

the serene presence of the Buddha, where he stood, carved in the living rock, as if the impersonated Earth should to her toiling children say: "Peace—let the dewdrop to the ocean fall."

Just a moment's meditation, then we cantered on, out of Lamaism, and slept in another world, a pukka Mohammedan village. Pilgrims are met in the fine feathers of new preparation; they have but yesterday bade good-bye to homes which shall not see them until they return, glad and crowned with the green turban of the Hadji. A dozen of them were sheltered one night by the same roof under which we had found place for our bedding. When the waking hour had come, I lay awhile amazed, sorrowful, hearing from the neighbouring sleeping-rooms such groans and cries as we give to our dearest dead. Alas! has misfortune already joined their caravan? Has Death so soon struck at those who go gladly to meet him, but who would first win the Prophet's smile? Perhaps I may serve them in their sudden distress, perhaps the loved one is not yet dead, and even that minimum of European medical science which is mine may happily win in the struggle with disease. Achbar, lethargic with cold and sleep, is called—sympathetic messages are carefully set forth. Unmoved by the wailing, he slowly answers, "That is prayer." Yes, but we must try to help. "They cry for Ali."

Ah! now my heart is relieved. He whom they mourn died thirteen centuries ago. His name was Ali, and he was Mohammed's nephew. Many people thought him a sort of prophet on his own account and that he should reign as Caliph. Others