

sill of the window great bunches of roses were placed, which gave colour and fragrance to the room. Through the open doorway he could hear the murmur of conversation in the common room on the opposite side of the courtyard; but he did not feel in the mood to join the young men. He wished first to sit still in the solitude of his room, and to allow the soothing influence of his desert home to draw its gentle veil over the unrest of his brain; for his occasional visits to Luxor always disturbed the quiet landscape of his mind, and discovered to him many pathways of thought which he had believed to be obliterated. To-day, as he was standing in the hall of the huge Nile Palace, he had caught an annoying glimpse of the outside world. It was December, and there were a number of visitors in the hotel; and he had distinctly overheard the whisper which passed from group to group as he was recognized.

After all, the position which he had abandoned had had its advantages; and, to a man of his energetic temperament, it was no little matter that he had swung aside from the forceful current of affairs, and had passed into the silent backwater where now he rested from his public labours. The strength and energy which he had for so long employed in the vast work of the Church had been deliberately tamed and diverted, for the greater part of each year, to the cultivation of his little garden and to the fatherly supervision of his small settlement. The mental effort which had been expended upon the addresses delivered to crowded congregations was now concentrated no longer upon teaching but upon learning, no longer upon explanation but upon research. Here in this recess of the desert—a place the selection of which he believed to be due to a higher guidance—he was bringing himself into relation with the eternal equity; and it was