

Mohand Marg. With a glow of satisfaction I could look up to the crest of the high spur, some 10,000 feet above the sea and still covered with snow, on which my tent had stood, and where my plans had been formed. It had taken two years, and bulky files of correspondence; but at last I had secured what was needed—freedom to move, and the means requisite for my journey.

In the meantime official duty, and minor archæological tours to which I devoted my vacations, had taken me over widely different parts of India. From Lahore, where during eleven long years, amidst the worries and cares of University office work, I had ever felt the refreshing touch of the true East and the fascination of a great historical past, I had been transferred to Calcutta. With its strangely un-Indian conditions of life, its want of breathing space, and its damp heat, the "city of palaces" appeared to me like a tropical suburb of London. From there I had visited Sikkim, that strange half-Tibetan mountain-land where true Alpine scenery is invaded by the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. I had wandered in South Bihar, the ancient Magadha, tracing the footsteps of Hiuen-Tsiang, the great Chinese pilgrim, among the ruins of the sacred Buddhist sites which he had seen and described more than twelve hundred years ago. Also the fascinating tracts along the Indus and the North-West Frontier, where the influence of classical art has left its witnesses in the ancient 'Græco-Buddhist' sculptures of so many a ruined monastery and shrine, had seen me once more on a flying visit.

The thought of the task which was drawing me beyond the Himalaya had followed me everywhere. But it was only when the final sanction for my proposals reached me on a sultry monsoon night down in Calcutta that I had been able to start some of the multifarious preparations which the journey demanded. Busy as I was with official duties and literary work that had to be concluded before leaving India, I managed to