

become blurred in the actualities of daily intercourse and practical existence. Yet it is these few fleeting moments which are reality. In these only we see real life. The rest is the ephemeral, the unsubstantial. And that single hour on leaving Lhasa was worth all the rest of a lifetime.

We of the actual Mission were now to leave the military escort and ride rapidly back to India to arrange final details with the Government of India. So on the following morning we started early, and as we rode away the whole of the 32nd Pioneers turned out to say good-bye. Some native officers had come to me the previous evening to say the men wanted us to leave camp through their lines. As we rode by, the men all came swarming out of their tents. The native officers clustered round our ponies shaking our hands, and the whole regiment waved and cheered as we passed out of camp. They had been with the Mission from the very start; indeed, they had been working at the road in that steamy Sikkim Valley before the Mission was formed. They had been through all the fighting and through the dreary investment at Gyantse; and it did one good to feel that something substantial had been obtained in return for their labours, and that they would be able to go back to their villages rewarded and happy. Indian troops of the best type have a wonderful capacity for invoking attachment, and for both the 32nd and 23rd Pioneers I shall always have a warm affection.

The behaviour of these Indian troops had also contributed greatly to the change of feeling in the Tibetans. Their discipline was excellent. They had fought hard when fighting was necessary. When the fighting was over they readily made friends with the Tibetans. And the latter more than once told me that the people suffered more from their own troops than they did from ours. This discipline and good behaviour of Indian troops we take for granted. It is none the less very remarkable. We had with us Gurkhas, trans-frontier Pathans, Sikhs, and Punjabi Mohammedans. All of these in their natural state, under their own leaders, and uncontrolled by British officers, would have played havoc in Lhasa. Their good