undergone a scientific training before undertaking my journeys. During the last year or two I have done what I can by myself to supply this deficiency; but amongst the Himalaya mountains, in the desert of Gobi, and amid the forests of Manchuria, how much would I not have given to be able to exchange that smattering of Greek and Latin which I had drilled into me at school for a little knowledge of the great forces of Nature which I saw at work around me!

With these few remarks of introduction, and with the hope that there may be some among my readers to whom the spirit in which it has been written may appeal; that there may be among the busy crowds in England some to whom it may give an hour's change of scene, and a momentary glimpse into the great world of Nature beyond our little isle; and that there may be some among my countrymen scattered over the world to whom this description of still other lands than those they have so far seen may give pleasure, I send out this story of a wanderer's doings, of the scenes which he has witnessed, and of the feelings which have moved him.

"Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends; Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home; Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends, He had the passion and the power to roam; The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam, Were unto him companionship; they spake A mutual language, clearer than the tome Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Perils he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet:
The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcom'd summer's heat."

Byron.