

being the gate on the Western Coast of America through which all the Pacific trade must pass, it must grow more and more important every year inevitably. A big place and a growing place is where I must go.

The Americans think a great deal of English qualifications and I must make mine the best. I have also an idea eye to the M. O. of Brussels, but of course, it means paying fees.

Through the *Quindliches* I have become acquainted with a Dr. Gray who is in practice in his neighbourhood (Regent's Park.) he was a doctor in India for twenty years, but in trying to work a tea plantation as well he lost his money. He has a fair practice, next month he wants me to look after it for two or three weeks while he takes a holiday. August being the slack month in London. I hope to see and hear Gladstone in the House this or next week, through the offices of one of the *Waddelays*

Whom you may remember as living formerly in Ch. Ch. W. W. Griffiths.

Extracts from Letter of Dr. Griffiths to Mr. Walter Bridge - London, August 11<sup>th</sup> 1893.

I have been twice down to Ipswich for a couple of days with G. Bridge - the last time we went down the Orwell in the Steamboat to get a breath of sea air at Harwich and Felixstowe. Ipswich is a quiet town of 40,000 inhabitants, with one or two interesting old buildings dating back from the time of James I. The air at Ipswich and along this part of the Coast is bracing and healthy, especially noticeable after London - suffocating London, as Canon Farrer termed it in a sermon I heard him preach last Sunday. He is a man from whose mouth words and imagines bubble out as from a spring, the matter apart from the words is commonplace, and he is not a preacher whom