

The evening turned out fine, and from the inn, perched high up on the hill-side, he had splendid views across the deep valley below over range after range to the south. Some of the hills were cultivated even high up, whilst many were covered with trees or undergrowth.

The coolies had a bad time, and at the end of the hard march, having no change of clothing, had to sit round a fire to get their clothes dry. Pereira remarks that during his travels in China he had employed some thousands of coolies, but that practically never had he the slightest trouble with them. Patient, quiet and cheerful, they plod along the most atrocious paths, carrying baggage up and down steep mountains, under a tropical sun or in a deluge of rain, dressed in rags and without any change of clothing—and all for a miserable pittance. He could not understand the mentality of some foreigners who are inclined to knock them about.

On May 11 he reached Nan-kiang-hsien, $95\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Han-chung Fu. The people were slow and stupid and said they could not understand the Chinese of his Tientsin boys. But they were harmless and did not come round in crowds to stare at him as they did in Eastern China. Here he obtained a boat for his baggage and in it went down the Nan-kiang River to Pachow. The scenery was picturesque as the river wound its way among well-wooded hills. At Pachow he found Mr. Parsons of the China Inland Mission, two ladies and a French priest.

After leaving Pachow the country was very fertile. The hill-sides were terraced and all the