

six months before, and, after all the hardships and the frequent *ennui* of travel, the delight of getting in touch again with one's friends and inhaling one soft breath of air from our native land was intense and almost bewildering. It made us forget all the hard part we had gone through; that all seemed a dream now, and just that touch from outside put enough new energy into us to have started us contentedly on another fresh journey if need had been.

Fulford and I met with no incident on our road to Kirin, though we passed the body of a man who had on the previous day been murdered by brigands; and on November 26 we rejoined Mr. James at Kirin. The great Sungari was now frozen over hard. The ice on it was more than a foot thick, and we were able to trot our carts smoothly across a river three hundred yards wide and twenty feet deep.

From Kirin we pushed on rapidly to Mukden. The cold was now becoming intense. On account of the heavy traffic on the road, we had to make early starts in the morning so as to secure places at the inns in the evening. We