

accepted Christ as his Saviour. He at once went to work assisting Mr. Dean in dispensary work, Bible-class teaching, and several other kinds of work, started prayers with his Chinese servants, and as he is very popular in the place it is hoped he will have considerable influence among the foreigners there. He is thinking seriously, when his term with the customs has expired, of returning to England, completing his course at Cambridge and returning here as a missionary.

The house-boat having been secured we moved on it and started on Tuesday, Nov. 14. The following day we reached a place called Ping-shang-pa, where only one foreigner, a Frenchman employed by the customs, resides; and he lives in a house-boat. As we had a couple of hours here and found him awaiting us—word of our arrival having been sent him from Ichang—with an invitation to take a walk and have tiffin with him, we accepted.

We had a pleasant walk up the mountain's side, picked oranges from the trees, saw numberless tallow trees, with their berries just ready to fall, saw cotton growing and incense sticks being made. After tiffin we once more started on our journey and, with the exception of those of our own party, saw no foreigners again for a month.

Probably you will wonder what our house-boat is like, so I will try to give you some idea. It is a flat-bottomed boat, about eighty-five feet long by twelve wide. In front is the deck, about thirty-five feet long. During the day this is uncovered, and here the men stand when rowing, but at night a straw matting covers it, and the trackers sleep here. From the front projects a sweep, which can be drawn in at will, and on either side is an oar, each one of the three being about forty feet long. These oars are used in crossing the river and around rocky, dangerous points. At other times progress is made principally by tracking, that is, the men, of whom there are about thirty-five, pulling the boat by means of bamboo ropes from the shore, somewhat similar to towing on the canals at home. A sail is also used whenever there is sufficient breeze.

Back of the deck are our living rooms, four in number, separated by movable doors. This portion of the boat is also about thirty-five feet long. The front room next the deck is occupied, at night, by Drs. Hare and Kilborn, but, as it is the largest, during the day has to be used as a dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. Endicott have the one back of that, and Dr. Gifford and I the one behind them. Just back of us is the kitchen where the cook sleeps at night. Behind the kitchen is an open space where the pilot stands, and back of that a tiny room where the captain, his wife, and four children live. You may be sure there is not much space to spare, but, as the floor can all be taken up by sections, the bedding and many other things can be put underneath during the day, thus giving us more room.

As the cook does not know how to make many different dishes, and Mrs. Endicott has not been at all well during the journey, Dr. Gifford and I have charge of the house-keeping alternately, a week at a time. This takes considerable of our time the week we have charge, as six hungry people can eat considerable when on the water.

Leaving the last-mentioned place, Ping-shang-pa, we almost immediately entered the gorges, and were nearly three weeks passing through them. The scenery here was grand, but I shall not attempt to give you much of a description of it as Dr. Hart's description is very accurate, and you said you were going to read his book while we were taking the journey. While viewing such scenes as these, one feels their own insignificance and realizes the might and power of God, and one's thoughts are led from nature up to nature's God. Here cliffs rise perpendicularly from 1,000 to 1,500 feet above the river. Ravines, water-falls, natural caves, natural bridges, etc., attract the eye on either side of the river. Occasionally signs of vegetation will be seen and a tiny thatched house perched hundreds of feet above one's head, and you are led to think of the lonely life of the inhabitants, and wonder what they know of life outside their narrow circle. One of the most beautiful sights to me was to watch the clouds rise from the mountains in the morning. Perhaps you would see the peaks of the mountains above the clouds, and then to watch the clouds gradually rise from base to peak was a sight I did not tire of watching. Here also occur the rapids, many of which are considered by the

natives very dangerous. However, we have passed them all safely, though several times we have struck on the rocks, once knocking in the corner of the front room, again knocking a hole in the hold, and several times one or both of the ropes have broken and we have turned around and drifted down the stream, once going back nearly two miles; but we thanked our heavenly Father for protecting us through seen as well as, no doubt, many unseen dangers.

Leaving the gorges, signs of vegetation was seen on all sides, and the mountains and hills were terraced nearly to the top, in many places vegetables were grown where the ground was prevented from falling into the river by stones being piled up as a fence at the foot of the plot. Peas, beans, radishes, wheat, corn, opium, poppy, etc., were growing all around, and the foliage of the trees was a beautiful sight, as the spring, summer and autumn tints were combined; the graceful bamboo having put on her spring dress of the various shades of green, and many of the other trees being clad in various tints of yellow and red.

Most of the time the weather has been fine, the days being bright and sunshiny, but for the last couple of weeks it has been cloudy and the sun has scarcely shown his face. The mornings and evenings have been very cool, my fur-lined wrap being very comfortable, but in the day time while out walking (for exercise), a small jacket is all that has been required most of the time.

After our delay in Ichang we knew it would be impossible to reach Chen-tu before Xmas, but we hoped to be some distance past Chung-king by that time. Finding, on account of head winds and some small mishaps, that it would be impossible to reach that place, we made preparations to spend it, the best we could, on the boat. We had a very pleasant surprise that day—in fact, the nicest Xmas box we could have received. Mr. Lewis, of Chung-king, sent our mail, which had been accumulating there for a couple of months, down to us by a carrier and it reached us on the afternoon of Xmas day, and you may be sure we were glad to receive it after having been so long without it. We reached Chung-king the last Thursday of December, and Friday morning, they having sent chairs down for us, we went up to the American Methodist mission home and had a very pleasant visit there, remaining until New Year's night. A meeting of all the missionaries of the place was arranged for Saturday evening, when Mr. Endicott conducted the service, and on Sunday evening a watch-night service was held and the address delivered at it was very helpful.

The parents of the girl whom Dr. Gifford was taking up with her lived here, and they were not willing she should go on, so she was left here, and we returned to the boat and started once more on our journey on Tuesday, January 2nd.

January 15th. While in the act of writing this letter to you we all felt a jar, and on running out to see what was the matter, found the boat had struck on a rock and stove a large hole in her side. All hands at once went to work to try and repair the damage, but found the water gaining on them to such an extent that it was soon seen it was impossible to bale it out; so, as the boat had been driven on shore (and a nice sandy beach it was), they began to unload her right there, and as it was nearly night we soon found the darkness settling down upon us with very little more than the furniture from the upper part of the boat around us. However, we were very thankful that, if we had to be ship-wrecked, it occurred in such a good spot, and that all lives were saved. We were also very fortunate in having another small house-boat along, as just before leaving Ichang it was found this one would not hold all the boxes, so another had to be hired, and we now had that to spend the nights in and lived on the shore during the day time, having our cook stove out there and also eating outside, with crowds of Chinese watching us, as we were just across the river from a village; and one market day there could have been no less than 500 gazing at us. But they were very peaceful and civil, not even calling us names, as one would expect.

The following morning (Saturday) after the wreck the remainder of the boxes were got off, and though they were all tin-lined we thought we had better open some of them and see if the water had got inside, and here they were, filled