

are four Chinamen. Tshee Zaou Hee, a Mandarin, and his younger brother, Tshee Han Sang, are on their way home to Shanghai, after having escorted thirty Chinese boys to Springfield, Massachusetts, to be educated. I sometimes try to talk a little with them, but they have only the merest smattering of English, and we don't make much of it. This morning the old gentleman brought me some Chinese pens—they are just like very fine camel's hair brushes—and some sweet-scented Chinese ink, saying, "Makee leetle present, needy bye-bye," which being interpreted is, "I make you a little present; you will need them bye and bye." I thanked him very much with many bows and smiles, and as I was writing at the time, I gave him some foreign note paper and envelopes, with which he was greatly delighted.

Ngan Zu Soong (you may pronounce the name as you please, no one will know whether you are right or wrong,) is on his way back to Hankow on the Yangtsekiang, after a stay of five years at School in Ohio. He was sent out by his brother, who was educated in the United States about fifteen years ago, and since then been a Missionary of the Episcopal Church to his brethren in China. Zu Soong is returning to help his brother in his work of faith and labor of love. He is very intelligent and pretty well educated, and withal an exceedingly pleasant companion and profitable to me, being able to give me much interesting and useful information about China and the Chinese. But by far the most interesting person among the passengers, and we have a great variety of them—though so small a number—is Dr. Suroong, a native of Shanghai. He was brought to America fifteen years ago when fifteen years of age, by one of the Missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church. For two years he was supported by a missionary, and made such progress with his studies that at the end of that time his benefactor wished him to go back to his native City, and work as a *helper* in one of the Mission Stations. But the Doctor had tasted of the sweet waters of the fountain of Wisdom and Knowledge, and was determined to drink deeply; he declined to go back, and was abandoned and cast on his own resources. He found many friends, and having a good mind, and being of determined purpose, he has since then completed three College courses, in arts, theology, and medicine. He is a capital scholar, and most accomplished gentleman; converses with ease and fluency, and is a keen observer of men and things. When he had completed his courses in arts and theology, he applied to be sent out as a Missionary, but his application was declined, not that the Church had not all confidence in him as a Christian, a scholar, and an earnest and devoted man; the difficulty was, that he was a *Chinaman*, and it was contrary to their *policy* to send him out to be on the same footing as their own Missionaries; they would be very glad to have him go as a *Colporteur*, or a native helper, or indeed as anything else but an *ordained Missionary*. He was very much hurt that he could not go home on the same footing as men whose equal he was in everything, and whose superior he certainly was in his knowledge of the Chinese and their language. The consequence was, that he severed his connection with the Church whose policy had so wronged and insulted him. He determined that he would qualify himself to do good, and at the same time provide for his maintenance while doing Mission work, by studying Medicine. He took a regular Medical course, making a *specialty* of diseases of the eye and ear, which are very prevalent in China, and has been for the last year or more House-surgeon of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital in New York city. He is now a member of the