

this assumption be correct, we have here another proof of the tenacity of local worship which in Khotan, as elsewhere in the East, has survived all changes of creed.

The day's search enabled me to identify in all probability yet another sacred site mentioned by the Chinese pilgrims. Hiuen-Tsiang saw at a distance of ten Li (two miles) to the south-west of the capital the monastery of 'Ti-kia-po-fo-na,' which was distinguished by the possession of a miraculous statue of Buddha. The name in this case can no longer be traced, but exactly in the direction and at the distance indicated there lies the popular Ziarat of 'Bowa-Kambar' visited by people from all parts of the Khotan district. I found it to consist of a large square cemetery enclosing the high mud tomb of the saint, who is supposed to have acquired holiness as the groom of 'Ali Padshah.' The level of the cemetery lies some twelve feet below the surrounding fields,—a certain indication of its antiquity according to my previously detailed observations. A grove of fine old trees faces the eastern entrance, and a row of booths testifies to the popularity of the fairs which take place here at the time of pilgrimages.

It was dark when I returned from Bowa-Kambar, else I should have paid another visit to the still more popular shrine of Imam Musa Kasim at Kosa, which I had already passed on my way from Ujat. Its position due south of Yotkan makes me suspect that it has taken the place of the Virochana-Sangharama which was famous in the days of Hiuen-Tsiang as one of the earliest sanctuaries of Buddhism in Khotan. Its distance, a little over three miles from Yotkan, is somewhat in excess of the ten Li south of the capital which the pilgrim indicates as its position. But then we do not exactly know the extent of the old city, and in any case there is no shrine of any note due south of Yotkan that comes nearer to the distance indicated.

On the 29th of November I left Yotkan to return to Khotan town, where the preparations for my desert journey were now urgently calling me. It was a misty cold morning as I bade goodbye to my host the Yüzbashî and rode along the Yotkan Yar eastwards.