

## THREE LONG AND EXCELLENT WORDS.

There are three rather long words, which may be used as pegs on which to hang reflections of their own, or points round which ideas may cluster. One is development. If you cut an apple through the circumference, as you cut an orange, you will see in clear outline around the starlike centre made by the seeds the shape of the blossom. The fruit has grown from the flower, and the flower's shape is in the heart of the fruit. The fruit developed little by little through summer days and winter days, but the flower gave it the start. Take the little thought and use it, and if you have a gift or grace—a taste for housekeeping, cooking, sewing, painting, or reading—develop it by use and study and taking pains.

My next long word is responsibility. It means, as we all know, the answering when we are called, answering to our names. The responsible person can be trusted. Not long ago, in New York city, a fire broke out in the upper stories of a great apartment-house. Two young women, one a young lady visiting the family in a certain home on the sixth floor of the house, the other a maid in the same home, were confronted suddenly with black volumes of smoke, red tongues of flame, and no way of escape but by the iron ladder that hung along the side of the house. There were two little children there and some valuable papers, and though the young women could not save everything, they took the children and the papers down the fire-escape with calmness and courage. They were responsible.

My last word is consecration. It is a very sacred word, and I leave you to weave your own sweet fancies around it. We must be consecrated to the best possible ideal, we must fill every day with noble work.—*Harper's Round Table.*

## THE ETERNAL YOUTH OF A YOUNG HEART.

One notes that the utterances of friendly biographers showed a sort of surprise when there came the sad news of Thomas Hughes' death. He had never grown old, in all his seventy-three years, and it required an effort to associate the thought of inertness with such a strong breezy worker. If he was not great enough to banish doubts and anxieties, the exhilarating quality of his cheery, active spirit at least made the fight more hopeful and grateful. This contagious hopeful tonic virtue of his was as fresh and natural as the breezes which brought vivacious health and charm to the country hillsides and meadows which he loved. And the friends that profited by such a man were admitted through those same liberal tests which made Tom Hughes unwilling to see the sons of wealthy people enjoying the parks, while small city urchins, of indiscriminate derivation but equal longings for green grass and games, pressed their faces against the palings. He opened the gates. There was no greater pleasure for him than to teach the labouring men in their colleges his own tricks of boxing and wrestling and cricket. In his time such sociological endeavours had not become a fad,—much less a profession. He gave to the weak out of the wealth of his strength, and lived in his honest, eager way a life which in the measure of its abilities made the world a better and brighter place.—*From "The Hughes and Tom Brown," by Charles D. Lanier, in Review of Reviews.*

## Our Young Folks.

## ALWAYS GROWING.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,  
Under the rain and snow,  
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,  
And lost to madcap sparrow's eye?  
"Why, do you not know?  
I grow."

What do you do in the nest, little bird,  
When the bough springs to and fro?  
How do you pass the time away  
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?  
"What, do you not know?  
I grow."

What do you do in the pond, little fish,  
With scales that glisten so?  
In and out of the watergrass,  
Never at rest, I see you pass.  
"Why, do you not know?  
I grow."

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,  
With chubby cheeks all aglow?  
What do you do when your toys are put  
Away, and wise little eyes are shut?  
"Ho! do you not know?  
I grow."

Always growing! by night or day  
No idle moments we see;  
Whether at work or cheerful play,  
Let us all be able to say,  
In the goodness of God,  
We grow.

## BOY LIFE IN EGYPT.

"See the 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 American, 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 around 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 on the street, in the churches, and at school.

They are darker in color than American or 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. We often wondered how they kept them so white, and found that they were fond of chewing sugar-cane, which perhaps helps to polish the teeth. 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 loose from the shoulders, and is open at the throat.

Some boys run around barefooted, even in cold weather, but many wear white cotton socks, and red or yellow slippers without any heels. These slippers only come over the toe, and flap up and down with every step; but in some way the boys manage to keep them on their feet, and run just as fast as any boys.

Many of the small boys wear white cotton caps embroidered with needlework, others wear white muslin wound around

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 gayly, 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.

Sitting on the floors and ground is a custom that would seem odd to American children; but the Egyptians think nothing of sitting on the ground, and sometimes on a cold day hundreds of people sit outside of the houses, and try to warm themselves from the sun. They also do much of their work out of doors, and one often sees boys hammering at brass or copper dishes, or perhaps making yellow slippers, sitting cross-legged on the side walk. Some of the houses have straw mats or rugs on the floors, and some have divans, which are benches built close to the walls, but people sit cross-legged on them.

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

We often saw children sleeping on the ground or on stone benches without pillows or coverings, and learned that the Egyptians think that children grow to be more erect if they lie on the floors without pillows.

The boys go to school when quite young, but their schoolrooms are a great contrast to those of other countries. We entered one of the colleges through a large courtyard, filled with rubbish and piles of broken stones, 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 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 back and forth, and reciting in loud tones verses from the Koran. The boys are obliged to learn the Koran, which is their Bible; and they begin by learning the first chapter, then the next to the last, and so backward, until they reach the second chapter.

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 toward 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 back and forth, 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.

The donkeys look quite fine with strings of beads or coins around their necks, and stand in a row by the sidewalk, waiting for passengers. If a boy sees a stranger looking at them, he calls out, "Nico donkey," "Vara nico donkey, Mellican man," "General Gordon," "General Grant," or some other familiar name. If you decide to take a ride, before you are fully settled in the saddle the boy gives the donkey a crack with a pointed stick, and away you go as fast as the poor little animal can trot, the boy running along by your side, and giving the donkey a thrust or blow every few minutes.

After the boy has been with you awhile, he is very apt to come to your side, and, with his most engaging smile, hold out his hand, and say, "Good donkey, good Mellican donkey, vara fast Mellican donkey; bakhshesh, bakhshesh!" which means that he expects you will give him some extra money for the very good "Mellican donkey."—*Mary A. Dana, in Sunday School Times.*