

bling for a lump of chow, was very funny.

We returned by a different route, and reached headquarters at dark, all a bit fagged after our long tramp on the hard paving stones.*

FRIDAY, 22ND.—Looked around the Hangchow foreign settlement, and had the houseboat taken up a few miles nearer the city. We were much interested in watching the fishing operations carried on by four boats with trained cormorants.

After an early tiffin we walked to the Great Lake, and engaged a small pleasure boat. We paddled around the west side of the lake as far as the big pagoda, which we entered by crawling through a small hole in the surrounding wall. We returned across the middle of the lake, and got back to our houseboat in good time for tea.

SATURDAY, 23RD.—The morning was occupied in inspecting the new British

* The whole of the way is paved with blocks of granite from eight to fourteen feet long and two feet wide, perfectly flat and smooth, with two or three feet of pitching on each side.

Consulate, in course of erection, calling at the Launch Office, etc., and watching the amusing, but certainly not imposing, ceremonial attendant on the arrival of a second-class mandarin.

The afternoon will be explained by the time-table beneath:—

4 p.m.—On launch due to start.

5 p.m.—The launch man woke up and started thinking about making up the train.

6.10 p.m.—The train started.

6.15 p.m.—Stopped at Customs Station, getting papers, etc.

7 p.m.—Stopped again; the launch people found they had forgotten something, and had to go back.

7.30 p.m.—Actually started for Shanghai.

A pretty good example of the deliberate way in which the Chinese go about things.

All night and all next day travelling, and after an uneventful tour, except that we were blown ashore two or three times, reached Shanghai at 11 p.m.

. A Folk Song .

LONG since a bard that sang before the King
 Fashioned a song, simple in words and tune,
 And setting forth in simpleness its theme.
 Yet—for the bard had genius in his soul—
 He sang into his song God-given art,
 Though marred with human faults, as lonely labour
 Of individual man must always be.
 And since they found it good, the other bards
 Echoed his song, and as the echoes rolled,
 They softened down the ruggedness of his speech,
 And added to the music of his notes.
 But if a rendering of the song lacked Truth,
 Or if the Truth were wanting in true art,
 The judgment of the Master's bade it die.
 And throughout ages, as the song waxed old,
 If feebleness were found in any part,
 The judgment of the Master's bade it die.
 Thus grew the song in strength for evermore.