

religion was mentioned in connection with such myths, and I trust and believe that any such touches were dealt in a reverent and humble spirit.

So much for the facts; now for the results. As a matter of curiosity I kept a list of criticisms, public and private.

On the whole, my little book, which had given me small labour and much pleasure, was appreciated fully up to, and even beyond its value; but I never had so good an opportunity of noticing the difference of standpoint with different people, when a book or a landscape is in question.

Some said, "I liked the story itself so much, but oh, why did you bring in all that stupid Egyptology?" Another said, "The dialogue was charming, but your Eastern sunsets bored me to death."

My *Spectator* reviewer wrote most kindly of the book as a whole, but regretted that *all* the sunsets and *all* the love had not been omitted and a few maps put in their place, to reduce the work to a proper geographical level. Another reviewer sneered at the