

# THE MORNING CALM

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## The Bishop's Letters.

SEOUL: *November* 1894

DEAR FRIENDS,

In the middle of September H.M.S. *Crescent* left England with a relief crew for H.M.S. *Orlando*, the Flagship of the Australian Station.

She had got no further than Colombo when by telegram she was suddenly diverted to the China Station, and to her surprise and ours found herself at anchor off Chemulpó at the beginning of this month. I had several very dear friends on board who, since they had come so far out of their way to see me, deserved that I should at least go down to Chemulpó to see them. The Admiral came to Seoul to pay a visit to Mr. Hillier, and having seen him and again shown him the various details of our work, in which he takes such a kindly interest, I walked down to Chemulpó, spent two nights on board the *Alacrity*, and almost a whole day in the *Crescent*. It was very delightful to me--far more so than to them I fear, for they were not regarding with pleasure the thoughts of a possible winter in Chinese waters, when they had been expecting to be in Sydney. They and the *Alacritys* were very kind to me, and loaded me with presents and sympathy.

The following week our book-binding operations began in Chemulpó. A young Corean who has been some time under Dr. Baldock's charge with a bad foot was sent down to Chemulpó to see what he could do towards learning from Dr. Landis how to bind books--an art which the doctor has himself picked up during his spare moments in Corea. He was too busy, however, to devote much of his time to the lad. Accordingly I sent Mr. Davies back to Seoul with instructions to send Mr. Hodge to Chemulpó to take from the doctor his directions, and then to land them on to the Corean. The departure of Mr. Davies for Seoul made it advisable for me to remain in Chemulpó for the two Sundays in the middle of the month. I had therefore ample opportunity of seeing how the bookbinding went on. It was a great success. They bound three books during the week they were in Chemulpó, and, the doctor having passed them, we

all returned to Seoul. Mr. Davies went back to Chelmulpó with his teacher for a month, and will probably stay there over Christmas.

In Seoul I am thankful to say that we are all well. But with others death and sickness have been busy. A member of the German Consulate, an American missionary, and the child of another American missionary all died within a fortnight.

Last Saturday I was asked to bury a sailor of the Russian Guard. Five of our own Marines have been down with fever, and two of them are still in a very critical condition. And there are others who are sick with this fever, which seems to be of a malarial order, becoming in some cases typhoid. And now what should we do without our Sisters? We have turned one of our large wards in St. Matthew's into a hospital for the Marines, who thus come under the supervision of Sister Rosalie and Lay Sister Lois. Sister Alma is attending another Marine at the Consulate, too ill to be moved down here, while Sister Margaretta and Nurse Webster are on day and night duty at Miss Cooke's hospital, which is full. Meanwhile the Sisters—or some of them—find time of an afternoon to go through some of the Corean Litanies with me, which Mr. Hodge is printing for us as fast as he can. Mr. Warner came up to Seoul from a Saturday to Monday from Kang Hoa in order to have a Sunday with us. He is well and busy with his people at Kapkotchi. Before he left I was able to give him some copies of a Litany which I have drawn up from Lumen for his use when instructing the heathen. My idea is to turn each section of Lumen into prayer form, so that after any portion has been read it may be used devotionally, and thus the people may be taught to pray in the very words of Scripture,

Dr. Landis is of the greatest assistance to me in the construction of these Litanies which I am compiling. Perhaps I will one day send you a copy of the English, that you may see just what we are doing. I have no news of Corea for you. All is quite quiet with us. The country and the Government are all in a state of chaos indeed. But Coreans are wont to take their misgovernment, or absence of government, very philosophically, and all goes on, outwardly at least, as quietly and evenly as before. Of course none of you will be deluded into believing that Corea *is* independent. She is not, and cannot be. Nor has she anything like so much freedom now as she had when under the power of China. I think that soon Japan will grow tired of telling you that Corea has been made an independent country through her efforts. She does not

want to be independent, nor does she want reforms. And if she is to be "reformed" it will be at the cost of her "independence." And so the Japanese keep arguing in a circle. It would be amusing were it not so very sad. But I must close a letter which has to be shorter than usual owing to the press of work, which almost prevents letter-writing or every kind.

I rejoice to hear of Mr. Trollope's safe arrival amongst you, and of the kindness which beset him at once. English Churchmen have now a rare opportunity of proving themselves missionaries, by either coming, sending, or praying for those who shall be sent to the East to regenerate it, and so to civilise it. Do you not see, my dear friends, that this little country is the peg on which the greatest events are hanging--events which have altered, and are going to alter a great deal more, the traditions which European nations have had, when they have thought of the far East, for the last fifty years? Now is England's opportunity. Corea may be an instrument in the Divine Providence for the conversion of its conquerors and of its suzerain power alike. Strengthen Mr. Trollope's hands as much as you can--chiefly by your prayers.

May God's blessing rest on your prayers.

Ever your affectionate

\* C. J. CORFE.

### **Correspondence.**

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have had to refuse so many kind invitations from friends of the Mission to speak on behalf of the Mission since I have been in England that I shall be glad if you will allow me a little space in your columns, wherein I may give an account of myself, and show that, though I have not been able to accept all Invitations which have reached me, I have, nevertheless, not been idle.

And I ought to say, by way of preface, that the Bishop did not send me home to do a "deputation's" work, but to transact certain important pieces of Mission business, which necessitated the presence of someone in England, and which, moreover, require a prolonged and careful attention on my part that can hardly be given to them while I am flying about from one end of the country to the other, preaching and speaking: When, however, I found my plans and calculations all upset by the out-break of the Chino-Japanese war as soon as my back was turned on Corea, I thought it best to wait for reassuring instructions

from the Bishop, and to employ the two or three months which must intervene before I could hear definitely from him in complying with some of the importunate demands for sermons, addresses, and lectures which began to shower on me actually before I touched the shores of England, and which have continued to reach me with but slight intermission ever since. And foremost amongst those who had a claim on me, one had, of course, to place the S.P.G., to which we owe so much in Corea, if indeed we do not owe all.

I landed then on September 8th, and after three weeks' holiday (if holiday it can be called, for I got but little peace!) I started on my journeyings, and here is the list of my engagements for the three months that followed:--

|          |                                  |          |                                     |
|----------|----------------------------------|----------|-------------------------------------|
| Sept. 30 | S. John the Divine, Kennington.  | Nov. 22  | Knepp Castle, Sussex.               |
| Oct. 1-5 | <i>Birkenhead (in retreat).</i>  | „ 24, 25 | Lancing College, Sussex.            |
| „ 7      | Hendon, Middlesex (S.P.G.)       | „ 26     | Hastings, Sussex (S.P.G.)           |
| „ 9      | <i>New College, Oxford.</i>      | „ 27     | S. Peter's Home, Woking, Surrey.    |
| „ 10-12  | Exeter Church Congress.          | „ 28     | Surbiton, Surrey.                   |
| „ 13     | Bath.                            | „ 29, 30 | S. Andrew's, Worthing, Sussex.      |
| „ 15     | Oxford (S.P.G.)                  | Dec. 2   | Manchester (Rossall Mission).       |
| „ 18     | Cb. Ch., Lancaster Gate, London. | „ 3      | <i>S. Peter's, Kilburn, London.</i> |
| „ 19     | S.P.G. Board Meeting.            | „ 4      | Portsmouth.                         |
| „ 21, 22 | Carlisle (S.P.G.)                | „ 5      | S. Paul's, Hammersmith, London.     |
| „ 28, 29 | Huddersfield, Yorks (S.P.G.)     | „ 6      | S. Peter's, Kilburn, London.        |
| „ 31     | Chapel Allerton, Leeds.          | „ 6      | Yiewsley, Middlesex.                |
| Nov. 2   | Durham School.                   | „ 8      | The Frythe, Welwyn, Herts.          |
| „ 4      | Wotton, nr. Woodstock (S.P.G.)   | „ 9      | Hatfield, Herts.                    |
| „ 5      | Woodstock, Oxon (S.P.G.)         | „ 10     | Great Linford, near Newport Pagnel. |
| „ 6      | Kidlington, Oxon (S.P.G.)        | „ 11     | <i>Moulsoe, Bucks.</i>              |
| „ 7      | Wotton, nr. Woodstock (S.P.G.)   | „ 12     | Aspley Guise, Beds.                 |
| „ 8      | Tackley, Oxon (S.P.G.)           | „ 13     | Dunmow, Essex.                      |
| „ 9      | Stonesfield, Oxon (S.P.G.)       | „ 14     | S.P.G. Junior Clergy, London.       |
| „ 11     | Ufford, nr. Woodbridge, Suffolk. | „ 16, 17 | Wakefield, Yorks (S.P.G.)           |
| „ 12     | Norwich (S.P.G.)                 | „ 18     | Gillingham, Norfolk.                |
| „ 13-17  | <i>Scotland.</i>                 | „ 19     | Homersfield S. Cross, Suffolk.      |
| „ 18, 19 | Coventry (S.P.G.)                | „ 20-24  | Great Yarmouth.                     |
| „ 20     | S. Mark's, New Swindon, Wilts.   |          |                                     |
| „ 21     | <i>Salisbury.</i>                |          |                                     |

And when I got home on Christmas Eve I calculated that I had in the course of these twelve or thirteen weeks travelled from five to six thousand miles up and down England, delivered about forty sermons and addresses in church, and spoken at over thirty meetings. It would be invidious to single out the names of special places which I visited for commendation, or the reverse ; though, is one had but the pen of a ready writer, one ought to be able some day to write an amusing and instructive book on "the experiences of a 'deputation' ". Some meetings were small (one contained, I think, as few as six

\* Engagements in italics were mostly of a private character, involving no speaking.

people), others were large (one must have numbered some 700 or 800); some were enthusiastic and inspiring, others fell rather flat; some were composed almost entirely of well-to-do people, county families, masters of foxhounds, and other non-inspiring folk, others as entirely of the poorest of the poor, agricultural labourers, artisans, and the like. And throughout it all I should like to bear witness to the cordial welcome and genial sympathy which greeted one everywhere. There was only one thing that was uniformly and execrably bad, and that was-- the weather.

Since Christmas I have been able to take a little of that rest which I was beginning to feel that I needed, and devote my attention to some of the things which I was sent home specially to attend to. While spending a few weeks during January and February with Father Kelly and the S.S.M. in Vassall Road, I have been able to fulfil a few preaching and Speaking engagements in and about London; and from the middle of February till the middle of March I expect to be Similarly occupied in Bath, Salisbury, Wells, Exeter, Hereford, and a few other places in the West of England. But I want (kind friends, please take note!) to keep this work within as narrow limits as possible, and to give my attention to those other (and, if I may venture to say so, more important) matters which in reality brought me home.

With reference to the date of my return to Corea, I can say nothing more than this here and now--that the Bishop instructed me not to leave England again under any circumstances before the end of May. But that was before the outbreak of the war had occurred to upset all our plans; and many things *have* happened since then, and many more *may* happen, which at present we cannot in the least foresee.

MARK NAPIER TROLLOPE.

### **"Problems of the Far East."\***

NOT a few of the readers of *Morning Calm* have, doubtless, already made the acquaintance of the fascinating volume which was published under the above title last year. Those who have not as yet seen the book should not fail to take an early opportunity of possessing themselves of it; for, with all its faults (of which more hereafter), it presents a very luminous picture, painted with all Mr. Curzon's accustomed acumen and charm of style of that part of the world which is at present

\* "Problems of the Far East," by the Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P., &c. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1894.).

occupying European attention so largely, and particularly of that hitherto little known part--the kingdom of Corea-- which is peculiarly interesting to the readers of *Morning Calm*.

It is not proposed, in the following lines, to enter into any exhaustive criticism of the book at large, its method and its aims--a task for which the present writer has neither the leisure nor the skill--but merely to call attention to, and to rectify, some of the more important misstatements and inaccuracies which mar that part of the work which is more particularly devoted to Corea. That such mistakes should exist is, of course, inevitable, when one considers the vastness and complexity of the subjects treated, and the comparatively brief and inadequate amount of study which our author was able to devote to them. The marvel is that one whose acquaintance with Corea was of such very limited duration-- and if we put down the total length of Mr. Curzon's only stay in that country at three weeks, we shall not err much in under-statement--and one who was, and is, so profoundly ignorant of the language and script of its inhabitants should have produced a book so readable, so instructive, and withal so comparatively accurate. Not many of the books hitherto published on that little known "hermit nation" can boast all, if, indeed, they can boast any, of these characteristics.

To turn first, then, to that part of the book which will naturally be of special interest to readers of *Morning Calm*--our author's references to missions and missionaries. There is, unfortunately, so much that is true even in his most damaging criticisms of both Roman and non-Roman missions, their history, their agents, and their methods, that one is perhaps hardly entitled to complain of the general lack of sympathy and occasional flippancy with which the whole subject is treated. But it should be borne in mind that the book is written confessedly from the standpoint of the mere politician rather than from that of the Christian Churchman, and that this colours the author's views and statements throughout. Writing for the British public, it is perhaps natural that he should bear most strongly on the characteristic shortcomings of British and "Protestant" missionaries, rather than on those of the Roman Catholics, who are almost exclusively French. If, however, Christianity is hated like poison in China, it is assuredly at least as much the fault of the latter as the former. And the reference on p. 318 to the disgraceful fraud practised in 1860 upon the Chinese Government by a French missionary, employed as interpreter in the drawing up of the treaty, and the further reference on p. 327

to the circumstances under which the French cathedral was erected in Canton, go far to 'substantiate and explain this statement. And this view of the case is respectfully commended to the attention of those (and they are many) with whom *omne Romanum pro magnifico* is an accepted principle in speaking of missions to the heathen.

To come down to details. From a passing remark in a footnote on p. 83, at the beginning of Chapter IV., it would appear that Mr. Curzon makes the vulgar error of supposing that all Roman Catholics are "Jesuits," or at least that the Roman Catholic missionaries in Corea are members of that order. It may be as well therefore to state once for all that there are not now (nor have there ever been) any "Jesuit" missionaries in Corea, and that there are also now no "Jesuits" in Japan, and comparatively few in China. The bulk of the Roman Catholic mission work in all these countries is carried on by the French fathers of the "Société des Missions Etrangères de Paris," who indeed monopolise the field in Corea and Japan. In China they share the work with Franciscans, Dominicans, and other orders of various nationalities.

A more serious misstatement is the one in which we are informed (on p. 194) that there is a large number of native Roman Catholic priests in Corea. In point of fact, *there is not one*. Nor is this matter for surprise, when taken in conjunction with the statistics of Roman Catholic missionary work in China, given in a footnote on p. 331, which show that, even after three centuries and more of work in China, the native Roman Catholic priests there are considerably outnumbered by those of foreign birth, while native bishops are unknown. One cannot help wondering what would have been the fate of the Christian Church in the early centuries of its history, if it had adopted the policy, for the first three or four centuries, of restricting the priesthood largely, and the episcopate entirely, to the Jews! In passing, it should be observed that there must be some error in the figure given by Mr. Curzon as representing the total numbers of native converts (Roman Catholic) in China. This is put down in the same footnote as 1,092,818, whereas the latest official publication\* gives the total number of *Catholics* (excluding catechumens) as 569,551, in a population which is estimated at 433,000,000. Half a million odd Christians out of a population of four hundred million odd after over three centuries' work! And yet well-meaning people warn us against the danger of sending

\* "Missiones Catholicæ descriptor (1892)," published by the S.C. de Propaganda Fide at Rome.

missionaries to a country like China, which is already "occupied" by Roman Catholics. One would have thought that—even if one multiplied the Roman statistics by fifty—a sufficiently large balance remained (say, 350 to 400 millions) utterly untouched by any missionary agency to provide material for the missionary zeal of non-Romans to expend itself on, without danger of undue clashing.

Of the English mission in Corea --young as it is--it is natural that our author should have but little to say. "Sisters of S. Paul's, Kilburn" (p. 194) is of course a misprint for "Sisters of S. Peter's, Kilburn," and it would have been well to refrain from giving to Bishop Corfe a title--" English Protestant Bishop"---to which he is neither legally nor historically entitled, and which, in point of fact, is never used in common parlance. Lastly, perhaps, one might have expected that Mr. Curzon would have been more generous in his recognition of the fact, that—if one of the English mission clergy had not consented to accompany him in his journey across the country, that journey could hardly have been performed, and, even if performed, could hardly have been very fruitful in information, in a country so devoid of interpreters as Corea, and with a traveller so entirely ignorant of the language as Mr. Curzon.

It should be added that the Korean translation of the New Testament, mentioned in the footnote on p. 195, was the work of a gentleman who had never been in Corea, and was so ill done that none even of the Protestant missionaries will use it, and the Bible Society has practically had to withdraw it from its list. It is news to us--and, we suspect, news also to the Religious Tract Society--that that Society has "published an introduction to 'the Bible,' and a catechism on the chief Biblical doctrines, in Korean."

(To be continued.)

### **The Spirit of Missions.**

"DID you ever reflect what really is the charge of God to our country in this one single fact of there being entrusted to us the dominion over India? There are over 200,000 000, remember of persons, strangers as yet to the truth of God, and committed to the absolute government of the English people—one-sixth, we may say. Speaking loosely, of the human family. With the power of government, with the manifest superiority of education, and all the arts we have, how have we used the opportunity of speaking to this people of the beloved Name, and of the powers of the world to come? Those of you who know what the history of our dealings in India from the first has been, will be able, without any suggestions of mine, to give the answer. You will remember such facts as these--that when Carey, the

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Baptist missionary, went out first to India to preach the Word of God to the Hindoos he was absolutely compelled to settle in the Danish settlement of Serampore, because the English were afraid of having the missionary to the heathen settle in their own territory. There was the beginning, your abuse of opportunity; and the course of subsequent events has been far too like it. That one single fact of Sir Peregrine Maitland having been compelled to return home to England, leaving a high official post, and, so far as man's orders could make it, to return a dishonoured man, because he refused to order Christian English soldiers to fire salutes for the most accursed of the Hindoo's idols--that fact alone seems to me to be but the reverse side in the language of prophecy of the bloody characters that were written broad in the Indian Mutiny. Yes, my friends, it was that cowardice for God which marked from the beginning the history of our Indian Empire. Perhaps all in this room may not be aware of the fact that, when the East India Charter was renewed in 1783, there was a mighty stand made in the British House of Commons against that cowardice. He who then led in every such question of humanity and of truth the van of English thought--my own honoured and beloved father--he struggled hard against an almost universal opposition, at first, to get inserted in the Act, by which the new Charter was to be framed, a declaration--somewhat barren, because too general, and yet, as he hoped, likely to bear fruit here--after--that it was the duty of the people of England to promote the moral and the religious welfare of the people of India. Could anything be lighter than that? and yet it was not until after a struggle of almost unparalleled violence that he carried the insertion of that clause. He did carry it, but so terrible was the cowardice at that time of the English mind upon these matters that, in the final adoption of the Act, the clause was struck out again, as threatening English domination in India; the mere admission that it was our duty when we could to promote the moral and religious welfare of the Hindoos being judged so dangerous an assertion that it might Cost this people the possession of its whole Indian Empire. Is it to be doubted by any reasonable man that the providence of God, working, not by direct interpositions, suspending His laws, or interrupting His ordinary administration, but by those ever-present and unseen methods by which He works out through the rebellious wills of men His own blessed purposes, did suffer these last troubles of ours to be in the course of natural events at once our punishers for the past and our instructors for the future? And in some degree, thank God, we have learnt the lesson; and just in proportion to our less fearing to avow ourselves Christians has been, in fact, our sway over that Indian mind committed to us." --Bishop Samuel Wilberforce (*speech on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*, Manchester, October 12, 1863).

The missionary cause has recently suffered much loss of Property through tempests. The damage done by the great storms in Mauritius and Newfoundland--and the fire in the latter island--are still in our minds ; and now the infant Church in Uganda has suffered by the destruction of the great wooden church at Mengo, which was one of the wonders of modern Africa. Here is the account of the catastrophe given by Archdeacon Walker:--

"While I was holding my class for women, and we were

reading the account of S. Paul's shipwreck, a sudden storm got up. The wind became very great, and I remarked to the ladies what harm a wind so great at sea might do. Some of the children sitting by were much frightened, and one cried out that the church was falling. The women were much frightened at the lightning, thunder, and splashing rain. I said S. Paul was not the least frightened when he was in real danger. One of them replied, 'We are dry-land sailors.' I saw that one of them was not attending, so I asked her what she was looking at, and she said, 'The fence opposite the church has gone over.' Then I heard low cracks, and all the women jumped up and began rushing past me out of the church. I still remained sitting where I was, and so Sarah, of Samwili's household, shouted out to the others to come back into the church. She said, 'Will you run away and leave the European? Come back and let us pray to God.' The cracks were getting louder and louder, and I could see no cause for them till I saw some of the poles bent over.

"Then it occurred to me that the church was falling, so I told Sarah to go out, and I ran back to pick up my hat from the edge of the pulpit where I had left it, as well as an English Bible. I picked up my hat and looked down the church, and I saw it was a mass of dust and falling poles. So I left the Bible and ran out of the vestry door. I heard the poles coming after me, and when I was only ten yards clear the last pole was down, and the whole place was quite flat on the ground. Being anxious to be the first to carry such startling news, and, owing to the streaming rain, I ran down the hill to take shelter in Roscoe's house.

"The good women all escaped by the side door, and, as they never saw me leave the church, and had last seen me going for my hat, they concluded that I was under the ruins. They, therefore, set up their war-cry for help, and many of them rushed off to tell the people to come with axes to get me out. Some ran to Pilkington and some to Roscoe, and some to the nearest chief. Those who came to Roscoe's house found me there, and in the suddenness of their joy, though themselves dripping wet, hugged me to their breasts. When I went out of Roscoe's house to go and see two children who were said to have been crushed to death, I met Elizabeth, of Zakaria Kangas, shedding tears over my supposed death. As a matter of fact, no one was hurt; a small child had its face cut, but I fancy this took place at the fence round the church, and was done in the breaking down of the fence by the women themselves.

"The church fell owing to the poles having all rotted of the ground. They broke off like carrots, and this was the crack-

ing noise I had heard. When the church was being built it was left three months unthatched in the heavy rain season, and the poles began to rot then, I am told. Of course when all the poles merely stand upright there is not much stiffness in such a building. In the next church we must sacrifice appearances, and have a few cross ones to bear a thrust as well as those that carry the weight."

The following details of the life of Frederick Lawrence, a deacon, who for some time was working as a missionary in the Mashonaland Diocese, may encourage others who have had similar aspirations to those related, without seeing any possible means of such wishes meeting their fulfilment.

More than twenty years ago, in the head-gardener's house at Betteshanger, a little boy of five years old was waiting for his mother to come back from church. He had had his Sunday talk with her, and now, lying before the fire, the child was making a big decision. "Mother," he said, as soon as she opened the door, "I'm going to be a missionary, and teach the heathen." "I am afraid you can't be that," she answered, "you would have to learn Latin and Greek, and to go to college, and be a clergyman; and I do not think that would be possible."

After a short time— "Why must I know Latin and Greek?" was the boy's next question; "S. Andrew and S. Peter were taken while they were fishing." "That was long ago," answered his mother; "I am sure that you must now."

The boy was Frederick Lawrence, and, though he said nothing more, he thought and thought. "Thou hast known my Purpose" might be written straight across his life. At ten Years old he bought a second-hand Latin grammar out of his savings, and went to one of the clergy in charge of the parish, the Rev. F. C. Villiers, to ask whether he would help him to learn it. The request met with a ready response, and from that day until the time of his going to Burgh, Frederick Lawrence went twice a week regularly to Mr. Villiers for instruction in Latin, and later on in Greek. Other help came too. The late Lord Northbourne, the employer of Lawrence's father, marked the lad's disposition while a Sunday scholar in his own class, and, attracted by his earnest longing to be a missionary, helped on the work of preparation by giving the boy regularly once a week, when living at Betteshanger, his personal teaching and supervision. Subsequently it was Lord Northbourne who sent him to the Missionary College of S. Paul, at Burgh, in Lincolnshire.

In the summer of 1892, a visit of Bishop Knight-Bruce to Betteshanger brought the call for which Lawrence had long prayed. The matter was soon decided. "How can we hold him back?" said his mother; "it is the Lord's call;" and in that simple faith she at once began to prepare his outfit.

He sailed in October, and thus attained his early desire, but was spared only for a short career in the missionary field. He was invalided in the present year, and died on September 3rd, aged 25. "His soul pleased the Lord, therefore hastened He to take him away."

IN MEMORIAM.

**William Turner.**

On January 30th passed to rest the soul of William Turner, Novice of the Society of the Sacred Mission. That God has accepted one of us, as it were a representative, where men change not, is to us no small ground of assurance to our hope that on earth also our Society may continue before Him. Before coming here at the beginning of 1893, he had been employed as a signalman near Cardiff. He was a man of unusual width of reading, and much experience of life. His quickness of mind and power of thought, his singular evenness of temper and deep spiritual earnestness showed quite exceptional promise. At the close of that year he fell ill of pleurisy, and the doctors at once discovered the underlying symptoms of consumption. From the first there was no real doubt about the end. The Sisters of S. Margaret of East Grinstead very kindly received him into their Home at Ventnor. It might seem sad to see one we felt we needed so much pass away on the threshold of his work, but, indeed, his work has been done. The whole Society is hallowed, our whole conception of life-dedication deepened by such an end. His patient, even playful, courage has taught us more than many lectures or studies. What his prayers have won for us the year's history may partly show. We would not for a moment have it otherwise. His early death may be reckoned, with that of Joseph Henry Pownall, as specially hallowing the Mission. R.I.P.

HERBERT KELLY,

*Director, S.S.M.*