

work. Cidiadia was in here when I was at his village. He has about one hundred people in his village. Cidiadia is not a head chief, he is a sub-chief. He gave up six wives three years ago in order to be baptized. When I was at Cimbambula, in August, 1913, Mr. Rochester baptized him. He is possibly fifty-five, and is always glad to see us. His house was not done this time, but they had the roof on and closed it up all around with palm branches, so that I had a nice place to sleep. About eighty people worshipped with us. The village is new and their church is not yet done. He has moved some six miles from where he was in 1913.

Kalume Ntumba, the head chief of Cidiadia, is an odd character. He was with some white man and went to Boma with him. Kalume Ntumba fell into the water and almost drowned. He later came back home and then gradually turned white, but for some tattoo marks made on him when young. Though a Lulua chief, he works in his field all the time and tries to get his people to do the same. His three grown boys will not work with their hands. They say that is not for them to do; that is for women; the women can feed them. But now that the State asks for the head tax of fifty cents a year, the women can't get that up, too, so that the men are now almost forced to work or run. The tax in this way will be a benefit to the men in making them work. Whether it was Kalume Ntumba's fall into the water which made him turn white or not, the natives do not know; some say that it was due to some strong "medicine" that the white man gave him.

On to Baseka's. He is a sub-chief of Kahinga Kamba. Kahinga Kamba is a Roman Catholic chief, baptized by them when he was a boy, and as a consequence told me that he had only one wife. Others say he has more. About two weeks before I came along that way a woman and child had been killed by lightning. Kahinga Kamba caught Baseka, accusing him of having killed them with lightning. When we were there Baseka was still in prison, Kahinga Kamba demanding much "stuff" or else he would keep Baseka in always. Kahinga Kamba was asking for a woman, some goats and some copper crosses, about \$50 worth of stuff. I could not persuade the chief to turn Baseka out, so came on. I heard since that one day a goat that had been turned over was tied to a tree near the house of the Chief Kahinga Kamba. The man who tied the goat soon got sick, also his wife. Soon a storm came up, they took the goat into the house, and just then lightning struck the tree to which the goat had been tied. The people then said that the things of Baseka had a curse, so gave them back, all but about \$4 worth.

We spent Sunday at Butuku—i. e., "night." Well, that place was well named; but we have a small work there, and we hope that the "day" may come to those who sit in "night." I am afraid, though, that the chief will always say "night." We went back about two miles Sunday afternoon to Kalenga for a communion service. There were eighty-two who communed and seventy who did not. Many had come from near-by villages for the occasion.

Monday morning by 5:10 I was on my way back to Mutoto, as the school opened that day and I wanted to be present.

Our school averages about 383. Today, with the chief gone, we had only 366. When he is away the attendance drops off some. The work being done now is good. We have just received a good lot of slates.

In spite of the persecutions of the

native Christians, the people continue to come asking for teachers. Shall we give them or turn them away?

Little Elizabeth McKee is easily the most popular missionary at Mutoto.

The Mutoto evangelists have four places where they go to preach every Sunday within five miles of here.

Plumer Smith.

Note: Left out of Mr. Smith's notes is perhaps the most important item of all—the arrival of Master John Newton Smith on October 10.—Ed.—Kasai Herald.

#### KIM OF KWANGJU: A KOREAN LEPER.

By Rev. J. V. N. Talmage.

It is just a little over a year now since I was left in charge of the Men's Leper Hospital at Kwangju. I know very little about the disease, for I am no doctor, but there are a few outstanding features which even a layman cannot fail to observe. A man without a sign of an eyebrow, his face all bloated, his fingers bent up at right angles—with sores insensible when probed—such a man is in all probability a leper. The disease seems to attack the limbs first, and they literally rot away. The most advanced cases seem enough to melt the hardest heart, but leprosy is so common here and the people so powerless to help in their extreme poverty, that their hearts are generally untouched by the pleas of the lepers. To understand their plight let me give an example.

Kim lived in his one-room house with his wife and two children. Life at best was a bare existence; his occupation was farming—he worked just one acre—and the rent on that was one-half the crop, while he paid all the taxes. The Japanese occupation of Korea, with its increasing taxes and enforced labor on roads, added to his burdens. Only about half the year could he get his three bowls of rice a day, and the rest of the time he lived on weeds or a little barley, or perhaps went without. When he got married he ran into debt, and when his father died he added to it for the funeral expenses. The debt did not amount to more than a few dollars, but it bore interest at 30 per cent, so that with an occasional day's work at fifteen cents and his small farming resources it was hard for him even to pay the interest. Then, too, all the things which we Christians esteem the highest in life—knowledge of God, of the Saviour's love, of the hope of life eternal, and an inward, changed spiritual life of peace—all these were entirely absent in Kim's case. And now, to add to all his trials, he became a victim of the dreaded disease. At first he did not know what it was, but month by month its symptoms showed plainer and plainer. His strength little by little failed; he borrowed money and bought useless medicines, which of course did him no good.

For a year or two he managed to get along somehow, but then calamities followed thick and fast. The owner of the farm knew of his disease and would not let him stay; the creditors seized his house. His wife (and children) being without food, went back to her mother, and soon came the news that she had another husband. His relatives would have liked to have helped him, but they, too, lived in houses with only one room beside the kitchen. His hands became bent and immovable. So, poor Kim, without home, without work, without friends, without hope, without God, took the only course left—he became a beggar, with no other prospect before him. Filthy, ragged, evil-smelling, despised, wretched, hungry, kicked and cuffed about, sleeping in ditches and out-of-the-way places, he

became covered with sores and contracted other diseases which so abound in the filth of the Orient. What more fitting object could we find in this earth to teach the woes of eternal hell?

But Kim at length finds his way to the Leper Asylum, and here he fortunately is taken in. He gets his first bath for months, his sores are washed and bandaged, his top-knot is cut off, and his short hair is freed from lice. New clothes without vermin, a big bowl of rice, and a warm, clean room complete the wonderful change. Care and cleanliness heal the sores, filth and disease vanish, and soon he gets a new hold on life. But the most wonderful change of all is yet to come. From the day he entered the other inmates told him of Jesus and of God, of an eternal life without pain. As soon as he was able, he was told to learn to read. He said he could not, but the manager was insistent; so after several weeks he made up his mind to try. In a few weeks he was reading well enough to stand the examination and was given a New Testament. By attending prayers in the chapel every morning and the Bible study class in the evening he learned the Commandments and read the message of the gospel. The story had its wonderful effect; he came in time to know Jesus in his heart, became a catechuman, and finally received baptism. He is an inmate of the hospital today, happy in spite of his disease.

We have seventy lepers in the asylum more or less like Kim. Some came in the earlier stages of the disease and are not so helpless; some came from better homes and had seen less of the hard side of the world; but all were just as hopeless, with the exception of about ten who were Christians before admission. Some have not progressed as much as Kim in spiritual things, but others have even surpassed him. I have just closed a year's training with its accompanying examinations. At first I had one of the boys' teachers teaching the men, but in the short winter days it was impossible for him to go, so I had to devise another plan. The men were divided into eight classes, and I went out from time to time to examine them on what they had studied. They made wonderful progress. We gave New Testaments to all who had learned to read; Old Testaments to those who could answer four out of five questions. There were about thirty admitted to the Catechumenate and twenty-two were baptized.

I was so discouraged last year with the examinations, for only two were baptized, but this year showed a wonderful change. I am so glad that God has given these poor people this relief from their wretched life. My greatest trial is that of turning them away when the hospital is full.

The work is attended with a certain amount of risk, but it is God's work and we can trust Him for protection. Then, too, the joy of it all is worth the risk.

#### A LETTER FROM KOREA.

Dear Fellow-Workers:

New Year's Day! Yes, today is the beginning of the new year according to the Chinese calendar, and the Koreans of the old type, at least, recognize this day alone, and almost all still keep it as their biggest holiday. Of course, the Japanese recognize the same day as the West now, but not long since they, too, knew this day, and still keep it in the country districts. In honor of the day I let the boys study all day yesterday (Monday), and have their usual half-holiday today, for our weekly half-holiday is given on Monday in order that the boys may not have to do any

preparation on Sunday. Some of the boys came around this morning to give us greetings, and I showed them pictures to entertain them, and also let them see little Jean, which they enjoyed most of all. On the Korean New Year the children dress up in their new coats and many bright colors, and for several days afterwards they are all in gay attire, till the dirt begins to show again, and then another year has to pass by before they are really dressed up again. No wonder it is a big holiday! What else is done? Well, it's a popular (not national) holiday, and by those who can do so it is spent in talking and visiting and eating. Besides the new clothes, each house has bread for the occasion, for on other days they eat plain rice. There are heathen practices about which I have spoken before, but the Christians do not keep these, of course, and are keeping the day less and less every year. Our longest holiday is given at Christmas as at home; it not only fits in better with our own ideas, but also with the Japanese school year, the third term of which begins the 1st of January. I might add that the New Year is very early this year; it usually comes in our February.

From the day before Christmas till the present time we've been having pretty continuous winter weather, blizzard and cold. We had the longest continued fall of snow I have ever seen (not that I have ever seen anything very great in this line, but it does snow in Virginia), and the deepest ever seen in this part of Korea, they say, and also the coldest weather for any length of time. It cleared off, and most of the snow had melted when it began again, and is blowing and snowing now as if it had never heard of such a thing before. It's pretty to see, but it causes so much suffering among the poor Koreans that we are always glad to see it go. Pray for these people especially at this time that in their suffering they may find true comfort from Him who is more willing to give than we are to receive. Everything is advancing in price, and we have not failed to feel the effects here as well as in America. But there was a good rice crop and it has been a prosperous year as a whole.

Most of my boys had a pretty hard time getting back from their homes. Many live on islands and had to come by boat, and the fearful winds almost made travel impossible. A few new boys have come in, and one or two failed to return; so we have about the same number as before. The oversight of the school, together with the teaching I do, keeps me on the go, and we will be extra busy this spring on account of the Bible class for men (February 11) and the fact that we are to move to Pyengyang the last of March. Thus we will begin work there the new school year, which according to the Japanese custom is the 1st of April. We are sorry to leave Mokpo and our friends here, but we will be glad to get settled, too, and hope that this may be our last move.

There is an evangelistic conference in Kwangju, beginning today and lasting three days. We would have liked to go, but it is hard to leave school work after it is started. Mrs. Parker's girls in sewing are doing good work and she finds much pleasure in teaching them.

We all three join in sending you every best wish, and want you to remember us in your prayers and know that we remember you.

Sincerely yours in the service,  
William P. Parker.

Mokpo, Korea.

Look at, think of, do, memorize something beautiful each day.—Alice Freeman Palmer.