

A DONKEY RIDE IN CAIRO.

THE hot climate of Egypt, with its enervating effect—combined, in Cairo, with the crowded state of the thoroughfares and the powdery, dusty roadways—causes the inhabitants who can afford to keep a horse, a mule, or an ass, to be seldom seen walking far beyond the threshold of their own doors. In past days very few of the people of Cairo, or the other towns, would expose themselves to the suspicion of having any superfluous wealth by keeping horses, and thus be liable to greater exactions on the part of the government than otherwise they would suffer. But now, horses and carriages are more general.

Mules are used for riding by rich merchants, and the great ulema or priests. The saddle used for the mule is nearly the same as that of the ass. The priest's saddle, however, is covered with a prayer carpet.

Asses are mostly in use for riding through the narrow and crowded streets of Cairo, and numbers of them, attended by the donkey-boys, are for hire. They are, one may say, the cabs of Cairo. They are not much taller than the asses of our own country, but are of better frame and, speaking generally, in better condition. The striking peculiarity about them is that they are shaved, excepting on the legs. If the legs are white, we have the strange sight of a donkey with a nearly black, polished skin, without a vestige of hair, but with white legs, and a pattern cut in the hair where the shaven and unshaven parts join. The saddle is much raised, by its padding, above the back of the animal. The forepart is covered with red leather, and the seat most commonly with a kind of soft, woollen lace, similar to our coach lace, of red, yellow, and other colors. A servant generally goes before the rider, calling to the passengers to move out of the way, to the right or left, or to take care of their backs, faces, sides, feet, or heels. Despite this precaution, however, the rider may be thrown down by the wide load of camels in passing.

The donkey-boys are a very lively and pushing race, and are untiring in their efforts to obtain customers, and afterwards in their attendance on the hirer and his steed during the ride. There is a road for carriages from Cairo to the Pyramids of fifteen miles there and back, but still the journey is frequently made on donkeys, and the boys run nearly all the way. The Nile has to be crossed, and it is amusing to see the donkeys put into the ferry-boat. The animal's forelegs are lifted over the gunwale, and his forefeet being placed on the deck, his hind legs are then lifted and he is spun upon the deck, sometimes skating some distance along the boards.—*Missionary News*.

THE RIGHT SORT OF A TENANT.

OH, yes, I have had all kinds of tenants, said a kind-faced old gentleman, but the one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years old. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and did so. I noticed there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth."

The first month he brought \$2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was this man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in awhile, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly—sometimes \$2, and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

I took the money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate; and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door, and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."

Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they are getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"My boy, you keep right on as you have begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this."

I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his, with interest. "You keep right on," said I, "and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more, I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own." That's the kind of a tenant I have.—*Chicago Herald*.

KNOWING THE FACTS.

"FACTS," says Dr. Pierson, in his "Crisis of Missions," "are the fingers of God. To know the facts of modern missions is the necessary condition of intelligent interest. Knowledge does not always kindle zeal, but zeal is 'according to knowledge' and will not exist without it. A fire may be fanned with wind, but it must be fed with fuel; and facts are the fuel of this sacred flame to be gathered, then kindled by God's Spirit, and then scattered as burning brands to be as live coals elsewhere. In vain shall we look for an absorbing, engrossing passion for the prompt and universal spread of Gospel tidings, for full missionary treasuries or full missionary ranks, unless and until the individual believer is brought face to face with those grand facts which make the march of modern Missions the marvel and miracle of these latter days." "Know, and you will feel; know, and you will pray; know, and you will help;" are the concise words of the Dean of Llandaff.