

to capture and the march across the desert. There is surely a work here to be done for civilization and Christianization.

The Salvation Army is about to enter a new field in India. General Booth has been in consultation with Lord Morley, and has received every encouragement. There are said to be 3,000,000 in India living by robbery in various forms, and the Army asks the privilege of teaching them to live honestly. They wish to have grants of land from the Government, and there to work out their plans for this robber class.

There is good prospect for an advance along the line of Christian education in that Moslem-riden land of Egypt. A plan has been formed, and seems likely to materialize, to inaugurate a Christian University in Cairo, an institution of the high grade of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut. El Azhar, that great University of Islam, is in Cairo also, and it is hoped that the new college may expose the intolerance and narrowness and antiquated methods of that old stronghold of Islam.

#### AN EVENING OUT ON TOUE.

Miss Ruth Philpott.

How I wish you could drop in to-night for a little chat with us—for this is our own time—what I have termed the "missionary's own hour"—the time when, books and work, all put aside, we feel entitled to rest. It is the evening hour, and we are sitting on the front of our house-boat looking away down the long canal, with the great trees drooping their graceful boughs on either side, the faint pink glow in the west, with here and there a star twinkling—the whole mirrored in the motionless depths of the canal. Even the tall, slim palmyra tree becomes a thing of beauty as it doubles its length in the gleaming surface, and we forget its cruelty to us when, in the

mid-day sun, it yields not the slightest shade. Just at our side, on the narrow canal path, every now and then some villager passes, silently and swiftly, for the light is rapidly fading, and as soon as the darkness falls the demons and spirits come out—the dread and terror of the Indian heart. Now and then, with a musical clink-clank of numerous anklets and bracelets, a group of women pass, some bearing on their heads huge bundles of grass, others great water pots, all with their wee brown babes slung on their hips. Curiosity is very strong. How they would delight to stop and ask questions, but the fear of the darkness is before them, and so, with interested glances, they pass on into the evening shade. And now comes the tinkle of bells and the great white oxen and lazy buffaloes mosey by, the little naked shepherd boy walking alongside, pulling the end of his long turban around his shoulders to protect himself from the chill night air. But the shadows grow deeper, the faint pink glow has faded to a dark bluish purple, the reflection in the canal has come out bolder, exceeding in beauty the reality, and over all now there is a wondrous silver lustre, for the Indian moon is at her full, and the world becomes the fairy land that we used to dream of when we were children. This is the hour when India is beautiful—the land that the poets have sung of. We forget the long day's work; the rough, slippery walks over the narrow paths through the rice fields; the discouraging things of the day. We recall the different interested hearers; the laughable incidents of the day; the cute sayings and actions of the little ones—for children are the same all the world over. We can even laugh now as we remember our feelings as in fear and trembling we crept over the numerous narrow, rounded tree trunks which serve as bridges over the streams. And now India slowly fades away, and again we are in the homeland, with the dear