

## The Wanderer.

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The setting sun was changing all the Occident into a bright, luminous and golden mass beautiful to behold. The tender ground-creeper was closing its leaves, the lotus its petals, as evening was ushering in the night.

The place was in the southern part of India. All around grassy knolls, stretching far and wide, broke the evenness of the surface, while in the distance rose a lofty range of mountains, known as the Eastern Ghants. A railroad ran to the west of the mountains and many were the villages to be seen on the practically level plain. Countless cultivated fields gave evidence of the energy of the people. The quaint shanty-like watch-towers, added an excellent touch of beauty to the great brown, waving fields of ready-to-cut rice.

If one had at this particular time been standing or sitting on the "Great Rock" of Samya, as it was called, unto which sloped the higher masses, one might have seen wagons and men laden with burdens going as fast as possible to reach the nearest village before dark. But there was one person on that highway whom the comprehensive eye could not have failed to overlook. He was a young man, to all appearances, he carried no burden, he did not seem to notice the approach of sundown and so he was not walking very fast. He was bearing a burden in his heart which he could not well shake off.

On a closer examination, one might have seen that he was a Brahmin and so was equally well dressed to fit his rank of society. He wore no more than the ordinary Brahmin, but he was dressed with more taste. His shoes and his feet were very dusty, an ample evidence that he had walked a long way. He looked tired and weary, but nevertheless his sturdy and manlike form portrayed very little elements of weakness.

He was wandering along thus when he heard the barking of the dogs from the next village, and putting a hopeful expression on his face he hastened his steps forward. Thither he arrived in good time. As usual, at sundown, when the workers come in there was quite a crowd at the head of the village, some chatting and gossiping, some playing games, while to add a touch of life to the meeting