

worshipped in several elaborately furnished sanctuaries, one of which had not been opened for years, it was said, when an obsequious attendant showed us its unprovided altars.

On a high balcony or rampart, outside the palace, queer little flags were flying, efficient to protect the royal residence from devils, we were told. But that may be symbolic. To European minds it would seem much more important to know how to get water into the palace than how to defy devils out of it. Our own forefathers of the Middle Ages likewise put their monasteries (can a monastery supply forefathers?) and their castles in just such impossible places as these Tibetan buildings occupy. It is humiliating to think that our monks were probably equally dirty with the Lamas, and more obviously so since the dust of which we are all made has, in these people, been left in its native hue—and brown upon brown is still only brown.