

Mr. Landor has taken the wise precaution of substantiating his main narrative by gathering into an appendix a sheaf of reports from Government officers in India, who were sent to investigate the simple facts, with the oaths and depositions of his servants, and of the American missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Markua Wilson, who dressed his wounds and tended him during his sickness, as well as of the nurse who took care of him, and of various other persons who saw him in his awful plight and during convalescence.

Early in 1897, having arranged with the Russian and Turkish legations in London, and sent on his cartridges and ammunition by water, expecting to reach Tibet by way of Russia, he learned that the steamer had stranded just before reaching her port of destination. Furthermore, the Turko-Greek war broke out. So determining to take no more preliminary risks, he abandoned the Russian route, and resolved to go by way of India. He reached Bombay in the midst of intense heat, when the city was devastated by the bubonic plague. From Bombay, by rail, waggon, and on horseback, he arrived at Naini Tal, where he announced to the British officers his purpose to journey into the sacred land of the Lamas. He was fortunate in finding two unconventional persons who proved endlessly faithful, Chandan Sing and Mansing.

It seemed to promise a waste of months in negotiation before he could obtain a military escort of Gourkhas—the little fighting men of the Indian army. Realizing that the passes would then be closed and his enterprise be foredoomed, he "snapped his fingers at all the red tape the job required," and set forward. With condensed provisions prepared by

the Bovril Company, and with all proper equipments for a scientific observer of things visible and invisible of earth, heaven, and air, this scientific man and artist, relying more on fresh air and exercise to keep him well than on a medicine-chest and its contents, started upward on his great climb with thirty bearers.

Landor is a keen student of man and nature. Glorious was the view of the Hamahlyas (as he spells the name), with their oceanic depths of colour and shadow, and with pinnacles of ice and snow that seemed fitly to adorn this "Roof of the World." This inter-Alpine region of Asia is called Tibet. One is mightily impressed with his descriptions of these high places of the earth with their dazzling altitudes, whose glaciers feed rivers and nourish the civilization below. In these regions prayer is done by wind and water power. The noble missionaries of the American Methodist Episcopal Church are working here to rout superstition and lift up the people. Our traveller found pleasant society, helpful suggestions, and, for some of his journeys in south-western Tibet, a delightful companion in Dr. Wilson, one of the missionaries.

The picture of the Nerpani road gives one a vivid impression of the awful desolation of rock and sand, the terrors of gorges and steep paths over mighty altitudes, but they also reveal the splendours of colour in which an artist revels. It was in the inhabited part of Tibet, but away from the beaten roads, that Mr. Landor travelled. Probably ten million people lived on this plateau. As one reads through the book he finds a vast variety of bases for human habitations—on the rock, on the drift, in colossal valleys, where a village seems but a dot, and on the sheer face of precipices that remind us