

the railway, then pell-mell in the crowded carriages of slow trains, to Bombay or to Karachi. Thence, as steerage passengers, a weary, suffocating voyage to Jeddah; then the short, dusty, teeming, glorious march to Mecca, the body begrimed and worn, the soul enraptured. And if disease and death be met on the way, they are seen to have angelic smiling faces—they are the welcome guides to Paradise. Of *true* truth in all this, nothing I suppose; but of dream truth, of life-supporting, joy-making, faith-begotten, heart-believed truth, a great deal. The Mohammedan Hadji *really believes* in immortality and makes light of things mundane, as you and I would do if the creed of after-life were fixed in our minds as is the creed of next winter's cold weather.