

lairs; and for many a mile they walked along the narrow paths trodden by their pads, but saw no sign of the pathmakers. On the heights, as they stood to survey the endless vistas of the desert hills, or as they gazed down upon the narrow valley that is Egypt, with its thin belt of verdure on either side of the winding, snake-like Nile, the north wind blew strong and cool about them, seeming, as it were, to sweep from their eyes the remembrance of all unkind events and to brush from their lips the memory of all unhappy words. And down in the echoing valleys the burning sun beat through the quivering air upon them as though it would scorch from their bodies the recollection of every sorrow they had ever known.

In the evenings, as the light faded and the stars began to glitter in the vast heavens, they would wander through the great, deserted courts of the temples at the foot of the cliffs, or seat themselves in profound silence in the pillared halls, where the infrequent cry of an owl served but to increase the stillness of the dusk. Here they seemed to see with inward eye the pageant of the ages pass before them; and in that splendid company they seemed to behold themselves marching triumphantly along, at one with all the loves of the past and in step with all the joy of the future. In these mysterious and luminous moments before the darkness of the night had fallen, they were conscious of the eternal movement of the years, and they saw how the conglomerate soul of mankind went forward, irresistibly, endlessly, towards its goal, each passing age captained and led, under its distinctive banners, by those who in life had dared all for the advancement of the unconquerable love and idealism of humanity.

On the morning of the day on which they were to leave their uncle's house and take up their residence at the bungalow which had been built for them at