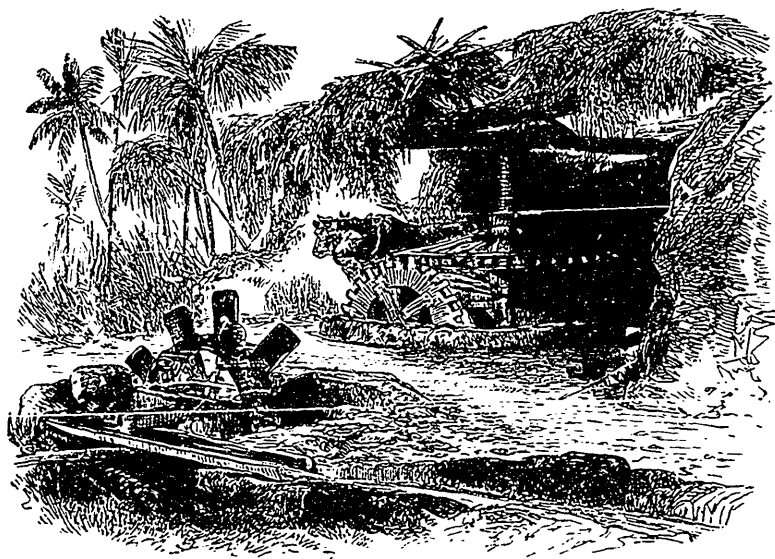


Continent ; it rolls down the ages, carrying but the echo of its past history, and so passes into the sea of oblivion. We know hardly anything of that wondrous civilization, but we know that it cannot be less than wonderful, by reason of the many relics it has left us to marvel over. What must have been the Thebes of Upper Egypt, when, after twenty centuries of decay, there is still so much left ? How much of London would survive that length of time ?”

As one sails up the old historic river, one is haunted with memories of its storied past. In the background loom up the august figures of its ancient dynasties. The present seems to be evanescent, the past to be the abiding and eternal.



A SAKIEH.

In bird life, the Nile valley is very rich. It is, indeed, the great bird road running north and south, connecting the shores of the Mediterranean with the vast regions of Central Africa.

Our cut on page 213 shows the cliff at Bibbeh, which rises here some 200 feet, and is crowned with a Coptic village and convent. The banks for the most part, however, slope gradually back, and so facilitate the raising of water by the ubiquitous shadoof, which for a thousand miles is the most conspicuous feature on the Egyptian landscape. The river is literally lined with them in unnumbered thousands. It will be seen from our frontispiece that it is a very primitive contrivance, somewhat like an old-fashioned Canadian well-sweep, a lump of clay or stone at one end acting as counterpoise to the leather-lined basket at the