

it have gone, and each night a song of thanksgiving has gone to the Father's throne for safe travel during the day. The weather is perfect, the scenery is enchanting. Sometimes through narrow gorges, with bare rocks hundreds of feet almost straight up; again a little less steep, and bamboo and pine and peach, pear and plum trees in blossom to be seen. Occasionally a little house of mud or matting (or both) is seen on the mountain side. At several of the worst rapids we have all gotten out and walked around. We passed the rapid yesterday afternoon where Dr. McCartney and children and Mrs. Lewis were wrecked in January last, on their return from Ichang, where Mrs. McCartney had died. Mrs. Lewis is naturally very nervous and frightened. The two boats anchor together every night, so even though we are a party of women in this boat, we feel safe with Mr. Cady and Dr. McCartney with'n call.

Mr. Lewis sent a teacher down from Chung King, and we are trying to make some sense out of these crazy looking Chinese characters, but to tell the truth the beauties of natural scenery are too attractive to permit of very steady study.

There must have been a mighty upheaval in some remote past age to have left the way for this river to run to the sea. By the way, we are so far away from it that it is almost impossible to realize that we are in a disturbed country. The natives here would be surprised if one told them there is war within their boundaries; and if we don't get some mail soon, we will almost forget it ourselves.

I wish I were artist enough to draw you a picture of this boat. The ark that we had given us as children looks some as if it might have been fashioned by the same builder, and yet we are comfortable. I, for one, am much more so than