

old Hiuen-Tsiang's account of the fearful 'Nagas' which guard the Pamir heights with their winds and icy showers. Chinese eyes seem still to see the powers of nature as they saw them then. The royal tiger drawn on the opposite side of the wall is no match for this noble dragon, and bears in his half-human face an expression of such utter dejection that we were unable to withhold our mirth. I wondered whether it was the intention of the artist to show the noble beast in a mood of hopeless resignation at its own wickedness.



PRIEST IN LIU-KIN-TANG'S
SHRINE.

The attending priest who greeted "Ma-shao-yieh," as Mr. Macartney is called in Chinese, with unfeigned reverence, seemed a shy and modest specimen of his class. His ways and dress reminded me of a Lama, freshly emerged from some forlorn little monastery. He talked glibly enough of the benefits which the temple enjoys owing to the generosity of the high officials of the province, who look to Liu-Kin-tang as a patron saint watching over their interests. But when it came to being photographed—an operation to which the average Chinaman in these parts submits with relish—he grew hopelessly nervous and looked as if he were preparing himself for the worst. The operation passed off all the same, and a good *douceur* revived the spirits of this humble devotee.

The little suburb, through which we had to ride on our way to the north gate of the Yangi-Shahr, presented a markedly Chinese appearance. There were groups of Chinese soldiers everywhere with the strangely mixed womenfolk they