

frozen over hard. The ice was more than a foot thick on it, and we were able to trot our carts smoothly across a river three hundred yards wide and twenty feet deep.

From Kirin we did not proceed direct to the coast, as we were anxious to visit the head-quarters of the Roman Catholic mission in North Manchuria, at a village named Hsiao Pachia-tzu, about twenty miles from Kuan-cheng-tzu. On approaching this place, we saw from far away over the plain the tower of a church—a remarkable innovation in a Manchurian landscape. On our arrival we were cordially welcomed by the two priests—Père Litot and Père Maviel—and introduced to the bishop, a noble-looking, kindly gentleman, who had lived for over thirty years in the country, and has since died there. A noticeable feature in this mission was that the whole village was Christian. The missionaries had begun by educating and training children as Christians. These had grown into men, and had sent their children in their turn, and in the course of time the whole village had become Christian. We attended the service on Sunday, and were very much struck by the really sincere and devout character of these converts. Brought up from their childhood as Christians, and under the kindly, genial influence of these good priests, the people of this little village seemed like a different race from the cold, hard Chinamen around them.

We could only stay one day, and the next we pushed on to Mukden. The cold was now becoming intense. On account of the heavy traffic on the road, we had to make very early starts in the morning so as to secure places at the inns in the evening. We rose at two or three every morning, had a good plate of porridge and some tea, and then started off. For the first hour or two it would, of course, be dark. Snow covered the ground, and the thermometer would read anything from zero to 14° Fahrenheit below zero, which was the coldest we registered. But