

# LITTLE FOLKS

## A School in Egypt.

(*Child's Companion.*)

A school in Egypt is not at all like an English one. The word 'school' makes us think of a number of more or less attentive boys or girls, working in silence at their appointed task, or following the instructions of the teacher as he introduces them to some fresh branch of knowledge. But in these respects, an Egyptian school offers a complete contrast.

'The noise of the school,' says one writer, 'is a sufficient guide to the spot. The children recite their lessons all together, and each scholar endeavors to make his voice heard above the din by shouting his loudest. The instruction given is

tor in the school), pretending that his eyes were weak.

A few days after he had taken upon himself this office, a poor woman brought a letter for him to read to her from her son, who had gone on a pilgrimage. The schoolmaster pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him:

'Shall I shriek?'

'Yes,' he answered.

'Shall I tear my clothes?'

'Yes.'

So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death.

As time goes on, however, we may expect that such schools and schoolmasters will become things of the past. Many Egyptians enter the Government service and many more desire to do so, and for this a good education is necessary. We know that a college has been established in Khartoum, in memory of the good General Gordon, and the chief work of this college will be to educate the sons of native chiefs.

It is to be hoped that not only will they be educated in worldly knowledge, but that at least some of them may have the opportunity of obtaining the best knowledge of all—that of the revelation of God's love to man in Jesus Christ.

## The Spoiled Picture.

(By Eva Kinney Miller, in *Sunday-School Times.*)

The Lloyd family had decided to have a family picture taken. All the family relations were to gather in the front yard at grandma and grandpa's home at four o'clock on a certain day, and the artist was going to take their pictures all together.

Kittie Lloyd was very much delighted, and asked her mother a great many questions about it.

'Am I to be in it, mamma?'

'Yes, dear,—all the family.'

'And Baby Ruth, too?'

'Yes, all the children and grandchildren.'

'Oh, mamma!' can't I have my doll, Sandy, in it, too? I think, if you have Baby Ruth, I ought to have Sandy.'

'Well, you ask papa to-night.'

When Kittie's papa came home that night, the first thing he heard, when his little girl came to meet him, was:

'Oh, papa! may I have Sandy in the picture with me? Mamma's going to have Baby Ruth.'

'I'm afraid you'll spoil the picture,' responded Mr. Lloyd, 'and Sandy is worse yet. You see, we shall all have to keep very still to have our pictures taken, and I am afraid neither you nor Sandy can do that.'

'Oh, yes, we can!' assured Kittie; 'I'll teach Sandy.'

Every day after that Kittie gave Sandy some lessons in standing still. The appointed day came at last, and Mr. Lloyd got out the big



A CORNER IN AN EGYPTIAN SCHOOL.

of the slightest possible kind, consisting of little else than the recitation of the Koran (the sacred book of the Mohammedans) and the simplest rules of arithmetic.

The master is often a blind man, who, being able to repeat the Koran by rote, can teach it to the children. His payment is very small, but it is apparently quite as much as he deserves.

I was lately told of a man who could neither read nor write succeeding to the office of a schoolmaster in my neighborhood. Being able to recite the whole of the Koran, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons; to write them he employed the 'areef' (or head boy and moni-

Not many days after this her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter, and she went to the schoolmaster and begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek, and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and he had now arrived at home.

'Not at all abashed, he said:—

'God knows the future. How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead than be led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed.'"