

The King's Highway.

And an highway shall be there, 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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ITINERATING EXPERIENCES IN KOREA.

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An itinerating trip in Korea! How much it means to the initiated, how little to others! How much enters into that trip of joy and sorrow, of comfort and discomfort—particularly the latter. The first thing in preparation for the trip is sending word of our intended visit so that the people will be ready to begin study on our arrival. We must take our own food, and a folding canvas cot with bedding; we must have a horseman who will furnish some sort of an animal of the horse species to carry our load; chair coolies must be bargained for, and many other details must be arranged. We need also to spend a long time in prayer, asking especially for patience, since we sometimes think that Korean horsemen and coolies require even more patience than Job needed to endure his boils and his friends. We may make the bargain with some meek-looking "son of the Orient" to furnish the horse and go with us at an early hour the next morning. Nine o'clock comes and he still is an absent quantity. In his own good time he will come meandering in, only to inform us that prices have risen during the night and he can not possibly go without a raise in wages. Then the specimen of horse-flesh which meets your gaze! You wonder what would be the sensation if a good American horse were introduced to the Korean breed. The animal usually brought to your door is small and lame, with a back covered with sores and an altogether heathenish look in his eyes. But while you survey the beast you inform the keeper that as he had bargained to go for the price named yesterday you will give him no more; then begins a search for another horseman only to find that they all stand together—they have struck for higher pay. In a state bordering on exasperation you decide at last that even if you do have to pay the price demanded you will not have the first man who made all the trouble, but you will take another, and so you start off only to find at the first stop that the horseman has disappeared and the instigator of all the trouble is standing meekly at the head of your beast of burden. If you are wise you will merely smile and go on.

Early one autumn the writer, with a native Bible-woman as companion, took the advice of a gentleman of the mission, and started on a trip, with a donkey to carry the load instead of a horse. We were assured of the good qualities of this particular donkey—his faithfulness, sagacity and strength, which had been proven by the gentleman himself before lending him to me. We left home early one morning, expecting to reach a large town about thirty-three miles distant, in the evening. I was very much pleased with the patient, pathetic look of my donkey's eyes as we started off, and during the morning's march he fulfilled the elder's description to perfection. But in the afternoon his mood changed. He was most reluctant to leave the stall of the inn and required much persuasion to induce him to pursue the journey. As we passed him in the afternoon I noticed a revengeful look in those large eyes, but we heeded it not. When night came on it found us at the foot of a high mountain with no house in sight except one filled with gamblers and

drunkards, and which it was impossible for us to enter. Our town lay on the other side of the mountain, but we thought it not wise to cross until the arrival of the donkey with our loads. So the coolies set us down in the middle of the road and there for two hours we waited for that beast. Then as no sign of him appeared, the chair coolies started out on the search. Going back a distance of three miles the found the donkey calmly lying down in the middle of the road and neither moral suasion nor the use of the club could induce him to rise until his load was transferred from his own back to that of the coolies. By the time this procession reached me the coolies decided it was too late to cross the mountain, as tigers were known to be about. Where was I to stay? In the gambler's den they would not have me, and for a while it looked as if my chair at the mountain's base would be my only resting place. But at last away in the distance the coolies saw a little light twinkling and hastily catching up my chair they started on a dog-trot across country. We found a little Korean hut, dirty, low, far from comfortable in any of its appointments; we were, however, glad of a shelter of any kind to keep out the cold night air, so that Susan (my Bible-woman) and I prepared to rest. The old man and woman, keepers of the hut, were much addicted to the use of tobacco, and about every half hour during the night they would rise and take a smoke. As it was cold they considered my request for ventilation extremely unreasonable, and I was obliged to withdraw it. A more uncomfortable night could not well be imagined, for not only was there the vile air to contend against, but "small game" of many varieties were there in goodly numbers.

About midnight there came a knock at the door and a voice demanded money at once. With a trembling voice Susan told me that was the way of robbers and, if not given, he would attack us, but the old people gave him according to his demands, while Susan proceeded to lecture him on the exceeding sinfulness of his ways.

It was with gladness that we hailed the sunrise the next morning, for it offered the possibility of leaving this den. Our donkey had his meekest look on as we started out, but before we had traveled half way up the mountain side I heard a forcible ejaculation from the horseman, and looked around to see my baskets and boxes rolling down the mountain side. The donkey had decided the load too heavy and so had shaken it off—bread, butter, cans of milk, and all our other belongings were scattered in all directions. Verily we felt that horses, or donkeys, were poor things to trust. Picking up what we could we again proceeded on our way, but soon found that the donkey was so violently lame it seemed impossible for him to walk. There was nothing to do but for the coolies to unload the beast and themselves carry the pack over the mountain. The lameness continued until the mountain was passed; then it suddenly disappeared and he trotted cheerfully away. Korean vituperations, loud and deep, were hurled at that donkey by the exasperated coolies, but he only shook his long ears and in high glee trotted off to the near-by village where he knew beans in plenty and a long rest awaited him.

The Christians having received word of our coming, were watching, and no sooner had they seen our party descending the mountain than a delegation came out to meet us. The night before, the trip had seemed hard, but with the joy of this simple-hearted people over the fact that the "Jesus teaching lady" had come to them, I felt repaid and "the toils of the way" seemed nothing compared to the great gladness that filled my soul that morning at the privilege of telling the Story to the hungry people about me. As I looked in the faces of the little girls gathered in our day school—gathered from homes where so short a time before it would not have been even dreamed of that a girl should be taught anything—looked into their bright, eager little faces and saw them unstrap their Bibles and hymn-books anxious for the coming lesson, I received an instalment of the "hundred-fold" promised in this life.

This township of Ham Chang is one of the strongest centers of our work in the West District of North Korea. Again and again has the church been enlarged to meet the needs of the rapidly growing congregation. A flourishing boys' school and an equally growing girls' school have been established, and ever there is eagerness for study that delights us as we meet with them.

After a few days spent here we passed on to another village, where the same eagerness for the message is seen again. One old woman—over seventy—had traveled over a high mountain just for the sake of listening "once more before I die to the Jesus words." On every hand comes the plea, "Come to our village and teach us how to do the Jesus doctrine; we want to become Jesus' men and women; come teach us how."

Never shall I forget the first country trip, made the spring after the outbreak of the Russian-Japanese War. For several months, by order of the United States Legation, we had not been permitted to travel in the country and could only comfort our people by written messages. But early in May active work was begun again in the country, and in company with Mr. and Mrs. Morris I again visited our people. Never shall I forget the joy of the people as they met us again after the months of trouble and anxiety—how they flocked about us, clasping our hands while tears rolled down their faces. "We never expected to see you again," was repeated over and over again. One Sunday during this trip Mr. Morris held Communion service in Sam Wha, a large magistracy, where there is one of our largest churches. Very early in the morning the people began to gather and we soon saw that the church was not large enough to hold the crowd, so we had mats spread on the ground in the churchyard. There the men and old women sat, while the young women and girls sat in the church, where, safely screened from view, they could hear but not be seen by the men. It was a blessed service and one long to be remembered by those who partook of it.

To-day as we look out upon the political conditions in Korea we see sorrow, oppression, and injustice on every hand; but turning from that side of the question and looking upon the readiness of his people to "hear and do the Jesus doctrine," their great eagerness not only for the Gospel, but

for all that the Gospel stands for—of enlightenment, education, and the uplifting along all lines—we thank God and take courage, praying ever that the Lord God of Hosts will so touch the hearts of His children in the homeland that they will respond in fuller measure to the cry of these hungry millions for the Bread of Life.—Missionary Review of the World.

CHRISTIAN WITNESSES.

It was an amusing distortion of a good hymn, but there was not a little sound philosophy in it when the old negro preacher sang:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble saints."

And yet this is precisely what the great majority of unconverted men are doing all the time. They will not go to the Bible and give heed to what God himself says. They have no ear for his voice of mercy that offers them salvation for the taking. They do not pay any attention to the solemn warnings that the scriptures utter. They judge the Lord by "feeble saints." They attempt to feed their starving souls on the imperfections of Christians—poor food they find it. Because God's people are not all that they ought to be, therefore these cavilers will keep aloof from the religion which they profess. Because God's believing followers are not perfect—they do not claim to be—therefore, say these unbelievers, there is no power in religion. Christians cannot claim exemption from criticism. They do not expect it. They know that the eyes of the world are upon them. But they say to believers, "If you would know the truth, go to the word; go to him who is the truth: judge not the Lord by feeble saints.—Sel.

PREVAILING PRAYER.

There is a certain preacher, or evangelist, who had wonderful power with God. In nearly every service souls are saved or sanctified. You never heard him say that, "no one got through."

We knew that he had tarried until he received the Holy Ghost, and that he was a man that prevailed with God; but only recently it came to us that, while in a certain city attending a convention, a friend knocked on his door, but hearing him praying, opened it, and slipped quietly in, and found the man on his face on the floor, and for three hours, the visitor said that man talked to God as if he talked face to face, and the burden for souls that rested on his heart seemed as if it would crush the very life out of him.

O, it means something for men and women to hold on to God until they have prevailed with him! He had no time to talk, no time to visit. He valued the friendship of his friend, but he valued those hours with God more, and that man came away from that room saying: Brother—prayed as I never heard man pray on earth. He just talked to God, "Oh beloved, that is the secret of his revival success! He never goes on the platform until God assures him of the victory. There is not one preacher whom God will not honor with souls, if he will tarry until he hears from heaven, until he receives the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire, and then keeps on his face before Him.—Sel.

True greatness is never won at the expense of others.

NO INHERITANCE MIDWAY.

The Lord has not provided for any tarrying-place for the soul until it reaches the state of purity, or Perfect love. The Children of Israel were not promised any inheritance in the wilderness; They must go on to Canaan. This fact is not only plainly taught in the Word of God, but is a law written in the heart of every renewed man or woman. Justification does not satisfy; sanctification does. Justification in itself does not measure up to its own ideals, because of the hindrance of carnality yet in the heart; but sanctification removes the hindrance that binds the soul, which then spreads its wings and is enabled to mount up and meet God's requirements. It was not God's plan that the Children of Israel wander for forty years in the wilderness. He had proposed a rapid transit into Canaan. And so may a soul go quickly on from justification to sanctification without knowing much of the wilderness life. Brothers, are you in Canaan? If not, cross over—quick. R. P.,—Nazarene Messenger.

AN INTERCESSOR.

One of the greatest offices of the Holy Spirit is His intercession in the heart of the disciple. He teaches us to pray, though often only with groanings which can not be uttered.

Rev. Dr. Nash, after enduement from on high, was one of the few mighty intercessors of his day. He who before had been the dullest of preachers had almost resistless power in the pulpit, and the hearts of men were swayed by his prayers and preaching as trees before a wind. He was found dead on his knees.

He was wont to pray with a map of the world before him on which missionary stations were marked, and for a day or more he would make each a special object of prayer. After death, in his journal such records were found as this: "I think I have had this day a spirit of prayer for mission," etc., and so on from date to date. On comparing these entries with the records of the A. B. C. F. M., it was found that revivals had sprung up in every mission prayed for, and in the identical order of the entries, and at the very date recorded.—Sel.

THE JOYFUL CHRISTIAN.

You need not come around to me and say that you bring tidings of great joy and look as if you just came from a funeral. I want the full joyful Christian. That was the kind of Christian Dwight L. Moody was. How shall we attain it? By obedience to God's will. I know not if I shall ever speak to you again on earth but let me say to you that what you want is not the ordinary pleasures and happiness of life, but the joy that Jesus alone can give. That is the elixir of life.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Hanson.

A GIRL WORTH KNOWING.

"Nettie Allen has a good word for everyone," we heard a young girl say of another. Then Nettie Allen must be a pleasant girl to know, we think. Who wants for a friend a girl who says sharp and critical things about everyone? Not you or I, if we are sensible, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and one who treasures ungenerous, unkind things in her heart cannot make a good friend. But the one to whom it seems easiest to say kind things is well worth becoming acquainted with.—Sel.