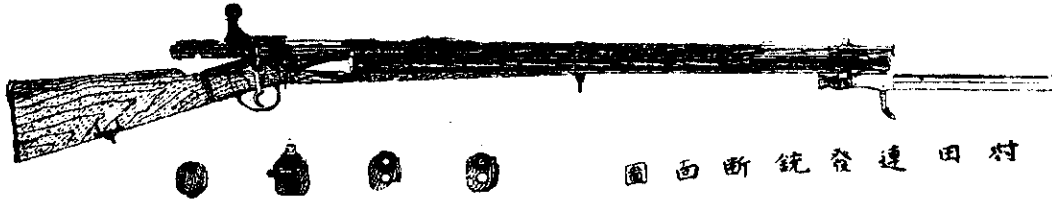


emblematic of the positive and negative essences of Chinese philosophy. The height of the gate is from 30ft to 40ft. No. 3 of our illustrations shows the lotus pond of the Palace of Summer. Water gardening is popular in Corea. The garden is a lotus pond. So universal is the cultivation of the lotus in these artificial waters that it has given them their distinctive name. Even where it is not grown the pond is called a lotus pond just the same. Such ponds are always well-stocked with fish. Our fourth illustration is the Korean Foreign Office. This department of Government is quite a modern arrangement. It did not exist

Far from him that base trafficking with truth and excellence which takes what is good and rubs a little softening wax over that which is evil. Far from him the I. modicam lukewarmness which makes excuses for the overpowering domination of temperament; which gives a kindly explanation to a doubtful appearance; which does not believe in that unproved damaging report; which calls attention to the humble little floral flowers, and passes over in silence those lurking weeds. Our candid friends understand nothing of all this charitable temporizing; but, holding the standard of perfection heaven-high and flinging abroad the flag of moral supremacy for all the world to see, they pronounce on the faults and pass over the virtues—more in

THE NUMBER AND BLACKNESS OF OUR FAULTS AND MISTAKES

when we see ourselves in the mirror held up by our candid friends. We are never by any chance in the right. When we come to those cross roads where understanding judgment is at fault, and the issue alone determines which was the best way, our candid friends are sure to say we have taken the wrong path while that issue is uncertain, ascribing to themselves the wisdom of our decision—whichever they influenced—if it turn out well, but 'slating' us with Catholic severity if it turn ill. No mortal with only an ordinary pair of eyes could see the result of that investment. It looked fair; it had influential backers; it was popular in



MURATA RIFLE.

in ancient Corea, for the very good and sufficient reason that ancient Corea had no foreign affairs to attend to. It now has more than it knows what to do with. No. 4 gives an idea of what Coreans are like. Our sixth illustration depicts the only stone pagoda in Seoul. It is constructed of white granite, but is not in the best of preservation. It is a survival of the time when Buddhism was of some account in Corea. No. 7 shows the Japanese warships Itsukushima and Yoshino. No. 8 is a sketch of the Chinese warships Tshao-yong and Ting-yuen. Our ninth illustration shows what the main street of Seoul is like—nor does it give a very flattering impression either. The houses look dilapidated enough. The Government has fine buildings, the upper ten thousand, who constitute the governing classes, are well off, and have good houses; but there is no middle class, and the houses of the lower ten million are poor in character.

Several of the sketches on page 156 are reproduced from our Australian contemporary, the *Town and Country Journal*.

OUR CANDID FRIENDS.

BY MRS LYNN LINTON.

THEY are so loyal to the truth, dear things!—so earnest to say that which is, and to shame him who shall be nameless by their absolute devotion to sincerity! It is quite touching, when you come to think of it, that they can so nobly sacrifice all their tender prepossessions in favour of the person they love, when they make the exact appraisal of his merits—the careful measurement of her virtues. They do not allow themselves to be blinded by their affection—no, not so much as by the slightest, flimsiest little veil. Lynxes themselves do not come near their perspicacity of vision when the thing to be discerned is the fault, the blemish, the wrong doing of their friend. And then their candour in confessing what they see! Really it is all a beautiful sacrifice of self to the Higher Law, and as such to be commended with shawms and trumpets and loud-voiced anthems of praise.

Human nature being a poor fallible kind of thing at the best—a statue of clay set about with precious gems—

OUR CANDID FRIENDS HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL AND THEIR COURSE CLEAR.

It is so easy to ignore those sparsely-set gems and fasten only on the gross crude clay. It is so easy to find faults in excess of virtues, and to go behind crooked motives even when the set rules straight. As every length of velvet has its coarser side, and every royal garment has its inner seams, so have men and women their defects when closely examined; and not all characters can bear the test of a probe. Beautiful on the surface, they are less lovely in the depths; and the candid friend acknowledges this, with pain and sorrow—oh! always with much pain and great sorrow, but with brave acknowledgment notwithstanding.

sorrow than in anger registering the shortcomings which yet do not prevent that comprehensive 'All the same, I love him or her, all the same.'

On whatever lines our character may be built, our candid friends find the flaw in the foundation and the failure in the superstructure. Say we are one of those entirely human and affectionate creatures who love our kind and are sympathetic with all we know; our candid friends lament the insincerity which must of necessity underlie our expansive impulses. For how is it possible for anyone to be as genial as we seem to be? Just as no one was ever so wise as Tharlow looked, so no one could be as generally sympathetic as we appear. We must therefore be hypocritical and insincere to the last point. Or if not this, then are we by necessity shallow and transient. To give us credit for a development of the social instinct in excess of their own would be impossible for our candid friends, to whom an inscrutable Providence has confided the measuring-tape of a virtuous humanity; so that what stretches beyond their allowance of inches is excessive and what falls short is too little. For if, in contrast to ourselves, they speak of one who boasts of being eclectic, difficult to please, exceeding choice in selection, and is all this beyond the proportions deemed just by these candid friends, then is he or she openly chidden and publicly blamed for a poverty of soul, an aridity of affection, which is positively inhuman. Yet they love that he or she. Certainly they love him or her—only, being candid, being lovers of truth more than of men, being faithful witnesses in a naughty world, they are compelled to strike the blot and put their accusing fingers on the sore place.

GOD DEFEND US FROM OUR CANDID FRIENDS WHEN SEATED IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR OF POWER.

and armed with the flail of literary criticism! With the pain and toil that accompanies all creative work, with conscientious diligence and careful concentration we have accomplished our task. It has taken us many months of hard labour, and we know that we have not made a *fiasco*. It falls into the hands of our candid friend, chief reviewer on the *Daily Slander* or the *Weekly Peppercot*; and he, with his impartial flail, comes down on the heap of what we fondly thought was good grain lying on the granary floor, but what he pronounces to be worthless chaff all through. He is sorry to have it to say. Of course he is sorry; a candid friend always is, when truth compels him to sharpen his knife and justice guides his hand for the blow; but we have really put forth such a miserable scantling as a full-grown well conditioned harvest, he is quite unable to find words of praise. To be sure, in his haste to show his absolute impartiality—being known as our personal friend as well as a writer on the press—he muddles up the characters and confuses the incidents, giving to one the circumstances assigned to the other—as when he makes the blameless prig of the story commit the murder done by the ruffian, and credits the saintly *ingenue* with the indiscretions of the high-flying wife *in de vicie*. This, however, is only a detail. The main thing to be noted is our candid friend's devotion to the truth, which compels him to strip us of our false pretensions, leaving us not one poor little rag of intellectual merit wherewith to cover our literary nakedness.

Nothing is more depressing than to note

the City; it promised well all round. That it would be mismanaged, and by mismanagement brought to ruin, was out of the prophetic picture altogether. And our candid friends saw no more of that skinny hand of Disaster than did we or the rest. But Lord! when the crash came how they went for us! What a roll-call of vices and weaknesses we suddenly found ourselves possessed of, and what a queer amount of responsibility was strapped on to our scolding shoulders! Had we, poor little insignificant investor—had we been the Great Dalai Lama of the House, holding the financial credit of empires like a ripe fruit in our loss, we could not have been made more guiltily responsible by our candid friends when discussing, as they did at all street corners, the sad news of our loss. They told us so—they always have told us so when we have fallen into a bog or stumbled over the tent pegs;—but we are so obstinate, so rash, so unwise, and ever and ever, and again and again, so pig-headed, that we will not be advised by wiser heads and cooler judgments.

WE ARE THE DEAREST DARLINGS IN THE WORLD—

the best fellows and the nicest women—but we are the most unwise and exasperating; and good and nice as we may be, and love us as they may, our candid friends are really heartsick when they think of us, and feel inclined to give us up to the destruction we ourselves court by our folly. We are so ungrateful too! Our candid friends hold forth on the need of reciprocity in love—on the gratitude in obedience due from one as much loved and as loyally protected, they say, as we are and have been by them. And we are so self-willed and so selfish! We take all and give back nothing, neither to them nor to others. In that quarrel between us and the Smiths we were also undoubtedly to blame and the Smiths were in the right. When our daughter ran away with the clerk we were also to blame, though how we could have seen what was going on in the dark laid plot arranged with Machiavellian craft and carried out with such consummate skill, would puzzle a wiser than ourselves to determine. But our candid friends say it was our fault; and it is to be supposed they know what they talk about.

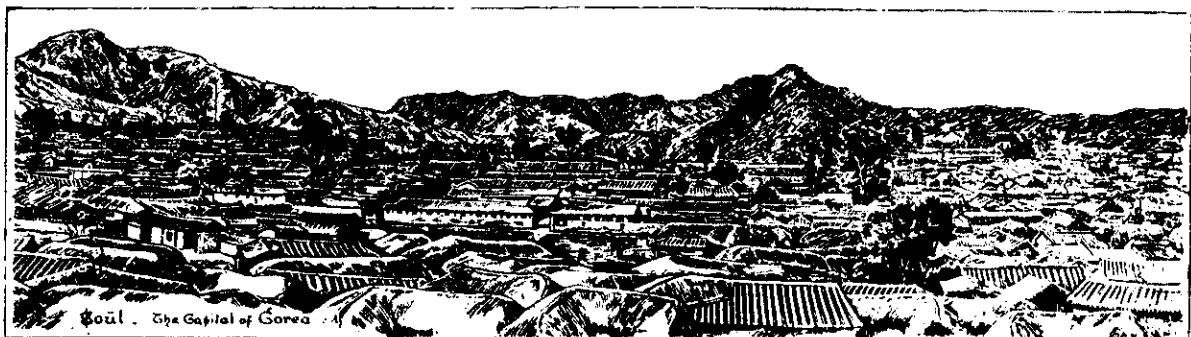
So it goes on through the whole catalogue of the day's doings. Mingled with sweet professions of tender love come these bitter accusations of misdeeds and mistakes. Painted by our candid friends we have not a moral beauty left. Yet they always end their indictment with that hateful apology 'All the same.' 'In spite of all his faults he is a good fellow on the whole.' 'In spite of her desperately bad qualities, we love her all the same.'

VISIBLE SOUND.

If human voice may on the plastic disk
Breathe into being forms of beauty rare,
And we may see the voices that we love
Take shape and colour infinitely fair.

May not the lofty mountains and the hills
Be voice of God; his song, the gentle flowers;
His chant, the stars' procession, and alas!
His only sigh, these human hearts of ours!

ELLEN KNIGHT BRADFORD.



Seoul. The Capital of Corea.

GENERAL VIEW OF SOUL, CAPITAL OF COREA.