

blue cotton curtain. This we hung at one side to make a hall, so we are closed in very nicely. I forgot to tell you we have a wooden chair between our beds; this serves for a washstand, on it we place our enamel basin and pitcher. We arranged some rope on the wall for a towel rack.

#### SACRIFICING THE ROOSTER.

Now as to our journey. After waiting one day, we were ready, but the boatmen were not. They have certain performances before starting. A rooster was brought to the front of the boat, and his head taken off; his blood was spilt all along the front bars of wood, some of the feathers were plucked and dipped in the blood and stuck to the side of the boat. This was repeated at the stern. A tremendous amount of fire crackers was set off, and a man pounded a large gong until I thought my head would ache. Sticks of burning incense were placed in every available corner, and the captain then declared we were sure of a good voyage and would start. So we started, but we found we were only to cross the river that day; it is unlucky to go farther.

Next morning we were wakened by violent shouting. I never heard human voices making such a noise. It was the boatmen preparing to start. At last it was daylight; I opened my window and looked on shore. There were the poor trackers, pulling on a long rope, and we were really going. Sometimes it is very hard to tell whether we are moving or not, our progress is so slow.

We soon found ourselves in the midst of the most beautiful scenery my eyes ever witnessed. The Yangtse gorges are wonderful in their beauty; they remind me somewhat of the Rocky Mountains, only they seem higher and, in some respects, more beautiful. There is something so grand, so sublime about rocky mountains, they always make me think of the power of God. The river is very winding, and its water very red, reminding one of those lines of Whittier:

"Out and in, the river is winding  
The link of its long red chain."

#### CHENTU.

*From Dr. Henry.*

ON the evening of January 30th, we reached Chentu—just five and a half months from the time we left home.

It has been a long, tedious, and in many instances, a perilous journey, but conscious of the divine presence, and of the fact