

THE CHILDREN OF ALGIERS.

"What a beautiful country!" we thought, as we took our first drive in Algiers; "and how happy the girls and boys must be with these lovely walks and flowers, and the heaps of fruits which grow so plentifully!" For we passed by orange groves lying close on the roadside; and so plentiful was the fruit that we saw scores of oranges rotting away because no one cared to take the trouble of gathering them.

It is not in all lands that girls and boys have such good times as in dear old England; and, if our readers will allow, we will tell them what we think will make them thankful they were not born in a country where, almost from infancy, sisters and brothers rarely play together, take nice long walks, or have any of the merry outdoor romps English children so much enjoy.

And now we will imagine that, after a sail of five hundred miles south from Marseilles, we are about to land in Algiers town, which is situated on the western shore of the Bay of Algiers.

And as we hurry up on deck and see, in the light of the rising sun, the town, with its white terraces, domes, palms, its Moorish palaces, and the bright green background of the Sahel hills (on a slope of which Algiers is built), we begin to realize that we are far away from home—though it is only five days since we left London.

It is not of the French who live in Algeria that we are about to talk, but of the little Arabs and Moors; and first, in order to make things clear, we must have what we call the "dry part." We must go back to our history—and we learn that the "two principal divisions into which the Mohammedan races inhabiting Algeria may be divided into are Berbers and Arabs."

The Berbers live in the more inaccessible parts of the country, and are a branch of the "aboriginal people who inhabited the North of Africa, as far south as the Soudan, Egypt, Nubia, and as far as the western shore of the Red Sea, and to whom the Greeks and Romans gave the name of Berber, or Barbarians," because of their strange language and unwillingness to submit to other laws than their own.

This Berber division is again divided into two, the *Kabyles* and *Chaouis*; but tourists rarely see anything of the latter tribe.

The *Kabyles* are an industrious people, and are specially noted for their beautiful pottery and jewellery, which they manufacture with much taste.

The Arabs date their occupation of Algeria from the twelfth century, when they gained possession of the best parts of Algiers and drove the Berber tribe to the mountain fastnesses. They are a nomadic race, and live in tents, which they move about from place to place as they require fresh pasturage. They are a very lazy people; their chief employment is in agriculture, which they do in the easiest manner, and the soil being very productive little labor is required.

Moor is a name applied to those of Arabic descent, who have for generations lived in towns, in contra-distinction to the nomads who dwell in tents, and the term Moor includes all Arabs who lead settled lives, and occupy themselves in commercial pursuits. It is these people, together with the Jews, who inhabit the old part of Algiers. The streets in this, the "ancient city of the Deys" part of Algiers are very irregular, winding, and narrow, and so steep as to be inaccessible for carriages. From three to five feet appeared to be the general width. But their narrowness keeps them cool and shady, being built in, as it were, by the high walls of the Moorish houses. This Arab city is terribly confusing for any stranger to find his way in, but would be a capital place for "hide and seek." The houses, too, were scarcely recognizable. A small door in a high, whitewashed wall was the only sign we could see, as, after a long, weary trudge up Rue de la Kasba (a narrow street of 497 steps), we, with our guide, turned first to the right and left, until we were tired, on our way to pay our first formal visit to some of the children of Algiers.

After pulling a bell in the whitewashed wall, the door before mentioned was opened, and we found ourselves in a little vestibule, or "skiffa," on each side of which were stone benches. Here we were received by the master of the house and his

three boys, of whom he seemed proud. Both father and sons were, to our English eyes, gorgeously dressed, for they wore jackets of rich and gay colors, embroidered in silks and gold; full short trousers, little red turbans on their heads, and large, loose slippers. The boys were handsome little fellows, with straight features, oval faces, large dark eyes, clear brown skins—only much fairer than the nomad Arab.

Beyond the vestibule we were shown to an open court, paved with rich tiles, and having an arcade all round, formed by the twisted pillars and horse-shoe arches which supported an over gallery. The court is the most important part of a Moorish house, it is open to the sky so that the pavement enclosed by the arcade is generally sunk a few inches to carry off the rain-water. It is in the "court" of a Moorish house that most festivities are held; and we found, as we entered, that it was here preparations had been made for our visit.

Coffee, sweetmeats, pipes, etc., were in readiness; lovely rugs had been spread; there were also little mother-of-pearl inlaid stools, hassocks, etc.; while a fountain in the centre of the court was playing,

Her brothers, instead of making much of their only sister, gave her plenty of kicks and blows if she did not hurry to do their bidding; and the mother told us she was thankful she had only one girl, as to be the mother of boys was a greater honor. When a boy comes into the world, his mother always has a beautiful circular brooch to fasten her hair; while if a girl is born, a mother frequently receives only curses and kicks, and the child, if she is of poor parents, is treated as a slave; while among the upper classes she is little better. Our hostess told us that she had never seen her own relations since, as a little child, she was married and came to her husband's home, although she had often felt a longing to see her old home and her mother. She had already betrothed her child to a little boy cousin.

The little girl was first very shy of even looking at her visitors; but by degrees the shyness was overcome by a present of an English dressed doll, which was greatly appreciated, only she said she should hide the treasure or her brothers might take a fancy to it. The child's amusements were few; but we found that at

ears hang long massive ear-rings which look heavy enough to tear them off. Round the neck are strings of pearls and various jewelled necklets, and bracelets on the arms. Their mothers and friends dress in like costumes.

Before our visit was over, coffee was handed to us in tiny little cups, the shape of half an egg, and with no handles; while instead of saucers were the Kabyle jewelled egg-like stand cups. To our hostess' surprise we declined a pipe.

(To be Continued.)

A FELLOW FEELING.

There are so many benefits arising from well-directed labor, that it would be needless trying to enumerate them, but two of the chief benefits to be derived from real exertion seem of particular importance. And first, no one can adequately realize the value of money until they have either felt the need of it, or been obliged to earn it. Said a sensible young lady who at one time was obliged to supply her own needs for a while, but afterwards was placed in circumstances of comfort and abundance, "I can never be too thankful that for a time I was obliged to support myself, although I had to work hard to do so. But during that time of real labor, I learned the value of money, and how to take care of it. The lesson will last me, doubtless, for the rest of my life." That was worth while.

And then, nothing else will put us in sympathy to the same degree with those who must lead a life of toil which is unremitting, and amounts to drudgery, like having known what it is to labor ourselves "till the eyes are heavy and dim," and until work becomes unwelcome toil. A lady sets out in high dudgeon, intending to complain threateningly that the promised work is not completed. Entering the dress-maker's close room her eye is greeted with an appalling array of unfinished garments over which a busy woman bends wearily. A sudden recollection of days only too gladly remembered as long past, rushes into the mind of the impatient lady now living at her ease; for an instant she recalls the old feeling of weariness, the backache, the tired fingers, and her anger is all gone. Instead of an irritating complaint, there is only a kindly, considerate word or two for the overworked woman before her.—*Christian at Work.*

THE FOLLOWING is from an address recently delivered in Bombay by an educated Hindu who is not a Christian:

Cast your eyes around, and take a survey of the nations abroad! What has made England great? Christianity! What has made the other nations of Europe great? Christianity! What has started our present religious Somajas all over India? Contact with Christian missionaries! Who began female education in Bombay? The good old Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of beloved and honored memory, Christians again! Christianity has not only been the savior of man's soul, but the regenerator of man's habitation on earth.

A LITTLE BOY'S "IF."

ALICE L. SIMPSON.

If I were a bee and could roam the fields over,
Just gathering honey from sweet-scented clover,
And putting the pollen that sticks to my nose
In pockets, so handy, made fast to my clothes;

I'd never no never,
Be aught except clever.
There'd never be stinging
And angry tears bringing,
Because when abused
I, also, misused.

If I were a boy as big as my brother,
I never would say, "Oh, run to your mother!"
And "Hurry up now! You don't half try!"
And, "Leave that alone or I'll make you cry!"
And always and ever
Consider it clever
Big words to use,
Little boys to confuse.

If I were a man who didn't like whiskey,
I'd make the saloon keeper think it was risky,
To sell to the boys, and on Sunday not close.
Why, surely, you do not, you cannot suppose
That I ever, yes, ever,
Would show the "white feather?"
And consider it wiser
To not even try, sir!

—*Union Signal.*



A MOORISH GIRL.

and rare plants bloomed luxuriantly all about us.

While the gentlemen of our party went to smoke, the ladies were shown up to the over gallery and into the ladies' rooms, where we found the lady of the house with one little girl and some friends, who had come to see the English ladies. These Moorish ladies are never allowed to go out in the streets where they may be seen; so, being neighbors, they had come over the roofs of their houses, the houses were built so close to one another that it was easily done. Fortunately our hostess and her little girl could speak a little French. Not that they had ever been taught that language, but had picked it up from husband and brothers. It is not thought worth while to educate a girl. The little girl was sitting on a cushion playing with dominoes. And as she looked up on our entrance, we were grieved to see what a cowed, down-trodden expression she had.

"hop-scotch" she was no novice. We asked what she did all day, and found she did little of anything but embroidery, which was so exquisitely done that we could scarcely believe it to be the work of a child of eight. When we told of our English girls, their freedom, work and games, this Moorish child was by no means envious. The notion of a girl having to work sum, learn history and geography, was dreadful, and the walks and romps questionable!

I wish our readers could have seen one of these Moorish girls in their picturesque dress. It consists of a gauze chemise, wide yellow silk trousers, and a low bodice with a very short skirt, which does not fall more than eight inches below the hips. This is of red silk, and confined at the waist by a sash of gorgeous colors loosely tied in front. On the head is a small "fez," or turban, worn coquettishly on one side, and from which numerous little golden coins are suspended, while from the poor child's