

who professed to be my guides? Was I really once more in a Christian home, surrounded by kind friends and comfort? Yes, at last, and the realization of it grew upon me when I saw myself delivered from the dirt and vermin of weeks, and lay down to rest once more on a clean bed. Gratitude filled my heart, and with the Psalmist I could say:

Bless the Lord, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name. * * *
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

At the supper table Mr. Turner asked me what I would like to know first about the outside world, since I had been isolated so long. Scarcely knowing where to begin, I stammered out the question, "Is Queen Victoria still alive?"

Disappointed at not finding an official at Jyékundo, I now hoped to be able to ascertain through official means some definite news about my husband's fate. I prepared a statement of the case and sent it to the British Consul at Chong-King, requesting him to forward the same to the Dutch and British ministers at Peking, to be presented by them to the Tsung-li Yamen. For six months I waited in Ta-chien-lu in the hope that some reliable reports would come down from the interior of Tibet, but I waited in vain. On my arrival at Ta-chien-lu I had not a cent of money, but kind friends in America responded generously to my need, and I was able to get down to Shanghai, thence to