

by able men and further remarks from us would be a presumption.

We fear that we may again meet with the same criticism as before. In a matter of such popular interest there are few educated or thinking men who have not something to say. It is true bystanders can sometimes see points for remark which those who are actively engaged in the work of education pass by. But in a democratic country there is a danger in incompetent criticism, and in matters of detail our professional educators are best able to make suggestions.

The spirit of criticism is abroad. It is, surely, useless to speculate further on the future, on the effect of the laws of supply and demand. Can we not read the lesson of results? The English gentleman who fails to find a market for his education turns farmer, butcher, or labourer in the colonies, and still, if he behaves himself, is regarded as a gentleman. In the United States every man is a "gentleman" and there are no colonies to go to. But, because society is not fixed, social considerations and ambitions have greater weight. Manual labour and the occupations which are not "nice" are despised. In Canada the educated Canadian, who cannot find room for his attainments, actuated by the same spirit, emigrates to American cities. Shall we wait to see if necessity will change human nature and give courage to the educated man to plough in his own country?

The conditions of life are changing, and gradually we must adapt the education of our people to meet them. Let us hope that the changes will be wisely made.

ERNEST HEATON.

Nile Vignettes: V. Luxor.

WHO that has not experienced it can understand the charm of Luxor. We went there for a fortnight and when at the end of six weeks we reluctantly left it, I looked out from my cabin window at the first red sun rays striking the Theban Mountains, with the aching regret that one gives to the last look at home. And yet how explain its fascination? To the invalid it gives the perfection of its changeless climate in which a chilly north wind or a sultry south one are the only things to grumble at; its sheltered palm garden with the comfort of its tents and deep chairs for a perpetual lounge.

To the energetic tourist it offers a long role of excursions and sight-seeing; teas and picnics at the temples and long rides in morning cool or evening beauty.

The mondaine finds there in January nearly as many well-known faces as in Piccadilly in June—titled folk and London beauties, soldiers and savants, German princes and American millionaires. The Egyptologist may always there be sure of finding the latest fact or theory and someone to argue over it with. The ordinary looker on at life sees an endless procession of people coming and going, and in steam-boat and dahabighah.

In these winter days the long rambling hotel is filled to its utmost capacity, and as no one on the Nile ever sticks to their original plans or arrives at the time for which they engaged rooms the confusion on the arrival of a full boat is apt to be something amazing.

Shore life was something of a change again when we settled down in rooms opening on a terrace that looked over the plain towards distant palm groves and beyond that the sunset. The flat fields of young wheat were intersected by a high dyke road, along which, at sunset, long files of women in their trailing black robes carried their water-jars, held by one arm on their heads, to their inland villages.

It was a pleasant change to ride abroad on our expeditions in calm state instead of the wild hurry-scurry of the steamer parties.

The sturdy, grey donkeys of Luxor are the best in Egypt and we each had our favourite number. It was the same with saddles and boys, and one's comfort was no longer such a lottery. Our dragoman, Mahmond, with his typical Egyptian face, low voice and pleasant smile, hovered around us, his little mouse-coloured donkey nearly hidden by his floating robes of black calico, ready to obey our slightest wish—to check the chatter of the boys, to boil the spirit lamp, to generally take our welfare upon his shoulders.

Many a morning, mornings when mere living and

breathing were joy, did we start thus for an all day excursion across the river.

We were ferried across the stream, found our donkeys waiting on a sandy island, across which it was always a race. Then came a ford where, in January, one had to tuck one's feet high on the donkey's head, but by the end of February there were only a few pools left to catch the sky's reflection. Then lean forward for a scramble up the bank, and from there it was a delightful canter along soft roads across the plain, until one came to the broken ground of rifled mummy pits and tombs. There were different destinations for different days. Sometimes we turned past the great holossi, with the larks singing around them among the vetches and sweet blossomed lupins, to stately Meduict-Habon, with its great pylons and courtyards and endless sculptured tales of the wars and the glories of Rameses III.

If we turn to the right we come to the Ramaseum with its gigantic overthrown statue of the great Rameses, favourite market place of the vociferous and unpleasant Arabs, whose hunting ground is among the graves of old Thebes, and who, amongst countless rubbish, may any day produce a unique treasure from the depths of even the broken ground of rifled mummy pits, they will follow one all the way up that terrible shadeless valley of the tombs of the kings, and no "mafeesh bazaar" has power to get rid of them unless one meets another party of tourists.

That wierd valley of the kings! What a memory it is! Its sun-scorched, desolate rocks and crags meeting the fierce blue sky overhead and shutting out every breath of air. Half way up it there is one jutting crag of rock that gives a bit of shade even in the noontide, and how gratefully one pulls up and draws breath under it.

Unchanged and changeless that valley lies secure in its own desolation ever since the days when the great kings and warrior of Egypt's noblest days—Seti and Rameses the Great were brought here for burial.

But even here they were not to find peace for just before reaching the valley mouth we were pointed to a spot on the hillside, near which, not many years ago, their bodies were found. A wondrous sight for this nineteenth century it must have been, the barges taking those old Pharaohs down their own sacred steam while all the people raised the voice of mourning.

The fascination of those tombs is so great with their wealth of bright-tinted allegorical lore of the under-world and Osiris' dread judgement, that twice I took that long and fatiguing ride and all the shorter distances I did oftener. One of our pleasantest Theban days was a visit to the explorer's camp at Der-el Bahari.

In travelling one often has to choose between two pleasures. That day we had to decide between seeing the great religious festival of the year in Luxor, when the old sacred boat of Thhonsu is carried in honour of an Arab saint, and an off day at the works, when, the men being away, we could see their working grounds without dust or interruption. Egyptology was the fashion with our party, and Egyptology carried the day, and before the sun was too hot we were well across the Theban plain. The country folk, in clean garments, were all hastening towards Luxor. Our followers were all sulky at going against the stream. My donkey-boy, the baddest boy in Luxor, whom I clung to in spite of masculine advice, was just out of prison, where he had apparently had his blue shirt washed. I was riding well ahead of the others when we encountered two dwellers in the Theban hills whom he arrogantly ordered out of my way. They promptly fell upon him, and he howled to me for protection. I screamed for Mahmond, but Mahmond was riding at the rear of the rest of the party and the hubbub continued until he came scuttering up, his black calico garment ballooning behind him, when peace was restored.

The glare was terrific by the time we had crossed the broken ground and reached the desolate little house of mud bricks that stands in the desolate sand banks at the foot of the Der el Bahari hill.

Glare from the sky overhead, and glare from the overhanging white mountainside. Dust, stirred up by countless workers and swarms of blackflies. These surround these workers always.

M. Naville, that most modest and kindly of all servants, is the head of the party and is helped by three or four young