

agency. *Venezuela*, with a population of over 2,000,000, has but one Protestant missionary.  *Ecuador*, a land of chronic revolution, about the size of England and Scotland combined, has no Protestant missionary at all, and may be regarded as wholly unevangelized. *Colombia*, with an area of 504,773 square miles and a population of 4,000,000, has three missionary stations of the *American Presbyterian Church*. *Peru*, with an area equal to the whole of the United Kingdom, France, and the Spanish Peninsula, is all but unoccupied. Gospel testimony, however, is borne by Dr. Thomas B. Wood, Protestant pastor, and there are little Protestant churches at Lima and Callao set as lights amid the surrounding darkness; in addition, "innocent native agents of the American Bible Society are helping to spread the Scriptures." *Brazil*, which numbers 14,000,000, is unevangelized to the extent of nine tenths of its population. It is the sphere, however, of earnest evangelistic labor; and, despite the throes of revolution, the Gospel prospects of this great country never were so bright as now. *Bolivia*, considerably larger in area than Tibet, ranks with Ecuador as a field totally unoccupied. No Protestant missionary has ever made it the field of Gospel endeavor, but one or two passing visits have been paid by the colporteurs of the American Bible Society. *Chile* has two American missions, representing some twenty or thirty workers, but such an open door and, physically considered, *protected* need might well woo many an additional score. Similar observations apply to the *Argentine and Patagonia*, now reckoned one republic, also to *Paraguay and Uruguay*. In them all there are laborers thrust forth, but few in comparison with the population to be reached and the vast area to be occupied. Throughout the South American republics Popery is everywhere a waning quantity; its palmy days are over, its spell is broken. Liberalism is rising, and the peoples prefer the spiced cup of democratic aspiration to Rome's chalice; but the true Christian knows well that neither flows from the *real Vine*, and that whatever may be the temporary value of liberalism as a *means*, it is absolutely valueless as an *end*; hence the need of wise discernment of the times. The South American republics are fields whiting to harvest, for the Nile of opportunity is daily rising, and the Gospel sower has abundant promise of bread. But the time is short. As with giving, so with action, *Bis dat qui cito dat* ("What needs doing should be done now"). The hope of a millennium, by the confederated action of unruined men and nations, is a worse delusion than Popery at its worst estate. Liberalism, unallasted by grace, will ere long eventuate in lawlessness; and out of the seething mass of un sanctified impulse will emerge the *lawless one*. Now is the pregnant pause, now Satan is about to stake his trump card, now there is but a brief hour for service ere the Master appear. Oh, for the true union in the essentials of the faith and the oneness of the Spirit, and for the cry from the one Church as from the heart of one man, in view of the vast Gospel desolation that still remains, "Here am I, Lord, send me!"

## PRACTICAL CONFUCIANISM AND PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY IN KOREA.

BY REV. SAMUEL A. MORESETT, PYENGI YANG.

On a recent trip to this, the second city of Korea, I rested on the Lord's day in a small village, where I witnessed what gave me an insight into the utter heartlessness of heathenism. Soon after breakfast my boy came in saying that there was a poor fellow dying out on the roadside. Going out, I found a man somewhat past sixty years of age lying on a rough litter. He was covered with frost, having lain there all night, and was very weak, though able to talk. Upon inquiry I learned that he had been taken sick on the road five days before, and that, according to the custom which now prevails, he had been placed upon this litter by the men of the nearest village, and by them carried to the next village, where he was dropped at the side of the road. The people of this village, in turn fearing lest he should die on their hands and his spirit remain to haunt them and work them mischief, hurried him on. Thus the poor man had been carried from village to village, left to lie all night in the rain or frost without covering, without food, or medicine, or any attention beyond that of being roughly carried on and dropped again. For five days he had been so treated, and his strength was almost gone. I suggested that some one give him food; but no, not one was so minded; so buying a table of food I fed him with some rice-water. After eating a little the old man looked up gratefully, saying, "Now I shall live," and then he pleaded to be taken care of for two or three days, until he should have strength to go on. I urged the people to give me a room where he might be made comfortable, promising to pay for his food and fuel. They flatly refused, and were preparing to carry him on. Turning from them I spoke to him of Christ, of forgiveness of sin, and relief from pain. He seemed to understand, and brightened up a little. After praying with him I turned again to the people and said some pretty plain things about their murdering the man. This seemed to arouse their consciences a little, and the spokesman of the village began to talk of finding a room. Asking me about his food, he named an exorbitant sum as necessary in order to keep him a few days. I agreed to furnish the amount, and told them to prepare the room while I went to get the money.

Entering my room at the inn several followed, saying that it was very kind in me to thus care for the man, but that the people did not want to take him in. Again I urged and offered more money, but while talking others came in to say that they had already carried the man off. They had gone but a few miles when the poor fellow died, and there they buried him.

Talking to those people, I felt like a prophet of old as I told them of

a judgment to come, and called upon them to repent ere they were called before God to answer for the deed of that day. However, pity rather than indignation fills my mind as I think of this poor, degraded people, even their sense of humanity blunted under the system of misgovernment and oppression and the teachings of those who are professed Confucianists.

Not long after this I passed along the main street of this city of Pyeong Yang and witnessed another incident revealing the degradation of this people. Before me were a lot of boys tugging away at ropes attached to a straw mat, in which was the body of a man who had just died on the street. The boys were shouting and laughing and making gay sport as they dragged this corpse along. This took place on the main street of the capital of the province, the boys being the errand boys of the merchants, who sat among their wares laughing at the frolic the boys were having.

Upon returning to my rooms I spoke of what I had seen, and was told by my boy that the night before he had seen an old man lying in front of one of the main public buildings on this street. The old man had just been thrust out of an inn and left to die on the streets on that bitterly cold night. It may have been this body that I saw thus dragged through the streets, but I am told that such cases are not so infrequent but that there may have been two in one day.

Is this practical Confucianism which professes to pay the greatest respect to the aged and to the dead? This is not an exceptional case, such as might occur in the slums of a large city, but it took place in the sight of all on the main street in the city, where dwells the governor, who in his zeal for Confucianism has recently established anew a Confucian school.

Christianity has not as yet very many adherents in Korea, but already these few show a greatly different spirit from the above. Last January, in this probably the most wicked city in Korea, it was my privilege to baptize eight men, giving us a church of ten members. They had been instructed in the Gospel for several months, had endured abuse and insult with courage and with a truly Christ-like spirit, and they soon showed that they had been imbued with the practical spirit of Christianity. Before they had been in the church a month they came to me with the proposition that the first use of the little money they had contributed should be for the care of a little orphan child dying of starvation. I gladly accepted the proposition, eager to encourage them in their Christ-like spirit. Thus practical Christianity is manifesting itself in Korea. Theoretical Confucianism contrasted with Christianity in a Parliament of Religions at Chicago is one thing; practical Confucianism illustrated in Korea is quite another.

## MISSIONARY WORK IN NORTHERN BULGARIA.

BY REV. L. W. GUILD.

The Bulgar is intensely patriotic. His five hundred years of Turkish rule have only strengthened his love of liberty. When King Milan of Servia led his army into Bulgaria and Prince Alexander hastily recruited an army and marched against him, the peasants in multitudes loaded grain and provisions on their wagons and started after the army. Peasants met by a gentleman were asked, "Who buys your grain?" "No one." "Where are you taking it?" "To the army." "What do you get for it?" "I get freedom."

This intense patriotism is an obstacle to us. He knows that the priests are revellers, licentious, idle; but he knows that through the long night of Turkish oppression "the church" was the means of preserving the Bulgarian people separate, and the Bulgar does not propose to lightly forsake his ancestral religion, and looks with suspicion on a form of religion which is introduced by foreigners and supported by foreign gold, though he is not insensible to the superior morality of Protestantism over the "orthodox" faith.

The Turk's status is peculiar. He is no longer the proud lord, but the hated and tolerated hewer of wood and drawer of water. The government seeks to conciliate the Turks and retain them, fearing that their withdrawal would cripple the productive factors of the nation to the injury of all. The old narrow Turkish streets in the cities are being widened under supervision of the government. In one city the authorities drew their plans with a view to destroying as many mosques as possible. The government, noticing that many would be destroyed, instructed the mayor that new plans must be made, sparing as many as possible. Toward the Protestant the Turk is quite friendly. He says: "It is against your religion to worship images and to drink wine; in that much we are alike." Not infrequently they are found in our assemblies, interested listeners.

While the policy of Bulgaria seems tyrannical in many things to an American, it is remarkably enlightened when viewed considering the five hundred years of bondage. Compulsory education prevails, and the expenditure for public schools is enormous. From these schools the Bible has been banished by request of the "synod," which does not seem to realize that the educated Bulgarian, despising the superstition of the "orthodox" church, is fast becoming an infidel. Modern scepticism is quite popular among the *élite*, while socialism with a free-love tinge is making its appearance. It is doubtful if the latter will make much headway, not at least till the former has prepared its way, for the Bulgarian people are remarkably virtuous.

The Roman Catholics are also here with a strongly organized and energetic mission, hated by the "orthodox," but possibly secretly patron-