

**ENGLISHMEN  
IN  
TIBET**

**FROM BOGLE TO GOULD**

**A TIBET SOCIETY PUBLICATION**

**(No. 4)**

An address given by Sir Olaf Caroe, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., F.R.S.L.,  
D.Litt. (Oxon), at the First Annual General Meeting of The Tibet Society  
held on March 31st, 1960.

**2nd Edition 30p**

# THE TIBET SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

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1. By non-party political action to promote the cause of Tibetan independence and to bring before the world the sufferings of the oppressed people of Tibet.

2. To assist the ever-increasing number of refugees arriving in India.

3. To promote understanding of the history, culture and religion of the people of Tibet.

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## *Acknowledgments*

For permission to use the photographs, The Tibet Society is indebted to the following: Lady Gould, Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Bell, The World Congress of Faiths, The Oxford University Press, Messrs. John Murray Ltd., Messrs. John Collins Ltd. and Messrs. Michael Joseph Ltd.

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THE FOURTEENTH DALAI LAMA

# ENGLISHMEN IN TIBET

## FROM BOGLE TO GOULD

When I was first asked to talk to the Annual Meeting of this Society, it was suggested that the subject might be "Tibetan Studies", but I know no word of the Tibetan language and such knowledge as is mine of Tibet is limited to the spheres of history and diplomacy, and was acquired during some ten years' experience in the old Foreign Department of the Government of India before 1947, and from journeys along the Indo-Tibetan borderland from Kashmir to what is now known as the North-East Frontier Agency. If what you want is a penetrating study of the Tibetan mind and culture, may I suggest you read that fine book by Marco Pallis entitled "Peaks and Lamas", written I think, in 1939. For my own part, it seemed the best subject might be a study of the succession of very notable Englishmen, now passed to what the Tibetans call "the Heavenly Fields", who penetrated the mind and thought of Tibetans over a period of some 150 years between the time of Warren Hastings and our own era. In the course of that exercise, we shall be able to observe not only what these great men thought of Tibet, but, as always in the exchange of human affairs, a picture of the Tibetan character itself, in thought and action.

**GEORGE BOGLE.** I will begin the story with George Bogle. He was born in 1746 and died in 1781, aged only 35. His miniature shows a sensitive, almost feminine face. He was brought up in a business office. Letters to his father and sister show him to have been a man of strongest home feelings, and conversations with Tibetans indicate a sense of high honour and rectitude. He had a warm personal friendship with that very great man Hastings. "It is when men are young", wrote Francis Younghusband, "and still crammed full of energy, when their faculties are alert, that they are most useful and effective." I often doubt whether the experience of maturer age possesses all the advantages commonly attributed to it, or whether young men act more rashly or irresponsibly than old men. The former have their whole careers before them and their reputations to make. They are no more likely, therefore, to act rashly than old men in a hurry. Warren Hastings was wise to choose a young man, and equally wise to choose an agent of good breeding and great natural kindness of disposition. Asians do not mind quickness of temper, or even severity of manner, as long as they can feel that at bottom the man they have to do with has a good, warm, generous heart. He need not wear it on his sleeve, but they will know right enough whether he possesses one or not.

Bogle set out in 1774, aged 28. He got only as far as Shigatse, where he made great friends with the Tashi Lama named Pal-den Ye-she. The Tashi Lama is, of course, the same as the Panchen Lama and this Incarnation was the most famous of the line. Of him Bogle says: "His disposition was open, candid and generous, and the expression of his countenance smiling and good humoured. He was extremely merry and entertaining in conversation and told a pleasant story with a great deal of humour and action. I endeavoured to find out in his character those defects which are inseparable from humanity, but he is so universally beloved that I had no success, and not a man could find it in his heart to speak ill of him. For, although venerated as God's vice-regent in the eastern countries of Asia, endowed with a portion of omniscience, and with many other divine attributes, he throws aside in conversation all the awful part of his character, accommodates himself to the weakness of mortals, endeavours to make himself loved rather than feared, and behaves with the greatest affability

to everybody, particularly to strangers."

The Lama said to Bogle: "I had heard much of the power of the Faringis, that the Company was fond of war and conquest. As my business is to pray to God, I was afraid to admit any Faringis into the country. But I have now learned that they are a fair and a just people."

Bogle was unable to go to Lhasa (the Dalai Lama of the time was a minor). Bogle's farewell is affecting. The Tashi Lama repeated his concern at Bogle's departure and the satisfaction he had received in being informed of the customs of Europe. He spoke all this with a look very different from the studied compliments of Hindustan. "I never could reconcile myself to taking a last leave of anybody", says Bogle most touchingly, "and what from the Lama's pleasant and amiable character, what from the many favours and civilities he had shown me, I could not help being particularly affected. He observed it, and in order to cheer me, mentioned his hopes of seeing me again."

Of Bogle's own warm-hearted and affectionate feeling to the people of Tibet there can be no question. On the eve of his departure he wrote in a letter to his sister, all the more charming for being couched in eighteenth century language: "Farewell, ye honest and simple people! May ye long enjoy the happiness denied to more polished nations, and while they are engaged in the endless pursuits of avarice and ambition, defended by your barren mountains, may ye continue to live in peace and contentment, and know no wants but those of nature".

The Tashi Lama died in 1780 at Peking of smallpox, the year before Bogle. Warren Hastings had intended to send him up again but in his place sent Samuel Turner, who also got to Shigatse, where he met the Tashi Lama's regent and spent a year. But of him there is little to say. There follows the eccentric

**MANNING.** He was not an attractive person, but a friend of Charles Lamb, though altogether lacking Lamb's charm. At Cambridge he was expected to be at least Second Wrangler but, like Charles Bradlaugh, he had a strong repugnance to taking oaths, and left without a degree. He studied Chinese and proceeded on his own, without official help, to Lhasa in 1811, where he was the first and last Englishman until 1904. "Dirt, grease, smoke, misery, but good mutton", was his summary of Tibet. Two bottles of cherry brandy and a wineglass, together with original manners and knowledge of Chinese, opened the way with the Chinese Mandarin he met at Phari. There is some amusing chat about horses, saddles, fleas and entertainment—but all this is unworthy, and Manning dealt mainly not with the Tibetans but with the Mandarins. The tale is, however, redeemed by his description of his meeting with the Dalai Lama, the ninth, then aged 7 years and destined to die at the age of 11. After the ceremony of obeisance and blessing by laying on of hands was over, Manning writes: "The Lama's beautiful and interesting face and manner engrossed all my attention. He was poetically and affectingly beautiful to look upon. Seven years old, he had the simple and unaffected manners of a well-educated, princely child. Sometimes, particularly when he looked at me, his smile almost approached a gentle laugh." "No doubt", says Manning naively, "my grim beard and spectacles somewhat excited his risibility".

The little Lama addressed a few remarks to Manning, speaking in Tibetan to a Chinese interpreter, the interpreter in Chinese to his Munshi, and the Munshi in Latin to Manning. "I was extremely affected by this interview with the Lama", says Manning—"I could have wept through strangeness of sensation". We shall hear an echo of that meeting more than a century later.

**FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.** Younghusband has often been attacked as the type of British imperialist of the time. Let us judge him out of his own mouth. "Whether the mission (1904) was conducted with due consideration or with harshness", says he, "and whether any good came of it, either to ourselves or to the Tibetians or anyone else . . . are the matters to which I now address myself". Like so many who have known the spell of the mountains he interprets for us that magic by which those who walk in high and lonely places are able to see God. Marco Pallis, too, shows us this way, and in his book tells us how it became for him a revelation of the divine. "My life through", says Younghusband, "mountains have excited in me a special fascination. I was born in the Himalaya, within sight of the glory of Kashmir; some inexplicable attraction has drawn me back to them time after time. Now that I was called upon to pierce through the Himalaya to the far country beyond, I was to make my start from that spot from which of all others the most perfect view is to be obtained, Darjeeling . . . I thirsted for the sight of Kinchinjunga . . . Many times afterwards I saw it, and each time with a new and more wonderful impression. Sometimes in the eddying, cloudy billows a break would come, giving a glimpse into heaven itself; and through the little inlet would be seen a piece of sky of the intensest blue, and against it a peak of purest white, so lofty and so much a partner of the sky and clouds, it seemed impossible it could ever be of earth. At another time, when all was clear of cloud, I would look steeply down from the tropical forests of Darjeeling to the bottom of the narrow valley beneath, and then up and up through tier after tier of ever-heightening ridges till, far up in the skies, suffused in the blue and dreamy haze, my eyes would rest on the culminating range of all, spotless and ethereal and reaching its climax in one noble peak nearly 28,000 feet above the valley depths from which it rose. And at yet another time, when the houses were all lit in the bazaar and the lamps lighted along the roads and night had almost settled down upon Darjeeling, high up in the skies would be seen a rosy flush: Kinchinjunga was still receiving the rays of the sun, long since set to us below." The mystique of the Himalayas—Indian and Tibetan alike know it—the home of the gods. And of another great peak at the Chumbi entrance to Tibet, "The sight of the serene and mighty Chumalhari, rising proudly above all the storms below and spotless in its purity, was a never-ending solace in our sordid winter post."

Younghusband goes on to describe the Tibetan who most impressed him. (The thirteenth Dalai Lama was not then in Lhasa.) "The Regent (Ti Rinpoche) had great charm. He was a benevolent, kindly, old gentleman who would not have hurt a fly if he could have avoided it—no one could help liking him . . . Before leaving on the following morning the Ti Rinpoche visited me and presented each of us with an image of Buddha. He had also visited General Macdonald and given him a similar image. He was full of kindness and at that moment more nearly approached Kipling's Lama in Kim than any other Tibetan I had met. We were given to understand that the presentation by so high a Lama to those who were not Buddhists of an image of Buddha was no ordinary compliment. And, as the reverend old Regent rose from his seat and put the present into my hand, he said with real impressiveness that he had none of the riches of this world and could only offer me this simple image. Whenever he looked upon an image of Buddha he thought only of peace and he hoped that whenever I looked on it I would think kindly of Tibet. I felt I was taking part in a religious service as the kindly old man spoke those words, and I was glad that political wranglings were over and we could part as friends man with man."



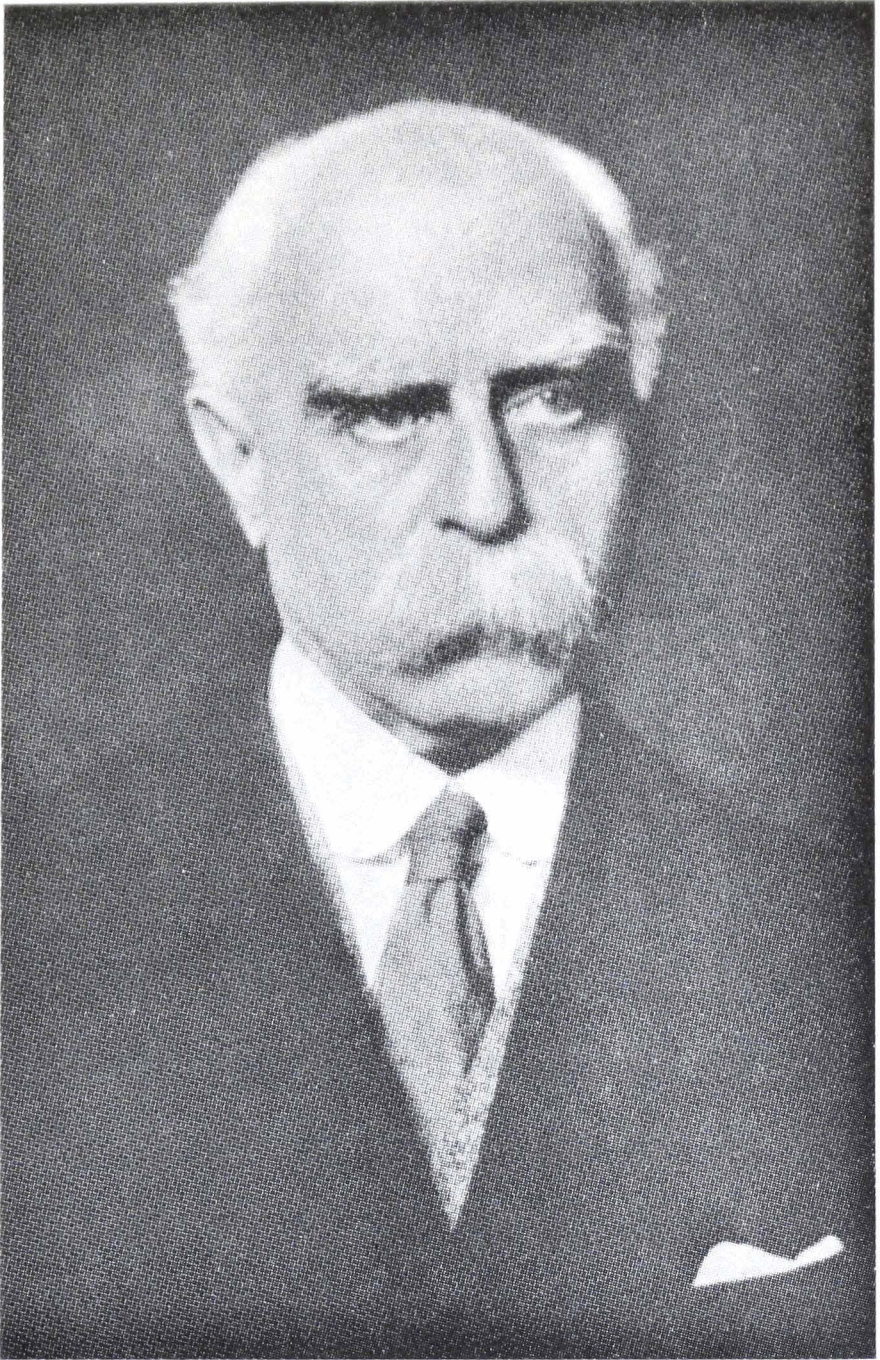
There are more ways to the light than one. Both Younghusband and Bell speak of the treatment of the wounded after battle. The Tibetans showed great gratitude for what we did, though they smiled and said "they thought it odd we should try to take their lives one day and try to save them the next". And Bell says: "The forbearance of the British in the hour of victory both in treating the wounded and in withdrawal after capture of Lhasa was what chiefly impressed the Tibetans and turned them from hostility to friendship. The behaviour of the troops left a very favourable impression. There was no desecration of monasteries, payment was always made for supplies. The Chinese were different



MR. BOGLE

The British expedition was amusingly compared to a frog, the Chinese to a scorpion. The frog is classed by Tibetans as one of the prouder animals from its habit of jumping and its haughty stare, but not fierce or vindictive like the scorpion. They used the proverb: "When one has seen a scorpion, one looks on the frog as divine." Those who have had to use force to restore order know that to him who likes the people almost anything will be forgiven. But he who acts from fear, or even worse from contempt, will earn no forgiveness. There is a moving passage of Younghusband's vision on the mountain-side: "(After the settlement) I went off alone to the mountain-side and gave myself up to all the emotions of this eventful time.





SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND



My task was over and every anxiety was past. The scenery was in sympathy with my feelings; the unclouded sky a heavenly blue, the mountains softly merging into violet; and as I looked towards that mysterious purple haze in which the sacred city was once more wrapped, I no longer had cause to dread the hatred it might hide. From it came only the echo of the Lama's word of peace. And with all the warmth still on me of that impressive farewell message, and bathed in the insinuating influence of the dreamy autumn evening, I was insensibly suffused with an almost intoxicating sensation of goodwill. This exhilaration of the moment grew and grew till it thrilled through me with overpowering intensity. Never again could I think evil, or ever again be at enmity with any man - all nature and all humanity were bathed in a glowing radiancy; and life for the future seemed nought but buoyancy and light. Such experiences are only too rare and they but too soon become blurred in the actualities of daily intercourse and practical existence. Yet it is these few fleeting moments which are reality. In these only we see real life. The rest is the ephemeral, the unsubstantial. And that single hour on leaving Lhasa was worth all the rest of a life time." So speaks the British colonial oppressor, my mother's friend—founder on his retirement of the Council of World Faiths. **CHARLES BELL.** Bell does not repeat the mystic intuitions of Younghusband; he is far more the typical Englishman of reserve. But what is important about him is that he won not only the friendship, but the complete trust, of the thirteenth Dalai Lama (who had fled to Urga in Mongolia during the Younghusband expedition). He was on the border of Tibet in Sikkim and Bhutan for some twenty years, and in 1920 on the urgent representations of the Dalai Lama he went to Lhasa and stayed there for a year. In 1933-34 he returned again after the Dalai Lama's death. And he went not as the Political Officer accompanying an expedition, but as the invited guest and established friend of the Dalai Lama and his government. This friendship had been contracted when the Lama was in India during his flight from the invasion of Chao Erh Feng in the 1908-11 period just before the fall of the Manchu Dynasty. This is what the Tibetans said, as quoted by Bell: "The Tibetans did not think the British could reach Lhasa. By showing they could fight their way there, by withdrawing and thus showing moderation in the hour of victory, but most of all, by treating the Dalai Lama, their former enemy, well when he fled to India five years later, and lastly by the help they subsequently gave to Tibet, the British have made a great and favourable impression on us Tibetans." "The whole of Tibet", wrote a leading Tibetan, "reverences the Dalai Lama beyond all earthly kings for he is a Divinity walking on the earth. All, therefore, were grateful beyond measure when the British government afforded protection and hospitality to His Holiness and to our Ministers, although we had fought with you in Tibet." So it is now with India and Mr. Nehru.

Bell has a long chapter on the character and attainments of the thirteenth Incarnation. There is not space here to include much of what he says—those who wish to pursue it may read it in his "Tibet, Past and Present." But this is worth recording: "He is fond of horses, dogs and animals generally, but especially of birds. And flowers are an abiding joy to him . . . . (These loves have passed to the present Incarnation), devoted to his own religion, he liked to find other people earnest in theirs. One of his many criticisms of the Chinese was directed against what he termed their materialism, their absence of religion. When I heard that he had described me to an acquaintance as a man of faith, I knew that my influence with him would be no less on that account . . . . of his courtesy and consideration I need say no more. From the vanity and bombast which

has infected many rulers, oriental and other, he is entirely free. Finally, I cannot fail to recognise his strength of character, as well as the courage and efficiency with which he combats the difficulties that attach to his unique position."

Here is a prophecy, taken from the thirteenth Dalai Lama's final testament. He was writing of Communism in Mongolia. "The present is the time of the five kinds of degeneration in all countries. In the worst class is the manner of working among the red people. They do not allow search to be made for new Incarnations. They have seized and taken away all the sacred objects from the monasteries. They have made monks to work as soldiers. They have broken religion so that not even the name of it remains. And they are still continuing. It may happen that here in the centre of Tibet the religious and the secular administrations will be similarly attacked from without and from within, and the holders of the Faith, the glorious Rebirths, will be broken down and left without a name. As regards the monasteries and the priesthood, their land and properties will be destroyed. The officers of State, ecclesiastical and lay, will find their lands seized and their other property confiscated, and they themselves made to serve their enemies or wander about the country as beggars do. All beings will be sunk in hardship and fear and the nights will drag on slowly in suffering." Alas! the prophecy has been fulfilled.

Any sketch of Bell's work would be incomplete without some notion of what the Tibetans, and particularly their ruler, thought of him. The Dalai Lama invited Bell to correspond regularly with him, as he was his friend, and this he did. When the Lama was leaving India in 1912 to return to Tibet he wrote to the Viceroy to praise what he termed "Bell's vast knowledge of Tibetan affairs—unfailing in his duties to his own government, he has been highly useful to me also, and has rendered me great assistance in the administration of Tibet". And when he heard Bell was going on leave he wrote: "If this is true, it will kill Tibet, as a man who is strangled". And here is what a friend said: "When a European is with us Tibetans I feel that he is a European and we are Tibetans—but when Lönchen Bell is with us, I feel that we are all Tibetans together."

In another place Bell gives us some insight into the mainspring of his policy of friendship. "The Chinese power in Tibet was great and steadily growing (this was in the 1908-11 period). We British officers on the spot could do little but work quietly and unfalteringly, to promote the goodwill of the Tibetans towards us. And this we did. O'Connor, Campbell, Bailey, Kennedy, Weir and Gould gave the Tibetans an idea of British justice, sympathy and geniality, and helped to establish more and more a good understanding between British and Tibetans." And of another Macdonald, "writing and speaking Tibetan as one of themselves, thinking along Tibetan lines, and endowed with a patient and kindly temperament, he never failed to gain the good will of Tibetans of all classes".

Could we have better precepts than these for the Tibet Society whom I now address? And in putting them into practice, let us remember that it was mainly Charles Bell who brought into being that deep liking which undoubtedly exists between Englishmen and Tibetans who have learned to know one another.

May I end this portrait of Bell by quoting what he said on parting from his most intimate Tibetan friend, Pa-lhe-se. The passage touches me closely, for I remember a similar scene of parting on a mountain road from my old friend, now dead, Nasir-ul-mulk of Chitral. This is what Bell wrote: "He walked with me down the road to Kalimpong, and in due course we parted sadly, near a bend in the road. After walking 50 or 60 yards farther, expecting him to have passed behind the bend, I looked back

to see how empty the place looked without him. But he was still there, sitting on a rock on the hillside, weeping bitterly."

**BASIL GOULD.** We have heard Gould mentioned as one of that chosen band who, under Bell's guidance and leadership, built the bridge of understanding between our two peoples. And here I am on more personal ground, for Basil Gould was a close friend of mine, much loved. Ten years my senior, he, too, in Tibetan phrase has passed to the heavenly fields. We had much in common—the whole gamut, Summerfields, Winchester, Oxford and the I.C.S.; he was a contemporary of Wavell's, both at Summerfields and Winchester—they were in College together. He has written a charming autobiography in his book "The Jewel in the Lotus", not only on Tibet, but possibly he felt most deeply the Tibetan part of his career.

Gould was a very large man, not heavily built but long and loose-limbed, about 6 feet 3 inches tall—rather resembling an African than an Indian elephant. There was something about him that was infinitely sagacious and dependable, like the elephant—even his nose—and like the elephant's his eye was always amused, observant and twinkling. We knew him and his first wife Lorraine very well—she died in Sibi in Baluchistan and was a very charming person. His connection with Tibet was first in the 1912-13 period under Bell, when the Dalai Lama was returning to his country after the ousting of Chinese forces; he was one of Bell's chelas, as we have seen. It was during that time that he witnessed the triumphant return of the thirteenth Dalai Lama to Lhasa after his time of refuge in India in flight from the Chinese, and he wrote: "Two and a half years before, in mid-winter (1909-10), he had reached the Indian Frontier by forced marches, a fugitive from the Chinese. Now the Incarnation of the God of Mercy, who was also the King and High Priest of Tibet, was returning to his own people. To do him reverence and honour Tibetan men and women, who had travelled from all directions, had cleared every stone from the route and stood by it burning incense . . . His manner and his voice were quiet and courteous. His interests seemed to include anything that was happening anywhere in the world. More than once, when I was taking tea as a guest in his tent, he said how greatly he appreciated the hospitality which had been extended to him in his years in India. Of Charles Bell he spoke as a brother."

How reminiscent is this of a later refuge taken in India and of hospitality again graciously granted! The Chinese tide has swept in more than once before and has been followed by an ebb; so it will be again. This is certainly the way the Tibetan patriot will view the present flood of Chinese conquest in his country. It is as it is with successive Dalai Lamas; just as the thirteenth of the line took refuge in India, so does the fourteenth, who incarnates all the former bodies, repeat the action in due time. For him, too, the devout will prophecy a triumphant return. This is a mystery, but it explains something of the Tibetan outlook on historical processes.

With the help of Hugh Richardson, Gould's chela in his turn, whom we know—Gould worked hard at Tibetan studies in an effort to make a difficult language more intelligible to himself and to others. Together they produced a series of booklets under the name of the O.U.P., entitled "Tibetan Word Book", "Tibetan Studies" and "Tibetan Sentences", thus amplifying work done earlier by Bell himself, who had compiled a Tibetan Grammar and Dictionary. As I told you, all these are more than Greek to me, who do not know a word of the language, but I give you the names and titles to encourage those still young enough to learn. Gould followed this by the issue of Language Records and "Tibetan Verbs" and "Medical



SIR CHARLES BELL





SIR BASIL GOULD





THE THIRTEENTH DALAI LAMA

Terms". It is amusing, and perhaps has an esoteric significance, that owing to the order of the letters in the Tibetan alphabet, the last syllable in the Word Book was OM, and the final phrase the mystic formula *Om mani padme hum*.

One of Gould's most delightful traits was his manner with and understanding of children, and generally of the young. I well remember the gathering of the sons and daughters of the Sikkim Ruler and of Raja Dorje of Bhutan in his beautiful home at Gangtok. He had a wonderful way with them and one and all they treated him as a well-loved parent, and as such mingled with his own two sons. And here we come to the most moving passage in his writings—what he described more than once to me as the most moving happening in his life. It was Gould's privilege to attend the inauguration of the present Dalai Lama, which took place in the Potala in February, 1940, when the child was four-and-a-half years of age. And this is what he wrote of an audience in the Norbhu Lingka (the summer palace) after the inauguration: "The hall in which the Dalai Lama grants audiences at the Norbhu Lingka is a simple room of moderate size, lighted from a central square shaft supported on painted pillars. The walls, dim behind the pillars, are covered with frescoes in oil paint . . . on entering the audience room it was seen that the Dalai Lama, a solid, solemn, but very wide-awake boy, red-cheeked and closely shorn, wrapped warm in the maroon-red robes of a monk and in outer coverings, was seated high on his simple throne, cross-legged in the attitude of Buddha. Below and around him were five abbots, looking like giants in comparison with the child. On the steps below the throne, to right and left, were pots of sprouting barley and of the pink primula, which seems always ready to find a new home. I soon realized the truth of the report that the child appears to recognize the associates of his predecessor. I noticed the steadiness of his gaze, the beauty of his hands, and the devotion and love of the abbots who attend him. All seemed to be aware that they were in the presence of a Presence." "Two small, cool, firm hands were laid steadily on my head . . . I sensed the atmosphere, and almost the music of 'Unto us a son is born and the government shall be upon his shoulders' . . . My thoughts travelled also to another Child, already God Incarnate when, lying in a manger, He was offered gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh." Indeed—"Heaven lies about us in our infancy". Gould finished his book—it was published posthumously in 1957—like this: "In the autumn of 1950 the Chinese Communist Government invaded Tibet. In midwinter the Dalai Lama, now nominally the head of the Tibetan Government, following the example set by his predecessor 40 years before, fled to the Chumbi valley . . . what the future may hold in store for Tibet and for the line of the Dalai Lamas it would be idle to guess . . . If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars." But all the fears have been realised—may hope rise again?

**CONCLUSION.** I am no Buddhist. But how provocative of thought is this whole story! We see events, and even impressions, repeating themselves. The Chinese conquests flow, then ebb again; the Dalai Lama, in different bodies, departs from Lhasa, returns, departs, returns, departs again. May he not once more return? We even find one Englishman, Manning, moved in the same way as another, Gould, by the sense of the Divine immanent in a child, and there is more than a century between the two experiences. The idea of incarnation in the individual is, as it were, repeated on the larger stage of history, in the successive waves of the Chinese dynasties which bore upon Tibet (the Communists are nothing but a new dynasty). We can even reflect, if we wish, that the succession of eminent and lovable Englishmen whose privilege it was to be liked and trusted by Tibetans, seems almost to bear out the spiritual notion of the Avatar—a succession of incarnations of a friendly diplomacy.

I make no apology for touching on religion when thinking of Tibet. I have seen it somewhere put into the mouth of a Tibetan, as demonstrating the width of Buddhist tolerance, that it is possible to travel by a variety of roads and arrive at the same destination. We, who are not Buddhists, if we have shared in the inspirations of the Indian Borderland, know that this is true. And surely we also believe in the Divine immanent in a human being, and we cast our minds back in the spirit of Wordsworth's *Intimations* :

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home . . . .

Strong in that belief, we can have faith that the ways of Providence are inscrutable and Tibet shall rise again.

I conclude with a passage from Bell's book "Portrait of the Dalai Lama". He is describing a visit to the great temple at Sam-ye in company with his friend Diwan Pa-lhe-se, in 1934, after the death of the thirteenth Incarnation. He writes: "Tibetans are fervent in prayer, for they believe whole-heartedly in its efficacy—I was with the Chief Abbot who was showing Pa-lhe-se and myself round the main temple which houses the great statue of the Buddha. Whispering to me, 'Diwan is in tears', the Abbot Prophet went to the altar and picked up a small jar of holy water. He took some himself, and poured some into my hands. Then he drew me behind the high altar to a small platform between it and the great Buddha. We stood alone together in this holy of holies, almost touching the knees of the great image towering above us. He stood praying silently for two or three minutes, with his hands raised, palm to palm, in front of his forehead. Then he turned to me and said 'Will you also pray according to the custom of your religion'? So for the welfare of Tibet we prayed, he in his religion, I in mine. And the priests stood below with bowed heads, silent, motionless."