

the juice from the pulpy grapes and so nourish the old man. By and by Anselm went to England. There they made him a very high officer in the church—the Archbishop of Canterbury. The kings in England and the officials in the church didn't always agree, and Anselm was obliged to leave England; but the king called him back, and the archbishop was at Canterbury again. The year 1109 came. In the archbishop's house an old man lay dying. I wonder if he thought then of the blue mountains about his Pirimont home. Perhaps he lay there thinking of his dream in sleep when a little boy, up, up, he climbs again, weary as a child, higher still, away above the mountains, into the beautiful home of God where his sainted mother is. People may have gathered about the archbishop and called to him, but he had climbed the blue mountains, and like Moses, never came down again. Anselm was dead.

"What did Anselm write about, father?" said Willie.

"If I should single out his special work, I should say it was in treating of Christ's love for sinners and Christ's work for sinners. Anselm loved Augustine, and though the two were unlike, Anselm has been called the Augustine of his age. They both did a good work, and in the doing of it lived to be of the same age, seventy-six. So much for two A's in church history."

"Two great A's, father, and so much for Sunday-school."

"Yes, Willie, and so much to show that a rainy afternoon may not be such a very bad thing after all."—S. S. Times.

TEACH SELF-DENIAL.

Few of us older persons can have everything we want, everything that love can give, everything that money can buy. Most of us have many reasonable wishes ungratified, many moderate desires unfulfilled. We have to get along without a great many things which others have, and which we would like. It is probable that our children will be called to similar experiences when they must finally shift for themselves. They ought to be in training for this now. It is largely the early education which gives one proper control over himself and his desires. If in childhood one is taught to deny himself, to yield gracefully much that he longs for, to enjoy the little that he can have, in spite of the lack of a great deal which he would like to have, his will be an easier and a happier lot, when he comes to the realities of maturer life, than would be possible if, as a child, he had only to express a reasonable wish to have it promptly gratified. For this reason it is that men who were the children of the rich are so often at a disadvantage, in the battle of every-day life, with those who have come up from comparative poverty. The wealth of their parents, so freely at their disposal, increased the number of wants which they now think must be gratified, and their pampering in childhood so unweaned them for the struggles and endurance which are, at the best, a necessity in ordinary business pursuits, that they are easily distanced by those who were in youth disciplined through enforced self-denial, and made strong by enduring hardness, and by finding contentment with a little. It is a great pity that the full and free gifts of a loving parent should prove a hindrance to a child's happiness, a barrier to his success in life, that the very abundance of the parent's giving should tend to the child's poverty and unhappiness! Yet this state of things is in too many instances an undeniable fact.

Children of the present day—especially children of parents in comfortable worldly circumstances—are far more likely than were their fathers and mothers to lack lessons of self-denial. The standard of living is very different now from a generation since. There were few parents in any community in this country thirty years ago who could buy whatever they wanted for their children; or, indeed, for themselves. There was no such looseness of purchase for children, for the table, for the house or the household, as is now common on every side. Children then did not expect a new suit of clothes every few months. Often they had old ones made over for them from those of their parents or of their elder brothers and sisters. Present from the toy-shop or bookstore was a rarity in those days. There was not much choosing by children what they would eat as they sat down at the family table. There was still less of planning by them for a summer journey with their parents to a mountain or sea-side resort. Self-denial, or more or less of privation, came as a necessity to almost every child in our younger days. But how different now!

The average child of the past ten or fifteen years has received more presents and more indulgence from his parents in any one year of his life than the average child of a generation before received in all the years of his childhood. Because of this new standard, the child of to-day expects new things, as a matter of course, to be done for them, in the belief that he will receive them. In consequence of

their abundance he sets a smaller value upon them severally. It is not possible that he should think as highly of any one new thing, out of a hundred coming to him in rapid succession, as he would of the only gift of an entire year. A boy of now-a-days can hardly prize his new velocipede, after all the other presents he has received, as his father prized a little waggon made of a raisin-box with wheels of ribbon-blocks, which was his only treasure in the line of locomotion. A little girl cannot have as profound enjoyment in her first wax doll of the year, with eyes which open and shut, as her mother had with her one clumsy doll of stuffed rags or of painted wood. A new child's book was a wonder a generation since; it is now hardly more to one of our children than the evening paper is to the father of the family. It is now hard work to give a new sensation—or, at all events, to make a permanent impression—by the bestowal of a gift of any sort on a child. It would be far easier to surprise and to impress many a child by refusing to give to him what he asked for and expected; and that treatment would be greatly to his advantage.

It is every parent's duty to deny a child many things which he wants; to teach him that he must get along without a great many things which seem very desirable; to train him to self-denial and endurance, at the table, in the play-room; with companions, and away from them. Whatever else he has, he ought not to lack this training. What provision in this direction is made for the children in your family?—S. S. Times.

EDUCATION IN EGYPT.

SCHOOLS OF CAIRO.

A writer in the Saturday Review gives an interesting account of the present state of education in Egypt. Speaking of the schools in Cairo, he says:—"There are at present 140,977 pupils under instruction. Of these 111,803 are in primary Arab schools, 15,335 in those attached to mosques, 1,385 are educated by Government, 8,961 by missions and religious communities, and 2,960 in the municipal schools. There are only two female schools returned, those started by the Khedive; but in the Copt and mission schools little girls may be found, though very few indeed—a mere drop in the ocean of ignorance. It will easily be seen that the primary Arab schools educate more than two-thirds of the children, and that they consequently are of the first interest to any one anxious for the improvement of the national culture. Unfortunately, they seem to exist only in order to impart a parrot-like acquaintance with the text of the Koran. For this purpose only have they been endowed by pious people. Any one fresh from seeing an infant school in England would feel a sense of utter bewilderment on entering one in Cairo. Everything is topsy-turvy. The children read and write from left to right, and even begin to learn their sole lesson-book, the Koran, backward, because the latter chapters are easier and more important. The consequence is that, after a few visits to Arab schools, one cannot help a feeling of surprise when a child sneezes, or shows that he is changing his teeth at the same age as a little European.

One primary school in Cairo is well worth having a peep into. You open a door in the street, and find a room about ten feet square. It is below the level of the road, and lofty for its size. A grated window, high up, gives a dim light; but a flood of sunshine comes in at the open door, and strikes fall on the bright crimson robe of the fakch as he sits on his cushion in the corner. At one end stands the only piece of furniture in the room. It looks like a large harmonium done up in brown holland; but turns out to be a box containing the bones of a saint. In front of this curious piece of school furniture squat four-and-twenty little black and brown boys. One or two are disguised as girls, to protect them from ophthalmia. They sit in two rows, facing each other, and simultaneously rock their bodies violently backward and forward as they recite the alphabet, or that verse of the Koran which forms their day's task. The children shout at the top of their little cracked voices in a nasal tone far from musical. The noise they contrive to make is astounding, considering how small they are. If they cease their rocking and shrieking, even for a moment, the master brings down his long palm cane upon their shaven skulls, and they recommence with renewed energy, and an even more violent see-saw. The sentence repeated does not convey the slightest meaning to their minds, nor is any attempt made to explain it. Two or three older children are sitting beside the fakch, getting lessons in the formation of the Arabic characters. Their copy-book is a piece of bright tin, and they use a reed pen called a kalam. The ink-bottle is a box containing a sponge saturated with some brown fluid.

A long row of tiny slippers, of every form and color, lies neatly arranged at the foot; for the place where the bones of a saint are en-

shrined is holy ground, and no one may soil the clean matting of the floor with outside defilement. No register is kept of the pupils, or of their days of attendance. Indeed, although the fakch can repeat the whole of the Koran or book, it is highly probable he would find some difficulty in counting up to the number of his scholars. His acquisitions begin and end with a textual knowledge of the sacred book, and unfortunately the wishes of his pupils' parents with regard to the education of their children are bounded by the same narrow limits. The schoolmasters are miserably paid, mostly in kind, for piastros are scarce; but they exercise considerable influence, and no marriage or family fête is complete without their presence. In better class Arab schools a little arithmetic is sometimes taught, but not always. Boys who wish to pursue that branch of their education generally learn from the public gabani, a man whose business it is to weigh merchandise. A child whose father keeps a shop is taught by assisting in it. Geography is also neglected, which is fortunate, as nothing can be more ludicrous than the lessons when they are attempted.

The teaching is, of course, entirely based upon the Koran, which upholds Mr. Hampden's views with regard to the shape of the earth. The children learn that it takes 500 years travelling to get round the mighty plain, while perhaps a few yards from the school door hangs one of Mr. Cook's placards, offering to do the whole business in 90 days. It must be hard to explain all about the seven earths and the seven heavens, and the seven climates and the seven seas of light. The one important fact which the children retain is that Mecca is the centre of the earth. At present each boy comes to one master with his lessons, says it and returns to his seat. He is succeeded by another, and so on during the whole day. This would be impossible if more than reading and writing were taught.

Of the mosque schools the ancient El Azhar is still the most important. It provides instruction, such as it is, for more than 11,000 pupils. A considerable number are housed and fed within its hospitable walls. The scholars are of all ages, and come from the most remote provinces as well as the larger towns. They may stay as long as they like and go there when they please. If they are rich they make presents to the professors, who are paid entirely by voluntary donations; if they are very poor, they receive help from their Alma Mater in the shape of food. The fakch of 500 sheep sent one day by the Viceroy on the occasion of a family rejoicing was therefore not unacceptable. The school is, in fact, a great free national university for the teaching of the theology of the Koran. There are few rules, there is no compulsory course of study, there is no roll-call or classification of students. Curiously enough, coffee and tobacco are here forbidden within the walls; but, no doubt, the students rich enough to have rooms outside make up for the deprivation by an extra allowance at home.

Some of the Coptic schools are well worthy of a visit. The principal one in Cairo is exceedingly well attended. The boys look as if their intelligence was cultivated, and many of them read and speak either French or English with ease and a good accent. They seem to have a great interest in each other, and to feel a genuine pride in seeing their companions show off their small accomplishments to strangers. The Copts take some pains to teach their girls, and have two fairly well managed schools at Cairo. The children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and needle work.

SCRIPTURE ENIGM 1.

LXIV.

From the New Testament these questions solve, And thus these names evolve:

1. Who was it oft-times tumbled while he roamed
A Roman prisoner's word?
2. What Jew from Egypt did at Corinth preach
With strong, persuasive speech?
3. Who, by presentiment of faith possessed,
His twin-born children bless'd?
4. Who, with a life by earliest faith beguiz,
Was call'd the apostle's son?
5. Who, by her daughter's "light fantastic" tread
Obtained a prophet's head?
6. Whose name stands second in th' ascending tree
Of Jesu's pedigree?
7. What slave was to his injured master sent
By Paul, a penitent?
8. Who was that Jewess, whose experienced speech
Did a great teacher teach?

9. Who was his mother who, in early youth,
Believed and preached the truth?
10. Who was the first of all the Gentile race
To learn the Saviour's grace?
11. Who—though not first—all Asia led astray
And turned from Paul away?
12. Who, by one lie, called forth th' apostle's power
And perished the same hour.
13. Who heard the voice of Peter at the gate,
And made the apostle wait?
14. What epithet both marks a traitor's shame
And clears his namesake's fame?
15. Who for St. Paul his longest letter penned,
And kind salute did send?
16. What title, in three vowels, doth express
The Saviour's faithfulness?

Now from each term evolved th' initial take,
And an acrostic make.

Three sovereign graces that in Christians dwell,
The several letters spell.

The first, without saving power, looks back to see
The Saviour's agony.

The next, with steadfast eye, looks upward still
To heavenly Zion's hill.

The last, the greatest, labors to be blest
In heaven's eternal rest.

The first completed, and the next made sure,
The third shall still endure.

POWER OF TEACHING.—A point to be noticed in the training of teachers, is that it is not as important how much they know, as how well they understand how to excite in pupils a desire to know. A teacher may have vast knowledge, and no power to impart to others a desire to gain this knowledge. The amount a pupil learns in the school room is not the great aim of instruction. He may be full of science literature, and mathematics, and a poor student after all. Guided by others, he may have acquired a great fund of information, and yet not be able to know how to study. It is not of so much importance to the apprentice how much work he does, as how well he knows how to do the work he executes. A journeyman of our acquaintance, who for fifteen years has worked faithfully at his business does not to-day know enough to cut out a coat. There are many teachers who know enough to pass an examination in almost everything, and yet can never do good work in the school room. They tell, talk, lecture, explain; and their pupils go away impressed with an idea of the vastness of their knowledge while they have received but little benefit. . . . A physician may know all about the veins, bones, and organs of the human body, and yet be entirely ignorant of the way to heal it; or he may understand the chemical composition of the drugs used in the practice of medicine, without being able to apply them. Of what use would such a man be? So a teacher may know all about the sciences and arts, without being able to impart his knowledge to others. We hear it continually said, "A teacher must know something." This is true, but it is more important that he should know how to teach the mind, excite it, and set it going in a search for truth, than that he should simply cram his own head with principles and formulas.—The National Teachers' Monthly.

HELPING SCHOLARS TO STUDY.—If scholars do not study at home their teachers are, in the long run, to blame for it. Indeed, the best teachers recognize their responsibility on this point, and if they have scholars who are at fault, they set themselves to the work of interesting those scholars in study. On the other hand, a poor teacher is commonly readiest to complain of his scholars for not studying, and to console himself with the thought that it is through no lack of his. Among other good ways of helping scholars to study, this one has been adopted by a teacher in the Congregational Sunday-school of Bristol, Conn. He uses the "Papyrograph"—as so many Sunday-school workers now do. With this he multiplies copies of any letters he desires to send to his scholars. When the lessons are peculiarly difficult, or there seems any special reason for quickening one or more of his scholars in study, he sits down and writes a letter to his scholars about the next lesson. He tells them what he has learned about it, and why they should be interested in it. Then he points out its main features, and perhaps asks them to look up one point or another about which he questions. In this way he shows his own interest in the work of the weak, and increases and directs theirs. He finds that his plan works admirably.