

cipline? That is the theological term under which many of *our ills* are covered. What is it for the poor beast? What is the object of his discipline? Briefly, we do not know—neither as to horse nor as to man. Suffering is a part of the universe, inherent as is joy. While watching them, one after the other, stagger to their death I could see only this: a mass of carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen, which, for reasons unknown to me, or to you, had for a time been endowed with the fatal gift of consciousness. And a man-corpse suggests nothing different, save a less weight of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with a greater weight of consciousness. That is all we may *know*; but there are infinities for which we may hope.

In getting out of Caliban's valley we were led up over a ridge 18,300 feet above the sea, and then, at the end of two days' march, we were down again to about 16,500. As to direction, we yielded to the welcome constraint of mountain and valley, glad to note that our general trend was south-westward. So powerful is the reasoning of desire, we had convinced ourselves that we could identify certain ranges as shown on the meagre maps, and for a few days we actually saw, at about five-mile intervals, artificial heaps of stone, probably marking some native trail of rarest use, from Polu to the salt lakes or to Rudok. But we now know that we depended too much on maps that were necessarily sketches only.

We turned away westward from the best course to Rudok, earlier by a good two days' march than should have been done, and were thus thrown in