

population of unbelievers. The Christian official will brother to the Mohammedan or Buddhist more firmly than to his fellow-servant in Christ if so be that worldly profit cometh from the heathen.

Now if humanity be wider and more vital than dogma, this subordination of creed to life may be accounted as progress. Whether it be so rated or not, it is undoubtedly pleasant to put behind one the dividing creeds of Christianity and Mohammedanism, and ride forth merrily as we did, cheek by jowl; Indian moonshee, good Mussulman; Chinese moonshee, good Confucian; Cossack captain, good Orthodox; Miles, good Anglican; Father Hendricks and Anginieur, good Catholics; Mr. —— (the Swede), good Lutheran; and myself, good American. And our parting was the parting of men who liked each other—of mutually helpful beings thrown together, thrown apart, by the Power which made your eyes brown or blue and your faith whatever it may be.

Of this fraternal cavalcade all turned back after a five-mile gallop save the two Catholics and the American. Father Hendricks had agreed to travel with us as far as Khotan—a most fortunate happening. Achbar was thus coached for two weeks before it became necessary to put him into play; mandarins, merchants, and horse-dealers were met in a variety of tongues; our evening meal was spiced with a *potpourri* of mechanics, philosophy, theology, history, philology, the germs of which were drawn from Father Hendricks's Latin notes. Anginieur and I were unable to assimilate much of the classic original, being far from our *Arma virumque*