

ple. Inside of this temple is the tree which, as the lamas will tell you, has miraculously sprung up from the hair of Trong-ka-pa, when he, before entering the priest's office, according to the custom, got his head shaved.



PRAYER ROLL FOR USE IN PRAYER CYLINDER.

This tree is said to have Tibetan characters on each leaf, but probably it is only given to the faithful followers of Buddha to see them. I have had several leaves in my possession, but the closest examination could not detect anything like the resemblance of a Tibetan character. Yet this place has its name from the tree, Kum-body-bun-mynads (a myriad of bodies.)

But to return to the public outdoor worship. Next to the gold tiled temple is a building with a long balcony connected with the yard by long stone steps. In the centre of the balcony sits the grand lama (Trong-ka-pa) on a large chair or small couch. His head is covered with a yellow mitre, he wears the yellow order robe, his legs are folded under him, his arms rest on his knees, his hands are folded together. He sits to receive the homage from his followers.

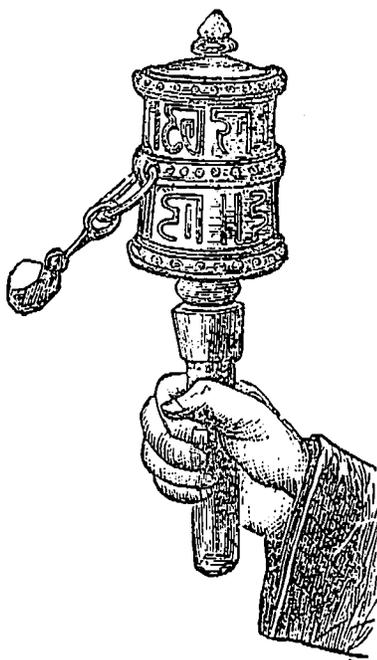
On the floor of the veranda or balcony sit rows upon rows of lamas, even as he, in the position of meditation. The court yard, about 400 or 500 ft., square is nearly filled with rows of lamas all squatted down, wearing their long red sleeveless mantles of ceremony, their prayer caps by their side. In front of the grand lama stands a pot with burning incense, by his right is a table on which is a large vase.

Before the grand lama, but below the balcony in the court, sits a lama who takes an active part in the worship, as well as another lama, who, walking forwards and backwards about him, asks questions with a loud voice, by the walls re-echoed. All are listening.

Now and then rises a lama or pilgrim here and there in the congregation. We are anxious to know what he is about to do, so we follow him with our eyes. He puts on his high prayer cap, shakes the mantle which rests on his shoulders down and with slow step and a face expressing earnestness he walks to the place where he by ascending the steps finds himself before the great living Buddha. On the top of the steps he halts, kneels down, and bowing down his head thrice until it touches the floor,

acknowledges Buddha as the supreme and the living Buddha—as the Enlightened One. After the worshipper has lifted his head the grand lama makes a slight bow and taking from the vase on the table, something, he presents it to the poor man, who, after bowing again in the same manner as he came, returns to his place. Once, while looking here (on the front gate facing the seat of the grand lama) I saw two men—apparently, to judge from their dress, they were Si-fan-tse, one of the Kokonor tribes—come along, who were going to enter, but before daring to enter the gate they bowed down. One of them, more in earnest than the other, bows his head thrice to the ground and I could see his head touching a big stone, then he rose, went a few steps forward, knelt down again and stared at the grand lama with a look of anxious expectation, as if only through him he could obtain help. Then he rose, looked at me as if saying: "get down on your knees, you are in front of the great Trong-ka-pa!" and entered into the court where he repeated the same ceremony. His companion, although doing the same, seemed to put much less value to the whole affair.

Daily from 600 to 1,000 are in this court, not to speak of the innumerable multitude of pilgrims who, from enormous distances, come to bow down before the grand lama, as some go to Rome to kiss the big toe of the Popo. Mr. Huc, a French Roman Catholic missionary in his book, "Travels in Tartary, Tibet and China,"



HAND PRAYER-CYLINDER.

traces the origin of reformed Buddhism back to the 14th century when Catholic missionaries entered Asia, and if this statement be true, it brings out very clearly the fallen and corrupt state of the Roman Catholic Church.

SALT RISING BREAD.—If the bread is to be made in the forenoon, the process must begin over night. Scald a pint of new milk, pour it over two tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, add a teaspoonful of salt and set in a warm place. The first thing in the morning stir into it a pint of warm water and a heaping tablespoonful of flour. When it is "up," make as you would any other bread, with a little more lard, and mold into loaves at once; when they are risen, bake. If the rising or bread should get too hot, or too cold, then indeed will the "cake be dough." It will never get over the shock. But the bread is worth the extra care.



A Night in an Indian Canoe.

READ that again, Andrew Bourge, and read it in French," said one of a group of hardy-looking, excited men, gathered around a large willow-tree in the front yard of a wayside inn, in the dreamy Acadian village of Mines, Nova Scotia, in the year 1744.

This village was on the road that led from Port Royal to Halifax, and about five miles distant from the older French Acadian settlement of Grand Pré. The man addressed, equipped for a journey, stood in the doorway of the inn.

He was the Notary of Mines, and a man of importance in the country. Hitching the bridle of his horse to a post of the low shed-like stoop that fronted the inn, he walked directly up to the old tree and read, in a strong, military tone of voice and in good French, the Royal Proclamation,—for such it was,—and then, without request or a word of comment, re-read in equally good English:

"We do hereby promise, with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Council, a reward of One Hundred Pounds for every male Indian above the age of sixteen; for a scalp of such Male Indian, Eighty Pounds; for every Indian woman or child, dead or alive, Fifty Pounds. God save the King."

When he had ceased reading, the men talked earnestly among themselves, but no one noticed the Notary, and he walked back to the inn.

As he stepped upon the stoop, he was met by several young girls, who had been attracted from their homes near by to read the notice on the tree, and one of them immediately addressed him with,—

"Grandsire, will *our* people kill the Indians for the reward?"

"Why not, daughter?" asked the Notary.

"Because it is cruel, and the Indians are our friends," said the maiden.

"Madrine," said the Notary, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, "you are a child, and do not understand that many things are cruel which must of necessity be done. These red rascals are themselves cruel and not trustworthy. It was not only last Saturday night that they killed several people at Port Royal."

"Grandsire," persisted the maiden, "the people they killed were English. I do not like the English, and they do not like us. They are hard masters; they take cruel ways. They rid themselves of human beings as they would of wolves. Our people had better trust to the friendship of the Indians than the English."

"Prut, daughter! You do not talk wisely," said the Notary. "The English have good reason to revenge themselves on these savages, and we Acadians may as well take a hand in the hunt, especially when so much money can be gained by obeying the King's proclamation. Many a house in Grand Pré and Mines will be furnished with the price of scalps before the snow flies. Your own goodly-built little farmhouse, Madrine, may be furnished for your wedding day much sooner than you expect by a lucky catch or steady shot. Baptiste Doucet is a brave lad, and has the best long-range musket in the country."

The blood came to the cheeks of the maiden and her lips curled, as she said, "It is not brave to kill women and children, and I would not go into my house, nor to him, if one shilling paid for such murders helped to furnish it, or went into his pocket."

Away from in his heart the old Notary evidently liked the spirit evinced by his granddaughter, for he said not a word in reply to this