



MISS ANNIE R. TAYLOR.

DR. S. RIJNHART MOYES.

Two Lady Missionaries in Tibet.

BY

ISABEL SUART ROBSON,

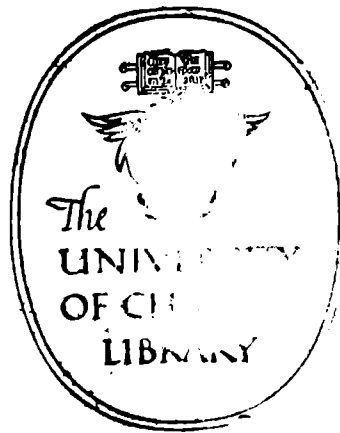
Author of "Evan Grayle's Daughters," "The Fortunes of Eight," etc.

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PREFACE.

ONE by one the white places on the map, which indicate unknown land, have been conquered by the explorer, and one by one dark regions where the name of Christ was never heard have been opened by the missionary, carrying his life in his hand and willing, like St. Paul, "not to be bound only but to die for the name of the Lord Jesus."

Tibet still lies in darkness, its passes more rigidly guarded than ever against foreigners, its people more hostile to intruders; but along the frontiers a cordon of missionaries has been drawn and many lives have been dedicated to the evangelisation of the "Great Closed Land."

In recent years, two lady missionaries, daring greatly, have managed to elude the vigilance of guards and penetrated to the interior. Miss Annie Taylor, who went alone with a few native servants in 1892, and Dr. Susie Carson Moyes whose journey was made with her husband and infant son, six years later—a disastrous journey, of which she was the sole survivor. These journeys were undertaken in no spirit of adventure, no desire to "break a record" or triumph where so many had failed, but solely as pioneer missionary journeys, undertaken with the object of discovering the possibilities of mission work in the heart of the country, and of opening the way for other workers who might follow.

Nor is the value of such pioneer work to be estimated by visible results or by what was done for Tibetans in their

own land. Such lives as those of Miss Taylor and Dr. Susie Carson Moyes are the earth's most precious possession; their example an inspiration to those half inclined to believe that the age is utilitarian and romance and altruism dead.

The story of their gallant effort to carry the gospel to Lhasa roused strong interest in a country of which little had hitherto been known; it roused others to take up the work which they were compelled to relinquish, and cannot fail to-day to be an inspiration to all who read its chapters in the annals of missionary history.

To those who have so kindly assisted in the preparation of the book I take this opportunity of tendering my thanks, especially to Dr. Retta Kilborn and Mr. Moyes for assistance in telling the story of Dr. Carson Moyes' work.

I.S.R.

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MISS ANNIE R. TAYLOR,

PIONEER MISSIONARY IN TIBET.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

THE “romance of missions” is not an empty phrase. No page of poetry or fiction, no chapter of history, real or legendary, contains stories more thrilling than are to be gleaned from the chronicles of missionary work in remote and uncivilised lands—chronicles which stretch back to the early days of the Church when, in twos and threes, the Apostolic band went forth to preach the Gospel in every land and to every creature.

Among such thrilling stories that of Miss Annie R. Taylor, traveller and pioneer missionary, has a unique interest. Where no Englishwoman had hitherto ventured she lived alone; into the Great Closed Land, which few travellers had penetrated to come back to tell the tale, she went with her Tibetan servants, undeterred by obstacles, dangers and hardships, and, undaunted by the disappointments and miseries of her journey, made her home for years in this most inhospitable of all countries, consecrating her life to the evangelisation of Tibet. Courage and an adventurous spirit may take the traveller far, but only a lofty enthusiasm for souls and a heroic faith could have carried

this intrepid Englishwoman through an enterprise which will always have a place in Tibetan as well as missionary history.

There was much in the circumstances of Miss Taylor's early life to foster an interest in foreign lands. Her father, the late Mr. John Taylor, F.R.G.S., was then a director of the famous Black Ball line of sailing vessels, known fifty years ago as "the greyhounds of the ocean," and only yielding that distinction when a desire for more rapid transit gradually brought the great modern steamers into competition with them.

"All the Taylors are born travellers," Miss Annie R. Taylor once said, "with an interest more than usually keen in what is strange and remote." Mr. Taylor himself travelled much, and friends made in distant lands were often at his house. Listening to their conversation the younger members of the family naturally grew up with a desire to travel and to see for themselves the countries of which they heard, and with a sense, too, of the accessibility rather than the remoteness of other lands. Many have since travelled and lived in Australia, New Zealand, India, China, Japan and the various countries of Europe, and in her home in Tibet Miss Annie R. Taylor received visits from two of her sisters and a brother-in-law.

This interest in distant lands was doubtless strengthened by the fact that their mother, from whom they inherit Southern blood, was born in Brazil. Her maternal grandfather belonged to the old nobility of France, and to escape the terrors of the revolution emigrated with a brother to South America. There he took service in the Brazilian army, and lived a life full of picturesque incidents, not the least romantic of which was his meeting on a battlefield with the Lisbon-born girl who afterwards became his wife.

Their grand-daughter married Mr. John Taylor after her father, Mr. Peter Jones Foulkes, a merchant of Ceara,

had returned from Brazil to England. Miss Taylor's religious instincts, so early developed and so peculiarly strong, were always attributed by her mother to another strain of French blood in the Huguenot forebears of Mr. Foulkes, a family of the name of Guibal, who, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had quitted Northern France for the more hospitable shores of Great Britain.

Miss Annie R. Taylor was the second child of a family of five sons and five daughters, and was born at Egremont, Cheshire, on the 17th of October, 1855. On the testimony of all who knew her she was a restless, vivacious child, very difficult to control, often in mischief and eager for adventure, despite the fact that she early developed a delicacy of health which seemed to make it unlikely that she would live to grow up. When she was seven years old the doctors discovered valvular disease of the heart, happily since outgrown, and her parents were advised not to send her to school or trouble her with study. In the years which followed she attended, in intervals of better health, schools in various parts of England and in Germany, and for a time studied art in Italy, but for some time she lived what many people might consider an idle life at home.

The time was utilised, however, to acquire many arts which have perhaps proved more valuable to her than more scholastic achievements. Mrs. Taylor was a clever manager and could turn her hand to everything, and thus the delicate girl learned to be skilful in housewifely matters, to milk cows and to make butter, to manage a garden and to cook; indeed, so proficient did she become in the culinary art that members of her family used, teasingly, to tell her that it was her greatest talent.

A childhood which lacks all the wholesome discipline of school life, combined with a delicacy which makes one an object of special solicitude and consideration, are only too apt to foster wilfulness and self-love. Happily, to

check such tendencies, there came to Miss Taylor, when she was a girl of only thirteen, the call to consecrate herself to God, a call which, once obeyed, moulded and ennobled her whole future.

It came to her after a quiet Sunday evening service in a little Congregational church at Kingston-on-Thames. "I had always been in the habit of going to church or chapel," she says, referring to this crisis in her life, "but hitherto the only part of the sermon to which I listened was that addressed to sinners, which I mentally called *my* part. One Sunday when kneeling down as others did at the close of the service, a Voice seemed to say to me: 'If that is your part of the sermon *it is your own choice*, because Christ died for you.' I there and then accepted Him as my Saviour; and on reaching home I took the Bible to my room and decided to follow whatever God should teach me through His Word."

To devote her life to the service of others, to do "something great and uplifting," now became her burning desire. The great difficulty seemed to be to find something she would be permitted to undertake. She well remembers how, after a meeting held by Lord Radstock some years later, Miss Emsley, a gentle saintly woman who afterwards became the wife of Dr. Barnardo, and whose influence upon Miss Taylor's life was particularly helpful and encouraging, placed a hand on the girl's shoulder and asked her, "When are you going to work for Jesus?"

"I answered 'Now,'" says Miss Taylor, "and the next day I went out into the back streets of Richmond to find some poor person to give a coin to, but finding no one came home quite disappointed."

The call to become a missionary came to her when she was only sixteen. She was then a boarder at Clarence House School, Richmond, and with her schoolfellows was taken to hear an address on mission work given by John

Moffat, son of the great African missionary. The girl was deeply impressed, and her heart beat with passionate longing to walk in the steps of the devoted workers of whom the speaker told his audience. Yet she was at the same time much discouraged. Mr. Moffat addressed himself entirely to young men, and strongly discountenanced the taking up of the work by women. He described in graphic terms the suffering women and children had to endure in uncivilised lands, and expressed his conviction that their presence, far from being a help to the men, did much to hinder their work.

Miss Taylor went home wishing "for the only time in her life" that she had been born a boy, yet not entirely convinced that there was not some work to be done in the mission field by one of her own sex. From that time she read any missionary literature she could obtain, and as she read and re-read, her first vague desire to carry the Gospel message to the heathen crystallised into a firm, unalterable purpose.

Twelve years passed before she was able to fulfil her dream. When she was eighteen she went with her two younger sisters to school in Berlin, but she was soon taken ill and had to be brought home. Her parents were then staying in Brighton, and it was then and there that Miss Taylor first began to work definitely for others. She found a poor girl suffering from consumption and visited her every day; soon she heard of one dying of cancer and this sufferer, too, was visited. When her parents returned to London she began to teach in a Sunday School and to visit some of the poorest parts of London, districts so dangerous that few people cared to venture into them after dusk. "Yet I found in the slums exactly as I have since found in my Asiatic journeys," she says, "a woman is rarely molested if she makes it quite clear that she is doing her duty quietly and unassumingly."

It was inevitable that as years passed and Miss Taylor threw herself with more and more zeal and enthusiasm into her work in the slums, until it monopolised almost all her waking day, that there should be some friction in her home, especially with her father, who was a man accustomed to have his own will and way, and to rule his household somewhat autocratically. It was an age when home life was still considered the only suitable sphere for a well-born girl, when it was still unusual for daughters to go out into the world and mould their own careers. Miss Taylor's persistent refusal to take any part in the social life of the home at last induced her father to speak frankly and decisively. He insisted that "she should give up her outside life and share the home and social duties of her family." This Miss Taylor could not agree to do.

"If you will consent," she said, "I will go out to the mission-field and devote my life to that work."

Scarcely believing that she meant what she said her father gave his permission, and overjoyed to find the way thus opened Miss Taylor began at once to prepare herself for the life of a missionary.

She first entered the London Hospital, and after a year's training there went to Queen Charlotte's Hospital.

Mr. Taylor at this point seems to have considered that his consent to his daughter's becoming a missionary had been hastily and perhaps unwisely given. Her delicate health made the project a hazardous one, since during her year at the London Hospital she had broken down and only completed the time by sheer force of will. He therefore told her that, while he was willing for her to go abroad as an Army Nurse when her training was finished, she must not go as a missionary, since he regarded the East as unsafe for women. By way of enforcing his wishes he refused to pay her hospital fees unless she promised to go nowhere without his consent.

Miss Taylor was now twenty-eight. For twelve years she had dreamed of mission work abroad and believed herself called to it. Her training had actually begun. She felt it was impossible to agree to her father's proposition. Her refusal to do so caused an estrangement from him, happily of short duration. Miss Taylor paid her own fees and took a little lodging in Marylebone in order to be near Queen Charlotte's Hospital, where she took her turn in attending the indoor patients and caring for numerous cases outside.

Finally all opposition to Miss Taylor's entering the mission-field was withdrawn, and in 1884, having taken a high degree in midwifery, she said goodbye to Queen Charlotte's and offered herself as a worker in the China Inland Mission.

CHAPTER II.

WORK IN CHINA.

IN October, 1884, Miss Taylor sailed for China. Little as her father sympathised with her purpose, he provided her with an ample outfit, and he also gave her two letters of authorisation to shipping firms in Shanghai that she might "have a means of retreat" should ill health or any other reason cause her to give up her work.

For three years Miss Taylor worked among the Chinese and Mongolians, teaching and doing homely medical work, first at Chinkiang, in the estuary of the Yangtse-kiang, later at Gan-kiang in the province of Gan-Hwuy; then travelling westward she settled in Liang-chau, the capital of Kansuh, the most western province of China, denominated by geographers as Chinese or Outer Tibet, and known to Tibetans as Ando.

Strangers were never welcomed in Liang-chau, and the salutation "foreign devil" was not infrequently heard in the streets, but Miss Taylor soon found kindly if humble friends among its people, and many opportunities for work. Yet while she taught and treated the simple ailments of the Chinese it was well-known among her friends that Tibet, desolate and hidden by its rampart of mountains, was the real goal of her efforts. The evangelisation of the "Great Closed Land" was a dream she had cherished for years, and the mission to which she had consecrated her life.

In early girlhood her thoughts had been first directed to this mysterious land so rigidly closed against the European, and of which so little was then known. Years had only served to strengthen its fascination for her. All she heard of its windswept plateaux, its terrible mountain passes, its wild people and its hostile priesthood, stirred her imagination and touched her heart. When she determined to become a missionary it was to Tibet her thoughts first turned. That it was called the "Forbidden Land," and that its passes were jealously guarded against the intrusion of foreigners, did not daunt her a whit. She believed that the command "to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" included Tibet, and that a way would assuredly be opened for her to enter the land.

"We have no orders from the Lord," she said, "that are impossible to be carried out."

"In the story of the China Inland Mission she saw how the great interior of China had seemed hermetically closed until the foot of faith pressed forward, and then, strangely and wonderfully, it opened before the Lord's servants as they went in to possess it." She confidently believed that it would be so on "the roof of the world."

At Liang-chau, far away north between the great wall of China and the Tibetan frontier, Miss Taylor was within

sight of the snowy crests of the great mountain ranges which shut in Tibet, and while her work lay chiefly among the people of the Kansuh Province, she came into frequent contact with Tibetans who crossed the border to trade with the Chinese.

With their cattle and wool for barter they encamped on the hills about the town, and she was able to go among them freely, and lost no opportunity of learning facts about the country she desired to enter. Ignorance of the language made conversation impossible, but Miss Taylor was able to distribute many of Mrs. Grimke's text-cards and copies of the Scriptures in Tibetan.

It was while living at Liang-chau that Miss Taylor paid a memorable visit to the famous lamasery of T'ari'si, or Kumbum, during the July fair. There are four of these fairs held annually at Kumbum, and to thousands of Tibetans they are the great events of the year. One of the main objects of Miss Taylor's journey was to be present at the "Procession of the Living Buddha" which draws devout worshippers from far and near, and is the great attraction of the July festival.

At a given time the procession emerges from the lamasery headed by a number of lamas, two of whom blow horns six feet long which emit a rich deep blast. Other lamas follow, carrying banners on which are displayed various quaint devices. All wear the red robe, the right arm bare, the helmet-shaped caps of yellow wool with an erect fringe on the crest. Behind them comes the imposing figure of the Buddha, on his head a golden helmet and hanging from his shoulders a long cloak of cloth of gold. Slowly the procession winds down the hill, and for a little distance along the valley. A halt is made at the base of a small hill from the summit of which a great sheet is let down. On this sheet is depicted in gorgeous colours the goddess of Mercy, standing clothed in red drapery, her hand extended

to bless a small figure at her side. Before this picture the Buddha takes his seat under a red umbrella, with four yellow-clad lamas beside him and the rest in a semi-circle, while thousands of devotees press forward to prostrate themselves before the goddess and the saint. At this point another procession of lamas escorting a gilt idol on a white horse appears, and when the two companies have converged, the yellow lamas bless the crowd and the strange service is at an end. The priests retire to the lamasery, and the spectators give themselves up to the fun and frolic of the fair.

These fairs are attended by Mongols, Chinese and Tibetans from far and near. Representatives of all the tribes of the Kokonor, parties from the grass country, traders from the interior, lamas in their red or yellow gowns, beggars in rags, a laughing, dirty, noisy crowd throng the town or encamp on the hills around, with their herds of sheep and yak, and the huge bales of wool, sheepskin, hides and musk they have brought to barter for the wares of China.

The Chinese merchants set up two little streets of stalls on which they display all the commodities likely to attract the crowd; haberdashers, drapers, ironmongers and vendors of food-stuffs do a brisk business, while sellers of rosaries, butterlamps, and brass utensils for temple-worship find many customers. Unfortunately Chinese spirits are also offered for sale in the little tents, with evil consequences to Tibetans of both sexes, who drink to excess whenever opportunity occurs, and usually become quarrelsome and pugnacious when under the influence of intoxication.

The fair is controlled by the lamas, who appoint one of their number as censor. It is his duty to see that the rules laid down by the *kanpo* or abbot of the monastery are strictly carried out. Let it be rumoured that peepshow, gaming-table or "punch-and-judy" has been set up, and the censor with his lictors, each armed with heavy whips



A BAND OF TIBETAN MINSTRELS.
One of the features of the Fairs.

and with black stripes painted on their foreheads and bare right arms, descend upon the crowd, throw down the prohibited amusement and put the owners to flight.

Miss Taylor, desirous always to come into contact with the Tibetans, visited some of their encampments, though assured by her servants that "the wild people" would certainly kill her. She found them at first inclined to be unfriendly. The women ran into their tents at her approach, and a man to whose wife she had offered a Scripture text-card threatened to strike her. She discovered later that, while as a foreigner she was an object of suspicion, they had also mistaken her for a man because her ears were not pierced!

When she was able to make the people understand that her intentions were entirely friendly, they became sociable, and invited her to sit among them while they cooked their food and to share their meal. It is not all at once that a foreigner can appreciate Tibetan fare. Later one sees that, though coarse and peculiar, it is well adapted to the country. In Eastern Tibet it consists chiefly of *tsamba*, or parched barley meal, butter, and mutton, which is usually made into a kind of soup, and often eaten before the pieces of meat are warmed through. Everyone drinks immense quantities of tea—the coarse brick tea which, poor as it is, forms an important food in Tibet. Thousands of camels and yak travel each year along the "Tea Road," laden with these bricks, each of which weighs some eight pounds, and without them the Tibetan could not live. A "cup of tea" may not suggest to us the idea of "food," but tea made Tibetan fashion bears no resemblance to the beverage familiar to the European. The Tibetan housewife takes a little tea and boils it in plenty of water to which salt and soda has been added; the liquor is then strained into a churn with a lump of rancid butter, and sometimes a handful of *tsamba*, and the whole churned until it looks

like chocolate. *Tsamba* requires no cooking. It is put into one of the little wooden bowls which every Tibetan carries in the folds of his sheepskin, and kneaded with the fingers with a little hot tea into a paste and eaten as we eat bread. When hunger has been satisfied the bowl is licked clean and put away in the pouch of the gown without more ado. If mutton has been eaten, the greasy fingers are wiped on the hair or on the garments. Cleanliness is not a Tibetan virtue.

It is remarkable that while the *tsamba* is so highly prized by the Tibetans and so necessary to their existence, except in a few places, even where climate permits, none of the land is cultivated. The people prefer to lead a nomadic life, going sometimes a month's journey for their *tsamba* rather than perform even a small amount of agricultural labour.

With some of the women with whom she had made friends, Miss Taylor visited the great lamasery. Kumbum is one of the most famous lamaseries in Central Asia, the home of between two and three thousand lamas, and a place of pilgrimage for all devout Buddhists near Tibet. M. Huc, who visited it half a century ago, describes its site as one of enchanting beauty. Terrace above terrace on the steep hillside above the fertile valley stand the white houses of the lamas, the more pretentious dwelling of the *kanpo* overtopping the rest, conspicuous by its bright red walls.

The temples, solid-looking burnt brick structures, are quite imposing with their gaudily-painted walls, their flat roofs adorned with prayer-flags, and their lacquered pillars. One roofed with gold plates stands out prominently, the pride of Kumbum and of the whole Ando province. To its right is the temple dedicated to Tsong K'apa, most closely associated with Kumbum of all Buddhist saints, and peculiarly revered by Tibetans.

Tong K'apa, called the "Luther of Buddhism," was born at Kumbum and flourished in the fourteenth century,

and from all accounts we have of his life and work he must have been a man of much intellectual power and beauty of character. Like so many Tibetan boys he was consecrated in infancy to the church and became attached to a lamasery at the age of seven, receiving the name Lo-zang-drata—"Fame of good sense"—but in after years he came to be known to Tibetans as Jerinpoch'é—"the precious lord." At the age of seventeen he went to Lhasa, then, as now, the centre of Buddhist teaching. There he studied many branches of learning, excelling in all, and, protected and encouraged by the king of Tibet, he set himself to reform the religion of the country. These reforms led to a schism, and from that time there were two sects among Tibetans; the one resisted all change, kept the old dress and cap of red, while the reformers, the Gelug-pa-Yambo, or "Reformed Virtuous Sect," adopted a yellow gown and cap, and soon became the predominant sect in the country.

The great glory of Kumbum is the sacred white sandalwood tree, said to have sprung from the hair of Tsong K'apa which his mother threw upon the ground when she shaved his head for his novitiate. It has been variously described by travellers as a lilac and a wild cherry, and stands in the courtyard before the temple of Tsong K'apa, enclosed by a little wall. Its leaves are said to bear the image of the saint, and the lamas make much profit by selling them to the devout. To the curious there seems nothing to distinguish the leaves from those of other trees of their kind, but to the lamas there is nothing strange in this blindness. "The image is visible only to the eyes of faith."

Near Jo K'ang, as the Tibetans call the temple of Tsong K'apa, is the treasure house of the lamasery, its walls painted with images of its guardian deities and with hideous devices "calculated to make the flesh of the simple beholders creep at the very thought of what might befall

them if they tried to rob the place." The treasury contains many articles both curious and valuable. In the Mahomedan rebellion of 1867, Kumbum was shorn of much of its splendour, though the lamas defended their temples with sword and gun, and were killed in hundreds on the steps of the lamasery or beside their burning houses. "Yet Kumbum," says Rockhill, "fared better than most of the lamaseries of the country, for the Mahomedans spared the temples and the sacred sandalwood tree, not even taking the gold tiles from the roof."

Once a year only, on the first day of the third moon, are women admitted to the temple, which enshrines the great golden image of the saint, but Miss Taylor was able to visit some of the smaller temples. She describes the effect of all she saw as sombre and saddening, though gay colouring, richness of ornament, and an evident pride in temple and ritual were conspicuous.

The Tibetans are naturally a religious people, but ignorant and superstitious in the extreme. They bowed before the images, and gave willingly out of their poverty to ensure the intercessory prayers of the lamas, but to anything that is pure and ennobling in the religion of Buddha their minds seemed closed. Many of the women devotees were barefoot, their dress and faces begrimed with dirt gathered in their prostrations on the road leading up to the temple.

Along this road are numerous prayer wheels which the pilgrim sets in motion as he passes, repeating as he does so the mystic formula "Om Mani Pad-me Hum." In the efficacy of this prayer every man, woman and child in Tibet has implicit faith, though they are absolutely ignorant of its meaning. No prayer used by human beings in any part of the world is repeated so often. It is printed on cotton rags and flutters above the houses and on the rude bridges which span the mountain torrents; it adorns every

crag and hillcrest, and for every flutter the Tibetan believes some merit is laid up for him who hung it there. It is painted on house doors and engraved on precious jewels; it rotates in thousands of prayer wheels, and is carved on hundreds of *manis* or prayer walls. Lamas go about the country chiselling the sacred words upon the mountain sides, for it is held as an act of virtue to perpetuate it in any way. On her journey into the interior Miss Taylor saw men writing it on stones and throwing them into a swiftly-rolling river with implicit faith that though the water quickly erased the words, some merit had mysteriously been stored up for the writer. In some lamaseries there are enormous cylinders with a million copies of the formula revolving in them, and to keep such a cylinder revolving is regarded as an act of great virtue, though water, wind and machinery are often pressed into the service.

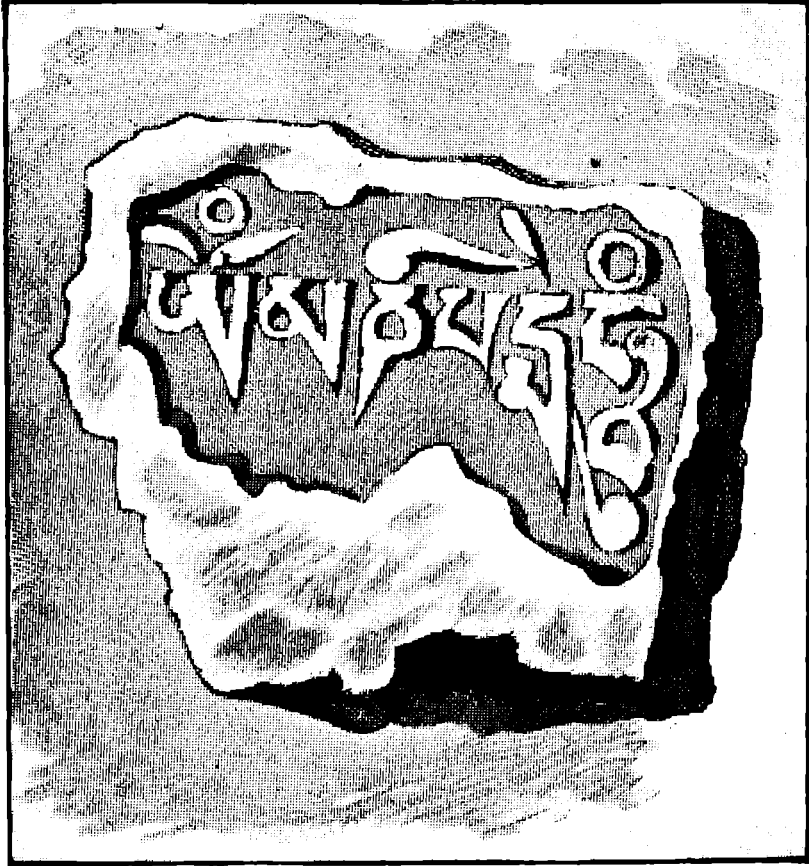


INTERIOR OF PRAYER WHEEL

Circumambulation is an essential feature of Tibetan religious observances. Whether the object be a prayer-wheel, an image, a hill or a temple, it has to be turned or travelled round a specified number of times, and the greater the number the more merit accumulated. Devout worshippers will make prostrations round the sacred temple

of Tsong K'apa for days, and whole villages have been known to turn out to circumambulate a mountain, spending a week in the undertaking, and camping out during the night.

A religious atmosphere pervades Tibet. On every hand are tokens of the extent to which religious symbols influ-



THE MYSTIC FORMULA. "OM MANI PAD-ME HUM."
ENGRAVED ON A ROCK

ence the people. At every cross road and mountain pass stand rough pyramids of stones called "Obos," to which every traveller adds a contribution, either as thank-offering for his success or prayer for safety on his journey. At the entrance to every village are to be seen long *mani* walls roofed with stones on which are inscribed the words of the mystic Buddhist formula—stones bought from the lamas

or from beggars who inscribe them and offer them for sale. No Tibetan ever refuses to purchase one when it is offered him, and many of their houses are set about with numbers of such stones.

While religious principles appear to have little part in shaping and guiding the lives of the Tibetans, on no people of the world have religious customs and observances so firm a hold. The poorest house has its shelf for gods, and in the house of the wealthy the best room is always reserved for religious functions. Everyone attends one or more of the great festivals during the year, and Rockhill relates as one of the most pleasing customs he noted in his travels in the country the evening prayer observed in nearly all the larger villages and towns.

“As night falls lamps are lit on the altars of every Buddhist temple, and a short service is chanted while lamas seated in the porch play a rather mournful hymn on long copper horns and clarionets. This is the signal for the housewives to light bundles of aromatic juniper in the ovens made for the purpose on the flat roofs of their houses, and as the fragrant smoke ascends to heaven they sing a hymn in which the men of the house join, the deep voices of the latter and the clear high notes of the former blending agreeably with the distant music in the lamaseries. In the morning juniper boughs are again burnt; there is no singing, but offerings, bowls of water, wine, milk or butter-lamps are placed before the household gods. It is a universal custom, too, before eating or drinking anything to dip the forefinger of the right hand in the dish and scatter a little of the contents towards the four points of the compass, reciting a short prayer the while.”

Too often, we fear, such observances are without meaning for those who perform them. Education in any sense of the term is for the most part in the hands of the lamas. Too many of them, while they can read and write, are

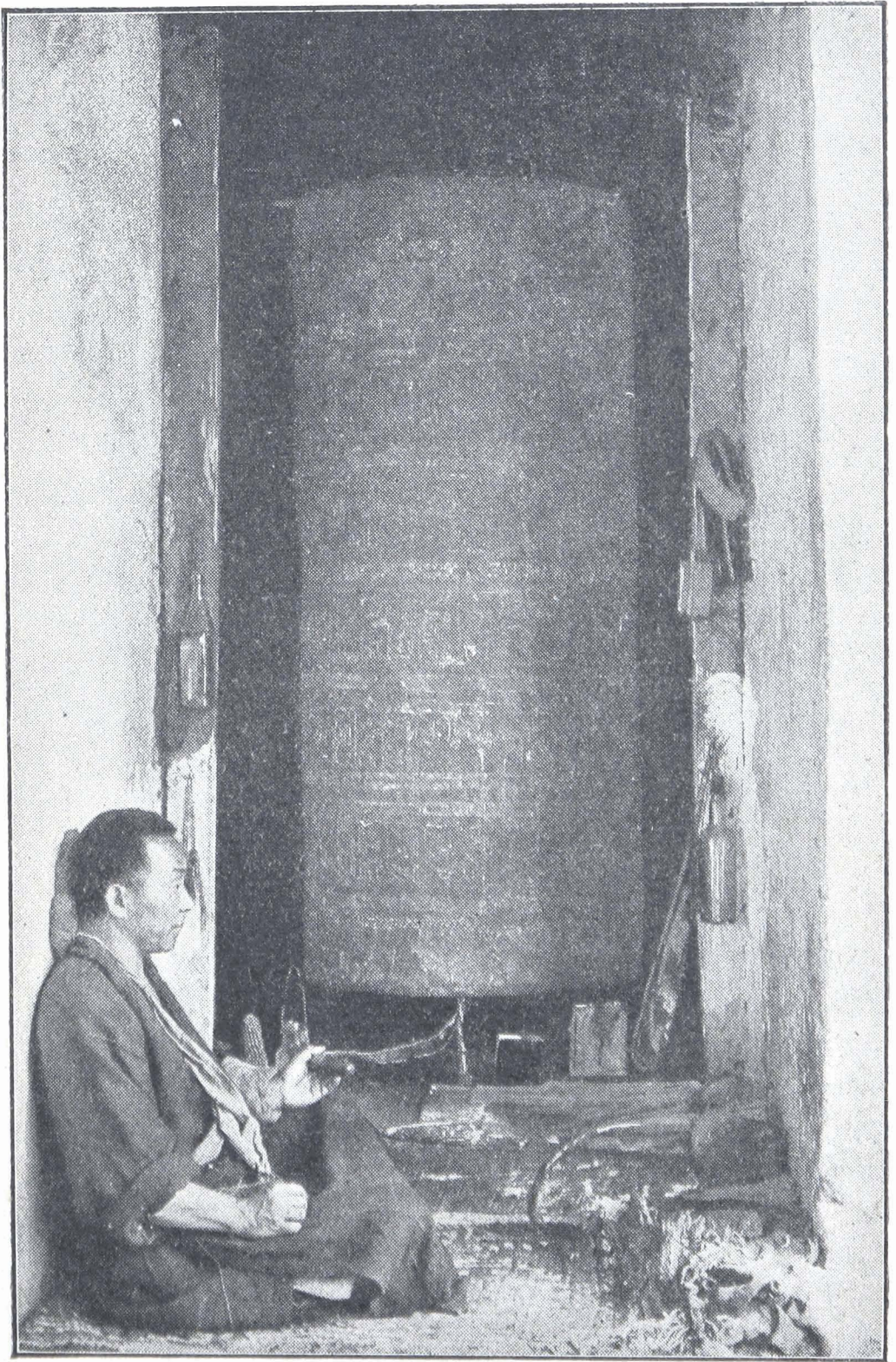
as ignorant as the laity, and it is unhappily to their interest that learning should remain their monopoly. Power in Tibet, social, political and intellectual, undoubtedly lies in the hands of the lamas, and on the ignorance and superstition of the laity that power largely rests.

The lamas are said to number a seventh of the whole population of Tibet, and to the traveller no figure is more familiar on the road or in the encampments scattered up and down the valleys than the priest in his red robe, his red or yellow cap, his shawl thrown about his neck and his right arm bare. He is to be met everywhere, for he is an enterprising trader as well as a "religious," and his commercial interests take him far and wide.

It is estimated that there are about three thousand lamaseries, or *gumpas*, in Tibet, many so large as to appear like towns, and their white houses rising terrace above terrace shelter thousands of lamas. In the lamaseries of Lhasa alone there are said to be between 25,000 and 30,000 living. Though sometimes built in sheltered ravines, these lamaseries are for the most part to be seen on some lonely mountain side, perched high among jutting crags, and only reached after laborious climbing of steep zigzag paths cut in the face of the rock.

These paths wind up between prayer flags, *chortens*—those rough pyramidal memorials to dead lamas so characteristic of Tibet—*mani* walls and prayer-wheels, to which every passer-by gives a turn as he climbs to the lamasery.

The largest of all Tibetan lamaseries is Drabun in Lhasa, which is the home of more than eight thousand lamas. This body acts through its chief priests, who, with the principal lay chief of the city, form a sort of council to the *Deveshan* or Regent of the country. All civil and ecclesiastical power in Tibet emanates from Lhasa. From the earliest history of the country it has been regarded as the seat of learning, the goal to which the thoughts of every scholar and devotee



LARGE PRAYER WHEEL OF THE DARJEELING TEMPLE
A Lama turning it.

turn with reverence and longing, and the shrine of the Dalai Lama, the greatest living incarnation of Buddha and head of Tibetan Buddhism.

It has been said by a recent writer that in the history of all great nations of the earth and of their religions, it is commonly found that their fortunes and aspirations are held to be interwoven with the possession of a stronghold symbolic of their power, a sacred city which, so long as they can guard it faithfully, is as it were an invincible talisman against the downfall of their fortunes. Towards it all the religious and patriotic feeling of the race converges, and it remains a source of strength and inspiration. So Mecca symbolised the purity of the Mahomedan faith; so Jerusalem of old united the races of the Jews; so Lhasa enshrines the mysteries of Lamaism, and in its invasion by foreigners Tibetans have always seen some foreshadowing of disaster, a menace to their faith.

The instigators of the principle of exclusiveness which has so long shut foreigners out of Tibet are the civil authorities of China and the ecclesiastical authorities of Lhasa; the former for commercial and political reasons, the latter from religious motives. Both fear the loss of their power over the country and the people, and while the feeling is strong against all Europeans, it is strongest against the English.

Once the Tibetans seemed inclined to welcome Englishmen. They are keen traders, and alive to the advantages which might accrue to them through the opening of the Darjeeling Railway which has brought Calcutta within a three weeks' journey, whilst Peking remains eight or ten months, and Sining four months' journey distant. Yet the shock which China, Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim derived from their reverses when at war with British power have made the Tibetans fearful for their own safety as a nation should they allow the foreigner access, while at the same time the

cordon of missionaries gradually spreading along the frontiers have aroused the jealousy and alarm of the lamas.

There is a widespread belief in Tibet that the days of Buddhism are numbered, and in excluding strangers, and with them the missionary, the lamas are fighting for their lives.



LOADING THE YAKS.

It has been asked how a country with so few resources maintains a priesthood which forms so large a proportion of the population. The lamas have many sources of income. They are not only moneylenders and the largest traders of the country, but every lama on the register receives an annual allowance of flour and grain from the Emperor of China, who is said greatly to revere the sacred person of

the Dalai Lama. He also pays every year for the daily repetition of prayers and the holding of ceremonies to invoke the blessing of Buddha, some 10,000 ounces of silver and 10,000 yak-loads of tea, and while this bounty is a substantial addition to the funds of the lamas it also keeps the Chinese in touch with the Tibetans, who are naturally chary of offending the donor of so much wealth.

The greater part of the lamas' income is drawn from the gifts and payments of a superstitious and ignorant laity. Lamaism, the religious system peculiar to Tibet, the central belief of which is a succession of living incarnations of Buddha, is a product of the seventh century. Srov Tsan Gampo, then king of Tibet, to please his young Chinese wives, sent for Buddhist books and teachers and built temples to enshrine the idols which formed part of their dowry, and Buddhism was grafted on the old system of devil and nature worship. But as centuries have lapsed much of the higher teaching of Buddhism has been lost and lamaism to-day means, for the great majority of Tibetans, little more than a belief in the power of evil spirits and the constant necessity for propitiating them.

Since it is only through the lamas' intercessory acts and prayers that the malevolence of the evil ones can be averted, it is necessary on all occasions to have recourse to them, and for their prayers and ceremonies the lamas must be paid. It is a system which is easily calculated to encourage the cupidity and greed of the priests, and to dim any desire on their part to lift the people from their superstitions to a sense of nobler things.

Yet while it must be said that many of the lamas live base and sensual lives, performing their religious duties ignorantly and perfunctorily, scattered all over the country there are hundreds who live saintly lives in conscientious performance of their duties and in study of their sacred books. Into the hands of many of these copies of the

Christian Scriptures have fallen, and it is impossible to say how far the written Word of God is even now preparing the way for the entrance of those who will some day teach it in Tibet.

Tibet has a vast literature. It is one of the oddities of this country that though so unlettered, many beautiful books are produced. The literature is all religious, and the lamas are constantly adding to it; but while ready often to give a lifetime to the study or the making of a single book, there is no desire among them to spread knowledge beyond the lamasery walls. The idea that the sacred writings are incomprehensible to the laity and must always be so, is prevalent. Even among the lamas are some who profess themselves unable to grasp the meaning of what they read and recite.

Even the meaning of the mystic formula so universally repeated, and the secret of its efficacy, is only known to those well-versed in Buddhist lore. Its literal translation is "O Jewel of the Lotus! O!" and the invocation is to Avatokitesh-wara, the Merciful One, "whose one great self-imposed mission is the salvation of all living existences, in the hope that it may lead them on in the way of salvation and that he will, hearing it, ever keep the world in mind."

"The real secret of its efficacy," say learned lamas, "lies in the fact that each one of the syllables has a potent influence on some one of the gates or 'courses of being,' that is to say, in some one of the six kinds of transmigration through which every living individual has to pass. The oftener therefore the words are repeated, the shorter will be an individual's course through these six forms of existence, It may be that he will be able to escape some of the six altogether." Of such subtle teaching the poor Tibetan who repeats the words "Om Mani Pad-me Hum" reckons nothing. He mumbles them in season and out, heedless

whether they have meaning or not, but with implicit faith in them as a panacea for all evil, a safeguard in all emergencies and dangers.

All that Miss Taylor heard and saw during her visit to Kumbum not only deepened her interest in Tibet, but so strongly impressed upon her the need for mission-work among its people that in sending an account of her work in Liang-chau to Mr. Hudson Taylor she referred specially to the Tibetans and closed her letter with these words, "If no one else is found to go among them, *I must.*"

Ignorance of the language seems to have held her back from at once attempting such pioneer work. "After spending five years in the study of Chinese her spirit failed her at the thought of acquiring a new language," and she took a long journey with a view to working in another part of China.

"But the Lord will have implicit obedience from His followers," she writes of this crisis in her work. "He did not allow me to give up the task to which He had called me."

A year after her visit to Kumbum, Miss Taylor was taken ill with congestion of the lungs, and was for a time in grave danger. As soon as she was able she travelled slowly down the country to the coast, twice wrecked on the way in the rapids of the Han, and exposed to many discomforts. She managed to reach Shanghai but to find that the doctors there, pronouncing her consumptive, forbade her either to continue her work or to return to England. While convalescent at Shanghai she received a telegram from her parents, who were then travelling in Australia, suggesting that she should join them, since the climate would probably complete her cure.

She started at once, and while in Australia received an invitation from a married sister to visit her in Darjeeling. The invitation was accepted, and thus, in November, 1888,

she found herself once again brought to the frontier of the "Great Closed Land."

"Recognising the hand of the Lord she surrendered herself afresh and unreservedly to the work of evangelising Tibet."

CHAPTER III.

ON THE BORDERS OF THE "GREAT CLOSED LAND."

THE task which Miss Taylor had set herself was one fraught with difficulty and danger. From October, 1889, until March, 1890, she lived among the Tibetan settlers at Jorebungalow, near Darjeeling, occupying a Tibetan hut and devoting herself to work among the natives and the study of the Tibetan language. Then she pressed forward into the Sachen Valley in the province of Sikkim.

"I went," she says, "in simple faith, believing the Lord had called me. I knew that the difficulties were great, and that enemies would be numerous; but I trusted God to take care of me just as He protected David from the hands of Saul."

She settled not far from Kamba-jong, a Tibetan fort, put on Tibetan dress and, it is said, painted her face with catch as the Tibetan women do, and might have been one of the people to whom she had devoted her life.

In this frontier province opportunities for contact with Tibetans coming down for trading purposes were many. Southern Tibet is the most thickly populated part of the country; there are the chief towns, with Shigatze, "the Chatham of Tibet," and Lhasa, the Sacred City. Many roads run over the frontier, and while foreigners may not with impunity go through the rigorously-guarded passes, caravans and little companies coming down to winter with their flocks and herds are often on the road.

Sikkim had not then been made a British Protectorate, and Miss Taylor was soon made to feel that her presence was obnoxious to the native Government. The captain of the guard of the Dong Kya Pass came over from the fort at Kamba-jong to learn her business and to insist on her return to Darjeeling. She managed to obtain permission to hire a room in the lamasery at Tumlong, and later to settle in a wattle hut near ; but the people were forbidden to sell food to her, or aid her in any way. She found the greatest difficulty in subsisting; and only the most indomitable courage could have carried her through the hardships and privations of this time. On one occasion her hunger was so extreme that she followed a caravan over the stony road and thankfully picked up the grains of parched corn which dribbled from a small hole in one of the packs carried by a camel. Exhaustion produced fever, and when she drove away the fever with quinine she found herself hungry, and scarcely knew which was worse, the fever or the hunger.

The natives would now and then ask her what they were to do with her body when she died, and looked incredulous when she replied that she was going to live and to work, since it was for that she had been sent into Sikkim. There is in Tibet a custom of "praying people dead," and finding the missionary was fixed in her determination not to go back to Darjeeling, this method of removing her was resorted to, nor did those who wished her to leave refrain from helping their prayers in a practical way.

One day the wife of a hostile chief invited her to a meal, and set before her a mixture of rice and fried eggs. The starving guest was eating with good appetite when she noticed significant glances pass between the women who had prepared her meal, and at once ceased to eat. It was too late ; she soon found herself ill with aconite poisoning.

For twelve months Miss Taylor remained in Sikkim, learning the Tibetan language as spoken in Lhasa, and so

entirely cut off from intercourse with Europeans that for ten months she never saw a white face.

It was in Sikkim that she first saw Puntso, the Tibetan servant who accompanied her on her journey into Tibet and rendered her such faithful service. He was, when she met him, a youth of twenty, a native of Lhasa, where, since his father's death, his mother had held a position of much wealth and importance. According to the custom of the country, Puntso was called to serve as a page one of the principal Lhasa chiefs, but being subjected to very cruel treatment he ran away and reached the Indian frontier in a pitiable condition.

The villagers advised him to ask the "Piling" or foreign lady, who understood medicines, to doctor him, and Puntso came to Miss Taylor. She was able to restore him to health, and the kindness shown him won his heart. He listened also to the teaching of the missionary, and became one of the first converts to Christianity in dark Tibet. On recovering his health he entered Miss Taylor's service and loyally followed her throughout her wanderings and shared her life in Tibet.

It became clear to Miss Taylor as months slipped away that it was not through the carefully-guarded passes in the Himalayas she would enter the land of the Lamas, but from the Chinese frontier, and that to remain longer in Sikkim was but to delay her entrance.

The conviction grew to certainty, and one evening in March, 1891, as she sat writing her letters for the European mail, says Mr. Carey, in his "Travel and Adventure in Tibet," "suddenly a voice seemed to say to her 'Go to China,' and, as though to impress the message still more deeply on her mind, that very evening a postal notice indicating the dates for the sailing of the Chinese mails from Calcutta reached her. . . . Taking Puntso with her she started immediately and took ship for Shanghai."



PUNTSO AND HIS WIFE SIGJU.

She proposed on reaching Shanghai to travel at once across China, settle in some little frontier town, and there await an opportunity to slip through one of the passes into Tibet. The project met with scant approval when she discussed it with the missionaries in Shanghai, and they urged her strongly to abandon an enterprise so full of hazard. It was the wrong time of the year for such a journey, and too late to pass the rapids of the Yangtse-kiang safely; at any rate, Puntso should be left behind. To take him to the Tibetan frontier, and with him make any attempt to penetrate into the interior, was dangerous in the extreme. If captured he would certainly be beheaded. Retribution would fall swiftly and surely on any native of Lhasa who conducted a foreigner into the country.

Miss Taylor was not to be discouraged. If ever the Gospel were proclaimed in Lhasa someone would have to be the first to undertake the journey thither, to face the dangers and difficulties, to deliver the first Gospel message. Pioneer work has, from the days of the first Apostles, meant an offering up of personal comfort and advantage, a placing of life itself unreservedly in the hands of the Master. Miss Taylor seems at no time in her life to have known the meaning of fear, doubtless because she possesses, as one friend says of her, "that feeling which amounts to a conviction with people who accomplish great things that she would always be granted the power to live and to overcome difficulties until she had accomplished her work."

After many adventures, the long journey from Shanghai to the western border of China was safely made, and with her Tibetan servant Miss Taylor settled in Tauchau, a little town in the province of Kansuh, in which no English-woman had ever before resided.

As a starting point for the proposed journey, few places could have been better chosen. Tauchau is one of the centres of trade with Eastern Tibet, and separated from that

country only by a range of mountains crossed by three passes. It has also a road which at a few days' journey westward joins the high-road running between the great lamasery, the Tashi-Gumpa, and the important Tibetan town of Kegu.

The passes were guarded by Chinese soldiers, but less care was taken to exclude foreigners than on the western frontier. The distance from Eastern Tibet to Lhasa is so much longer than that from India, and the risks of a journey so incomparably greater, that the Tibetans regard the chances of a traveller reaching the capital from China as very small. Once having crossed the border, Miss Taylor intended to travel through the heart of the country until she reached Lhasa, make some stay there, and then by way of the Himalayan passes arrive at Darjeeling. Traversing the country thus she hoped to get some general knowledge of its people, and of the possibilities and conditions of mission work among them, and thus prepare the way for other workers.

To understand what was involved in the task Miss Taylor set herself, it is necessary to know something of the country she proposed to enter, the obstacles and dangers likely to present themselves, the difficulties arising from the contour and climate and, still more, from the exclusiveness of its people.

There is no more forbidding country on the face of the globe than this lofty tableland of Central Asia, called by Europeans Tibet, by its inhabitants Bod or Bodyul. Hidden behind the gigantic mountain-wall which Nature has built up to guard its secrets, swept by piercing winds and constant snowstorms, so cold that the common dress of its people is a sheepskin, and for the most part so barren that they are dependent for all the comforts and most of the necessaries of life on other countries, for some 700,000 square miles Tibet stretches "a great plateau with

broken edges," its core the treeless waste known as the Chang.

So bleak and desolate is this region that it is a matter for surprise that it can pasture the herds of wild horses, yak, and asses, goats and antelopes which live upon it undisturbed by man, and that so many traders annually manage to make the journey across it, from Kokonor to Lhasa, in safety. Captain Wellby, who travelled over the Chang in the summer of 1896, records that for months he found no vegetation higher than an onion, and for fourteen weeks saw no sign of human creature.

Tibet is divided into three parts: Outer Tibet, the portion which borders on China and comprises the provinces of Amdo and Kham, inhabited by Chinese and Tibetans; Tibet Proper, which occupies the centre and consists of U, with Lhasa as its capital, and Tsang with Shigatze as its chief city; to the west Little Tibet, part of which belongs to England, while part is ruled by Kashmir.

Tibet has also been divided into three, longitudinally; into a south zone comprising pasture lands and occupied by an agricultural people; a middle zone, much of which is grass country, and the home of nomad tribes; a north zone where Arctic climate prevails during nearly the whole year, and where no human activity relieves the desolation except during the autumn, when the air is clear and traders and pilgrims can cross from the east to the Sacred City.

Many of the great rivers of India and China rise on the tableland of Tibet, flowing along deep valleys between lofty mountain ranges. Thus to cross the country the traveller must make a succession of toilsome ascents and descents, must struggle through snowy passes at enormous altitudes, cross and recross swift, icy rivers, spanned only by native bridges of hempen rope, or altogether bridgeless, encamp in storms and combat the fiercest assaults of the elements. Where the Chang approaches the Himalayas it

is, during a brief summer, covered with grass and flowers, and nomad tribes gather on its edge where there is pasture for their flocks, but with the first sign of winter they draw back to the valleys of the south and east, and the wind speedily dries up all vegetation.

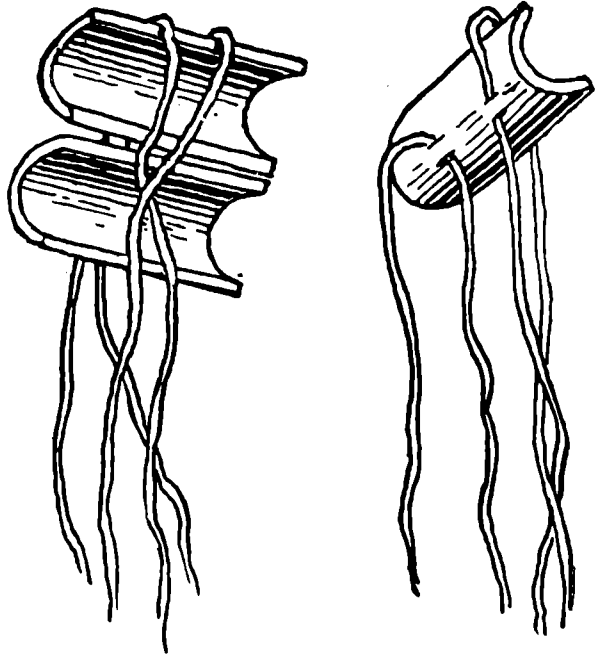


CROSSING A RIVER BY A ROPE BRIDGE.

For five or six months an Arctic winter reigns over the whole country, though its latitude is that of Delhi, Cairo, Algiers and Naples. Snowstorms are incessant and nothing can keep out the icy nipping winds, which are more dreaded by the natives than the intensity of cold. The air, also, is extremely dry, parching the throat and nostrils and

cracking the skin, a disagreeable peculiarity of Tibetan climate to which may probably be attributed the dirtiness of the Tibetans as a race, and the habit the women have of painting the face with a thick paste composed of grease and cutch.

The lamas give an altogether different reason for this custom. They affirm that Demo Rinpoche'e, who lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and is one of the greatest of their saints, ordered all Tibetan women to disfigure themselves in this way that the priests might not be tempted from their vows of celibacy. The women obeyed the mandate, and cutch became as universal a custom as the veil in Mahomedan countries.



NOOSE AND BAMBOOS FOR ROPE BRIDGE.

Lhasa, the goal of Miss Taylor's journey, is some hundred miles north of the Himalayas, and sheltered by mountains on every side. To set foot within its walls is the ambition of every traveller in Tibet; that its gates are sternly closed against the foreigner only intensifies the desire to discover its secrets and gaze on its treasures.

Yet one after another travellers have been driven back, either by the hardships they had to endure or the hostility of the government, with their purpose unfulfilled. A Russian, Colonel Prejvalsky, in 1885, Prince Henry of Orleans, and M. Bonvalot in 1890, Captain Bower in 1891, and Mr. W. W. Rockhill in 1892, came within 170 miles of

the city, but when Miss Taylor set out on her journey no European since Huc and Gabet in 1846, no Englishman since Thomas Manning in 1811, had come within sight of it.

The Tibetan government has never welcomed intercourse with the outside world, but it would be a mistake to suppose that access to Tibet and even to the Sacred City itself has always been barred with such persistence as during the last century. In the days of Warren Hastings, embassies from India were cordially received by some of the greatest Tibetan officials, and in 1810 Thomas Manning, an eccentric Englishman who had acquired some knowledge of the Chinese language, visited Lhasa with the sanction of the Dalai Lama, who accorded him an interview, and whom Manning describes as "a merry boy of seven," greatly delighted with the gifts presented to him by the Englishman. Unfortunately Manning left only an imperfect record of his journey to and residence in the Sacred City. He conceived himself to have received less encouragement and assistance from the Indian Government than was his due, and on his return to Calcutta he refused to furnish any official account of his experiences. Some thirty years ago, Sir Clements Markham published the somewhat fragmentary journal written by him; and on Colonel Younghusband's expedition to Lhasa in 1904, two copies of the volume edited by Sir Clements Markham accompanied the British Mission. In Colonel Younghusband's opinion, "little has been changed either in the country or the people since the days when these narratives were written, except that the power of China has greatly diminished since Manning's time."

In 1854, there was a struggle between Tibet and Nepal, which ended in a treaty by which both countries recognised the suzerainty of China, and that country has ever since for its own profit encouraged the principle of exclusiveness, and fostered the Tibetan prejudice against foreign intrusion.

Ten years later, in consequence of the refusal of the Tibetan authorities to allow Europeans to enter their country, a system was organised in the interests of science by which pundits, or educated Hindoos, were sent as explorers into Tibet. It was hoped that much valuable geographical information would be thus obtained, and the old maps corrected. Sarat Chandra Das, one of the most distinguished of these native explorers, reached Lhasa just seventy-two years after Manning made his journey.

Sarat Chandra Das was not only a distinguished scholar, but he had been trained as a surveyor and was acquainted with the Tibetan language, and thus much better qualified than Manning to report on the people and the country. He had, moreover, resided for some time at Shigatze before making his journey to Lhasa, and had established friendly relations with many of the high officials of the great lamasery of Tashilhunpo, the residence of the Teshi Lama, one of the great incarnations of Buddha, and by some Tibetans more revered than the Dalai Lama. Yet, with all these advantages, and with ample provision for his journey, and for his stay in the capital, Sarat Chandra Das met with so many obstacles and dangers that he appears to have considered himself fortunate in reaching India again in safety.

Where all these men experienced so much hardship and where so many expeditions had been obliged to turn back, Miss Taylor proposed to go with a handful of Tibetan servants, strong only in her faith, that she would be enabled to carry through the task she believed God had given her to perform.

“I have always found,” she once said, “that persons who set out for the mission field in the expectation that they are going to their death usually do die. For my part I have always believed that I shall live as long as God has work for me to do.”

For eighteen months Miss Taylor lived in the old city of Tau-chau, watching and waiting for an opportunity to cross the border and enter the "Great Closed Land." The time was spent in mission-work among the Chinese of the city, while no opportunity was lost for mixing with the Tibetans who came down to trade, and of gleaning from them information about the country and the difficulties with which a traveller there was likely to be met.

Miss Taylor also visited several large lamaseries in the district, where she found many intelligent lamas, not only willing to accept copies of the Scriptures, but to discuss their teaching with her, while they took the liveliest interest in her desire to reach Lhasa. Some had been there on pilgrimage, and spoke with awe and admiration of its temples and of the mysterious Dalai Lama; all agreed that it was scarcely probable that one so frail and moreover a foreigner would endure a journey which was calculated to try the strength and endurance of the hardiest. They expressed themselves as willing to aid her as far as lay in their power, and while she watched and waited the opportunity came.

Among the missionary's acquaintances in Tau-chau was a Chinese Mahomedan, named Noga, who had married a Lhasa woman called Erminie. Business had taken Noga to the capital several times, and on the last occasion he had brought Erminie back with him. She had been given to him by her mother, Tibetan fashion, on condition that she should be taken back to her native place at the end of three years, and that time was now past. Erminie was anxious to return to her friends, but Noga saw no way of finding money for the long journey. They were pondering ways and means when they chanced to hear of Miss Taylor's desire to get to Lhasa, and Noga at once offered his services as guide and head-servant as far as the capital. The advantage of securing a guide who had made several journeys across the country was manifest. It might be

long before anyone else was found willing and able to go so far, especially at a time of the year when Tibetan travel presents few attractions. After consideration and some debate a bargain was struck. Miss Taylor was to find the necessary funds for the journey, and Noga undertook to make all preparations and to purchase horses. How faithlessly he discharged his responsibilities, and how little fitted he was to conduct the party across the country the sequel shows. To his incapacity to carry out his obligations, to his greed and brutality, Miss Taylor always attributed the gravest difficulties and disappointments of the months which followed her departure from Tau-chau.

The preparations for her journey were neither many nor elaborate. When we compare them with the equipment of travellers who preceded her they seem meagre enough. Food was taken for two months only, a couple of tents and a camp-bed, a few pots and pans, and a knife and fork, a few ounces of silver, some Chinese cotton cloth with which to make necessary purchases, and a few English clothes to wear when the traveller reached Darjeeling. Her library, carried in the folds of her sheepskin gown throughout the journey, consisted of a New Testament and Psalms, an English hymn-book, "Daily Light," and a little black-covered notebook in which throughout her travels she kept her diary. To the equipment was added a "box of presents for chiefs," most of which Miss Taylor found had been abstracted by Noga before starting and left at his home in Tau-chau, and a plentiful supply of K'atag, or "scarves of blessing."

These ceremonial scarves, consisting usually of an oblong piece of white or coloured silk, very thin and gauzy, are the recognised and indispensable medium of social intercourse throughout Tibet. A K'atag must be offered and exchanged on all social occasions, and may be regarded as the "visiting card" of the country, a preliminary sign of

civility before any negotiation is begun, a token of amity. Its size and quality vary considerably, and are symbolic. To one versed in Tibetan etiquette it is possible either to convey delicately a compliment or a slight in the little slip of silk, and foreigners have been known to make sorry blunders in this point without being the least aware of the fact. It was Miss Taylor's misfortune to lose this valuable part of her equipment, with much else, by the hands of brigands before she had been long in Tibet.

Among the several advantages which were to accrue to Noga, one was that the horses were to be his when the journey was over. Miss Taylor hoped this condition would induce him to buy good and hardy animals, and care for them well on the way. In this she was soon undeceived. He bought sixteen animals, most of them in poor condition, and little fit to carry the baggage and mount the party, which consisted now of Miss Taylor and the five Asiatics, Puntso, Noga and his wife, with Leucotze, a young Chinese servant, and Noglobey, a Tibetan borderman travelling to Lhasa, and glad of company by the way.

On the 1st of September, 1892, everything was ready for the perilous adventure.

CHAPTER IV.

OPENING THE CLOSED DOOR.

BEFORE daybreak on the 2nd of September, 1892, Miss Taylor, with her Tibetan servant, crept out of the city gate. Since midnight, Puntso had come to her every hour asking if it were not time to start. Now fearing to attract attention, they hurried away in the dim light to where, hidden by an angle in the wall outside the city, Leucotze, the Chinaman, awaited them with the horses.

Noga, with Erminie and Nogbey, had left the city secretly on the previous evening.

Before they could reach the sheltering hills, another gate, guarded by Chinese soldiers, had to be passed. Here Miss Taylor expected to be challenged and perhaps sent back to Tau-chau, but the guard, accustomed to the lady missionary being much in request as a medical adviser, both outside and inside the city, merely asked whither she was bound, and on receiving from her servants some causal reply, permitted the three to pass.

Later in the day they reached the camp Noga had pitched among the hills, and there Miss Taylor put on Tibetan dress, and felt that the long-projected journey had actually begun.

The way lay first through a pleasant district inhabited by the agricultural tribes of the frontier. Fertile fields, grassy slopes, numerous villages and temples surrounded by trees met the eye on every side. The harvest was ripe and the people were busy gathering it in, a picturesque people in their bright cotton jackets and sheepskin gowns, with their smiling faces and animated looks, singing and chatting as they worked. They were all too busy to give much attention to the travellers, who pushed on, only anxious on their part to escape question and comment.

But this pleasant district was soon left behind, and, by stony mountain tracks, the country of the Drog-pa, or "black-tent" people, was reached. There the fertile fields and flowery paths were exchanged for a cheerless waste, almost destitute of tree or shrub, a region inhabited by Mongolian tribes continually at strife with their Tibetan neighbours and maintaining themselves chiefly by brigandage. They are such notorious robbers that they are forbidden to cross the Chinese border, and while the women milk, churn, and tend the flocks, the male members of the

population occupy themselves in practising the arts of warfare, in waylaying and pillaging travellers, and raiding neighbouring encampments.

Only four days after leaving Tau-chau, Miss Taylor fell in with one of these marauding parties. Descending the slope of a little hill she and her servants came suddenly on a company of eight Mongolians who were fortunately seated at a meal. Since it takes some time to light the tinder-boxes of the Tibetan matchlocks, Miss Taylor's servants were able to assume the offensive and beat off the brigands without loss to life or property. It was an alarming experience, however, and Miss Taylor was glad to augment the strength of her party a few days later by joining a friendly party of Mongol merchants, who had been to Siberia to sell wool and skins, and were journeying home with a caravan of yak.

To the Tibetan traveller these caravans of yak soon become one of the most familiar and characteristic features of the country. To the native they are an invaluable possession. A large ungainly creature, resembling most the ox, though it has long shaggy hair and a bushy tail, the yak is perfectly adapted to its home on the Chang and its work as the carrier of the country. It is not a victim to palpitation and mountain sickness, which every year kill so many horses and mules, and it is as surefooted as a chamois. Over precipitous mountains it carries its huge loads, forging a way through the snowdrifts in the high passes with an unerring instinct for the safest path. For the nomad tribes it provides milk which is richer than the cow's, and of its coarse, black hair they weave the thick cloth of which their tents are made, while all over the Chang its flesh is a staple food. In raiding expeditions the brigands never fail to carry off the yak, and some of the Goloks, most rapacious of all Tibetan robbers, own thousands of these animals.

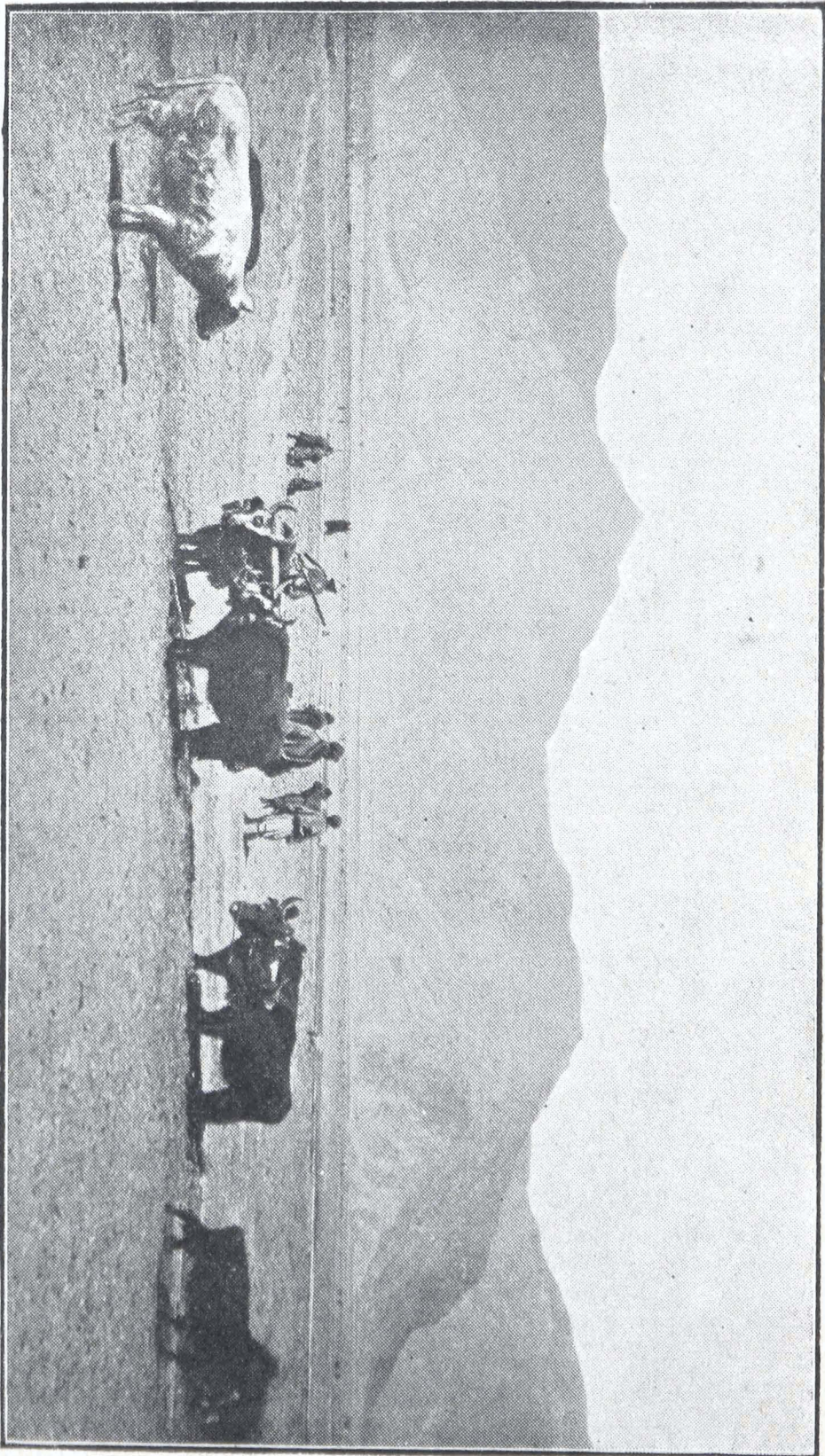


Photo by J

A FARMING SCENE IN TIBET.

[N. P. Edwards.

It was not long before Miss Taylor had reason to rejoice that she had fallen in with a friendly escort.

“We were going quietly along,” she writes in her diary, “when we looked up and saw numbers of men coming over the crest of the hill, all armed and many leading an extra horse. We went back a little, and were shut up in a hollow surrounded by hills. Ten of our men advanced to meet the robbers, but seeing their numbers, returned. We kept close to the yaks, looking to see which way to go. By this time the robbers were to be seen on the tops of the hills all round, and they were closing in on us. Then they fired on us from all sides. Men and horses fell down dead or wounded. Bullets were flying. There was hardly a sound to be heard except the guns and cries of fear from the Lhasa woman. The firing was so hot that one of the lamas who were travelling with our party asked Noga to go and tell them that we would surrender. He went towards them, making peaceful signs, but as soon as he got near they took hold of his horse, and after a struggle captured his gun and sword. Erminie shrieked when she saw her husband unhorsed, thinking he was killed. The Mongols shouted that they surrendered, and the brigands rushed to take the yaks. Erminie, Puntso, Nobgey and I ran towards a gorge in the mountains which the lama pointed out, while he cried out to the robbers that we were women. It is contrary to Tibetan custom to fire on women. Two Mongols, badly wounded, were galloping away in front of us, and we followed them.”

Soon the fugitives reached an encampment where the people, hearing that they had been attacked, received them kindly and provided for their wants. Happily none of Miss Taylor's party lost their lives, though the Mongols suffered heavily. The brigands, however, made off with the greater part of the lady's baggage. The English clothes, her bed and bedding, and most of the “presents for chiefs”

were gone, and though Noga managed later to get back all his own property, a fact which argued a suspicious alliance with the marauders, the only thing belonging to Miss Taylor he could recover was a flannel jacket which he was wearing on his return from the enemy's camp. Poor Nobgey, bereft of all his property, was obliged to take a sad leave of his companions, and retrace his steps to the Chinese frontier.

From this point the dangers and difficulties of the journey seemed to increase daily, and not the least of these was the conduct of Noga, who, now that he was fairly in the interior, began to show himself in his true character. Not only had he abused the trust Miss Taylor reposed in him before leaving China and left the greater part of the "presents for chiefs," and the goods for barter in his own house in Tau-chau, but he lost no opportunity of robbing and defrauding his employer. He roughly refused to be regarded as a servant, though he demanded wages, and when reproved for insubordination, theft or violence, loudly threatened to abandon the party and denounce Miss Taylor as an English woman whom Puntso, and not he, was guiding to Lhasa.

Amidst much hardship and difficulty Miss Taylor pushed on, and on the 28th of September she reached the Yellow River at its first bend westward, a formidable obstacle, since the river was in flood, and crossing had to be made on what we may call a Tibetan pontoon. Four bullock-skins were inflated and lashed one at each corner to a hurdle-like raft of interwoven branches, and on this passengers and baggage embarked, and were pulled across the river by horses swimming and guided by two men who floated with one foot on the hurdle.

It was an exciting experience and not without danger to the traveller and her companions and property, but at last all were safely on the other side, though wet to the skin

and chilled by long waiting on the bank while the requisite number of journeys were made.

A few days later this river had to be re-crossed, but so much snow had fallen since the last crossing that the guides pronounced it impassable, and absolutely refused to attempt the passage.

“ We are waiting until to-morrow to see if it will lower,” Miss Taylor writes in her diary, with her usual cheerful and ready acceptance of “ things that cannot be helped.” “ The Lord can do this for me. My eyes are unto Him who made a passage in the Red Sea for the children of Israel.”

For three days she patiently camped before the swollen river, then one of the men found a spot where he thought it was possible the horses might cross, though they would probably be out of their depth. Miss Taylor decided to make the experiment, and the other side was safely reached, though more than once only the heads of the swimming horses were to be seen above the turbid water.

The party had now reached a country still more wild and desolate than the Koko-nor region. The mountains became steeper, the ground rougher ; snow-storms were frequent, and the wind, cold and penetrating, made sleep at night almost impossible. It was the country of the Golok tribes, the wildest and most notorious brigands of Tibet, feared alike by travellers and by other nomad tribes. “ They acknowledge the authority neither of China nor Tibet, and pour forth on their preconcerted forays in numbers varying from five hundred to a thousand, falling on the encampments of a given district, surrounding them on all sides, and carrying off as booty cattle, horses, sheep, tents, food and firearms. They never fire upon the affrighted owners unless resistance is offered, but so sure are they of their prey that some of their women and children accompany them to enjoy the fun. The tribes thus divested of their cattle and worldly goods sometimes rally to one

leader and make an incursion into the Golok country, endeavouring by stratagem to get back some of the stolen property. They generally, however, prefer the easier way of retaliating upon innocent wayfarers, and by degrees get a small herd together again by lying in wait for caravans to and from Lhasa. Upon these they descend at night and carry off the grazing yak, which they hide in some secluded place among the hills until the caravan is well on its way again. Thus the Golok tribes are to a great measure responsible for the dangers and robberies to which all travellers in Eastern Tibet are subject."

Miss Taylor had suffered much from loss of property when she was fortunate enough to reach an encampment ruled by a chieftainess named Wa Chu Bu Mu. In Tibet the government of a tribe is not unfrequently in the hands of a woman. Indeed in few countries have women more power and prestige in every department of social and public life. All property in the home belongs to them, and no husband would think of taking any step, great or small, without consulting his wife. Mr. Rockhill, United States Minister to Peking, who has travelled extensively in Tibet, expresses himself as continually surprised at the evident dominance of women. "By what means have they gained such an ascendancy over the men?" he questions. "How they have made their mastery so complete and so acceptable to a race of lawless barbarians who but unwillingly submit even to the authority of their chiefs, is a problem well worth consideration."

Polyandry is the custom in many parts of the country, the woman becoming the wife of all the brothers of a family, and while the women hold tenaciously to the custom, feeling it gives them power and security, the inevitable result on the morals of the country is to be deplored.

The chieftainess, Wa Chu Bu Mu, took a great fancy to the intrepid little Englishwoman, and after showing her

much kindness during her short stay near the encampment, gave her an escort of two Goloks when she left the country.

It was now nearly the end of October, and the weather grew daily more severe. Tibetan altitudes are great, and the little party suffered much from cold and exposure. To Leucotze, the young Chinese servant, they proved fatal. Shortly after leaving the Golok country he was taken very ill with pneumonia, but owing to the danger of the district the travellers were obliged to press on ; only when he grew worse, and recovery was impossible, could Miss Taylor prevail upon the Goloks to halt for a short time. He died at noon, on the 20th of October, and was buried among the snow-clad hills, where the men dug up a few hard sods, laid the body down in its shroud of white cotton cloth and covered it as best they could with the frost-bound earth.

“The master had called to account the strong,” writes Miss Taylor, “and left the weak to go on and claim Tibet in His name.”

She, too, was beginning to feel severely the strain and hardship to which she was constantly subjected. The glare of sun and snow, the weakening effect of cold and rain, the perpetual anxiety lest Noga should abandon her, taking with him the necessary provision for her journey, together with his violence and quarrelsomeness on all occasions, had reduced her strength so much that progress was slow and exertion often almost impossible.

Yet she “was for forging on,” strong in her faith that strength would be given for all that lay before her, though her servants, growing more apprehensive for their own safety as they penetrated further into the country, constantly urged her to turn back.

Noga, especially, grew to dislike the task he had undertaken. His own life would certainly be forfeited, he declared, if it were known he had guided an Englishwoman across the country ; he was resolved to go no further than

the Sha-i-Gumpa in her company. Some other guide must be found to take her on to Lhasa.

Only by firmness and a threat to report to the Chinese official of the district his treachery and thefts was he induced to continue the journey, and on November the party reached Gala, a picturesque little town, with its houses rising one above another on the side of a steep hill. Miss Taylor decided to stay here for a few days to rest after the fatigues of the long marches of the past few weeks, and found a lodging in the home of a kindly Tibetan couple named Penting and Perma.

The courtship and marriage of this couple, narrated by Miss Taylor in her "Pioneering in Tibet," is a romance such as one seldom hears in Tibet, where the people are prosaic rather than poetical. "Penting when a baby was set apart to become a lama. As a boy he lived at the lamasery, where he learned to read and to write, and did the duties of a priest. But when he was about twenty years of age he fell in love with Perma. Celibacy is a *sine qua non* for lamas, and the chief was shocked. One fine day, then, this Tibetan Abelard disappeared and, in company with Perma, made his way to Lhasa. Here Penting let his hair grow long, cast off his priest's robe, and prosaically took to tailoring and bootmaking. On the birth of a daughter they returned to Gala with presents to pacify the chief, and settled down in their native town."

Miss Taylor was greatly interested in this couple, a gay, laughter-loving pair, sociable, and full of fun like most Tibetan people, and she was much rejoiced when Penting, who was an experienced traveller, having even reached Tau-chau, agreed to accompany her to Lhasa in the place of Leucotze, left in his frost-bound grave in Pergo country. This choice of a servant proved a happy one. Though Penting showed himself a true Tibetan in his pillaging propensities, as a capable escort and servant, and as

a loyal defender of his mistress's life, he was without reproach. While perfectly aware of the peril of being found in her company once they arrived in the neighbourhood of Lhasa, and keenly apprehensive of retribution to be visited by the authorities on his wife and children in Gala should he be arrested, he acted his part faithfully to the end—a brave man and a faithful servant.

With this addition to her party Miss Taylor continued her journey towards Lhasa. The route now lay through a district infested by brigands, and it was necessary to keep watch night and day against attack. Climbing steep mountain passes, stumbling through rocky valleys, and over swollen rivers, they came to the famous lamasery of Kegu, crowning a steep hill, its brightly-painted dwellings standing out conspicuously from a background of precipitous mountains of dark, slaty rock. Just below the lamasery was the town, the largest Miss Taylor had yet passed, a jumble of flat-roofed, mud-plastered houses with little shops scattered among them.

Kegu is the half-way halting place on the great Tea Road between Ta-chien-lu and Lhasa, one of the most important towns of this region and the residence of many tea merchants. The Chinese official who rules the district also lives there, and Noga, who had no wish to meet this official, urged Miss Taylor to push on with all speed instead of descending to the town.

It might have fared better with the travellers if, instead of listening to this advice, Miss Taylor had made a halt here and laid the story of Noga's greed and ill-doings before the Chinese authorities. His conduct became every day more insolent, his greed more rapacious. His sole object in bringing Miss Taylor into Tibet seems to have been to rob and murder. Only the vigilance of her servants, humanly speaking, preserved her life.

“Noga takes everything,” she writes in her journal.

Not content with stealing from her tent he starved all the horses but his own, and even endeavoured to sell them for his own profit, while he made no secret of the fact that the traveller with the pale face was a foreigner who was making her way to the Sacred City.

Puntso and Penting were terrified for their own safety, and urged Miss Taylor to let them kill Noga. "It would be easy to say that robbers had done it. . . . To save them all Noga must be killed."

Miss Taylor would not for a moment listen to such a suggestion. She said she could not consent to the taking of life; they were all in God's hands and He would take care of them. "The Lord who is sending me on this journey will undertake for me," she told them, and endeavoured, though vainly, to inspire them with her own confidence.

She resolved, however, that as soon as the lamasery, Tashi-Gumpa, was reached, she would dismiss Noga from her service. Better far to go on alone than any longer to submit to his insolence and endanger the lives of all by his treachery.

CHAPTER V.

NEARING THE GOAL.

THE great Tashi-Gumpa stands above the banks of the river Tsa-shan, half way between Kegu and Lhasa. It is a halting place for all travellers along the Tea Road, a great centre for lama-traders.

As a woman, Miss Taylor could not hope to be sheltered within its walls, but for twenty days she lived with her two Tibetan servants in a cave in the vicinity. Noga she had dismissed immediately on her arrival. Despite his frequent threats to abandon her he had had no serious

intention of leaving a mistress so profitable to him, and when her intention of going on without him was plainly announced his indignation and anger were unbounded. He went to the tent and began carrying away everything of value, and when expostulated with by Miss Taylor he seized a heavy copper can and hurled it at her head. It happily missed its mark, whereupon he drew his sword and was only prevented by her Tibetan servants from actually murdering her.

Later in the day his anger cooled and self-interest once more became regnant. He came to the tent with promises of amendment and entreated that Miss Taylor would consent to go on to Lhasa with him.

Miss Taylor told him firmly that after his attempt to take her life she could not allow him to remain near her, and for the rest of her journey Puntso and Penting were to be her sole companions. Unfortunately while she could dismiss the man from her service she could not prevent his hampering her progress by spreading false reports of her purpose in entering the country and by hurrying on by double stages to Lhasa to warn the authorities of her approach.

During the twenty days Miss Taylor spent in the cave near the lamasery—a rough shelter but one which seemed comfort indeed to a traveller who for many a night had lodged in rain and snowstorm only under canvas—she experienced much kindness from the lamas. Each day, too, brought patients who begged treatment for their ailments in exchange for their gifts of butter, milk and cheese. The brigands had carried off the Scriptures Miss Taylor had brought into the country for distribution, but here, as throughout her journey, she found many opportunities for spreading the gospel message—“seed sown by the wayside,” to spring up and bear fruit in after days.

On the 15th of December, with Puntso and Penting, she set out once more, having been provided by the friendly

chief at Tashi-Gumpa with a horse, a pack-saddle and a supply of food sufficient to carry her to Lhasa. By his advice the tent had been sold. To use it was to endanger the safety of the party, since brigands would imagine that a traveller who could afford such a luxury must possess wealth. Any sacrifice, Miss Taylor felt, must be made to ensure the success of her enterprise and the safety of her party, so from this time, through the bitter cold of the Tibetan winter, she slept "with the open ground for a bed, and the heavens for a curtain." Sometimes she was fortunate enough to find a hole among the rocks, the sides of which protected her from the fierce icy blasts of the wind ; with a piece of felt to cover the ice at the bottom, such a bed was felt to be a welcome luxury.

Puntso and Penting, though without any thought of deserting their mistress, had left Tashi-Gumpa full of apprehension concerning the future.

"Their fears are the hardest thing I have to bear," writes Miss Taylor, and the outlook was certainly one to daunt all but the stoutest hearts. Noga and his wife, hurrying on before the Englishwoman and her servants, had lost no opportunity to incite the people of the district to waylay and kill them, spreading reports of gold and precious stones the lady carried about her person, and of strange weird powers she possessed. Now and then rough and evil-looking men stopped the little party and closely questioned the servants as to the route they were following and what baggage they carried ; but, while such encounters served further to intimidate Puntso and Penting, they led to no attacks from brigands.

Along the Tea Road the little party travelled, "with slow pace and sorry exterior," yet through all her misadventures and hardships Miss Taylor's indomitable courage, her unquenchable faith, never faltered. To the suggestion of her servants that safety lay alone in retreat she had but one



MISS A. R. TAYLOR AND HER PACK-HORSE.
Puntso in attendance.

answer, "God will open a way; He will take care of us." This never wavering conviction that God had sent her to do this great work for the evangelisation of Tibet is indeed the secret of that buoyancy of spirit which lightens the story of these hazardous days and which never shines more brightly than when she is face to face with death. "I am God's ambassador: I am in His charge," she writes in her journal, and the words are the expression of a faith as immovable as the mountains which closed her round while she penned the words.

Christmas day was spent in an old Tibetan encampment among the hills, and then on the little party pressed till they reached the Dam-jau-er-la, one of the highest and most dreaded of Tibetan passes. The intense cold and rarified air at this altitude made progress painful and difficult, yet the bleached skeletons of previous travellers and their pack animals which strewed the way grimly warned the party of their fate should they linger there.

They came safely through the redoubtable pass, and on the 28th of December reached the Sok-chu, the river followed up by Captain Bower on his expedition across the Chang. Following the same route Miss Taylor two days later came in sight of the boundary of the forbidden land—the waters of the Bo-chu, which confine the Lhasa district—the sacred province of Ü.

Here, Penting told her, in the previous year, Tibetan officers had been stationed to stop some European travellers trying to reach Lhasa, and he feared they might be there still. It was a relief to find they had been recalled, though the numerous caravans now met along the route made it impossible to travel unnoticed. The valley into which they had descended from the Dam-jau-er-la was thickly populated with black-tent tribes, and Noga, preceding the party, had spread a report that he had left three companions behind him, of whom one was a Lhasa man with much silver tied

about his waist, and another a Mongolian woman with plenty of gold in a cloth under her gown and a gold charm box round her neck. Once the chief of a caravan of merchants returning from the capital stopped Miss Taylor and questioned her concerning this statement, but finding it was without truth he allowed her to go on unmolested. It was at this stage of her journey that she cut her hair short that she might more closely resemble the *anni* or nun of the country.

On the last day of the year (1892) she crossed the Bo-chu and found herself at last within the sacred province of Ü.

It would have been safest at this stage to leave the horses behind and continue the journey on foot, following the course of the frozen river, as it wound in and out among the mountains, until Lhasa was reached. This route, however, was long and meant rough travelling, and Miss Taylor was now so weakened by the fatigues and hardships of the journey that she could scarcely walk a few yards and only by grim determination kept her seat on her peaked saddle. She therefore decided to follow the usual route and, passing a little lake called Ang-nga, travelled by slow stages, first across the river Da chu, then over grassy uplands towards the sacred city, avoiding as far as she could the numerous caravans returning from it, and the little black-tent encampments scattered up and down the valleys.

Two days after crossing the Da chu, she and her servants were suddenly confronted by two soldiers, fully-armed, who roughly stopped them and informed them they were prisoners and that one step forward would cost them their lives. Noga had, as usual, gone on before them and informed the chief of the district that an Englishwoman was making her way to Lhasa. Orders had been issued for her arrest and that of her servants. There was nothing to be done but to submit, and Puntso and Penting spent the night in great fear for

their lives, aware that prompt execution is the fate meted out to the Tibetan who guides a "Piling" into the interior.

Next morning a chief arrived, who informed them that they must remain where they were until he received further commands. In vain Miss Taylor explained her mission, denied the rumours circulated concerning her, and exposed the treachery of the Chinaman who had betrayed her. The chief was affable, but not to be persuaded to permit her to go forward.

News of the capture had been sent on to the military chief at Nagchu'ka, and two days later he arrived with a band of soldiers. Even the asperities of Tibetan travel had not quenched a feminine "desire to look one's best" in the breast of the chief prisoner, for she tells us that she "washed her sleeves to look a little respectable when the big chief arrived!"

The big chief was courteous, listened to all the lady had to say, but declared that she must go back without delay to the Chinese frontier.

Miss Taylor pointed out that such a course was quite impossible. She had neither food nor money, her horses were worn out, and she was too enfeebled to endure cold and fatigue; to turn back was to die upon the road. She absolutely refused to be sent back against her will.

Another day passed, the lady sitting, under guard, in the snow, while the chiefs discussed the matter and waited further orders from Nagchu'ka. Two days later a magistrate arrived, a personage of importance and considerably less courteous and friendly than the chiefs. He first had a long talk with Puntso, then summoned Miss Taylor to an interview.

Even in this critical position neither her courage nor ready wit forsook her. She insisted on being treated with courtesy. When accused of political trespass she defended herself ably and demanded, if there were any laws in Tibet,

that Noga, who had reduced her to such straits, should be brought before her and made to answer to her countercharge of robbery and attempted murder.

“I demanded justice,” she says. “I had to be very firm, since our lives seemed to rest on my taking a firm stand.”

The friendly chief told her later in the day that this had been the right attitude, and the next day the whole company were going to his camping ground near Nagchu'ka, and that she and her servants would be supplied with food.

Kagawuchi, the Japanese explorer, who made a journey to Lhasa, relates that he met there the present Tibetan Minister of Finance, who stated that he was the chief official sent from Lhasa to try the Englishwoman.

“Dear me! the English people are odd creatures,” he commented, adding that had not the chief of the district in which Miss Taylor was arrested been a deeply compassionate man she would most certainly have been killed then and there.

With the chief and about thirty soldiers as an escort Miss Taylor and her Tibetan servants set out next day for Nagchu'ka. “I felt truly proud of my country when it took so many men to keep one woman from running away,” she writes with a characteristic glint of humour. “I have no intention of being a regular prisoner, so I act just as usual;” and when numbed by cold she orders her servants to collect fuel and light a fire and attend to her wants as though she were merely travelling with an escort.

At sunset the camping-ground was reached and a tent pitched for the Englishwoman, and presently two Lhasa chiefs came to interview her, bringing with them Noga and Erminie. At first the pair denied all accusations brought against them, but gradually the truth was extracted and a statement of the case sent to Lhasa. Word came from the authorities that the prisoner was to be treated well, but for

ten long days the trial went on "with mutual browbeating and compromise." Miss Taylor was fighting for her life and those of her servants, refusing to go back without the necessaries of life or to be carried alive from the country against her will.

"We excited much curiosity," she writes. "Puntso was often invited in the evening to the chiefs' tents to entertain them by accounts of the lives of the English, of what he had seen in India, and the railways and steamships by which he had travelled. They were also interested in my attempt, and told me that of all later European travellers I had reached the nearest to Lhasa, from which we were only a three days' ride. The ultimatum of the trial was that if I liked I could go on to Lhasa. Should I do so, however, they, the chiefs, having given me the permission, would lose their lives and my servants would be seized. I, as an anni, a woman-religious teacher, would surely not wish to bring about the death of innocent men? Should I, however, decide to return to China, all necessities for the journey as far as Kegu, the half-way halt, would be given."

Miss Taylor was in no position to resist such persuasive arguments. She agreed to return to the frontier as soon as provision was made for the journey. To have endured such terrible hardships, to have overcome such great obstacles, to have come within three days' march of the sacred city, and then to return without accomplishing her purpose, was a disappointment which could not but be a bitter one. Yet she had opened the closed door. The Gospel message had been carried at last into the dark interior of Tibet.

CHAPTER VI.

DRIVEN BACK.

ON January 18th, Miss Taylor started on her journey back to China. The provisions for which she stipulated—horses, a tent, and two ounces of silver wherewith to make necessary purchases—had been given her, and an escort of ten soldiers, who were to accompany her for eleven stages. The soldiers, however, overtaking a caravan of merchants with yak, a few days' journey from Nag-chu'ka, announced their intention of resigning their charge since the lady could continue her march with the caravan.

In vain Miss Taylor remonstrated with them, pointing out that she had not sufficient food to travel slowly with yak, and the chief at Nag-chu'ka had promised her an escort as far as Kegu. They offered to give her barley-flour and cheese to augment her supplies, but remained firm in their determination to return, and without more ado quitted the lady and her servants.

Miss Taylor soon saw that it was out of the question to travel with the caravan. The progress was so slow that she and her men would inevitably suffer from cold and hunger unless they pushed on unescorted. At first Puntso and Penting sturdily refused to go on alone. The region was infested with brigands and their lives would certainly be in danger. But on a plain statement of the risks run by delay, they consented to leave the caravan, and on February 2nd arrived safely at Tashi-Gumpa, where, on the outward journey, they had lived in a cave for twenty days.

The lamas had on that occasion shown much kindness to the traveller, but their attitude towards her was now entirely altered. On her approach crowds of hostile lamas collected on the river bank, and Miss Taylor felt that it was a fortunate circumstance that she had directed her servants to pitch the

tent on the bank opposite to that on which the lamasery stood.

Noga's malevolent influence had been at work here as elsewhere. He and Erminie, before they left for Lhasa, had diligently spread a report that the Englishwoman was a witch who could see through mountains and inside temples. She was going through the country, they affirmed, to take note of all its treasures, and she intended to carry abroad an account of all the gold and silver hidden in Tibet.

The lamas, naturally unwilling to lose their wealth, had heard with dismay of her retreat from Nag-chu'ka, and were resolved, should she appear at Tashi-Gumpa, to stone her and her servants and throw their bodies into the river. This the head lama, however, had forbidden. It was evident, he pointed out, since the traveller had been supplied with food and horses by the chiefs at Nag-chu'ka, she could not be what Noga and Erminie represented. Her death would inevitably become known at Lhasa and retribution would fall on those who caused it. They must do her no harm though they might give her no help. Having credited her with such weird powers it was with relief that they saw the traveller next day set out again on her arduous march.

Each day her difficulties increased. Snow fell constantly, and the little party had to struggle through deep drifts in face of biting winds, to cross swift icy rivers, and climb steep mountain passes, where the cold was so intense and the air so rarified that all the party suffered much from palpitation and weakness. Three of the horses succumbed owing to the hard going and their scanty provender of tea-leaves and barley meal. Everywhere herdsmen were met fleeing with their cattle and goods from the Goloks who, in great numbers, were making a raid on this part of the country. From one little company Miss Taylor heard that a thousand of the marauders had descended on an encampment of the

Ha She people and carried off seven thousand of their cattle, as well as all their food.

These rumours naturally filled Puntso and Penting with alarm, and they needed no urging to press on to Kegü. There Penting was to leave the traveller to return to his home at Gala, Miss Taylor having decided not to retrace her steps to Tau-Chau, but to follow the Tea Road to the frontier. As part payment for his services he was to receive two of the three remaining horses and the tent which Miss Taylor was told she would require no more, accommodation being easily procured on the busy highway. This gift to the departing Tibetan she had bitter cause to regret during the piercing nights she spent in the open before reaching Tachien-lu.

Miss Taylor's return to Kegü was no more welcome to the chief and the lamas than had been her second visit to those of Tashi-Gumpa. So evident was the desire for her to depart speedily that only the fact that she had been provided with food as far as Kegü and that her last remaining horse disappeared on her first night in the town, induced her to delay her march towards the frontier. An escort also was absolutely necessary, as the district through which she must now travel was notorious for its robbers; yet no one was willing to accompany her.

"We are rather in a fix," she writes in her diary, "not allowed to stay and not able to go!"

At last an arrangement was made with some mule-drivers returning to Oganze, a town on the Tea Road, half-way between Kegü and Tachien-lu. The Oganze men make a livelihood as carriers between the two towns, and so far consider that they hold a monopoly of the carrying trade, that they will attack anyone not from Oganze who ventures to ply it on their road.

These mule-drivers agreed to act as an escort to the missionary, to lend her horses and provide food and lodging for

the night in the rest houses on the way, for a certain sum of money "to be paid in advance." Miss Taylor, anxious to continue her journey, had no option but to agree, and though the men were not particular to fulfil their contract in all points, on the whole they treated the lady well. If they encamped in the open to save the expense of putting up at the rest-houses, they took care to pile up their packs to make a shelter from the wind and gave her the best place inside it !

The day after leaving Kegu the party passed the boundary line between the provinces of Amdo and Kham and stayed the night at the little mountain town of Karsa, which is nominally under the rule of China. The road was now a wearisome succession of ascents and descents till the terrible mountain pass of Mo-ro-la was reached. Here, near its summit, at an altitude of 15,880 feet, the party spent a night in a snow-storm and with cold so intense that in the morning one of the horses was found frozen, while of the mule-drivers one suffered so much that he just lived to reach his home and family in Oganze. That Miss Taylor should survive hardship and exposure to which two strong men succumbed seems almost a miracle—an example, doubtless, of that "conquest by sheer force of will" which, she says, had on more than one occasion saved her life.

It was a relief to descend from the barren wastes and snow-clad heights on "the roof of the world" to the more fertile region in which are Kong-pa-sa-ga, and walled Kor-ta-ge-gumpa, where instead of the black tents and rough huts of the interior, the houses are of clay or burnt brick and wood, with pretty trellis windows lined with coloured tissue paper, and where the people look gay and well-to-do.

After crossing the Tsa-chu the party reached Oganze, a large town, the residence of a Chinese official, a Tibetan chief and many merchants, and the home of the mule-drivers who had escorted the Englishwoman from Kegu.

Here Miss Taylor made a stay of a few days to rest after her fatiguing journey, and then, with Puntso, descended into the province of Kham—a fertile region of beautiful pine forests, of busy little towns and lamaseries scattered about the hillsides, and of tilled fields—a pleasing contrast to the grass lands of Amdo, where the people are mostly nomadic. On the top of the Ya-ra-la the traveller passed a small lake, so deep that it has never been fathomed, in which, say Tibetans, a horse lives.

Spring was throwing her mantle of green over the valley and hill slopes. “Green, the colour of hope, was everywhere.” In her diary, on April 7th, Miss Taylor writes, “Saw rose bushes! Gooseberry bushes! Wild apricots in bloom. The corn growing in the fields! Green grass!” Very welcome must have been the sight after the barren wastes, the snow-clad slopes and peaks of the interior.

On the 13th of April, worn out with her long journey and destitute of food and money, the intrepid traveller reached Ta-chien-lu. There was no Protestant mission in the city at that time, but she was most kindly received by the French Catholic missionaries resident there. None could appreciate more truly the hardships and dangers through which she had passed or the heroism of her deed than those devoted men who had for so many years been working for Tibet on the eastern frontier. They provided for her wants and found a shelter for her in the house of a Tibetan woman, married to a Chinese merchant.

It was just seven months and ten days since she left Tau-chau intent on penetrating to the heart of the “Great Closed Land” and entering the Sacred City. No European, with one possible, but doubtful, exception, had succeeded in getting so near Lhasa, but like many a traveller before her she had been compelled to turn back, one part, at least, of the task she set herself unperformed.

Yet, if one asks is the journey on that account to be regarded as a failure, the answer is an emphatic "no." The way for other workers has been opened, the conditions under which they must labour ascertained, the gospel preached in the heart of the land. "Yet the real spell of the story," says William Carey, "lies in the significance of the deed. Miss Taylor's journey changed the whole face of missionary interest in Tibet. It sent a thrill round the world and is the true beginning of the widespread eagerness for the evangelisation of the land. . . . For solitary splendour and sudden quickening power no deed in the whole history of missions will rank higher than this of the lone woman who opened the closed door and deliberately walked through the country carrying her life in her hand for Christ's sake and the Gospel's."

CHAPTER VII.

THE TIBETAN PIONEER BAND.

WHEN the story of Miss Taylor's journey into Tibet reached England, still more when, on July 1st, 1893, the traveller herself arrived, interest in that country became deep and widespread.

As soon as her health was sufficiently restored Miss Taylor threw herself eagerly into the task of making that interest intelligent and practical. She held meetings in London and the provinces and in Scotland, and gathered large audiences to whom she told her tale and urged the claims of dark Tibet.

To those who listened it seemed well nigh incredible that this small slight woman could have endured such hardships and lived to tell the tale, yet it was easy to believe that her warm heart, her keen merry eyes, her manner full of engaging

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frankness, her light-hearted acceptance of the discomforts inseparable from the performance of her task, should have quickly brought her into friendly relations with all sorts of strange people.

Puntso had come to England with his mistress, and on many platforms, with Miss Taylor as an interpreter, he thrilled the hearts and imaginations of his hearers by the simple story of his life and conversion to Christianity in Sikkim and the sincerity and earnestness with which he pleaded the cause of his brothers and sisters in Tibet.

At this time, as throughout her life, Miss Taylor's wonderful gift for inspiring others with her own faith and enthusiasm won for her all she asked. She appealed for twelve missionaries, six of whom if possible were to be medical men, to go back with her to Tibet. The number was not to include women. Miss Taylor felt that few of her own sex could withstand the hardships and privations inseparable from pioneer work in that inhospitable country, and Tibet must be opened up to the missionary more completely before women began to work there.

Those who volunteered for the work were first to spend a year in Darjeeling and Sikkim in order to learn the Tibetan language and then to attempt an entrance into Tibet itself, from the Indian frontier. They must also be prepared to work on the lines of the China Inland Mission, with whose methods and principles Miss Taylor was in complete sympathy.

The work in Tibet was, however, to be an independent effort and in no sense affiliated with the China Inland Mission. That society, it was felt, had yet ample scope for all its energies within the boundaries of China, and did not see its way to enter on a field of labour which would necessitate a base of operations in India. Miss Taylor began her work, however, with its hearty sympathy and prayers.

In appealing for volunteers she made no attempts to minimise the dangers or privations which must be looked for in pioneer work in Tibet—dangers and privations which appertain to any work taken upon the lines of the China Inland Mission.

“ Relying absolutely on God’s word,” she said, “ ‘ taking no thought, saying what shall we eat or wherewithal shall we be clothed, for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things,’ and believing that the essential difference intended to be shown in this regard between the heathen and the Christian was, that whilst all these things are sought after by the heathen, the Christian is to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness—it is not proposed to seek any guarantee of support or ask for any collections or apply elsewhere than direct from God for money. Consequently the workers will not be guaranteed anything in the nature of a salary. Only those prepared to cast themselves wholly upon God in this matter are invited to join the Mission.”

This was truly a call to sacrifice and disinterested service, but the response was swift and enthusiastic. More than twice the number required offered themselves for work in Tibet, while gifts of money were received sufficient to take out a band of twelve to India and to support them there during the year of preparation for their work. Miss Taylor, except for the five years she was working with the China Inland Mission, had paid her own expenses.

After much prayer and consideration twelve men were chosen—men gathered from all lands, a group of simple, earnest Christians, who believed themselves to be called by God for work “ in regions beyond.” Five were from Scotland, one from Sweden, two from Norway, and one from Lewisham, London. Mr. Mackenzie, one of the Scotsmen, was to be accompanied by his wife and infant girl, the first Christian child to start for Tibet.

This little company was to be known as the "Tibetan Pioneer Band," a name which has been felt by some to be scarcely well chosen, since the real "pioneer" workers among Tibetans were the French Catholics on the Chinese frontier and the Moravians, who for more than fifty years had been labouring in Little Tibet on the Western border. Much good work had been done by them and many lives laid down during that half-century, while their work had been purely among Tibetans.

In "God's Acre" in Kyelang, near the little mission station built by Brother Heyde and Brother Pagell, the first Moravians who settled in Little Tibet, lie seventeen Tibetans who died "in sure and certain hope," the first-fruits of the missionaries' devoted labours; beside them lies also all that was mortal of Redslip, one of the earliest and most saintly of workers, and seventeen tiny grassy mounds, the graves of children of the missionaries. "Surely," says one who recently stood beside those little graves and watched one other little child laid there, "the winning of Tibet to the Crucified is a costly undertaking."

Splendid work has also been done by the Moravians in translating the New and part of the Old Testament into Tibetan and in the compiling of a Tibetan and English dictionary and grammar, thus removing one of the greatest obstacles to the work of the pioneer missionary.

Miss Taylor, however, claimed her right to the term "Tibetan Pioneer Band" in that her work lay in Tibet itself, not in Little or Outer Tibet, and in that it was rather the work of the sapper, who goes forward to prepare the way for the following army.

"Looking back on my life," she once said, "I see that I have seldom undertaken what everybody else was doing. I have always preferred to strike out a new road and then, when the way was made tolerably smooth, I have left it for others to travel. In this sense I may consider myself a pioneer."



"THE TIBETAN PIONEER BAND" WHOM MISS TAYLOR TOOK OUT WITH HER.
Miss Taylor is in the centre of the group.

Her call was to "regions beyond, where Christ has not been named."

On February 16th, 1894, a meeting was held in the Albert Hall to take farewell of the Band about to start for Tibet. Miss Taylor again related the story of her journey, and those who hoped to share with her the joy of preaching the Gospel in the land of the lamas told in simple graphic language how they had been led to consecrate their lives to the work.

It was a meeting long to be remembered by those who were present, and many eyes were dim and many hearts thrilled as they listened to this handful of workers, full of hope and courage, prepared, for the sake of Tibet

"To commit themselves to unpathed waters,
Miseries enough."

In April the party reached Darjeeling, where they were met by a large number of friends in sympathy with their purpose. There were missionaries not only from the district but from many parts of India, Assam and Burmah, with members of the Scandinavian Alliance who had been in the neighbourhood for two years preparing for work in Tibet.

The Pioneer Band was soon installed in a house known as "Woodville," which had been obtained for their use by Mrs. Hannah, a staunch and generous friend of missions in Northern India. In a letter to *The Christian*, dated April 30th, Miss Taylor writes, "We are comfortably settled down to study the language, and some of the brethren already are able to speak a few words and to sing, in Tibetan, "Jesus loves me," and other hymns. We have a Tibetan service every Sabbath evening from four to five o'clock, and our time on weekdays is fully occupied. . . The Tibetans gave me a hearty welcome when I arrived, especially at Jorebungalow." Miss Taylor had always found the Tibetans, when uninfluenced by Chinese interests or the hostility of

the lamas, most friendly to the English and ready to listen to the message of the Gospel. Those in the west had been much struck by the kindness shown to the prisoners in the Sikkim campaign, and they had not failed to trace a connection between the teaching of the foreign missionaries and the mercifulness of the enemy, who, instead of illtreating the captives, fed and clothed them and supplied them with means to reach their homes again.

But while the Tibetans in the border province welcomed the Band and desired to see them enter Tibet itself, the Government authorities who felt responsible for the safety of these British subjects were by no means inclined to let them run into danger. Soon after Miss Taylor arrived at Darjeeling she received an official intimation that she could not be permitted to enter Tibet and must confine her labours to the district south of the Himalayas.

She wrote at once to the Government of India, only to receive the reply that the matter lay with the Government of Bengal, from whom she must obtain the desired permits. To both Governments she then addressed letters, reasonable, respectful, but plainly and forcibly explaining her purpose in wishing to go up to Tibet and the impossibility of turning back at this stage. "In sentiment and phrasing there was a touch of Cromwellism, especially in the strong undertone of unfaltering confidence in a power higher than that to which the letters appealed. They were documents the like of which are not often received by Secretaries of Governments," says the *Indian Methodist Times* of July, 1894. "They were calculated to set them thinking. Especially strong was the protest against the order which, now that the law allows traders to go up to a certain point within Tibet, will exclude missionaries entirely, simply because of their profession."

The refusal of passports to enter Tibet in no way discouraged the Band. They believed in their call to

missionary work among the Tibetans, and were convinced that a way would be opened for them to enter the country. They went on quietly with their study of the language and with their training for the work, while tailors were busy with the manufacture of Tibetan dress and equipments for life over the border.

After residing six months in Darjeeling, Miss Taylor and her little party, with the exception of two who felt themselves called to work in India, pushed forward some four or five days' journey into the border state of Sikkim. There, after an arduous journey over mountains and through rugged valleys, they reached Gnatong, the outermost British post, where Miss Taylor had made up her mind to establish a mission-station and watch for an opportunity to cross the frontier.

There are few drearier spots in Asia than Gnatong. A mere cluster of native huts gathered about the British fort, at an altitude of 12,350 feet, in the trough of a valley along which blows an icy wind straight from the glaciers, icefields, and glittering peaks of the Himalayas, the climate one of the most rigorous in the world. For a brief summer the sun shines warmly; wild flowers spring up in sheltered spots, the wind no longer parches the throat and cracks the skin, but for the greater part of the year the conditions of life so closely resemble those of Tibet itself that life there may be considered as a valuable experience for those who propose to live and work in that country.

At the outset the party were confronted by the difficulty of obtaining food and shelter, even of the most meagre description. There were no huts to be got and the natives proved unwilling to sell either food or fuel. The captain of the British fort strongly advised Miss Taylor to return to India without delay. To remain was only to encounter opposition and suffering.

She stoutly refused to retreat. She had not been

accustomed, she said, to be driven back from any work by hardship or difficulty. She had slept many nights in the open during her journey in the interior of Tibet, and had often known cold and hunger. She and her companions were quite prepared to face similar discomforts now if their mission demanded it, but they would not consent to abandon the work to which they were called.

She set about finding caves in the district which might serve as shelter, recalling the days she and her servants had spent in a cave near Tashi-Gumpa—shelter which had then been a welcome luxury.

Seeing that Miss Taylor was not to be discouraged the captain directed a native to give up two rooms in a large hut to the Band and also supplied them with food. Subsequently a whole hut was obtained, which members of the Band proceeded to enlarge, and which was their home during the time they spent together at Gnatong.

Tibetan teachers had accompanied the party and the study of the language went on with industry, while many opportunities for mission work were found among the natives living about the fort or passing to and fro on their way between Tibet and India.

Yet, while work was abundant, the problems to be solved by the pioneers were also many. After a few months differences arose between the leader and her little band, and it was felt by all that it would be wisest to have some altered basis of operations. At Miss Taylor's suggestion Mr. Cecil Polhill-Turner, of the China Inland Mission, was asked to relieve her of the responsibilities of leadership, thus leaving her free for the particular work to which she felt herself called.

Mr. Cecil Polhill-Turner had, with his devoted wife, been working for some time in the Chinese border town of Sining, and had long been impressed by the need for work among the Tibetans. He and his wife had made several journeys

across the border, and had been on one occasion roughly treated by those to whom they went. The suggestion that he should assume the leadership of the Tibetan Pioneer Band was a call to further work in a direction in which his heart had already gone, and he at once accepted the charge.

The Band willingly agreed to labour under his guidance, and, though all retired from Gnatong, it was to work, either in British Bhutan or on the Chinese frontier, entirely for Tibetans.

CHAPTER VIII.

“LHASA VILLA.”

FOR two years after the Band had left her Miss Taylor lived with her Tibetan servants in a rough shanty, as tumbledown and wretched as any Irish hovel, perched on the mountain side below the fort. She had named it “Lhasa Villa,” and from this eyrie she watched and waited, as she had done in old Tau-chau, for an opportunity to cross the border and push her way to the Sacred City.

The life was a lonely one. The work lay chiefly among the numerous parties of Tibetans who every evening, for seven months in the year, encamp on the mountain sides about the fort. Gnatong is on a great trade road to and from Tibet, and parties are constantly passing with their yak-loads of wool, hides and other produce. There would be from four to fourteen of these encampments every evening, some far enough away from the fort to make a visit something of an expedition. Such little journeys were not without their dangers. “Living in the clouds” has many drawbacks, not the least of which is the danger of being suddenly enveloped in the densest mist, possibly within a few feet of a formidable precipice. Though in the Yatung Valley the rainfall is small, almost

daily at noon a mist creeps up from Bhutan and a constant drizzle falls.

On one occasion during an open-air service Miss Taylor was holding near the fort the little company were all at once enveloped in one of these thick vaporous fogs. Miss Taylor was aware of their danger and begged all to keep together, but one man, more venturesome than the rest, declaring that he knew every inch of the ground, set off without waiting for the mist to roll away. He was never seen again. Search parties scoured the mountains in vain, and Miss Taylor, feeling that she was in a sense responsible for the disaster, took a few necessaries and searched for days, sleeping in caves by night, but without success. The man had gone over one of the precipices and been dashed to pieces.

It was Miss Taylor's custom every evening to visit the encampments, bidding the traders welcome, and sitting with them as they blew up the camp fire with their quaint bellows made of a goat-skin, and made and drank their tea. Sometimes they would invite her to share their meal, and as she ate with them she would tell them

“The old, old story of Jesus and His love,”

and before parting give each a text-card to carry away with them.

They accepted the cards eagerly and usually listened to her with interest and attention. The suspicion and contempt with which the missionary is listened to by Chinese is notably absent from the Tibetans. The people treat those who teach them with marked respect, and any hostility shown can invariably be traced to the influence of the lamas.

“I have given away nearly three thousand text cards,” writes Miss Taylor in a letter from Gnatong, “but the more thoughtful want something more. One man, a lama, said to me lately, when I gave him a card with St. John xvii. 3,

‘ *Life eternal* means so much. I want to know more about it. Can you not give me a book ? ’ ” Through the kindness of Mrs. Robertson, Honorary Secretary of the Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures, Miss Taylor was able, before she left Gnatong, to give away more than a thousand copies of the Gospel in Tibetan.

The Tibetan has the greatest veneration for all religious books. He will bow before them and place them on his head, indicating his desire that their blessing may rest on him. In the houses of all but the poorest, at certain seasons of the year portions of the sacred books are read by the lamas, and much merit is believed to accrue to the master of the house therefrom, though he may not be present at the reading. In cases of severe sickness he will even swallow fragments of the holy words rolled into pellets, confident that, taken in any form, the sacred books must do him good.

Many of the copies of the Scriptures distributed are being read in lamaseries all over the country, some even in Lhasa itself, the centre of Buddhist teaching, and many lamas have spontaneously affirmed that their teaching is better than that of their own books. Moravian missionaries also tell of inquirers who have come thousands of miles to know more of the teaching contained in the books translated by them into the Tibetan language.

To many the very simplicity and purity of the teaching make it well nigh incomprehensible. One lama who was present at a lantern entertainment given by Miss Taylor, seeing a picture of “ Christ upon the Cross,” asked if He were not a very great sinner to receive so great a punishment. He listened in wonderment when Miss Taylor told him that Jesus, the Son of God, was without sin and that He had willingly borne the punishment due to mankind for their sins. The women, too, listened in wonder, some saying, “ It might be for you, but how can it be for us ? ”

There was work also to do amongst the British soldiers still stationed at this outermost post of the Sikkim campaign. Miss Taylor started a newspaper club at "Lhasa Villa," and some of the men came down every evening. She also held Gospel Meetings, Bible Readings, and little gatherings for prayer, which, under God's blessing, were a means of inducing many to decide for Christ. One, a lance-corporal of the Manchester Regiment, became an earnest Christian and Miss Taylor's efficient helper in her work among the soldiers. Later he left the army and was accepted by Dr. H. Guinness as a missionary student with the intention, when his training was complete, of joining the Tibetan Pioneer Band and working in the interior.

But while her hands were full and her interests many Miss Taylor never for a moment lost sight of the real goal of her efforts—entrance into Tibet, the preaching of the Gospel in the "Great Closed Land."

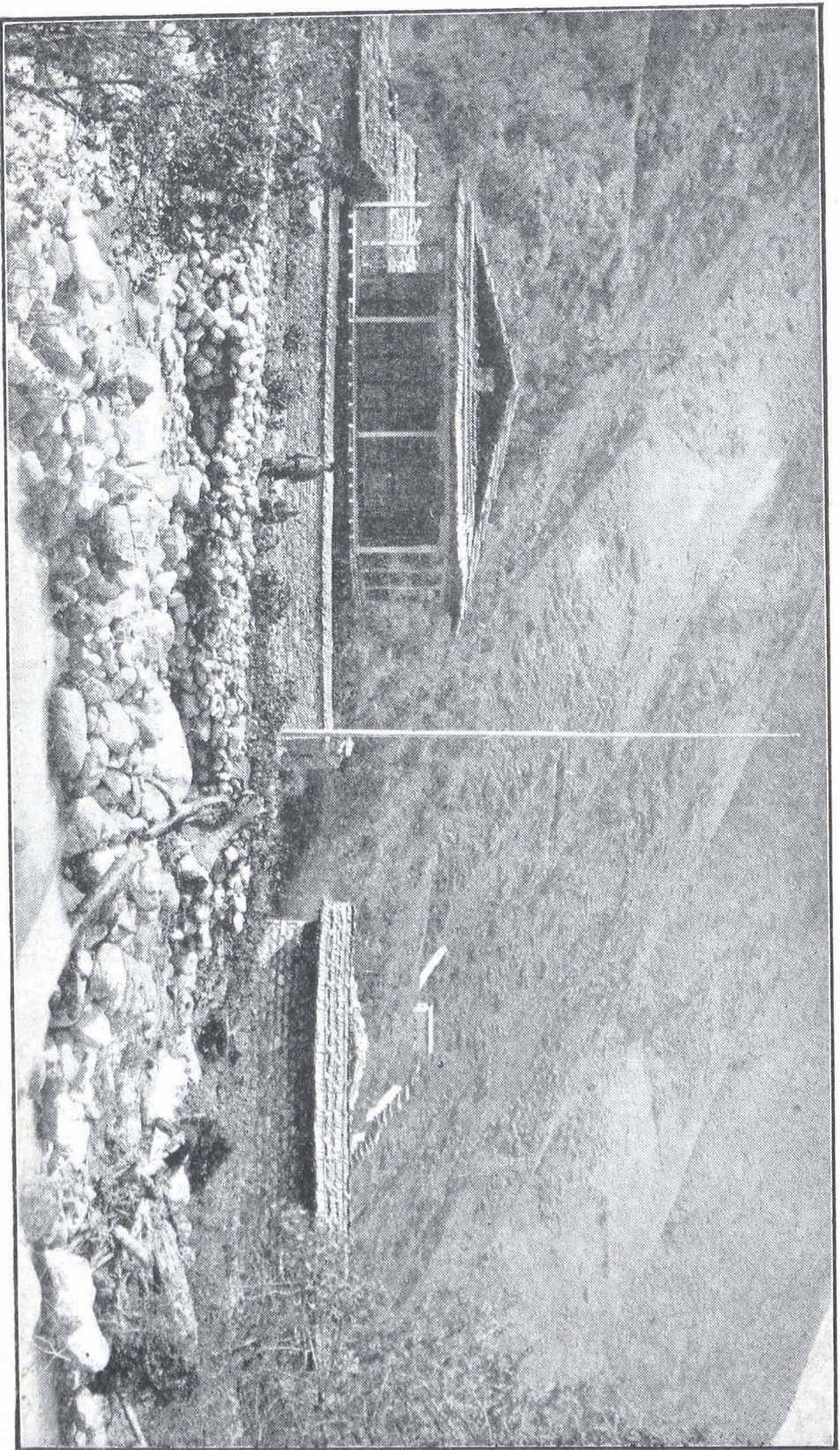
From her eyrie she watched and waited and at last her faith received its reward. "The way was opened. She was free to go up and possess the land."

By the Sikkim Tibet Convention of 1893 it was enacted that "a trade mart should be established at Yatung on the Tibetan side of the frontier, to be open to all British subjects for the purposes of trade from the first day of May, 1894."

In this enactment Miss Taylor saw the opportunity for which she had waited so long. If it was necessary for those who desired to live over the border to engage in trade she was ready to be a trader, nor would she consider it a hardship.

"If St. Paul could make tents for Christ's sake, surely we can keep shop for our Master," she said with characteristic practicalness, and, leaving Gnatong, she went forward with her Tibetan servants, the faithful Puntso and his wife Sigju, and crossed the border into the Chumbi Valley.

Between the states of Sikkim and Bhutan, separating



ENTRANCE TO THE TRADE MART AT YATUNG, TIBET.
House and Chinese Customs Office.

them for several days march, there juts south a tongue of land which, while its position and history mark it as Indian territory, belongs to Tibet. This tongue of land is the Chumbi Valley, the scene of Miss Taylor's latest labours.

In Miss Taylor's little book, “Pioneering in Tibet,” we have an interesting account of these first days in Yatung, the little trade mart built in a lovely valley at an elevation of 10,500 feet, from the pen of Miss Bella Ferguson, who had volunteered for work in Tibet, and, escorted thither in 1906 by Miss Taylor's youngest sister Susette, on one of her visits, shared for some time Miss Taylor's life and labours.

“Looking towards the Jelapla Pass the mountains are covered with dark forests of fir above which the snow peaks glitter clearly defined against the deep blue sky. Before us in the distance is the mountain range lying north of the Chumbi Valley. The mountains to the left are covered with grass and shrubs and capped by forests, on the crest of which a temple stands out conspicuously, surrounded by a number of quaint little houses where the lamas live. To the right the mountains are more precipitous, the forests are of birch, pine and other trees. The two mountain torrents, named Natui and Langran, which flow past Yantung on either side, join a few paces below and it is then called the Yantung River. On our arrival (April 3rd, 1906) it looked as if all the inhabitants were out to greet us, we being the first European ladies to arrive in English dress.

“Almost immediately after the chief came to pay his respects and to present a K'atag and a basket of eggs. . . . The day after our arrival we put on Tibetan dress, at which the Tibetans were delighted, and named me Anni-saba, the new anni. Miss Taylor is called Anni-la. The literal translation of *anni* is ‘aunt,’ and is used as a term of respect for single women, as well as being the name given to Buddhist nuns. We had a number of visitors, first the Tibetan chief of Yatung, who is very friendly. He was

much interested in some photographs which we had brought with us of our Queen and Royal Family. Then the Tibetan Clerk to the Chinese Customs, who is engaged to be my teacher of the language ; afterwards the Ropun, a Tibetan military official, and a number of soldiers. The Ropun is an old man with a short tapered beard, which is done up in a plait under his chin and tied at the end with a tiny cord and tassel. In one ear he wears a single turquoise and in the other a pendant earring composed of turquoise, pearl, and gold. He is dressed in silk and carries a large silver prayer-wheel which he incessantly turns. Some of the soldiers wore coarse woollen gowns and others the sheepskin so common in Tibet. A number of women came to see us from down the valley, carrying their babies on their backs tied in shawls, Tibetan fashion. Some of them were natives of Lhasa and had the hair dressed in two long plaits and wore a coronet covered with red cloth on which turquoise, corals and strings of small pearls are sewn (others have one long plait finished by a heavy tassel which reaches the ground). A few adopt the fashion of eastern Tibet, and have from forty to a hundred tiny plaits spread across the back fastened to a strip of cloth which is adorned with innumerable ornaments." All over Tibet the native dress is the same, a long loose gown crossed in front and drawn up in the girdle, with a cotton or silk jacket underneath, which shows at the neck and folds back at the wrists to form a deep cuff. Boots of bright coloured cloth are worn, and nearly everyone appears to possess a quantity of jewellery—earrings, amulets and ornaments of silver, turquoise and coral, and strings of gold beads, pointing to a mineral wealth in the country not adequately estimated.

"We paid a visit," says Miss Ferguson, "to the Tibetan chief and his wife, who seemed very pleased to see us. The chief holds his appointment directly under the government of Lhasa and has to watch over Tibetan interests. He is

the only official in the district who can send letters direct to the Dalai Lama and government of Lhasa ; all others must send them through the Chinese Amban stationed at Lhasa. Since he rented the sheds to Miss Taylor he has been subjected to systematic persecution from Chinese officials. This led to an order from Lhasa that all Tibetans living down the valley are to protect him in case of danger. Just lately, when things seemed threatening, he took refuge in the mission-parlour until the Ropun and some soldiers arrived. On our reaching his house we climbed a rude wooden ladder to the upper story and were shown into a large room and invited to sit on raised cushions, which we did native fashion, with our feet tucked under us. On a low bench-like table before us incense was burning and china cups with silver lids and saucers were set. These were soon filled with Tibetan tea, which I managed to drink, though not with a relish as Miss Taylor did. . . . When out for a walk later we came to a shady nook by the side of a brook, where some Tibetan women and children were bathing in a primitive bath, *viz.*, a scooped-out log. The icy water from the brook was heated by putting hot stones into the bath. These stones were made hot in a fire near by.”

The Tibetans of this region are wonderfully hardy, and it is not an uncommon thing to see children absolutely naked. The men too, have a habit, when heated after a stiff climb, of throwing back their heavy sheepskins and cooling off naked to the waist, while it is their custom nearly always to leave the throat bare and often to go barefoot.

The little Mission House soon became a centre of quiet earnest work. A day-school was started for the children, who delighted in the pictures shown to them and the hymns they soon learned to sing. The men and women, too, soon came in and out the little mission and store, freely “ bringing all their troubles of whatsoever kind, bodily or otherwise, and taking with alacrity the medicine or advice given them.”

Such was their confidence that the chief, who was very much at home in Miss Taylor's little parlour, would tell her all the news that came down to him from Lhasa and other parts of Tibet and consult her concerning the probable success of his journeys here and there. To the teaching of the "foreign annis" he always listened attentively, and he and the Ropun read and discussed together the Gospel of St. John, copies of which had been given them by Miss Taylor. Many of the soldiers on their return to Shigatze asked for Scriptures to take back with them, and it was cheering to hear months after from a Tibetan that little children were singing the hymn "Yes, Jesus loves me" in the streets of that city. The soldiers, who delighted to listen to Miss Taylor singing Tibetan hymns or playing on her organ, had picked up the tune and taught it to the little ones on their return from Yatung.

"The little organ and the singing are always an attraction," says Miss Ferguson, "and no one ever comes without being told of Jesus the Mighty to save, and none go without a copy of one of the Gospels, which they take gladly. Numbers hear the old, old story for the first time, and some have accepted Christ for their Saviour. Then the lamas in the monastery down the valley welcome us, as do the people scattered about in huts and tents. One bright Lhasa woman is being taught in hope that in the future she will become a worker. Some of those in our employ have professed to accept Christianity. One who was formerly a lama and is well-educated we are hoping will become an evangelist and his wife a Bible-woman. So here, just within the threshold of Tibet, there is plenty of work to do."

Another lady missionary, Miss Mary Foster, also lived and worked with Miss Taylor for a short time during this period.

CHAPTER IX.

FRIENDS FROM FAR.

PLEASANT events in the busy yet lonely life of the missionary in this Chumbi Valley were the visits of her sister, Miss Susette Taylor, one of the most travelled members of a family of travellers, and in 1907 of her brother-in-law and eldest sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bethell, on their way through India to Singapore and Australia.

Miss Susette Taylor had spent three weeks with her sister at "Lhasa Villa," and therefore Himalayan travel was no new experience, but in an account of her first journey into Tibet in the *Guardian* (December 2nd and 9th, 1903), she gives a graphic description of the march from Darjeeling and of her visit to the little trade mart in the Chumbi Valley.

Though only eighty-three miles north-east of Darjeeling, the journey to Yatung is a seven days' march along a path or track which runs up and down the Himalayan hills and dales, "much like an ant-trail across roughly ploughed and entrenched jungle," now rising in the Lingtu Pass to a height of 13,000 feet, now dipping into valleys scarcely 600 feet above the sea-level, with a temperature which varies from arctic cold to semi, or wholly, tropical heat.

By arduous ascents and descents Fort Gnatong is at length reached, and then begins the last and most severe stage of the journey.

"Leaving the fort with the opening wings of the morning," writes Miss Susette Taylor, "we set foot on the crisp snow to plunge downwards first before making the considerable ascent to the Tukola, whence a path runs along mountain slopes to the Kapup basin. We flounder through dwarf rhododendrons and the half-frozen marshy pools of an ancient lake-bed, until the ice-crust of Lake Bedentzo appears in sight, and we know we are nearing

the 14,400 feet Jelepla, which we ultimately reach after a heart-bursting effort for man and beast. This is the boundary between India and Tibet, and though higher than the tallest summit of the Bernese Oberland, and only 1,400 feet below Mont Blanc, to other passes in Tibet it is as a babe.

“Here is the cairn. Before us lies the Promised Land.

“A long, deep valley stretches almost due north and south below our feet, its hollow bristling with black pines, parted by the white streak of a foaming, snow-fed stream. Closing the vista in the hazy blue distance there shoots up one single, dazzling, sugar-loaf peak, the beautiful Chumularhi (about 25,000 feet). In the middle distance the picturesque group of the buildings and trees of the Kachu monastery nestle on a spur of the western valley wall.

“But we must turn from this entrancing view to things nearer home. The climb down from the pass is indescribable, the worst part being, perhaps, the laborious descent of an hour over titanic boulders, toppling one upon the other and covered with a coating of glazed slush.

“At the foot of this redoubtable descent lies the Chinese rest-house of Langrang. The way beyond is easier, despite stumbles over or in snow-covered stones and holes, and over the rudest of fenceless bridges continually crossing the brawling and swollen streams. Quite low down in the valley, while threading my way through the pink pine stems of a wood, I suddenly become aware of an advancing figure that exactly suits the surroundings. A brick-red gown of native cloth, with a glimpse of fawn silk at neck and wrists and pouched up above the girdle, thus displaying blue cloth trousers tucked into fur boots the shape of night-socks, drapes a small person with a merry face, much too fair for a native, and topped by a yellow peaked cap. It is my sister! She greets me affectionately, asks if I have had a pleasant journey—much as if she were meeting me at

Victoria Station—and takes me to the Mission House which has been her home since 1895.”

When, in 1893, the Sikkim-Tibet Convention decided that a trade mart should be established at Yatung, there were no buildings there. Some eighteen strong square huts, joined together to form an oblong square, were then put up to serve as shops for British traders. When Miss Taylor came to Yatung she found herself the only foreigner desirous to “keep shop” there, and taking possession of three of the huts, with the help of an old Tibetan woodcutter she made a home for herself and her servants.

Built of rough pine planks on a rude base of masonry, with low slanting roofs of shingles weighted with stones, and heavy projecting eaves, the Yatung Mission House was no luxurious abode. “Yet when we pass through the tiny kitchen into the parlour,” says Miss Susette Taylor, “there is an attempt at real cosiness. The low ceiling is papered with the *Weekly Times*, which Miss Taylor assures us is hard to beat for solidity! The walls are hung with some cheap Indian calico, dark red with a small white flower; on the floor lies a gay little square of carpet; there is a round table littered with books and all kinds of things; on a cupboard by the wall shines a large brass samovar, a present in North-West China from a Russian officer and his wife. On each side of the little stove is a folding arm-chair. Stools and rugs are not wanting. There is a wall clock and some pictures, also an aneroid barometer, which the Tibetan boy insists should be hung near the window, for ‘how could it possibly tell the weather if it could not look out?’ In small pots about the room and in a little deal window-box nestle pink primulas, dug up, roots and all, from damp hollows on the mountain side.” A pretty picture, and it is no matter of surprise that natives from far and near come to visit “Anni-la” until sometimes the little parlour is full to overflowing.

One of the little bazaar-like structures Miss Taylor fitted up as a drug-store and painted on the lintel "Yatung Medical Hall." But she soon found that in Tibet a drug-store can only be carried on at a loss, and felt that she was laying herself open to the imputation that she was only pretending to be a trader, since no one keeps a store on such terms. She therefore decided to dispense her drugs freely, and to start a "general shop," offering for sale everything likely to be of use to her Tibetan customers; cloth and calico, vinegar and sweeties, the wares and ornaments of China and Japan, "the necessaries of life and some of the comforts."

If like the old heroine of the "House of Seven Gables" it was at first with hesitancy she received money over the counter, she reminded herself that she had come into Tibet prepared to do this for the Master's sake.

"Yet we are first of all missionaries, and this is well understood by the Chinese and Tibetans," she writes in an account of these early days in Yatung. "The Tibetans would rather trade with us than with the Chinese, and the shop provides many opportunities for speaking to them of higher things."

Yatung had grown when Miss Susette Taylor visited it. On the other side of what may be called the main street were three large and quite ambitious dwellings, the two-storied verandahed residence of the Commissioner of the Chinese Imperial Customs, which was called the Custom House, and two native houses over which fluttered strings of prayerflags, white and many-coloured. One was occupied by the Tibetan Chief, who controlled the Mart and to whom rents were paid, the other by the Ropun (a Tibetan chief of two hundred and fifty soldiers scattered over the Chumbi Valley), with his family and twelve soldiers.

A quarter of a mile beyond Yatung was the picturesque Chinese barrier wall stretching across the bottom of the

valley and for a few hundred feet on either mountain side. It was built at the expense of the Chinese Government to demarcate the line beyond which strangers were not to be allowed to go, and above the lofty gateway was an inscription in the Chinese language to this effect. "Yet the Chinese affirm that it is the Tibetans who keep foreigners out of the country," said Miss Taylor, "and go the length of saying in bland tones how much they would like us to visit them further down the valley were it not for 'those ignorant Tibetans.'"

The British Expedition of 1904 took no notice of the inscription and calmly marched through the gate, and in 1895 there was no objection to strangers climbing the mountain and entering the valley on the other side of the gateway provided they did not descend to its hollow. Looking down from the hillside a little hamlet was seen inside the gate—a cluster of Tibetan huts, a few with tiny gardens about them. Upon the hill above the valley was the Kachu Gumpa, the temple seen from the Jelapla Pass.

On her visit to Yatung, Miss Susette Taylor climbed the mountain slope and visited the gumpa with her sister. As in many Tibetan lamaseries religious members of both sexes lived within its boundaries, and an anni came on the approach of the ladies to escort them round the temple.

"She was tall, and I took her at first for a man," writes Miss Susette Taylor, "since by nature and with the help of tweezers the Tibetan men have smooth faces. Her black hair was quite short, and so were her dingy red clothes. She was friendly, though horrified at our starting to walk round the temple with the building to our left instead of in the orthodox way, the sacred edifice to our right. The whole half-hour she was with us, even in the middle of conversation, she kept up a running low chant almost below her breath of 'Om Mani Pad-me Hum,' the well-known formula of Tibetan Buddhism."

These Tibetan nuns have the worst reputation, and perhaps not the least valuable results of Miss Taylor's life in Tibet is that she has left behind her the example of a pure and self-sacrificing life, a living witness to the purity of the religion she professed.

"The foreign anni" was a shining contrast to other annis of the country, and the Lhasa chiefs who were present at the last Boundary Commission in Yatung gave practical proof of their appreciation of this fact. They presented Miss Taylor with a robe of yellow cloth, a mark of highest honour and respect, for in Tibet yellow is only allowed to be worn by those who are known to be living chaste and holy lives.

CHAPTER X.

MISS TAYLOR AS AN ARMY NURSE.

IT is now a matter of history that in 1903, owing to the ignoring of treaty rights by the Tibetan Government and its hostile attitude towards England, shown by the destruction of frontier pillars and by the restrictions imposed by it on Indian trade, practical measures had to be resorted to in order to enforce observation of the treaty and respect for British rule in India.

The Chumbi Valley was occupied by British troops in December, 1903, and "the rumours and alarums of war" broke up the peace and monotony of life at Yatung. At first the British Government had been unwilling to authorise the advance of Colonel Younghusband and the Mission beyond Gyantse, hoping to avoid actual conflict with Lhasa, but it was soon recognised that the attitude of the Tibetans rendered it imperatively necessary for the Expedition to enter the capital.



MISS A. R. TAYLOR IN HER USUAL DRESS OF ANNI OR NUN.

Chumbi, lying only a few miles north of Yatung, was early in the campaign chosen as an important post in the line of communication, and a field hospital was placed there. This place was for many years the summer residence of the Rajah of Sikkim, whose rule until recently extended over the valley, and the castle-like buildings which formed his palace, crowning the hill above the swift-flowing Ammo-chu, were once an imposing structure.

From Yatung, Chumbi is reached by a good road running along the bank of the Yatung River to the village of Rin-chengong, which lies at the meeting of that stream and the Ammo-chu, the main river of the valley. Patches of cultivated land are on the river banks, and deep-eaved, ch[^]alet-like houses set about with tall prayer-flags and *mani* walls. In December, when our troops entered Chumbi there was little to suggest the extraordinary beauty of the brief summer months in this region, a beauty, says one traveller, grander than the grandest Alpine scenery, "a valley green as a hawthorn hedge," carpeted with wild flowers, blue gentian and pink primulas, anemones, irises and wild strawberries, and a blaze of rhododendrons. Dark forests are sharply outlined on the clear blue of the horizon, white peaks stand out against the sky. "What an irony that this seductive valley should be the approach to the most bare and unsheltered country in Asia!"

But all too soon the summer is over. In this deep, narrow valley, shut in by precipitous mountains rising from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, the sun has hardly risen above one mountain when it sinks behind another, making the days short and intensely cold. It is this intense cold, combined with the icy wind, blowing from sunrise to sunset and bringing with it a fine penetrating dust, which makes the climate of the Chumbi Valley one of the worst in the world. The Tibetans suffer; our soldiers found life there a trying experience, one "not fit for civilised beings."

In order to avoid the cold and wind, their tents were pitched over holes dug in the ground, or primitive dens were dug out, walled up with boulders and roofed with fir boughs, but through every crevice and eyelet hole entered the cold and the dust-carrying wind.

“Here are some facts,” says the special correspondent of the *Calcutta Englishman*: “You sleep in poshteens and Gilgit boots, your head in a Balaclava cap and a comforter round your neck. Blankets are heaped upon you. Having covered yourself up in one position there you must lie, for if you turn in your sleep you might throw off your blankets and so expose a hand or a foot to the cold. A frozen hand or foot is not a thing to be desired. In the morning, which means at least two hours after the sun has risen, a shivering and chattering person brings you tea. You must nerve yourself to take it at once. Those who delay find a covering of ice at the top of the cup. The risen sun brings little comfort, for with the sun a chilling wind sweeps up the valley. And with the wind comes dust. The combination of cold and dust is one which not even Nansen had to face. Like the wind it penetrates everything. It coats your food as well as your lungs, blistering your chapped face and hands still further. Knowing full well what snow may mean, one prays for snow to lay the dust. The wind and dust continue till sunset. Between dusk and dark there is a lull in discomfort, and we sit round the camp-fire, moderately happy.”

The picture is not an attractive one. Yet it was under conditions such as these that Miss Taylor lived and worked for more than a decade.

It was not long after the formation of the New Chumbi camp on the side of the Ammo-Chu River, facing the deserted palace of the Rajah of Sikkim, that “girding her red Tibetan gown about her and taking her staff,” Miss Taylor walked from her home in Yatung to Chumbi camp, lying in its

little hollow, flanked by fir-clad hills, and offered her services as a nurse in the field hospital. She explained to General Macdonald that she had been trained in the London Hospital, and of what avail was that training if she did not put it to practical use? Puntso was quite able to manage the little store at Yatung, and she desired to devote herself to the needs of her fellow-countrymen.

General Macdonald accepted her offer, ordered a hut to be built for her with a covered way to the hospital, and appointed her a Nursing Sister. With two Tibetan servants, Miss Taylor moved at once to Chumbi, took possession of the hut, which she named "Hope Cottage," and settled down to the duties of her new life with that readiness to adapt herself to strange situations which has always distinguished her.

There was much that was saddening in her new surroundings, yet we can believe that it was a delight to feel herself once more among those who spoke her own language, to exchange her Tibetan dress for the garments of an Englishwoman, don the cap of a Nursing Sister and devote herself to the relief of her injured countrymen.

Yet it is easy also to understand that she should be a prey to divided interests and sympathies. She believed her countrymen to be in the right, her desire was for their success in their undertaking; she hoped to see the Expedition reach Lhasa; yet she loved the simple misguided Tibetans to whom she had dedicated her life, and her heart could not but ache as she thought of the lives so foolishly and aimlessly lost at Guru and of the children made orphans by the struggle. In a letter to the *Morning Post* written during the campaign, she pleads passionately for justice and for sympathy with the natives, insisting strongly on their real friendliness towards England, a feeling tested and

proved again and again by her during her long residence among them.

She affirmed that in resisting the British forces the Tibetans had no course open to them but to carry out orders given them by China. The Chinese Government had insisted on their refusing to allow Colonel Younghusband to go forward unresisted.

“They have to chose,” she wrote, “between death with dishonour at the hand of a Chinese executioner if they offer no resistance to the advance of the mission, or death with honour by resisting the advance, and like brave men they choose the latter.”

In the great courage, audacity and intelligence of the Tibetans which surprised their foes so much, she took a naïve pride. Of the Tibetans she has never had anything but what was good to say, despite their predatory instincts, and she was pleased to see them justify her opinion in the eyes of the world; yet during these anxious months it was the little hospital which claimed her closest attention and engrossed most of her thoughts.

Beside the wounded brought down from the front there were many cases of enteric, of frost-bite and exhaustion. Miss Taylor's letters home at this time, while they make scant reference to surroundings and conditions of life so familiar to her as to be mere commonplaces, give vivid little pictures of the strange life she was leading—“the only Englishwoman in Tibet.”

We see her, womanlike, trying to make the windowless ward with its earthen floor more bright and cosy for the bad cases; planting flowers brought from her garden in Yatung in the little flower-beds she has cut in the grassy slope before the hut; making wreaths and crosses to lay on the graves of those who will never see home and England again; going, a solitary little woman, to the the early morning service before the chaplain returns to Gyantse

and the troops there ; so full of her manifold duties that she even forgets mail day ; doing what she has set herself to do with such sense and devotion that her name is mentioned in despatches, a woman who is serving her country ably in a distant land.

“ Ready for all and every emergency,” says Miss Susette Taylor, “ my sister can be pictured soothing the suffering, cheering the despondent, and urging to a happy frame of mind as well as a better one. She gets on well with Tommy Atkins because she has a strong sense of humour, and appreciates his peculiar form of wit.” She well remembers an argument between her sister and an Irish corporal on secret prayer, and his suggestion that it was “ enjoined in prevision of the army boots that would inevitably wing their way towards the man who prayed publicly in barracks.”

The little parlour of “ Hope Cottage ” soon became a soldiers’ club, as that at “ Lhasa Villa ” had been, and the hours spent there, we may well believe, did much to brighten the lives and influence for good those whose lot it was to be stationed at this dreary little outpost.

The close of the campaign found Miss Taylor with health severely impaired. The strain of hospital work had been great, and her strength, never robust, had been undermined by twenty years of work and responsibility in the mission-field. Her courage and indomitable will had upheld her when physical strength was almost exhausted : her bitter disappointment at the futility of the Mission to Lhasa was the last straw, if anything so heavy as her grief could be likened to a thing so light as a straw.

She foresaw clearly that the carrying out of the views of the Government at home must lessen British prestige and close Tibet against the European more rigidly than it had ever been. How correct such a forecast was the recent experiences of Dr. Sven Hedin fully prove. He found the idea that the English had gone back because they feared

the Tibetans prevailing throughout the country, Chinese influence far more strong than when he was in Tibet thirteen years before, indeed, he could only compare it with the influence of England in India, and he was convinced that it would now be impossible for a foreigner to cross the country in safety, so hostile was the attitude of the ruling class, so rigidly guarded the passes into it.

Miss Taylor had cherished high hopes that the Expedition would establish friendly relations between England and the wild country to which she had dedicated her life ; that Tibet would be opened freely to Europeans and, with them, the missionary would have access to its most sacred places. Completely broken down by the stress of work, anxiety and disappointment, she returned to England where, her friends hoped, a prolonged rest would restore her to health.

Not all that she set herself to do had been accomplished. The Gospel has not yet been preached in Lhasa, nor has the country been freely opened to the missionary. There is more pioneer work to be done, work which her example, however, has already inspired others to attempt and for which they have been ready to sacrifice not only comfort but life itself.

Tibet still waits to be Christianised ; converts have been few, but who shall say that the results of such a life and such work as that of Miss Taylor can be judged by visible results, that the enterprise was too costly ?

Seed has been sown ; God's Word lies in the hands of many ; a life of Christian piety and self-sacrifice has been lived among Tibetan Buddhists ; such influences cannot die.

“He that goeth forth and weepeth, seed of grace in sorrow bringing,
Laden with his sheaves of glory doubtless shall return with singing.”

DR. SUSIE CARSON MOYES.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE BORDERS OF TIBET.

SIX years after Miss Taylor reached Ta-chien-lu, enfeebled and well-nigh destitute after her adventurous journey into Tibet, another little party, inspired by her example and eager to complete the task she had been compelled to relinquish, crossed the border from China into the "Great Closed Land."

The party consisted of Mr. Petrus Rijnhart, a Dutch missionary working on the frontier, his wife, Dr. Susie Carson Rijnhart, with their infant son and three native servants. Their goal was that of so many travellers in Tibet—the Sacred City; and they hoped, by making the journey in slow stages and spending some months in the vicinity before attempting to enter Lhasa, to win the confidence of the natives and prove to the lamas that they came in no spirit of adventure or with any desire to "unveil mysteries," but solely to teach and doctor the people.

Dr. Susie Rijnhart was well qualified to help her husband in his difficult task. Born in Strathroy, Ontario, she had, after a successful school career, chosen medicine as a profession, and when very young entered the Women's Medical College in Toronto. There, when only twenty, she had graduated with honours, taking both the University and the College of Physicians' and Surgeons' Examinations. "Young as she was," says Dr. Retta Gifford Kilborn, whose

close and warm friendship with her dates from this time, "she possessed a force of character and winning personality which made her a leader among her fellow-students, and won for her love and esteem which years only strengthened."

After graduating, Dr. Susie Carson and her sister, also a qualified medical woman, settled in London, Ontario, but later removed to Strathroy, their old home, where they soon had a very successful practice.

While at college, Susie Carson had often talked of her great desire to enter the foreign mission field, but the death of her father had laid upon her duties and responsibilities which must be fulfilled before she could feel herself free to make other plans for her future.

She worked and waited and, at last, the way was made clear. Her marriage with Mr. Petrus Rijnhart, in 1894, showed her where her life-work lay. Mr. Rijnhart had already worked among the Tibetans on the Chinese frontier. As early as 1891 he had been filled with a desire to enter Tibet in order to carry on missionary work, and for ten months he had resided at Lusal, a little trading town close to the famous Kumbum lamasery. The interest taken in his teaching not only by the natives of the town but by the lamas had greatly encouraged him, and he was convinced that a mission could be established among the Tibetans across the border. He returned to Canada to arouse interest in his project and obtain help in carrying it out, and it was while travelling in Ontario, speaking on behalf of Tibet, that he met Dr. Susie Carson. Her interest in that strange land was quickly aroused. She eagerly learned all he could tell her of his work, and resolved that, when she was able to enter the mission-field, her sphere of labour should be the "Great Closed Land."

This mutual interest soon formed a bond of sympathy between the missionary and the young doctor; friendship



DR. SUSIE CARSON MOYES.

soon ripened into love, and after a short acquaintance they were married and in 1894 sailed for China.

Their destination was Lushan, where they intended to make a home and await a favourable opportunity for entering Tibet. Lushan was an excellent starting-point for such a pioneer journey. Not only was it close to Kumbum, the shrine of the great Tsong K'apa, the Mecca of all devout Tibetan Buddhists and the home of between two and three thousand lamas, but it was on the caravan route to Lhasa. The geographical position favoured contact with Tibetan people coming down to trade, or to attend the periodical fairs, while few places could have been more advantageous for acquiring the language of the country in which the missionaries hoped to make a lifelong sojourn.

Six months after leaving America they reached the Chinese border town of Sining "without a single accident worthy of the name," though a journey of two thousand miles across China in mid-winter could not be without its mishaps and misadventures. From Shanghai, Dr. and Mr. Rijnhart steamed up the Yangtse-kiang to Hankow, then by house-boat up the Han as far as Fanchang; the rest of the journey had to be made by mule and cart, an enterprise not without risk, for the Japanese war was raging and the whole country in an unsettled state.

It was a thrilling moment for Dr. Rijnhart when, saying farewell to the members of the China Inland Mission who had entertained her at Sining, she started on the last stage of her journey and felt that her lifework was about to begin. Hardly had Sining been lost sight of than it seemed as though China and its people were far behind, so great was the change everywhere. Now she met Tibetans mounted on ponies and clothed in sheepskins, and lamas in their red robes and red or yellow caps. The women were hardly distinguishable from the men save for their silver head and neck ornaments. Parties of pilgrims were

to be seen, each with a little load upon his back, his provision for his journey.

The road led towards a high black line of bare rugged peaks rising like a wall across the southern extremity of the valley, through a well-cultivated country inhabited by Chinese, Mongolians and Tibetans; then turning to the south-west, a low line of hills was crossed and the traveller saw before her Luser, a straggling village, built on the lower slope of a hill, at the foot of which two small streams met. Kumbum, with its terraces of white houses and its imposing temples, crowned the hill.

The home of which the missionaries now took possession was a flat-roofed, mud-brick dwelling, built and furnished Chinese fashion, sufficiently commodious, with its courtyard and its two guest-rooms destined to receive visitors who should come either for medical treatment or Christian teaching. The walls of these rooms were hung with Bible pictures and in the days that followed these pictures often suggested topics for religious conversation, or aroused enquiries in the minds of those who had, in the first instance, come only to obtain relief for bodily ailments.

The "foreign woman" was an object of immense interest both to Chinese and Tibetans. When they heard that she was a doctor and ready to dispense medicines, they came to her freely, and it was not long before she had as much medical work as she could do. Even the lamas would ask advice of her, though every lamasery has its doctor—a personage held in great respect.

Tibetan medical science is largely made up of superstition and tradition. Severe illness is usually attributed to evil spirits, and the friends of the patients resort at once to the lamas, who are engaged to exorcise or ward off the malevolent ones. Great care must be taken to prevent the sick person sleeping, especially in daytime, and the lamas do this by keeping up a loud noise night and day,

clashing cymbals and beating drums. The medicines employed are in many cases grotesque ; powdered lizards, dry yellow dust professing to be the remains of some great religious teacher, scraps of paper with charms written upon them and rolled in pellets. External treatment is usually of a drastic character and may be administered by the laity. For headache large plasters are applied to the head to draw out the pain ; rheumatism is treated by burying a needle into the arm or shoulder ; stomach ache receives a severe pounding. All Tibetans are inordinately fond of drug-taking, and one who dispenses them freely in the country may be sure of a cordial reception.

Since the mission was first and foremost to Tibetans, Dr. Rijnhart and her husband lost no time in finding a teacher of the language. This was no easy task. The lamas alone have the ability to instruct, and they are always reluctant to permit the language of their sacred books to become the possession of a foreigner. At last a young lama named Ishinima consented on pledge of secrecy to act as tutor. He was afraid, if his task became known to the *kanpo*, he would be accused of too great friendliness with the foreigners, who were still more or less under suspicion.

Ishinima proved a willing but somewhat inadequate teacher ; he knew the characters and could read the language well, but when it came to explaining it, he was quite at a loss. There are two principal dialects in Tibetan, that of Lhasa, the literary language of the country and the standard of excellence, and that of Eastern Tibet, which differs from it considerably. While the latter served for colloquial purposes in Lusa, since Lhasa was the ultimate goal of the missionaries' journey to Tibet, it was the former they were most anxious to master.

While Ishinima proved a poor tutor, through their acquaintance with him Dr. Rijnhart and her husband

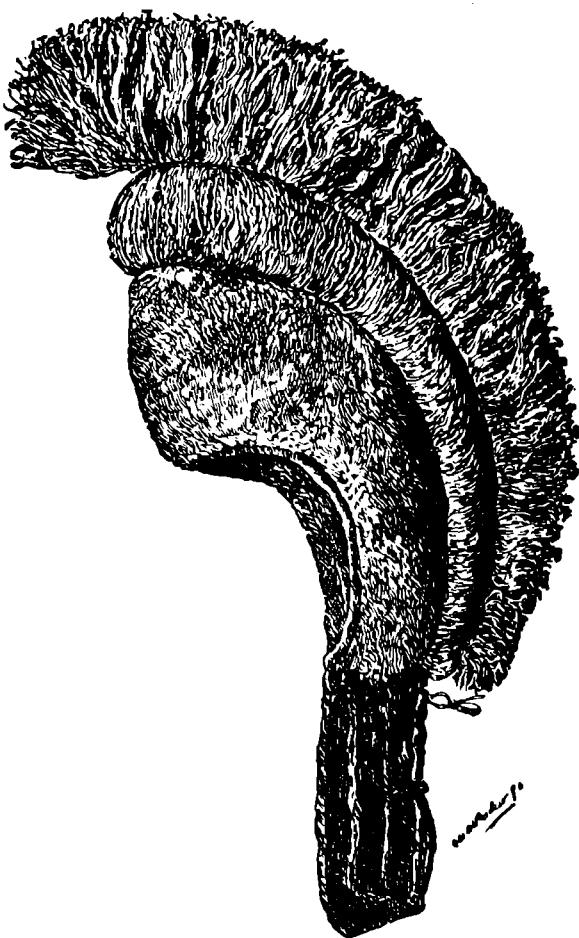
gained a knowledge of Kumbum for which otherwise they might have sought in vain. Ishinima invited them to visit him in his home at the lamasery, and more than once gave them a much-prized opportunity of witnessing ceremonies and religious functions from which strangers are usually rigidly excluded.

Among the festivals of special interest was the Butter Fair, which is attended by the Sining Amban and all the high Chinese authorities of the province and an immense throng of Tibetans. These butter feasts are held in all lamaseries, but in none are they on so large a scale or so beautiful as at Kumbum. For three months the lamas are busy preparing these *torma* or butter bas-reliefs, which are indeed wonderful productions. Tons of butter go to their manufacture, and some are of great size, twenty feet long and ten feet high, supported on a framework and illumined by rows of little lamps. The subjects are religious—gods, scenes in paradise or hell, long processions of saints or realistic conflicts with evil spirits. Every detail is carefully worked out in butter and tinted with four colours,—red and blue, green and white,—and one of the most curious things about the *torma* is the cleanliness which they preserve after being handled by fingers that are as a rule the dirtiest on earth. Some of the lamas become experts in the art of making these butter ornaments, and travel from lamasery to lamasery, sure of a welcome and maintenance as long as they choose to stay. The heat of the lamps soon spoils the fineness of the moulding, and the bas-reliefs seldom preserve their beauty even until the close of the fair. They are then carried away by the lamas and thrown over the edge of some precipice, where they provide a bountiful feast for the crows.

During these visits to the lamasery Mr. Rijnhart had many opportunities for conversing with the lamas on religious subjects; indeed, they never seemed to tire of such dis-

cussion. Many said that the Christian doctrine was too good to be true, and others inquired why, if the doctrines were true, the Christians had waited so long before sending them the glad tidings. Yet while they approved the teaching, they clung tenaciously to their own faith. "In giving up Lamaism the lama has not only his creed but his worldly advantage to surrender, and many suggested a grafting of the Christian religion on Buddhism, as centuries ago Buddhism was grafted upon their old faith—with Lamaism as its product."

The quiet, busy life of the missionaries in Lusak was broken by the rumour that the Mahomedans of Western Kansuh, who formed about a fourth of the population, had broken out into one of their periodic rebellions and were sweeping across the country burning Chinese villages and murdering the inhabit-



YELLOW HAT WORN BY LAMAS IN CHURCH CEREMONIES.

ants. Very soon the roads between Kumbum and Tankar, a trading town some twenty-four miles to the north-west, were in their possession, and the people of Lusak were full of gloomy forebodings as to their fate.

The terrible devastations perpetrated in the last rising, which lasted intermittently from 1861 to 1874, were still

fresh in their memories. Lusar had been twice destroyed, and hundreds of lamas had been slain on the thresholds of their temples or their homes, gallantly defending all they held most dear and sacred. The quelling of the rebellion by the strong hand of China did not extinguish the fire of fanaticism which had given rise to it. Hatred smouldered ever ready to burst into flame, only needing some small difference of opinion, some fancied slight, to cause an outbreak.

Lamas and laymen now joined in defensive measures. Blacksmiths were busy from morning till night sharpening weapons and forging new ones, and on all the main roads leading to the village two-storied mud towers were built, each with a gateway below and a room above with loopholes for guns and a small rampart branching off on either side. The lamas organised themselves into a little army and met for drill each morning on the hills, besides constructing strong defences for their houses and temples, whilst the people of Lusar carried up to the lamasery all their valuables, intending to flee thither themselves should the rebels attack the village.

Refugees flocked in from far and near, bringing terrible stories of the outrages being committed in the districts round. Kumbum was soon full to overflowing, with the result that an epidemic of smallpox and diphtheria broke out and large numbers died.

The missionaries were urged by their friends to leave the country, or at least to retire to Sining, which was well fortified; but they had already grown attached to their little home and to the kindly people of Lusar, and they resolved to throw in their lot with them. The risk was considerable, but they believed that God had called them to Lusar, and in these stirring times when thoughts of murder and revenge were uppermost in the minds of the people, it was more than ever necessary that the emissaries of the Prince of Peace should remain in their midst.

The surprise and delight of the missionaries was great, however, when they received an invitation to take up their abode in the lamasery until order was restored in the district. They were the more pleased when they found that apartments had been prepared for them in the house of the *kanpo* himself. The invitation was at once accepted, less for the safety ensured, though that was valuable, than for the prestige such an honour gave them in the eyes of the Tibetans. Nor is it too much to say that the invitation affected to some extent the whole current of their life in Tibet and their relations with the people.

The life of the Rijnharts at Kumbum was a busy one. Not only were there hundreds of cases of diphtheria and smallpox to be dealt with, but the wounded were constantly being brought in from the surrounding country, the news having spread that the foreign doctor was performing miracles of healing and in her goodness of heart was willing to treat all who came to her. Aged men, worn with fighting and hardship, Chinese women with small, crippled feet, crawled in more dead than alive, and one child was carried to Dr. Rijnhart with sixteen wounds in his little body.

The work of treating the wounded was not carried on only within the walls of the lamasery. Twice Dr. Rijnhart and her husband rode out to the battlefield and at great personal risk cared for those who had been injured in the fray. On the second occasion the return journey proved a very ride for life. Scarcely had they set out for Kumbum when a party of the rebels sighted them and started off in pursuit. Spurring on their horses the little party galloped down the hill-sides and over the valleys, aware that at any moment they might meet another band of rebels, and that the slightest hindrance or accident would place them in the power of their pursuers. At last Kumbum came in sight, the roofs of its little white houses crowded with their lama friends, who were anxious for their safety, and gave

them the warmest welcome, as, tired, yet grateful for their deliverance, they passed through the heavy gate.

Within the lamasery the work of preaching and teaching went on as well as that of healing. Dr. Rijnhart started a Bible School for the children, which proved one of the most encouraging features of the work. The little ones were deeply interested in the coloured pictures on Scripture subjects and in the lessons on them, and not only the children but their mothers soon crowded to the little "school." With the help of Mr. Rijnhart's concertina and his wife's violin, many hymns in Tibetan were taught them, and strange indeed it seemed to hear the Christian hymns ringing in childish voices through the alleys and courts of the Buddhist monastery.

Mr. Rijnhart had much conversation on religious and secular matters with Mina Fuyeh, the *kanpo*, who was a lama of more than average intelligence, but conscious of his limited knowledge and anxious to increase it. He would talk with the foreigner for hours of the outside world of which he knew practically nothing, studying geography from an ancient atlas like a schoolboy, transfixed with wonder when the rotundity of the earth was explained to him, and the first principles of the stellar system demonstrated with globe and candle. He longed to go to Europe and America, though confident that he would never be able to face the difficulties of such a journey. Of conversation about Christianity he never seemed to tire. Soon after making his acquaintance Mr. Rijnhart had given him a copy of the Gospels in Tibetan, which he prized highly, and soon knew with accuracy. Though quite unready to renounce Buddhism he was charmed by the Gospel story, and all unconsciously did real missionary work in spreading it among the people under his rule and among pilgrims who visited the famous shrine. He conveyed to them what he knew of Christian doctrine, discussing

what he was told by Mr. Rijnhart with his lamas, and pointing out the points of difference between the religion of the foreign teachers and of their own Buddha.

For six months the war raged. Then with a strong hand China dealt with the rebels and peace was proclaimed, but not before 100,000 Chinese and Tibetans had been slain and the whole district ravaged. In many places there were no farmers left to cultivate the land, and great difficulty was found in obtaining seed to sow and implements with which to till the ground. Even two summers later there was still great want among the poor, and years elapsed before the effects of the rebellion wore away.

CHAPTER II.

A STEP NEARER THE BORDER.

DURING the two years the Rijnharts spent at Luser much work had been done and a close bond of affection had grown up between them and the people among whom they had ministered. The temptation was great to settle on the outskirts of the great lamasery and make Luser a life-mission. The fame of Kumbum brought crowds of Tibetans to its periodical festivals, and to those who wished to work mainly among Tibetans opportunities would not be wanting.

Yet Dr. Rijnhart and her husband were deeply conscious that they had been called to itinerating work, and that their mission in coming to the border had been to seek an entrance into Tibet.

Scarcely had peace been established and they were once more in their own home than an invitation came to them from several officials to open a medical dispensary at Tankar, a town of considerable commercial and political importance about twenty-four miles north-west of Kumbum,

on the direct caravan route to Lhasa. Once Tankar was Tibetan territory, but for agricultural purposes the Chinese have encroached upon the district in which it is situated—a district of much beauty and fertility, with shady trees, rolling hills and verdant fields, with the tumultuous Hsi-ho rushing between its steep wooded banks.

The invitation to establish themselves in Tankar was so manifestly a call to extend their work that the missionaries did not hesitate to accept it. Though the 10,000 inhabitants of the town are mostly Chinese and Mongolians, gorgeously arrayed Tibetans from Lhasa and nomads of the Koko-nor are constantly encamping about the gates, while annually a large caravan passes through on its way from Lhasa to Peking. Dr. Rijnhart and her husband hoped to make friends among these traders from the interior and, one day, to be permitted to accompany an expedition to the Sacred City itself. "All was possible to faith and patience."

Among the most interesting of the friends made in Tankar were the four *Kushoks* or representatives of the Dalai Lama, who are sent from Lhasa to look after the Dalai Lama's commercial interests, to superintend the caravans, and to act in a semi-official capacity in all matters pertaining to the trade of Lhasa Tibetans. These *kushoks* live in gorgeously painted and handsomely-furnished houses and, like all wealthy Tibetans, are exceedingly fond of entertaining their friends, and spare no expense to give and enjoy pleasure. Unfortunately such entertainments are too frequently marred by drunkenness and gluttony—vices to which all Tibetans are prone; even the lamas are not exempt, despite the teaching of Buddha regarding temperance and self-control.

By these *kushoks* the missionaries were treated with the greatest kindness and frequently invited to their houses. Like Mina Fuyeh, they listened willingly to

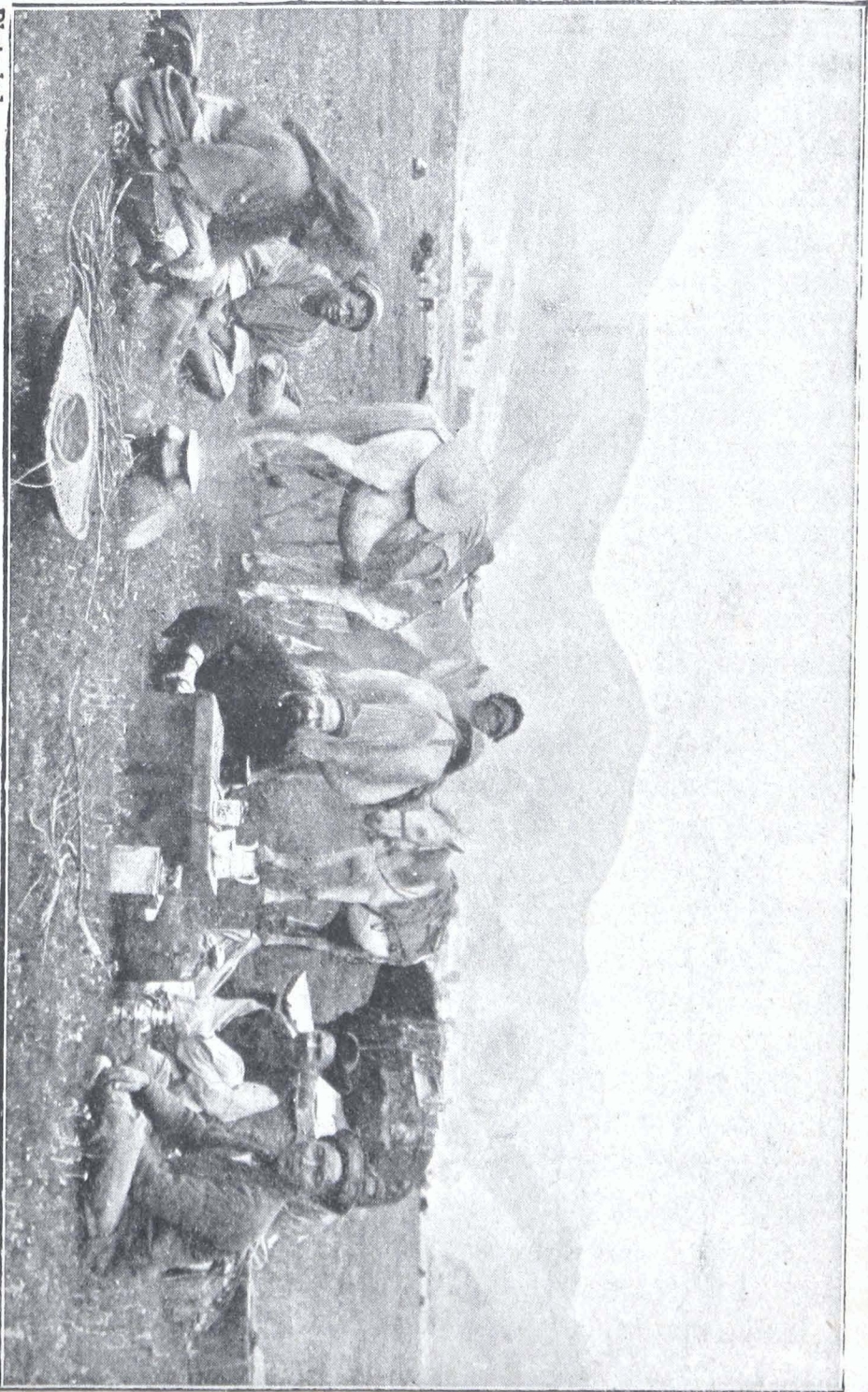


Photo by]

AN ENCAMPMENT IN TIBET.

[N. P. Edwards.

Mr. Rijnhart's Christian teaching, and expressed their admiration for the Christ, but like the *kanpo* they clung to their ancestral faith and the seed sown yielded to the sower no visible harvest. "To one who works for visible results there are many disappointments in this foreign field," says Dr. Rijnhart. "During the long pioneer days, the days of waiting and sowing seed, only the consciousness of doing his duty and obeying the great Lord of the Harvest can keep the heart full of peace and of faith as to ultimate results."

Happy as the missionaries were in Tankar, their thoughts were seldom long absent from the main object of their journey to the border of Tibet. Plans were frequently discussed, opportunities eagerly sought to enter the country. Lhasa became a topic of daily conversation. The four *kushoks* had told them much about the city, of its temples and its thousands of lamas, of the exalted Dalai Lama and the crowds of pilgrims who brave months of hazardous travelling to receive his blessing and to offer their gifts to him. To be the first to preach the Gospel in its streets, and to open the way to those who would come after, seemed well worth any risk and suffering.

The idea of making short pioneer journeys into the neighbouring district as a prelude to the more extended journey to which they looked forward, suggested itself to Mr. Rijnhart, and an opportunity for such a tour was keenly awaited.

It was while working and waiting that they received a visit from Captain Welby, who had travelled across the Chang from India, spending seven months on the way, and encountering much hardship and hostility. His provisions had given out, his horses had died, his servants had mutinied and deserted, and of the large caravan which left India only Captain Welby and his companion, Lieutenant Malcolm, and Duffender Shahzed Mir, his muleteer, and two body-servants reached Tankar.

It was a great pleasure to the missionaries to entertain one who spoke their own tongue, and Captain Welby was able to tell them much that was happening in the great world from which they seemed so entirely shut off. To their regret he was able to make only a short stay of a single day, and Mr. Rijnhart having business in Peking, agreed to accompany him to the coast and act as interpreter for him on the way.

Dr. Rijnhart was thus left alone, the only "Piling" in the strange little border town, yet so "at home" and happy did she feel there that she was quite without fear. The natives showed her the greatest possible kindness; the women especially seemed to feel she was under their protection, and vied with each other in showing her loving attentions. During these lonely months, she tells us, she learned to understand heathen women as she had never done before, and every day increased the number of calls upon her for medical treatment and spiritual advice.

Among her many visitors was an old lama, a man of seventy-three, a "living Buddha" named Tsanga Fuyeh, who had read the Gospels of St. Mark and St. John taken into the grass country by some Tibetan relatives, and wished to see the people from whom the book had come. He was much interested in the medical skill of the foreign lady, begged for some medicine for himself, then inquired concerning her ability to cure a relative who was terribly ill. Later, the relative, a young woman, was brought to Tankar, and Dr. Rijnhart was able to restore her to health,—a fact Tsang Fuyeh spread far and wide among the Koko-nor Tibetans, thus doing much to open the way for the missionary journeys into the grass country to which she looked forward.

It was during Mr. Rijnhart's absence in China that another European visitor came to the little mission-house. A month after Captain Welby's stay it could scarcely be

expected that, in this remote corner of the world, one should again have the chance of speaking one's own tongue and exchanging ideas with a man, if not of one's own country, yet of one's own colour. Yet one November afternoon, as Dr. Rijnhart was sitting in the courtyard of her house, there was a knock at the entrance, then the doorway was full of men who announced that a foreigner was outside the west gate and asked hospitality of the missionary. Dr. Rijnhart replied that her husband was away and that the official at the *yamen* must give entertainment; but as she spoke the traveller came forward, a tall man, dark and bearded, no other than the famous Dr. Sven Hedin on his scientific exploration in Central Asia. In his published account of his journey Dr. Sven Hedin describes this meeting with Dr. Rijnhart in far-away Kansuh Province, and expresses his unbounded surprise at her husband's venturing to leave her alone "among the rabble of Tankar." She came forward to meet him, "a bareheaded young lady wearing spectacles and dressed after Chinese fashion," and made him quietly but cordially welcome. His visit he describes as an "oasis in his way," while "it was no small pleasure to talk to someone whose interest ranged beyond grass and pasture, dangerous passes, wild yaks, cattle and sheep."

CHAPTER III.

PIONEERING IN THE GRASS COUNTRY.

IN Tankar, on the 30th of June, 1897, a little son was born in the humble mission-house, Charles Carson Rijnhart, who was to accompany his parents on that disastrous journey into the interior of Tibet, of which Dr. Rijnhart was the sole survivor. From the first the white baby was an object of intense interest to the natives.

The care and solicitude with which he was tended surprised them greatly. Tibetan babies receive scant attention or petting and are often less cared for than the calves and foals of the herds. The matutinal bath was a matter of wonder and alarm. "He will die!" they exclaimed, as they watched the child splashing in the tub. "Why not paste him with butter like our children and put him in the sun?" They would come on tiptoe and gaze on him as he lay asleep in his hammock swung between tent-poles, or stare open-mouth when he was carried to and fro in the courtyard by Mahommed Rahim, the faithful Hindoo servant who had formed one of Dr. Sven Hedin's party, and after being left behind had reached Tankar safely and been engaged by Mr. Rijnhart. Bright and full of health, the little white baby differed in every respect from the dark-hued little Tibetans, who are devoid of vivacity and quite apathetic.

In Tibet, owing to some superstition, a mother is never allowed to go out until a hundred days after the birth of a child; the surprise, therefore, of the natives was great when it was known that Dr. Rijnhart, some six weeks after little Charles was born, was starting on an itinerating journey among the Tanguts, or Black Tent nomads of the Koko-nor region.

Since their arrival on the borders of Tibet, three years ago, the missionaries had greatly desired to make a journey to the Koko-nor Lake, the famous blue inland sea that lies away to the west of Tankar, far up the grass country. Many legends and traditions are woven round this lovely expanse of water, and its religious importance is recognised throughout a large part of Asia. Even the Amban, the Chinese Ambassador or Governor of North-eastern Tibet, who lives at Sining, makes a pilgrimage to it once a year and pays it homage. Yet it was not only, nor indeed mainly, to gaze on this revered spot that the Rijnharts proposed to visit it;

their object was rather to explore the country, to get better acquainted with the nomads who had visited the mission-house in numbers, to distribute copies of the Gospels, and to ascertain the prospects for future missionary work.

These nomads of the Koko-nor are described as a wild people, hostile to strangers and inveterate thieves, but the missionaries had become so well acquainted with them during their residence in Tankar that they felt they had nothing to fear. When an opportunity presented itself for making a tour among them, it was seized upon eagerly.

Tsang Fuyeh had spread the fame of Dr. Rijnhart's medical skill, and one day a request came from a *panaka* or nomadic chief of the Koko-nor, that she would visit his encampment and operate on the eyes of his aged father, afflicted with cataract. The *panaka* sent animals to carry tents and supplies for the journey, and came himself to Tankar to escort the party. A journey of four days over beautiful pasture lands brought them to the encampment, some two hundred yards from the edge of the great lake, and from their tent the visitors had a splendid view of the blue water lying "like a gigantic jewel of the desert in a setting of grass-covered mountains, their summits burning crimson in the setting sun."

The lake is not large. Rockhill describes it as about 230 miles in circumference, at an altitude of 10,900 feet, though Dr. Sven Hedin places it some thousand feet lower. Seventy-two streams are said to feed it, and three islands rise sharply from its blue surface. On one of these, Tso-riniah, is a small lamasery of twelve lamas and two incarnations of "living Buddhas," who spend their time in prayer and meditations, coming into contact with their fellowmen only in winter-time, when they cross to the mainland on the ice to collect contributions of food and fuel for the year from the nomads or from the parties of pilgrims who come to do homage on the shores of the Sacred Lake.

The operation performed upon the eyes of the aged Tibetan was quite successful, and did so much to enhance the respect in which the foreign doctor was held that every day patients crowded the tent, seeking advice or treatment for their ailments.

The journey was fruitful also in much beside relief for the sufferers. Mr. Rijnhart estimated that on this trip at least two thousand Tibetans were reached with some knowledge of Christianity, and as far as possible a copy of the Scriptures was placed in every tent they visited. The information and experience gained was also valuable, and so encouraged were they by their reception among the nomads that they determined not to delay any longer the journey to Lhasa they had planned.

The *Kushoks* and those inhabitants of Tankar who had been to Lhasa, while thinking it probable that the missionaries might reach the neighbourhood of the capital without molestation, and perhaps be allowed to settle there so long as they made no attempt to enter the city, strongly disapproved of the enterprise. In graphic terms they described the hardships which would have to be endured, and affirmed that countless travellers who had nothing to fear from Tibetan exclusiveness had been driven back by the difficulties of travel, the severities of the climate and the attacks of marauders.

Such arguments were not likely to turn the courageous couple from work to which they believed themselves called.

“ To the tough hearts that pioneer their way
And break a pathway to those unknown realms
That in earth's broad shadow lie enthralled,
Endurance is the crowning quality.

They were prepared to suffer as well as to labour for Tibet.

Their preparations for leaving Tankar were soon made, for experience told them that safety lay in taking a small

rather than a large caravan. The latter never fails to arouse the suspicion and greed of brigands, and in emergencies it is always difficult to manage. Supplies of food were to be taken for two months, with some hundreds of textcards, copies of the Scriptures, k'atags and presents for chiefs; five horses to mount the party and twelve animals to carry the baggage were to be purchased, and two muleteers, with the faithful Mahommed Rahim, were to act as guides and servants.

For weeks the little mission-house was a scene of bustle and business—owners of horses bringing animals for inspection, tailors and needlewomen cutting and sewing the Tibetan garments to be worn on the journey. At last all was ready, and early in the morning of the 20th of May, 1898, the little party moved slowly towards the western gate of the town, full of sadness at leaving their friends in Tankar, yet guessing little of the depth of trouble which lay ahead.

“The future was veiled or we might have hesitated to set out,” says Dr. Rijnhart,—“it would have been but human—and stayed indefinitely in dear old Tankar.”

It was springtime, always a beautiful season in the province of Kansuh. Gardens and harvest fields were green, the hills covered with grass, the river a silver streak in the distance. Skirting the Hsi-ho the travellers pushed on to the village of Pa-uen-chuan-tsi, the last cultivated ground, all beyond being *tsao-ti*, or grass country. This village was the home of the muleteer, Gachuan-tsi, and the people made much of the strangers who were employing him, bringing presents of milk and cakes and crowding about the little white baby, who seemed so young and fragile to be faring forth on such an adventurous journey.

In the first week the little party fell in with a large trade caravan and, glad to enjoy the security of such an escort, they travelled on with the merchants along the

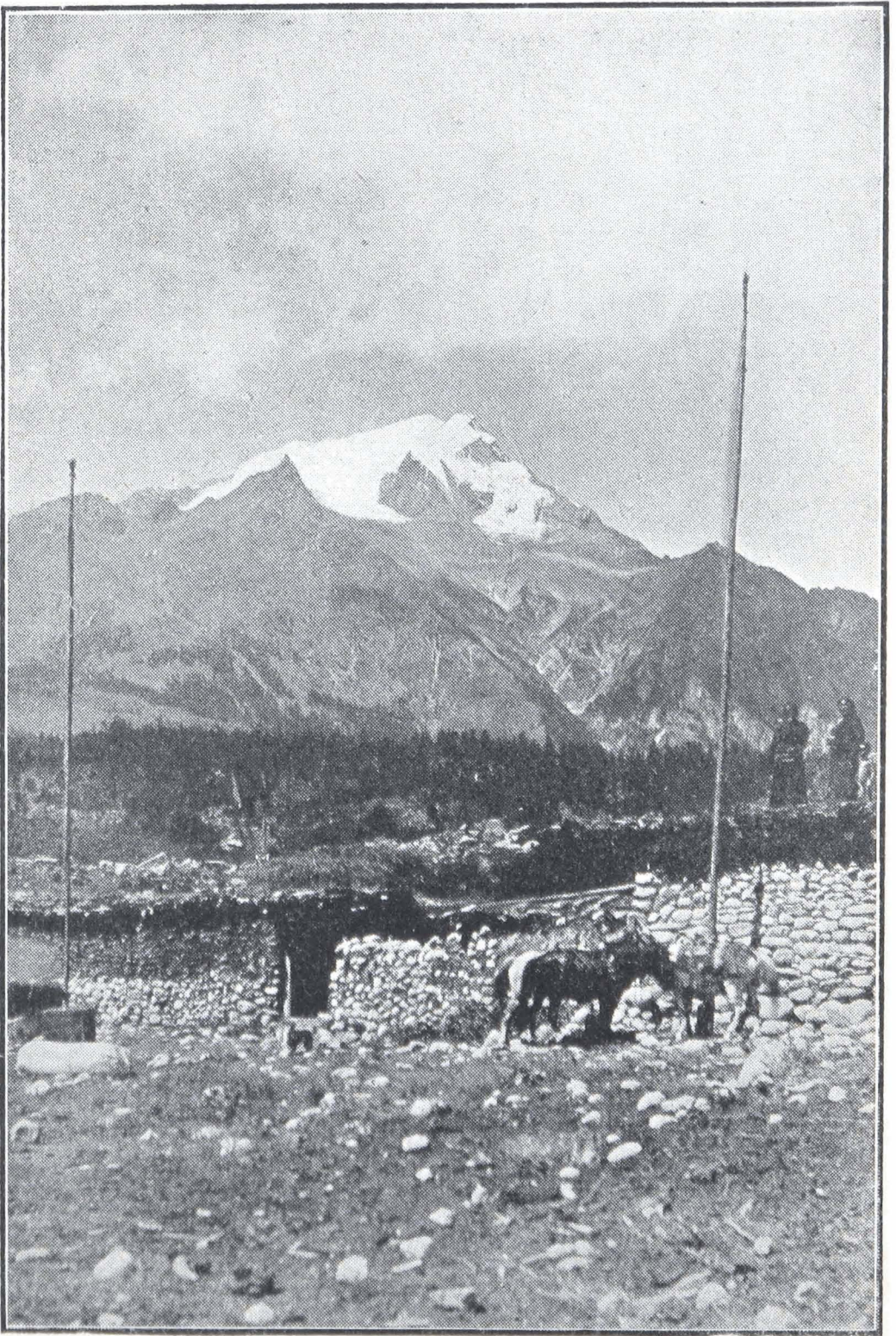


Photo by]

A FARM HOUSE IN TIBET,

[N. P. Edwards.

Hsi-ho for some ten miles until, crossing one of its tributaries, they descended into an undulating, well-watered district dotted with Mongol tents. Here they parted reluctantly with their escort. The traders made no halt for Sunday, but throughout the whole of their journey the missionaries made it a rule never to travel on the day of rest.

A stay of three weeks was made in the T'saidam, a large plain stretching for six hundred miles to the Kuen-lun Mountains, beyond which lay the goal of the journey, a line of demarcation in the eyes of the natives of the country between safe and dangerous travelling. Once a caravan gets south of this formidable range it is certain to encounter obstacles and to travel at the mercy of brigands.

The dwellers in the T'saidam are Mongols who, though nomads, cultivate the land in some measure and raise all the *tsamba* they require. They are a simple, good-natured people, gay and laughter-loving and indescribably dirty, like all dwellers in Tibet; poor for the most part owing to the inroads of their neighbours, the Goloks, of whom they stand in great dread.

Both men and women showed themselves friendly to the travellers, and came frequently to their tent, the women bringing milk and butter to barter for silk and gold thread, which they much prize. Everyone accepted readily the text-cards and copies of the Scriptures offered them, and listened attentively to the teaching of the missionaries. Much information was also gathered from them concerning the country, and Mr. Rijnhart was quite convinced that it would be possible to carry on a mission in T'saidam during the summer, the workers returning to Tankar when winter set in. To inspire confidence it would be wise to engage in trading, otherwise the natives would suppose they lived by magic or robbery. To the Tibetan what he does not understand is always an object of awe or suspicion.

“About our stay in the T’saidam cluster many sweet memories,” says Dr. Rijnhart, in her account of her life, “Among Tibetans in Tent and Temple.” “There our little family had the last quiet time together in sunny weather, without a cloud of worry or unrest to dampen the enjoyment.” All too soon days of difficulty and sorrow were to break up this peace and dark clouds obscure the sunshine.

Hearing that a large caravan of Eastern Mongols was passing through the grass country on its way to Lhasa, the missionaries proposed to join it, sensible of the advantage to be derived from the company of armed men in a district notorious for robbers.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE KUEN-LUN MOUNTAINS.

IT is not without reason that the Tibetans regard the Kuen-lun Mountains as the barrier between safe and unsafe travelling. Through the terrible pass, Burh’an Bota, Buddha’s Cauldron, up to which the way is strewn with the skeletons of animals who have succumbed to fatigue or mountain sickness and been abandoned by their owners, the little party descended to an uninhabited country of marsh, sandhills, gravel and scrub,—a district where, cold though the season was, fuel was almost unobtainable and fresh water scarce.

Their hopes of joining the Mongol caravan had been unfulfilled, and the journey had to be made alone with Mahommed Rahim and the two muleteers, who daily grew more apprehensive for their own safety and the success of the enterprise. On they went, however, rejoiced now and then by coming on a good camping ground or a stream

of swift, clear water ; but for a month the march may best be described as “ a series of ups and downs in more senses than one ; the road continually ascending and descending, the grass and fuel one day abundant, the next absolutely wanting.”

Occasionally a caravan returning from the capital was met, a welcome sight after the isolation of the mountains and the marsh-land. Sometimes the merchants were men from Tankar known to the Rijnharts, and such occasions were seized on to send letters and messages to friends in the frontier town.

Travelling in a south-westerly direction, the march became every day more arduous. Snowstorms and hail fell constantly, while the silence and the desolation of the mountains amidst which they wandered weighed upon the spirits of all the party. The muleteers especially grew weary of the undertaking, and after a few days of ill humour they one night decamped, taking all their belongings and sufficient food to carry them safely to Tankar.

Their desertion added considerably to the difficulties of the travellers. Not only was the food store ominously diminished, but it was necessary to readjust the loads and to divide the work of the deserters between Mr. Rijnhart and Mohammed Rahim, both already sufficiently burdened. Hampered thus they reached Dre-Chu, flowing tumultuously between bare, high mountains, and regarded by Chinese and Tibetans alike as the most formidable obstacle on the road to Kegu. It was safely crossed, though the horses had to swim and everyone got a thorough wetting.

“ This event marked the beginning of sorrows,” writes Dr. Rijnhart. “ In the most deserted region through which we had yet passed we found ourselves without guides, five of our ponies were stolen on the evening after we had crossed the Dre-Chu, and saddest of all, the hand of affliction was laid upon our little child.”

Until now, shielded from all hardship and tenderly cared for by his parents and Mahommed Rahim, the child had been well and happy. His baby voice ringing out merrily had beguiled many a weary hour for his elders, and his enjoyment of passing herds and splashing fords had provided constant entertainment. As they rode along on this August morning the parents discussed the little one's future, building up plans for his education, his career in after-life, his happiness and training. Sleeping in his father's arms, secure and seemingly restored to health, all that they dreamed seemed possible for him.

"He must have a happy childhood," said his father. "He shall have playthings and other things that boys at home have so that, when he shall have grown up, he may not feel because he was a missionary's son he had missed joys that brightened other boys' lives."

As usual at the day's close, Rahim dismounted and took the child from his father's arms, that he might not be disturbed until the tent was pitched and his food prepared. Something in the appearance of the sleeping child caught the mother's attention. A great fear chilled her as she took the child and loosened his garments and chafed his cold hands.

"What availed efforts to restore him? The blow had already fallen," she says. "We realised that we clasped in our arms only the casket which had held our precious jewel. The jewel itself had been taken for a brighter setting in another world. The little flower blooming on the bleak and barren Dang La had been plucked and transplanted on the Mountains Delectable, to bask and bloom forever in the sunshine of God's love. But, oh! what a void in our hearts! How empty and desolate our tent! Poor Rahim, who had so dearly loved the child, broke out into loud lamentations, wailing as only orientals can, but real sorrow, for his life had become so entwined with that of the child

that he felt the snapping of the heartstrings. . . . We tried to think of our loss euphemistically, we lifted our hearts in prayer, we tried to be submissive, but it was so real—the one fact stared us in the face ; it was written on the rocks ; it reverberated through the mountain silence ; Little Charlie was dead.”

A tiny grave was dug on the bleak mountain side, and the cold earth of Tibet closed over the first Christian child committed to its bosom. Mr. Rijnhart and Mahommed Rahim rolled a huge boulder over the spot that wild animals might not disturb it, nor Tibetan robbers, suspecting hidden treasure, violate the sanctity of the dead. Then the bereaved parents, with the sorrowful Rahim, went on their way, submissive to the will of God, “but wondering why such grief should be their portion.”

Yet before leaving the spot they covenanted that by God’s help they would seek to be instrumental in sending another missionary to Tibet in the name of their little boy, one who should carry on the work he might have done and preach the gospel in the T’saidam though they might never return there.

The loss they had sustained seemed incomprehensible, but not a month had passed before they realised that Love had dealt the blow. The child had been taken while it was still in their power to feed and shelter him. There soon came a day when the common necessities of life were lacking, and on foot and almost destitute they were climbing steep mountains, struggling in stony valleys, seeking a lost trail and meeting rough usage at the hands of brigands.

They were nearing the district in which Miss Taylor had experienced so much hardship on her journey in 1892, and in which she had been arrested and compelled to return to the Chinese frontier. Hitherto the Rijnharts had met with so much kindness, both among the lamas and the nomad tribes, that they had gone forward with little appre-

hension as to the future. Their surprise was therefore great when on reaching the Shok-chu River, their path was suddenly blocked by eight mounted and fully-armed Tibetans, who questioned them closely as to their destination and business in the country. Two of the band then rode off, whilst the rest camped beside the tent of the travellers, keeping strict watch upon their movements.

It was plain that they were officials of the Governor of Nagchu'ka, on the watch to prevent foreigners entering the Lhasa province, and while they were quite friendly, chatting with Mahommed Rahim and through him with the "pilings," they had no intention of letting them go forward.

Mr. Rijnhart was not inclined to accept such dictation, and under cover of darkness, while the guards slept heavily, the three took down the tent, mounted their ponies and rode off, the moon giving them just enough light to pick their way safely among the salty pools and huge boulders which strewed the path.

Next day they reached Sapo, a beautiful grassy plain with a limpid stream running through it, the banks dotted with black tents. Near one of these little encampments they halted, but scarcely had Rahim pitched the tent when their guards of the previous day galloped up and, dismounting, threw themselves upon the grass, laughing heartily at the trick which had been played upon them. The Tibetan is an inveterate joker and so thoroughly enjoys outwitting his neighbour that he can appreciate the characteristic in others even when he happens to be the victim.

For two days Dr. Rijnhart and her husband remained among the people of Sapo who, men and women alike, took the liveliest interest in the foreigners and came frequently to their tent. A certain number of them were able to read and write, and manifested an ardent desire to secure copies

of the Scriptures in Tibetan. In no other part of the country were the missionaries ever offered money for the books, but here the people came from far and near anxious to get them, and offering, in return, silver or any commodity of which the missionaries might be in need.

They have here a higher admiration and reverence for Jerimpoché than for the Dalai Lama, and from all over the district pilgrims go to worship at Trashil'unpo, the lamasery in which this great living incarnation of Buddha resides. Hence there is a busy road leading directly thither across the country, and it was suggested to Mr. Rijnhart that his journey should be continued along this route, since a lama was just then setting out for Shigatze, and would act as a guide. To this plan, while advantageous in many respects, he could not agree. The soldiers who were guarding the strangers were not likely to allow them to escape a second time, and Mr. Rijnhart had told them that he intended, instead of waiting for the return of the men from Nagchu'ka, to go forward at once and interview the Governor. To deviate from that course now would certainly give rise to suspicion and cause trouble.

They therefore bade a reluctant farewell to this peaceful spot, and with their escort pushed on amid a furious storm of hail and snow to Nagchu'ka. In one of the mountain passes they were joined by another body of soldiers, and it grew more and more evident that their presence in Inner Tibet had become known to the authorities at Lhasa, and that orders had been issued to prevent their approach to the capital.

The village of Nagchu'ka is one of the most important in the province of Inner Tibet, with some sixty houses built of mud and brick, though most of its people live in black tents, preferring a nomadic life. It is governed by a lama who is the representative of the Dalai Lama and changed every three years, and is a personage of much dignity and

power. Associated with him is a lay official, supposed to be Chinese, but oftener Tibetan, whose power is nominal, everything of importance being settled according to the wishes of the great man from Lhasa.

Early on the morning after their arrival the missionaries were summoned to the presence of these dignitaries, who sat in a beautiful blue and white tent to receive and question them. The *ponbo ch'enpo* was a handsome young lama, about thirty-five years of age, with finely-cut features and shaven head, the lay official an old man with grey hair worn in a queue and a large gold ear-ring in his left ear; both were dressed in rich brocaded silks, and seemed conscious of their immense importance. The missionaries were invited to take seats, and tea was poured into their bowls from the same teapot from which the *ponbo* received his—a mark of honour from which they augured well for the future.

Mr. Rijnhart presented a satin *K'atag* to the *ponbo* which he accepted, evidently surprised at this knowledge of the customs of his country. He then informed Mr. Rijnhart that he could not permit him to penetrate further into the country, but that his party must return without delay to Tankar.

Mr. Rijnhart explained that he was no explorer passing through the country, but had lived among Tibetans for years, and that he and his wife intended to spend the rest of their lives in the country, doctoring the people and doing a little trading.

To this the chief replied that he had no power to prevent him doing as he wished, but that for such a course on the foreigners' part, he, the *ponbo*, would pay with his life, "and no teacher of religion would desire to be the cause of an innocent man's death!" Mr. Rijnhart replied that he was conversant with their customs and with their sacred books, and these forbade the taking of life. The Dalai

Lama would not infringe the law, and the *ponbo* had no cause to fear death, nor did he or his wife wish to force an entrance into Lhasa. Their desire was to find a home somewhere within the borders of the province of Ü and there to settle quietly and work for the good of the natives.

The *ponbo* listened with more and more uneasiness; at last he declared that he must send a messenger to Lhasa that an official of greater authority might meet the strangers, on which the missionaries rose to leave without anything definite as to their future course having been settled.

A strict watch was kept on their movements by their guard of soldiers, though they had no wish or intention of escaping, and next day negotiations went on again. Still the *ponbo* waited for orders from Lhasa, and repeated that they could not be allowed to remain in the country.

The people in the vicinity had evidently received orders not to hold communication with them, for no one came to their tent to barter or beg for medical treatment, and soon the little party realised that they were completely ostracised.

The object of their journey, which was to study the natives and their needs, to come into intimate contact with them and distribute the Scriptures among them, was thus absolutely frustrated, and it was clear that whether they remained at Nagchu'ka or journeyed nearer Lhasa, similar conditions must be expected. Winter was fast approaching. Only two courses appeared to lie open to them. They must winter at Nagchu'ka in a state of semi-captivity and ostracism, or journey back to China and winter somewhere on the route.

After much consideration they went to the tent of the *ponbo* to express their willingness to take either of these courses. They found him far less friendly. Their tea was no longer poured from the same teapot as his, nor was the same respect shown them when they greeted him. In

curt tones he informed them that no alternatives were open to them. They must leave the country at once, but if they consented to travel along the Tea Road to Ta-chien-le, horses, provisions and three guides would be given them.

Under the circumstances they could only agree to do as he directed, though it meant the surrender of high hopes, the relinquishment of a purpose which had seemed so near fulfilment. Sorrowfully bidding farewell to Mahommed Rahim, who was now returning to his home at Ladak, they turned their faces once more towards China.

CHAPTER V.

ALONG THE TEA ROAD.

THE great Tea Road running from Nagchu'ka to Ta-chien-lu passes through the Horba and Derge provinces, and in the course of the many miles the traveller must journey on his way through these provinces, every kind of hardship, danger and difficulty incident to Tibetan travel is experienced. Snow-storms and torrential rain, intense cold and death-dealing winds, the fatigue of travelling at great altitudes, the discomforts of fording icy and swollen rivers are the lot of all, and the caravan which escapes attack from robbers is indeed fortunate.

Along this road in a blinding snowstorm, on the 6th of September, Dr. Rijnhart and her husband set out with the guides provided by the chief at Nagchu'ka. These guides were to take them as far as the Tashi Gumpa and if possible obtain permission for them to winter there. If such permission could not be obtained the guides were to convey them safely to Kegu, called by some travellers Jyekundo, the halfway halt between Lhasa and Ta-chien-lu. There Mr. Rijnhart would pay them for their services

and provide them with food for the journey back to Nag-chu'ka.

For the greater part of the way these guides performed their duties faithfully and well, and the two weeks that the missionaries spent with them were pleasant ones. Only as they drew near to Tashi Gumpa did their troubles begin.

Following the Tea Road they reached the Tsa-chu, on the banks of which, they learned from some caravan men, the lamasery was situated. Here, finding that the highway did not skirt the river, the guides turned into a bridle-path that led, first along the edge of the water, then climbed to well-nigh inaccessible places and circled on the slopes of steep hills. This path, they declared, must lead to Tashi Gumpa; the little paths intersecting one another and running in all directions clearly suggested the proximity of a large lamasery.

They were to discover all too soon that it led into the haunts of audacious brigands. On the second day after leaving the highway, as the party sat at their midday meal, a shot suddenly broke the stillness of the valley. The *mamba*, who was chief of the guides, at once ordered one of the boys to drive in the horses that they might not stampede along the path on which brigands were evidently hiding, but as he ran another shot was fired, wounding him in the arm. The whole party rushed to the shelter of the rocks, and bullets began to fly thick and fast though the robbers remained hidden. Immense boulders soon began to descend from the heights, shooting and hurling being accompanied by yells, piercing and hideous, such as only Tibetan robbers can utter.

Breathlessly the travellers huddled under the shelter of the cliffs, expecting each moment that their assailants would come down, seize their baggage and shoot them if they attempted to defend it; but at last, with a final

volley, the firing ceased, the yells died away, and danger for the present was over.

The travellers ventured into the open again and counted their losses. Happily all lives had been spared, but the young guide had been badly wounded and all the horses were gone but those belonging to the guides and an old grey, the feeblest of the caravan. It was felt, too, that the robbers only waited until darkness fell to return and capture the baggage.

“ Buddha knows that they will come back,” said the oldest of the guides. “ They will return to kill us and throw our bodies into the river.”

His fear was great and soon communicated itself to his companions, and a few hours later, while Mr. Rijnhart went to drive in the old horse lest he also should be captured, they mounted their ponies and rode off, evidently determined not to await the evil moment.

The missionaries were now left alone in one of the wildest regions they had yet travelled, conscious that they were being watched by brigands hidden among the rocks above them, with but one horse to carry their seven loads of baggage, the track lost and with no choice but, on foot and without guides, to struggle back to the highway which they felt now should never have been left.

Night fell, and through its long hours they lay sleepless, expecting each moment the robbers would come down upon them, yet no sound broke the stillness but the rippling of the water and the call of some bird or wild animal on the heights.

Doubtless the robbers were aware that with but one horse it would be impossible for the travellers to take anything on their journey but what was absolutely essential. They therefore watched and waited for their departure, when the abandoned baggage could be seized upon without any trouble.

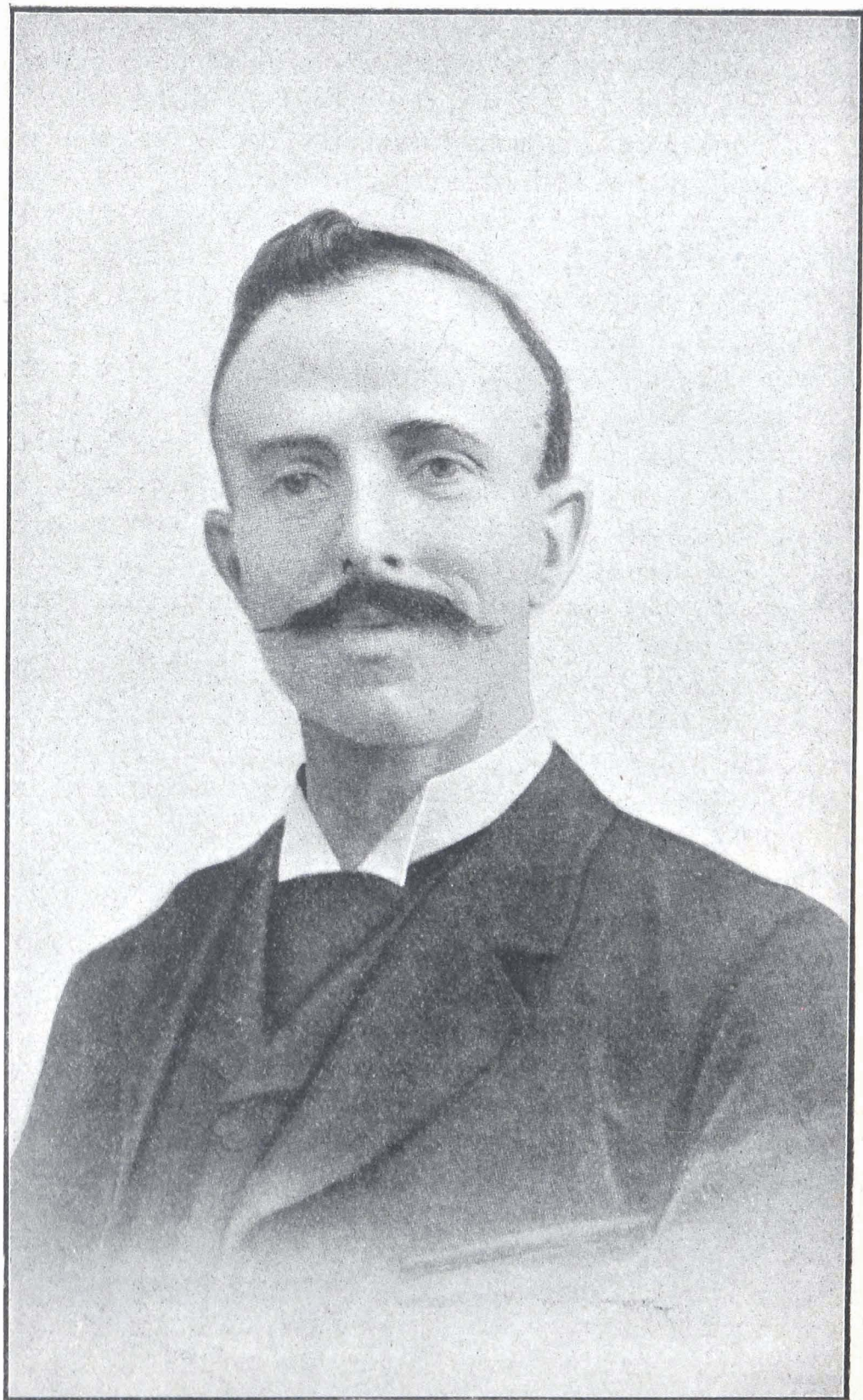
Taking food for fifteen days' journey, a change of clothing, Mr. Rijnhart's diary and Bible, and a few cherished belongings loved by their lost child, the missionaries buried the rest of their outfit under stones at the foot of the cliff and set out on their way, leading the old grey horse. Even the tent had to be left behind, and for many days to come they slept upon the ground with no covering but the deep vault of the oriental sky.

In after days how often must the memory of these last wanderings together have come back to the sole survivor of the journey. Through torrential rains and beating hailstorms they plodded on, seeking vainly some trace of the road to the lamasery. On the 25th of September, for the first time since their guides left them, the travellers came upon signs of human creatures. Following the course of the river they saw on the opposite bank a large encampment with immense herds of sheep and yak grazing on the sides of the hills.

The sight was one which filled them with delight. They would now be able not only to obtain directions as to the whereabouts of Tashi Gumpa, but purchase mounts and yak to carry the loads.

It was too late in the afternoon for Mr. Rijnhart to attempt to reach the tents on foot, and the old grey horse was too feeble to ford the river. He decided, therefore, to wait until morning, when he would swim across, hire animals and perhaps succeed in engaging a guide.

No thought of impending calamity stirred the minds of either husband or wife. Tibetans, though proverbially robbers abroad, are kindly and hospitable in their own dwellings, and even their last experience by the Tsa-chu had not reversed the favourable opinion the missionaries had always held concerning them. Next morning Mr. Rijnhart, taking a few ounces of silver, some K'atags and a light revolver, started off to visit the tents.



PETRUS RIJNHART

Reaching the water's edge he threw off his thick Chinese jacket and entered the river, wading a little distance and then throwing out his arms to swim. At the first stroke he suddenly turned and walked back to the bank, shouting something to his wife which the rushing water prevented her from hearing. Then leaving the river he followed a little path among the rocks and disappeared from sight.

Dr. Rijnhart never saw him again.

Puzzled by his action she descended the hill to a spot from which a more extended view of the bank could be obtained and now saw, what had evidently been visible to Mr. Rijnhart when he had entered the water, a large encampment on the same side of the river as their own little camp. He had turned back, thinking that help would more quickly be obtained from tents so much nearer at hand.

All day Dr. Rijnhart waited his return. Night fell and still he did not come. She tried to persuade herself that he had found the Tibetans intractable and difficult to manage, and that they had insisted on his remaining with them until the morning. With a prayer for his safety and for her own protection she lay down under the shelter of a rock to wait until day dawned.

The next day passed and he did not return. As darkness fell the wife's vague fears grew to certainty; harm had happened to the brave and fearless missionary. She remembered that the nomads of this Gar-je district were reputed to be especially hostile to strangers, and that it was in this region that the French traveller, Dutreuil de Rhins, had been killed in 1894 and his body thrown into the river. Still she hoped against hope, and another long sleepless night followed.

There are few more moving pictures in the annals of missionary history than of this lone woman watching and waiting on the windswept hillside, no covering but the

sky, no companion but the old horse tethered near, her heart wrung by fears she scarcely dares to formulate, her conviction that the absent one will never return to her growing hourly stronger.

She soon saw that if she were to escape her husband's fate she must act promptly. Yet it seemed impossible to leave the place with that fate all unknown. She resolved to go herself to the encampment and solve the mystery. Better to die with him than wander alone and destitute in this wild region, a prey to brigands, possibly to die in the end of hunger and cold.

She started towards the tents, but something seemed to hold her back. The impression grew that it was rash to rush to certain death, that step would neither help her husband nor leave any trace of the three who had left Tankar in such good spirits. There was also the thought of future work. She and her husband had consecrated their lives to the evangelisation of Tibet, and in their last wanderings together they had often talked of the days to come and the work they would do. If he had fallen, the more need for her to continue the work. She must live for this reason if for no other.

Wandering along the water's edge she came opposite the tents to which Mr. Rijnhart had first intended to go for help. The encampment seemed a large and well-to-do one, and Dr. Rijnhart determined to seek shelter there and aid in continuing her journey. She shouted loudly and managed to attract attention, but it was only after wearisome delay and the promise of a piece of silver that a man could be persuaded to cross with yak and help the stranger over the river.

Her presence aroused considerable excitement and curiosity. The people suspected something was amiss, though Dr. Rijnhart did not tell them all she believed had happened to her husband. They knew she had been

robbed and that she could not have come into that region alone, and, suspecting ill-doing, they were reluctant to harbour her or give her help of any kind. The Tibetan never interferes with his neighbour's escapades for fear of making a lifelong enemy of him.

After some persuasion they allowed her to shelter in a cave in which a sick cow lay, and agreed to provide her with food and dry garments. From these people she learned that the Tashi Gumpa was two day's journey away, but the *kanpo* had been recently beheaded, the natives were fighting, and nothing would induce them to venture in that direction.

The Gar-je district is governed by native chiefs under the jurisdiction of the Amban of Sining, whose nearest representative is the Chinese official at Kegü. Finding no one willing to guide her to Tashi Gumpa, Dr. Rijnhart decided to travel to Kegü, ten days' journey distant, to enlist the help of this official, and possibly to return with soldiers who would help her to unravel the mystery of her husband's fate.

She had much difficulty in persuading any of the men of the encampment to act as guides. They were afraid of venturing out of their own district or falling a prey to brigands, but at last, on payment of ten ounces of silver and a valuable garment, three men consented to accompany her on her five days' journey and then arrange with others to take her on to Kegü.

CHAPTER VI

ALONE IN TIBETAN WILDS.

THESE three guides in their own way were exceedingly kind to the traveller, and it was with keen regret that she parted with them at the end of the five days' journey, beyond which they could not be persuaded to venture. The men who took their places did their duty well, but all too soon they tired of their task, and handed the lady over to a chief of the district who provided her with guides whom she describes as the most evil men it had ever been her lot to meet.

“I have never seen any other Tibetans or Chinese,” she says, “who even approach them in wickedness of every description, and sometimes I can scarcely realise that I spent days and nights alone with them.” They not only robbed their employer of everything she possessed but subjected her to every conceivable form of insult, hardship and humiliation. Only the fact that she possessed a revolver and they knew she was able and ready to use it in self-defence, saved her from death at their hands. Time after time they decoyed her into lonely places' evidently bent on taking her life, “but I was in the hands of the great, good Father,” she says, “and He protected me.”

As she spread her rubber sheet on the ground each night and lay down, the revolver in her hand, she would pray for strength to keep awake and watch with vigilant eyes every movement of the men beside her. At last, either the fact that they could not elude her vigilance, or that she had nothing more of which they could rob her, decided the men to abandon her. Telling her that there was an epidemic of smallpox in Kegu, and that they feared the disease too greatly to venture there, they declared their intention of returning at once to their homes.

Dr. Rijnhart, though her whole nature revolted against travelling with them, firmly refused to allow herself to be deserted in an unknown country where she might wander weary and starving until exposure or some wild animal caused her death. Threatening to report their conduct to the official at Kegü should they leave her, she induced them to continue the journey until they should meet a Chinese caravan with which she might travel.

On they went, and to Dr. Rijnhart's joy soon reached a small lamasery where a fair was being held. A Tibetan fair is the last place a stranger should go to, for the people, drinking and carousing, are likely to be more hostile than usual; but giving out to any who questioned them that they were escorting a Chinese woman of Sining, the guides pushed their way through the throng, inquiring for a Chinese merchant returning to Kegü.

They found one lodging in the house of a lama and, looking back, Dr. Rijnhart always regarded her meeting with this kind and humane man as the brightest spot in her sad journey from Gar-je.

His first sentence told her that he had pierced her disguise and knew her for a foreigner.

"How is it that you are all alone here?" he asked, and something in the tone and in his quiet scrutiny told the helpless woman that she might trust him. In the Sining dialect, which was not understood by those who stood about them, she told him of her journey from Tankar, of her many encounters with robbers, of her child's death and her husband's disappearance, and of her terrible experiences with her wicked guides.

He was touched; the death of a little child always moves the heart of a Chinaman, and he said, "You have eaten much bitterness. Quiet your heart, for now you are with us Chinese you are all right. The Tibetans are bad, but we are all travellers alike."

This kindly man not only found the traveller shelter for the night in the tent of some Buddhist nuns, but obtained from the *kanpo* of the Rashi Gumpa near which the fair was being held, a man of much importance and influence in the whole district, a passport saying she was sent on by the officials of Nagchu'ka and was to have escorts and *ula* (relays of animals) as far as Kegü.

With an old lama as escort Dr. Rijnhart started next day for Kegü, nor was she long in discovering the difference a passport makes in a Tibetan journey. Protection and every attention was hers as she passed from one rest-house to another, and on her arrival at Kegü the Chinese merchants vied with one another in endeavours to make her as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

It was a bitter disappointment to find that the Chinese official, whose help she had hoped to enlist on her husband's behalf, was absent from the town and not expected back for some months. The *kanpo* of the lamasery was supreme in his absence, but since stringent laws forbid women entering the lamasery except once a year to worship, all intercourse with him had to be carried on through a Mongol who came from Tankar and proved himself throughout a good friend to the lonely foreigner.

The *kanpo* said that he could do nothing in the absence of the Chinese official, but that he would notify the authorities at Sining and no doubt they would send soldiers to punish the Gar-je brigands, but undoubtedly the missionary had been murdered. It would be useless, therefore, for the lady to return to the spot. To Dr. Rijnhart's request that he would, in that case, provide means for her to travel in safety to her home in Tankar, he replied that such an arrangement was beyond his power. The road was so infested by robbers that a very large escort would be required and, moreover, the trails were impassable in winter. He would give a passport and escort to Ta-chien-lu, and

with this suggestion Dr. Rijnhart felt herself bound to comply.

The route from Kegu to Ta-chien-lu runs along a wide, much-travelled road, and she felt that now her troubles must be over. Yet during the month spent in reaching the Chinese frontier so many thrilling experiences, so many dangers were encountered, that it seemed as though she were even yet to meet her death in Tibetan wilds.

During the greater part of the journey, which was through the Horba and Derge provinces, the natives showed the traveller much kindness. Though owing to a superstition of the country, they would not invite her into their dwellings, they gave her a corner of a verandah to sleep in, and by supplying her plentifully with tea and fuel endeavoured to make up for their apparent inhospitality.

In some districts the hostility to strangers was very strong, however, the men refusing to hold any intercourse with the missionary, leaving the arrangement of *ula* entirely to the women, and had they dared, they would have shown her open incivility. But for her passport, Dr. Rijnhart felt that she would have fared badly in these parts, and she had cause to look back with gratitude to the strange way in which she had been led to the fair at Rashi Gumpa instead of travelling, as she had first purposed to do, to the great lamasery, the Tashi Gumpa.

Travelling with *ula*, while it is good for purse and safety, distinctly prolongs a traveller's journey. The Tibetans have no sense of the value of time, and are in the habit of starting journeys only in the morning. Though the traveller who wishes for an escort and fresh *ula* may have been on the road but a couple of hours, on one pretext or another, they will delay his departure until the following day. So many and tedious were the delays Dr. Rijnhart was compelled to make from this cause that she began

to fear that neither her money nor her strength would last out until she reached the Chinese border.

Happening to fall in with some Chinese journeymen-smiths who had spent the summer in Tibet and were returning home for the winter to their home in Tai-lin, a day's journey from Ta-chien-lu, she determined to relinquish the *ula* and continue her journey in their company. They proved kind and sympathetic men, and not only did all in their power to help her, but two of their number consented to go on with her to her destination.

The weather was now extremely cold, and for the greater part of the way it was difficult to find accommodation or rest-houses; many nights had to be spent in the open air, and Dr. Rijnhart was on one occasion so severely frost-bitten in the feet that she suffered as a consequence for nearly a year.

Sometimes the way lay over precipitous hills where the narrow ledge which served as a path was slippery with ice; now it descended into lonely valleys where the little party became the prey of robbers and once barely escaped with their lives. On the ascent to the terrible Jeto Pass Dr. Rijnhart's horse succumbed to fatigue, and for the rest of the journey she had to travel on foot, worn out and almost lame, through the falling snow and bitter winds of a Tibetan winter.

On she plodded, though a march of thirty miles a day could not be made under such conditions without much suffering, rejoicing amid her pain in the thought that rest and safety were now near. At last Ta-chien-lu came in sight, and past a picturesque lamasery with red buildings surrounded by tall trees and over an arched bridge the little party wended its way. In the narrow, crowded streets of the busy town they attracted little attention. No one suspected in the dirty, Tibetanised person who rode the tired limping horse a foreigner and a missionary. Inquiring

her way, Dr. Rijnhart arrived at the house of Mr. Cecil Polhill-Turner, of the China Inland Mission.

Two missionaries stood in the doorway: one was Mr. Amundsen, of the Tibetan Pioneer Band, now working among Tibetans on the Chinese frontier, and to him Dr. Rijnhart explained her identity. His surprise was great, and he took her at once to the apartments of Mrs. Turner. How welcome the care and kindness of these Christian people of her own race and tongue were to the tired traveller words would feebly express. With deepest sympathy they listened to the story of her wanderings during the two months since Mr. Rijnhart's disappearance, and of the two great sorrows which had befallen her in Tibetan wilds. Later, when she was rested from her fatigues, Mr. Turner helped her to draw up a statement of her husband's case, which was sent to the British Consul at Chong-king, requesting him to forward it to the Dutch and British ministers at Peking, to be presented by them to the Tsung-li Yamen.

For six months Dr. Rijnhart waited in Ta-chien-lu, hoping that some reliable report would come down from the interior of Tibet: but she waited in vain. In May of the following year Mr. Knobel, Minister for the Netherlands at Tien-tsin, received a report from the Tsung-li Yamen with regard to Mr. Rijnhart's fate, but it threw little real light upon the matter. True to their habit, the Tibetans absolutely refused to incriminate a fellow-countryman.

When the sad news had reached Lusak, Inishima, the young lama who had been the missionaries' teacher of the language, and who had been warmly attached to them, at once offered his services to the Amban at Sining, and made the long and dangerous journey to the Gar-je district, thinking that, as a native and a lama, he might be able to unravel the mystery. He heard that the murder had been committed by an inhabitant of Tochia, by name

Chia-li-ya-sa, but when he reported the result of his investigations to the Amban and returned to the spot with competent officials and a number of soldiers, all knowledge of the murder of a Dutch missionary having been committed or of the existence of such an individual as Chia-li-ya-sa was emphatically denied. Nor is it probable that anything more definite will ever be known.

So broken in health was Dr. Rijnhart by sorrow, anxiety and suffering that at the solicitation of her friends she returned to Canada, "changed," says her lifelong friend, Dr. Retta Gifford Kilborn, "from a bright, dark-haired girl into a quiet, white-haired woman, by her heart-breaking experiences in Tibet." Yet during the four years she spent in Ontario recruiting her health and writing the touching story of her journey, "Among Tibetans in Tent and Temple," her one desire was to return to the land which contained the remains of those she had loved and lost, and to take up again the work to which, now that her husband had fallen, she felt herself to be doubly pledged.

In 1902, with a small party of helpers, Dr. Susie Rijnhart went back to China and began to work in Ta-chien-lu. Here she was successful in gathering round her, in spite of much opposition, a band of native women, and before failing health obliged her to give up the work she had the joy of seeing several of these women baptised into the Christian faith.

Three years after her return to Ta-chien-lu she was married to Mr. Moyes, of the China Inland Mission, who had been one of the two workers who met her on her return from her disastrous journey to Lhasa, and whose admiration for her courage and devotion had deepened into love during the years they had worked for Tibetans in the old border city.

For awhile after their marriage Mr. and Dr. Carson Moyes continued their work in Ta-chien-lu; then Mr. Moyes was offered a position in the Christian Literature

Society, whose headquarters were at Chin-tu, and there they removed. The changes in China, however, soon necessitated the closing of the depôt at Chin-tu, and they went to Shanghai, where they hoped to settle with many years of useful work before them. It was soon evident that Dr. Carson Moyes' experiences in Tibet had seriously undermined her health. She became so seriously ill that, in 1907, it was decided that her husband should take her back to Canada for medical treatment. She did not long survive her arrival in her native land. On February 7th, 1908, she passed away, suddenly and unexpectedly, leaving a little son only three weeks old.

Truly this was "a life laid down for Tibet." And there were some who asked if "the price paid was not too heavy, the sacrifice too great, for the results achieved?" To such questions Dr. Carson Moyes herself had always one answer—the command of Christ was "to preach the Gospel in every land and to every creature." There was no mention of safeguards and bettered conditions for work when the Apostles were sent out to evangelise the world. They were told to expect persecution, suffering, and even death. The missionary to-day must be ready to do the same.

To the elect spirit there is no choice,
 He cannot say "This will I do or that" . . .
 A hand is stretched to him from out the dark
 Which, grasping without question, he is led
 Where there is work that he can do for God.

