

an enclosure reserved for special Chinese. His grave would thus be ensured against desecration. The spot selected was on the east side of Kanze, under the shadow of the great Lamasery on the hill. A coffin of the best wood was made, and, with his sword and military cap laid on it, it was carried up the steep hill-side by twenty Tibetans. Dr. Thompson himself read those beautiful words : " I am the resurrection, and the life ", and Pereira's Chinese boy read parts of 1 Corinthians, chapter xv. After prayer the sword and cap were removed and the coffin was committed to the earth. A temporary wooden cross was placed over the grave, and as there was a Roman Catholic priest two marches away, arrangements were made with him for a more permanent memorial.¹

So in the scene of his great endeavours his body is laid at rest. But his spirit lasts on. To the very end he was true to his self-imposed duty. His iron will forced out of his frail body its last possibility. But it was not only his inflexible will and fidelity to purpose that impressed those who met him on his journeys. They speak of his essential goodness, his lovable nature, his faculty of endearing himself to all he met. French, American and British, Chinese and Tibetan, alike esteemed him in the highest regard. This spirit which animated his work will remain as an inspiration to all who follow after him in that distant borderland, and to many a lover of travel in every quarter of the world.

¹ This has since been done, and he is now buried in the cemetery at Ta-chien-la.