

America, that in all the ports strangers have made themselves friends, and that we are in company with dear Dr. and Mrs. Hart. Better than safe runs through dangerous rapids, and a pilot who steers clear of the rocks, and a captain who knows how to manage the sail, is the knowledge that God has the whole disposing of our lot, that our loving Heavenly Father careth for us.

Doubtless from reading "West China," and the letters of other missionaries, you are pretty well acquainted with the trip up the Yang-tse, so I will not burden you with a long description. A stranger, viewing things for the first time, could easily write enough to fill a volume. The grandeur of the gorges is wonderful. Away down between the towering mountains one learns of the sublimity of God, sees His beauty in strength. Past them and the rushing rapids the mountains have a gentler slope, and are clothed with a softer beauty. On each side of the quiet river the hills are terraced to their tops, and green with the year's plantings. Now and then in the shadow of some cliff beneath spreading trees one sees a straw cottage. Is the owner a lover of beauty, or is he on this charming spot unawares? is the question that presents itself. In the ravine the music of the falling water, the glitter of the spray, the feathery grace of tall bamboos, the beauty in trees and flowers causes one to look upward with rapture not to be expressed in words. This quieter beauty is somehow more to me than the grandeur; its softer voice tells of His power and love.

Away in far-off West China, we find God the same in His care for all, the same wondrous beauties of nature, and I believe we shall find our brother men the same.

Miss Brooks and I walked up to the top of a mountain opposite Changsher, on the evening of May 1st. We were