

senses by surprise. And while he sang, the man's vagrant eyes grew luminous, intimate, and almost as articulate as were his lips. He mothered the people with his compelling glance; soothing, caressing, enfolding them until their hatred vanished and he had again gained a hearing. Then he ceased singing and began to speak to the people in the colloquial, though still with a quaint elegance, as if he were giving voice to an inward reverie.

"For many moons I was in meditation, stumbling in the dark lanes of my soul, when the torch of illumination on a sudden flamed in my hand and a voice said 'In a temple of Asia thou shalt find that which thou seekest. The concord of all religions and the harmony of the Masters was once made plain for the edification of the dwellers in Laodicea. Seek thou for it in the lost Epistle of Paul, the Perfect.' And when I heard this voice I saw a vision of the Feast of Love, whereat our Lord Buddha and our Lord Yesu and our Lord Krishna and the venerable Lao Tsze and Confucius and many other Masters of Life sat and mingled their wine. And their voices as they conversed together on the destiny of the world was like the sound of the waving of wheat on a summer's day.

"And now I have searched many years in far parts and near, going into all the temples on my way, and opening many books and learning ancient scripts, that I might not fail to know this letter if by chance it had been turned into some old tongue. And because so far my search has been vain, I meditated on going into