

there is a prospect of a very good harvest this year. If they would only devote all their energies to cultivating rice instead of the poppy, there would never be any danger of famine. As it is, the rice culture is suffering in favor of the poppy. We could see acres and acres of the latter beautifully cultivated all the way up the sloping sides of the mountains, and we go to sleep nearly every night to the smell of opium smoke.

We have our boat arranged very comfortably, with the exception of having to combine dining-room and kitchen, which makes it rather warm; but it might be much worse, and we don't complain. Dr. Killam and myself are spending the day at the Quaker Mission, and are being charmingly entertained.

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A Letter from Miss Ford, of Cherished Memory, received after the News of her Departure, will be Read with Special Interest.

CHENTU, *March 18th, 1897.*

Yours of November 26th is before me with its Thanksgiving Day thoughtfulness for us all away out here. It may be no one has told you how we spent that day here. We foreigners of Chentu, the Methodist Episcopal Mission, China Inland Mission, and our own, with five from outside places of the Church Missionary Society, took thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Cady, of the Methodist Episcopal mission. Twenty-two grown folk were seated at the table, and five little ones had a table of their own. We did not dine on turkey as these birds are not to be had here, but goose and chickens are not bad substitutes, and we had the cranberry sauce to go with it—this article tinned from California.