

though the power of his voice had so far held them spellbound, it needed but a mischievous word to cause their suspicion to grow ominous and a thousand hands to stretch threateningly towards him.

Ruth's heart sank with fear; then she found herself gazing again in fascinated wonder; for the Wanderer had dropped from speech into placid meditation as naturally as if he had intentionally ceased speaking, and had translated himself by some occult power into a pleasant garden. Who and what was this singular being, in the dress of an Oriental beggar, with the eyes of Christian vision and the lips of Pagan delight? Who, indeed, that he should wait in smiling leisure while a heathen mob stretched murderous hands towards him?

The missionaries' horses were now pressed forward by the crowd against the steps leading to the temple gate, so that they were within a few feet of the Lamas. The Abbot of the Lamasary stepped out of the semicircle and commanded silence. He was greeted by a fresh uproar, through which a woman's shrill falsetto rose to articulation:

"Give us the red-haired devil! He will make fit carrion for the vultures!"

As if her words were some vile sorcery literally transforming men into birds of prey, a chorus of voices broke out in sharp croaking:

"To the vultures with him!"

The Abbot waved his arms impotently about as his