

THE MORNING CALM

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[PRICE 1d.-

The Bishop's Letter.

CHEMULPO, COREA, *September*, 1891.

DEAR FRIENDS,

The building of our church-room and parsonage was much delayed by the rainy season, which has been unusually long and severe this year. The walls were full of moisture and the plaster would not dry. But we were in no hurry for either, being quite content with the accommodation with which our tiny house provides us. Towards the middle of the month, however, I began to see the completion of the work drawing near. Mr. Davies has been down with me from Seoul all the month, entering heartily into the spirit of the work, and glad to assist me in the internal arrangements ; he proved a real helpmeet, and relieved me of a great deal of the strain which at times was excessive. I was reminded that a rest was necessary, and resolved to get it in the only effectual way by going for the inside of a week to Chefoo. Mr. Pownall came to relieve me, and took up his quarters in the mission house. At Chefoo my eyes were once more gladdened at the sight of the white ensign. I had not seen an English man-of-war since I left Vancouver, over a year ago. The warm welcome I received from old and new friends in H.M.S. *Firebrand* was as delightful as it was unexpected. During my stay at Chefoo I was received with wonted kindness by Bishop and Mrs. Scott in S. Peter's Mission House, and managed to carry them both back with me in triumph to Corea. But I had to entertain them by proxy, and once more our good friends, Mr. Hillier in Seoul and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston in Chemulpo, showed me real kindness by hospitably receiving them. In Seoul Bishop Scott celebrated at the Advent on Sunday morning, and preached to us in the evening. But their visit was all too short – only five days. On their return from Seoul, however, they had to stay a day in Chemulpo, and finding the church practically finished. I determined to open it, by asking him to celebrate the Holy Communion in it on the 30th of September. You will not be surprised therefore to hear

that we call it the Mission Chapel of S. Michael and All Angels. I had been in Corea exactly a year, and it was with feelings of devout thankfulness that I saw a separate building belonging to the Mission ready for the worship of Almighty God. And when you remember how much this Mission owes to Bishop Scott, of North China, and Bishop Bickersteth, of Japan, you will see that it was a most fitting act for him thus to inaugurate what I hope will be our permanent ministrations in this port. And so the little Mission House of the Epiphany, which for nine months has served as church, dwelling-house, and dispensary, has been given up, and we find ourselves with three houses instead of one.

In the middle of the month Murakami San there arrived from Tokyo, a young Japanese who has long been anxious to do mission work amongst the Coreans, and who for nearly a year has been under training in Bishop Bickersteth's college of S. Andrew, Tokyo. By-and-by he may become a catechist, but at present his ignorance of English and Corean prevents us from communicating with him to any great purpose. He has, however, begun to study theology with Mr. Pownall, for he reads English a great deal better than he speaks it; a considerable time therefore must elapse before we find whether he can be useful to us. Last Sunday I took advantage of the completion of S. Michael's to hold my first Confirmation in Corea. My first baptism, you remember, took place on S. Michael's Day just a year before. The candidate was a daughter of one of the officers of the Chinese customs. With this brief record of the facts of this month I conclude a letter which, I know, will give you as much pleasure to read as it has given me to write. Praying for God's blessing on you all,

I am your affectionate

C. J. CORFE.

Notes.

OUR readers will notice that with the present number the Monthly Intercessions are printed in a different form. It is hoped that having them on a paper detached from the rest of the magazine may lead to their being more generally used.

We are requested to state that the name of the lady who is prepared to receive books for the Sisters going to Corea is not Mrs. Mairnsele, as was erroneously printed in our December

number, but Mrs. Maunsell, whose address is Dovercourt, Harwich. They can also be sent to Miss F. Robertson Macdonald, 9 Great Bedford Street, Bath.

As we informed our readers last month we have now accepted five more men for the Missionary Brotherhood, making eight who we hope will be in residence next year. Even this, however, did not exhaust the list of qualified candidates, and the Universities' Mission has now stepped in with a most generous offer to provide us with the means of training six for Central Africa. This makes us more anxious than ever to hear of another priest, of whom, alas! there are no tidings as yet.

Association of Prayer and Work for Corea.

AT a missionary exhibition of a very complete and successful kind, held at Plymouth in November last, Corea was well represented. The exhibits included nearly all those described in our June and September numbers of last year as having been shown at the Royal Naval Exhibition, the owners having again most kindly consented to subject their treasures to the risk of loss or injury. Additional articles of much interest were lent by Mrs. Hillier, the wife of the Consul in Corea ; and the Mission must have won much recognition, and the fact of its existence must have been very plainly asserted, by the share it had in this very carefully managed and largely attended exhibition.

The Bishop's pastoral staff, to which reference was made in the October number, was despatched early in November after having been inspected by the Commissaries and other heads of departments. It will be interesting to record such information has been obtained about it. The crook is of walnut or some dark brown wood ; it is finely but quaintly carved, the point of the curve terminating in the form of an eagle's head. On each of two sides of the crook, which are flat, are carved in fairly high relief six figures, the back and front being enriched with carved diaper work. In the space enclosed by the curve is a figure in full relief, in the act of benediction, and one obvious suggestion is that this central figure represents our Lord, and the others the twelve Apostles. The work is in too good preservation to be of very ancient date, although the design and characteristics suggest great antiquity, and the supposition of expert is that it is a copy, perhaps two or three hundred years old, of a far older design. It was bought at a

curiosity shop at Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, by a lady who gave it, for the use to which it has been devoted, to a gentleman who does not wish to be named, and who, with some help from the original donor and a few friends, had it mounted on a massive ebony stem, with handsome worked copper bosses, joints, and ground finial. We shall look with much interest for news of its acceptance, dedication, and first use by the Bishop.

It was hoped that an account of a sale of work at Stoke Newington would have been given in this number, but it is, we fear, too late now.

Will Torquay members please note that their Local Secretary, Miss Eyton, will be away for some months, and that her work for the Association has been very kindly undertaken by the Rev. W. Richmond, West Lodge, Higher Erith Road. And to all senders of quarterly reports the General Secretary repeats her request of last month, viz., that no subscriptions or accounts belonging to 1892 may be sent in with the January reports, but be all reserved for the April reports.

S. H. B.

For M. M. CHAMBERS HODGETTS,

General Secretary.

Some Corean Customs.

COREAN : "KOAKE PAILLIO."

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It was only last night that we were discussing *Morning Calm* together, and we came to the conclusion that, despite of all to be said in its favour, the magazine was rather dull, owing to a lack of material which should be forthcoming from Corea ; the Bishop too was lamenting the fact that so few communications, excepting his own monthly letter, were sent from Corea to swell its pages. His views of the future of the magazine were not hopeful either, unless some radical reform could be brought to pass, which would induce the members of the Mission to contribute more regularly. Accordingly I made up my mind to do my share and to send you another letter, and this morning, just after I had been puzzling my brain for some interesting material, something occurred that seemed capable of being woven up into something readable. The scene I am about to describe took place just outside our gates here in Nak Tong. There has been a general examination recently held here, and the victim of this morning's horseplay was one of the

successful candidates. It seems to be a Korean custom that successful candidates, both in the "Little Examination" for the licentiate's diploma and in the greater one for the doctor's degree, shall be made to undergo a public series of indignities which remind one of the old custom of befooling travellers on board ship who "cross the line" for the first time, when Neptune and his satellites were allowed full licence to lather and shave and otherwise maltreat the victims. In this case, which we had the opportunity of watching this morning, the victim was a young gentleman of good position who had just received his first diploma, and the most notable part of the proceedings was, to my mind, the admirable manner in which he regarded all the woes he had to undergo as a good joke. The "magister ceremoniarium" was an official of some position who had already obtained his doctor's degree. He was seated upon a grey horse, and conducted the proceedings in a slow and solemn manner. The road on either side was lined with spectators who were eagerly watching the fun, and the young licentiate was taken charge of by two servants who held him by either arm. First of all he was led solemnly up to the official on horseback, dressed in old clothes with a tattered hat on his head, and was made to kneel down in the road and make humble obeisance to the inquisitor ; then he was led up and his face was painted in a fantastic manner with Indian ink. When this was done the servants, prompted by the officiating *Nyangpan*, shouted in stentorian tones, "Go further off!" "Go further off immediately!" and the two men holding him began to run him backwards through all the mud and puddles they could find. At last he was commanded to stop, and again made to prostrate himself humbly before his tormentor ; then all at once the command was given, "Approach," "Approach with all speed," and he was dragged from his knees and hustled up to the pseudo-examiner again. This time he was made to count up to ten, and then to count backwards from ten to one ; this effort was greeted with derisive peals of laughter, and he was led up again to have his coat inked over with large Chinese characters with opprobrious meaning. Again he was commanded to retire with all speed, and was led away, only to be summoned back for another question, which was a searching inquiry into his age and the date of his birth, the answer to which having been humbly given, his clothes were again decorated by having a necklace painted on them in ink, and he was ordered hastily away, this time to be stopped and made to bow to the ground before he had gone far. Then he was again summoned

forward, and a difficult question to which he could apparently give no answer was put to him. As a penalty for his ignorance he was brought up and his face inked all over till he looked like a nigger, the officiant putting great dabs of ink up his nostrils and into his eyes, and then ordering him to be taken back to the place whence he came, and from there to return bringing with him a stone which he must set down at the horse's feet, this done, a packet of powdered white soap was brought, which was placed on the examiner's open fan, and when the victim came close enough a judicious flick on the fan sent all the powder flying into his face, where of course it stuck, owing to the moistness of the ink with which his miserable face was covered. After this, without giving him any space to recover, he was sent on another errand, this time to fetch three more stones to be placed at the horse's feet. All this had occupied considerable time, and by the time some half a dozen more journeys had been obediently taken the joke had begun to become very lengthened and wearisome to a European mind. However, soon after this the respite came in the shape of a basin of water, at which sign the whole assembly marched to the victim's house, where he was thoroughly washed and dressed in his best attire, to be for the remainder of the day led round visiting his friends in state and receiving the most flattering congratulations.

I do not believe that merit has much to do with the obtaining of the certificate in Corea. I think if a sufficient largess is deposited beforehand with the examiner, the candidate's chances of success are greatly improved, if not indeed rendered certain. However, great store is set on the results of these examinations - indeed the obtaining of the certificate is the only way of gaining any official position in the country. The theory of this system of examinations is excellent, enabling those who are the cleverest to obtain the high positions ; but the excellence ceases with the theory, for in practice these examinations are manifestly frauds, although the successful, and even the defeated, candidates will be found very loth to own it.

I am glad I had an opportunity of seeing this performance, for it has convinced me that if Coreans can so pocket their pride as to submit to all this kind of tomfoolery there must be a great deal of sterling good in them, for one would never imagine from what one sees of the ordinary Nyangpan, who seems eaten up with a sense of his own importance, that he could even unbend in such a way and with such good grace as

we saw this young man doing this morning. Hoping some one may be interested by this account,

Believe me, yours ever,

L. O. WARNER.

"The Corean correspondent of a Japan paper gives an account of a curious popular practice in Corea. Kite-flying, which is universal in that country, ceases suddenly on the 15th of the first Corean month, and the next day stone fights take its place as the chief public amusement. In the eastern part of Seoul, the capital, there are large open spaces that have not been built upon, and here occur the most serious and interesting fights. One section of the city is pitted against another, but anyone can take a hand on either side at pleasure. There are no recognised leaders, but the mass of fighters readily follows the lead of anyone who shows himself to be a little more reckless than the rest. Two mobs, consisting of 50, 70, or 100 men each, are drawn up against each other, with an interval of perhaps fifty yards between them. There is an incessant shower of stones, and each man's business is to hit as many men as he can, and especially to avoid all the stones directed at him. From ten to twenty men on each side are armed with stout clubs, and wear thick wadded helmets. These form the skirmishing line. They sally out from their respective sides, and, meeting in mid career, strike out viciously at each other's heads, each man holding up his cloak with his left hand as a shield to ward off the blows of his adversary. After the club fight has lasted about thirty seconds, one side of the other begins to give way, which is a signal for a rush of the others. Almost invariably the other side breaks and runs, and sometimes are chased into their houses, but generally some of the pursuing party press too closely upon the fugitives. Then the latter suddenly turn and deal a few staggering blows, which check the pursuers, and in a second the tables are turned, and those who a moment ago were flushed with victory are now in full flight before their enemies. Thus the battle goes back and forth across the fields, while the neighbouring embankments are crowded with spectators. The effect of the thundering cheers of the spectators upon the combatants is marvellous. They charge upon each other as if in actual battle, and show what would be bravery if exerted in some useful cause. Near the river are numerous villages numbering from a hundred to five hundred houses each. They are situated

along the banks at intervals of about half a mile. These keep up a continual series of fights among themselves during the season, one village being arrayed against another. The defeated party fly across the marshy fields to their own village, followed by their enemies, who enter after them, seizing anything on which they can lay their hands - iron, files, doors - to mark their victory. Then the whole village rises against the invaders, and they fly, glad it they can get back without broken heads. The first stone fight of the present season was rather more disastrous than usual. It is reported that six men were killed ; but this is probably an exaggeration. A company of soldiers was ordered out to stop it, which they found some difficulty in doing, even with fixed bayonets." - *The Times*.

A Peep at Seoul.

St. Swithin's Day, 1891.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, – I feel sure that you and your readers fully realise by this time how long a period must elapse before we shall be able to tell you and them much about any actual missionary work that we are doing here in Corea. I only hope that the necessity of holding our tongues, which is laid upon us for the present, will not prove so heavy a trial to your patience as it naturally does to ours. The language difficulty is, of course, the first that meets missionaries in all quarters of the globe : and the difficulty is increased a hundredfold here in these countries of the Far East – China, Japan, and Corea – with their wonderfully ancient and elaborate civilisations (so utterly unlike anything that we mean by civilisation), and the thousand and one difficult problems which in the very antiquity and elaborateness of their civilisation they present to European minds. For the present you must be satisfied to know that we are getting on as fast as we can with the languages – as fast, that is, as other unavoidable claims on our time will let us. But of the special difficulties of the Korean tongue, and of the totally different Chinese language, you must hear another time. Suffice it to say here and now that we *must* learn both ; for, while all talking in Corea is done in the native tongue, no educated Korean ever reads or writes anything but the Chinese characters. While, therefore, we are playing the part of "dumb dogs" out here, all we can do for you is to make the Mission as real to you as possible by telling you all we can about the country and the people, to whose souls' health we have been sent here to minister.

And where can one begin so naturally as with Seoul? Seoul, the curious "capital" (for that is what "Seoul" means) of this curious country - Seoul, in which the headquarters of our Mission are fixed. Now, if you look for "Seoul" in the average English atlas you will probably fail to find it. English geographers insist, for some reason best known to themselves, on putting the capital of Corea down as Kingkitao, which is in reality the name of the province in which the capital stands. The kingdom of Corea is divided into eight provinces, or "to" - much as England is divided into counties - and Seoul is in the province or "to" of Kyeng-keni, or King-ki. But to describe Kingkitao as the capital of Corea is about as accurate as to describe "the county of Middlesex" as the capital of England. The real name of Seoul, which (as I have said) merely signifies "metropolis," is Hanyang ; but that is very seldom used now. This city has held the proud place of "capital" of Corea ever since the reigning dynasty ascended the throne in 1392. While on the subject of names, it is interesting to know that Korye (pronounced Corea) was the native name for all or part of the Korean peninsula until the end of the 14th century when it received its more poetical designation of "Tyo-syen," or "Chōsen" ("beautiful morning," or "morning calm"). Similarly, our sister country Japan claims in her native name of Nippon (or Iapon, as Coreans speak it) the picturesque title of "Home of the Sun," or "Land of Sunrise."

Judged merely on the score of population, Seoul is a place of some importance. Its inhabitants are numbered at between 300,000 and 400,000. Larger than Bristol, and smaller than Birmingham or Liverpool, it thus about equals Dublin, Leeds, or Sheffield in point of population. But, as the ancient capital of this ancient kingdom, it demands from us a respectful interest, such as Dublin or Bristol might perhaps claim equally with London, but to which the gigantic mushroom growths of modern commerce can hardly think themselves entitled.

And now let us try and picture it to ourselves. It lies, covering with its houses a great expanse of ground, on very low land – in regular basin. Shut in on the north by a striking range of lofty and wild-looking mountains, without a vestige of verdure on them, it is enclosed also on the west and east by rising ground of smaller pretensions. Four or five miles distant, over the low hills to the west, runs the Han-kang - a river which by a circuitous route affords intercourse by water with the (as yet tiny but) rapidly growing port of Chemulpo, otherwise known as Jinsen, or Jenchnan.

South of Seoul rises the beautifully wooded Nam San, or South Hill, which juts right into the city, and which reaches an elevation of about 800 feet. It is a very favourite spot for picnics with the inhabitants of Seoul, the majority of whom seem neither to have nor to want any work to do. All day long one can see their white clothes moving about among the trees, and often late into the night one hears the sounds of "music and revelry" floating down from the hillside into the town. (The music, by the way, is of the quaintest sort.) It is on the low rising ground afforded by one of the many spurs of this hill which run into the city that the old Korean house stands which is now occupied as the headquarters of the English Church Mission.

(To be continued.)

The Spirit of Missions.

Two letters in the *Guardian* recently received from the Rev. H. H. Woodward give a striking picture of the urgent need of more missionaries in CENTRAL AFRICA. "Have the clergy in England," he writes, "forgotten that this mission requires a certain supply of men - men already ordained - priests who can at once take up their own special work - at least as soon as they have learned the language? Here am I kept away from my own work, because Zanzibar is reduced to one priest, and, so far as I know, there are none coming out. I am not at all sorry to have had a little experience of Mbweni work, but it is high time I returned to Magila." Again he writes to Precentor Venables : "I am not yet sure whether I shall await the Bishop's arrival here or return to Magila now. Only one thing I must not do - I must not leave Dr. Hine here alone for the whole work of Zanzibar ; so I must stay till some one else comes. Oh! why do no clergy offer from England now? How seldom any priest offers ! Can there be no calls to leave all for missionary work except to the quite young? There seems to be something wrong in the system somewhere."

With such a cry ringing in one's ears, it is good to know that the Rev. P. R. H. Chambers, B.A., of Selwyn College, Cambridge, has offered and been accepted for work in the Mission, and will sail for Zanzibar probably in February.

The following figures from the census returns for INDIA were recently given by the Rev. Roger Dutt, of Cawnpore. They

speak for themselves, and should teach us that the arm of the Lord is not shortened, and that Missions to-day are as abundant in their fruits as they ever were : -

"In 1851 there were 91,000 Christians in India ; in 1861 there were 138,000, an increase of 53 per cent. ; in 1871 there were 224,000, an increase of 61 per cent. ; in 1881 there were 417,000, an increase of 86 per cent. This year the Christians are reckoned to be two millions in number."

The following gives an interesting picture of the work of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta :

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A young Mohammedan, the son of a well-to-do Mohammedan merchant in Calcutta, is our latest inquirer, and will be, I hope, our next convert. He came to me about ten weeks ago asking for instruction and told me his history. His father is a merchant, and some years ago was carrying on his business in Simla, where he intrusted the education of this lad, named Akbar Ali, his only son, to an English master at one of the schools there, who taught him English thoroughly. Coming as he did in contact with Christians who were very kind to him, he was favourably impressed with Christianity, though he was taught nothing of the Christian religion. Some months ago his father came to Calcutta, and here Akbar came across one or two native Christians and occasionally listened to Christian preachers in the public squares. He then got hold of a book on the life of Mohamet and was convinced by the character of Mohamet that his religion could not be true. This decided him to seek to know more about Christianity, and then one of his native Christian friends sent him to me. He could only come by stealth for instruction, and dared not take home any Christian books, as his father is a most rigid Mohammedan, and would, he knew, certainly turn him out of doors directly there was any suspicion of his becoming a Christian. One day, however, he took away a small pocket copy of the Prayer Book, which I gave, and what he read there made such an impression on him that he told his father straight out that he intended to be baptized. His father at once turned him out of the house and left Calcutta with his wives. Akbar first went to a moulvie at a mosque in the city, and, when he could get away, came to me at Bishop's College. The first day he was at the mosque he was detained by a great religious function

on the occasion of the funeral of an influential Mohammedan in the city. One part of the function consisted in saying a few words from the Koran over and over again for about three hours. They had about fifty beans on the floor, and recited the words each time they picked up a bean, going over them some thirty times. It does not strike one as a very edifying ceremony. When Akbar afterwards told the moulvie that he intended to become a Christian there was a great scene. A number of Mohammedans gathered together and argued with him in a most excited way till past midnight, nearly pulling, as he said, the clothes off his back. However, next day he got away and came to Bishop's College, where he has now been living for the last eight weeks. I have every reason to believe and hope that he is thoroughly in earnest, and has a genuine faith in Christ. Some days ago he went to stay with his uncle in Calcutta, and there met his father, who tried hard to dissuade him from his purpose. It must have been a great trial to him, but he steadfastly refused to abandon Christ, and returned again to the College. We shall admit him as a catechumen in a few days, and I hope that he will be ready for baptism before the end of the year. He is about twenty-two years old, and is a widower.

We are glad to hear of the formation of an Association for the study of the Hausa language as a memorial to the late Rev. John Alfred Robinson, of the C.M.S. Upper Niger Mission who died at Lokoja on June 25 last. Hausa is the prevailing language of Central Sudan, being spoken probably by 15,000,000 people. Mr. Robinson had completed the translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew into Hausa before his death.

An interesting ceremony took place recently in New Zealand - the admission of a South Sea Islander to deacon's orders. The Rev. Reuben Bula, who was ordained by the Bishop of Auckland, is a native of one of the Solomon Islands - islands whose population had the worst possible reputation for cruelty and cannibalism. He was taken to Norfolk Island by Bishop Patteson in 1869, and was on board the *Southern Cross* when that devoted Missionary met with his death at the island of Nukapu. After having been baptized and trained for his work, Bula returned to his native country, where he has laboured assiduously for nearly twenty years. The illness of the Bishop of Melanesia prevented his ordaining the convert himself, and hence he came over to New Zealand to receive ordination. The service was performed partly in English and partly in the language of the Solomon Islands.