

men. Mr. Hogarth, already known as an explorer, and who is this season working in Asia Minor, Mr. Newberry, the architect, and Mr. Carter, the artist. These were all working under the auspices of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, that has already done such good work, that is such a monument to Miss Edward's energy and perseverance.

It was Mr. Newberry whose guest we were and who received us at the door of the house, and let us up the slope to the temple that the great Hatasu cut out in the white mountain side. What an original and beautiful thing it must have been—those great white terraces and colonades curving up the mountain with the avenues of sphinxes reaching out towards the river to face the one that across the stream lead to mighty Karnak.

We had seen before, the park open to the public—the daintily tinted frescoes that tell the tale of the great queen's expedition to the land of Punt. Frescoes that are here disfigured not by Christian or Persian zeal, but by that objectionable habit of this emphasizing family quarrels. We had seen these, but it was a different matter to have the whole plan of the building and of future excavation work explained to one. To see the scattered stones of the unique altar and upper terrace which his work was then to rebuild, and to be shewn their unique find of Christian mummies—mummies with all the "points" which should mark a connoisseur's mummy of an inferior description, but still singular and interesting from the mixture of Christian and Egyptian symbolism. Anubis, the Egyptian god, painted above the knees, while painted hands grasped the Christian chalice and wafer. But the true Egyptologist holds the early Christian in abhorrence. Lunch was merry over camp fare in the bare little room that served the party as pantry, study, dining-room, etc. On shelves round the wall were plans and drawings, pots of jam, and crockery, and novels. But when lunch was over and our friend produced two large tin biscuit boxes, and revealed their contents as shining, glorious blue and green scarabs and beads, what envy shone in feminine eyes. Here was a chessman, here a child's ball, a bit of a broken necklace or network. Here were scarabs, royal, priestly, of all dynasties and periods. Oh, to plunge one's hands into that shining heap and smuggle the contents into one's pocket.

Most of these treasures were destined for the museums that subscribe to the fund. It was amusing to hear some tales of the difficulty in keeping the workers from appropriating these finds, and there is no doubt that a certain proportion always find their way to the Luxor "anteekah" shops.

To-day, instead of the humming life of a hundred or more workers, there was the most Sabbath of calm over everything. Workers and all were away at the Luxor fantasia.

What a day that was! What a ride back in the cool just before sunset! But I am speaking of Luxor without coming to the crown of all Luxor memories—the hours spent at Karnak. What memories those Karnak ones are! Memories of afternoons when, after a long ride over the Luxor plain to Medamet, or the Coptic convent on the desert edge, we all met at the foot of Hatasu's obelisk, and its granite platform we spread the tea-things, and boiled the spirit lamp. Memories of rides around its outlying pylons and gates—memories of sunset watched from the height of the great pylon—of, best of all, one such watch that I kept solitary from the roof of the great hall, and then when the others joined me, we abjured the prospect of dinner, and waited to see the full moon shew through the pillars of the hall of columns—grandest work of man's creation since time began.

How attempt to describe Karnak. The pen and the thought of Ruskin might do so. Who else could? It takes weeks to understand its plan and history, to let its great forlorn beauty impregnate one's heart, to print the impression of its different effects in morning joy and evening calm and moonlight solemnity on one's memory.

For odds and ends of time in Luxor there was no want of occupation. A half an hour spent in Luxor temple, at our very door, always supplied some fresh idea or fact—poor Luxor, shut in by sordid houses, and with that troublesome old saint in his mosque on top of half of it, and forever preventing its excavation. Its noble statues lie half in and half out of the rubbish heap of ages, its pylon peers up disconsolate at the door of the mosque.

Then there is the endless interest of the "anteekah" shops. Old Mohammed Mahassin in his green turban and with his reputation for honesty rather questioned by his wily, watchful eye. A capitalist is he, and thinks nothing of selling a hundred pounds or so of goods in one day during the season.

Great was the excitement last winter when he sold the famous Hathor necklace, for which the British museum had been in treaty, to the wife of a London business magnate.

Against the advice of her friends she decided not to declare it at the Cairo museum and obtain permission to take it out of the country, but to try and smuggle it.

The secret was whispered here and there with the result that a young man to whom the parcel was entrusted was stopped at Suez and gave it up. A French anonymous letter had been written from Luxor, where the "anteekah" business has many wheels within wheels.

After many negotiations the necklace was restored to the lady, who, let us trust, was ashamed of the poor part she had played.

And so with our own local interests and gossip the days went on until at last the one came for leaving Luxor.

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Jottings from a Library.—II.

HERE is quaintly sweet George Herbert, and the page opens at one of his conceits, an anagram on "Mary:"

How well her name an "Army" doth present,
In whom the "Lord of Hosts" did pitch His tent.

He can be philosophic, too; witness the following:—

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

We would fain tarry, but the shelves are awaiting their charge. Ah! but erratic William Blake must be peeped into:—

Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

Why did the strange genius spoil that love song by finishing with the paradox:

Love seeketh only *self* to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joy in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite.

And burly, cynical, stately Samuel Johnson, strange mixture of childish simplicity, boorishness, and stern independence, standing in the market place of his native town during a drenching shower doing penance for a word hastily spoken, sending a guinea to the impecunious Goldsmith in distress (who, with his landlady pressing for rent, broke the guinea on a bottle of madeira), and hurrying after to continue the service; penning to the Courtly Chesterfield those lines of classic beauty and insulted dignity. "I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself." Intensely honest and genuine in heart we can afford to smile at his strong Tory and High Church prejudices which even appear in his dictionary definitions, *e.g.* (remembering that Walpole and a Whig Ministry were in power), "Excise—a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property but wretches hired by those to whom the excise is paid." By the way, is there an original Johnson's Dictionary in the library of the Opposition at Ottawa? Campaign literature might be enriched thereby.

Oliver Goldsmith, too, with his charming "Vicar of Wakefield," have our modern novels supplanted such? If so, we are the losers thereby. In the "Man in Black," who comes before us in the "Citizen of the World," may we not trace the personal experience of the author and the character of the father? The country clergyman, "passing rich on forty pounds a year," ever exceeding his possibilities, readily imposed upon, "his pity gave ere charity began," so much so that "when justice called to present a claim for payment,