

with the snowy robes which they wore. As we reclined beneath our awnings and glided up between the rocky shores, our boatmen chanted in weird, wild cadence a song akin to that which may have greeted the ears of Rameses the Great, or Tothmes I. in those old centuries so long ago.



SUNSET IN THE DESERT.

Language has been exhausted in describing the beauty of the sacred island of Philæ, the home of the gods and the site of the most beautiful temple in Egypt. We agree with the sentiment of Eliot Warburton, who characterizes Philæ as the most unearthly, wild, strange and lovely spot he ever beheld. "No dreamer," he says, "of the old mystical times, when beauty, knowledge and