

inn or the mission station, either of which would prove a haven of rest. The road was a gradual descent, though here and there were sharp ascents which taxed my strength to the utmost, and at times made me almost despair of reaching Ta-chien-lu that day. But on we trudged over the stony road skirted on either side now by rocks, now by clusters of holly and rhododendrons to me unspeakably beautiful, indications of the return of summer with its blue skies and balmy mountain air. We passed luxuriant valleys, and groups of houses, Chinese in appearance and so different from the homes of Tibetan agriculturalists, reposing on the hillsides looking so neat and inviting. My physical weakness and sore feet took away much of the poetry and all the pleasure of the walk. The Chinese boys kept urging me on, not willing that I should rest every little distance on a stone by the roadside, as I felt compelled to do. Thirty miles' walk the day before and twenty that day could not be accomplished by my already exhausted strength without acute suffering; but the goal was safety, peace and rest, and on I went.

Past a picturesque lamasery with red buildings surrounded by tall trees, on over an arched bridge, we wended our way toward the south gate of the town. My escort persuaded me to mount my poor, tired horse and ride into the place "in state." Just outside the gate we paused at the massive doors of the Roman Catholic Mission to inquire the whereabouts of Mr. Turner's house. It was certainly amusing and yet pitiful to see my boy edge away from the door after