

paaker had been killed, she asked again if her son was alive. ameni decided at last to fetch pentaur himself, when he came back with him, fully prepared to meet his heavily stricken mother, the tent was empty. the high priests servants told him that setchem had persuaded the easily moved old prophet gagabu to conduct her to the place where the body of paaker lay. ameni was very much vexed, for he feared that setchem was now lost indeed, and he desired the poet to follow him at once. the mortal remains of the pioneer had been laid in a tent not far from the scene of the fire; his body was covered with a cloth, but his pale face, which had not been injured in his fall, remained uncovered; by his side knelt the unhappy mother. she paid no heed to ameni when he spoke to her, and he laid his hand on her shoulder and said as he pointed to the body: this was the son of a gardener. you brought him up faithfully as if he were your own; but your noble husbands true heir, the son you bore him, is pentaur, to whom the gods have given not only the form and features but the noble qualities of his father. the dead man may be forgiven for the sake of your virtues; but your love is due to this nobler soul the real son of your husband, the poet of egypt, the preserver of the kings life. setchem rose and went up to pentaur, she smiled at him and stroked his face and breast. it is he, she said. may the immortals bless him pentaur would have clasped her in his arms, but she pushed him away as if she feared to commit some breach of faith, and turning hastily to the bier she said softly: poor paaker poor, poor paaker mother, mother, do you not know your son cried pentaur deeply moved. she turned to him again: it is his voice, she said. it is he. she went up to pentaur, clung to him, clasped her arm around his neck as the word is not romantic love, as we know it, a result of christianity the following sentence, which stands at the head of the preface to my first edition, will prove that i had not ignored this question when i began my task. it has often been remarked that in ciceros letters and those of pliny the younger there are unmistakable indications of sympathy with the more sentimental feeling of modern days. i find in them tones of deep tenderness only, such as have arisen and will arise from sad and aching hearts in every land and every age. a. v. humboldt. cosmos ii. p. this opinion of our great scholar is one with which i cheerfully coincide and would refer my readers to the fact that love stories were written before the christian era: the amor and psyche of apuleius for instance. indeed love in all its forms was familiar to the ancients. where can we find a more beautiful expression of ardent passion than glows in sapphos songs or of patient faithful constancy than in homers penelope could there be a more beautiful picture of the union of two loving hearts, even beyond the grave, than xenophon has preserved for us in his account of panthea and abradatas or the story of sabinus the gaul and his wife, told in the history of respasian is there anywhere a sweeter legend than that of the halcyons, the ice birds, who love one another so tenderly that when the male becomes enfeebled by age, his mate carries him on her outspread wings whithersoever he will; and the gods, desiring to reward such faithful love, cause the sun to shine more kindly, and still the winds and waves on the halcyon days during which these birds are building their nest and brooding over their young there can surely have been no lack of has the attentive, inquisitive, watchful, humorous eyes common to all fishes. fishes remind me rather of chinese, who are also a cold blooded race: slow, watchful, inquisitive, acquisitive, and full of the sense of humour. there are fishes in the great aquarium whose faces twinkle again with quiet fun. the cod here seemed quite as much interested in looking at us through a glass window as we were in looking at them. they are tame, and have very large appetites so tame, and so hungry, that the fish who live with them are at a disadvantage at meal times, and it is feared that they must be removed. these other fish are plaice, soles, brill, turbot, and skate. the skate love to lie buried over head and ears in the sand. the faintest outline of tail or a flapping fin betrays the spot, and you long for an umbrella poke from some zoological garden frequenting old lady, to stir the lazy creature up; but it is impossible. suddenly, when you are as tired of waiting as jack was when coomara was engaged thinking, the fin movement becomes more distinct, a cloud of sand rises into the water, and a grey coated skate, with two ornamental knobs upon his tail, flaps slowly away across the pool. sometimes these flat fish flap