

have ever done in China—the boat bit—and I have been wishing ever since that more of my wandering took me by way of China's rivers. We left Tienkin one morning at 6 a.m. (having got there from Peiping by train the previous day) and were a day and a-half on the boat. The weather was perfect—not too hot. The river was crowded with boats of all kinds carrying all sorts of cargo. We were very grand—our boat was a steamer—nothing to compare in size or comfort with a P. and O. of course, but still faster and more comfortable than the hundreds of huge junks we met and passed on our journey. The junks going up stream were being pulled along by three, four, five 15 men, who walked along on a narrow path on the bank of the stream, the steering being done by one man on the junk. Is it a parable of Mission work? The Missionary on the junk, the supporters doing the pulling! Anyway, the boat would have got nowhere but for the **co-operation** of the two lots of workers, and I can't help thinking that the task of the pullers was the greater one. So, keep on pulling!

"A long rope was attached to the top of the high mast, and near the end of the rope were a number of short ropes, the number corresponding to the number of pullers required, and at the end of each short rope was a wooden sort of yoke, through which the pullers put one arm. They made a wonderful picture all those junks, with their great tall brown sails against the blue sky.

"When it got dark, we steamed to the river bank and tied up on the outskirts of a small village for the night. All the rest of the passengers went ashore and spent the night in the village inn, as there was no accommodation on the boat. We asked the captain if we might stay on the boat (Miss Jeffers and Miss Preece were with me) as we had twenty-three pieces of luggage between us, and we couldn't face struggling to the inn and back in the dark with all that! When passengers began to arrive back from the inn, there was no more peace—we steamed off at 4 a.m. No meals were provided on the boat, and Misses J. and P. fancied something hot for breakfast, so I was deputed to borrow the fire and cook some scrambled eggs. We bought the eggs from a little boy

who hooked his tiny boat on to ours and came on board with various things to sell. The eggs were very good, though I see it as shouldn't!

At mid-day, we disembarked with all our twenty-three pieces of luggage, and were met by carts from Hokien, where we arrived at 5 p.m. It was a jolly journey, and I have often lived it all over again since.

"Four of the seven schools in Hokien parish I had not been able to visit last year, and so it was five years since my last look at them, and three of the teachers had been having a thoroughly lazy time.

"In two of the villages, there was no living accommodation, so I stayed in the parish centre, and bicycled over every day for a week to each place. It was difficult to find one's way, for in the mornings the roads were, and in the evenings, they were not! It was ploughing time, and as there are no fences in China and the roads are just tracks across the fields, they very frequently get ploughed out of sight! Though I got lost many times, I always **did** find myself in the end.

From the Hokien parish, I moved on to Suning to help with a school of religion for men. It was a very nice school—lots of men could read, and that made a big difference to the teaching. I have heard of such lots of deaths this winter because the Chinese have no chimneys for their stoves. The latest addition to my luggage is a chimney! I take it about with me wherever I go—it is made of tin and is collapsible. Oh, my luggage, I often wish I could drop half of it on the roadside as I go from place to place! I still have my summer things with me, as it was quite hot when I left Peiping in September.

"From Suning, I moved on to a place, called Tun Chaung Ying to help with another School of Religion, this time a mixed men and women one. It was very inspiring to be there among all those folk in their very earnest search for the Truth, and a great joy to be able, in a small way, to help them in that search. The Bishop came at the end of the school and thirty-five people were confirmed. I stayed on in that village when the School of Religion was over to help in the two day schools we have there. I was there for Christmas, and it was the happiest

Christmas I have yet had in China.

"In Taii Chang I was working with a Chinese girl, an old pupil of mine. We had a very happy fortnight there. In the mornings we visited and preached to the folk who gathered in the houses of the Christians. After lunch women came for individual instructions—some of them wanted help with reading, some wanted to learn hymns, while others were learning by heart the Confession and the Gloria in the Holy Communion service. At 4 p.m. I had a Confirmation class, at 5.30 a class for children, and they were so keen we simply had to drive them out when their "do" was over to make room for the adults who came at 6.30 for Evensong (with address). The Christians in that village are very, very keen, and it was a great joy working among them.

"The winter has been (it is not over yet) a very cold one, but dry, and we had lovely sunny days. The farmers are crying out for more snow (we've had very little) for their Autumn-grown wheat. And we, too, are longing for a little moisture. We get very 'screwed up' if the winter is a very dry one. We don't expect rain in the winter, of course, but we generally get more snow than we've had so far this year.

"Next Friday is New Year's Day, and to-night, a week before, the kitchen God is being sent up to heaven to the accompaniment of fireworks. He is taken out into the yard, and his mouth is stuck up with a sticky sweet, and he is burnt! He goes to heaven to report on the family doings for the year, and it is hoped that with his mouth sweetened he will tell only the good things! It is no use going to bed to-night till one is sleepy enough to sleep through anything, as the noise of fireworks will continue all night. (I have plenty to do—90 letters waiting to be answered!) Next Thursday evening he is welcomed back with fireworks. During his absence, that is, this next week, the house is spring-cleaned. What really happens is that some member of the family goes out and buys a new one and he is stuck on the wall above the stove, there to preside over the family's fortunes for the coming year. I have never before spent China New