

## EXTRACTS OF LETTER FROM MRS. CHUTE.

S. S. Teesta,

Near Madras, Dec. 13, 1922.

Dear Friends of St. Clair Ave.:

We expect to land at Madras this afternoon, and I realize that if I do not write you now, it will probably be weeks or maybe months before I have such another good chance.

We expect to reach our old home at Akidu on Saturday, December 16th, and we left Toronto October 17th, so we have been just two months on the way.

November 2nd we went on board the good ship "Empress of Russia," and found our cabin all decorated with flowers. This had been the work of my sisters and friends at Vancouver. There was a cyclamen plant in full bloom, and we have it still, for it has flowered all along the way, and has been so bright and cheery. I am going to take it to Akidu. Just imagine having a plant with blossoms planted in Canadian soil growing in India.

We saw a little of Japan as we came by; called at Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki, but had only a few hours on shore. At Yokohama I found an old school friend and another one at Kobe.

It was very rough all the way across the Pacific, but after the first day Mr. C. and I were both good sailors. We called at Shanghai, and as it was Sunday, we went to church in the Union Chapel. The church is a very nice building, has a good pipe organ and a choir. There were nearly two hundred at the service, and everybody sang heartily familiar hymns from the Congregational Hymnal. The pastor gave a splendid sermon. He said, "love means giving."

From Shanghai we went on to Manila. One night we went to bed and covered with the eiderdown, next day we were glad to be wearing muslins. Manila was

very hot; the climate, trees and flowers reminded us very much of Madras.

Our next call was at Hong Kong, and the first thing we did was to go to Thos. Cook's office and ask for letters. You may just imagine how good it was to get letters from home, from India, and from our children.

At Hong Kong we found the Gordons and our two new ladies, Miss Turnbull and Miss Mann. They had sailed from San Francisco October 21, but had had to wait for a ship to India. Wish you could have seen them when they saw my pretty cyclamen. They said it was just like a breeze from home.

From Hong Kong we all came on together as far as Singapore. No less than three of our party had birthdays the same week, so we celebrated on Miss Mann's, November 29th. Had tea on deck; the steward made us a birthday cake, and sandwiches; then besides we had Canadian chocolates and nuts, and the cyclamen for decoration. But the funny part was to have Miss Mann sound asleep in her deck chair all the while we were getting the party ready, and she didn't waken until just as we had gathered around to sing "Happy birthday to you."

Perhaps you would like to hear something about these two new ladies. Miss Mann's home is in New Westminster. She is the eldest of a large family, and has been a school teacher. She is short and stout with wavy golden hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks and an ever-ready smile.

Miss Turnbull is a Brandon girl, and has left her mother and two sisters in Brandon. She is very tall and rather thin. Her hair is dark, and she has such merry, kind, brown eyes. These two girls look so opposite from each other. They said that as they walked down the street together they saw folks turning to smile.

When we got to Hong Kong we had