

great riot, she had become a national heroine. The discontented element among the working classes had hailed her as a martyr for their cause, and those who stood for law and order believed that the averting of revolution itself was due to her bravery on that never-to-be-forgotten day. To her surprise she found herself regarded as one of the greatest of English patriots; and even the elder Mrs. Beechcroft declared that she was proud of her.

It was in the middle of September that Madeline, accompanied by Father Gregory, went out to Egypt, and ten days later she and Robin were on their way across the Nile to stay for a few days at their uncle's house in the desert, whose hospitality, as a special mark of his favour, he had for this week extended to one of the opposite sex.

The hot season was not yet quite over, and the fierce rays of the sun had seemed to bombard them as they rode up from the placid Nile along the dusty pathway, the parched earth shimmering in front of them and the sky brazen above. The desert and the cliffs were ablaze in the morning light, and the few natives who loitered around their huts appeared still to be in that condition of torpor which the summer imposes upon them. The Egyptians have a proverb which says that only dogs and Englishmen walk abroad in the heat: and Robin recalled the words to mind as he saw them glancing with mild interest at himself and his wife.

The group of palms and tamarisks in front of his uncle's house looked green and cool as they approached; and when they had entered the cloistered court of the whitewashed building, with its welcome shade and its promise of ease and quietude, they both realized that here truly was a sanctuary where a man might dream the hours away in gentle contemplation. They glanced through the white archway into the luxuriant garden beyond,