

active work, are yet willing to study subjects bearing on that work. All these girls had come together with one aim, and during our week in St. Augustine's, we realised more fully than before the vast importance of "unity of purpose." We felt more deeply how effectual by united prayer united effort may become, how great may be the influence that one human being exerts over another, and how we are strengthened by our union with others.

Once a year, in July, a "summer week" with a programme of lectures and expeditions, is organised by the heads of the Society, for any of those who wish to join. This year, St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, was taken for the week. I shall attempt to describe it, for we owed much to its charm and peacefulness during that time when we—to quote the words of a most helpful lecture given us on the first Sunday evening—came there to learn to think, to pray, and to study the Bible.

On entering the great oak doors in the old tower, we immediately felt this charm. The big grass quadrangle was lighted with a soft yellow glow, a group of lime trees in one corner was throwing long shadows on the grass, and the air was laden with their heavy fragrance. Grey ecclesiastical-looking buildings surrounded the square, a picturesque old well was in the centre, and in a far corner were the ruins of the first Christian abbey in England, built by St. Augustine in the time of the Saxon King, Ethelbert.

We all felt, I think, that the week was going to be unlike any other we had ever spent, and the new experiences began when we were shown to our rooms. We entered them from a long oak corridor over the cloisters. They were like little cells, and appealed to the imagination by a certain fascination. From the practical point of view, it was a problem how the wardrobe and impedimenta of the modern young lady were to be stowed away in the confined quarters of a missionary student: especially as this same student had left relics of himself in the shape of football boots, tennis racquets, etc. But here was one of the first lessons to be learnt—that it is always possible to adapt oneself to circumstances.

There were moments that evening when each one asked herself: "Why have I come? What is it going to be like?" But doubts were soon dispelled. We gained valuable experience in close intercourse with others whose points of view differed from our

own. Prejudice and criticism did not flourish in that atmosphere. Our minds became more receptive, and we found ourselves taking a genuine interest in each other.

We can never be thankful enough to the kind people who spent that week amongst us, helping us with their knowledge and advice. Especially are we indebted to Mrs Paget—the wife of the Bishop of Stepney—and to Canon Walpole, who gave us a course of addresses on the Epistle of St. James. He was also kind enough to allow himself to be besieged with questions about difficult problems at spare moments when we were all in the garden!

Every day we had circles for the study of St. James, each circle containing about seven or eight girls. And Canon Walpole was always at hand to smooth away our difficulties afterwards. Anyone who has already worked in Bible study circles will understand the variety of questions, some of them posers, that arose in our discussions. It was very hard to keep on the rails, and not branch off to other topics! Canon Walpole's advice was very helpful—that it is best to treat the subjects as broadly and simply as possible, without trying to decide finally on the questions which crop up, many of these questions being probably still undecided, though learned writers of many centuries have made them their study. He advised us to aim as much as possible at understanding the character and circumstances, both of the writer, and of those to whom he was writing; to get hold of the general lesson which the writer wished to teach; and finally, after studying a chapter in detail, to consider it as a whole.

Paraphrasing beforehand we found to be of great use, as in that way we discovered how little we had penetrated beneath the surface in our ordinary Bible reading. Then, by careful thought and by discussion with others, many new lights were thrown on verses with which we had been so familiar that we had failed to perceive their real meaning. Though there are many mistakes to be guarded against in Bible study circles, yet the teaching gained by their means is invaluable.

Throughout St. James's Epistle, prayer and unwavering faith are strongly insisted upon. We found its teaching most interesting and helpful when we were listening to Miss Ellen Frere's lectures on "Mental Harmony and Discord." It proved to us how the new school of thought goes

hand in hand with religious teaching. Miss Frere showed us, from the psychological side, the importance of keeping the mind and body in tune, and the power that the mind ought to have over the body. What psychologists call the sub-conscious mind, and which they say can be cultivated, and used as a power over one's self and one's circumstances, is surely the spiritual side of our nature? In trying to bring it into unity with God, are we not following the great teaching of Christ, that, by prayer and consecration of our wills to Him, we can do all things?

With all these subjects we found ample food for conversation, whilst we also told each other the experiences of our lives, and found that they differed widely.

But the week was by no means entirely occupied with serious things. We made many interesting expeditions, and spent hours in the garden under the delicious lime trees. There, one evening, Mrs. Paget gave us a most amusing discourse on "Method in Reading." Her quickness and wit made all that she said most delightful to listen to. It was universally discovered that we came from such "sweated homes" that, what with importunate sisters-in-law or aunts who would call in the morning, and the flowers, which really took the best part of the day to do, etc., etc., it was quite impossible to have method in reading. But we all hoped in future to act on Mrs Paget's maxim that "Where there's a will there's a way."

We spent many hours in the precincts of the beautiful cathedral, and in the cathedral itself. It is a grand, massive pile. Dean Stanley's "Memorials" is a delightful guide to its architecture and to the many interesting memories buried within it.

Our evenings at St. Augustine's were perfect. The lights twinkled in the little narrow windows, the grey buildings looked dim and mysterious, the white-clad figures of the girls flitting to and fro in the cloisters and square had the picturesque appearance of nuns, especially before evening service, when we all trooped in at the chapel doors with our heads swathed in soft scarfs.

The daily services were an immense help. They were brought simply, and without effort or strain, into our daily life, and the influence of the united prayers and fellowship was truly inspiring.

Mrs. Paget, by her great enthusiasm for foreign missions, taught us to un-