

most hearty kindness from all. The worthy Captain of the ship, which is our present home, has been unremitting in his kindness to Miss Hatch and me. At the two ports at which we have called since leaving Hong Kong, he has taken us ashore for drives and to see the sights, and we owe to him our pleasant memories of Singapore and Penang. Both these places were a surprise to me. I had vaguely imagined a collection of sun-dried brick or mud huts. I find well laid out, well-ordered cities, with fine residences, beautiful private gardens, good streets, busy markets and every sign of prosperity. The vegetation in both places is wonderful to see. Though so near the equator, frequent, almost daily rains keep everything green, and the two cities are like two great gardens. Wide-spreading trees, ferns, palms of various kinds and variegated plants abound everywhere, and the Government Botanical Gardens are among the best in the world. In both places there are many foreigners, but the Chinese predominate. They are thrifty and industrious and enterprising, and are growing rich and influential in these parts. While the poor Malays—the natives—seem nowhere. They lack enterprise, push, energy, and evidently have no native culture of their own, such as is the boast of India and China. Indeed, I have learned one thing more than another by this trip, and that is, that the Chinese are more worthy of our respect and admiration than I had thought. I find that Europeans who know both people, invariably prefer the Chinese to the Japanese, who, though in many ways are more attractive, are crafty, unreliable in business dealings and deceitful; while the general verdict is that a Chinaman is true to his word in business transactions and pays his debts, and the way they have taken hold in the Malay peninsula to carry on trade and make money, commands our admiration. I had thought, in the past, that I could never like the Chinese, but after having them as servants on the steamers, seeing them in their native environment and hearing this testimony, I have learned to like them more.

But I must draw my already too long letter to a close. As I write, we are steaming along on the broad blue bosom of the bay of Bengal. Quiet seas, bright skies, cool breezes, pleasant company, all combine to make our trip pleasant in spite of whatever is lacking in accommodation. We spend all the long, bright days on

deck, reading, writing, chatting, playing ship games, and sometimes—oh, very often—thinking of the dear ones in Canada, fair Canada. How can I thank you all, dear, dear friends, for my pleasant and helpful furlough, for I feel that *you* made it so. Memories of you all and of your many loving-kindnesses, your helpful sympathy, your cheerful words, crowd now into my mind. I think of you all often, one by one, by name. My fancy loves to call up, one by one, your remembered forms. My furlough strengthened me. It did not enervate, nor give me distaste for my work. You have girded me afresh and sent me out with loving courageous words again to the battles. May the Lord reward you for all you did for the "least of one of these."

Soon we shall be greeting dear ones and fellow-workers and fellow-disciples in India. Will you not pray faithfully for your missionaries in India, that they may in all their work do His will, "whom we are and whom we serve." Dec. 11th, 1903. (Posted at Calcutta).

#### AN EXTRACT FROM MISS MORROW'S LETTER (TO MRS. CHUTE.)

**M**ISS SELMAN spent Christmas on tour and I spent mine here with the children. Quite a number of the Fourth-class went home after their examination so our school is small at present. Those who remained and the Christians and I had a happy Christmas, at least I think they had. I know I did, although there was no Christmas dinner, such as roast goose, plum pudding, mince pie, etc., (you know how dreadfully I would miss anything like that?) I am sure the cause of my pleasure was that I had to be busy trying to make others happy because I had to do it all myself. I did not say anything to the teachers until Christmas Eve, waiting to see if they would offer to do anything, but they did not. At last I called Samuel and asked if he were going to make any decorations, etc. He said he was waiting for orders, because you always had told them what to do. I said that it was all right when there was you and Mr. Chute, and Nurse and I to plan, but when I was all alone I would be glad for them to offer to help plan. But they had not thought of that. However, we got the church very prettily decorated with cocoanut palms and marigolds.

We had a Christmas sermon at 8.30 and the school club (*i.e.* literary society) in the afternoon. The children did splendidly for Third, Second and First-class children. I enjoyed the singing.