

as the sun rose the mist melted away, but for the time one seemed to be verily in a fairy-land.

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 realised 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 civilisation, seemed most 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