

ing strains—tunes mingled—a jumbling of melody—wild cries of “Hallelujah”—frenzy everywhere—a torrent of half-maddened people, and then—the King.

I saw him, a man in his early prime, standing in a common waggon, and I judged that it was one part of the creed of Pope Booth to teach Kings humility.

Around the Monarch, proud but sad, stood a ring of women—Hallelujah lasses—rattling their tambourines; plain creatures to be sure, and well chosen to keep the royal heart sound and strong. No man or woman did the Monarch reverence.

And so he went by—to do homage to the quickly-

grown great social, political, and religious power. Behind him, a torrent of people closing in upon the cortège as it passed. All went with it—the street was emptied, and I was left alone with my companion.

“Whither are they going?” I asked. “To St. Paul’s?”

“No—that is now the Chief Clothing Emporium for the Army,” he said. “The Pope holds his court in Olympia. It is the creed of the Army to despise the beautiful and encourage the hideous. Would you go thither?”

“Ay I readily,” I replied.

“Come, then,” he said, as he took my hand. “We must hasten if we would be in time.”



Around the monarch stood a ring of Hallelujah lasses.

CHAPTER II.

THE KING'S HUMILIATION.

IN a moment, as it seemed to me, I found myself in Olympia, a huge, plain building of iron and glass, endowed with space, but with little else to recommend it. From end to end it was crowded with the hosts I had seen in the street—an unlovely mass of hideously-clad women and red-jerseyed men.

At the upper end, upon a raised dais, sat a stout, thick-set man, wearing a scarlet robe, and a head-dress of the class I have seen in pictures of the Popes of Rome. Around him, at the back, stood an ill-formed semi-circle of officers of the Army—men and women jumbled together

without attempt at anything like harmonious arrangement.

Stretched above his head was a canopy, on which was emblazoned the motto of the Prophet Booth—

“Do as you are told, and don't arguify.”

Indeed, as I glanced around from an elevated position my companion had obtained for me—how I know not—I saw this motto everywhere.

In frames and hung upon the walls, written in chalk, painted in red upon the iron columns and girders. It was clear to me that this motto was esteemed of much importance by the Pope, and no pains were spared to fully im-

press it on the people.

A rattle of tambourines, and all rose but the Pope. He sat with twinkling eyes, and one hand resting on a velvet-covered pedestal before him.

I now observed that that hand was covered with a glove of golden thread, save for the thumb, which was bare, and extended so as to be easily seen.

Another flourish of tambourines, and enter the King—alone.

No court, no attendants behind—nothing to show that he was aught more than any other servant of his Holiness.

A dead silence fell upon the vast concourse. The King, with humbled mien, advanced to the pedestal and, bending down, kissed the bare thumb.

Then he sank upon one knee, and the Pope, rising, removed his glove and extended his arms as if to bless him. I could look upon the scene no more, and touching my companion on the arm, we hurried out.

“And it has come to this—in sixty years?” I said.

“Man is but man all the world over,” replied my companion. “Power is an intoxicating thing, and under its influence strange pranks are played. A heavy yoke is upon the people, but they will not bear it long. However, I must not speak of these things as yet. Whither go ye?”

“With you if I may,” I replied.

An uneasy look came into his eyes.