

ing trees recalled England, and to my mind dear Hampshire.

The personal *milieu* was equally cheerful. Friends whom I had last welcomed in my mountain camp of Kaghan competed in offering pleasant evenings after the day's toil. There was encouraging company in the person of a genial 'Padre,' the Rev. G. A. Campbell Bell, an earlier occupant of the Circuit House. We had scarcely had more than a meal together when he eagerly enquired whether I could not take him to Turkestan as my chaplain! I wondered, if my spiritual needs could have been provided for in that good old fashion, whether he would not have found the desert too lonely a region for his sociable spirits, nurtured at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford. But even with all this to brighten the last busy days in civilization, I felt heartily glad that they were drawing to an end.