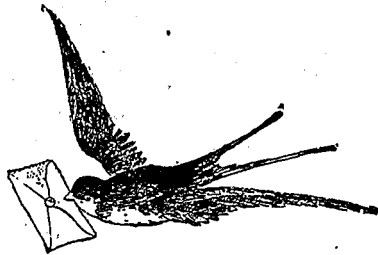


legitimate purpose. He told of a mother who had tramped for six days to bring her two children to the mission hospital for relief. Her four children had had small-pox, the two eldest had died, and on examination the other two, alas! proved hopelessly blind, but at least the kindness and sympathy which they received at the Mission hospital alleviated their condition and comforted the mother.

Six of the "sailing members," Miss Anderton, Miss Fagg, Miss Ellis, Miss Hills, Miss Shilton, and Miss Barron spoke briefly, asking the members of the League at home to remember them in prayer, in their work, and the Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D., gave an earnest and eloquent closing message. Throughout the day light refreshments were provided, and the Secretary, Miss H. Y. Richardson, was untiring in her efforts to make all visitors thoroughly at home.

Our Foreign Letter.

EDFU, UPPER EGYPT.



We had been some time in Egypt, and seen much which had both interested and astonished us, when it was proposed

that we should visit the Temple of Edfu.

A friend, when arranging the trip for us paused to ask if we thought we could ride donkeys, explaining there was no other mode of conveyance in the town. Imagine our feelings, we who had ridden on horseback from childhood, and early in our "teens" had followed the hounds in the Irish hunting field. However, hiding our feelings, we answered "Possibly," and soon found ourselves mounted on our "steeds," accompanied by several Arab donkey-boys.

But, alas! pride will have a fall, we found that "donkey riding," especially in the "Land of the Pharaohs," was not so simple as it sounded. The fact that they were unable to supply us with side-saddles would hardly trouble a good horse-woman, for it is quite easy to ride aside an ordinary native saddle, but when we found we were minus girths, and the pieces of string which did duty as such might at any moment give way, well then our pluck did falter. However, we determined to make the best of it, and though several of our party did find themselves on the ground once or twice, we arrived quite safely at our destination.

Edfu, though a district capital with 14,260 inhabitants, is really a town of but little importance, the houses being of the usual Egyptian style, chiefly mud brick, the streets narrow, and not always clean. But the Temple of Edfu, for which the town, both ancient and modern, was noted, is well worth seeing. Begun by Ptolemy Energetes I. B.C. 237, it was not finished until the year 57 B.C.

It is in a wonderful state of preservation, and, indeed, is one of the grandest and best preserved buildings of ancient Egypt. The space enclosed by its walls measures 450 by 120 feet, and its towers are 112 feet high! The architect's name—Imonthis—has been inserted in the inscriptions within. Passing through the outer gates one reaches an open square court, round three sides of which runs a gallery supported on 32 huge pillars, also a stairs leads to the roof, from which one gets a grand view of the surrounding country.

Passing into the Temple itself one finds oneself in a building of many chambers, the walls of which are cleverly covered with battle scenes and figures of the gods, especially that of the god Horus, to whom the temple was erected. Most of these gods are disfigured, and many have their faces slashed quite away. It is supposed that this was done by the early Christians in their intense hatred to the false gods. Also there are rows of astronomical representations, and the names of several kings, the later being guarded by two falcons.

A subterranean staircase leads round the temple to an ancient "nilometer," a round well just outside the building encircled by a spiral staircase, on the walls of which is the scale. We learned that up to a few years ago this temple was piled high both inside and out with rubbish which had so filled it in that the people had built their mud houses on the very roof! It was, however, freed by M. Mariette under the auspices of the Viceroy Sa'id.

The day was pretty far spent when once more, amid childish cries of "Baksheesh Ye Sitt, adenie baksheesh" ("Money, oh Lady, give me money") we mounted our donkeys and rode back towards the railway station. And even as we turned to look once more at the magnificent temple, we could not but wonder why Egypt, once the mistress of all arts and the ruler of nations, is to-day a weak and subject people. Is it that the Fates have failed her? Or is it, think you, the fact that though she has ever striven to push forward her sons and do her best for them, she has left her daughters uneducated and uncared for?

FRANCES JACKSON-BENNETT.

Oxo North Pole Game.

A FREE GIFT FOR OUR READERS.

We have received from OXO, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C., an up-to-date little novelty—a North Pole game entitled "Peary or Cook," to be played by two persons.

Its get-up is neat and artistic, and it will be a source of real pleasure to those fond of games, especially the children.

The question for players of the game to decide is "Peary or Cook?" and seeing that there has been, and still is, so much controversy on the subject, this game seems to us an amusing way of deciding the question.

No charge is made for the game, and it will be sent post free to all who send a post-card to OXO at the address given above.

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