

Belgian mission station to make certain enquiries. They were also to make a map of their route. This small party set off in the course of the afternoon on August 21st.

Like myself, HAUDE was longing to have meteorological station no. 1 at Ghashun-nor ready as soon as possible, and he asked to be allowed to set off with his little staff and his instruments together with LARSON, who was to start on the 22nd. Our ranks were therefore further thinned by the absence of HAUDE, DETTMANN, KAULL, and LI. HUANG also had asked leave to go with LARSON.

SICKNESS AT SHANDE-MIAO

At Shande-miao I was on the sick-list for a few days. I had got a touch of my old gall-stones, and had to submit to a regular treatment by Dr HUMMEL, who administered morphine and other wonderful drugs. He also prescribed a few days in a properly made bed, with sheets — a luxury that I had not enjoyed since we left Pao-t'ou.

On the mat in my tent lay Hami, who had been bitten in one paw in a wrangle with the monastery dogs. He was therefore also one of HUMMEL's patients. His paw had been bandaged, to his great chagrin. Hami and I were like a couple of sick old dogs.

A high lama from the monastery came to express his sympathy; and another, who was invested with the dignity of a judge, was also entertained in my tent. Professor SIU very amiably came to visit me three times a day, sometimes remaining for an hour or two. When I was alone I lay and read, amongst other things, PELLIOT's excellent essay in T'oung Pao, which he had sent to me in Peking: «Voyage des MM GABET et HUC à Lhasa». I also read lighter things, such as «Skibet gaar videre» by NORDAHL GRIEG. This very likable young Norwegian had visited me in Peking early in the spring. It was in this book that I found these golden words: «And you know that there is something that is a thousand times greater than to be a mere male, and that is what a mere male never is: a man. A fearless, open-eyed will that does not fling more dirt into the world than it already contains».

We had taken a young lama into our service. He worked well and was willing, had an alert and agreeable appearance and, something that is as rare among Mongols as it is among human beings generally, he had an exceedingly graceful carriage.

THE MONASTERY

On August 26th we decided to shift the camp to the monastery itself. The monks begged us not to pitch our tents on the top of the hill above the sacred edifice, but in the sand-bound valley below it.