

the river and Chini-bagh, and did not seem to fear the mid-day sun beating down with painful intensity. Russians in Central Asia evidently get acclimatized far more thoroughly in some respects than Europeans ever can in India.

For me it was comforting to see the poor old 'Abbé' carried to his rest by men whose ruddy cheeks, fair hair, and general bearing were just those one might have seen among Slavonic peasants anywhere in Eastern Europe. The hymns they began to sing on nearing the cemetery were full of that sweet melancholy which lends charm to the national music of Russia. They were the only substitute for a burial service. There was no pope to read it according to the rites of the Greek Church, and to let the Swedish missionaries perform any religious functions on ground consecrated for orthodox Russians would apparently have raised objections among the Cossacks. Even for the mere burial of a Catholic the latter's permission had specially to be asked by the Consul. So there was nothing for us but to say farewell to the weary wanderer in reverent silence, and to trust that a tombstone which Mr. Macartney was preparing to raise would soon mark his last resting-place.