of her compound since she had entered it as a bride thirty years previous. Then the knowledge of the existence of one or more concubines must rob her life of all happiness, for, although as wife she occupies the first place in the home, yet in the affections of her husband she is only secondary.

Our review of Korean woman would be incomplete did we ignore a new force which has been introduced among them. Christianity has come with its proclamation of release to womankind, and already the first fruits of Korea's redeemed women may be seen. Our girls' schools are the beginning of this great work, which shall go on until woman shall reach her God-given sphere. These schools are object lessons to the Koreans, proving to them that their girls are as capable

and worthy of intellectual training as the boys, and that education does not unfit them to become good wives and mothers. They certainly make better companions



BY PER. OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN KOREAN BRIDE AND GROOM.

for their husbands. They have studied about the different countries and peoples and of the wonderful things of nature, and can converse with their husbands upon other topics besides those of a domestic nature.

Some of the happy marriages from our Christian schools prove that if we Christianize the soul and educate the mind, the result will be happy homes. In one of these homes, where both husband and wife are Christians from our schools we saw them studying the Scriptures together ; in another home the wife was teaching her husband, while in both there was love and happiness. These homes are great powers for good, and are living testimonies to the heathen populace about them of the power of Christianity to lift up and ennoble the life in the home.

What to do for the wives and mothers of to-day is a problem which confronts us. We cannot educate them, although in many cases they may learn to read. But we can give them Christianity, which works such marvelous changes in the hearts and lives of men. As husband and wife become Christians a change is soon visible in the home. The old fetiches which they have worshiped all their lives are torn down and a family altar established, around which they worship the one true God. Among our Christian families we notice that where formerly the husband ate alone, he now has his wife eat at the same table and out of the same dishes with him. We have also seen the husband and wife coming to church together. I have made inquiries of the women at Chemulpo as to the change in their family life. "We don't quarrel any more at our house, and I think my husband loves me since we have become Christians," says one woman. "My husband is a very different man now, and he treats me much better than he formerly did," is the testimony of another woman. I know the same has been true in other homes.

To me there seems but one way in which to reach the women of Korea, and that is to visit them in their

homes, meet them as their friends and not as superiors, and to win their love and confidence. To show an interest in the things that interest them, listen to their stories of sorrow and hardships and sympathize with them, accomplishes more good than many a sermon. An especial effort should be made to reach the wives and families of our professing Christians. Christianity which confines itself to the chapel and is not shown in the homes is not worth much. But Christianity will make itself manifest in the home, and this will open the homes to us.

CHEMULPO, KOREA, *February 1, 1895.*

THE KOREAN NEW YEAR'S, AND HOW IT IS OBSERVED
IN THE LAND OF CHOSEN.

Though Japan has introduced our Western calendar into the "Hermit Nation," and it has been used by the government officials, yet the common people and officials alike will, no doubt, join this year, as they did last, in observing the old, time-honored *ante-bellum* holidays.

For nearly three hundred years Korea has reckoned time after essentially the same system as that used in China. They use a cycle of sixty years instead of the century, and each year is known by a name and not by a number. This year is called *Eul-mi*; it is the forty-first in the present cycle, and the calendar is the same as that used in the *Eul-mi* years of past cycles. Thus a series of sixty calendars having once been prepared, all that has to be done now is to reproduce the proper one as the years of the cycle roll round. Their months correspond with the moon, and to correct the difference between lunar and solar time a leap year is introduced once in about three years; but the leap year, instead

of having one extra day, has one extra month. The present year, *Eul-mi*, contains thirteen months. It began, according to our calendar, January 26, 1895, and will end February 12, 1896. So the Korean New Year begins somewhere between the middle of January and the middle of February each year.

There are many holidays in Korea, but that of the new year surpasses them all. It is really celebrated for fifteen days. All who can afford it shut up their shops



KOREAN WOMEN IRONING.

or close their work for this whole period of time, and everybody, be they rich or poor, high or low, must manage somehow to come out in a new suit of clothes at the New Year time. The last moon of the old year is a very busy one for the good Korean housewife, for if, as it often happens, the *chu-ene*, or lord of the household, can afford to purchase new clothes for himself only, then she must rip apart the old garments for

the other members of the family, send or take them to the mountain streams to be washed, then carefully mend, dye, and starch them, and, rolling them very smoothly around a wooden cylinder, she irons them by pounding with clubs until they shine like silk; and when they are made over this way Korean garments appear quite as well as new. As the old year draws to a close, all day long and at night into the small hours of the morning, one hears the rat-tat-tat of these ironing sticks all over the land of Chosen.

The last day of the old year the women of the household are very busy preparing much food for the offering at ancestral worship at daybreak, New Year's morning. Boiled chestnuts, meats cooked in different ways, native bread, which resembles the heavy dough that we sometimes find in our potpie, bread soup, *kim-che*, a sort of sauerkraut, pepper sauce, and other kinds of salty sauces made of turnips, beans, and breaks, and eaten with their staple article of diet, boiled rice; dried persimmons, sweet wine made of rice and honey, and the ordinary *sule*, fermented wine, are the dainties that every thrifty housewife likes to have on hand at this time. Portions of these foods and wines are arranged in brass dishes upon the small Korean tables, and set before the tables that the ancestral spirits may regale themselves with the flavor, the men of the household at the same time prostrating themselves five times before the ancestral tablets; then all is removed to another room, and forms a part of the New Year feast.

The men, dressed in shining, spotless white or delicately tinted silk, linen, or cotton, now go out to make their New Year calls upon their gentlemen friends or relatives. They say, "The old year has passed and the New Year has come," and they congratulate their

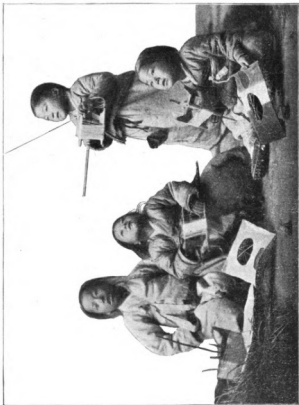
friends upon having entered it safely, and hope they will have a peaceful year. If there are children in the family they remark how happy the father must be because their children have grown a year older. This alludes to their custom of counting a child's age according to the number of New Years he has seen. If he be born the last of the old year, when the New Year comes he is said to be a year old, and when the next New Year's Day comes he is two years old, although in truth, perhaps, but a few days over one year. While making these calls upon their gentlemen associates, they are treated from the abundance of food and wine each house has prepared. It takes so long to do anything in Korea that these calls cannot all be made in one day, as with us, but they spend the whole two weeks at it.

Men often take their little sons with them, and larger boys go in groups together and call upon relatives or intimate friends of their fathers. These boys have their long, shining black hair parted in the middle, gathered on either side into small braids, and then these side braids caught together with the back hair into one long braid which, at the New Year time, is always tied with a new purple ribbon stamped in gold Chinese characters, wishing them long life or riches. Korean boys do not wear hats until after they are married. Their stockings and pants are always of white muslin, and at this time of year wadded with cotton batting to keep them warm; so is also their jacket, for no one wears undergarments in Korea. Boys' jackets are of the brightest colors; pink, green, red, or purple, and often a fond mother will make for her little son a jacket of as many colors as Joseph's coat consisted, the sleeves being pieces of from ten to thirteen different bright colored strips,

much upon the plan of a log cabin block. Thus gaily decked, and with a new pair of rope shoes, or wooden rain shoes, according to the state of the roads, the boys go and bow to their grandparents, uncles, and aunts, and friends of the family. Each one gives the boys a few pieces of "cash," one piece being worth about one tenth of a cent. They often get 50 or 100 cash in a day this way, and then return home and enjoy themselves, telling about who they have seen and counting over their money. Some save their money to help their parents buy their books or shoes with, others spend it for candy and nuts or kites.

The first thirteen days of the New Year is the time for flying kites in Korea. It seems as if little boys and big boys, and even men, have nothing else to do all day long. One can scarcely pass along the streets without getting entangled in somebody's kite strings. The kites are made of thin but strong paper over a light framework of bamboo splints. They are square, with a large round hole in the middle, and they have no tails. They are generally white, but often have one or two bright red or green spots painted on them. They use very long and strong strings, having them wound upon a sort of wooden reel. Each boy tries with his friends to see who can fly the kite the highest; and they try to cut the other boys' kite string with their own, and then they have that kite. After the thirteenth of the New Year kite flying is deemed a nuisance until the next year, and the evening of that day each boy writes down upon his kite the names of some diseases, and hangs a piece of money upon it, and throws it away. Some poor boy picks it up for the money, and it is supposed he will also get all the diseases.

Girls cannot fly kites, and only girls under seven



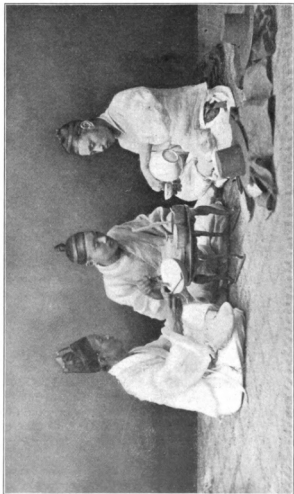
BY PER. OF THE CLASSMATE.

KOREAN KITE FLYERS.

years of age can be seen upon the streets at any time ; however, at the New Year time, through the back courtyard, or somehow, each girl manages to get another girl with her. They cannot go early like their brothers, for it is said if a girl or woman enter another person's house early upon New Year's Day it will bring bad luck. The chief amusement of the girls when they meet at this holiday season is to play "see-saw" out in the women's court. Often the women join in too, and they all have a gay time. They do not sit upon the teeter, as American girls do, but they stand on either end, and they jump alternately, the spring of the board giving such impetus that they jump very high and fast, and become much exhilarated. The girls must have some way to get rid of their diseases, too; so they buy three *chyong*; these look like tiny wooden bells; they sew these wooden *chyong* with a piece of cash upon one of the strings that tie their jacket, and wear them until the night of the fourteenth day, when they throw them out, together with the cash, to be picked up by boys who, though they get the money, will bear the diseases.

There is thought to be a certain devil for each year of the cycle, who will come in and take up his abode with the members of the family of each house. To prevent this dolls about the size of a baby, and made altogether of rice straw, are bought, a certain amount of money placed inside the doll; then, after staying all night near the head of the mat they sleep on, it is thrown away early in the morning, and the devil will enter into whatever person picks it up.

Tai Poram Nal, or Great Fifteenth Day, is the last of the festival. The evening before the Koreans bathe themselves from crown to toe, then they dress and



THREE INTIMATE FRIENDS FEASTING, TAI PORAM NAL.

spread their nicest matting out upon the mountain side and bow to the moon and stars. The women buy a lot of red silk thread and tie in their jacket strings or hang over the door with the hope that brightness and happiness will follow them like a thread all the year. At daybreak, the morning of the fifteenth, sacrifice is again offered to the dead. The Korean housewife will try and have prepared twelve different kinds of vegetable food, and many knickknacks, and the people are said to eat nine times and to sleep nine times this day. There are so many customs for this last day of the New Year festival that one is at a loss to see how one person can observe them all. They buy two or three kinds of nuts and play a game of chance with them; they seek a fortune teller, and telling the year and month and day in which they were born, they learn, for a small sum of money, what is to befall them through the year, and how to avoid ill-luck. Farmers climb the nearest hill toward night, and watch anxiously to note the color of the moon as it rises above the horizon. If it is pale it is the sign of much rain for the coming summer, and consequently of a good rice crop; but if it be a fiery red it means a great drought and the rice a failure, and they exclaim, "*Ae ko chuk kaes so!*" ("We shall all die.") This evening, also, in the moonlight, the Koreans "walk the bridges." The word *ta-re* is used for both bridge and leg, and it is supposed if anyone crosses a bridge upon this day as many times as he is years old he will have no pains in his feet or legs throughout the year!

Thus we see that the character of even the New Year customs in Korea shows how much this people are in need of the truth of the Gospel.

ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL.

LIBERTY, N. Y., *January 1, 1896.*

A KOREAN NEW YEAR'S STORY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE *Liberty Gazette* BY ROSETTA S. HALL, M.D.

King Chyong Chong was a wise king in Korea. One night he walked to the Royal College, where the scholars are. The time was the end of the year, and all the scholars had gone to their houses except two men who were talking to each other. One man said, "The others have all gone to their houses to celebrate the New Year holiday, but we two have nowhere to go; how pitiable we are." "Yes," said the other; "then you also have no house and family; how does it happen?" The man answered: "I will tell you the reason. My parents arranged with the parents of a suitable young girl that we should be married, but before the wedding ceremony could be celebrated, the bride's father died, so we could not be married for the three years that she had to wear mourning clothes. Just after three years my father died, and again we had to wait the three years of mourning; then after that, the woman who would have been my mother-in-law died, and again we waited for three years; then my mother died also, and we waited three years again; this was four times three years or twelve years, thus we were becoming old. Then the bride was taken sick and was about to die. Her brother came and said, 'My sister is very sick, and even though you could not celebrate the ceremony of marriage, you should have been husband and wife, and you may go to see her.' Therefore I went, but she died soon after she saw me, and since then I did not care to marry, consequently I do not have any family or house." The other scholar said: "My house was very poor, and we were starving as often as others were eating. But I went to every examination, and my wife would manage to get a handful of rice, and one cash worth of charcoal

with which to boil it, and she sat by the fire pot to wait for me. Every examination she did so. One time when at last I passed the examination, I went home with delight, and I found my wife had made the gruel as before, but was sitting by the fire pot dead. Since then I have had no mind to keep house." The king heard these stories and was very much touched with pity. He came back to his palace and sat upon his throne. He sent for these two men and asked, "The other scholars have all gone to their homes to celebrate the New Year festivities; why did not you go?" "We have no houses to go to, sir," replied the two men. "How is that?" said the king; "dogs, children, cows, and horses all have a place to live, and also birds have their nests. Can a man have no house? You ought to have a reason; you must tell me." Then the two scholars repeated exactly the same as they had talked in the college. The king heard these stories again and felt the more pitiful for the men, and he gave them high ranks and good houses to live in.

The above illustrates several of the Korean customs.

1. The parents arrange, through a "go-between," the marriage of their children—the prospective bride and groom never seeing each other until the marriage day.
2. While mourning three years for parents, men are not supposed to enter into any business relations at all.
3. Men who belong to the upper class will let their wives do all the work, before they would lay aside their chance of getting office and work with their own hands, which would degrade them and debar them from obtaining rank.
4. Men without families are an exception in Korea—old maids are unknown.
5. Though men may be away from their families studying, or upon business during the whole year, they always return at the New Year time.
6. There is no word in the Korean language for our word "home."

R. S. H.

THE KOREAN PONY.

BY REV. JAS. S. GALE, IN THE *Korean Repository*.

Among the creatures that have crossed my path, the one that has had the most influence on my personal character is the Korean pony. It would be impossible to recount the varied experiences through which he has led me. Instead of lifting my hand, and pointing to some noted professor or eminent divine, as the master spirit of my life, I stand a safe distance off, and point to the Korean pony, and say, "He has brought more out of me than all the others combined."

In his company I have been surprised at the amount of concentrated demon I have found in my heart. Again, as he has carried me safely along the dizzyest edge, I could have turned angel, and taken him on my back.

My usual pony has been not one of your well-groomed steeds from the palace stables, but a long-haired, hide-bound object, for which your whole heart goes out in pity. "Weak creature," you say; "how easy it would be for it to expire," but after a little experience of its company you change your mind, for you find its heels are charged with the vitality of forked lightning, and that on slight provocation he would bite through six-inch armor plate. These things have taught me to treat him carefully, as I would an old fowling piece, loaded to kill—lock, stock, and barrel—and in danger of going off at any moment.

Korean ponies hail principally from the southern island Quelpart, from the group off the west of P'yung An, and from Ham Kyung Province. A Manchu breed is being introduced of late, but they are more bulky, harder to feed, and not nearly as good roadsters as the ordinary Korean pony.

Breeding districts are under the charge of officers named *Kammok*. They have with them keepers who, twice each year, lasso a certain number of ponies and send them to the palace. There they pass their palmy days. When their hair grows long and they take on a sheeplike look, they are turned out through the back gate, and become pack ponies, carrying goods along the four main roads of Korea. They keep this up until they develop ringbone, spavin, rawback, windgalls, and heaves. Then they are bought by a Korean living near the "New Gate," and are used specially to carry foreigners for the remainder of their mortal existence. The fact that the creature is dangerously ill, and the risk so much the greater, accounts for the double charge made to all foreigners by the man at the "New Gate."

But to return to the subject. The Korean horse figures in literary and scientific ways as well. He is the animal of the twenty-fifth constellation, and appears specially as the symbolical creature of the seventh Korean hour (11 A. M. to 1 P. M.). This doubtless refers to the fact that he eats his *chook* at that time, though 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. would have been a more correct division. We read that his compass point is South. Probably the inventor of the Horary table was on his way North at the time, and finding that his pony naturally gravitated the other way marked it South. His poetical name is *tonchang* (honest sheep). While the noun here is well chosen, the adjective is purely fictitious, as we say "honest Injun."

In size, when alongside a Western horse, he looks like a ten-year-old boy accompanying his grandfather.

His gait is a peculiar pitter-patter, and rides very nicely, until he reaches the raw-backed spavin age, when he stumbles every few paces, calling forth remarks

from the foreigner. The so-called Chinese ponies are all rough, awkward creatures. A pack on one of them heaves up and down like an old-fashioned walking beam, while a Korean pony in good condition glides along like a palace Pullman. For a journey over such roads as we have, a small Korean horse, astride of which Don Quixote's feet would drag along the ground, will use up a large Chinese pony in less than three days, as I have found in more than one case by actual experiment.

Their sure-footedness is a marvel. If you have been fortunate enough to escape the man at the "New Gate," and have really secured a good pony, then give him his way over all the danger of ice and precipice that you may chance to pass. Sit perfectly cool on your pack, for the danger is less when trusting to him than to your own feet. How my heart has risen to the occasion and taken up its quarters in my mouth, as I have felt him glide along an eight-inch path, overlooking a chasm with twelve feet of green cold water below me! But never a failure, never once a slip. At such times if I had been in need of a proper joss to crack my head to, I should have enshrined my Korean pony.

And yet in spite of all these excellencies my opening remarks are true, for in heart and soul he is a perfect fiend. Obstinacy is one of his commonest characteristics. He will have his own way as assuredly as any Korean cooly will have his. When the notion takes him, his neck is of brass, and his ideas fixed as the king's ell.

His diet is *chook* and chopped millet straw. *Chook* is boiled beans and rice chaff, and is fed to the pony in a trough of water. The beans are very few, and the water is very deep. The long lips and nose of the Korean

pony is an evolution of nature to capture that bean in the bottom of a trough of water. He has been after it for generations, and another result is, the pony can breathe through his eyes when his nose is a foot deep in *chook* water hunting beans.

The fact that the water is always colored leaves it uncertain as to the amount put in, and grievous are the disputations that arise over an equal division of these beans. On one of my journeys, I had for *mapoo* a huge-trousered, pock-marked fellow, whose disposition seemed to be to get into disputes and difficulties on the way. The pony I rode was a long-nosed, dejected creature, that required three hours to feed. On one occasion I went out to hurry the animal up, and found it eye-deep in its trough apparently having an extra good time. The innkeeper happening by saw the twinkle in the pony's eyes, and concluded that the *mapoo* had "squeezed" his beans. Immediately a most interesting conversation took place, that passed rapidly through the various stages of the first three acts of a tragedy, and beheld the innkeeper wild with rage, the *mapoo* meanwhile currying his pony. "To perdition," says he, "you and your beans." With that in a burst of tragic frenzy, the innkeeper seized the brimming trough of *chook*, poised it in the air as a Scotchman would his caber, and let fly at the *mapoo*. With all the centrifugal force of a projectile the trough grazed the pony's back, and shot by the *mapoo*. The water taking the centripetal route showered down over the head and shoulders of the innkeeper, the beans gliding gently down his neck.

People speak of a "horse-laugh," but a pony's smile is something that, in watery richness of expression, surpasses everything. That dejected-looking pony smiled, and we resumed our journey.

They never allow the pony to drink cold water. It is "sure death" they say; neither do they allow him to lie down at night, but keep him strung up to a pole overhead by ropes, so that the creature is perfectly helpless, and all the cocks of the village warm their feet on his back, and crow into him the delights of pandemonium.

The work of feeding ponies seems endless to one uninitiated. For a seven o'clock start in the morning, you hear them up at half-past one slopping, dishing, crunching, jangling. "Wearying the life out of the miserable ponies," I said to myself, when I first heard it. I begged and implored, but it was all in vain, for when a Korean pony and native combine in some pet scheme it is as useless to remonstrate as it would be "to pick a quarrel wi' a stone wa'."

By way of poetic justice, I love to see the pony shod, see him pinioned teeth and nail, bound head, feet, and tail, in one hard knot, lying on his back under the spreading chestnut tree, with the village smithy putting tacks into him that brings tears to his eyes. But seasons like this are all too short to square up with him for the sins of his everyday existence.

To conclude by way of illustration. I was on a journey through the South and had reached the city of Tagoo, the capital of Kyung Sang Province. There my pony took sick, and not being able to find any for hire, I asked one of the mayor of the city. The morning I was to leave he sent me round a perfect whirlwind of a pony. This was number one of a courier service, which necessitated changing horses every five miles.

In the fourteen or fifteen animals that I enjoyed for the next three days I had an excellent demonstration of the merits and defects of the Korean pony. As men-

tioned, the first horse was a great success, the next one also was in good condition and fairly well proportioned. On mounting, however, I found he had a peculiar gait, a limp that defied all my efforts to locate; it seemed, in fact, to possess his entire being, a jerking that left one's inmost soul in shreds. The inconvenience of this five miles was indescribable. Taken all in all he was the most uncomfortable horse I ever had anything to do with. Glad was I to hand him over at the next post-house.

Pony number three was soon in waiting. He carried me out of the yard brilliantly. The road skirted the bank of a river. "A magnificent view," thought I, "and a pleasant pony to ride on," when suddenly the creature stopped, reversed all his ideas, and began backing up at a dangerous pace directly for the edge. I managed to get off just in time to save myself, and then thinking to teach him a lesson by a good shaking up, I attempted to assist him over the side. But no! he skillfully grazed the edge, at an angle sufficient to have dumped anything from his back, and righted himself again as neatly as though he had done it a thousand times. Evidently it was a premeditated scheme on his part to take my life. I tried him summarily, found him guilty in the first degree, and sentenced him to as many lashes as the whalebone in my possession would mete out. I used it up, the only thing in all my personal effects that the natives admired, and then on the advice of Mr. Yi, I decided to walk until the landscape was a little less picturesque. When we had left the river and gained the open fields, I tried him again, thinking surely that his spirit must be broken by this time, but it was not long until the old sensations took him, and he was again backing up at terrific speed. As

there was no immediate danger, I thought to let him back, which he did until he had run me into a bristling shrub, that lifted my hat off, combed me up generally, and marked my face. Having no more whalebone I gave him up entirely and footed it for the remainder of the distance.

Then came three indifferent animals that just managed to make their five miles. Mr. Yi in every case gave special orders to provide good horses, and the answer of the posthouse keeper was invariably so bland and righteouslike that I could have seen him caned, knowing how little these answers meant. After one of the most immaculate keepers on the whole way had professed to have gotten in his case an excellent pony, we again moved on. When the creature was far enough away from the stables to protect his master against any assault on our part, he peacefully lay down in the middle of the road. There he remained, until lifted bodily by tail and ears, and then he refused to put his feet squarely on the ground, Mr. Yi and the two pony boys straining themselves to the most to hold him erect.

The last one that I felt particularly incensed against was a ragged-looking beast that was troubled with a weakness in its forequarters. It went down on its nose without the slightest provocation, all the time, however, its hinder parts keeping perfectly erect. If its strength could have been divided a little fore and aft it might have made a passable pony, but as it was no forelegs at all would have been the only honest turnout. The creature hobbled along, kept me in a state of constant suspense, played on my hopes and fears most cruelly, and at last, in utter collapse, pitched me clean over its head to the total destruction of my personal appearance.

SÖUL, KOREA, *May 1, 1895.*

THE KOREAN COOLY.

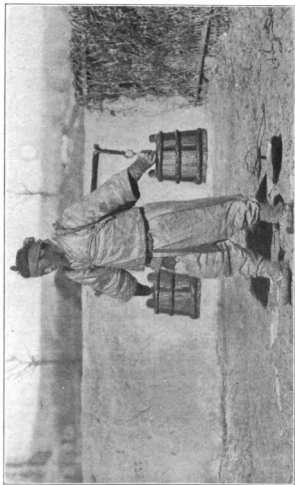
BY REV. JAMES S. GALE IN THE *Korean Repository*.

Few subjects present more of interest to a foreigner in Korea than the cooly. He it is who exhibits in his person those peculiarities of race that have been smothered out of the gentry by fumes of Confucianism. The latter, having inhaled this teaching from childhood, have gradually lost their natural traits and have become more and more artificial, ever striving to mortify the man that they are by birth, and to put on for new man a ghost of antiquity. The cooly, however, is not in any such bondage, but exhibits a host of characteristics that make him in some respects the most interesting figure in the Land of Morning Calm.

From the first glimpse you have of him you recognize that he is a creature of repose. Nothing should be more restful to a nervous, impatient foreigner than the sight of a cooly by the wayside, sitting on his heels or, as we say, squatting, sometimes long rows of them, motionless as sea fowl, indifferent to the heat of the sun, to the flies that congregate upon them, or to the pestiferous gutters that crawl beneath their feet.

While other mortals are in constant commotion, fearful of this and that, yet aching for change, the Korean cooly continues throughout the ages to squat on his heels, never growing tired, sniffing all the while odors that would depopulate a Western city, or by way of diversion, eating melon rinds, and all in the face of cholera and other plagues of Egypt.

It is an atmosphere of repose rather than indifference that envelopes him. Indifference suggests an environment with which one is not in harmony, while repose indicates perfect agreement. Not only can he sit in a painful position for ages, but he can sleep with



THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE CAPITAL AND CHIEF CITIES OF KOREA.

(*The Mui Chang Syu, or Water Cooly.*)

head downward, and mouth wide open under the fiercest sun of the Orient, and rise as refreshed as though he had had a night on a spring mattress and a morning bath. This is proof that it is not a matter of indifference with him, else he should have had sun-stroke. The fact that he rises refreshed to enjoy his pipe proves the repose.

Undoubtedly he is the greatest living example of the absence of all excitement or animated interest of any kind whatever. He can eat an astounding dish of *pap* (rice), and be asleep with his head on a wooden block in less time than a foreigner would trim his toothpick. Nothing short of a bowl of *kuksu* (vermicelli) or the crack of doom, can create the slightest interest in him, or prove that he has nerves at all.

This characteristic, while highly to be commended in some respects, has frequently proven a source of difference between the cooly and the foreigner. The latter proud of his watchword, action, runs full tilt into the cooly who sits heavy in repose. It is like the railway train taking a header for a mud embankment, when newspapers announce next day, "Smash up," not of the embankment, but of the railway train.

In view of this danger to the foreigner, the cooly has, of late years, done considerable to change his ways, though, of course, even in foreign employ he still feels old sensations come over him, and falls at times into his native repose.

Only once do I recollect seeing marked animation in a cooly's eyes. It was at a stone fight such as they used to indulge in in the brave days of old. Several hundred of the best marksmen of the capital chose sides, and armed with stones weighing one and two pounds assembled for the fray. When I arrived, mis-

siles were flying through the air, any one of which, had it struck, would have done for a man as easily as a fifty pound projectile. They were all awake to dodge these, and the rush and scramble to escape was like a stampede of wild beasts. The throwing was magnificent. It seemed in truth a little war of giants. The fight grew fast and furious. Grimy with dust and sweat each side drew in the closer and sent rocks flying among the enemy in a way simply appalling. Then came a shock of cessation and shout as though a goal were scored. One of the best marksmen of the enemy had been struck squarely and was killed. His body was carried off the field and again the fight began. Before evening closed one had fallen on the other side, and thus the score was even.

Such is the cooly, and yet a gentler, more lamblike creature never lived. Apart from this one ancient custom he is peace itself; even his personal wars are merely threatenings. One of the amusing sights of the street is a fight, the combatants of course always being coolies, as no gentleman would soil his garments who has a servant to engage for him. It begins usually in dispute, passes through different stages, each marked by a special pitch of voice and rapidity of utterance, and at last ends in a climax of fury. A perfect stream of invective is poured forth, accompanied by appeals to men and angels to behold the object of depravity. The foreigner is horrified, convinced as he is that nothing short of one life can relieve the pent-up condition of affairs, when suddenly the whole case collapses, and the combatants are seen on each end of the piazza smoking as peacefully as if all within the Four Seas were brothers.

The question has often arisen, Is the Korean cooly

an arrant coward, or is he the bravest man alive since Jack the Giant Killer? Evidence is not lacking for the support of either supposition. On the first announcement of the Japan-China War we saw him, with personal effects on his back and considerable animation in his feet, making for the hills. We have seen him, too, in the capacity of trespasser, being whipped out of a compound with a small willow switch, and writhing under the blows as though they had been sword cuts, repeating with imploring look, "Igo! You've killed me! You've killed me!"

A small foreigner of hasty temperament once resided in the Land of Morning Calm. I had the pleasure of seeing him marshaling his men on a journey. The coolies he had were noted for strength rather than agility, and as speed was the chief consideration friction resulted. Matters came to a climax at last, and the small foreigner made a round of those coolies with his right foot, spreading consternation at every kick. No great damage was done, as a Korean's padded dress serves much as a bird's plumage would under a similar form of attack. The group bowed to the inevitable, simply remarking of the foreigner that an offspring of that kind was a caution (*keu nomeui chasik maknanio*).

But there exists just as strong evidence as to the cooly's pluck. He will undergo a surgical operation without flinching, where a foreigner would require an assistant to administer an anæsthetic. It has been said that he has no nerves and so does not feel it, but he felt the willow switch as keenly as you or I would. Considering his weapons and opportunities, he gave a good account of himself in the old days in the defenses at Kangwha. Often still with a wretched flintlock or fuse gun, he will steal his way among the

rocks and beard the tiger, capturing his game and returning home in triumph.

Not being able to find a definite example of more than ordinary courage, I referred the matter to my Korean friend and he told me the following, which in his mind bespoke a heroism rarely seen among mortals. A number of coolies had imprisoned a huge rat in a grain bin. Now the question was, who would venture in, barehanded, capture and despatch the rat? One stout-looking fellow smiled broadly and volunteered to go, amid the admiration and applause of the onlookers. He pulled his jacket tight, tried his fingers as if to see that all were in working order, and advanced to the attack; meanwhile the rat, facing about, resolved to die game. The parrying lasted a few minutes, then a pass, then a rush of confusion and sudden leap into mid-air, all quick as lightning, and the cooly held the lifeless rat by the tail amid renewed applause. "Your common cricket ball," says my Korean friend, "is nothing; but to catch a live rat, which is equal to a cricket ball charged with dynamite, requires courage indeed."

Not only does the cooly exhibit at times surprising agility, but his strength is phenomenal. With a rack made of forked limbs fastened together so as to fit the shoulders, he will carry a bale of piece-goods weighing four hundred pounds, or bring a perfectly paralyzing load of deer hides all the way from Kangge, four hundred miles.

In Korea there are practically no carts or wheeled means of transportation. Many of the roads will not permit of beasts of burden, so the strength of the nation has gone into the cooly's shoulders. With a load such as we often see he reminds you of the Titan Atlas lifting the world.

It has been a sorrow to many a foreigner that the cooly should be so slow in his mental movements, so obstinate about changing his mind or responding to an order, but it is easily explained. Like his body, his mind moves under a pressure of from one to four hun-



KOREAN COOLY WITH "JIGGY" ON HIS BACK.

dred pounds, which accounts for all its slowness of motion. Run violently against his inclinations, and he goes obstinately along, feeling it in fact as little as if you had collided with him when carrying his load of piece goods. In disgust, and with all your timbers shivered, you resolve to avoid him forever, neglecting

the one way to manage the cooly, which is to take him softly and gently at first, but with increasing pressure as his being comes into motion, and you can run him this way and that, physically or mentally, as by the turning of a rudder, for his condition is not of obstinacy but of inability.

Independence is a new thought to Korea, and a new word is coined to express it. The native has never dreamed of existence apart from that of others. In the Western world, a man may bear his own burdens, just as a house may stand by itself in a wide expanse of country; but in the Orient men work in groups, and houses draw together into hamlets and villages. The great forces with us are centrifugal, marked by extension, separation, and the like; while in the East life tends toward the center, and is characterized by contraction, limitation, the cooly being one of the largest contributors to this end. The sphere of his usefulness is so contracted, in fact, that he will undertake nothing without an assistant. He eyes the simplest task with a look of hopelessness, unless you will permit his friend to engage as well. Should it be the handling of a wood-saw, he must have a cooly at the other end, not from necessity, nor specially by way of ornament, but because it is established custom and convenient withal. His use of a shovel, too, is striking; with one man at the handle and one or two others on each side holding ropes fastened to the same, he creates a union of forces that vividly explains why the sun and moon drawing at the same angle, and at about the same visible degree of motion, should influence the tides.

No amount of money can tempt him to break faith with custom. He regards money as a convenience, but in no case as a necessity. Other things being satis-

factory, he will agree to accept of it, will demand more at times, or will regard with a look of scorn the largest amount you can offer him. He never descends to purely business relations. When you engage him for a piece of work, he comes simply with a desire for your convenience, while in the evening you present him with *cash*, expressive of your friendship and appreciation. Should the relations during the day become strained, he will probably demand more; should friendship be strengthened, he will accept less; should mutual disagreement break out, he will not work for you for any money, and in all probability will have you boycotted by others of the village.

The cooly's religion consists in a worship of ancestors and a hatred of all officialdom; not that he really loves the former or dislikes the latter, but custom requires that he attribute success to the virtue of his forefathers and failure to the depravity of the district mandarin, hence expressions of reverence for the one and sworn hatred for the other.

In the first prefecture I visited the coolies of the village spent a large part of their time squatting on their heels, anathematizing the *wōn*, prefect, who lived over the hills in the *yamen*. It seemed to me that they were on the eve of an uprising that would leave not even cotton wadding enough to tell of the fate of the hopeless magistrate. During the course of the season we became acquainted, and a more sleek, contented official it has never been my fortune to know; wholly oblivious he seemed to the storm brewing about his ears. The storm continued to brew, but never broke. Visits to other parts of the country have since demonstrated, beyond doubt, that this discontent is the normal condition of affairs in Korea, and that the *wōn* would never

be happy or safe without this centripetal force to keep him within a reasonable orbit.

While cherishing such hatred on the one hand, the cooly is quite emphatic in his loyalty to the king on the other. To him his majesty is the peerless perfection of wisdom and benevolence, one who cannot sin, in fact, who, though as wicked as Nero and unscrupulous as Ahab, would be spoken of as the Son of Divinity, the sinless jade ruler, etc. ; while the officials who surrounded him from ministers down are regarded as public goblins, veritable fiends of state.

The cooly's relation to his deceased ancestors I have never been able to define. That he is devout in the performance of the sacred rites is unquestioned, but that he has a clear understanding of their purport is exceedingly doubtful. A proof, however, of his grasp of the situation is seen in this, that he can point you out every grave of his ancestors to the fourth generation, or can talk as familiarly of a great-grandfather's second cousin as we would of a half-sister. No spirit is forgotten in his round of yearly sacrifices. As to what it all means he leaves you in doubt. Prosperity in some mysterious way hangs on it, and there the subject rests.

Calling himself depraved existence, unconscionable sinner, the cooly mourner wanders for three years, with a burden on his heart and the shade of a wide hat over his countenance.

The cooly's home life is simple; a mat or two on a mud floor with a fire underneath is comfort enough for the most fastidious. His iron-jointed, supple-sinewed wife keeps all in motion. The Korean would long since have been reduced to dust had it not been for her. While her husband sits and smokes she swings her batons or makes the kitchen ring with cook-

ing and the sounds of her voice. Though unacquainted with the embroidered side of life, she is a faithful, decent woman, and does honor to the Far East. True to her husband and kind to her children, in spite of her unat-



THE COOLY'S WIFE.

tractive appearance and emphatic manner, she takes her part in the struggle of life bravely and modestly, and does credit to womankind the world over.

One cooly stands out prominently before me as I conclude this paper, a little man with brown face,

who accompanied me on trips into the country, keeping the way clear, and acting throughout in our interests. One evening, after a bleak day of nearly forty miles, we entered quarters for the night, and were informed that they had no room, nothing to eat, and no use for a foreigner. All the town apparently had come out to tell us so. There I was alone in the world, no one to depend on but the little man with brown face, and he had run forty miles already. Not wearied, but shortened in temper, he spent about eight seconds arguing the question with the townspeople, and when that did not avail, turned on the chief speaker, a tall, lanky fellow, and taking a double hold of the after part of his garments, ran him down that street as though propelled by a locomotive. This was conclusive proof to the inhabitants that we were running the town, not they; so they yielded us a room, and strings of eggs, and comfort for the night.

Many a day since all my hopes have been centered in the little man with brown face, and never once has he failed me, but has carried me on his back over streams, stood by me through rain and snow, ever forgetful of his own comforts; trustworthy as one's brother and faithful as the sun. All for what? a few cash, that he could have earned with much less labor on his own mud floor at home; but down in his cooly's heart it was for him a matter of friendship and honor.

It is long since a difference of location compelled us to separate, but frequently still, by post or courier, comes a thick-wadded letter, written in native script, on coarse paper, wishing long life and blessing to the recipient, saying that he still lives and is well, signed awkwardly and humbly by the little man with brown face.

YOKAHAMA, JAPAN, *November 15, 1896.*