

day." Now I know that in the latter days He will again stand upon the earth, and that He will come in glory, in majesty and power, to take vengeance upon the wicked and ungodly, and to receive the church of the firstborn to Himself. I know this, and I feel to thank my Heavenly Father that He has revealed these principles unto me. I rejoice in them and am exceedingly glad in my heart all the time. I feel to magnify and honor Him not only in word, but in deed, with the first fruits of all my increase. If I raise grain, I will honor Him with the first fruits of my grain; if I raise cattle, with the first fruits of my flocks and herds; if I earn gold and silver, with the first fruits of my earnings. The wisdom of man is folly in the sight of God, and will not avail us. It is only devotion to the Almighty and submission to His laws that will avail. God bless and help us to be faithful to the end is my prayer. Amen.

Written for this Paper.
COREAN BUDDHISM.

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I SPENT A night last spring in the biggest Buddhist monastery of Corea. It was founded eleven hundred years ago, and Corea had Buddhism while Japan was still worshipping the sun

goddess of Shintoism. The fact is that Japanese Buddhism came from Corea. This was about five hundred years before Christ, when one of the Corean kings gave a golden Buddha to the mikado. He popularized the religion, and Japan was soon filled with Buddhists, monks and nuns. The religion became popular, and today Japan is one of the great Buddhist countries of the world. Corea, on the other hand, has sunk into barbarism. It is the land of idols and superstitions. The Buddhist religion, which was so strong in the past, has fallen into disgrace, and until lately the priests were not allowed to come into the city of Seoul. There are no Buddhist temples in Seoul, and there are not a great many over the country. The chief center of religion is in the eastern part of the peninsula, and the monastery which I visited is one of the richest and largest in the world. It had hundreds of acres of forests connected with it. It owned vast estates, and it had buildings or temples which made me think of those of Japan. It was made the imperial monastery about one hundred years before the discovery of America. The founder of the present Corean dynasty was born near it, and was taught by one of its priests. The result was that when he became king, about five hundred years ago, he favored this monastery. He gave it imperial rank, and its priests have been getting fat off of presents ever since. This man planted some trees along the road which leads to the temple, and I rode

through these on my way to the monastery. They are immense pines, almost two hundred feet in height, and opposite them stand stone tablets commemorating this great monarch. There is an old prophecy in Corea which states that the present dynasty will be destroyed in the five-hundredth year of its age. It was just five hundred years ago that this king lived, and the Corean rebels who have tried to break in the government this year believe that they are carrying out this prophecy, and that the present king will be the last of his line.

HUNDREDS OF PRIESTS.

I found the country surrounding the monastery filled with priests. They line the roads. They are at work in the fields. You see them loafing in the woods, and they fairly swarm about the temples. They wear yellow gowns, and their hats are much like inverted butter bowls. They come down over their heads so that you see only their noses and their chins, and they all walk with long staves. They do not get much attention from the people, and they are not respected as they are in other Buddhist countries. Those I met were densely ignorant, and it seemed to me they knew very little about their religion. They are very superstitious, and I saw signs of this everywhere. At the entrance to the monastery there was a big gate, and on each side of this stood a row of totem sticks, carved with hideous faces, like those which you find outside of each Corean village. These are supposed to be guard against evil spirits, and they aid Buddha in protecting his own. We passed through them and went for several miles along a well-kept road through a beautiful pine forest, the grass of which was studded with flowers. Along one side of the road a mountain torrent rushed over a ragged rock, singing the praises of Buddha as it pushed its way toward the Pacific ocean. On the other side hills rose almost like mountains, and the ride was one of the most picturesque that I found in Corea. The forests belonging to the establishment are beautifully kept, and some parts of the grounds make you think of an English park, rather than one of the wildest sections of one of the most backward countries on the globe. There were rustic bridges in temple-like resting places here and there on the way. Now and then we passed a cemetery filled with tablets in memory of the holiest monks of the past, and all of our surroundings were filled with the beauties of nature.

SLEEPING WITH THE MONKS.

Some of the gorgeous priests in their butter-bowl hats met my party at the gate, and "General" Pak, my interpreter, sent our servant along in advance with my letter of introduction from the King of Corea, with orders to the chief priest to prepare a proper entertainment for me. When we arrived at the temple, however, Pak found they were going to put us in a small room. This did not suit him at all, and he led me through court after court until we came to the biggest temple of all. He stalked with stately tread right into this and spoke in grandiloquent tones to the crowd of priests lying about. He scattered them this way and that, and we soon had a hundred monks flying about trying to fix up the place for my reception. The room was one hundred feet

square, and among those in it at the time we came were fifty priests who were eating their supper. "General" Pak moved them all to one side, and then pointed to a place near the wall. He told me that it was there that I was to spend the night. My resting place was right under a big golden statue of Buddha, in front of which bowls of incense were burning. The room was twenty feet in height, and great lanterns hung from the ceiling. There were drums and gongs here and there for the waking up of the gods before praying to them, and there were mats scattered about, upon which the priests slept later on.

A TALK WITH THE CHIEF PRIEST.

While we were getting dinner the chief priest, the highest Buddhist in Corea, came down to see me. He was a man about fifty, with a head as bald as a billiard ball and a complexion like that of a well-beaten drum head. He was withered and wrinkled, but his little black eyes twinkled out of their buttonhole slits, and he was affable and pleasant. He squatted on his heels on the floor for a time, and then, upon my asking him to take dinner with me, he sat down cross-legged and we discussed matters while our aged rooster was cooking. I had a good variety of wines with me, and I offered the chief priest a glass of champagne. At first he refused, but upon "General" Pak telling him it was not like Corean liquor, he gulped down great swallows, rubbing his stomach the while, as the sparkling liquid sent a warm glow through his veins. The truth is he finished the bottle right there, and "General" Pak made him a present of it. There is no glass in Corea, and the chief priest considered this a magnificent gift. He bumped his head on the mats before me in response to it, and after this there was nothing in the whole establishment which he did not offer to us. I asked him some questions about his religion. He told me that Buddhism came into Corea from China, and that about 300 years after Christ the first Buddhist monks came from that country. I spoke to him about the revival of his religion in Japan and of the movement which is there on foot to send Buddhist missionaries to Corea, in order to bring back the country to its old faith, but he did not seem to have much interest in the matter, and he was more intent upon watching the getting of the dinner than in talking of Buddha. He ate with wooden chopsticks, and he seemed to like my rice and chicken soup very much. As soon as we were through, as politely as possible I signified to him that I would like to lie down and be at rest. I had been riding since six o'clock in the morning on a razor-backed pony over a very rough road, and I was almost tired out. The Coreans do not use beds. Night clothes are practically unknown, and the most of the people sleep on the bare floors, which are as hard as stone. "General" Pak had, however, a lot of old rice bags brought into the temple and spread out on the floor. I supposed they would clean out the hundred-odd monks who were in the temple and give me a chance to sleep alone, and I waited some time for them to move. They gave no signs of doing so, and at last in despair I asked "General" Pak for a screen. He brought half a dozen, and with these we made a little fence about my rice bags, and undressing, I wrap-