

Mrs. C. H. Reeves has sent us a very full description of the trip lately taken with Mr. Reeves from Southern China. We will cull different portions, which will give us a view of this interesting journey from a different standpoint than that already given by Mr. Reeves.

Just imagine you are here in our Bethany home in Macao, and are in preparation for this journey. We must take provisions for four months, so let us plan carefully, for we can buy but little on the road. No store at which we can replenish our supply of edibles, except in the way of chickens, eggs, and a few vegetables; and as there is a famine this year, perhaps a scarcity of these. We will not go into detail, for we are ready and will soon enter what is to be our home for the next few months—a house-boat, manned by eight persons. Such a strange boat! It is propelled by rowing, is pulled from the shore, and sails when the wind is favorable.

Ourselves, our cook, Bible-woman and teacher-preacher start off as happy as possible, for we are the King's children; and what matters it, "a tent or a cottage," or a boat whose main room serves as dining room, bed room or meeting room, as the case may require.

About a week out we had the pleasure of meeting our brothers, Mr. Fee and Dr. Glover who were on their way to the coast, and after a few hours' fellowship, we were soon on our way making fair progress.

One day a grateful wind arose, and as the days were hot, we welcomed it, even regretting having to close the windows to keep out the threatened rain, for heavy clouds hung above us. But our regrets could not last long, for scarcely were the windows fastened before the wind drove the rain in sheets against our boat, and soon we were rolling and tossing about like a cork. The waves arose and dashed in so that we were standing in water. The oil of the lamp, together with our books together with flour and wearing apparel seemed to find a common affinity in the water that was finding its way in at every crevice.

We were told to leave for the shore as the boat might go to pieces so we did our best to battle with the wind and find our shelter under our umbrellas on the bank. Such frail protection soon succumbed to the storm, having suffered from compound fracture of the ribs, but we gathered in an impromptu prayer meeting as Mr. Reeves helped the boatmen to hold on to the boat. It was a touching sight to see our teacher and his brother in each other's arms praying, while the Bible-woman was blue from fear, and the cook called upon the idols to help, as she is a heathen.

We are thankful that before very long the storm subsided and our boat was saved, so we returned. And we remembered that Paul rejoiced through perils by sea and perils by land, so these things teach us to rejoice at all times, as well when we fall into, as find a way out of trials.

The whole river is infested with robbers, and, especially, sneak thieves, so we dared not sleep with windows open at night—my husband improvised a lattice-work blind that we might get air during the night, as summer nights are oppressive. About midnight of the first night of using them, Mr. Reeves was awakened from sleep just in time to see a daring rascal slip into the water and make rapid strides up the bank. He had made way with a blanket and dried fish belonging to the boat people.

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