

Ruth remembered later that her husband had taken off his hat at sight of the man's face, while she felt her own heart throb with awe. It was no doubt the exalted look in the grey eyes, vague as those of a dreaming prophet, and the long reddish hair, falling unbound over the shoulders, which instantly suggested the Nazarene; these, and the delicate spiritual outline of forehead and chin. But as they drew closer through the crowd, Ruth saw something else which was a part of the wonder of the face—the mouth, with lips scarlet, full and exquisitely curved, as she could fancy the warm mouth of Krishna, beautiful incarnation of Vishnu, when he bent to kiss his darling Radha. The missionary's wife felt her senses thrilled by an incomprehensible emotion.

The appearance of the foreigners created a stir of animosity which reacted with ill effect on the speaker, for he paused at their approach, turning towards them with absent eyes and smiling lips; and at the moment some one in the crowd cried out:

"See! he has recognised his kindred. They are devils together."

The cry seemed to have a singular power, for malignant epithets began to burst from every throat, while a few hands snatched at the bridles of the foreigners' horses. The Wanderer had been pleading for entrance to this most ancient and esoteric of Peking temples; but the *Wen-li* in which he addressed the Lamas was alike incomprehensible to them and to the people; and al-