

Wm Bronscombe 3.02.06

Street Scenes in Egypt.

When we talk of a street in England we mean a tolerably wide road with pavements on either side, and houses opening upon it. The carts and carriages go by in the road, which is kept clean and well mended; on the pavements people walk without jostling each other, by simply attending to 'the rule of the

stories, like the queer old houses that still stand in Chester and Bristol. The street is narrow enough; it is blocked by conjurers, snake-charmers, knife-grinders (like the one in this picture), and people selling fruit, water, sweets, and all sorts of other things. Then processions are always passing to and fro—wedding processions, with the bride, who is generally a child of twelve or thirteen,

a way for themselves. These boys know a few words of English, and almost tear a newcomer to pieces in their efforts to prevent each other from being employed by him. Each is quite sure his own beast is best.

'Dis donkey named Gladstone, sir!' they shriek.

'And dis one Billee Button—him go quicker, sir!'

Indeed it is a noisy place.

This old man has found rather a quiet corner, under the grated window of a house. Every now and then a woman peeps out to see how he is getting on with the ladies' pen-knives and scissors. Her face is covered with the yashmak, that is, a piece of thick white stuff tied across her nose and hiding all the lower part of her face, so that only her large dark eyes look out. Without this covering she may not face a man. She is a perfect bundle of white muslin when she rides her donkey through the streets; only her eyes can be seen, and the tips of her painted fingers.

When the knife-grinder has finished his work he will go on through the streets, joining his cry to the thousand other cries in the streets.

Very curious some of these cries are. Mr. Lane tells us that a seller of cotton cloth will call out, instead of merely 'Cloth to sell,' 'The work of the bull, O maiden!' because the loom is set in motion by a bull.

Again, a man with toasted melon-pips calls, 'O consoler of the embarrassed! O pips!' and the seller of roses, 'The rose was a thorn, from the sweat of the Prophet it blossomed.'

The Prophet, of course, is Mahomet, who was said to have produced roses by a miracle.

The hawker of a kind of sweet called halaweh, made of treacle and other things fried together, cries, 'For a nail, O sweetmeat!' for he is not a very honest trader. He tempts the children and servants to steal odds and ends of all sorts, to give him in exchange for his goodies.

But the water-carrier, who walks along



A CAIRO KNIFE-GRINDER.

road,' and keeping to the right of the passers they meet. Perhaps a girl calls 'Sweet Violets,' or 'Ripe Oranges,' or a barrel-organ or a German band is playing. Else, except in the busiest parts of our large towns, an English street is a tolerably quiet place.

But a street in Cairo! There are no pavements; the dogs are the only street cleaners. The houses, with only latticed windows high up, lean toward each other with projecting

decks out very gorgeously under a gorgeous canopy; or funeral processions, followed by paid mourners, women uttering the most fearful shrieks and howls as lamentations for the dead; or a great man comes by, with footmen running before him, pushing the people aside and shouting at the top of their voices, 'O old man! O maiden! get out of the way on the right!' or the left, as the case may be. The donkey boys make their spirited beasts clear

For the Coming Year.

What does it mean to a Sunday School and church to have a paper that can be trusted to put only what is wholesome and good into the hearts of the children, that can be looked to for helpful ideas by the Sunday School teacher and temperance worker, that gives jolly, bright entertainment for the wee ones and encouragement and help in life's struggle to the older brothers and sisters; that is watched for by the dear old folks for its comforting words and lessons; that gives to the mothers stories for the hour when the children beg for them, and new ideas for house-keeping; that upholds for the father a manly standard of life, and in every department strives to meet the wants of the whole family? If you have realized just what all this means, then stand by to see that the advantages you enjoy are made known to others, and whenever it is possible for you to do so, introduce the 'Northern Messenger' into homes and schools. Once there it will hold its own.