

VII THE RESPONSE OF KOREA

The class-leader here, who is a well-to-do farmer, so arranged his farm work this year as to devote practically his whole time, without pay, to church work: The result has been an increase of about fifty per cent. There are two churches, with Christians in eight other villages. The membership, including probationers, is 135, who with 112 other attendants make a total of 247.... At another point we have four churches, with three prayer rooms, and Christians in some thirty villages. Persecution at one church brought with it the stoning of two helpers, and, through their fidelity, victory, and an increase of over one hundred per cent. Here we have 306 members, including probationers, and 120 other attendants, making 426 in all.... During the wonderful revival that shook part of Korea the past year, until not one tile remained on top of another of the three thousand year-old devil-house, the thing that caused more remarks among the missionaries than anything else was the wonderful way in which the Koreans prayed for each other and the remarkable answers to these prayers. Not only in prayers, but in works as well, are the rank and file of the Korean Christians instant in season and out. I dare say there is no land in the world where there is so much personal and unpaid—in money—hand to hand, and heart to heart, evangelistic work done as in Korea. During the revival, when strong men were in utter despair, crying out in agony under conviction of sin, most beautiful was the way others, who had gone through the struggle and come out victorious, would go to their brother, put their arm about him and lead him into the light. The wonder of this is the greater when we remember that the Korean gives little expression to personal affection. ...Early one morning as I was going out from Chinnampo I met one of the Christians coming in. They were having a week of prayer, and as he had pledged himself not to go empty-handed he had been out to a nearby village getting his man for the night.

At the time of the women's class in Ping yang women who had received new experiences of sins pardoned and fulness of peace and joy in the new birth, came to me with tears pleading that I might go or send someone to their church that all might have this new experience and live. In some cases these women themselves were the means of bringing the revival to their local church. —*F. Z. Moore*

Many years of testing by the question, "Where did you first hear the gospel? at church? on the street? at prayer-meeting? by reading the Bible?" brings the characteristic response: "No, I heard it first from Brother Kim, or Brother Pak, or Brother Choi; he came to my house and we read together." From lip to lip and heart to heart it has gone to the distant valleys on the Manchu border, to the windings of the Tumen, to the whirling tides, and rocks, and cross streams of the southern archipelago, from east to west all over the land. God will bless Korea, for if ever a land exemplified the Christian principle of passing it on, it is this same country.

"The Korean Christians are unceasingly active. A tract is accepted, a book is bought, a meeting is attended, an impression made, a desire to know more aroused; then follow regular attendance, conversion, and entrance into the Church. But they do not stop here. Acquaintances, friends, and relatives are

Native
Christians
Ever
Active

sought, importuned, and reasoned with on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Some of the leaders are making noble sacrifices for the spread of the Word. In the cold of winter and in the heat of summer; in the crowded city and at the country market; in the library of the Confucian scholar and in the comfortless wayside inn; in the lonely country farmhouse and in the privacy of the inner room, where the women are secure from molestation, they bear glad and cheerful testimony to the power of Christ to save from sin. They receive abuse, accept ostracism, endure cruel mockings and even bonds and imprisonments, in order to obtain a good report through faith.

"From the early days of the mission there has prevailed among the Korean converts a very high conception of the privileges and responsibilities of Church-membership. A Korean Christian is always more than a mere Church-member; he is a worker giving his services freely and gladly to extend the knowledge of Christ among his neighbors. It has not been an unusual thing for a pastor of a local church to have not less than one third of the entire membership of his church on the

**A High
Standard**

streets on a Sunday afternoon engaged in house' to house visitation and personal work among their unconverted neighbors."

**The Work
Extends**

Thus has the work gone on and on. The native Christian has proved himself a master hand at passing on the divine message. No fiery cross of ancient Scotland ever circled the hills with more persistent rapidity than the Good News has gone throughout Korea. Each has heard from a brother, from a sister, and, like propagates like; oats, oats; barley, barley; never wheat, pumpkins; nor goose-berries, pomeloes. One of the matters to fear and pray over on the mission field is that a defective Christian will lead others to the faith who will be similarly defective. Still, although Korea has her share of imperfect saints, there are among them a wonderful group of single-hearted, simple-minded, earnest, faithful Christians.

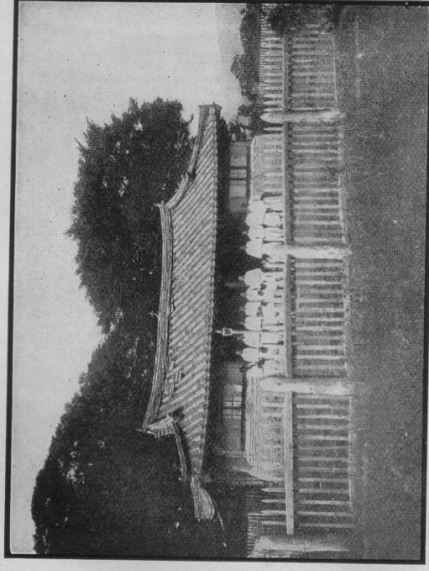
**Doers of the
Word**

"The Korean not only memorizes Scripture; he puts it into practise. One day there came into one of the mission stations a sturdy Christian from the north. After the usual greetings, he was asked the purpose of his visit. His reply was: 'I have been memorizing some verses in the Bible and have come to recite

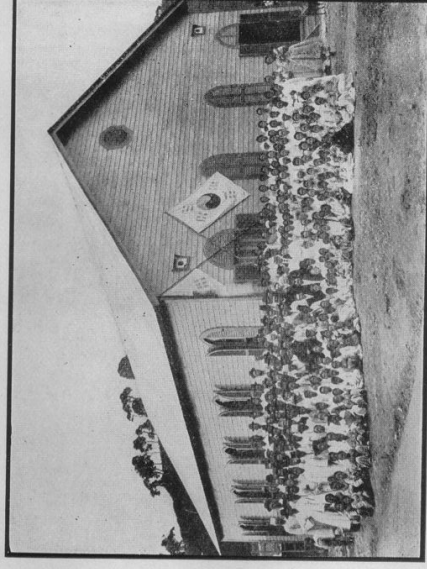
them to you.' He lived a hundred miles away, and had walked all that distance, traveling four nights—a long stroll to recite some verses of Scripture to his pastor, but he was listened to as he recited in Korean, without a verbal error, the entire Sermon on the Mount. He was told that if he simply memorized it, it would be a feat of memory and nothing more; he must practise its teachings. His face lighted up with a smile as he promptly replied: 'That is the way I learned it. I tried to memorize it; but it wouldn't stick, so I hit on this plan. I would memorize a verse, and then find a heathen neighbor of mine and practise the verse on him. Then I found it would stick.' Imagine this humble Korean Christian in heathen city, amid the hills of the peninsula taking that matchless moral code and, precept by precept, putting it into practise in his life with his neighbors. Is it any wonder that the Korean Church grows?"

**Ideal for the
Native
Church**

The ideal for the native Church toward which all missionary agencies are striving has been that of a body which shall be self-propagating and self-governing and self-supporting. A striking testimony as to the way in which the Korean Church is realizing this ideal comes



CHURCH BUILT BY KOREANS



METHODIST CHURCH, WONSAN

from the report of Dr. Sharrocks, of Syen chun, written in 1906:

“Last year in our station of Syen chun we had 6,507 adherents; this year there are 11,943. From whence the 5,436 conversions during the twelve months?—an average of 453 per month. Could this be the result of our small band of missionaries? Could it be from the \$72 spent on local evangelists during the year? The Koreans have 15 native evangelists giving their whole time to the work and receiving their support from the native Church.

The Christians themselves have pledged a certain number of days of voluntary preaching or special definite evangelistic effort, the sum of which has exceeded 8,000 days. There have been 1,164 baptisms during the year, almost one hundred per month, —an average of 22 every Sunday. Nor is that all, these one thousand one hundred and sixty-four people were Christians for over a year before they were baptized. At the end of a few months from conversion they were examined and at the expiration of twelve months more they were again examined. If the examination was good, and if the past year's history was what a Christian's ought to be, they were baptized.

Self-
propagation

The 5,436 converts of this year will be up for examination and baptism next year. In the face of these facts I think we can call the Korean Church self-propagating.

“In our station we have 78 churches and, as I said, 11,941 Christians. These churches are scattered over an immense territory, with picked men (unsalaried) over the individual churches. The churches are made up into circuits or groups of churches, 13 in all, with 13 assistant pastors or helpers over them. These 13 helpers are beholden to four clerical missionaries, two of whom are on furlough this year, and one of the others is yet studying the language. Could one man adequately care for 78 churches with nearly 12,000 Christians? The Church in Korea comes pretty close to being self-governing.

“One of the national characteristics of the Korean is poverty. The daily wage is from fifteen to forty cents, which would not be so bad were the living expense not at about the same figure. To ‘save up’ is beyond the ordinary Korean, yet look at the finances of the Church! In our station we have 56 day-schools with 1,192 pupils, receiving not one dollar of foreign money. There are 70 church

Self-government

buildings in our province into only two of which any foreign money has gone. There is not a native preacher or evangelist or teacher in our province on foreign salary, though three still receive a small portion of their salaries from foreign funds. The entire running expenses of our station including everything but \$350 for the hospital and the missionaries’ salaries, as compared with the gifts of the native Church, are as one to ten and sixty-two hundredths—in other words, for every American dollar invested in them, our Koreans have put up ten dollars and sixty-two cents. We feel that our Church can well be called self-supporting.

“From the first the Koreans were made to believe that the spread of the gospel and growth of the Church was their work rather than ours. We are here to start them and guide them in their efforts, but it is theirs to do the work. Whether a man believes or not, is his gain or loss and not ours. He is taught that his coming into the Church confers no favor upon the missionary nor enriches the kingdom, but is a decided benefit to himself. When a man is converted, we rejoice not for our sakes, but for his. In employing workmen

Appeal to Right Motives

it is the work that tells, and if a heathen is found to give better service than a Christian the latter is dismissed and the former retained. So careful have we been along these lines that no one thinks of coming into the Church for mercenary motives.”

Another testimony comes from Dr. George Heber Jones: “From the earliest years of the mission, the Koreans have been taught that the final and complete evangelization of their people rests with them, and that the purpose of the foreign missionary is to inaugurate the work and then cooperate with Korean Christians in extending it. This position has been accepted by the Korean Christians and the Korean type is that of a man who places all his possessions in the hands of the Lord for his work. A happy illustration of this occurred in our work in the north district. Dr. W. Arthur Noble led to Christ a sturdy specimen of the northern Korean. He was the first convert in his village, and his house was the first meeting-place. After awhile the village church grew too large for its quarters and put up a chapel of its own. Then there was a debt which had to be paid. There was no money with which to pay it, as the little group had

A True
“Yoke-fellow”

exhausted their resources. This leader, however, had one thing he could sell—his ox with which he did his plowing. One day he led it off to the market-place, sold it, and paid the debt on the church. The next spring when the missionary visited this village he inquired for the leader and was told he was out in the field plowing. He walked down the road to the field, and this is what he saw: holding the handles of the plow was the old, gray-haired father of the family, and hitched in the traces where the ox should have been were this Korean Christian and his brother, dragging his plow through the fields that year themselves! Doubtless also there was another whom mortal eye could not see, with form like unto the Son of God, hitched in the yoke with these humble Korean Christians, making their burdens light and the yoke easy that year.”

The Korean is a preacher of the gospel by a kind of spiritual instinct; he knows and does this one thing only; he provides for his Church schools without a cent from the homelands; he writes now and publishes his own books; he gives up tobacco and other useless expenditure to save for the gospel’s sake; he gives of his means a tenth or more; sometimes he

Self-denying
Giving

gives all he has over a bare living. Last year, to give an example, the membership of Yun-motkol Church, Seoul, with income not one tenth of the ordinary city church at home; gave over ten dollars gold a member, or \$3,850 for 350 members.

And what an example the Koreans have set the Christian Church all over the world in their donations of time for the Lord's work! Their evangelistic effort has been systematic as well as eager. Opportunity is given at meetings for Christians to pledge a specified number of days during the coming year for work among their unconverted neighbors. This is in addition to what is done on the Sabbath. Individuals have sometimes pledged several weeks during a single year. Then campaigns are mapped out, and in some cases whole regions have been systematically evangelized. These time donations are also much in evidence when church buildings are to be erected. Not only those in whose homes money is an infrequent and hasty visitor are glad to contribute their strength, but those more well-to-do, brought up to consider manual labor a thing that no gentleman would engage in, have put their hands to the saw and the shovel. It is not

Donation of
Time"

remarkable that such a Church should experience a wonderful revival.

It was in 1906 that the native Christians joined heart with the foreign missionaries in an earnest prayer that God in heaven would look down in mercy and give what the heart longed for, what the hungry soul needed, what the spirit craved for in its thirsty land. What did they want that they were in such unrest over? They had health, and peace, and comfortable homes. They had friends, they had every evidence of blessing. A great Church had been gathered, what was the matter with them that they were in such an agony of distress?

It was in August that Dr. Hardie of Wonsan came to Ping yang, and in telling of the work of grace that God had wrought in his own soul, he aroused more intense and deeper longing than ever. Mr. Lee writes: "He came and helped us greatly. . . . There was born of these meetings the desire that God's Spirit would take complete control of our lives, and use us mightily in his service."

The old walls that had heard all the devil noises, and seen the blasted hopes of eastern Asia for fifty centuries, heard now prayers

Longings for
Revival

Deepening of
the Movement

Accumulating
power

daily that knew no cessation. But it was like praying into space, for there was no wonderful manifestation, nor any special answer. Things were as they had always been. The same sun shone, the same gray earth and brown hills mocked them, the same birds made light of it. Why should they pray? Give it up and be happy. Thank God for his good gifts and blessings. Thank him for forgiveness. Thank him for a promised home in heaven. Be reasonable! It may in the end reach fanaticism if we be not careful. But you may not reason with the swell of the ocean or the tidal wave. Some hidden power unseen lifts the mighty weight of water, and to try to stem it with our feeble words would be as wise as such reasonings with these praying souls. The months of autumn dragged by, the last of 1906. Into 1907 the year was launched, and still daily groups gathered for prayer. From all points of the north land, too, came Christians to the study class, seven hundred of them! What had they come for? To study the Bible, of course; to get hold of who Matthew was, and John, and the rest of them; to find what were the leading thoughts of Paul's Epistles, and perhaps the Book of Revelation. They

had walked, some of them, a hundred miles, some more, some less, carrying their rice on the back which was to serve as board while attending. It was quite the thing this going to Ping yang to study. They would sing hymns, and hear sermons, and rejoice and be glad, and go home and tell others about it. Now they are gathered, and when the evening meetings commence the great church is filled; fifteen hundred people. Little did these country folk dream of what was before them. Had they seen all, doubtless many would have turned back, flying for their lives in fear and consternation.

The Crisis

For several days the ordinary meetings were held, till at last came Sunday night to which all had looked forward with great hope and expectation. Dr. Baird took the service. Under his leadership they expected to win what they hoped for, but instead it was a dry tasteless meeting. All the powers of Satan seemed to be against them. "Dead?" said Keel, "Oh you never experienced anything like it, the whole place was just *whing* with nothingness. Some tried to confess, some tried to pray. It would not do, and the meeting dispersed and went home." Intensified in their

longings by this defeat, the missionaries and the native leaders gathered with redoubled earnestness in prayer. Something was needed; something within the possibility of attainment, something that must be won at all costs, this answer that would respond to the accumulated longings of the past months must come. There was nothing else in life, no other objective point, just this and this only. It was God's to give, and the time had come. They would keep on. To stop was impossible. Let everything be forgotten but just to pray. Let heart and soul and mind enter, for the stake is none less than God himself, and the conditions involved are all the eternities.

That night they met again, Jan. 14, 1907. It was a great meeting and a wonderful Presence seemed imminent. "We all felt that something was coming," said Mr. Lee. Under a canopy of united audible prayer the whole meeting became electrified; "the Spirit of God seemed to descend." Man after man arose, confessed his sins, broke down, and wept. Until 2.00 a. M. the meeting continued with confession, weeping, and praying.

Into this marvelous experience moved the

Coming of the
Spirit

All Enlisted

whole community, native as well as foreign. Hereafter at the noon prayer gatherings new hope had come, but also fear, awe, and wonder at the mighty mystery overshadowing them.

It was, the next night, and Keel was on hand to speak. "From the first it was not Keel's face", said Elder Cheung In-no to me. Keel was once stone-blind, is partially blind still, but here was a face of great majesty and power; a face on fire with purity and holiness. It was Jesus, it was not Keel. He spoke of, John the Baptist, and how he called on men to repent and confess. There were no fashionable church joys in this gathering, but strange intimations of death and terror. The flashings of Sinai were over and about them. "There was no escape," said Cheung, "God was calling. An awful fear of sin not experienced before settled over us. How to shake it off and escape was the question. Some did run away but only to come back in more intense distress than ever, with death in the soul and written deep-lined on the face. 'O God, what shall I do? If I make my bed in hell, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and flee, even there dost thou follow me.'" Thus these hundreds gathered

Message
Through Keel
is "Confess"

under the fearful pall of conviction. The day of judgment had come, and squirm and dodge as they would, there was no escape, none whatever. It was death; die they must. At the sound of the preacher's voice and in face of the conscious presence of a great and awful God, what were they to do? And yet they could not confess; to unveil the secrets of the past would be shame unspeakable, and social, material, eternal ruin. They would say, "I am undone. I am a lost man," and let it rest. Some did try this but found no relief, more fearful than ever were the pent-up agonies of the soul. Name it they must and so rid the breast forever. Keel, in this moment of inspiration, was to the crowd as John the Baptist. "Confessing their sins." Confess was the word that he was compelled to say, and confess was the act they were compelled to do. It was a life and death struggle, every man with the angel on the banks of the Jabbok. All the reasonings of the heart came in to restrain them. "It will defile the ears of the hearers if I confess." "It will disgrace my family." "It will socially ruin me." "It will hurt the Church." "I'll die, but I can't confess."

Pastor K. C. Pang was present, and two years later, when telling the writer, said: "It was a great sign and wonder, just as though Jesus were present right there, and there was no escape. I saw some struggling to get up, then falling back in agony. Others again bounded to their feet to rid their soul of some long-covered sin. It seemed unwise that such confessions be made, but there was no help for it. We were under a mysterious and awful power, helpless—missionaries as well as natives."

A Mother's Deed

A wave of prayer would then take the assembled multitude, and all would join at once, mingling their petitions with cries of agony. Then in a cessation this one and that one would arise, and calling for mercy tell of the burden of the soul. One, a woman, had in the Japan-China war, escaping for her life with her child on her back, found it impossible to carry so heavy a burden. She then dashed the child against a tree, killed it, and ran. She had repented, had given her heart to God, but here was this awful deed returned upon her, and out it must come.

Another had found a Japanese pocket-book which contained six hundred yen (\$300

Restitution of Money

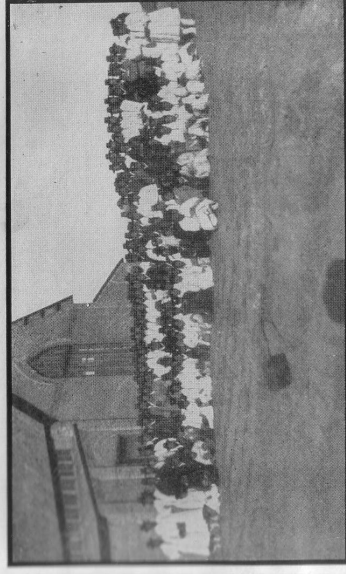
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gold). He did not know to whom it belonged, and no one came to claim it, so he had used the money. But now it was upon him like all the fiends of Buddha. Out it came, and restoration had to be made, while those congregated, with eyes starting out of their heads, listened.

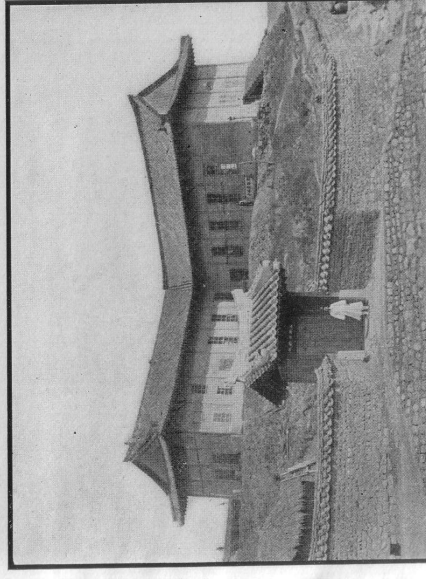
Surrender for Punishment

Another, years before, had been, like Barabas, a robber. All the dark deeds of that time were on him, and now, like the rending of his soul, out they came. Immediately he gave himself up to the police and was locked up in jail.

One of my best friends, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, was there. He said that the solemnity of the meetings was beyond words to describe, something terrible, and yet one was impressed by the fact that it was right and true and holy. Years before he said he had paid off a debt and received a clear receipt, but in the paying he had not met all the requirements. He had taken advantage of one of the interested parties being dead to have it settled easier for himself. Said he: "This came back on me like a whirlwind, and the awfulness of the deed was like a lost eternity. I could not escape, so in tears and



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contrition I had to rise and tell it to my shame and resolve to make restitution. Then a strange, sweet, indescribable peace, such a feeling as the heart had never known before, seemed to possess me.”

Another friend whom I had long known, who had fallen into sin, fallen after being a Christian, had covered it up and hidden it away, was there. He had resolved never to fall again, and no man would know. He loathed himself for having done so badly, and had told others that he was a miserable sinner. He attended the meetings and sat through several, his face strained and deathly, his heart within him appalled at the prospect. At last it was confess or die, and with one superhuman effort he was upon the platform before those hundreds of people. He told all. “Was there ever such a sinner as I? My God! My God! Have mercy on my soul I” For a time it seemed as though he would die. He beat the hard wooden flooring till his hands bled, he shrieked and begged for mercy. “Is this what sin is?” said the awe-stricken multitudes. “We never knew it was so awful. We had thought it a trifle, but, behold, here is what

God thinks.” This friend came out of the fiery trial cleansed and purified. So was the whole church lifted up into the third heaven to hear words that no man might utter.

**Missionary
Rededication**

Missionaries were alike caught in the power of it, and what a solemn rededication of life’s service to the Highest took place no outsider will ever know.

**Unspeakable
Joy**

One of the striking services was illustrated by Keel’s being tied by a rope and held. He represented thus the bondage and power of sin. How he struggled to get away, but the rope held him! At last, at last, in his agony it gave way, and he rushed forth free. “Hallelujah, I am free!” This was the note of it, and so after each confession there followed joy, great joy, joy unspeakable, joy that the possessor could not tell about, joy that no man ever dreamed of.

**A New
Ping yang**

This city of Ping yang used to be considered the most hopeless part of Korea. It had been a veritable cage of evil birds from all time. Among spirit-worshipping, idolatrous Koreans Ping yang was the vilest of the vile; and yet now everywhere praying was heard, weeping, singing. The world had gone mad over a religion that the fathers had never heard of.

High up on the heights of the city a church bell marked, “Ring till Jesus comes,” was calling attention to the business of the hour, which was to repent, get right with God, restore, live straight.

**Effect Among
Boys**

The boys in the middle school, modern-day young men, who had spent years in Western study, had filled up on politics and were ready to sacrifice anything in behalf of their nation, were hushed by this mystery. Elder Kim Chan-sung, who led in their meetings, told me that when they met there was silence as if no man were present, but that suddenly when the name of Jesus was mentioned the whole place was electrified by the spirit of conviction. One can never tell it. It is wrapped away, recorded on the sensitive register that will come forth on the great day when all accounts are settled.

**Evan Reaches
Little Children**

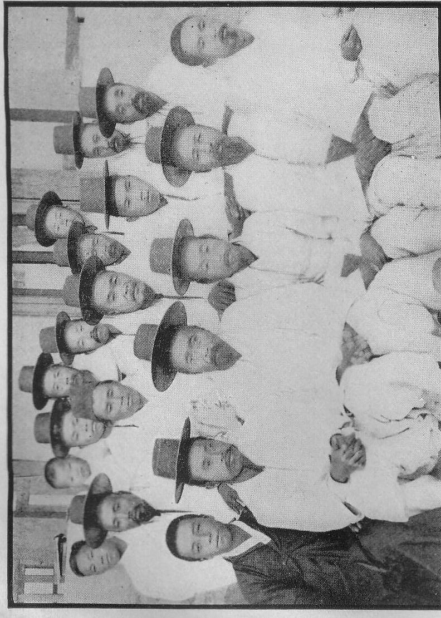
Little children were in no wise exempt. Something told them, wee tots though they were, that God had a reckoning on hand with sin. Many of them with the clearer eyesight of the child saw wonderful visions up in the heavenly places. Many wept over their little wayward ways and went and told father and mother, and asked forgiveness. Some children

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whose parents were unbelievers, went home and in tears begged them to come to Jesus. Helper Kim Ik-too of Sin chun, twenty-five miles from Ping yang, told of children who, when they asked their parents to give their hearts to God, were soundly beaten. "What rubbish is this you dare talk to us?" said the irate father, but it only made the children all the more earnest in their prayers. Beating would not stop them; glaring at them Oriental fashion was of no use; threatening to kill them only increased their zeal; in some cases the parents said, "Well I'll be smitten if this doesn't beat everything," put their fingers in their ears, and ran. In other cases they yielded and bowed down in a similar confession worship.

Joyful Intercession

For two weeks school studies were laid aside and the time given up to prayer. After all the sins, from murder to small spites and bickerings, had been confessed and put away, some sweet angel seemed to come and clothe the lads with quietness. In the ineffable purity of the wake of this storm, prayers were poured out for others. All day long was too short to pray. Formerly it had been tiresome to weather through a single prayer-meeting



MEMBERS OF BIBLE CLASS, FOUR WALKED 100 MILES TO ATTEND



UPPER CLASS, PING YANG THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, PING YANG

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Hour, now meals were forgotten in the joy of intercession

The range of the influence too was one of the marvels. Old conservative Koreans who drunk deep of Confucius and had worshiped every conceivable god, whose pride of spirit made them unapproachable were among the broken-hearted and the contrite. Women who had been victims of every vile circumstance of life, were given heavenly vision and purity. Little children prayed the night through and saw wonders, that Joel said some children were to see. Western missionaries, trained in other lands and formed of other human flesh, were likewise brought low down, They do not say much about it to-day and advertise it not at all, but they do emphatically declare that it was one of God's great wonders, and that they expect to see nothing like it till the gates of paradise unfold and God himself is with us

Japanese too were blessed. Mr. Murata, a Methodist pastor, who had seen actual hostilities in the late war, and had been decorated for distinguished service, was present, and in the abundant blessing said in his broken English, "Oh tanks, tanks, tanks! Had I not

Japanese
Testimony—The
City Canvassed

come, I had not known to be fulfilled with the Spirit." As one result, the whole city of 50,000 inhabitants was mapped out and every man heard the gospel from some earnest heart blessed to overflowing.

To all parts of the land word had gone, and here and there similar manifestations occurred. From the old city of Seoul went a delegation asking for Keel; that he should come and speak to them, dear blind Keel! Led through the streets of the capital, he takes command of the meetings. What a thrill of influence accompanied, what deep and lasting results followed, even as conservative a man as Dr. W. D. Reynolds whole-heartedly acknowledges. Mr. Yi Chang-jik, for fifteen years a Bible translator and Christian writer, followed these meetings with the keenest of interest. He had no use for hysteria. "Besides," said he, "Koreans are inclined to make a habit of such extravagances and to think them real." But Yi was brought to his knees in a single meeting, and then went to Keel saying, "Please pray for me." "I watched Keel," said he, "was in the room with him. He seemed to pray all night, pray all night and then speak three or four times a day, led here and there

by the hand, and never seemed to be tired. His words were like a prophet's risen from the dead, none could withstand them." In Seoul also many repented and flocked to the meet-ings. To this day permanent and lasting results go on and on.

Wider than Korea have the influences extended. Sometimes we say, "Would that some colossal force might lift China; would that God might get under China and break her up forever;" with her submerged millions, alive and not alive, human and yet hardly human, sane and yet insane, filled with all of hell and almost none of heaven, dense as armor-plate in the matter of conscience and soul. What can save China? Can poor, humbled Korea count for anything in the lifting of China's millions? In Mukden, Manchuria, they had heard of great revivals in the land of Korea. Two elders would come and see. But they came too late, and the meetings were over. Ping yang was quiet, there were no special gatherings, and the old world had returned. Why had they come so late? What made their mission impossible was the fact that they could not speak Korean, and no one in Ping yang could speak Chinese. But

they had come Chinese-like all out of sense and season. We are told that they called first on some non-christian Chinese merchant and asked if there were any *Yesoo Chow* (Christians) in Ping yang. "Plenty," said the merchant. "Are they good?" "Yes can do," was the reply. "How do you know? You are not a Christian." "Know? My belong merchant I savez. Korean man no good pay. One man very bad catchee much merchandise no pay, never will pay, never can pay. Afterwards same man came all makee pay up. My velly glad. I say, 'Why you pay now? You no pay before.' Korean man say, 'Now I belong Christian, not Christian before, now I pay.' Yesoo Chow velly good."

They met with Keel and others of the leaders and they walked in silence together through the city. They prayed, the Chinese in their unintelligible monosyllables, and the Koreans in their world-forgotten language of antiquity. Back to Mukden they went. Mr. Goforth, too, came at about the same time.

As to the results I will let Prof. J. Macmillan Brown tell from a special article recently written. Prof. Brown is a hard-headed Scotchman, a graduate of Oxford, professor

Praying Together

Prof. Brown
on the
Manchurian
Revival

of English Literature for years, and a non-christian. He says: "The Manchurian revival began in Liaoyang on the return of two elders from Korea, bringing news of the spread of religion in that country. They and Mr. Goforth, a Canadian missionary from Honan who had also just visited Korea, gave an account of the movement to the church at Liaoyang. And at once similar phenomena took place. They came to Mukden and the excitement began there in the same way. It was here that Mr. Webster's personal observation of the movement began. He tells of the crowded church, and the sudden emotional infection that seized it without apparent cause; for the evangelist gave his story in a quiet tone and unimpassioned way. Twice a day the crowd came through the miry streets (and there is nothing to surpass the mire and ruts of Mukden) and the bitterly cold winter air to listen to the story and the appeal. Men and women broke into fervent prayer who had never uttered a prayer in public before. Strong men broke into sobs and threw themselves on their faces and wept. Others made wild confession of the sins of their former life. All vied with each other in

generous gifts to the cause of evangelism, and in restitution to those whom they had wronged. They offered land, houses, a tenth or more of their incomes or salaries. Some offered gifts in kind; like a Chinese, who said he had received a great blessing, and had nothing to offer by way of expressing his gratitude 'except a black calf with a white stripe' which he offered. Then volunteers came forward and went out to the villages all over the province to tell of the strange thing that had occurred, and to stir like enthusiasm.

**Words of
Missionaries**

"One or two extracts from the letters of the missionaries will describe it better than anything second-hand. 'Even outsiders have been drawn into the tempest of confession and prayer, and in some cases great fear has fallen on the neighborhood. One man who had been associated with highway robbers, and had been submitted to torture during six months to extort a confession from him, but in vain, came forward at these meetings and confessed his sins and writhed in agony on the floor for a long time.' Dr. Phillips of Newchwang writes that he had 'a strong temperamental prejudice against revival hysteria in all its forms,' yet he describes

a meeting he attended as something beyond his experience and outside the range of mere hysteria: 'The very air was electric, and above the sobbing in strained choking tones men began to make confession. Words of mine will fail to describe the awe, and terror, and pity of these confessions, mostly of trivial offenses yet leading to bitter remorse; it was the agony of the penitent, his groans and cries, and voice shaken with sobs; it was the sight of men forced to their feet and impelled to lay bare their hearts that moved one.'

**Interest at
Fakumen and
Hailuncheng**

"At Fakumen, seventy miles to the northwest of Mukden, it was the same storm of prayer, confession, and agonized weeping, and boundless generosity. Two men confessed each to murder and looting during the Boxer year. Many fell in a trance on the floor. Such crowds inside and outside the church had never been thought possible before at Fakumen.' 'At Hailuncheng, recently colonized, after a period of indifference the whole audience fell on their faces, loudly crying for mercy.'"

**An
Unprecedented
Movement**

Prof. Brown, in the article previously referred to, goes on to say: "It would be a remarkable movement in any part of the

world; it is unprecedented and striking in China.”

**But One
Explanation**

Thus from the sorrows- of this old land, and through the instrumentality of many praying Christians, there has gone forth this light that is flashing on and on through the palpable darkneses of China. Who but the Spirit of God was back of it? Who but he could so unveil the mysteries of the soul? Who make these sordid, cankered races appreciative of the pure and beautiful?

**No Defense
Needed**

There are no criticisms to offer. Why was it thus and thus? Why such confessions? Why not more order? Where were the Methodist Discipline and the Presbyterian Rules for Worship? These are all vain and useless questions. The whole revival was after the order of persistent prayer; it was according to the needs of the time and place; it was of God, and so let all the earth be silent.

**Keel's
Conclusion**

The writer was far away in America when the revival took place. Keel wrote him a letter on the 25th day of the first Moon, right in the whirl of it, and among other things he said: “If God had not manifested thus his Spirit, the Church of Korea would have been great only in appearance, but Satan would

have ruled, and I fear few would have been saved. No power can tell of the blessing, nor, can I write with pen all that God has done. My prayer is that the Spirit may be poured out on you as he has been manifested here.”

**Ping yang's
Supreme
Wonder**

In all the wonders of the ages, that the ancient walls of Ping yang have enclosed and looked down upon—wonders that have included the splendors of the Tangs, the Hans, the Mings; wonders that are known nowhere but in the tinted and highly-colored East—the strangest, the most inexplicable, the most awe-inspiring wonder has been the turning of these long-lost races back to God.