

*A RECENT RUN THROUGH BIBLE LANDS.*

MR. EDITOR,—Will you have the kindness to permit me to relate in your interesting journal, what a young man largely educated in the county of Grey, Ontario, sees in Egypt? I need not detain you at present with an account of my voyage from America—the youngest—to Egypt, the oldest of earth's nations. I will simply say in passing, that I had a very pleasant passage of ten days across the Atlantic, from New York to Glasgow. In a short time I passed to London, then crossed the channel, continued my way up the Rhine, through Switzerland, and the North of Italy till I reached Genoa. Here I took a steamship for Alexandria, Egypt; and after a few days of the most delightful sailing on the Mediterranean, I was in the sight of the land of the Pharaoh's. As we approached Alexandria, the first thing that attracted my attention was the extreme flatness of the African coast. No mountain or even hill could be seen anywhere in the back ground, such as can be seen along the shores of all our Canadian lakes, and along every other shore which I have seen except Africa; the only thing that you see here, is a greyish streak skirting the horizon, which looks more like a cloud than land. As we draw nearer, however, an elevated object breaks in upon our vision; It is Pompey's pillar. We are now approaching the harbour, and I can never attempt to describe with what thrilling emotions I gazed around at the minarets and towers of this renowned city, founded by the great conqueror of the world. The day was delightful; the sky was of the loveliest blue, and there was air enough around us from the balmy Mediterranean to make our approach to this historic land, and the mysterious banks of the Nile, of the most enjoyable character. Here, however, a circumstance occurred which I must notice. Our ship did not draw up to a wharf to land the passengers, but cast anchor a little way out in the bay; and this done, a novel scene of the liveliest character ensued. Small boats with porters came out to meet us; and presently our deck was swarming with natives of all colours and costumes: they came climbing up the side of our ship with bare feet, like so many cats, and literally besieged our baggage, and would have almost taken it by force; but the ship's officers came to our rescue, and by using a rope's end, drove off these intolerable pests. Soon after this we landed, and were walking the streets of Alexandria, although it was hard to realize the fact; indeed it seemed like a waking dream that we were in Egypt at all. But a little reflection on the stirring scenes around us, brought home to us the practical truth that we were actually in the historic land where