

to these lovely sights, when we have climbed by an ever-reversing, ever-returning trail far up the granite facing of a high cliff, there lay far below us the wondrous Nubra valley, green, gold, and russet groves, yellowing fields of grain, and behold! there were men's houses! White, squared, well-roofed, walled about, and set in orderly array, trooping toward a goodly village called Panamirgh. A nobler sight one may not see than this Himalayan vale set against the far-shining snow-peaks from which the high gods look down to bless. Here Lamaism, sheltered by Sasar's icy rampart on the north, by Kardung's glassy heights on the south, still turns its prayer-wheels, flutters its painted appeals to the passing breeze, builds its white shrines more numerous than the living men, piles its myriad carved stones on roadside monuments, sounds its solemn drums, teaches Buddha's distorted word, yet practises a peaceful life and a resigned death, all unmindful of the thin streams of Hinduism or Mohammedanism, flowing backward, forward, along the road which time and Asia's genius, Patience, have worn through the tranquil valley, over the forbidding mountains, this way to Yarkand and far Kitai, and there to Leh, Kashmir, and all the Indian world beyond.

Dark superstitions may haunt the minds of these remote valley people, but the outward expression of religious feeling is seemly enough. The *chortens*—wayside tombs of saints and shrines for living prayer—are white, shapely structures, so much beyond the building capacity of any one generation of this sparse people that they attest the secular