

Chinese shops are more numerous here than in the "Old City," and owing, perhaps, to the ampler light, looked neater and more inviting. I do not like "shopping" as an occupation. But there was so much of quaint wares in the way of dress, household utensils, &c., to be examined that the time spent in looking for suitable presents to be sent homewards, such as silks, &c., seemed all too short.

It struck me as an intelligent application to modern conditions that among the neatly-docketed files of correspondence which one of the merchants showed us in the pigeon-holes of his snug office, there were letters sent to him by business friends in Ho-nan through Shanghai and the Indian Post Office. The addresses on the envelopes, neatly printed in English, gave the directions as to the route *viâ* Colombo-Rawalpindi-Gilgit and the numerous "c/o's" needed for safe transit with far greater clearness and accuracy than one is accustomed to look for in the case of native Indian correspondents.

Passing on from the shops we paid the intended visit to Mr. Macartney's Chinese friend, Liu-Lai-chin, who owns a modest but clean and well-arranged house close to the City Prefect's Yamen. Our host, apart from his official work, has no mean reputation as an artist, and I had already had occasion to admire the charmingly decorated fan which he had painted as a present for Mrs. Macartney. Sitting in the well-lit and large room which served as office, studio, and drawing-room, it was a pleasure to examine the delicately worked scrolls and paintings with which the artist-official had adorned his walls. Even more, perhaps, I enjoyed watching his eager and animated conversation with Mr. Macartney. It turned in part on antiquarian questions which my references to Hiuen-Tsiang's account of the "New Dominions" had raised. Though only small portions of the discourse could be made intelligible to me through Mr. Macartney's kindness, it was