

# Northern Messenger

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## Sights In Cairo.

(By Annette L. Noble.)

If any boy or girl who reads this paper were to go to Cairo, Egypt, the first visit made would very likely be to the Moskee or principal business street. There your first thought might be, "This is like a mixture of Barnum's circus, Noah's ark, and the Chicago Fair." People of different nations, clad in brilliant-colored clothing, gold-embroidered and queerly fashioned, jostle filthy creatures with almost no clothing. Camels plod along with their noses right over your head and their big, spongy feet almost on yours; donkeys crowd you to the wall. You are almost run over by people on horses or

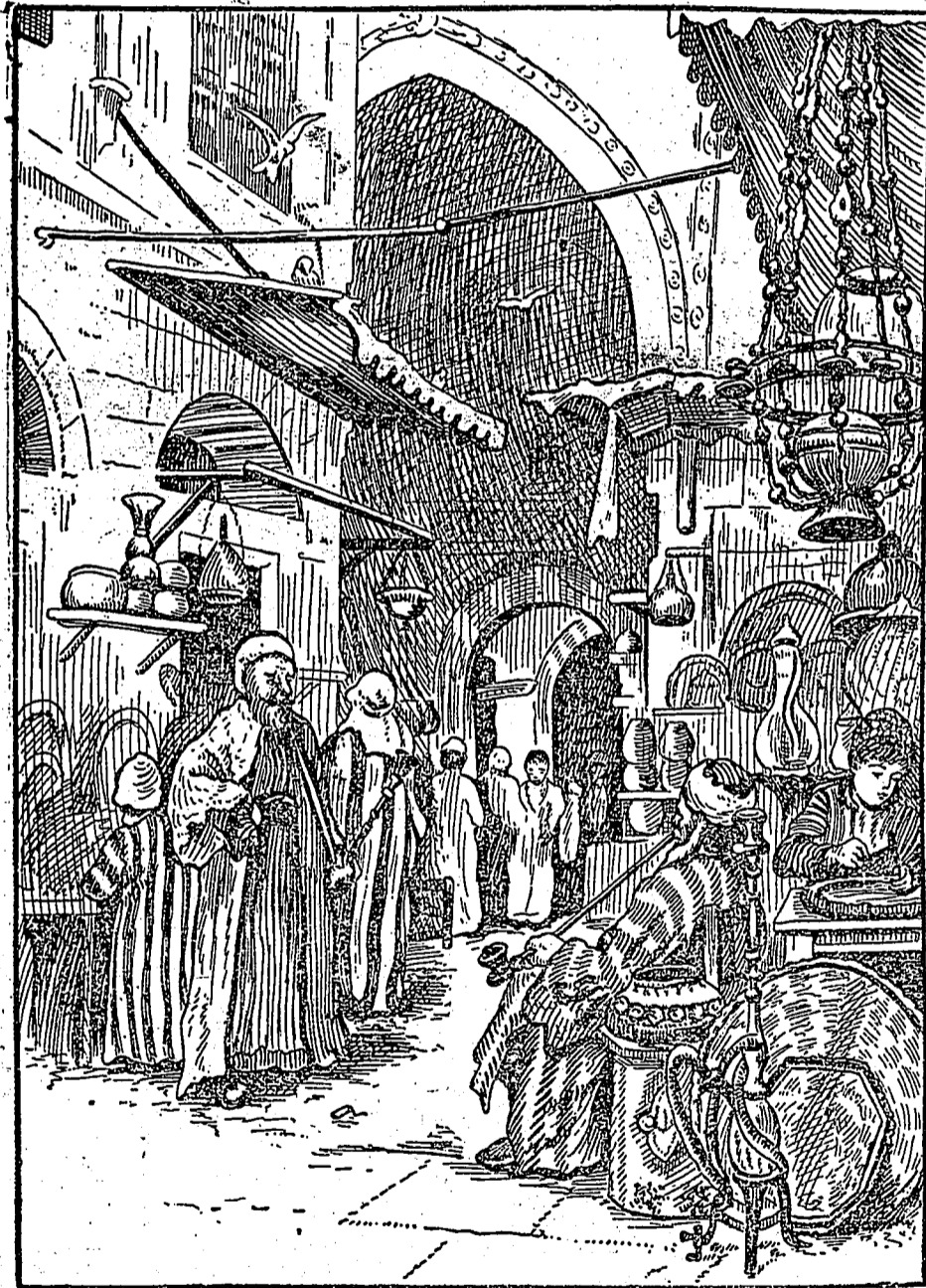
squats the owner, a Turk, Arab, Greek, or Syrian. He sells jewels, embroideries, rugs, weapons, gold, silver, brass, porcelain, mother-of-pearl, almost everything Oriental you care to see. If you will enter the bazaar he will show you his treasures and never tease you to buy. If he thinks you mean to buy, however, he has coffee served to you in tiny cups, or Persian tea in tall, iridescent glasses. Then if he can, he will, in the most elegant and polite way, cheat you by asking five times the value of his goods.

Then there are the grander shops like the brass bazaar shown in the picture. Here you see the owner (who is not a Turk), sitting smoking while people come and go. Around him are all sorts of brass articles,

called a hubble-bubble. All over Egypt and Palestine and Syria you will see men sitting smoking through the long tube that is wound about the standard of this one. The smoke passes through water before reaching the mouth.

All day long people will walk through this bazaar as if it were a museum. Women will come. One will have a black silk garment covering her from head to heels. You will see her forehead and eyes, but over her nose and the rest of her face will be a black mask fastened to a thing not unlike a cork-screw. All the men will wear turbans or red fezes, and many will be dressed in silk and cashmere, purple, green, rose-color, brown or pink. Some will wear bright yellow, but the most of them, bright red, morocco slippers.

If you were to take a walk through Cairo every day for months you would see some new, queer sight. Howling dervishes, and whirling ones, snake-charmers, story-tellers, Sais, or swift runners before horses. You would see weddings and funerals queer as any other strange show, and often the Khedive himself.—'Child's Paper.'



## The Prayer of a 'Shut-In'.

The 'Presbyterian Banner' thus reports a recent sermon by the Rev. D. L. Moody, in Pittsburg:

'I want to speak to you this afternoon on the subject of prayer. It is a wonderful power. I would rather know how to pray right than to own all the gold in Alaska. I would rather have the power to "move the arm that moves the world" than to wear the crown of an earthly king.

'What this country needs is not so much great preachers as Christians who know how to pray. I would rather know how to pray like Daniel or like Elijah on Mount Carmel than to be able to preach like Gabriel. Many Christians are praying almost without ceasing, and yet their prayers are without power, for they are not offered in the right way. They themselves realize that their prayers are not followed by showers of spiritual blessing. They know that no answer comes down from heaven.

'Why is this? What is the matter? Real prayer always brings the answer. It is as true now as in the time of James that "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I remember an incident that took place during my visit to London in 1872. I refer to it because it illustrates the power of prayer, and may encourage some who are disheartened because the answers to their prayers are long delayed.

'I was asked by a minister to preach in his church one Sabbath, and I went up to the place in the morning. It was a church about the size of this one, and a good many people were there. I tried to preach, but labored hard over it. It seemed to me I had so little strength that morning. I went through with the service, but it appeared to me to be one of the coldest meetings I ever attended. I returned in the evening and preached again with about the same feeling. I was surprised at the results. When I had finished I did what I do not usually do. I

mules, because there is no pavement, and you want to be looking at everything. You can, however, take all day to gaze, for people seldom hurry there.

To the right of the Moskee is a network of bazaars, all very interesting. These narrow streets are often roofed with matting, that keeps the bazaars cooler, and lets the light sift down on the mysterious riches inside the shop. In the front of the smaller bazaars

from those requiring skilled workmen doing very artistic designs, to the showy round salvers which these boys are hammering figures on. They work very rapidly, and make impressions of camels and unicorns, or processions of animals. When done the trays are used for the coffee cups. In front of the two trays in the picture you see a pipe or nargileh. It is different from the one the merchant uses, and is sometimes