

# The King's Highway.

And an Highway shall there be, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness.

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. Isaiah 35:8.

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## How The New Testament Came to Korea.

What if, with the assurance of the writers of Bible history, one could point in every-day affairs to the hand of God? One would wish to tell in this assured way the story of the Korean New Testaments which the American Bible Society's Agency in Japan furnished to the missionaries entering Korea in 1885. It is told by Rev. Mr. Loomis, the Bible Society's agent in Japan.

In 1881 Korea was savagely hostile to Christianity. Any Korean presuming to aid in bringing the Bible to Korea or even possessing a Bible at that time would risk his life. At the king's palace in Seoul was a very learned man named Rijutei, a great linguist, an able writer, and a pagan withal who hated Christianity like the rest of the Court Circle, for he was Court Annalist. This man became the translator of the New Testament into Korean. How he came to do it is the story worth telling.

The King of Korea in 1881 happened to send one of his officials, an intimate friend of Rijutei, to Japan to study the new system of agriculture. The man was told to consult some Japanese expert in the science, and it happened that he was referred to a certain Mr. Tsuda, who was an authority on agriculture—and also a Christian.

It happened that on the walls of the room where these two men discussed farming the Korean saw a scroll in Chinese containing the Sermon on the Mount. He was startled by what he read on that scroll, for he had to admit then and there that these sayings of Christ were good, and enlightening to the mind. Mr. Tsuda asked him to take the scroll with him to Korea, but the Korean declined, saying, with pale lips, that if that scroll were found in his possession, his head would be cut off. But it happened that ideas found in the scroll went to Korea treasured in his mind. Near to bursting with the greatness of his discovery, this man had to speak of it to some one. It happened that the one man in all Korea whom he dared to trust in such a plight was his friend Rijutei, the Court Annalist. Rijutei heard his friend's story with an amused smile, asked a question or two, became more serious, listened intently, and finally he sprang up saying that he must find some way of going to Japan to see this wonderful scroll for himself. But he could find no excuse for asking leave to go to Japan. After a time, however, a request came to the king for a learned man to be professor of the Korean language in the Imperial University at Tokyo in Japan, and curiously enough it happened that the king picked out for this duty Rijutei the Court Annalist.

Rijutei made no secret of his pleasure at the appointment. He went to Japan; in due time he sought out Mr. Tsuda; he got a Chinese Bible; he found a helpful teacher in Mr. Tsuda's pastor, and finally he found Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord. It happened that a man of his nature could not be a Christian without being a prayer-meeting Christian and a hymn-writing Christian. So the fame of this remarkable Korean professor reached Mr. Loomis, the Bible Society agent at Yokohama, who wanted just such a man. So it hap-

pened that soon Rijutei was giving all the time that he could spare from the University to translating the New Testament into Korean. The Gospel of Mark was printed in Korean in the year 1884, and in the Report of the Bible Society it is said that "it will now be possible to supply Korea with Scriptures as fast as the work requires.—American Messenger.

## Settling Destiny.

Alfred Cookman, was preaching one night years ago in New York City in a church with two galleries. It was the close of a series of meetings. He had been there weeks, preaching night after night to thousands and thousands of people and many had found the Lord, but his brother, George Cookman, who was a sinner, would not come out to the meeting. At last Alfred went down and visited him in his office and begged him to come that last night, and he promised him he would. Then Alfred Cookman went to the saints, and begged them to pray as they never prayed before, that God would send George to the meeting, and that he might be saved. This night the church was packed to the doors, and as Alfred Cookman stood up to preach, he looked from gallery to gallery, and away over to one side he saw his brother George. He lifted his heart to God in prayer, and said, "Now, Lord, help me. Help me to do my best tonight." He preached such a sermon as he had never preached, and the Holy Ghost honored it and people wept all over that vast assembly. A woman right down in front of him broke down and cried so they could hear her all over the house. When she did that, Alfred said, "I would give my life and everything I have, if my brother George, who is in this house tonight, would weep like that." When he had finished his sermon and gave the altar call, they came from all over the house, but George, away up in the gallery, sat still. By and by he took his overcoat and hat and started down the stairway until he reached the door that led out into the street. Something turned him around, and he started this way and that, and wavered and wavered until he settled the question, then he turned boldly around, went up to the altar, fell on his knees, threw up his hands and prayed to God to save him, and God saved his soul and Alfred Cookman shouted the praises of God for answering his prayers and settling the destiny of George.

But the woman who cried out at that meeting also settled her destiny that night, for some months or years later, Alfred Cookman, while in New York, was called to a certain house. He went, and found a little hovel. On entering, he found a woman dying, and asked her, "Why did you send for me?" She said, "Mr. Cookman, do you remember the time you preached the last sermon of a series of meetings you held in this city, when a woman cried out, and you said you would give your life to hear your brother George cry like that?" He said, "Yes, I remember the circumstance." She said, "Well, I was that woman. That night God broke my heart, and the Holy Spirit wanted me to go to the altar, but I would not go. I wavered and wavered until at last I went out, and God never spoke to my soul again. I am lost

and doomed and going to hell. I am lost, and I know it."

O, the thought came to me when I heard the instance, "It is not only true of that woman and that man, but that very thing is being repeated all over this land! In every meeting, souls are turning towards God and Heaven or are turning the other way and taking steps toward hell."—Sel.

## The Language of the Face.

The face has its own language, and tells its own story. Perhaps every phase of character is faithfully delineated thereon, if we could read all the finely-written lines. A great writer said that he was not able to accept Christianity until one day a person crossed his pathway in whose face he saw its glorious light. The face should be a bulletin-board for God. One need not be beautiful nor learned to preach the gospel with the face. Light will shine as brilliantly from a cabin window as from a palace; it all depends on the light within. If God lives in the heart, the countenance will be so affected thereby that people as of old may "take knowledge" of us that we have "been with Jesus."

What a vast amount of preaching is done by the face! Every mood of the soul is portrayed there. What a variety of impressions we get, and what varied lines of thought are started within us, as we look at the faces of the passing multitude! But, alas, how few stop to think of "the power, either for weal or woe, contained in the face! If we could for one day gather up the effects produced by what others see in our faces we would be greatly surprised. There is the sad face, the cheerful face, the restful face, the spiritual face—in fact, these classifications are endless.

If we are to shine for God, we must have the shine inside, or it cannot come out. Hence the culture of the heart and the enlargement of the character is the only way to have a winsome face. Glory within will stamp itself upon the countenance without. If the soul be pure and clean, strong and noble, it will be revealed in the face. Just as the sun pours its flood of glory upon the earth banishing the darkness and mirroring itself in a thousand different ways—so the Sun of Righteousness enthroned without illuminates the countenance, and reflects and enriches the expression in an unmistakable way.

The world has a keen discernment of character, and the gospel in the face is a mighty power in the declaration of the unspeakable riches of Christ. Each of us, like the King's daughters, should be "beautiful without" and radiant without. The sight culture of the spirit will control the facial expression. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and we might add so looks he. When we think of the prominence of the face, and that it is constantly preaching, how important that it be a face with God within.

## Being Agreeable

Not very long ago a mother was speaking of her four children, darling youngsters, the oldest not quite twelve. "They may never be presidents and queens of society," she said; "They may never be brilliant in any way, but there's one thing I'm determined, they shall be agreeable. I'm going to teach them, I am trying to teach them every day, that to say or do a disagreeable, ill-natured thing is a positive crime. And, if I hear of anyone of them doing anything malicious and spiteful, he gets punished for it as if he'd told a falsehood."—Christian work and Evangelist.

## Dont's For Parents

Don't break promises made to your child. You must keep your word if you wish to keep your child's confidence.

Don't make it necessary for your children to go away from home in order to have a good time. Some children feel most at home when away from home. Don't be the fathers and mothers of such children.

Don't punish a child without letting him know why he is punished. It is unjust, and the child knows it. First show him where he has done wrong and how he can get right and discipline him as you think best.

Don't scold. What good does it do? Listen to your scolding neighbour. She is your looking glass. Take a good look at yourself, and then, ever after, be pleasant and sweet, though firm, with your children.

Don't quarrel; at least not in the presence of your children. If you must say mean and spiteful things to each other, go into a room by yourselves, and have it out where no one but God and your own ears can hear, but don't be the ones to teach your children the contemptible art of wrangling.

Don't punish your children for not behaving themselves when away from home. Punish yourself if anybody; you are the one to blame. Had you taught your children to conduct themselves properly when at home, you would have no trouble with them while abroad.

Don't act as if you were afraid your children would discover that you loved them. If you do love them, let them know it; caress them; play with them; sympathize with them. Children need love just as much as flowers need sunshine, and it is your duty to see that they get it.

Don't tell, or allow to be told, to your children horrible hobgoblin stories. Fill the child's mind with beautiful thoughts; thoughts that in after years will blossom into noble deeds.

Don't crowd into his head a host of hideous monsters, that will always be thrusting their frightful faces from out of every dark corner, unless you wish to grow a crop of cowards.

Don't make your children mind by threatening impossible punishments. They will soon discover that you never do "knock their heads off," that the "bogey-man" never does catch them, that "I'll skin you alive" don't mean anything; in fact, they will soon find that you have been lying to them right along; and this knowledge will not tend to make them more dutiful and lovable.

Finally don't shirk your parental duties. Don't let your children bring themselves up. Don't let anybody else bring them up. Bring them up yourselves. Pour into their lives all that is best in your own. Give them the right start. Plant love deep in their hearts; instill beautiful thoughts in their minds and leave the rest with God. Unidentified Exchange.

Be afraid when thou art known and praised; but on the contrary rejoice when thou art forgotten and despised; for by this road to much danger and distraction is blocked up and thou gainest so much more time and opportunity to abide in thyself and to walk with God alone.—Ters-teegen.

## Writing For Publication.

Be merciful. It is not often that we cry "Kings ex.," but we have just read and mended one manuscript of more than twenty pages. It required more than an hour of time. It contained more than 120 errors by actual count. It contained over two thousand alleged words and every essential thing in the manuscript could have been stated in 200 words. Fifty saints who do not need the contents will read the long article for conscience sake, while 6,000 who should know the contents of the article will not read it for want of time and for want of an appetite of sufficient aggressiveness to undertake it. The question of finding room for a long article is also serious. Now, supposing this were a "correspondence school" and the editor of this paper were giving gratuitous advice, we should venture one or two suggestions. If anything is worth publishing it is worth while to write it out in full, spelling the words correctly. A dictionary should be consulted where there is room for doubt. Some of our correspondents get "brain fag" in the middle of a word. The man who invented abbreviations was and is an enemy of the race. The common habit of writing "com," for committee, "Conf." for Conference, "M. E. S. S.," for Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, is black degeneracy and incipient laziness. It is a miserable besetment and the writer who indulges in that sort of slovenliness makes the painful exposure of mental weakness. There must be some sort of a microbe at work on the brain of such a writer. We write feelingly on this subject because compositors are hirelings and have no notion of mending defective manuscripts. The editor reads the manuscripts, the galley proof, the corrected galley, the stone proof, the press proof, and then finds that the article has errors he naturally has a "fit." He sets out with a "big stick." The foreman, the compositor, the pressman and the crowd get to cover as quickly as possible. The editor is told to allay his wrath, for though he has corrected the "proof" seven times seven the compositor finds that he has exactly followed copy.

If "John struck James," just say so and stop. Do not tell us that John's great grandparents owned a farm in Posey county and his neighbours on one side were Jones and on the other side Smiths, and that Jones came over in the Mayflower and Smiths were the alleged descendants of John Smith of Pocahontas fame. We are all inclined to ravel out. Raveling is a rudimentary reaction and must be stoutly resisted. Speak up, speak out, express yourself, and quit.—California Christian Advocate.

A preacher who is afraid to lift up his voice like a trumpet against sin because of his reputation, life, credit or salary is a coward. He is afraid of his enemies, pitie himself, has no love for the sheep, is a hireling and should be relieved of his responsible position.—Sel.

"The most remarkable spectacle of the present time," observes the Kansas City Journal, "is the rapid stride of prohibition. Apparently the American people have at last roused to the conviction that the liquor traffic is an evil which should be and can be suppressed.