

The children are ragged, squalid, rickety, and bleary-eyed, the women look cowed and dejected, and their long, soiled, and tattered garments scarcely conceal their emaciated forms, while the men are miserable, shabby-looking wretches, undermined by want and blighted by serfdom. In the more respectable native quarters, the houses generally overhang the street in the upper story, and out of the latticed windows peer the eyes of the women of the household—the wives of the often "much-married" husband. Dust is everywhere and burning sun, and the eyes suffer much from the glare of the light. Ophthalmia is dreadfully prevalent.

I did Alexandria pretty thoroughly, but the most interesting scene in the city I witnessed, while sitting in the evening in front of a cafe in the Great Square, the Place Mehemet Ali. This is the head-quarters of European life. The scene is most novel and entertaining. The street is brilliant with gas; and to watch the curious crowd of all nations,—the dusky natives around you sipping their coffee, playing their games of draughts or smoking and story-telling; the vendors of wares of all sorts, shouting their goods; horses and carriages, with dashing French and Italian belles; donkeys, camels, oriental women veiled up to the eyes, and men in every dress. In every land the most interesting thing you see is man himself. How curiously these Egyptians dress! The women, with their wide trousers and long choofan with hanging sleeves, and laced from the girdle to the bosom, with a loose shawl round the waist, a head veil of muslin, and a black face-veil reaching often from the eyes to the feet. The men, with wide trousers but tightly-fitting from the knee down, red shoes on their feet, a light, gaily-embroidered jacket, a striped sash round the waist, a small red-tasseled cap, and twisted round it the much-revered turban, carrying under their arms or munching along the way, a flat loaf of poor, black, sour, coarse, barley bread, their principal food, aside from eggs, dates, grasses, and beans.

#### "MY SMOKE-HOUSE."

**A** MAN who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately bought a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke-house."

Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with the interest, into my house. Hence I call it my smoke-house."

Now, boys we want you to think of this when you are tempted to take your first cigar. Think how much good might be done with the money you are beginning to spend in smoke. What would you think of a man who, to amuse himself, should light a paper twenty-five cents and watch it burn? Is it any more sensible to take for your quarter a roll of old, dry, brown leave light it, and see it smoke? —*Exchange.*

#### DIET AND DEVOTION.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

**T**HE Bible often reminds us that there is something better than medicine to prevent and cure sickness.

The celebrated French physician, Dumoulin, said on his death-bed, when distinguished men were regretting his departure: "My friends, I leave behind me three greater physicians than myself." Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered: "Water, Exercise, and Diet."

Another has said that the three best doctors are Doctor Diet, Dr. Quiet, Dr. Merryman. Longfellow said in one of his brief epigrams:

"Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,  
Slain the door on the doctor's nose."

Be sure, then, first of all, that you have the regular care of Dr. Diet; the Bible counts him so important even to religious people, that it makes 800 references to eating.

An old man, nearly one hundred years old, once said: "If you want to grow old slowly, eat slowly."

"A doctor is one whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more."

"Feed me till I want no more," may be allowable in a song about spiritual food, though of doubtful import even then; but surely it is not good physiology. Rather should we "always leave the table with an appetite that we may never sit down without one."

There can be no doubt that Englishmen and Americans eat more meat than is wholesome for their moral nature. Nations which eat meat every day, and many of these people several times a day, are far more intemperate than others. Beef-tea is now found to be a stimulant for the sick, and is sometimes used in the place of wine. So, excessive meat eating over-develops the passions, and leads often to wine or worse.

Dr. Oswald, in a recent series of articles on diet in the *Popular Science Monthly*, attributes the vices of boys in part, to this over-supply of animal food. He says tersely: "Hot-headed boys, especially can be more effectually cured with cow's milk, than a cow's hide." If that is so, we shall believe the little girl who said in a composition, "A cow is the most useful thing in the world, except religion."

As to alcoholic drinks, the cold business statistics of the life insurance companies show that they punch out the years of our lives as a conductor does a mileage ticket. Strange that so many who would not commit suicide suddenly will do it slowly in this way! When Tom Sayers, the famous pugilist, was asked if he did not use plenty of ale and porter while in training for his prize-fights, he replied, "I'm no teetotaler, but, when I have business on hand, there is nothing like cold water and the dumb bells."

That reminds us of Dr. Exercise. We should be better Christians, more joyful and vigorous, if we were obedient to his prescriptions. Dyspepsia is a poor pedestrian; walk rapidly for an hour a day and you will soon leave him behind and with the dyspepsia such a spiritual despondency and

Dr. Repose is also an important physician in this exciting age. It is said that every fit of anger cuts off a year of life. Perhaps it does not always cut off as much as that, but tapping a nerve is well nigh as exhausting to the vital forces as tapping a vein. On the other hand Dr. Repose offers us "length of days" John Wesley on his 86th birthday, "his eye not dim nor his natural force abated," wrote in his diary that the three chief causes of his unusually prolonged vigour were: First, his lifelong habit of early-rising, second, his habit of being much in the open air; third, his Christian repose of mind. "I dare no more to fret," he said, "than to curse and swear."

Dr. Pure Air is no less important than those I have mentioned. Mr. Beecher says that the school children of Brooklyn get only twenty-five feet of air when they ought to have two thousand. It is doubtless as bad in many of our cities. Dr. Pure Air also teaches us to breathe through the nose, and thus filter the air of its impurities before it reaches the lungs.

Dr. Merryman is not to be forgotten in our health consultation. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." One who lived nearly a century gave this advice to those who would have a long life: "Go to your occupation smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere."

When one kills himself with food, or wine, or vice, or neglect, it is said that his time has come, and he was taken away by a mysterious Providence. Nonsense! He died by suicide before his time through a mysterious stupidity, or a deliberate disregard of the laws of health; or, perhaps, he was murdered by a plumber, or contractor, who to save a few dollars made a death-trap instead of a health-trap in the cellar. There are Herods who slaughter the innocent not by swords, but by imperfect sewers.

In order that we may serve God better and longer than we shall otherwise, we need to keep in mind that God's laws for the body are as binding upon us as those of the soul, and that deliberate disobedience to God's physiological command is as wicked as breaking the ten commandments.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." (Rom. xii. 1).—*Christian at Work.*

#### THE CAMEL.

**T**HE expression of his soft, heavy, dreamy eye tells its own tale of meek submission and patient endurance ever since travelling began in the deserts. The camel appears to be wholly passive—without doubt or fear, emotions or opinions of any kind—to be in all things a willing slave to destiny. He has none of the dash and brilliancy of the horse; that looking about with erect neck, fiery eye, cocked ears, and inflated nostrils; that readiness to dash along a race course, follow the hounds across the country, or charge the enemy; none of that decision of will and self-conscious pride which demand as a right, to be stroked, petted, pampered, by lords and ladies.

The poor camel bends his neck, and with a balter round his long nose, and several hundred-weight on his back,

paces patiently along from the Nile to the Euphrates. Where on earth, or rather on sea, can we find a ship so adapted for such a voyage as his over those boundless oceans of desert sand? Is the camel thirsty—he has recourse to his gutta percha cistern which holds as much water as will last a week, or, as some say, ten days even, if necessary. Is he hungry—give him a few handfuls of dried beans; it is enough; chopped straw a luxury. He will gladly crunch with his sharp grinders the prickly thorns and shrubs in his path, to which hard Scotch thistles are as soft down. And when all fails, the poor fellow will absorb his own fat hump. If the land-storm blows with furnace heat, he will close his small nostrils, pack up his ears, and then his long defleshed legs will stride after his swan-like neck through suffocating dust; and having done his duty he will mumble his guttural, and leave perhaps, his bleached skeleton to be a landmark in the waste for the guidance of future travellers.—*Harper's Young People.*

#### ONE TIRED MOTHER TO ANOTHER.

**A** LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee;  
Your tired knee that has so much to bear,  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly,  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight,  
You do not prize this blessing over-much,  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day,  
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow  
To catch the sunshine as it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me  
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,  
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,  
The restless, curly head from off your breast,  
The lisp of tongue that chattered constantly;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,  
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown;  
Or that the foot-prints when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to mark them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear it patter in my house once more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumpled by a shining head;  
My singing birdling from his nest has flown,  
My little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—*Domestic Journal.*