



HIS HIGHNESS ABBAS HILMY,  
Khedive of Egypt.

The untimely death of His Highness Tewfik Pasha, in 1892, caused the descent of the Khedivate of Egypt to His Highness Abbas Hilmy, who was but a youth of eighteen years. To come direct from college to the control of a great country such as Egypt is, with very little experience in matters of state, was a task demanding strength of character and wideness of vision, which the new Khedive has since shown to have possessed. True, as is often the case on the accession of a new ruler, there is liable to be friction with other powers, and from this Egypt was not exempt. But at the date in question, that country was encompassed with

financial and other problems that would have sorely taxed the wisdom of any new ruler however much experienced. It, therefore, redounds greatly to the young Khedive's credit that, in fully grasping the situation, he so diplomatically arranged a peaceful solution of pending difficulties. To-day Egypt is enjoying, under his rule, a prosperity which is extremely encouraging for its future.

His Highness Abbas Pasha was born on July 14th, 1874, so that he is still a very young man to bear such great responsibility. He was educated at the Theresianum Academy, Vienna.



#### A Christmas Thought.

Methinks if I were Santa Claus,  
With all his wondrous wealth,  
I'd go about in broad daylight,  
And not at night by stealth;  
Because there are so many folks  
Who would love to see my face,  
I should not wish to lose the chance  
To please the human race.

Methinks, likewise, if I were he,  
I'd give up sleigh and deer;  
There are so many spots on earth  
Where snow doth not appear.  
I'd give up sled and reindeer, too,  
And go about the job  
Of traveling round this great big world  
Upon an auto-bob.

Again methinks, if I were he,  
I'd bend my energies  
To see that those who pine for them  
Got more of Christmas trees;  
And, 'stead of visiting the homes  
Where plenty dwells secure,  
I'd take my richest gifts unto  
The children of the poor.

Ah, dear old Saint, I'm full of love  
For you, and truly pray  
You'll never cease the generous work  
That's yours upon that day!  
But none the less if you could go  
By daylight, and could see  
The children of the street, I think  
You'd see it differently.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.