

eating up the people's plenty, but seem to be a reserved and dignified body not over-numerous for men so profoundly religious as are the Tibetans. Throughout this vale of delight there seemed to be a reasonable comfort, and with less apparent distinction between very rich and very poor than I have seen elsewhere. The houses are rather large, generally of two stories and of solid build; the monasteries, from three to six stories high, rose in dignity from all but inaccessible rocks. Supplication to heaven is literally "in the air." Nearly every dwelling floats a closely written flag of prayer. Occasionally a vertical cylinder, set in an outer niche, permits the passing worship to be made by a respectful twirl, or the deposit of another prayer-slip that shall find its way to others inside the cylinder; whence, if there be a listening God, I think its spirit shall fly to Him, for in His sight there should be no little and no big, no poor and no rich, no ridiculous and no solemn in religious ceremonial. Your softly breathed prayer, but for the thought in your heart, is only a vibration of the air. The cylinder-prayer makes also a vibration of the air, and as there is a thought behind it, the celestial values may be equal.

In each village we were shown to some proper place for receiving the stranger; abundant food was procured,—that is, chickens, eggs, milk, and bread,—and no effort was anywhere made to annoy us by extortion. A pleasing drink, tasting 'twixt wine and beer, cheered the thirsting palate. Curiosity to watch our movements was strong but bridled. The women looked frankly at us and merited our admiring