

your temple also and searching among your ancient books. Wherefore I have begged permission of these Fathers to open the gates, and if my words commend themselves to your spirits, I beg that your love also go with me in this, my seeking."

He ceased, and the people's love was indeed with him. Ruth reflected afterwards that he must have made this same speech many scores of times, but it was not the less artless for its repetition, nor a less certain *Open Sesame* to the closed gates of every temple in Asia; for the surliest Oriental will do homage to the mystery of a religious quest.

So from abuse and murderous intent, these strange children of the East turned to pious ejaculation, demanding garrulously of the priests to throw open the gates of the Temple of the Lamas, through whose sacred portals few strangers had ever entered. Some even threw *cash* at the Wanderer's feet to pay for further journeyings if the lost Epistle should not be found in their sanctuary; and all were full of invocation and blessing for this "Holy Sage," this "Seer," this "Searcher for Truth."

But as before, when he had done speaking, he lapsed into profound, though seemingly pleasant meditation; and as Ruth turned her horse's head to follow her husband, she saw that the Wanderer had to be touched on the shoulder by one of the Lamas before he perceived that the gates of the temple were open for him to enter.