

came and tugged us round until we were alongside the wharf. As soon as lunch was over we were all called back to the dining-room to have our passports examined before we could go ashore, and then off we went to see how we could spend some money. Right near the docks were plenty of carriages and rickshaws, some motors, and not far away was the street car. We chose a carriage and enjoyed the ease with which it sped along. Rubber tires, a chirky little pony and asphalt roads combined to make our ride to the shops pleasant. It was after 6 when we got back, hoping there would be time for a pleasure ride in the morning, but orders were posted up that the ship sailed at 10 next morning. I was sorry not to get to the Museum to see the wonderful collection of moths again.

Some more tin blocks were stowed away, and the next morning some buffaloes and cows were dragged on board. How some of them objected! One buffalo was specially stubborn, but in the end was compelled to get aboard, and has looked sulky ever since. It's a good thing for them that the sea is not as rough as it was between Calcutta and Colombo! Well, about 11 we felt the ship beginning to move as the little tug began to show what it could do, but while things were getting ready two Chinamen were "making hay while the sun shone" by inviting the folks to throw money in the water for them to pick up. They were like ducks in the water. It was fun to watch them jump out of their little boats—not a care as to where they would go while they were hunting the coin. And how they grinned as they came up and showed it! Then, shaking themselves like a puppy, would jump into their boats as easy as could be.

As we moved out we saw the steamer that had gone over on the sandbank. It had been brought to port and cleaned up, and there were a lot of folks on board, as though the captain was getting ready to start again. Our ship doctor told us that when it struck the sandbank the cargo shifted and made it turn over. I would not feel very brave to start out again on it. Would you?

Slowly our steamer steamed out of harbor; then curved about and went towards an island to take on a fresh supply of oils. When we were safely fastened close alongside of the wharf a cover was taken off a small place in the side of the ship and a big pipe capped over it and clamped on. This pipe was like a big hose, in sections, each fastened to the other with screws and nuts. It made one think of a monstrous snake, for it was made so that it would twist about as they wanted it to. A wheel was turned and a gauge put on to mark how much oil went into the tank, and that was all there was to taking on our fuel supply. What a change from coaling, with its hours of hard work and the dirt of the coal dust settling on everything! By 4 o'clock we were ready to set out again, and for hours, as we steamed slowly along, we could see islands covered with green, and pretty houses on a number of them.

One thing of interest must not be left out. The American Consul sent several American seamen aboard. Their boat was loaded with coal, which got afire underneath. They could not get it out, so put water and provisions in a boat, and when they could not stay aboard any longer, got into this boat and were days adrift on the open sea, eventually reaching Singapore. One of them is only a lad, and we heard that he ran away from home; but he has had enough of the sea on his first trip.

The beautiful colors on the sea will not be forgotten. As some of us, watched that beautiful opalescent sea on Sunday, we wondered if the "Sea of glass like