

There are many things one looks back to on a journey, but few things cheered me so much in my more dejected moments as the vivid recollection I used to keep of what I felt were the sincerely meant good wishes of the friends I had left at Peking.

Then I rode out of the gateway and beyond the walls of the city, and was fairly launched on my journey. Just a few pangs of depression and a few spectres of difficulties appeared at first, and then they vanished for good ; and, as the hard realities of the journey began to make themselves felt, I braced myself up and prepared to face whatever might occur, without thinking of what was behind.

With me at starting was one Chinese servant who had accompanied Mr. James through Manchuria, and who was to act as interpreter, but who afterwards gave up when we came to the edge of the desert ; and a second, Liu-san, who eventually travelled with me the whole way to India, acting in turn as interpreter, cook, table-servant, groom, and carter. He served me well and faithfully, he was always hard-working and willing to face the difficulties of the road ; and when I think of