

Coptic town of nearly 40,000 inhabitants, mostly Fellahs or peasantry with a sprinkling of wealthier Copts, the Mission has established schools for both sexes, and naturally wish their pupils to embrace their own particular form of religion, which is, however, not a *sine qua non* in the educational scheme. It is a typical Egyptian town, lying flat on the banks of the Nile, while in the background is the range of desolate-looking sand hills, or rather mountains, beyond which lies the desert. Beside the river large stone houses are in process of erection, then one comes to the railway, and the town, the latter thoroughly ancient in

possible to force a passage for our donkeys through the dense mass. Egyptians, sun-baked to mud colour, may be seen making bricks of that useful article, mud. One realizes the vividness of Kipling's description of the soldiers, "he made 'em out of mud," as one gazes at them, for everything seems to be composed of it; earth, horses, men, and camels are one dead patch of mud.

Leaving the town we come to the foot of the mountains, and dismounting, walk to the top of the range of hot dry burning sand, whose sides are simply riddled with tombs, excavated centuries ago, dating from the time of the Pharaohs. And in some cases

lying on the open hillside, and in others still hidden in the rock tombs are parts of mummies, a leg or an arm. In one case we found an almost perfect specimen, only minus one arm. It was a truly pitiful sight. After all the trouble his friends had taken to preserve the body for the re-incarnation of the Ka, or spirit, this was the end of it all, to be eagerly gazed at as a curiosity by idle Europeans in search of a new sensation. I felt quite sorry for him, but that did not prevent my taking a little piece of him as a curiosity. Here, too, one finds bits of crystals and blue beads, which have once decorated the bodies of the dead, and pieces of the coffins, now like tinned wood, so light that a breath would almost blow them away. In one place is a large tomb cave, railed off with strong iron bars and heavily padlocked; the roof is supported by pillars, bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions,

but we had no time to explore the interior.

From the summit of the range, a wonderful view is obtained, the hills on which we stood



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character, with narrow, dirty bazaars, where a great market is held every Sunday, when such crowds congregate that it was scarcely