

# HOME & SCHOOL

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1883.

[No. 16.]

Vol. I.]

## Grandmother's Bible.

So you've bought me this costly Bible,  
With its covers so grand and gay,  
You thought I must need a new one  
On my eighty first birthday, you say;  
Oh, mine is a worn-out volume,  
Grown ragged and yellow with age,  
With finger prints thick on the margin;  
But there's never a missing page,

And the finger prints call back my wee ones,  
Just learning a verse to repeat;  
And again, in the twilight, then faces  
Look up to me, eagerly sweet,  
Has pencil-marks pointed in silence  
To words I have hid in my heart;  
And the lessons so hard in the learning,  
Once learned, can never depart.

There's the verse your grandfather spoke of  
The very night that he died:  
When I shall wake in His likeness  
I, too, shall be satisfied,  
And here inside the old cover,  
Is a date, it is faded and dim,  
For I wrote it the day the good pastor  
Baptized me—I've an old woman's whim,

That beside the pearl-gates he is waiting,  
And when by-and-by I shall go,  
That he will lead me into the kingdom  
As into this one below.  
And under the date, little Mary,  
Write another one when I die;  
Then keep both Bibles and read them;  
God bless you, child, why should you cry?

Your gift is a beauty, my dearie,  
With its wonderful clasp of gold,  
Put it carefully into the drawer;  
And I shall keep it till death; but the old—  
Just leave it close by on the table,  
And then you may bring me a light,  
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages  
To think of, if wakeful to-night."

## Scenes in Cairo.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND,  
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ALMOST our first visit in Cairo was to the bazaars, in the neighbourhood called the Mooskee, where "the merchants most do congregate." This street is nearly a mile in length, and then loses itself in a labyrinth of lanes. It is wide enough for two carriages to pass, and is constantly filled with a moving crowd. Each side is lined with shops, filled with all kinds of goods, and running from it are lanes, which more properly constitute the bazaars.

The gold bazaar is, perhaps, most worthy of a visit. The passages leading through it are about three feet in width. Each tradesman has a shop about large enough for a safe and an awl. Squatted on his little platform, he challenges the attention of the passer-by. The scene is a busy one, and the air is filled with the clink of hammers. The whole process of manufacture is open to inspection, and one is surprised at the intricate and elegant

work that is fashioned by their simple tools. Here and there may be seen seated a group of two or three women, conferring gravely or chatting merrily over the purchase of some little article of personal adornment. Of course the pressure in some of these narrow streets is very great, but fortunately the crowd is easy-moving and good-natured. Now

bustle, veiled women, in white, blue, or black, steal quietly along, as if ashamed to be seen. One misses the noisy rattle of western cities, yet the ear is charmed with the musical cries of the street, and the eye is delighted with the variety of colour.

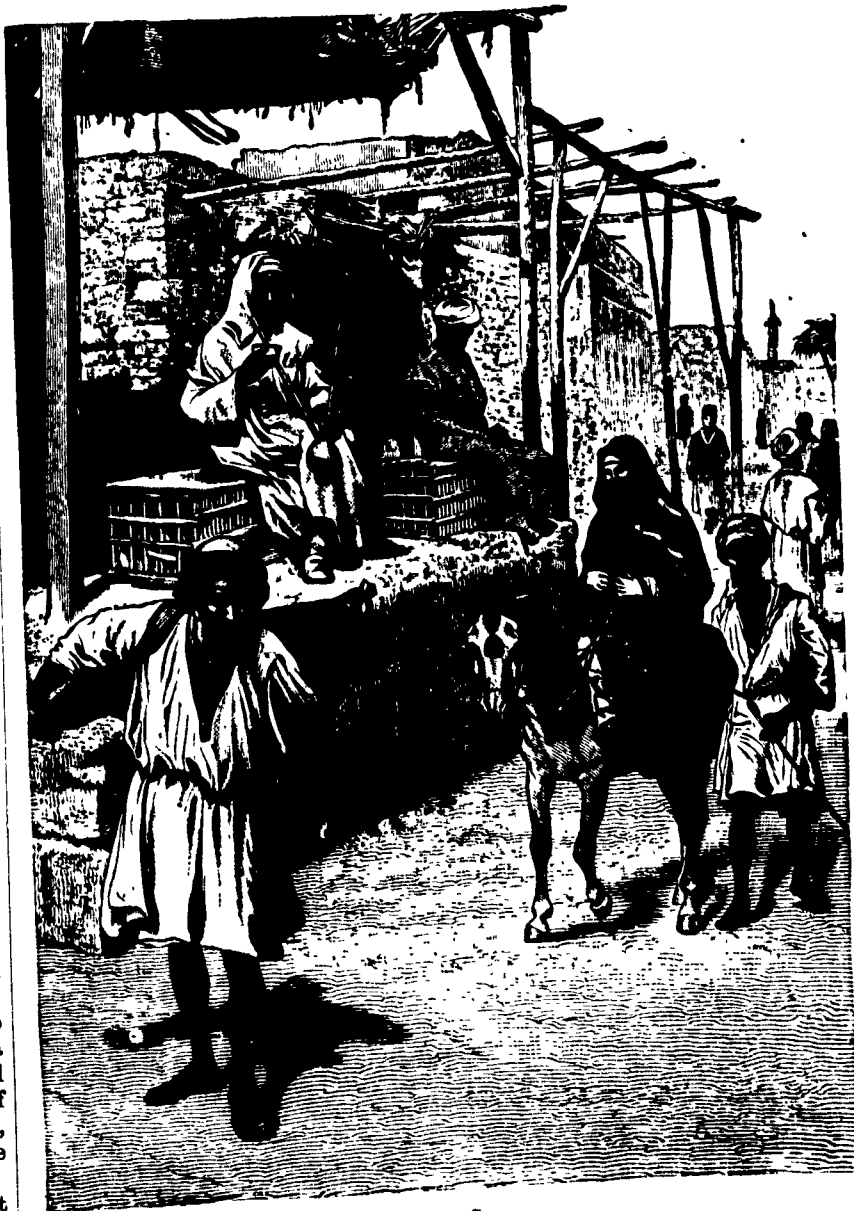
One evening, strolling with two others, I came upon a scene that was

hundred. The sound within was almost deafening. There seemed to be a rivalry among the worshippers as to which could say the word Allah loudest and fastest. Then we came across a group of children at play. They were carrying lanterns, and marching to the sound of music played by two youthful bandmen, when all at once a juvenile stranger appeared in chase. Immediately every light went out, and the little crowd of youngsters disappeared in every direction. The children of the East are good-looking, and seem to be a very cheerful and happy lot.

## Great Ado and Little Doing.

THE other day we were greatly interested and edified by an ingenious piece of mechanism displayed in a shop window. It was a sewing machine in full operation, the motive power for which seemed to be furnished by a grotesque looking little old man, with merry, twinkling eyes, and a jolly looking face, and white hair, backward streaming. There he sat facing the public, his feet firmly planted against a sill, his hands desperately clutching a crank, which he seemed to be turning with all his might and main. He apparently enjoyed his work, and you would be likely to enjoy seeing him do it; for he seemed to say to all beholders, "just see what a prodigious worker I am!" But looking a little more closely, one would presently discover that the little old man was nothing but a puppet a little more than a foot in height, and that he didn't turn the crank at all; but only held on to the crank while the crank turned him; There was no blood in his veins, no brains in his head, and no heart in his bosom. He furnished no part of the motive power, but was himself a part of the machine. And as we consider this jolly old fraud, who with distended cheeks and many a nod and wink made such ado, when in point of fact he was doing absolutely nothing, we could not help thinking how many there are in the world, in the church, in the Sunday-school, who "make believe" that they are working wonderfully—who go through with all the motions, and seem to be prodigiously in earnest; and yet they are only grasping the crank, and being carried along through a round of performances, but contributing nothing to the motive power.—Baptist Teacher.

YOKEL (to his son at a concert—the performance of a duet): "D'ye see, Tom, now it's getting late they are singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner."



SCENE IN CAIRO.

it is a Nubian slave, black as ebony, that elbows us; now a grave but gaily-attired officer nearly rides over us; now a vagrant strolls carelessly along, now a dirty, ragged, and impudent; now a stalwart Bedouin looks on, with the immobility of an Indian, or flashes into excitement as he stops to make a bargain; while through the crush and

both a surprise and delight. The street, close to a mosque, was brilliantly lit up. Overhead were awnings of gay Turkish cloths. On every side were little banners, and from supports were suspended glass chandeliers. The mosque was crowded with men. Each man, as he entered, uncovered his feet; and in the entry the shoes lay by the