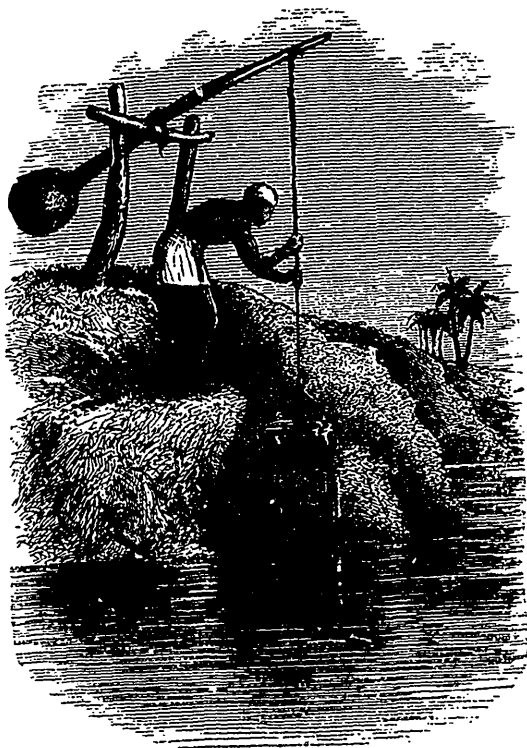


soldiers sleep their long sleep; and here, at length, tree-shaded Ismailia, and that marvel of modern achievement, the Suez Canal. A steam-launch lies at the wharf, baggage and passengers are soon transferred and, afloat in the deep cutting, with the dim sand banks bounding the view at a few yards on either side, we speed swiftly toward Port Said, once more to take ship on the blue Mediterranean, and exchange the land of Bondage for the land of Promise.



SHADOOF.

What Egypt might become under wise laws, and righteous administration, it is impossible to adequately determine. She has the natural facilities for taking a high and honourable place among the happy and prosperous lands of the earth. But, alas, she is under the wide-spreading upas of Turkish domination, and blighted and blasted of necessity thereby. Her ruler is prince but in name; her aristocracy effeminate, lustful and lazy;

her government a chaos of coercion and corruption; her peasantry crushed and cowed, till hope and spirit are well-nigh exhausted. The ægis of British protection was over her when I saw her; it is over her to-day. Shall it be withdrawn? That is a question which has many sides; it is a question which I shall certainly not presume to answer. But even the most casual observation of life and society in Egypt must show that there are elements in it utterly incompatible with peace and progress, fires quietly