

But we were sorry that our time was so short, for I had to rush for my boat for Victoria where I was to spend Sunday, while Miss Hatch was to stay in Vancouver. Missionary services were held in both cities on the Sunday, sight-seeing under the care of kind friends was indulged in on Monday, and on Tuesday our *Empress of Japan* sailed from Victoria, having come from Vancouver, her home port, where Miss Hatch joined her. Victoria is as far west, geographically, as one can get in Canada. But neither the climate nor the people struck me as being of such a true western flavor as one would find further east—in Manitoba, for instance. The climate was mild and damp, the people seemed of a more conservative stamp than one is prone to expect of the "wild and woolly west." However, east or west hearts were warm and interest and sympathy unfailing and many pleasant acquaintances were made.

Our accommodations on the *Empress* were of the very best in every way, and we found many congenial spirits amongst the passengers, several being missionaries to Japan and China. Our passage was cold, and storm after storm assailed us. We took a very northerly course, coming within three or four miles of the Aleutian islands. When the storm raged outside, we made ourselves comfortable in one of the "cosy corners" of the warm, luxurious library, and read or wrote.

One day we saw a burning ship away ahead of us. Our course was changed and the *Empress* hastened to the relief of the vessel, but before we reached her she sank, and only a mass of wreckage floated by us and a long oily trail on the ocean told us all we could know of her identity. Not a living soul of her crew could be seen, all was silence and desolation. Had they escaped in boats? Had they perished? Who could say? Wind and waves were silent.

We called at three ports in Japan, Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki. We enjoyed very much our glimpses of this beautiful little country. We roamed about in the shops, wondering at their exquisite embroideries, lacquer cloisonne, and china wares. The Japanese have nothing whatever to learn from us in artistic modelling, designing or coloring. They seem to be naturally most artistic, even the commonest, coarsest articles of daily use being shapely and artistically decorated. We took jinrickshaws and had little jaunts outside the cities to see the scenery which we thought beautiful. The foliage was very fine, the Japanese maples and sumachs, in

autumn tints and the pines richly green. The people seem very much more enterprising and up-to-date, much better fed and better clad, much happier in their peculiar customs and habits than our poor Hindus. They are small of stature, live in pretty little wooden houses, all panelled and latticed, with sliding doors and partitions, looking more like dolls' houses than human habitations. Indeed, all that we saw of Japan and its small smiling people gave us the impression that it was an exquisite, toy-like, *bijou* little country along the coast. Between Yokohama and Kobe we saw Fuji-yama, the idol of the Japanese heart. She rose, white with snow, stately and queenly, high above her maids of honor, looking so truly aerial and even mysterious in her pale beauty that one could not wonder that her presence inspired the worship of that beauty-loving people. The clouds seem ever about her feet separating her from earth, the sunshine is often on her head—a loving touch from heaven.

After leaving Japan, our next port was Shanghai, but we anchored away out in the mouth of the muddy Yangtse Kiang, for only a few hours, so we saw nothing of shore or city. Next came Hong Kong, where we left our dainty *Empress* and the pleasant acquaintances of our voyage, and found passage in this vessel sailing next day for Calcutta. We do not find ourselves so beautifully accommodated here, this ship being a cargo vessel with only very limited room and that not of the cleanest, for passengers. However, we were glad to get away from Hong Kong so soon, for board is very high there. We found Hong Kong, whose port is the third largest in the world, a large, well-built city, with splendid public buildings and fine residences, situated on the slope of a hill which rises to a height of 1,800 odd feet, behind the city, and from whose summit we got a splendid view of the harbour, city, islands, mainland, straits and ocean. We were much aided in securing our passages by a missionary of the London Missionary Society, to whom we had applied for information. Not only did he give us important information, but he went with us and helped us to buy our tickets. For our trip up "The Peak," as the hill I referred to is called, we were indebted to one of the officers of the *Empress*, who had become our very good friend *en voyage*, and who came ashore to see if he could "do anything for us." Every where we go we meet with unexpected kindness and