

to sleep under such circumstances.  
 HOW A LONELY BRITON IN FAR  
 KOREA "CELEBRATED"

About the war: Thank God that nightmare is over. What would I not have given to have been in Vancouver when news of the armistice arrived! Mr. Barker has given us all the news, and it must have been great. His talks make us all proud of our British citizenship. Our men fought well, and our women worked and bore up gloriously. We have vindicated our heritage. Pity some of us were able to do so little.

Let me tell you how the good news came through to me. I left home on November 9th for a month's Bible Institute in Hoon Choon—the place five days distant from Yong Jung I mentioned above. There is no mail delivery here, and the nearest post office is forty miles from the place where we were staying. To make matters worse, the Hoon Choon river was half frozen over and in the process of freezing, so that nobody was travelling. I was there for four weeks, and during that time—a time when history was in the making and everybody was eagerly waiting news from Europe and venting their joy in bonfires, flag-waving, and all sorts of social conviviality—I never had a scrap of news from home nor a newspaper to tell me what was happening. Someone happened along on November 30th with a rumor of peace, but he could give no details and was not absolutely sure of the fact. Well, what was I to do? I came nearer throwing up the game then than I have ever been out here. Should I make for home and learn the truth, and if the news was true join hands with a good British soul and look into good British eyes and

say in good English lingo, "Thank God"? But, no; here I was at my post and I had to stick it out. Could I wait till I learned without doubt of the truth or falsity of the report? If I waited I would rob myself of the joy of the first hour's glow of pride and thankfulness. No! Truth or rumour only, I must celebrate as I might. So I got up and went out alone into the night, and there, looking up at the big bear, whose eyes I knew looked down on Flanders fields as well as on Manchurian valleys, I sang "God Save the King" and gave three cheers for His Majesty and our brave men, their leaders and their allies. And a day or two later I taught some sixteen Koreans to sing the national anthem, just to hear the words again. But, oh! for the sound of a British voice, and the grip of a British hand!

Thank God, the news was true. It's all over, and the cause of God has triumphed. Now we are eagerly following the course of peace negotiations. Wilson is great, and I, for one, am willing to trust a lot to him. It will do Britain and all Europe good to have such a man on her soil and look at life and politics through his eyes. He is eagle-eyed and sees clearly through the mists that so often befog our European statesmen's policies. Precedents, to him, weigh but little. Nothing counts with him but the right and the world's good . . . . .

Let me congratulate you, D. A., on the last copy of the magazine I received. You had a good amount of copy in, and all good matter. You certainly have done well to hold out through these times, and that in itself is a promise of future success. God bless you in your effort. It is worthy.