

sparkling in the rays of the sun—and the mist had encrusted everything, all the trunks of the trees and all the delicate tracery of their outlines, with a coating like hoar frost. The earth, the trees, and everything in the scene was glistening white, and the whole air was sparkling in the sunlight. It lasted but a short time, for as the sun rose the mist melted away, but while it could be seen one seemed to be in a very fairyland.

We passed through many villages and thriving little towns, and at length, after covering the last ninety miles in two days, we arrived at Mukden and found ourselves among our own countrymen again. We drove up to the Scottish mission established here, the members of which had been particularly kind to us on our previous visit to Mukden, and had pressed us to stay with them on our return. Messrs. Ross and Webster and Dr. Christie came running out of the house as they saw us driving up in the cart, and it was only as we were shown into a cosy drawing-room, where the ladies were having tea, that we realized how rough we had grown on the journey. We had each of us developed a beard, which, as well as our hair, now, in the light of civilization, seemed very unkempt. Our faces were burning red from the exposure, and our clothes—especially our boots—were worn out and torn with the rough wear they had undergone. We had had many trials on the journey, but this facing a ladies' tea-party in a drawing-room in our disreputable condition was the hardest of them all. As soon as, by the light of comparison, we had discovered our unpresentable state, we begged to be allowed to go and do the best we could for ourselves. Mr. Webster then produced every manner of luxury for us—clean white shirts and, what to me was most acceptable of all, some socks. For some time past my own had been worn to shreds, and as my boots too, as well as a pair which Mr. James had very kindly given me, were all in pieces, my feet had been sadly galled and blistered.