

The Western Frontiers of China

Archibald Rose C.I.E., F.R.G.S.

Lecture delivered before the members of the Peking Language School at the residence of Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, the American Minister.

When I was honoured by an invitation to address the members of the Language School I had some difficulty in deciding what line of thought would be most likely to interest you. All our energies and all our thoughts are so much influenced by the war that it is not easy just now to approach any subject with complete detachment. One tends to think always of one's own life in terms of the life led by our brothers and sisters near the fighting line. And so we are constantly wondering if we are pulling our weight in the boat. Most of us here to-night have to face the fact that our lives are pledged to China, for a spell at least, and it seems to me that we can only pull our weight if we are doing our utmost to know what China means—to know what forces are working within the body politic and moulding her destiny as a member of the brotherhood of nations.

You have set yourselves in earnest to the most important task in such an enquiry—you are learning the language of the people and so equipping yourselves to get in direct touch with their thoughts and their ambitions. We were given a key to one door of knowledge last week by Dr. Reinsch. We see other lines in the passing events recorded in the daily papers. And this afternoon I will try to bring

to your minds yet another phase, for I propose to tell you of conditions as I have seen them in the interior of China and especially upon the far western frontiers. We hear little direct news regarding those regions here in Peking, but they have counted for a great deal in forming the policies of this country in the past, and they are still a living force in the China of to-day.

I can give you only a brief glance of the results of three journeys, but every new experience helps one to understand a little better the China in which we live, the men and the conditions lying behind the Government offices here, the way that trade finds its natural channels, the collection of the taxes for the administration of the Government, and the gradual realization by the Chinese that that Government has a real responsibility in regard to its neighbours and its own people. We are living between two worlds, the old and the new. The transition is costing a heavy price but the new world is dawning in China as well as in the West and each one of us has a part to play in the process. The object of this course of lectures is to help us to play that part, to remind us of our common aims and ideals, and to send us out into the field of our endeavour with the best equipment possible.

My first long journey into the interior was taken in 1902, and I hardly think that the internal appearance of China has changed very much in the intervening years, though there has been a very marked development in many of the conditions of life, and even, I believe, in the minds of the people. They are growing conscious of a certain discontent, and they are seeking for a remedy. In 1902 I had instructions to proceed overland to Szechwan, a vague place

which I believed to lie somewhere in the west, but of which I had little further knowledge. By a happy chance I happened to be in this Legation on the day that my orders reached me and Colonel Brewster, the Commandant of the American Guard, nobly offered to arrange everything in the way of supplies. He fitted me out in the most practical way with camp kit and stores, and in three days' time I was off on my travels.

We started off by train towards Cheng-ting Fu. In those days the railway was run on such a leisurely friendly basis that, when my dog jumped out of the window, the train stopped to pick it up. Then we started again, but unfortunately the engine ran off the line and I was precipitated into the province of Chihli with all my bags and baggages. And so I began travelling in earnest in an unpretentious cart—which in turn upset me several times, but was more easily set right again. Then came long slow marches, sometimes in carts, sometimes in mule litters, past Tai-Yuan-Fu and through the loess defiles of Shansi till we came to the Yellow River. I found the provinces so jealous of one another that even the gauge of the wheel ruts changed as we crossed their borders and we had to change the axles of our carts to suit them. It was a long, monotonous journey but one began to absorb the atmosphere of China. We slept at night in the mule inns, crowded in with all the travellers and traders of the Great North Road; we paid our way, sometimes by clipping off lumps of silver which were carefully weighed out, sometimes by strings of cash, of which at one time we had an entire cart load. And we saw what famine could do, even in a rich province like Shansi, when the rain fails and when there is no efficient

transport available. People were dying by thousands and the wolves seemed to gain courage as the men grew hungry. One night we arrived very late and very weary at a little walled city, but they refused to open the gates and let us in, as the wolves had broken in at dusk the night before and had wrought awful havoc. Passports and protestations were useless, and we slept outside.

And so we came to Sianfu, where the Empress lay during the occupation of Peking the year before. Even there the people knew practically nothing of the Boxer trouble or the reason for the flight of the Empress. Newspapers were never received in the interior and all information about the world was obtained from the story-tellers, who came to the inns at night and recited wonderful legends, with grains of news here and there, but no way of telling the actual from the legendary. We sometimes cavil nowadays at the vernacular press, but, when I remember the entire absence of news and of interest in public affairs so short a time ago, I am impressed much more by the progress of the Chinese papers than by their youthful indiscretions. I often wonder indeed if the press is not the greatest force in modern China. The schools are helping very greatly, for the boys and girls take new ideas into their homes. The railways and steam launches are helping, for they have introduced a new mobility into the lives of the men and given them a new individual freedom. But the newspapers reach every one nowadays in some form or other and they are creating a public opinion. In that public opinion the greatest hope of China seems to rest. It was the force which saved England and we may hope that it will grow strong and keep on healthy lines in China.

But I have delayed too long on my journey and I must take you along the south bank of the Yellow River, change the carts for mules at the border, and so climb the mountains into Kansu, a country of brown plains and treeless mountains, with a cheery Mohammedan population. And so south into Szechwan. I should like to talk to you about that delightful province with its timbered homesteads, its irrigation system, its natural resources, its progressive independent people, and its fruitful harvest. But I must resist that temptation and get further afield. I have outlined this first journey into the interior of China proper, however, because it is useful to keep the normal China in mind as a basis of comparison.

Now I want you to think of a wilder, remoter China, of Yunnan and Turkestan. Not that they are far away from Szechwan in geographical miles, but because they have been differently treated by nature and are consequently on a different economic basis. That is largely the explanation of the rebellions and invasions and the constant inter-provincial struggles, which provide us with a laconic paragraph in the morning paper to the effect that the Yunnanese or the Kueichow troops have taken a town in Szechwan, or perhaps that the Szechwanese have won it back again.

We generally enter China from the East, but I am going to ask you to enter from the West, to go to Burma and travel from Rangoon up to Irrawady River to Bhamo. That is the starting point, the market, for men and merchandise destined for Yunnan and the Far West. Starting from Bhamo for Tengyueh you settle down to long daily stages at the head of a caravan of mules, swinging steadily along

over the mountain roads to the rhythm of a pair of sweet-toned gongs which dingdong through the silence of the forest. They are pleasant marches, those first few stages through the dense jungle, the road now overshadowed by great trees, now sweeping up to reveal broad prospects of mountain peaks that fade into the distant haze, now winding along the banks of rocky, orchid-bordered torrents.

Hidden in the mountains on both sides of the frontier road are villages of Kachins, a wild and warlike race which causes much anxiety to the Chinese and the peaceful Shans inhabiting the neighbouring valleys. The men are keen-looking fellows, who spend their days in sharpening their long two-handed swords—their nights in drinking and in harrying the marches. The burdens of life are borne by their women folk, who work on the land, hew wood, draw water, grind the grain for the family meal and carry the rest of it to market. Long trains of these women are met along the roads carrying on their backs great baskets of grain depending from a strap across their foreheads, whilst their hands are busy spinning strands of cotton yarn, or weaving a straw bracelet for their sweethearts, as they toil up the mountain slopes. They wear a short kilt, supported by numbers of loose rattan girdles, the lobes of their ears are pierced and dispended to carry long tubes of silver or rolls of red cloth. They are hospitable people, these Kachins, and offer one a ready welcome in their homes. Their spirit of hospitality indeed goes to the length of recognizing the complete responsibility of a host for his guest, probably as a result of perpetual blood feuds, which make a man's life a dangerous one directly he leaves his own village. I remember a case at one of the frontier meetings in which a

Chinese Kachin appeared as complainant against another Kachin who lived across the border. He had accepted an invitation to dinner, dined not wisely but too well and had fallen down a precipice on the way home. The result was a broken leg and he appeared before the judicial tent to sue his host for damages. The erring host paid up quite cheerfully and the international incident was amicably settled over the body of a sacrificial pig.

There is a physical reality about this frontier between Burma and China which impresses one very vividly as the caravan emerges from the last shady miles of the Burma road and looks down from a commanding peak over the two great territories of British India and China, stretching far away to the west and to the east. On the one side lies Burma, green and forest-clad as far as the eye can reach, the hills raising their wooded summits from a sea of white and billowing mists, whilst on the other side China stretches away to the sunrise, with hills that are bare of trees, rugged and weatherworn, with every crevice standing clear in the still sparkling air of the winter morning.

And then, as the day advances, we wander down into the northernmost of the Shan States that form the western boundary of China along much of this frontier line, following the course of the Taiping—the River of Peace,—well-named in its quiet sojourn through the country of the Shans.

The Chinese Shan States run in a series of well-watered valleys between the frontier and the Yunnanese plateau, with roads winding along broad grassy stretches above which magnificent banyan trees spread their giant arms and their deep shade. In an avenue of these trees Margary, the first of our Consuls to visit Tengyueh, was

murdered forty years ago and, as a result of his death, we have the Chefoo Convention, the Treaty under which the interior of China was first really opened up to foreign travel and foreign commerce. A few miles farther on, and under just such another clump of trees, Litton, another of our Consuls and a noble successor to Margary, was found dead in his sedan chair in 1906. During the two years that I was stationed on this frontier four white men were murdered by the tribesmen, and the country still bears a somewhat unhealthy reputation. The Chinese have not yet controlled the wild tribes on the hills, and the Shans are too weak to do more than stave off the immediate danger to their own property.

They are a highly-civilized, prosperous, and charming people, living in one of the most beautiful spots on the earth, holding their land on communal lines, and devoting most of their surplus income to the upkeep of their Buddhist shrines. One wonders how long they can survive, as the hill tribes press further south and turn hungry, anxious eyes on the smiling valleys below. British administration on one side of the border is settling the question to some extent by improving the lot of the tribesmen, educating them, teaching them agriculture and industries, and opening up roads by which their goods can be taken to market. They are also stimulating the Shans to some sense of their weakness and their responsibility, with the result that frontier conditions on the British side have improved immensely during the last few years. Weakness and careless prosperity is a perpetual temptation to hungry neighbours, and therefore a menace to the peace of all. That is one of the great lessons of all the western frontiers.

From the semitropical Shan valleys it is but a day's march to an entirely new world, a long steep climb through beds of lava and volcanic peaks to the great Yunnan plateau, at the edge of which, at an altitude of 5,400 feet, stand the walls of Tengyueh, a real mediæval city and the outpost of Chinese administration. Here there is a British Consul, a Commissioner of Customs, and a mission station, and I should like to take this opportunity to say how grateful I am to those outlying missions which I have come across in every part of the interior. They always welcome the traveller; they offer him the greatest luxuries in the world—clean sheets and clean towels—and I am convinced that the clean homes and self-sacrificing lives of these men and women are one of the greatest, because the most practical, object lessons to the Chinese of the real ideals of our Western civilization.

As to Yunnan, I hardly dare to start upon it, because there is so much that I want to tell you. It is a real sit-up-at-night subject. But I must try to give you just a glimpse. It is a joyous country to live in, the highland climate bright and sunny, fine open downs with bracken and fine trees over which one can gallop for miles, pheasants—even the lady Amherst and the silver pheasant—partridges, snipe, hares, stags, and leopards and in the rivers the good fish mahseer. Then there is Talifu with its mysterious lake and its snowcapped mountain, from which they cut the slabs of marble with pictures of Yunnan mountains and mists and torrents all painted by nature in the grain of the marble. And then the market, full of Tibetan tribesmen with great turquoises and corals and maroon-coloured clothes, who dash in on shaggy ponies and

camp in rough brown tents on the mountain sides. And the flowers, there never was such a country for flowers. Great rhododendrons, red and white, whole hillsides ablaze with azaleas, masses of red pyrus gleaming through the morning mists, primulas everywhere in the meadows, so that you pitch your camp in their midst and the ponies and mules and men all make their supper from them. That is on the upland plateau, the open country where it is very good to be alive; not a rich country by any means, too rugged and inaccessible to be a great success, agriculturally or industrially, but a great country for breeding men.

But I want you to think of the frontier. You will remember that the Himalayan ranges stretch right across the north of India; then, at their eastern corner they suddenly turn at a right angle and come south, down between China and Burma and almost to the sea in French Indo-China. In that right angle lies the home of the frontier tribes. The ridges come down straight and clear in well-defined lines, the Irrawady-Salween Divide being specially distinct, with its line of rugged limestone peaks. Near the point where Tibet and Burma and China meet, the three great rivers, the Yangtze, the Salween, and the Mekong, run within fifty miles of one another, wedged in the mountain chains. That mountain line is known to the geologists as the old Gondwana Land, and from its fossil remains they judge it the oldest portion of the earth, the first piece of dry land that emerged from the chaos of waters. It seems possible therefore that the tribes are old too, and that the Lisus and Lolos, the Was and Kachins are some of the earliest branches of the human family. Of course the anthropologists try to prove that they came from somewhere

else; they always want to prove that every one came from somewhere else, but there must have been a starting place. I dare say the Red Indians are really Lolos, as some of them allege, but anthropology is a very distracting subject and unsuitable for afternoon discussion.

The fact remains that these frontier tribes know all about the Flood and some of them give very curious details. They all agree however that only two people survived, and the Deucalion and Pyrrha of the frontier were a brother and sister who escaped in a gourd and proceeded to people the earth. I shall never forget the evening when the legend was first told to me. We were encamped on a little grassy glade in a wild corner of the mountains near to a Lisu village, and I had spent the afternoon in medical administrations of a simple but effective nature. Those who survived the treatment announced, presumably in token of their gratitude, their intention to give a dance. At nightfall my camp fire was piled up with huge pinelogs, and the beacon was so effective that people began to arrive from all sides, the men in white hempen jerkins, armed to the teeth with crossbows and dahs, the girls in short frocks of many colours and covered with beads and cowries and silver ornaments, a most picturesque crowd. For some time they sat round the fire and chanted legends, generally about the Flood and the beginnings of things, to an accompaniment of sweet-toned gourd pipes which were played by the young men. Then, as they warmed with the music and the wine from their bamboo tubes, they linked arms and danced, first swaying slowly to the music, then working themselves into a frenzy of excitement as they whirled round in the firelight. And then they vanished as suddenly

as they had come, and I was left alone with the darkness and the mountains and the stars.

It is a strange hard life for these people entirely shut away from the world and eking out a precarious existence on their jungle—clad hillsides. They go always in fear, either of their neighbour and the poisoned arrows of his crossbow, or of the *Nats*, the spirits of their nature worship. They recognize the Nats of the jungle and the flood, the mountain and the storm, and in their idea all the spirits are revengeful and evil, only to be propitiated by constant sacrifice. It is curious that all jungle dwellers seem to have this Nature terror: their whole lives are shadowed by the dense, sickly jungle and by some impending danger too strong or too intangible for them to grasp. It strikes one very forcibly as one comes from the quiet Buddhist atmosphere of the Shan States, and it struck me still more when, a few months afterwards, I found myself on the open deserts of Central Asia, where man is free and the sky is boundless and there is a general acceptance of one great God.

Let us turn then to the deserts and to the most western corner of China, Kashgaria, over which the Chinese have exercised some sort of hold since the first century B.C., and which was definitely annexed by that great empire-builder Ch'ien Lung. One can get to Turkestan by the first route which I have described this afternoon, branching up through Kansu and so on to Urumchi and down to Kashgar. But I would ask you to enter it from the south and thus to plunge immediately into the heart of Asia. I went up through Kashmir and so always northward till Kashgar was reached. It is a good route for those who

are keen on travel or on sport or on good scenery and fine mountains; very good to follow, though in the opposite direction, the route which was taken by Alexander the Great and his Macedonian levies as they came down the Jhelum valley to the capture of the Punjab; very good too to see the Gilgit road and the possibilities of the modern engineer in building a road along what is probably the most terrible mountain mass in the world. But when one has passed Gilgit the road is left behind and one finds one's way as best one can along rough mountain paths, still passable for a pony for several days. I remember one morning I had started before dawn and was riding quietly along a deep nullah, my pony picking his way carefully among the sand and stones, when, with a feeling that something unusual was happening, I chanced to look backward and saw something so wonderful that it comes back to me now almost as a living reality. The open end of the Nullah gave one a picture of that most impressive of mountains, Nanga Parbat, with its 26,000 feet of snow rising sheer from the plain. It so happened that the rising sun had caught its snowy peaks and there it stood a mass of golden glory whilst all the rest of the world lay wrapped in the purple shadow of the night.

I climbed on to the little principalities of Hunza and Nagar where the two rival Mirs, each claiming a direct descent from Alexander, hold sway over the frontier range in mediæval castles crowning rugged mountain peaks. In their castles, with the great fire place in the middle of the floor and the retainers all gathered under one roof for their meals, one imagines oneself staying with one of the old English kings. It is a wild land and, until the intervention

of the Indian Government a few years ago, these border princes were the terror of the caravan route which led from Samarcand to China. They sit in their castles now fretting with inaction, and I was interested to see the relics of old raids still adorning the castle walls, wonderful inlaid arms and armour from the west, rich silks and stuffs from China, whilst the Heir Apparent was playing with a beautiful illuminated missal from which he was carefully removing the leaves and testing their nutritive value.

Beyond Hunza one enters a country which is really difficult and dangerous. During the last marches to the frontier all but the lightest kit must be abandoned and one has to live on dried apricots as the only portable food. It is a slow and anxious progress along the cliff-side, scaling precipitous rock-faces with but a few inches of foothold, crossing logs which are balanced in the crevices, so frail and so inconsequent that an unsteady stone, a slipping plank, or a false step would send one thousands of feet down to the rocks of the river bed below. The way lies, too, across a glacier over which every step must be laboriously cut with an ice axe. The ice peaks are separated by deep cracks and chasms, and the crossing of the glacier is not an experience that one would willingly attempt a second time. After one final struggle of 1,000 feet, up a rock face that seemed to me as steep as a house, with the rubble giving way in places under one's feet, or the sudden tightening of the rope nearly jerking one into the air, and all to the accompaniment of load explosions from the glacier ice below, we really reached the top. There stretched the Pamir, grassy and level and open as far as the eye could reach. My Mohammedan guides prostrated themselves

and remained on their faces for nearly an hour. It seemed to me a suitable tribute to the occasion. I do not recommend the Kilik pass in August.

But there is a certain satisfaction in this climb to the roof of the world where, in a solitary wilderness 20,000 feet above sea level the three Empires of Britain, Russia, and China actually meet. From the frontier as far as Tashkurgan, stretches the Tagdumbash Pamir, a part of Sarikol, and its people are believed to be of Aryan origin. In the broken mountain country north of Tashkurgan one finds the Kirghiz, nomads too, but of a more Mongolian type with little hair upon their faces and long, narrow eyes. These races of Central Asia, however, are greatly mixed in blood, and one may find in the same tent a black bushy beard alongside a smooth-faced lad with flaxen hair and well-opened grey eyes. Kirghiz or Sarikoli or Turkoman, however, all bear the distinctive marks of the nomad above all difference of locality or race or creed. The guest is received into the tents of the Kirghiz Mohammedans, welcomed as warmly at their fireside, and waited on as freely by their unveiled women as among the Buddhist Mongols of Northern Asia. They are a picturesque crowd as they sit round the argol fire waiting for their evening meal; the nomads in robes of every brilliant hue, orange, and purple, and crimson, and green; my Kanjutis from over the border in their white cloaks and caps, with bunches of yellow poppies or mauve primulas above their curls. All round us are the flocks and herds, shaggy black yaks and two-humped camels, the men and children rounding up the cattle, the women milking or cooking or weaving, and the sun throwing its last gleams

over the brown tents and the broad russet pastures in their setting of eternal snows. One is carried back to the days of Father Abraham and Father Isaac, to those far-off centuries when these Central Asian plateaux swarmed with countless wanderers, who were driven out at last by the resistless forces of drought and famine, and went forth to conquer the known world, to overwhelm the nations with the Tartar wave of the Dark Ages, and to leave their mark upon their peoples from Russia to Japan.

China's Farthest Outpost

China's hold upon her nomad population is of the lightest and, although a handful of men is maintained on the Pamirs at Tashkurgan, there is little sign of Chinese authority until one drops into the great plain of Central Asia, and finds at Kashgar a Chinese Taotai, a garrison, and a walled city on the regular Chinese model, set in that green oasis, where the line of irrigation brings wealth and prosperity and the most luscious fruits to a dense Mohammedan population on the very borders of the deserts of Takla Makan. Here we find the Chinese in their farthest outpost, their westernmost extremity, a position which they have lost and won time after time throughout the ages. Here they are installed as rulers of an alien race, surrounded by Mohammedans, a five months' journey from Peking, yet utterly unaffected by their strange surrounding and unusual conditions. They do not attempt to learn the language of the people, and remain entirely dependent upon their Turkish and Persian interpreters. They have even a separate city for themselves, a Chinese

Kashgar lying several miles from the Mohammedan town, both of them provided with fine walls and guard-towers and moats.

The Heart of Asia

From Kashgar lines of cultivation and traffic run eastward of China proper on either side of the great desert, the northern ones leading past Urumchi into Mongolia and Kansu, that to the south passing by the ancient civilizations of Kotan and the Lob basin. Changes of climate have deflected the line of the road since classic days, and even since the time of Marco Polo, but the great trade route is still open, the long lines of camels still swing through the dusk on their night marches across the desert, bearing their distant cargoes from Peking or Samarkand, from the oil wells of Baku, the tea districts of China and the Moscow cotton factories. Here in Kashgar one realizes what the Central Asian markets meant to the ancient world and what they mean to-day. Here are still the nomads of the high plateaux, the thronging Turkomans of the fertile oases, the old means of transport, the richly laden caravans, the mud-walled caravanserais, the very heart of Asia. And here at last one turns one's face westward, following that old path of conquest and progress and commerce across the desert, and over the Alai snows, through Samarkand and Bokhara, over the waters of the Oxus, through country still rich in memories of Alexander and Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane. And then at last to Geok Tepe, marking the last wave of conquest, Russia's final and decisive victory, till one reaches the Caspian, the

Caucasus, and Constantinople, and the long, slow marches of Asia give place at last to Europe.

That is the end of my story, and I hope that it will not discourage you from turning your face westwards when your travelling days arrive, for I do not doubt that some of you will have an opportunity of seeing the western marches, and that most of you will find some personal link with them if you remain in China. The life of every man and woman who goes into the interior is a full one. The people expect much of you, and those who have to play guide, philosopher and friend to so shrewd a people as the Chinese need the fullest equipment possible. They will consult you (especially if you are a man) as to the method of knitting socks and on the relative values of semi-diesel engines: they will test your judgment on the question of their digestions, their crops, their litigations and their grandmothers. They will expect you to draw up specifications for an electric lighting plant, to introduce a suitable crop for their waterless lands, to recommend a brand of portable pumps and to show them how to finance a cotton-mill. One can scarcely hope to become a specialist in all their various needs, but one can help. And I exhort you, whether your work be that of a missionary, an official or a business-man, do not despise the ways of trade. Remember rather that trade is a magic circle girdling the globe and bringing from one people to another the good things of the world. It is for trade that the farmer tries to improve his crops and so give his son a better education and his wife an electric bulb with which to light her home. When once you have seen the unhuman work of the poor coolies in the west, the terrible burdens carried

over long stages, the sleepless over-tired nights and the feverish days in the paddyfields, you long for the introduction of railways and pumps and every other "mechanical abomination," so long as it will set men free to do men's work.

China's Unknown Products

The Chinese are learning that they need many of our commodities and that such things help to a better and a fuller life. But they must be paid for, and they can only be paid for by the products of China. One result of the war has been to create a demand for many Chinese articles which were previously unknown in Europe and America. The value of many of these things has been discovered and recorded by missionaries and travellers and there is still a vast field of research before us. It is largely due to our missionaries that electric light and the printing press have found their way into the remotest corners of China. They have also helped greatly in introducing new crops and in preaching such needs as afforestation, sanitation, irrigation and education. So long as one has a general knowledge there are always specialists who will help. Both the Indian and American Departments of Agriculture have been most helpful to me whenever I have asked their advice on behalf of the Chinese, and nowadays there are British and American forestry experts at the Board of Agriculture in Peking who would certainly come to one's aid. There are many simple things which have recently been discovered by scientific research and which would improve conditions in every district in China. India, for instance, has discovered a new wheat, rust proof and

strong in strain, which increases the production per acre by 16 rupees and gives promise of an additional £5,000,000 a year to the agricultural wealth of India. Yunnan has an upland, dry-ground rice, which will thrive without water and which, if strengthened by hybridization, would no doubt prove a great food product for many dry regions. The country is full of soap-producing trees of one sort or another and yet it imports practically all its soap from abroad. The *nan-mu*, the wonderful wood which one sees in the pillars and furniture of the Palaces, is practically extinct as a living tree and the beautiful camphor tree is threatened with the same fate.

I hope that these few notes may prove suggestive as to the future that lies before you in the interior of China. For most of you the country is still a hope and an aspiration, but it is an undeveloped country, with a people who respond quickly to sympathy and a desire to help, and few who have tried it have found it disappointing. For those of us whose journeys are in the past—and I see some of them here—there still remains the memory of it all and “all experience is an arch where-through gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades for ever and for ever as I move.” I believe that for us our journeyings have been our happiest days. As we sit at our desks in Peking, memory still helps us to see real places and real men in the papers with which we deal from day to day, and we sometimes feel the wind blowing from the Pamir or catch a breath of artemisia from the passes.