

large areas into vast lakes, compelling the natives to seek shelter in the neighboring highlands.

Another singular feature are the constant changes which are taking place in the river bed. It is not unusual for steamers on their return trip to find the channel followed on their way up four days before obliterated, and a new one must be sought. It is almost incredible that a river almost equal to the St. Lawrence, could be deflected from its course for several miles in less than a decade, but when one sees the huge sand banks, twenty five feet or more in height, and extending for acres along the river, piled up one year, only to be washed away and deposited elsewhere the next, he is convinced that such a phenomenon is not impossible.

The river flows through several gorges as it cuts its way through the mountains. One of these is thirty miles long and the scenery is indescribably grand—fully equal, and in some instances, I think, superior to our famous Rockies. Range after range, peak after peak can be seen rising one above the other, or outlined against the sky. Here the waters are hemmed in by perpendicular walls from 600 to nearly 1,000 feet high, looking as though a passage had been hewn through the mountain by some mighty cleaver. Yonder one would think the giants had been "playing school," and suddenly decamped, leaving their slates behind them.

There was a snowstorm in the mountains as we passed through the gorge, and the scenery of the following morning is beyond my powers of description. Around us lay the mountains with their terraced bases, dotted here and there with patches of living green, above the towering cliffs and beetling crags of brown sandstone, while in the distance could be seen nearly a hundred snow-capped and cloud-turbaned peaks glistening in the sun.

The rapids are the dread of all travellers on the Yang'tse; we reached the worst one, known as the New Rapid, formed over a year ago by a huge landslide from a neighboring mountain, at noon, February 12th, and as we saw the rushing current and treacherous whirlpools we realized that there was sufficient cause for uneasiness (not for life, for travellers usually get off and walk, but for our property).

We found the Custom officials hard at work blasting and removing rocks and earth, but it will be next year before any results can be looked for.

Shortly after our arrival a message came asking if I would attend two injured persons, I responded at once, and found a man with a large gash in his leg, which I promptly stitched up. The other was a boy of 13 years, whose hand had been shattered ten days before our arrival; he was in a very bad condition, and I found it necessary to amputate three fingers of right hand. We afterwards took him on our boat and brought him to the hospital here—he is doing well.

The Chinese official in charge of the works stood by all the time, and was so pleased that he voluntarily sent some of his soldiers to superintend and guard our goods while our boats were being pulled up the rapids. Mr. Donald, the engineer in charge, was also most kind, invited us to dinner, and sent official sedan chairs for the ladies and entertained them on his house-boat till ours were ready for them. We only unloaded part of our goods, but that was no small undertaking, for they had to be carried nearly a mile over rocks and stones. I need scarcely say we were thankful and breathed more freely when we were once more ready to proceed, without so far, as we knew, any accident or breakage.

My letter is already as long as it should be, and I have

not told you half of what I wanted to tell you, but in my next I will try and describe some of the habits and characteristics of this people as they appear to me.

In conclusion, let me give you one of the lessons I have gathered on my way up this river. There is unlimited water power going to waste all along the Yang'tsi, the mountains also are rich in coal, in some places actually lying on the surface like stones, yet for centuries the Chinese have been toiling up those currents, using only a primitive sail, oars, or rope, consequently their progress is slow, *very slow*; and frequently a sail is rent or a rope breaks and the boat is swept down stream or dashed against the rocks, and cargo and lives are lost. All this while there is unlimited steam and electric power, with capital to develop it, at their disposal if they would but accept it. Ah, I thought, how like many Christians who, although the unlimited power of the Holy Spirit is at their disposal, are trying to *pull themselves* into heaven by ropes of good resolution, or oars of good works, or sails of emotion! Any wonder that progress is slow and shipwrecks numerous.

Dear young people, if any of you are travelling by such slow and unsafe methods, allow me to recommend to you the good ship "Gospel," a steamer whose captain is Christ, whose motive power is love, generated by the Holy Spirit, and whose chart and compass is the Word of God. This steamer never strikes a rock or runs aground, and is always sure to reach port safely.

Our health is excellent, and we are looking forward to our work with hopefulness; there is plenty to do. Do not forget to hold us up.—Exodus xvii. 11, 12.

Yours fraternally,

R. B. EWAN.

Medical Work in China.

CANADIAN METHODIST MISSION, CHENTU.

We have from forty to fifty patients each day. Just now eight in-patients. Almost every in-patient means an operation of greater or less severity. You see we are favored (?) with all the incurable cases of the neighborhood, especially during the first few weeks of opening a hospital. We get a great many more people who have been sick for a year to twenty years, than we do of those who have been ill for a few days or weeks. Gradually the more recent cases will come. During these three months I have sent away over 1,000 patients and performed thirty-nine operations, fourteen of which have been under chloroform.

One young man came in April with his right foot so badly diseased that nothing could be done except to amputate the leg to save his life. You will remember the Chinese aversion to losing a part of their bodies; they fear to go into the next world maimed. However, it was so evident to the young man himself, as well as to his father, that his life was hanging in the balance, that they consented at once to the amputation. The operation was performed, and for ten days we did not know whether he would recover or not. But God blessed the means, and he did recover. His wound healed nicely, and after a further stay of two or three weeks in the hospital to gain strength he went home rejoicing. We had two crutches made for him, and he said he could still work at his old trade; he is a weaver. Best of all in this case was the young man's fully expressed intention of living a Christian life. He learned a good deal of the Gospel while in the hospital,