

been received; nor is it likely that I shall ever hear anything more definite.

The reader will recognize in the above report the name of Ishinima, our Tibetan teacher at Kumbum. With all his faults he had a sympathetic heart, for as soon as he heard that our caravan had come to grief in the interior and that Mr. Rijehart had been killed, he offered his services to the official at Sining, and made the long journey to the interior in search of authentic information concerning his friend. Dear old Ishinima! On this page, which will forever to him be sealed and unknown, I cannot refrain from making some slight acknowledgment of his services. The sweet associations of our residence in the lamasery will never be forgotten either by me or by him, and although his dream of some day visiting America with the "foreign teacher" is now shattered, yet it comforts me to know that he has heard the name of Jesus, is acquainted with the teachings of the Bible, and prays to the "Heavenly Ruler" as well as to his brazen idol. While I think of him gratefully and pray for him earnestly I know that from time to time his thought will wander to the far interior of his native land, where sleeps the dust of two whom he loved—and also to me in the distant land so full of wonders, lying across the deep blue ocean.

It is natural to weigh our sacrifices against their results, although the process brings little consolation, for so often in our superficial view the results are minimized beyond our vision and the sacrifice fills the whole horizon. Since my return to America many have