

## A NIGHT IN A ROYAL TOMB.

The ancient Egyptians believed that after a lapse of many ages the spirits of the dead returned to, and restored to life, the bodies they originally inhabited. Hence their care to preserve the mortal remains of their deceased friends. It is to this belief that we are indebted for the mummies which are found throughout Egypt in great numbers, despite the plundering of tombs which has been in progress for many hundreds of years.

During the lifetime of a king his tomb was made ready. Many of the royal resting-places are of great extent. They are excavated in the solid rock, and consist of a series of chambers, of which only one is actually used as a tomb.

It is rarely less than three hundred feet from the entrance of the excavation to the mausoleum chamber, while some of the tombs have a linear extent of seven or eight hundred feet.

After the completion of the funeral ceremonies great pains were taken to conceal the depository of the royal mummy. The mausoleum chamber was sealed, and its entrance walled up in as close an imitation as possible of the surrounding rock. This imitation was so successful that modern explorers have sometimes been deceived and the location of the chamber has only been ascertained by pounding on the walls, and carefully noticing the sound produced by the blows.

The outer entrance of the tomb was similarly closed, and made to resemble the side of the mountain where the excavation had been made. Rock and sand were piled against it, and the rains assisted in the work of concealment by washing down the debris.

The workmen who had been employed in and about the tomb were sent to distant parts of the country, or into the army, or put to death and converted into mummies, in order to make sure that they should reveal nothing. No records were kept, and thus it was hoped that in a short time the location of a tomb would be totally lost.

This was not always the case, as some of the tombs were plundered in ancient times and others were emptied of their tenants and re-occupied. But a considerable number were successfully concealed until the present century, and were discovered by European investigators.

Less than ten years ago a royal tomb was discovered near the site of ancient Thebes. More than thirty royal mummies were found in the tomb, and are now in the museum at Cairo.

There are kings and queens of several families and dynasties, and some of them are admirably preserved. King Pinotem I, who lived and died more than three thousand years ago, can be readily designated as of Nubian origin, and the photograph of his mummy might be taken for that of an aged negro, dead only a few hours.

With the mummy of a young queen lies that of her pet gazelle, and also a basket of provisions which were intended for her use at the moment her spirit should return and she breathed once more in life.

That feminine taste in ancient Egypt was much like that of the present time is evinced by the store of ointment-bottles, perfumery, paints, powders, and articles of apparel, that lay at the side of the queen when the coffin was opened.

Of course, the news of the discovery of this royal tomb caused much excitement among all Egyptian scholars, and there was a great desire on the part of travellers ascending the Nile to visit it. The tomb is at Dayr-el-Baharee, in a rocky valley near the ruins of Thebes, and on the opposite side of the river from modern Luxor.

A friend of the writer visited this tomb the year after it was opened, and his adventure within it was one which few would be willing to share. It is described as nearly as possible in his own words.

"I visited the new tomb at Dayr-el-Baharee, accompanied by a boy who drove my donkey and carried the candles and provisions intended for my day's occupation. I thought a guide was unnecessary, and after unpacking the provisions, I sent the boy and donkey back to the river, as I intended walking on my return.

"To enter the tomb it is necessary to descend a perpendicular shaft nearly forty feet deep, and a rough ladder has been placed there to facilitate the descent.

"At the bottom of the shaft there is a

narrow passage about twenty feet long, and then you turn a sharp angle where the passage becomes wider.

"A hundred feet or so from the turn you descend a staircase, and then continue through another passage to the mortuary chamber, some three hundred feet from the bottom of the shaft.

"The most of the mummies were found in this chamber, and the empty cases of others which had been plundered by the Arabs were scattered along the passages all the way from the chamber to the foot of the shaft.

"I got down the shaft without trouble, and made my way along the passages and down the staircase, stopping now and then to study the inscriptions on the walls. They are not as numerous as those on the walls of the Tombs of the Kings, but many of them are new and interesting; I copied a few that impressed me as different from any I had seen elsewhere.

"I suddenly remembered that I was hungry and thirsty, and on looking at my watch found that it was well along in the afternoon; I had been so absorbed in the study of the place that I had quite forgotten the lunch which I left near the foot of the ladder, intending to eat it after I was through with my labors.

"The floor of the tomb is strewn with pieces of rock, and the same is the case with all the tombs around Thebes and Luxor. I had to pick my way very care-



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fully, and two or three times I stumbled over some of the fragments in consequence of the dim light supplied by my candle.

"As I left the mortuary chamber, with my thoughts in the direction of the luncheon that awaited me, I had another stumble; it was worse than all the others, as it was accompanied by a fall, and a fall that extinguished my candle.

"But I did not regard the fall as anything serious, as the candle could be relighted in a moment. Putting my hand in my pocket for my match-box, I found it empty, and instantly realized the awkwardness of my position. I was alone in an Egyptian tomb, with no means of striking a light!

"The darkness was literally 'Egyptian.' It seemed to press close against the eye like a rock; perhaps my imagination had a great deal to do with the density of the darkness, but it certainly seemed many degrees more dense than anything I had ever before experienced.

"Even in the darkest night on the surface of the earth there is generally a sensation of little specks of light, but here there was absolutely nothing of the sort.

"My first sensation was one of horror, but it didn't last a great while. As soon as I could collect my senses I set about devising a way out of my trouble. Clearing away the fragments of rock sufficiently to give me a place to sit down, I leaned against the wall and deliberated.

"At first I thought of trying to reach the foot of the shaft, where I would find light and food, but a little reflection showed that I would run a great risk. The passage way was not regular; its floor contained several ugly holes two or three feet deep, and for the entire distance the rough pieces of stone would be so many stumbling blocks.

"I was certain to have a good many falls, and any one of them might disable me; a cut on the head might let me bleed to death, and I was far from assistance; but what was the alternative?

"Visitors might come during the day, and I would be relieved. But suppose there were no visitors. What then?

"My friends at Luxor would become alarmed at my absence. They knew I was intending to visit the new tomb at Dayr-el-Baharee, and a search would be organized; but they wouldn't become alarmed until evening, and then it would be too late to do anything until next morning. Consequently, I must pass the night in the tomb!

"Reconciling myself as best I could to the situation, I cleared off an additional space on the floor, so as to have sufficient room to lie down. It was a hard bed, but a great deal better than no bed at all.

"I was hungry and thirsty, and with the knowledge that food and drink were out of my reach, the pangs increased until I was half-delirious in consequence.

tributing tracts and seeing into their condition. In about two months I called on them all, nearly five hundred families, and found forty-two families without any Bible in their homes. Soon there were tokens of the presence of God's spirit, and as has been my rule for many years, I went in company with an elder, visited and read the Word and prayed with each family in my church. This has been my rule for many years, and has always been followed by a blessing. A great work was soon on our hands and spread all over the town, resulting in over three hundred conversions, sixty of which united with my church, making it self-sustaining after having been twenty-nine years on the Board of Home Missions.

There were in this work two remarkable incidents. One of my Sunday-school scholars, Johnny B—, a boy of twelve, wanted to unite with the church; I discouraged him, knowing his father to be the leader in the whiskey ring here and his mother being a sceptic. Later the boy came again before the session, and, struck with his persistence, we received him. That night that boy went home and said, "Papa, I'm now a church member, and our pastor requires all the new families coming into the church to promise to have family worship, so we must have family prayer." It was an amazing bombshell in that family, but the boy was brave. He took down a Bible, read the Twenty-third Psalm and knelt down and prayed. Before that meeting closed I received that boy's father and mother and four sisters into the church, and the father became a great power.

The spring before, free saloons had carried every ward in the town, and that spring the prohibition folks, with this boy's converted father at their head, carried every ward in the town for extermination of the rum traffic, and that, too, without holding a single temperance meeting, or signing a single pledge, or the importation of a single temperance lecturer, by simply bringing sinners to Jesus, and letting the temperance question take care of itself.—*N. Y. Observer.*

## A PARABLE.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see how the men, my brethren, believe in me. He passed not again through the gate of birth, but made himself known to the children of earth. Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings, 'Behold, now, the Giver of all good things; go to, let us welcome with pomp and state Him who alone is mighty and great.'"

With carpets of gold the ground they spread  
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,  
And in palace chambers lofty and rare  
They lodged Him, and served Him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim  
The jubilant floods in praise of Him;  
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,  
He saw His image high over all.

But still wherever His steps they led,  
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head,  
And from under the heavy foundation stones  
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, in palace, and judgment-hall,  
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,  
And opened wider and yet more wide  
As the living foundations heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your throne and altars, then,  
On the bodies and souls of living men?  
And think ye that building shall endure  
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold  
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;  
I have heard the dropping of their tears  
In Heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master not ours the guilt,  
We built but as our fathers built;  
Behold these images, how they stand,  
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame  
To hold thine earth forever the same,  
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep  
Still, as thou lovest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,  
A low-browed stunted, haggard man,  
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin  
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,  
And as they drew back their garment-hem,  
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He,  
"The images ye have made of me!"  
—*James Russell Lowell.*

## JOHNNY B'S BOMBSHELL.

BY A HOME MISSIONARY.

My next call was to M—, a town of three thousand inhabitants in Southern Illinois. Soon after coming, its spiritual deadness hung as a dead load on my soul. I decided to call on every family in the town on a missionary exploration, dis-