

smouldering that need but vent to burst into a blaze. There, is now security for life and property, and business may be carried on and travel indulged with absolute safety. But who would guarantee this security a week after the Union Jack had ceased to fly at the Citadel in Cairo? Not many in Cairo itself, I think.

On the Suez Canal, the steam-launch on which I was passenger ran into and sank a native boat. The boat with her lateen sail filled with wind was approaching from the opposite direction, and utter unwatchfulness or mismanagement on the part of the two Arabs who formed her crew brought her, just as we reached her, across our bows. It was impossible to avoid collision, and next moment we crashed into her and ran her down. The men were saved; our own passengers, though startled, were uninjured, and our launch, leaky through the shock, reached port in safety, but the native boat was hopelessly wrecked, and the last we saw of her



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was the big white sail floating on the canal, as in the gathering darkness we sped on toward Port Said. Something similar, I fancy, is sure to happen to Egypt. Her government, hopelessly incapable, unwatchful and mismanaged, will come into inevitable collision with the humanity, the justice, the conscience of Christendom, and will go finally and forever down. The crew saved, and the future unembarrassed; the sooner such an ultimatum comes the better for all concerned.

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A man is what his heart is—his faith and hopes and purposes. *These are himself*, both the foundation and the superstructure of his entire personality. As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.—*Dwight.*