

the Mahomedans, as they have come under my notice. But when I look at the condition of the worshippers, and especially at that of their women, I can see that something is wrong in their religion, radically wrong. But O that Christians would exhibit more of their consistency, and like them carry religion more into the daily concerns of life.

It was an excellent opportunity to see the different classes of the most respectable, as well as of the middling and poorer people of Cairo, and therefore I waited to see the congregation disperse. This occupied a much longer period than an ordinary breaking up of one of our religious meetings, as each one had to put on his slippers on coming out of the door. There was the colonel with his golden hilted sword, who mounted the splendidly caparisoned horse; the Turk in his white turban, with reverend beard and graceful robes; the Bedouin, with his white blanket; the rich and the poor, one in embroidered garments, the other in rags.

From the Mosque we rode to another part of the city to attend a meeting of the "Howling Dervishes." We took off our boots on entering their place of worship, which stood retired, and resembled a small Mosque. Between twenty and thirty dervishes were standing in the middle of the room, in an elliptical ring, on mats of black and white sheepskins, with their head man or Scheik in their centre, as we entered. A company of musicians, with African drums and pipes, stood near. They soon struck up a kind of negro music, and the worship of the Dervishes commenced. They began by laying the palms of their hands together before them, and bowing and raising alternately the head with a violent spring, rapidly repeating at the same time the name of God—Al-lah—Al-lah—with a hollow grunt. One with long hair, like that of a female dishevelled, threw it completely over upon his face at each bowing, and back again upon his shoulders, on raising his head. The bowing and utterance of Al-lah—Al-lah became more and more violent, and the time and loudness of the music increased to a gradual climax, when a young Dervish became possessed with the inspiration. He began to toss his hands and to struggle like one convulsed by fits. Two other Dervishes seized him, putting their hands over his eyes and mouth. They whispered to him, and at length laid him by main strength on the floor, putting their knees upon him, and folding his arms upon his breast. And now the din of music, the jerking of heads and shoulders up and down, to the right and to the left, became more and more violent. Their inspiration was at its height. They tossed their heads and roared until their strength failed them, and their brains became utterly confounded. Some had jerked off their turbans by the violence of the motion, and most began to wipe the sweat from their brows. The music and bowing finally ceased. The chief Dervish took his station in front of a little niche or chapel, and all passed round and kissed his hand, which he complacently held out to them. Afterwards they touched each other's hands and then kissed them. At the close of the service, the Scheik invited us into a private room to sit down with him and his brethren. A divan ran round three sides of the room. The Scheik, with a dignified wave of his hand, requested us to sit down at his left, which is the seat of honor with the Arabs. Coffee was brought to us by those who had been dancing, and pipes were offered. As many of the brethren as could be accommodated sat down cross-legged on the divan with us, and took their cup of coffee. The Dervishes were a beggarly looking crew for the most part, though a few had faces of some intelligence. The Scheik was a Hurd, had a clear black eye, a good physiognomy, and an enviable beard. He was evidently the master spirit among them. The old man showed that his worship had been arduous, and that the pores of his skin were well opened. He told us there were about 300 Dervishes in Cairo. A venerable Dervish on our left, with a green turban, informed us that he had made his pilgrimage to Mecca. Their appearance and exhibitions formed to me a striking chapter in fanaticism. I was often reminded of an Indian "Pow woy." At length the Dervishes, who had not the honor of a seat within, began to enter one after another, to take leave of his excellency the Scheik. They approached him reverently, and bowing and kissing his extended hand, each retired backward to the door and departed. We ourselves presented him with

a dollar Baksheest, which he cheerfully accepted, and then bade him adieu, with the usual Arab salutations.

On our return we met a procession of mourners of the higher class of Turks. A company of well dressed men, in white turbans, singing a mournful dirge, preceded the bier. The deceased was covered with a rich red Cashmere shawl, and a red turban was elevated above his head. A considerable number of well dressed females followed as mourners, some on horses, some on donkeys, some on foot, and all closely veiled.

In passing through the street I saw a boy bastinadoed. He had offended a shop keeper, who, seizing him, threw him upon his back on the floor, and tying his feet with a cord, lifted them up so that they projected from a low window. He then inflicted some cruel blows, with a large stick, upon the poor fellow's feet. Each blow of the brute made my nerves to tingle, and my flesh to crawl upon my bones.

I also visited the tomb of Kleber, and the garden of Defterden Bey, in which he was assassinated. His monument is a square block of marble standing in the open street near a corner. On two sides are laurel wreaths, and on the two others two crossed swords. The monument is much defaced and soiled. What is human glory? Has a gallant Marshal of Napoleon, who was honoured and promoted come to this, literally to be "cast out into the street?" The garden looks abandoned and in ruins. It contained, however, the most extraordinary growth of the Prickly Pear (Cactus Indicas) I have any where seen. They were larger than our pear trees, and not less than fifteen feet high. They were putting forth their yellow blossoms. The fruit which they bear is much eaten in Egypt. The date trees too were thrusting forth their yellow blossoms from their long, dark, sheath-like buds. The stem and blossoms, when fully unfolded, resemble a head of Oroom corn. The blossoms burst forth around the foot of the tuft of long leaves at the top of the tree. The leaves are often fifteen or eighteen feet long.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

At the Sabbath School Anniversary, recently held in New York, the Rev. Mr. Everis, of the Baptist Tabernacle, said that "Sunday Schools are a test of the prosperity of the church. In revivals they are blessed abundantly, and a vast number of converts are always made from the children there taught. He regarded them as at the head of all the Christian institutions of the day; and, therefore, entitled to peculiar favour. He introduced a great variety of illustrations to show the power of early instruction in giving direction to the human mind. You would not attempt to tame a wild beast of the forest, without taking him young. You would not attempt to straighten the crooked trunks and branches of the trees in the wood; but you might take the twig, and train it to your taste."

Another speaker compared "the Sabbath School to a beautiful garden, and the pupils to the flowers—all heliotropes—opening their bosoms and turning toward the sun, in whatever part of the heavens he may appear."

ADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM PRAYER.

We have lately been much gratified in hearing of an instance where all the teachers in a school came to the determination, at one of their meetings, of spending a certain portion of time each day in special prayer for a blessing upon their labors and the children in their separate classes. Thus, every teacher is engaged in that act of devotion, whether in the retirement of the closet, or amid the busy scenes of life; the answer to those prayers has already been given, in the fact that at the last celebration of our Lord's Supper, no less than three of their elder scholars were admitted as members of the church to which the school belonged. Is not this pleasing? Is it not an incentive for us to follow their example, and with them to unite daily in supplicating the throne of grace? I should propose then, as a teacher, that each of us (feeling the importance of prayer, and knowing how little good can be

effected without it) do set apart five minutes every day, for the purpose of specially asking the Holy Spirit's influences to rest upon each child in our class. Then shall we find that in the endeavour more abundantly to water others, we ourselves are watered; and remember that time is not the limit for the joys we feel, but we are encouraged to look forward to a state, where, with the children for whom now we pray, we shall be permitted to join in an endless song of praise.—S. S. Journal.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

From the N. Y. Observer.

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

The Salvation of the Heathen to be accomplished through the instrumentality of the Gospel.

It does not become us to enquire whether God might not have accomplished his purposes in the conversion of men, independent of human instrumentality, and without the intervention of the Gospel. We may not suppose that he was shut up to the necessity of pursuing any particular method. He might, for aught that appears to us, have accomplished his purposes in a very different method from that in which he actually does accomplish them. He might, (if he pleased) move upon the sinner's heart without human instrumentality: or he might make a direct revelation of his will to every man, as he did to the penmen of the Bible. But we are not called upon to indulge in speculation as to what God might do.

What is the method of salvation which he actually has revealed? By what method does he really accomplish the salvation of men? If we look at the history of the church from the earliest ages, it will appear manifest that the conquests of divine grace ever have been achieved, through the instrumentality of the Gospel. How were the citizens of Rome, and Athens, and Thessalonica made the converts of God's grace? Every one knows that it was through the ministry of the word. Paul had no expectation that their unaided reason would guide them to heaven. Nor that God would make to them a direct communication of his will. If so, he might have spared the labour, and toil, and suffering which he endured for their salvation. The apostles evidently acted upon the principle that the heathen were to be converted through the instrumentality of God's word, and not by a direct revelation from heaven. Either the apostles mistook the Gospel method of salvation, or else it is indispensable that the heathen world become acquainted with the revealed will of God. But did they mistake? If so, the parting command of Christ was well calculated to beget such a mistake in their bosoms. They had heard the lips of the Saviour himself utter the words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." It was almost while these words were on the lips of their Divine Master, that he arose in the clouds of heaven, and ascended to his throne in glory. They gazed after him, as did Elisha after "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," as they conveyed his spiritual father to heaven. While they gazed, they caught his descending mantle; they were fired with his spirit; and they were resolved to live and die for his glory.

Now, let us follow their footsteps, as "they went every where" preaching the gospel; and learn to act under the same holy influence. Nor were the apostles actuated in this by a blind, misguided zeal. Paul understood the fact, and he expressed it to the Corinthian church, that "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." He also taught the church at Rome the truth, that while sinners can be saved only through faith in the blood of Christ, this faith can never be exercised without a knowledge of his character. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

I wish that every Christian would seriously ponder on these emphatic inquiries.