

try centre, and all round are mulberry farms, and every house has its loom for itself or commercial purposes, and the silk shops are glorious. The Hospital Compound is just a small settlement on its own and very, very busy, and ever so much larger and much more work going on than one can possibly understand without seeing it. The evangelistic activities, in addition to the many wards, is astounding. They are very understaffed, and all nurses doing very long hours, and yet they say this (the end of winter) is slack time; it's the hot weather that brings the sicknesses and dysentery, etc. There is a men's hospital, ordinary cases, and a men's special, both big buildings; then garden, then row of doctors' houses and sisters' house, in which I am located, and nurses' home for Chinese nurses and probationers; then behind again the women's hospital, and again the children's ward and maternity hospital, and beyond the Bishop's house. All this with some open garden for houses forms the compound, and is all enclosed with a very high stone wall. I am not allowed outside the compound by myself, as it is not safe, not knowing a word of the language, and they are not too partial to "foreigners" down here; but the various ones take me out when off duty, so have seen a good bit.

All visiting is done at meal-time, and leave for your job directly after; and I have now been invited to tiffin, tea or dinner at all the houses; and met most lovely and saintly folk. There are four married white doctors, and one single lady doctor and sisters, and bishop's residence (can't call it Bishops court), so there is quite a little visiting. Then outside there are a number of Americans, all friendly, in business in salt mines, or aviation school, and two American missions, also Presbyterian and Baptist missions, and every Sunday at 5 p.m. there is a lovely big united service of all missions, in English, and each denomination conducts in turn. I have attended the Holy Communion in the hospital chapel at eight on Sunday mornings in Chinese, and with my prayer-book can follow quite well; and the Bishop kindly uses English to me at the rails. Bible classes are being held daily in some house, but usually in Sister's, where there is a

nice class-room, and nurse or doctor off ward duty takes it; all the "Amahs" one night, all coolies another, Chinese nurses and probationers another, and so on, while V. Bargrove has the most difficult, the non-Christian nurses, once a week. Also services are held daily in all the wards by the Chinese Bible women, or pastors, who also visit and teach any patients well enough and willing to listen. Without the language there is so little one can do, but little odd jobs come my way, just "Martha" jobs. The first was to write up and fill in the forms for report of all cases for half-year in the "donated beds." The secretary in office has been ill and now sent home, and the work all behindhand. It was an interesting but perplexing job, demanding much imagination to interpret the Chinese typed account kept in weird English, and the medical superintendent told me to put it into good English, and leave out what would horrify the dear souls at home! I just longed to send some as they stood, they were so funny and really quite arresting, and some I did! For instance, "Bed No. 17 got a big pain and brought her stomach to us, and we cut her lower body and made her well!" Don't you think it's quite modestly put? But certainly some were not!

Now for the thrill of thrills! A nurse, Miss Margaret North, from Nelson, N.Z., has just finished her exam. in language, which was a great strain, in addition to being theatre sister, and is on the verge of nervous breakdown, can't sleep, etc., so medical superintendent ordered her a week's complete rest away from hospital, among the mountains, to fit her for the coming hot weather, so I was asked to go and accompany her and look after her to Mr. Mo-kansan, where all the "whites" go in the intense heat of July and August, as she could not go alone, and no one else could be spared. It's quite an adventure, as out of the season all the cottages and C.M.S. and C.I.M. hostels are shut up. However, we had a cottage offered us, and here we are, alone, on a very high (the highest about) mountain top, with a Chinese coolie to do rough work, drawing water, firewood, etc. The journey here, can I ever forget? Two motor

buses with long connection waits, filled with Chinese; some being sick on floor quite happily, children chewing sugar cane and spitting out fibre just anywhere, others spitting on floor quite naturally. I was glad I had been given smelling salts, strong, in my coat pocket! Arrived at foot of hill, we changed into sedan chairs, with another coolie carrying baggage (had to take bedding and food, as well as personal things), then for one and a half hours we were carried round and round and up and up. The first few miles were most enjoyable, and the sensation I should think akin to flying, and through most gorgeous scenery, all bamboo trees, and so young and tender the new spring green, with a blaze and wealth of wild flowers almost beyond belief. All the dirt and horror of the buses were forgotten. The sides of the hills were glowing with pink and red azaleas, lilac and wisteria, the two colours blending and enhancing one another, while below masses of wild violets, blue and white, and little blue iris, and others I did not recognise; it was as near heaven as I could imagine. After a while the ascent got very rough and steep, and for miles towards the top just steps of stone. We each had three chairmen, the odd man relieving. Margaret got out and walked at the last, so I had four men to carry my heavy weight, and the very last fight I had to get out and walk too, so you can imagine our rocky height.

We had a lovely panorama of range after range and, away down below, green, green fields of rice and mulberry and little streams of water running everywhere, just like our Alps.

This place is strongly guarded by soldiers against bandits. I hope they are still doing their duty in the off season! They tell me it is impregnable on three sides and only the one way up; and certainly at the foot, we had to show our passports and sign papers saying our business and length of stay, which cottage and present address in Hangchow before we were let in the high walled-in gate. The sedan chairs are Government property and controlled by them, and each bearer licensed with number on his back, and his number entered against your name, so we felt quite safe with them.