

The Imperial and Khedival officers were, of course, well informed as to the state of the country, and were very courteous in giving every information in their power to the inquiring tourist.

It was somewhat amusing to observe the German valet and the English maid of one of the lady passengers at dinner. As neither could understand the language of the other, their conversation, of course, was *nil*, but all the same, they smiled most sweetly in the observance of the little courtesies of table etiquette. The commissary of the steamer was an exceedingly intelligent native Copt, well educated at a Presbyterian mission-school, who spoke English well, with some linguistic piquancies which added much to the charm of his conversation. He was teaching in the mission-school and had views towards the Christian ministry, but failure of health compelled him to accept service with Messrs. Cook & Sons. He was the very soul of kindness and accompanied us, whenever possible, on our visits of exploration and sight-seeing, and added very greatly to the pleasure of our excursion.

Ample awnings furnished shelter from the sun, and nothing more delightful can be conceived than lounging on the camp chairs, watching the ever-varying panorama of the river, with the crowded villages and their picturesque population. Especially witching was the sunset hour, as the shadows of the yellow limestone cliffs lengthened across the wine-coloured water, and tender opalescent hues changed the distant hills to pearl, and over all bent the transparent sky graduated from glowing gold through exquisite tints of crimson, saffron, olive and purple to a deep ethereal blue.

Still more romantic was the glorious moonlight, silvering the waves and reflected from dome and minaret of village mosque, and bathing in beauty the vague, elusive night scene. In this clear atmosphere the stars shone out with a brilliance seldom seen in our northern clime. It was impossible not to think of the wondrous scenes of which the ancient Nile had been the witness: of the pride and pomp of the ancient Pharaohs; of the sufferings of the enslaved Israelites; of the many conquerors of the land of Misraim—Syrian, Greek, Roman, Persian, Saracen and Frank. Even more than Italy is Egypt "the land of all men's past."

On the lower deck was a motley group of native passengers; Copts, Turks, Armenians, Jews, Nubians, Egyptian merchants, and soldiers in their various picturesque garbs, prisoners chained and guarded, and in a little canvas harem by themselves a number of closely-veiled native women. Much of the scenery was very lovely. Glades of young, bright green wheat or barley, running up into groves of beautiful palms, here and there a splendid