

cinating beauty even if it had no stories to tell us. It would be a delight to live upon its dark, swift waters had they never washed the sides of a Roman galley, or floated an ark of bulrushes. Ruskin has taught us how greatly the natural loveliness of a landscape is increased by a touch of human interest, in a passage of matchless beauty at the beginning of his "Lamp of Memory." You, perhaps, have felt it yourself, after looking over the glittering ripples of Lake Champlain, and over its soft wooded shores at the rugged heights of the Adirondack hills reared grimly against the sunset sky, when you have come in sight of the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga, crumbling away like the spirit that reared them. Were you not bound to admit that the memories made the scene grow lovelier far? The case is just reversed in Egypt. Before one goes there, the varied history, the mighty works, the holy associations, the fathomless antiquity of the land of Migraim crowd out all thoughts of modern Egypt and her beauties, but when he reaches there and sees her as she rests upon her fair, green couch between the deserts, he is enchanted by her charms, so unexpected. If you love nature, go to Egypt; if you love memory, go to Egypt: but if you cannot truly enjoy a ramble in the "Arabian Nights," if you care about neither Memnon nor Mirian, if you are not moved by God's harmonies in leaf and cloud, in sea and sand, then you are much better somewhere else. I'm afraid you are a silver churn.

"But can you think of the proper things when you are in a historic spot?" Alas, there lies one of the most distressing things in travelling. No, it is usually quite hopeless to try to think of anything but the present—the disagreeable, matter-of-fact present. Nobody, in nearing Westminster Abbey, ever gives a thought to S. Edward the Confessor, or anything else, but how to dodge the hansoms and keep from slipping in the mud. On top of the great pyramid, who can possibly remember anything but the presence of a noisy legion of Arabs? A man's whole attention is taken up in the struggle to retain his senses and his francs, enough at least to take him safely back to Cairo. Upon a dahabiyeh all is different. There is no noise, no distraction, nothing to hinder, but everything to help one's reveries. On that bright afternoon, as we sailed along so peacefully, one could wander back, fearless of dragoman or beggar, far into the ages of antiquity and revel in the memories of that sunland. Boulak, Ghizet, Rhoda, Sakkara, Memphis! Is this really Egypt, or is it but another of the dreams I have longed so often to see fulfilled. No, it is sweeter, better, brighter than any of them.

As evening came on, our host summoned one of the crew and delighted him by asking for some "Moosuk." Soon a dozen or so of the most picturesque figures gathered in a ring, squatting upon the deck near the mast, a motley group both in face and dress, from the dusky Nubian of the upper Nile to the pale-faced fellah from

the Delta. I wish I could show you a photograph of that chorus, but I would like still more to be able to give you some clear idea of the "Moosuk." Two drums, tuned to about a third apart, formed the sole accompaniment. The soloist threw back his head and knitted his brows; then from a pearl-edged chasm he poured forth some of the wierdest, wildest strains I ever had heard at all, wandering up and down a short scale, in semitones, with no definite tune apparently, but only a sort of rhythm rising and falling like a prolonged caterwaul; but, I have no doubt, highly expressive of the words. It would have been a very dreadful nightmare. After a time the programme was varied by a dance, quite as strange to a Western as the music. One of the Arabs took his place in the middle of the circle, and when the music began, gently moved about, generally backwards, without raising his feet from the deck, but making up for the monotony "of his step" by variety of attitude. Throughout the performance, everything was explained by the dignified sheikh, clothed in turban and white tunic bound about the waist with a rich girdle, his graceful blue cloak, fur-edged, flowing loosely over all. The way we were rowed back again was just as much out-of-the-way as everything else on the Nile. Each of the ten had a long oar which he dipped in the water as far forward as he could, and then after six hard pulls lifted it out again, coming down suddenly upon a narrow seat, with a shout as he did it. This yell formed the chorus of a song howled by one of them during the stretch of six pulls. Again all rose, another long stretch and solo, six strong pulls and a shout, and so on as we sped along towards Cairo. It was now dark and as I watched by the gleams of lamplight the curious mixing of the murky men and their shadows, I thought of the terror of Tom Hood on his Demon Ship. It did not at all interfere with the pleasure of the peaceful sail in the afternoon. It made it better. It was all so new, so different to every other place I had ever seen; and it showed me that one need not go to the moon nor the dog star to get out of this hum-drum world of ours.

I have skimmed along the surface of our own Canadian waters in that graceful easy craft, the Indian birch bark canoe; I have glided so smoothly down the Isus where the ivied towers of Oxford rise above the trees and meadows; I have stretched at ease in a gondola when the moonlight shone back from the marble palaces of Venice, and I have thought that in each of them one could be very happy. But I like the dahabiyeh better still, and its river far more. When Bayard Taylor had been for a while on his 'Cleopatra' this is what he said about it:—'If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.'

TREFOIL.

We are glad to see that a step in the right direction has at length been taken, viz.: Making attendance at the lectures in elocution compulsory on the members of the Divinity class.