

and anything burnable, and burned. Then each one of the host flung a stone and relics on the ashes. As time went on, sand and earth made a mound of this cairn.

Art overcame arms, as it always will in refined China. The encyclopedia writers, the potters, the elder brothers of the purple people themselves, came back into their own in the famous, delightful Mings, the last reigning house of the pure Chinese. You know that grandest arch in the world, so wide, airy and free, at the entrance to the four-mile amphitheatre twenty-five miles from Peking, and the Herculean statuary of twenty-two figures or more, solemn distances apart in the open plain: warriors; horses; elephants; tigers; camels; lions, standing and recumbent in pairs, and then the tombs of the Mings, with acres of silence between each. Gorgeous in life he is the plainest in death, Yung Loh, who thought this haven of the soul all out. Marble bridges, green and yellow-tiled pailos, painted and chiseled inscriptions, take up the broken theme of woe as you wander on from hillock to hillock, and disturb alone the meadow lark, the grasshopper and your memories. Considering it is eternal China, there is no antiquity here, but for us Westerners it was the day of Notre Dame and the first part of the Louvre, and these, too, were a gorgeous curtain across the passing of royalty.

When King James' translators were at work upon our Protestant Bible, an unfamiliar band of Manchus were setting up that Temple of Literature at Mukden, which you can enter to-day, and which the Japanese spat upon, for they have found a different key to life, and sixty-three miles east on the Tsz-yun Mountains these same Manchus were putting in order another tomb for one now unpegging his felt Bao tent, who would come home either as a dead shepherd, or as the conqueror of the earth's