

with impatience—all except the old Nile traveler, who told us we would get used to it when we had seen as much of it as he had. Gesticulating, gabbling, denunciation and threats interminable. Englishmen or Americans would have knocked each other down like ten-pins, before going through half of it. The necessary stages of the Oriental bargain had to be gone through—the first, second, and third word. Finally the last word was reached, hands were struck, and the thing was done. Passengers, two and four legged, were huddled together in the same boat.

Another heat, and the great pile of stones was reached. Looking up at the monster pyramid, the silence was broken by an enthusiastic youth fresh from his "Life of Napoleon," with, "Here it was he told his soldiers that forty centuries"——"Hold," interrupted the old traveler solemnly. "It is customary to levy a fine covering expenses of the excursion all round, upon any one going over that bit of history in the vicinity." The young gentleman, abashed, remained under interdiction. The old traveler's presence was thus repressive, and kept back enthusiastic platitudes.

With a stalwart Egyptian on each side, we were rushed up the mighty steps of the great monument, and after two or three breathing spells reached the apex, whence men at the base looked like cradle infants.

From the singular clearness of the atmosphere in this climate, with this elevation as an out-look, the eye reaches over an immense sweep of land and sky. On one side is the land-sea, shining almost white under a conquering sun, specked black with here and there a "ship of the desert;" on the other, that mantle of green whose lining has never failed to furnish Egypt with her annual wealth.

Turning skyward, not a single cloud relieves the all pervading blue. Man gets away from earth for the time, and lives in the upper air; he sloughs off the real, drapes himself in the ethereal robes of the ideal, and floats about like a celestial being, until jerked backed to earth with a grappling iron in the shape of,
 "O master, we go down eat sandwich. Backshish!"—*Galaxy*.

WHEN a visitor enters his lodge, the Worshipful Master should see that the Senior Deacon courteously provides him with a seat. That code of politeness or good manners was framed in no masonic school, which permits a visiting brother to look helplessly around in search of some vacant spot in which he may place himself. The visitor who is lawfully admitted to a masonic lodge bears with him his letters patent entitling him to fraternal welcome. An opportunity should be afforded him, privately if he will it, to state whence and why he came. If he needed it, assistance by counsel or otherwise must be given.—*Loomis Journ. il.*

A smile costs the giver nothing, yet it is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and the forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns enmity to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and a happy husband. A smile resembles an angle of paradise.