



From left to right: an antique image of Buddha of red and gold lacquered wood from Labrang and two bronze images from Si-an-fu.

We reached the walls of Tung yuan fang after covering about 80 li. The main buildings are visible at a distance of quite $3\frac{1}{2}$ —4 miles. We were met to the strains of the Russian national anthem and »God save the King», played by a Chinese brass band that had been trained by one of the fathers, by the bearded hosts, 3 Spanish and 1 Italian Franciscan monks and Father Juniper Doolin, a newly-arrived Californian whose acquaintance I had made at Si-an-fu. Conversation was not easy, as I had forgotten my Latin long ago and my Chinese was not yet fluent, but my reception was none the less cordial. The main building of the monastery is a fine three-storeyed brick building with columns and galleries in front of one gable. The interior is rather like a hotel with long corridors and rooms on either side. The refectory and reading room are on the ground floor, fairly large, but without any decoration except a few pictures illustrating subjects from the Bible. The simplicity of the place is extreme and there is something sombre about the rooms, in spite of the good spirits of the monks. There are some excellent spare rooms on the first floor, one of which was assigned to me. The carefully washed and ironed sheets bore witness to the forethought and kindness of the monks. The church, an old building, adjoins this house, its two towers with sleeping lions being joined by a fine new stone façade. The interior is simpler than at Si-an-fu, but well cared for in all its details. Four stone tablets let into the wall indicate the last resting place of four bishops. Each side of the courtyard, shaded by trees, is decorated with two long rows of stone monuments erected in memory of monks and a couple of bishops.

A small door leads from this courtyard to the women's quarters. On the right, behind the wall, you pass a little hospital of 15 beds and 2 well-equipped dispensaries, the entrance being from the village street. The Mother Superior Rosalie is a French woman from Metz. She received me in the quiet and natural manner of a woman of the world and led us into a pretty little dining-room in a smaller building surrounded by 4 small gardens. After a dinner that was choice and plentiful for Central Asia, we visited the various establishments of the mission.