

up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

This was my vision, and so amazing and beatific did it appear to me, that a return to the earth where he had not yet come in all his inexpressible beauty, seemed at first a sorrowful and an undesirable necessity. But I say to myself now, he may indeed come some morning not far distant when we least expect him. The tidings that he is near at hand may at any moment flash across our waiting hearts, and if a vision of that great event be so full of ecstasy and delight, what will the real occurrence bring with it to souls who abide in the sure trust 'that he shall appear.'

Boy Life in Egypt

'Do you see those men? Don't they look queer!' was the exclamation of the passengers as our steamer moved up to the wharf at Alexandria, and we looked down upon hundreds of men and boys, dressed in black, blue, or white gowns.

It is, indeed, a novel sight to an Englishman, when first arriving in Egypt, to see men wearing gowns which sometimes touch the ground, red or yellow slippers on their feet, and red caps, green, yellow, or white turbans, or perhaps an old shawl wound round the head, and falling down upon the shoulders.

The boys are just as picturesque as the grown people, and we soon began to look with great interest at the little fellows, as we saw them in the street, in church, and at school. They are darker than English boys, and in the northern part of Egypt they have light brown skin, black hair, thick lips, black or brown eyes, straight eyebrows, and very regular white teeth. In fact, a traveller always notices that, no matter how dirty a boy's clothes may be, his teeth are white and glistening. They also take great care of their finger-nails, and stain them red, which makes a pretty contrast with their brown hands.

Their costumes are different in Cairo and Alexandria from what they are farther south; but in those cities boys under twelve years of age wear a white cotton shirt and drawers, and over them a long sack with flowing sleeves. This garment is made of either colored calico or white or blue muslin, and is sometimes belted at the waist with a cord or sash; but generally it hangs loosely from the shoulders, and is open at the throat.

Many of the small boys wear white cotton caps embroidered with needlework, others wear white muslin wound round the head. But the larger boys wear a red felt cap, with a long black tassel, which they call a fez. The older boys dress more gaily, and wear beautiful red or black sleeveless jackets, embroidered in gold or silver, over the white cotton gown, which is belted at the waist by a bright silk sash. Others wear very loose baggy trousers, made of blue or crimson woollen cloth, with a jacket of the same, handsomely braided, which makes a very becoming costume.

The boys are taught, when very young, to be very polite, and to make many bows, which are called 'salaams,' and they are very courteous when they meet grown people. We shall always remember with pleasure a dear little six-year-old boy who came into the room where we were visiting, and,

though his dress was only a homely calico sack, his manners were most charming. There were eight ladies in the room, but he was not at all embarrassed. He walked up to one of them, took her right hand in his right hand, kissed it, and then raised it to his forehead. Then he moved on to the next lady, and greeted her in the same way, and then to the next one, until he had taken us all by the hand, when he seated himself cross-legged on the floor, and listened to the conversation.

When a boy goes to bed at night, he does not sleep on a bedstead, but spreads a mat on the floor, and then lies down, and covers himself with a blanket. Sometimes one blanket answers for both bed and coverlet, and then he rolls himself up in it, and goes to sleep without any pillow.

The boys go to school when quite young, but their schoolrooms are a great contrast to those of other countries. We entered one



AN EGYPTIAN YOUTH.

of the colleges through a large courtyard, filled with rubbish and piles of broken stone, on which were lying many of the students asleep in the sun. We worked our way along through this yard until we came to an old building that looked like a church. There was a very large entrance or doorway, but, instead of a door, we found ourselves in front of a very heavy curtain made of rugs. Our guide pushed it aside, and we entered an immense room that was so dark that at first we could not distinguish anything. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we saw that the room was larger than most churches, that the ceiling was supported by stone columns, and that the floor was covered with very thick rugs, on which were seated many groups of men and boys. A keen black-eyed man, with a long black beard, and wearing a thick turban of white muslin, sat in the centre of each group, and sometimes helped the memory of the pupils by the use of a stick, or a blow with his hand.

Some of the boys were bending over metal writing-tablets which they used on their laps; but most of them were swaying backward and forward, and reciting in loud tones verses from the Koran. The language is very difficult, and the masters do not explain it to the boys; but it is one

of the laws of their religion that they must know the Koran by heart.

We were pleased to see that the boys looked cheerful in spite of their dull work; and we noticed that they raised their voices and shouted louder than usual when visitors were listening to them. It was interesting to see them in their churches; for they were never disturbed by visitors, and observed all the forms and ceremonies with great care. They are taught to consider their churches as holy ground; and when a boy reaches the door of a mosque—which is his church—he takes off his slippers, leaves them outside, and walks in in his stocking-feet, though occasionally a boy carries his slippers in his hand.

If he is barefooted, he washes his feet at the fountain which is outside of the mosque. There are no pews in the mosque, but the floors have many rugs, and the boys kneel on the rugs, and turn their faces towards Mecca. If the boys go to the mosque during the week, they repeat a certain number of prayers, sometimes counting them on a rosary, and then leave the building, put on their slippers, and run away. But if they go to the Sunday service, they join with hundreds of men, and they repeat the prayers in loud tones; and sometimes they listen to sermons, and reading from the Koran by one of their priests.

They take many postures when at their prayers. Sometimes they pray while standing; then they lie on the floor with their faces in their hands, or touch the floor with their foreheads; or, they sway backwards and forwards, while on their knees, repeating the name of 'Allah,' which means 'God.'

Some of the most amusing boys that one sees in Egypt are what are called the 'donkey boys,' and travellers find them very entertaining. People ride a great deal on donkeys, and a man or boy usually goes along to guide them. Sometimes the boys are little fellows not more than eight years old, and speak very broken English. They are very observant, though, and know whether the traveller is an American or an Englishman, and name their donkeys to suit the passenger.—Mary A. Dana, in 'Silver Link.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE SECOND EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

June 16, Sun.—Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

June 17, Mon.—The Lord knoweth them that are his.

June 18, Tues.—Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.

June 19, Wed.—Sanctified, and meet for the Master's use.

June 20, Thur.—Follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace.

June 21, Fri.—All scripture is given by inspiration of God.

June 22, Sat.—Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

'Tis to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
This low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.
—Alice Cary.