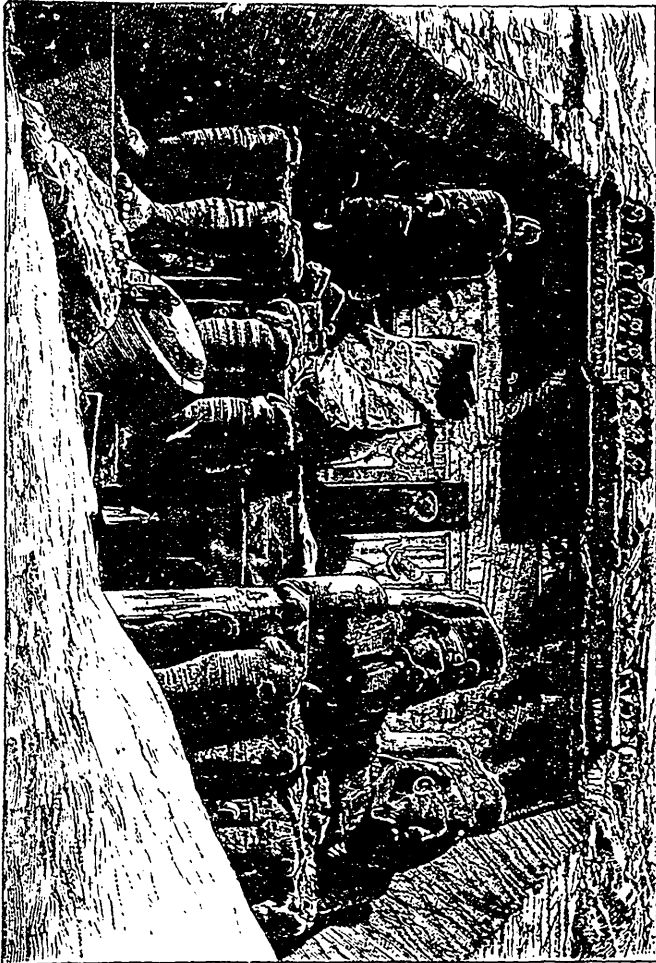


Our sail down the river was a continual delight. This mighty stream grew more and more upon our imagination. We were haunted with memories of its mysterious past, and realized, more than ever, that "Egypt is the gift of the Nile." The swarming fellucas, freight boats, and dahabeiahs, made its surface alive with

FACADE OF GREAT TEMPLE AT ABUSIMBEL. (See page 171.)



their graceful white sails. We sat long in the purple twilight and beneath the soft shadow of darkness, breathing the exhilarating air and dreaming of that dim old past. The step pyramid of Meydoum glowed in the western sun, like some great Norman keep; and the wedge-like forms of Cheops and Cephrenes, and their fellows, sat upon their ancient thrones like a mighty brotherhood of immemorial Titans.