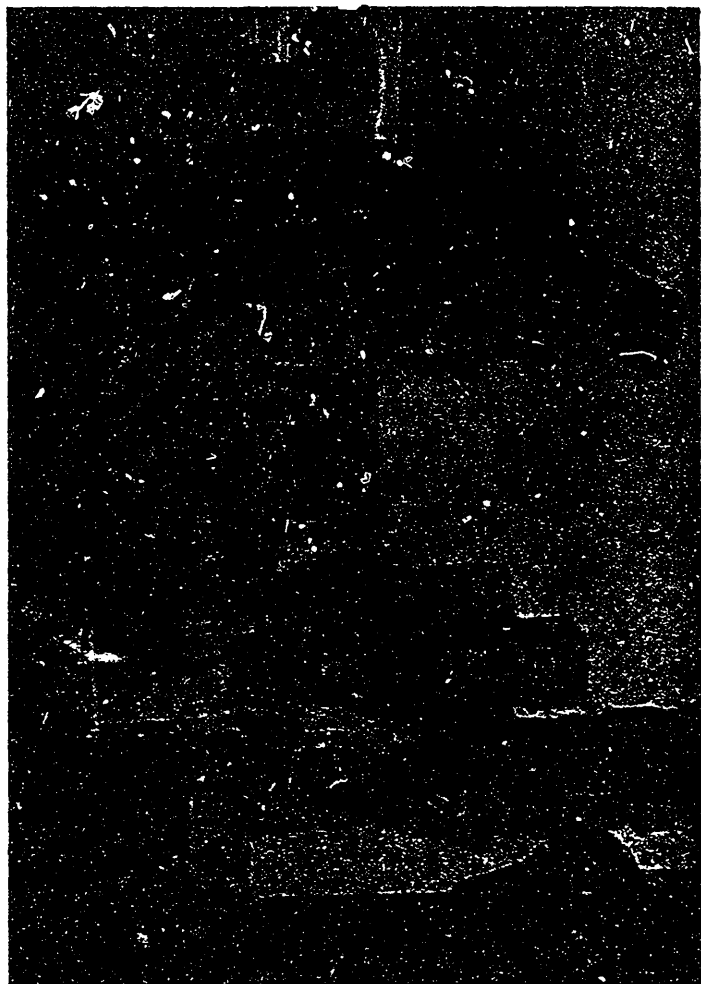


of the dead, buried, and well-nigh forgotten worship of Isis and Horus, and Osiris.

Our tourist party had lunch in the great court beneath the lotus-crowned columns from which the mild face of the goddess

COLONNADE OF TEMPLE AT PHILÆ.



Hathor looked down with benign smile, as it had looked down on successive generations for two thousand years. Above glowed the deep blue sky, below the walls flowed the rapid Nile, around lay the rocky hills, and beyond stretched the melancholy waste of the Nubian desert. Where once the white-robed procession and stately pageant of priests and worshippers swept through