

Buddhist temple, the 'Temple of the Tooth'; and, too, we meet the pastor of the little Baptist church, a Cingalese gentleman, who in very good English tells us of the work there. But we must hurry on, for we are bent on seeing Newara Eliya, and as our train climbs upward, we look out over thousands of acres of tea plantations, the engine puffs and pants its way up, ever higher, higher up, but always, everywhere, on the sides of the hills, on all the ledges, is the tea. We cannot linger over descriptions of the beauties of Newara Eliya, only we must say that the view from the top of Mount Padro, the highest peak on the Island of Ceylon, will never be forgotten. Above the clouds we stood, great fleecy billows they rolled at our feet, then disappeared, disclosing plantations and plains, roads looking like ribbons, and here and there lakes glittering and flashing in the sunlight. Back to Colombo we hasten, and are soon on board the German mail liner. There are hundreds of passengers, and bye-and-bye we find congenial friends among them.

"It is four days to Penang, and another day to Singapore. At both places we go ashore. The beautiful Government Gardens are the chief attractions. The variety of foliage in its rich coloring, and the luxuriant growth beggars description. To eyes that have looked upon the scorched, withered, parched palms of India, the grass in Penang really seemed greener than any grass we had ever known.

"From Singapore to Hongkong, it is five days—five days in the China Sea, where the awful typhoons we read of are of such frequent occurrence. With thankful hearts, we sight Hongkong, and find ourselves safe in its magnificent harbor. Travellers tell us that, from the harbor, Hongkong reminds them of Edinburgh, built as it is from the water's edge up the face of the hill. We find it true that 'distance lends enchantment to the view' of the Chinese quarter, which, upon closer inspection, is squalid and dirty and unattractive. Sedan chairs take the place of horses and carriages in Hongkong. We enjoy the sedan chairs, and are fortunate in having a clear day for our trip to 'the Peak,' from which we have a view—a bird's-eye view of the city and the harbor with its fleet of native boats, which are really the only home thousands of Chinese know, for on those

boats they are born, live their lives, and die. The steamers at their berths are interesting. They fly their country's flag, and nearly all the flags are there. The British gun-boats, and countless launches puff their way in and out of the maze of shipping. Across the busy harbor is the town of Kowloon, and back of Kowloon the ghastly yellow sulphur hills.

"It is at Hongkong we take the Canadian steamer 'Empress of India,' and three days later, find that a day in Shanghai is possible. We go up the river Yangtze in the Canadian Pacific Company's tender, and at the jetty hire a carriage, for we want to see Shanghai. We are driven through the French, the German, and the English concessions, and out the Bubblingwell Road to the bubbling well, an open well, the water of which is really bubbling. Then we go to the native city, at the gates of which we are told that we must see that on foot, and, indeed, there is no other way, for the gates are too narrow to admit a horse and carriage. The streets inside are narrower still; stretching out our arms, we easily touch the walls on either side, and these narrow streets are full of Chinese men and women, and the filth is indescribable, and the odors like unto nothing that we have ever imagined. We do not linger in the native city, few are its charms for us; the beautiful Foreign City just outside its walls is more to our liking. We say good-bye to Shanghai and to China, realizing that we have seen only the ports, not the real China—the China of the interior.

"The beauties of the Inland Sea of Japan delights us through the long, sunny hours of one day. The few hours ashore at Kobe and Yokohama, fill us with a desire to know Japan and the energetic, enterprising little Japanese people, and we resolve that some day we will come to Japan and get acquainted, but just now we are homeward bound. Twelve uneventful days there are between Yokohama and Victoria, and, after twelve days out of sight of land, the snow-clad mountains of Vancouver Island and the mainland, look good—very good. Victoria has a homey air about its wharves even, and the five hours between Victoria and Vancouver, are full of delights, and, on the wharf at Vancouver, are friends with welcoming smiles and welcoming hand-clasps, and we are at home! Our