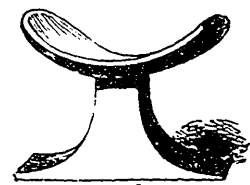


of the one, we gain new confidence in the full and final accomplishment of the other. "In that day there shall be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt: and they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and He shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and He shall deliver them. And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall do sacrifice and oblation; yea, they shall vow a vow unto the Lord and perform it. And the Lord shall smite Egypt: He shall smite and heal it: and they shall return even to the Lord, and He shall be entreated of them and shall heal them."—Isaiah xix. 19-22.

To those who have had the pleasure of beholding the magnificent cataracts of the St. Lawrence and Niagara, the so-called cataract of the Nile dwindles into insignificance. Indeed, it is nothing more than a pretty strong rapid. Even good-sized dahabeiahs can be hauled up by the aid of scores of half-naked Arabs or Nubians, who, with much shouting and violent gestures, by main force drag the vessel into the quiet waters of the stream above the cataract.



EGYPTIAN GIRL, FROM TOMB-PAINTING.



WOODEN PILLOW.

After visiting Philæ, we re-embarked in our native boat, and sailing through shining reaches of the river, landed just above the cataract. We were met by a white-robed venerable Arab sheikh, who forthwith began to drive a bargain for exhibiting the feats of his followers in running the rapids. A score or more of half-naked men and boys swarmed around us, trying to sell "antikas," and to make private contracts for special gifts of back-sheesh. We went to the edge of the cliff overlooking the rapid current far below, and presently came in view of an amphibious group of aforesaid men and boys seated on round logs of palm, careering down the stream, paddling with either hand, and shooting the rapids with arrowy speed. "These logs," says a recent traveller, "are the public ferry-boats of the locality, and when a pedestrian reaches the river bank and wishes to cross over, he soon divests himself of his garments, rolls them into a bundle, which he ties above his head, and thus launches out on a log, '*ripæ ulterioris amore*,' and strange, indeed, is the top-heavy