

After all, mused Robin, happiest were those who, in the manner of these children of the Nile, gave up their brains to no process of analysis, who took no great thought of the morrow. That was what Madeline had taught: be happy, don't worry, don't let yourself be fretted into anger, avoid the causes of ill will, be simple, forgiving and forgetting like children. Yes, that was what she had preached, that was the cause for which she had so nearly laid down her life; and the revelation of this meaning of Christ's teaching had come to her in the desert, in the warmth of the sun, here where the gloom of mean streets and the squalor of the slums were unknown.

A feeling of mental repose descended upon his mind in regard to the past. It had been all just the *Kismet el Allah*, the destiny decreed by God. And now the future stretched out before them once more, full of wonderful things that were to be done, fine deeds that had to be dared, glowing hopes that assuredly would be attained. His reunion with Madeline was intoxicating to him. She seemed to be endowed with some stirring quality which, even in the days of his first love, he had not so vividly felt. There was a pulsating sense of life about her, a thrilling vitality, which communicated itself to him, so that he knew not how to steady himself. And in her eyes, in her face, in her gestures, he could see that she, too, was nigh drunken with love and happiness.

During these enchanted days they spent many hours in long, rambling walks over the Theban hills and up the cavernous valleys. Here they encountered no human beings: they were alone with their beating hearts. Hardly a living thing stirred, save an occasional bird, and sometimes a vulture circling in the blue vault above them. In the brilliance of the day the jackals kept to their