



The Superior of the Kura lamasery and some of the boys being trained as lamas.

Before we left yesterday I was able to attend a lama service. None of the senior prelates *April 9th.*
 was present. Only three lamas sat along the wall near the entrance, draped in their long *Camp at*
 yellow robes and pointed capes. At certain points during the service they rose and walked *Bugra.*
 with solemn steps a little way between the pillars towards the altar. A yellow headgear
 with a tall comb, something between a cock's comb and an ancient helmet, played some
 part in these »sorties«. At times it was placed on the head, at others it was closed like an
 opera hat and was held lying against the breast. Profound obeisance, with the brow
 touching the floor, was only made by one, presumably the senior. About 30 boys sat on
 the benches between the pillars and in the front of each row an older man, who seemed
 to conduct the singing of the boys and lamas, if it can be called singing. This vocal part of
 the programme was carried out mostly in a subdued voice, but changed at times into
 a loud fortissimo, when everyone appeared to strain his lungs. I thought that in some
 parts the singing had some resemblance to a Greek-Orthodox service. One of the older
 men on the boys' flank performed some kind of manipulations with grains of corn which always
 produced a certain sensation. After a piece performed on two big drums, a couple of metal
 plates and trumpets with a beautiful clear tone, some relaxation set in and immediately
 afterwards I mounted my horse. At a certain point two older ministering spirits handed
 round rough loaves, the size of a man's fist, two to each person, and a little later they