

was more than ever conscious that Providence has vouchsafed to the men of his race two recurrent thrills transcending all others of their kind—the joy of returning to England after a prolonged absence and the joy of going abroad again.

Before leaving home he had written a long letter to his uncle Francis, his mother's only surviving brother, known to fame as Father Gregory, setting out his plans for his season's work, which was partly scientific and partly in connection with Egyptian and Arabic affairs, and expressing the hope that he would have the opportunity to come to stay with him for a short time in his retreat in the Theban desert.

He had posted the letter some days ago; and now he was following it in person as fast as the Riviera express and the liner which he was to board at Marseilles could carry him.

As the train steamed into the terminus he was whistling a lively tune; he whistled as he drove down the hills of Marseilles from the station to the hotel; he whistled as he splashed in his belated morning bath; and he whistled as he walked out into the boulevard, and made his way along the crowded sunny streets and under the awning of the shops. People here turned sharply to look at him, as he stalked along, a picture of youth, confidence and vitality. His fair, almost golden hair, close-cut moustache, and easy, athletic bearing stamped him as an Englishman. He was very tall and very powerfully built, and it was evident that his constitution was of the strongest. There was something quietly self-reliant in the poise of his handsome head and the set of his jaw; and, though his blue eyes were kindly and sympathetic, there was some indication in his face that his opinions, once formed, whether right or wrong, would be hard to eradicate.

At the hotel he ordered his meals and paid his