

last bloody revolt. He seemed to be fond of recalling that time, for he kept referring to episodes of the time during our conversation. The guerilla leader, Bejan khu, is surrounded with the glamour of a hero in the eyes of the Chinese and they are fond of telling of their encounters with him and his followers. Ma Titai had marched from Tun-huang, to which he had advanced in Kan Su, to Hami and thence over Turfan, Qarashahr etc. to Kashgar and Yarkand, where he served subsequently. He assured me that the troops had used the Ansi-Hami highway and had reached Barkul from there, not over Chinta. During his subsequent service he had fought against the French in South China and later, in Eastern China, he had met Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans. In his opinion all European armies were approximately on the same level; it is only in their ways of marching that a difference can be noticed. He did not seem to be particularly enamoured of the Japanese and ascribed their victories to the difference in distance that separated the combatants from the seat of war. Now, he considered, they were exhausted and not in a fit state to start a new war. European drill was to be introduced among all Chinese troops. There was an instructor in his yamen, who had been trained according to the French system, and he had been entrusted with the task of superintending the drill of the garrison troops.

The Roman Catholic mission at Kanchow, which has existed for a few decades, is under the control of two young missionaries, Staffens, a Dutchman, and Heizemans, a Belgian. These young men seemed to take no interest in social and political questions or anything outside their own special work, but their courtesy and their readiness to help with good advice are worthy of acknowledgment. The missionary station is large and possesses a beautiful church with mural paintings, decorative tiles, Gothic arches and spires. Bishop Hammer's coat of arms, crowned by a large straw hat and ribbon, is seen on the wall of one of the buildings. The horrible martyrdom he suffered during the last Boxer rising is still too fresh in people's memories to need recalling. I developed photographs the day before yesterday with the help of the Rev. Mr Heizemans. In order to keep warm, in the fusty sacristy, we had placed a bowl of coals under the table, which was covered with rugs. The fumes became so overpowering, however, that I suddenly felt ill and scarcely managed to reach the courtyard before I collapsed.

The road to the Tangut monastery at Yanga runs through the village of Kan-chun-pao, 16—17 miles WSW of the town. We rode through the W gate and along a broad, low-lying and very stony, but good road. The country we passed through was very densely populated, the houses prosperous looking and often large. There were not many trees and the ground was often intersected by small ariqs. About 6 miles from the town we reached the bed of the Ch'ih-ho which looked like a sea of gravel, especially to the S. The weather was dull and there was a stubborn little wind blowing. No mountains were visible either in the S or in the N. We crossed 7 arms of the river, one being considerable and reaching a width of 44 feet and a depth of 0.5 m. The current was swift and the bottom stony. In a mile and a third we reached a rise in the ground in a direction 16° — 195° , which represented the limit of the bed; some trees grew beside it, but beyond the same barren plain of gravel extended as far as we could see to the S and N. In the N we could see trees running parallel to our road, indicating the boundary of the cultivated area. Two enormous ariqs