

the simoom, or poison wind, as the word signifies in Arabic. The camel driver knows this formidable enemy, and as soon as he sees it looming in the horizon, he raises his hands to heaven and implores Allah; the camels themselves seem terrified at its approach. A veil of reddish black invades the gleaming sky, and very soon a terrible and burning wind rises, bearing clouds of fine impalpable sand, which severely irritates the eyes, and makes its way into the respiratory organs. The camels squat down and refuse to move, and the travellers have no chance of safety, except by making a rampart of the bodies of their beasts, and covering their heads so as to protect themselves against this scourge."

It is said that entire caravans have sometimes perished in these sand-storms, and that it was one of them that buried the army of Cambyses when it was traversing the desert.

Our artist represents some travellers resting in the shadow of a rock in a weary land, and we can readily imagine how the metaphor of the prophet Isaiah would be understood in a country where, after hours of toiling over the sand with no shade from the sun, such a resting-place would be greeted with grateful delight.

The cases vary in size from such as are just large enough to afford a halting place for a small caravan, to those which are really kingdoms. Of the latter, Fezzan is one of the largest and most noted. Its population is variously estimated at from 75,000 to 150,000. The inhabitants are a mixed race, speaking a language corrupted from the Arabic. Far behind surrounding nations in civilization, they devote themselves to raising and manufacturing the most indispensable necessities of life. Caravans from the interior of Africa to the coast make here some exchange of merchandise. Their chief traffic has been the slave-trade. Muzuk, the principal town of Fezzan, being the great starting-point from the north for the interior of Negro land.

We present a vivid sketch of a caravan of Arabs, who have pitched their camp for the night near a refreshing oasis with its towering palms, as drawn by Mr. Gifford during his recent travels in the East.

The mirage which entrances while it deceives the traveller, is nowhere else seen in such perfection, and the aurora of the desert is described as gorgeous in the extreme. So there is no spot in this wonderful earthly home of ours so barren that God's touch has not left its impress in exquisite charms of colour and outline.

"God Speaks Through You."

ONE of the early pastors of the town of Norwich, Conn., by the name of King, a very faithful and engaging preacher, had in his large congregation a converted Indian woman whom we will call Sarah, "one of the last of the Mohicans," who constantly waited on his ministry, a most devout and godly listener. She had her accustomed seat near the pulpit, and on one occasion was so deeply affected by what she had heard that she stopped at the foot of the pulpit stairs till Mr. King came down (and those stairs numbered not a few in those days), and then said to him, "Massa King, you preach to my very soul to-day; you do me good like an angel," and then quickly disappeared

in the throng. Not many minutes elapsed, however, before she was seen crowding her way back again toward the pulpit until she had reached her pastor, when she hurriedly broke out with these words: "Massa King! Massa King! you be the quill! God speak through you!" and then turned once more and departed.

Astute, brave, faithful Indian Sarah. For though not a philosopher like Addison, to know how a man can be "transported with the praises of his fellows," yet she had come by other routes to the same reasonable apprehension of the perils that lie in such praises, even when they issue from the humblest of lips; and she hastened to deliver her beloved teacher from any net that she might incautiously have cast for his feet. And no one of all the elite of that great Norwich congregation could have taught "Massa King" a more truthful or more useful lesson than that he was only "a quill," and that it was God who spoke through him.—*Rev. John G. Hall, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

The Father's Pity.

THROUGH wof of gloom and sorrow,
Through wail of pain and tears,
There flashes bright a silver thread
Amid the flying years;
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So with compassion failing not,
God watches from above,

And sees our need and weakness,
And not in vengeful wrath
Sends down the dark calamity
That blocks the tangled path.
But ever wise to guide us,
And always full of love,
A Father's tender pity seeks
To draw our thoughts above.

Sweet when our hearts are heavy;
Clear, though our eyes are dim,—
The old, old word of blessed trust
Which lifts us up to Him.
O dear, when the flesh is failing,
That breath of heavenly Dove,
Which whispers in the silent hour
Of God's paternal love.

Life hath its desert shadow,
Its interspace of tears;
And yet, a sunburst often breaks
And scatters swift our fears.
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So God, our Father, watcheth us
With pity from above.

Our feeble frame he knoweth,
Remembereth we are dust;
And evermore His face is kind,
His ways are ever just.
In evil and in blindness,
Through darkened maze we rove,
But still our Father leads us home,
By strength of mighty love.
—*Margaret E. Sawyer in S. S. Times.*

Street Preaching.

THERE is one justice in America who does not believe that the singing of a revival hymn on the street makes any more noise than a brass band on its way to a picnic at a beer garden. The police of Trenton, N.J., arrested George Sorter, the Methodist revivalist, for singing hymns and preaching in the street, and Justice Caine, before whom the prisoner was tried, discharged him, saying, "There are few who have enough moral courage to go into the streets and preach the Gospel. So long as the rights of others are not infringed, I know no law that would punish the preacher. I admire the prisoner's zeal." And we admire the judge's good sense. May his tribe increase. The Salvation Army is certainly no noisier than the beer garden. Certainly it teaches no worse morals.

A sober man, singing "Sweet Bye-and-Bye" on the street Sunday afternoon makes better music than a drunken man howling the same song out of tune Sunday night. Yet the people who want to arrest the street preacher only laugh at the other fellow. Give the street preacher a fair show with the Sunday garden. Street preaching is eminently respectable. At least, it has the respectability of ancient and eminent example, if it was never very popular. Paul preached in the streets, on the steps of temples. True, he got clubbed and stoned for it, by the same sort of riff-raff that persecute the street preacher of to-day. Yet Paul was a good preacher. He could say enough in a little three-line paragraph to keep our parson of to-day going for fifty minutes. And a greater than Paul preached good sermons by the seaside, in the desert, on the mountain, and in the streets. The people who didn't like His preaching crucified Him for it, but those people don't stand very high in public esteem to-day for what they did. Barnabas and Peter and Silas and Stephen and James and John were street preachers. Aaron preached in a tent; Jonah preached in the street—why, the street preacher has as much to be proud in the line of glorious precedent as the man in the pulpit. And, sometimes, even in these latter days, he preaches about as well. Give the street preacher a show. And as often as he is arrested by the mob, we hope he may be taken before such a magistrate as Justice Caine.

A Lofty Style.

"STYLE," says Lord Chesterfield, "is the dress of thoughts." Some thoughts, like certain persons, are thin, lean, lank, yet they are arrayed gorgeously as a belle in full dress. There is nothing but the dress to attract attention. Here is an illustration:

Coming into court one day, Erskine perceived the ankle of Mr. Balfour, who generally expressed himself in a very circumlocutory manner, tied up with a silk handkerchief.

"Why, what's the matter?" said he.

"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck."

If Mr. Balfour had replied to the question, "What's the matter?" "I fell from a gate," both his style and his good sense would have been of better repute.

"Almost But Lost."

How important it is to sail on a ship which has the Master on board. Some years ago a minister, now preaching in New York city, was preaching in Liverpool, England. It became there his duty one evening to bring a message of sadness to the wife of the first mate of a steamer, the *Royal Charter*. The ship had gone round the world in safety, and had reached Queenstown, where its arrival was telegraphed to Liverpool. When two or three hours out of Liverpool the ship was overwhelmed with sudden calamity, and over four hundred per-

sons perished. Among them was the unfortunate officer. The minister, who brought the dreadful intelligence to the wife, found her sitting in her parlor, with the table spread, and all things in preparation for the anxiously expected return of her husband. The news was appalling as an earthquake shock; and the woman, with a look of inexpressible grief on her face, with an anguish too deep for tears, could but seize the minister's hands with both of hers and exclaim:—"O, so near home, and yet lost!"

Have you ever thought how near one may reach the harbour of heaven, and yet be forever lost? Many a soul is stranded in the sea of unbelief and sin, and never gains the heavenly port. Jesus once said to a man: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," and yet we do not learn that the man ever entered in. Be sure that you are on a vessel that has Jesus aboard, and the safety and ultimate success of the voyage is assured.

How Two Boys Built a Chapel.

HENRY and Andrew were great friends; they had just entered their teens, and had already begun to pray in prayer meetings.

Being of a frugal turn of mind, they had saved a considerable portion of their pocket money, and at the time which we now have in view the accumulation amounted to the handsome sums of eighteen and twenty pounds respectively.

The chapel in which they worshipped was destroyed by fire. Some thought the calamity was purely accidental, and others considered it to be the work of a mad incendiary; but the real cause remains a secret unto this day.

Through some serious neglect the chapel was uninsured, and the Methodists in that town being rather poor at that time were anxious about the money required for its restoration.

A happy thought occurred to our young heroes; and with a promptitude and business tact that would have done credit to persons of riper years, they put it into execution.

Having formed themselves into a committee of ways and means, they moved, seconded, and carried unanimously the following resolution:

"That we give all we have, and beg all we can, to build a chapel; and that we begin at once."

Acting on that spirited resolution, they proceeded to prepare a subscription list with the following heading:

Master Andrew £20 0 0
Master Henry 18 0 0

After securing the hearty concurrence of their parents and ministers, they sallied forth on their first begging expedition.

Their generosity and manly courage moved the town; Churchmen, Dissenters, and persons who were by no means religious at all, rallied round them, and promised substantial assistance. In an almost incredibly short time a chapel larger and prettier than the former was erected, and great was the gladness of the promoters and their numerous friends.

God has since blessed those youths with a considerable measure of prosperity. Andrew is now a professional man of undoubted respectability and considerable means. Henry is a prosperous business man; and both attribute their successes to the blessing of God.