

after the Englishman had cured two members of the tribe of sickness, in what appeared a miraculous manner, though, in fact, he only gave some common English medicines, Sheik Houssein resolved he would go to Cairo and see this wonderful man, and convince himself that he could cure blindness, and then come back after his daughter.

The distance was nearly five hundred miles, and, if he went, and came, and took his daughter back to Cairo, he would have to traverse two thousand miles of burning sand, for, even outside the Great Desert, Egypt has no shady roads for travellers; all is bare and hot, except in places near the Nile.

Sheik Houssein was poor; only one camel could be spared from his herd of four, and, though it would have been easier to go down the Nile, Houssein was too poor to pay for the trip, and so he had to take the long, lonely journey overland. To his family he seemed going to his death. They feared he would lose his way, or be murdered by wandering Bedouins, or die of thirst, or be kept prisoner in Cairo, if he ever did get there.

But Houssein's love for Ayesha strengthened his faith in the Englishman's words. "Others have gone to Cairo from near us," he said. "Ayoub, of El Khargeh, journeyed there upon his camel, and, though it is true he never came back, yet we know he is well and prospers, and has sent home fine stuffs from the Cairene bazaars, and many good words to his family. I also will go, putting my trust in God, believing that He can cure my daughter by the hand of this wise man."

So Houssein packed plenty of food and drink upon Sidi, the strong young camel, and set out for Cairo.

How long each day seemed! Nothing to see but sand, or low, rocky hills; nothing to be heard but the soft thud of Sidi's feet, and the jingle of the saddle fastenings.

Sometimes they found a very small oasis or fertile spot, where a couple of palm trees shaded a little pool of water from some hidden spring. How thankful both man and camel were for such spots! Houssein, who prayed three times a day, added then his thanks to God for the little pleasant places in the desert, and it may be that this poor Arab was a better worshipper than many Christians, who, while on their long, weary journey through life, notice only the desert places, and forget to give thanks for the comforts which are scattered over even the hardest lives.

Sometimes, but not often, Houssein fell in with other travellers, and, if they were poor, he shared his simple food with them; if they were rich, and travelling with several camels, well loaded, he did not join them, and they usually took no notice of him; for rich and happy people seldom care to travel with poor and sorrowful

ones, whether they are in an African sand plain, or an American city.

But Houssein tried to help those who needed him, to be friendly to all he met, and to keep up his faith in the unknown doctor in Cairo; and after travelling nearly three months, he reached the great city, and enquired for the Englishman who cured blindness.

One would not think he could find the man he was in search of without having his address, but, happily, Dr. Brand was a famous oculist, and so well known that Houssein easily found some one to guide him to his house. The doctor spoke Arabic, and was able to understand Houssein's account of his little girl's eyes, and of his long journey in the hope of finding the doctor.

"But I am a poor man," said Houssein; "all I have to pay you is my camel."

"But if you pay me with your camel, how will you and your daughter get home again, after she is cured? And how will you live here while I am curing her? For it may take some months to make her eyes strong," said Dr. Brand.

"I have thought of that," replied Houssein. "Ayoub, of El Khargeh, lives in this city; I will ask him to shelter us, and I will repay him by the carrying of his merchandise to the desert tribes, who will buy his goods, and will bring him the money. Ayoub fears to send goods because of the wandering Bedouins, and an escort of armed men would cost him too dear; but I, on a single camel, may pass safely, for all know I am poor. I have yet at home three other camels, and, when I return to bring my daughter, I will bring one to carry us, but this that I pay you is the largest and best of my camels."

Dr. Brand was a generous man, and he did not tell Houssein that the operation upon Ayesha was worth more than a camel. He praised the Sheik for his faith and courage, and allowed him to see an operation performed on a boy who had cataract, as Ayesha had, which makes the eyes look as if a white skin was over the pupil. This the oculist removed, and after a few days Houssein found that the boy could see; and at once, all doubt ended, he set out to bring his daughter.

The long journey seemed as nothing, now that he had seen, and believed; and the return with his beloved child, full of hope and trust, was almost pleasant in spite of heat, distance, and dried-up food. El Khargeh, the village of Ayoub, was on the way, and Ayoub's people, glad to have news of him, loaded the travellers with eatables, so that they were in no danger of starving, though you might rather starve than eat what they did; and so they came at last to Cairo, and Ayesha's eyes were cured.

Think what joy that was, and how little Ayesha enjoyed the wonderful sights of the