

## KIM

alto-relief representing a coronation or apotheosis of the Lord Buddha. The Master was represented seated on a lotus the petals of which were so deeply undercut as to show almost detached. Round him was an adoring hierarchy of kings, elders, and old-time Buddhas. Below were lotus-covered waters with fishes and water-birds. Two butterfly-winged dewas held a wreath over his head; above them another pair supported an umbrella surmounted by the jewelled headdress of the Bodhisat.

‘The Lord! The Lord! It is Sakya Muni himself,’ the lama half sobbed; and under his breath began the wonderful Buddhist invocation: —

*To Him the Way—the Law—Apart—  
Whom Maya held beneath her heart  
Ananda’s Lord—the Bodhisat.’*

‘And He is here! The Most Excellent Law is here also. My pilgrimage is well begun. And what work! What work!’

‘Yonder is the Sahib,’ said Kim, and dodged sideways among the cases of the arts and manufacture wing. A white-bearded Englishman was looking at the lama, who gravely turned and saluted him and after some fumbling drew out a note-book and a scrap of paper.

‘Yes, that is my name,’ smiling at the clumsy, childish print.

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