

dahabiyeh moored on this side of the river near the village?" she asked. "That is my present residence. We arrived here last night, on our way downstream from Assouan."

"A very comfortable way of seeing the Nile," he remarked. "My boatman told me this afternoon that the dahabiyeh belonged to an Italian prince, from the Italian Consulate-General in Cairo."

"Yes," she answered, "Prince Paolo Gueracci. He and I have been up the Nile together."

Father Gregory looked at her with an inscrutable expression. A little smile hovered around the girl's lips, and she nodded her head. "Yes," she said, "I'm afraid I'm rather unconventional."

"My child," he said, and there was sorrow in his voice, "let us sit down here on this rock. Look, the last light of the sun is passing from the tops of the columns of the temple over yonder. If you leave here in a few minutes you will be back at your boat before it is dark."

"You are very eager to be rid of me," she said, with a light laugh, as they seated themselves upon the mound.

"I expect there is very little that I can do for you," he answered. "Why have you come to see me?"

"Some years ago I heard you preach in London," she replied. "I thought you had the most beautiful voice I had ever listened to; and your face, as you looked down at me from your pulpit, was like the face of a saint. You made me cry bitter tears; and on my way home I bought myself a rosary, and I fingered it half the night, until the clasp broke, and then I spent the other half of the night in trying to mend it with a pair of champagne-nippers. Soon after that I read in the papers of your retirement from public life, and I thought it a terrible mistake. You were giving up so much, such power, such