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【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】  
世界儿童文学名著精选  
——献给孩子们的系列故事



诺贝尔文学奖获得者的经典著作  
世界儿童文学宝库中的不朽经典  
人与动物的心灵交流

# 基 姆

[英] 吉卜林 著  
王沫涵 等 编译

清华大学出版社



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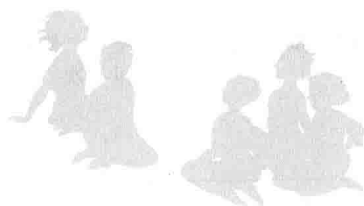


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*K i m*

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〔英〕吉卜林 著  
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清华大学出版社  
北 京

## 内 容 简 介

《基姆》是世界文学宝库中的不朽经典，是英国著名作家、诺贝尔文学奖获得者吉卜林的重要代表作之一。主人公基姆是大英帝国驻东方殖民地印度的一个爱尔兰团士兵的遗孤，他自幼流浪在拉合尔街头，被街坊称为“世界之友”。一天，他意外地结识了一名来自中国西藏的老喇嘛，并且莫名其妙地成了喇嘛的徒弟。喇嘛为了寻找一条能洗涤人生罪过的“圣河”，来到了拉合尔。他们由此结伴而行，在广阔无边的印度开始了冒险旅行。途中，基姆被英驻印军情报人员利用，并成为一名出色的间谍……最后，师徒二人终于找到了“圣河”。故事跌宕起伏，且具有浓郁的印度风情。一个世纪以来，该书被翻译成几十种文字，在世界上广为流传。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量经典插图。

本书配有纯正的英文朗读，供读者免费学习使用。

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罗德里德·吉卜林（Rudyard Kipling, 1865—1936），英国著名作家，诺贝尔文学奖获得者。

1865年12月31日，吉卜林出生在印度孟买。他的父亲当时在孟买艺术学校担任建筑雕塑学教授。吉卜林在印度度过了美好的幼年时光，1871年他和妹妹一起被送回英国寄养。吉卜林中学毕业以后，离开英国，回到印度，并开始文学创作。

1884年9月，吉卜林发表了他的首部短篇小说《百愁门》。1888年，出版了《山中的平凡故事》《三个士兵》《加兹比一家的故事》等七部引人注目的短篇小说集。吉卜林一生创作十分丰富，有长篇小说、短篇小说、诗歌、游记、儿童文学、随笔、回忆录等等。其中，儿童文学作品的成就最为突出，例如，《丛林之书》《丛林之书二集》《献给孩子们的故事》《正是如此故事集》《勇敢的船长》《基姆》《普克山的帕克》《奖赏和仙人》等，都是享誉世界的儿童文学作品。

在吉卜林所有的作品中，《基姆》是其最卓越的代表作之一。这是一部以印度为题材的作品，历时数年才得以完成，被评论界公认为是吉卜林最出色的儿童文学类长篇小说。美国著名作家海尔博士评论说：“1902年文学上最重要的两大贡献是吉卜林的《基姆》和海伦·凯勒的《我的生活》。”该书自出版以来便受到各国青少年读者的热烈欢迎，已成为世界青少年文学的不朽经典。在中国，《基姆》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。作为世界文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《基姆》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读部分，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经



典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王沫涵编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有王勋、纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 第一章

## Chapter 1

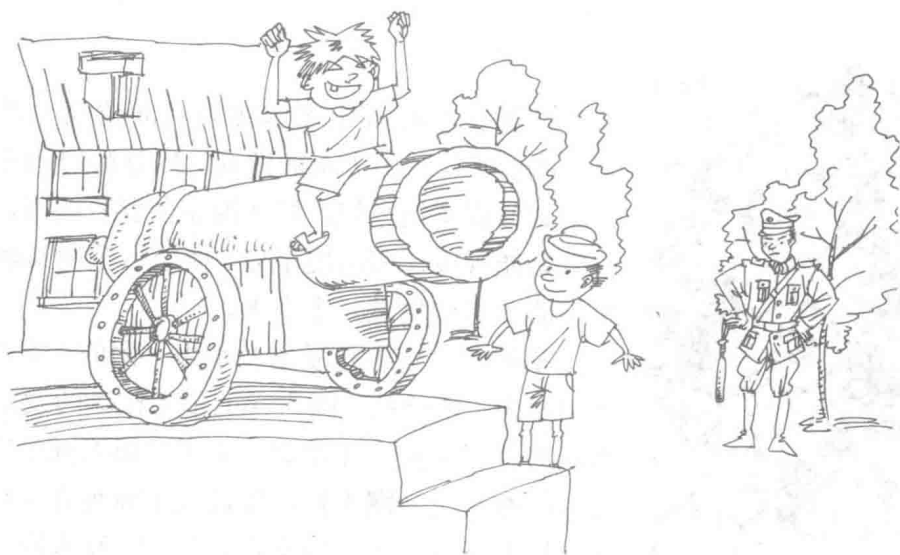


基姆正在拉合尔老博物馆对面的喷火龙大炮上，和小伙伴玩山大王的游戏。尽管政府明令禁止攀爬这尊青黄铜大炮，但基姆完全置若罔闻，因为政府只能管束那些印度小鬼，而他尽管浑身晒得黑乎乎的，却依然是一个白人。

基姆的父亲曾是爱尔兰小牛军团的一名旗手，名叫基姆·欧哈拉，因为爱上了上校家的爱尔兰女佣而离开了军队。在基姆三岁时，母亲死于霍乱，可怜的欧哈拉一蹶不振，没过几年就死在了印度。他只给儿子留下了三份文件，再三叮嘱基姆要随身携带，因为它们具有强大的法力。父亲还说，一切都会好起来的，世界上最精锐的部队的上校会骑着骏马，前来迎接基姆；而那些把绿地红牛奉为神灵的九百个优秀壮士，如果没有忘记他们的伙伴欧哈拉，也一定会向基姆伸出援助之手。

基姆在这儿小有名气，有“世界之友”之称。因为年纪小又不惹人注意，所以常常被一些年轻人指派办事。基姆清楚那些不可告人的秘密，但他喜欢这种紧张刺激的生活，他常常在漆黑的小巷和沟渠里穿行着，借着夜色掩护如猫一般从一个房顶窜向另一个。

这天基姆正骑在大炮上哇哇大叫时，突然看到大街上走来一个他从来没见过的人：那人个子很高，像是披着一条脏兮兮的毯子，脖子上挂着一串木头念珠，脸色黄黄的布满皱纹。他走到了博物馆的警卫面前搭话，但警卫完全听不懂，只好向基姆求援：“嗨，世界之友，你来听听他在说什么。”



基姆骑在大炮上



基姆满不在乎地跳下来，问他是从哪儿来的。老人回答说，他是从西藏来的喇嘛，希望来印度寻找一条神奇的箭河，人能够在这条河里洗去罪孽，脱离轮回之苦。

这个奇怪的喇嘛和他嘴里的箭河，激起了基姆的强烈的好奇心，他忍不住问：“我可以和你一起去找寻吗？”

“天哪，你是上天派来的吗？”喇嘛惊讶地说，“那我们现在立刻出发吧！”

“晚上并不是出发的好时机，会遇上盗贼的，还是等到天亮吧，”基姆老练地说，“跟我上克什米尔招待所去吧。”

基姆在招待所遇上了马贩子马哈布·阿里，这个身材魁梧的阿富汗人已经和基姆打了三年交道，常常让基姆去盯一个人的行踪，然后一一汇报给他。不过谁也不知道马哈布在印度测量部的秘密名册上还有个代号：C25 IB。

马哈布对基姆说：“你替我捎个口信去乌姆巴拉，告诉那儿的军官说白雄马的血统已经完全确定，马哈布·阿里已经把证据给了你。”说完他就把一块油饼丢过去，压低声音说：“你和喇嘛到马夫那儿过夜。”

基姆咬着油饼，敏捷地跑开了。果然不出所料，油饼里有一个油布包着的小纸卷，还有三枚银卢比，基姆开开心心地回到马哈布的宿营地，躺在喇嘛身边睡了下来。

但在他睡觉时，却发现头顶的板墙上破了个洞，从那儿正好可以看到马哈布的房间。小家伙亲眼目睹有两个人将每个盒子和箱包都搜了一遍，还用锋利的刀尖剔开了马哈布拖鞋底的缝线，看样子绝不是一般的毛贼。基姆按了按藏在胸前护身符袋子里的小纸卷，自言自语道：“这东西还是早点送往乌姆巴拉为妙。”

于是，他唤醒了师傅，天还没亮就走出了招待所。

*O*ye who tread the Narrow Way

By Tophet-flare to judgment Day,

Be gentle when 'the heathen' pray

To Buddha at Kamakura!

—Buddha at Kamakura.

He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam Zammah on



her brick platform opposite the old Ajaib-Gher — the Wonder House, as the natives call the Lahore Museum. Who hold Zam-Zammah, that 'fire-breathing dragon', hold the Punjab, for the great green-bronze piece is always first of the conqueror's loot.

There was some justification for Kim — he had kicked Lala Dinanath's boy off the trunnions — since the English held the Punjab and Kim was English. Though he was burned black as any native; though he spoke the vernacular by preference, and his mother-tongue in a clipped uncertain sing-song; though he consorted on terms of perfect equality with the small boys of the bazar; Kim was white — a poor white of the very poorest. The half-caste woman who looked after him (she smoked opium, and pretended to keep a second-hand furniture shop by the square where the cheap cabs wait) told the missionaries that she was Kim's mother's sister; but his mother had been nursemaid in a Colonel's family and had married Kimball O'Hara, a young colour-sergeant of the Mavericks, an Irish regiment. He afterwards took a post on the Sind, Punjab, and Delhi Railway, and his Regiment went home without him. The wife died of cholera in Ferozepore, and O'Hara fell to drink and loafing up and down the line with the keen-eyed three-year-old baby. Societies and chaplains, anxious for the child, tried to catch him, but O'Hara drifted away, till he came across the woman who took opium and learned the taste from her, and died as poor whites die in India. His estate at death consisted of three papers — one he called his 'ne varietur' because those words were written below his signature thereon, and another his 'clearance-certificate'. The third was Kim's birth-certificate. Those things, he was used to say, in his glorious opium-hours, would yet make little Kimball a man. On no account was Kim to part with them, for they belonged to a great piece of magic — such magic as men practised over yonder behind the Museum, in the big blue-and-white Jadoo-Gher — the Magic House, as we name the Masonic Lodge. It would, he said, all come right some day, and Kim's horn would be exalted between pillars — monstrous pillars — of beauty and strength. The Colonel himself, riding on a horse, at the head of the finest Regiment in the world, would attend to Kim — little Kim that should have been better off than his father. Nine hundred first-class devils, whose God was a Red Bull on a

green field, would attend to Kim, if they had not forgotten O'Hara — poor O'Hara that was gang-foreman on the Ferozepore line. Then he would weep bitterly in the broken rush chair on the veranda. So it came about after his death that the woman sewed parchment, paper, and birth-certificate into a leather amulet-case which she strung round Kim's neck.

'And some day,' she said, confusedly remembering O'Hara's prophecies, 'there will come for you a great Red Bull on a green field, and the Colonel riding on his tall horse, yes, and' dropping into English — 'nine hundred devils.'

'Ah,' said Kim, 'I shall remember. A Red Bull and a Colonel on a horse will come, but first, my father said, will come the two men making ready the ground for these matters. That is how my father said they always did; and it is always so when men work magic.'

If the woman had sent Kim up to the local Jadoo-Gher with those papers, he would, of course, have been taken over by the Provincial Lodge, and sent to the Masonic Orphanage in the Hills; but what she had heard of magic she distrusted. Kim, too, held views of his own. As he reached the years of indiscretion, he learned to avoid missionaries and white men of serious aspect who asked who he was, and what he did. For Kim did nothing with an immense success. True, he knew the wonderful walled city of Lahore from the Delhi Gate to the outer Fort Ditch; was hand in glove with men who led lives stranger than anything Haroun al Raschid dreamed of; and he lived in a life wild as that of the Arabian Nights, but missionaries and secretaries of charitable societies could not see the beauty of it. His nickname through the wards was 'Little Friend of all the World'; and very often, being lithe and inconspicuous, he executed commissions by night on the crowded housetops for sleek and shiny young men of fashion. It was intrigue, — of course he knew that much, as he had known all evil since he could speak, — but what he loved was the game for its own sake — the stealthy prowling through the dark gullies and lanes, the crawl up a waterpipe, the sights and sounds of the women's world on the flat roofs, and the headlong flight from housetop to housetop under cover of the hot dark. Then there were holy men, ash-smearing fakirs by their brick shrines under the trees at the riverside, with whom he was quite familiar — greeting them as they

returned from begging-tours, and, when no one was by, eating from the same dish. The woman who looked after him insisted with tears that he should wear European clothes — trousers, a shirt and a battered hat. Kim found it easier to slip into Hindu or Mohammedan garb when engaged on certain businesses. One of the young men of fashion — he who was found dead at the bottom of a well on the night of the earthquake — had once given him a complete suit of Hindu kit, the costume of a lowcaste street boy, and Kim stored it in a secret place under some baulks in Nila Ram's timber-yard, beyond the Punjab High Court, where the fragrant deodar logs lie seasoning after they have driven down the Ravi. When there was business or frolic afoot, Kim would use his properties, returning at dawn to the veranda, all tired out from shouting at the heels of a marriage procession, or yelling at a Hindu festival. Sometimes there was food in the house, more often there was not, and then Kim went out again to eat with his native friends.

As he drummed his heels against Zam-Zammah he turned now and again from his king-of-the-castle game with little Chota Lal and Abdullah the sweetmeat-seller's son, to make a rude remark to the native policeman on guard over rows of shoes at the Museum door. The big Punjabi grinned tolerantly: he knew Kim of old. So did the water-carrier, sluicing water on the dry road from his goat-skin bag. So did Jawahir Singh, the Museum carpenter, bent over new packing-cases. So did everybody in sight except the peasants from the country, hurrying up to the Wonder House to view the things that men made in their own province and elsewhere. The Museum was given up to Indian arts and manufactures, and anybody who sought wisdom could ask the Curator to explain.

'Off! Off! Let me up!' cried Abdullah, climbing up Zam-Zammah's wheel.

'Thy father was a pastry-cook, Thy mother stole the ghi' sang Kim. 'All Mussalmans fell off Zam-Zammah long ago!'

'Let me up!' shrilled little Chota Lal in his gilt-embroidered cap. His father was worth perhaps half a million sterling, but India is the only democratic land in the world.

'The Hindus fell off Zam-Zammah too. The Mussalmans pushed them off.

Thy father was a pastry-cook —'

He stopped; for there shuffled round the corner, from the roaring Motee Bazar, such a man as Kim, who thought he knew all castes, had never seen. He was nearly six feet high, dressed in fold upon fold of dingy stuff like horse-blanketing, and not one fold of it could Kim refer to any known trade or profession. At his belt hung a long open-work iron pencase and a wooden rosary such as holy men wear. On his head was a gigantic sort of tam-o'-shanter. His face was yellow and wrinkled, like that of Fook Shing, the Chinese bootmaker in the bazar. His eyes turned up at the corners and looked like little slits of onyx.

'Who is that?' said Kim to his companions.

'Perhaps it is a man,' said Abdullah, finger in mouth, staring.

'Without doubt,' returned Kim; 'but he is no man of India that I have ever seen.'

'A priest, perhaps,' said Chota Lal, spying the rosary. 'See! He goes into the Wonder House!'

'Nay, nay,' said the policeman, shaking his head. 'I do not understand your talk.' The constable spoke Punjabi. 'O Friend of all the World, what does he say?'

'Send him hither,' said Kim, dropping from Zam-Zammah, flourishing his bare heels. 'He is a foreigner, and thou art a buffalo.'

The man turned helplessly and drifted towards the boys. He was old, and his woollen gaberdine still reeked of the stinking artemisia of the mountain passes.

'O Children, what is that big house?' he said in very fair Urdu.

'The Ajaib-Gher, the Wonder House!'. Kim gave him no title — such as Lala or Mian. He could not divine the man's creed.

'Ah! The Wonder House! Can any enter?'

'It is written above the door — all can enter.'

'Without payment?'

'I go in and out. I am no banker,' laughed Kim.

'Alas! I am an old man. I did not know.' Then, fingering his rosary, he half turned to the Museum.



见到了西藏来的喇嘛

‘What is your caste? Where is your house? Have you come far?’ Kim asked.

‘I came by Kulu — from beyond the Kailas — but what know you? From the Hills where’ — he sighed — ‘the air and water are fresh and cool.’

‘Aha! Khitai [a Chinaman],’ said Abdullah proudly. Fook Shing had once chased him out of his shop for spitting at the joss above the boots.

‘Pahari [a hillman],’ said little Chota Lal.

‘Aye, child — a hillman from hills thou’lt never see. Didst hear of Bhotiyal [Tibet]? I am no Khitai, but a Bhotiya [Tibetan], since you must know — a lama — or, say, a guru in your tongue.’

‘A guru from Tibet,’ said Kim. ‘I have not seen such a man. They be Hindus in Tibet, then?’

‘We be followers of the Middle Way, living in peace in our lamasseries, and I go to see the Four Holy Places before I die. Now do you, who are children, know as much as I do who am old.’ He smiled benignantly on the boys.

‘Hast thou eaten?’

He fumbled in his bosom and drew forth a worn, wooden begging-bowl. The boys nodded. All priests of their acquaintance begged.

‘I do not wish to eat yet.’ He turned his head like an old tortoise in the sunlight. ‘Is it true that there are many images in the Wonder House of Lahore?’ He repeated the last words as one making sure of an address.

‘That is true,’ said Abdullah. ‘It is full of heathen busts. Thou also art an idolater.’

‘Never mind him,’ said Kim. ‘That is the Government’s house and there is no idolatry in it, but only a Sahib with a white beard. Come with me and I will show.’

‘Strange priests eat boys,’ whispered Chota Lal.

‘And he is a stranger and a but-parast [idolater],’ said Abdullah, the Mohammedan.

Kim laughed. ‘He is new. Run to your mothers’ laps, and be safe. Come!’

Kim clicked round the self-registering turnstile; the old man followed and halted amazed. In the entrance-hall stood the larger figures of the





Greco-Buddhist sculptures done, savants know how long since, by forgotten workmen whose hands were feeling, and not unskilfully, for the mysteriously transmitted Grecian touch. There were hundreds of pieces, friezes of figures in relief, fragments of statues and slabs crowded with figures that had encrusted the brick walls of the Buddhist stupas and viharas of the North Country and now, dug up and labelled, made the pride of the Museum. In open-mouthed wonder the lama turned to this and that, and finally checked in rapt attention before a large alto-relief representing a coronation or apotheosis of the Lord Buddha. The Master was represented seated on a lotus the petals of which were so deeply undercut as to show almost detached. Round Him was an adoring hierarchy of kings, elders, and old-time Buddhas. Below were lotus-covered waters with fishes and water-birds. Two butterfly-winged devas held a wreath over His head; above them another pair supported an umbrella surmounted by the jewelled headdress of the Bodhisat.

‘The Lord! The Lord! It is Sakya Muni himself,’ the lama half sobbed; and under his breath began the wonderful Buddhist invocation:

To Him the Way, the Law, apart,  
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,  
Ananda’s Lord, the Bodhisat.

‘And He is here! The Most Excellent Law is here also. My pilgrimage is well begun. And what work! What work!’

‘Yonder is the Sahib,’ said Kim, and dodged sideways among the cases of the arts and manufacturers wing. A white-bearded Englishman was looking at the lama, who gravely turned and saluted him and after some fumbling drew forth a note-book and a scrap of paper.

‘Yes, that is my name,’ smiling at the clumsy, childish print.

‘One of us who had made pilgrimage to the Holy Places — he is now Abbot of the Lung-Cho Monastery — gave it me,’ stammered the lama. ‘He spoke of these.’ His lean hand moved tremulously round.

‘Welcome, then, O lama from Tibet. Here be the images, and I am here’ — he glanced at the lama’s face — ‘to gather knowledge. Come to my office awhile.’ The old man was trembling with excitement.

The office was but a little wooden cubicle partitioned off from the

sculpture-lined gallery. Kim laid himself down, his ear against a crack in the heat-split cedar door, and, following his instinct, stretched out to listen and watch.

Most of the talk was altogether above his head. The lama, haltingly at first, spoke to the Curator of his own lamassery, the Such-zen, opposite the Painted Rocks, four months' march away. The Curator brought out a huge book of photos and showed him that very place, perched on its crag, overlooking the gigantic valley of many-hued strata.

'Ay, ay!' The lama mounted a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles of Chinese work. 'Here is the little door through which we bring wood before winter. And thou — the English know of these things? He who is now Abbot of Lung-Cho told me, but I did not believe. The Lord — the Excellent One — He has honour here too? And His life is known?'

'It is all carven upon the stones. Come and see, if thou art rested.'

Out shuffled the lama to the main hall, and, the Curator beside him, went through the collection with the reverence of a devotee and the appreciative instinct of a craftsman.

Incident by incident in the beautiful story he identified on the blurred stone, puzzled here and there by the unfamiliar Greek convention, but delighted as a child at each new trove. Where the sequence failed, as in the Annunciation, the Curator supplied it from his mound of books — French and German, with photographs and reproductions.

Here was the devout Asita, the pendant of Simeon in the Christian story, holding the Holy Child on his knee while mother and father listened; and here were incidents in the legend of the cousin Devadatta. Here was the wicked woman who accused the Master of impurity, all confounded; here was the teaching in the Deer-park; the miracle that stunned the fire-worshippers; here was the Bodhisat in royal state as a prince; the miraculous birth; the death at Kusinagara, where the weak disciple fainted; while there were almost countless repetitions of the meditation under the Bodhi tree; and the adoration of the alms-bowl was everywhere. In a few minutes the Curator saw that his guest was no mere bead-telling mendicant, but a scholar of parts. And they went at it all over again, the lama taking snuff, wiping his spectacles, and talking at