

tion of self, they ask riches, health, and the satisfaction of covetousness and pride, they constrain him by the most solemn of all ceremonies to produce the elixir of longevity. Prayers are said for the dead, as if the departed could escape the fatal consequences of their acts. If Buddha is not to be moved, they address prayers to one of the innumerable gods who surround him, each of whom has his particular rôle, his special power, a shape peculiar to him, horrible or agreeable, his personal character, peevish or kind, courteous chamberlains, gracious ladies-in-waiting, generals, savage defenders of the faith, fearful duennas, not to speak of the devilish beasts which prowl in the neighbourhood, seeking something to devour. The supernatural world is a court where good and bad places are distributed for the life to come, as well as spiritual graces and temporal goods, calamities and misfortunes. To obtain the one, and to escape the others, the Tibetans exhaust themselves in attempts, in petitions, in intrigues, and in gifts. They build thousands of temples, make thousands of statues, burn myriads of sticks of incense, prostrate themselves, chant hymns, murmur endless prayers, grind still greater numbers of them in water- or hand-mills, recite the rosary, celebrate solemn services, make offerings and give banquets to all the gods and devils, wear amulets and relics, write talismans, and fly streamers covered with prayers or emblems of good-luck, which the breeze scatters to the four winds, accumulate countless heaps of stones covered with pious inscriptions, turn around all the objects which they consider sacred, mountains, lakes, temples, stone piles, make processions and pilgrimages, swallow indulgences in the shape of pills, which the lamas have compounded with relics, imbibe with contrition the heavenly nectar composed of the ten impurities, such as human flesh, the excrements, and urine, practice