

quietly this: "You mean 'probably.'" So it was that all simple, basic ideas about God had been obscured by the good Swede's zeal to superpose Christ and St. John upon a still vivid background of early Mussulman teaching. Far from the full stature of the ideal convert was Achbar, yet he seemed to be the most complete accomplishment resulting from years of devout work by the Swedish mission. One other, indeed, an humble Chinaman, was thought to be nearly ready to adopt definitely the Christian title, his inner consciousness being left to negotiate a compromise like unto that which has already admirably conjoined Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism into a vague triple control of Chinese morals.

Lassoo, the Ladaki, was, for our purposes, almost pure gold. The ways of the sahibs were known to him as familiarly as his money-pocket, for he had served in the household of Colonel Miles's predecessor, who had regretfully dismissed him as discipline for some wrong done to one of his Kashgar wives. So it was, I remember, with my caravan in Africa—the cleverest native of the lot left Adis Ababa under some marital cloud, which should roll away as we wandered far; while he courted Danger's face, time might heal the bruised, too numerous tendrils of his unbroken heart. Must it be ever thus? Must the sprightly and inventive mind be found only in the shifting lover? To us Lassoo was faithful. Whether his fidelity ran to the person or to the rupee of the Christian dog, his employer, I know not; but he was steadfast and intelligent in moments of great trial.