in our 'rickshas under the guidance of Chang, our strapping big Chinese interpreter. We hired this man from "Cooks"; he has proved to be very useful and attentive, as well as strictly honest. The Temple is situated in the center of a large park which is filled with splendid old trees; the structures consist of the usual elaborate series of temples within temples, leading upwards by degrees to the high sacrificial altar. All platforms and roadways are of white marble, with balustrades of the same material. The temples themselves are (as is customary), of wood elaborately carved and painted and gilded, and with beautiful yellow or green tiled roofs. All structures are, sad to say, rapidly becoming dilapidated. The park itself is unkept, high grass and weeds everywhere. This neglect of the splendid Chinese works of art and antiquity is scandalous and is a real loss to the world. The greater part of the decay dates, probably, from the time of the Boxer troubles; before that time, and under the Empire, all were cared for and no "infidel" foreigner was allowed to visit the sacred precincts. I could not help remembering the indignation with which I viewed the splendid bronze astronomical instruments which I saw some years ago in the Sans Souci palace grounds at Berlin and which had been stolen by the Germans from the Temple of Heaven during the Allied occupation of Peking after the Boxer rebellion. I was reminded again to-day of the Hun by seeing the marble gateway which the beast has obliged the Chinese to erect across Hatamen Street, one of the principal avenues, in memory of General Von Ketteler, who was killed during the Boxer troubles. This P.M. we spent in a shopping tour. We visited many antique shops (there is a whole street full of them). The prices were so high that I bought nothing of value, in fact, it is risky to do so if one is