

wheels turned by oxen—drawing up water for the irrigating rivulets that run through the fields, and by the canals the long lever of the *shadoof* swings up and down almost ceaselessly, as the patient and long-suffering fellahin ply their motionless toil.

My last journey in Egypt was interesting in the highest degree. It was by rail from Cairo to Ismailia, and thence by Suez Canal to Port Said. "By rail from Cairo to Ismailia" sounds commonplace enough, but what a wealth of association, ancient and modern, clusters around the trip. For the rail runs through the land of Goshen, and not far from the newly discovered sites of Pithon and Raamses, where the Israelites were toiling when Moses summoned them to freedom and nationality. Close at hand by Zagazig station are the mounds which mark the site of famed Bubastis, where the shovel of the excavator is unearthing such splendid ruins. And Tanis the royal city, the Zoan of Scripture, where the wonders



SAKIYEH.

of Jehovah's power at length subdued the self-hardened and haughty Pharaoh, is not far off from where we speed along—the encroaching sand of the desert on one horizon, the grassy swamps and salt pools on the other.

How strangely modern incident mingles with ancient memories. Here is Tel-el-Kebir station, the battle-field beside it, and the railway running close to the cemetery where the gallant British