

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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They're His.

BY A. L. DUNNER.

When I go to bed at night,
You'd wonder that I dare
To go into the room at all—
If I told you what was there.

There's an elephant and a tiger,
And a monkey and a bear;
A lion with a shaggy mane,
And most ferocious air.

But I think perhaps my bravery
Will not excite surprise
When I tell you that their master
In a crib beside them lies.

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

BY THE LATE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

SCENES IN CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

Almost our first visit to Cairo was to the bazaars, in the neighbourhood called the Moosekee, where "the merchants most do congregate." This street is nearly a mile in length, and then loses itself in a labyrinth of lanes. It is wide enough for two carriages to pass, and is constantly filled with a moving crowd. Each side is lined with shops, filled with all kinds of goods, and running from it are lanes, which more properly constitute the bazaars.

The gold bazaar is, perhaps, most worthy of a visit. The passages leading through it are about three feet in width. Each tradesman has a shop about large enough for a safe and an anvil. Squatted on his little platform, he challenges the attention of the passer-by. The scene is a busy one, and the air is filled with the clink of hammers. The whole process of manufacturing is open to inspection, and one is surprised at the intricate and elegant work that is fashioned by their simple tools. Here and there may be seen seated a group of two or three women, conferring gravely or chatting merrily over the purchase of some little article of personal adornment. Of course the pressure in some of these narrow streets is very great, but fortunately the crowd is easy-moving and good-natured. Now it is a Nubian slave, black as ebony, that elbows us; now a grave but gallily-attired officer nearly rides over us; now a vagrant strolls carelessly along, dirty, ragged and impudent; now a stalwart



AN EGYPTIAN BOY.

Bedouin looks on with the immobility of an Indian, or flashes into excitement as he stops to make a bargain; while through the rush and bustle, veiled women, in white, blue, or black, steal quietly along, as if ashamed to be seen. One misses the noisy rattle of western cities, yet the ear is charmed with the musical cries of the street, and the eye is delighted with the variety of colour.

One evening, strolling with two others, I came upon a scene that was both a surprise and delight. The street, close to a mosque, was brilliantly lit up. Overhead were awnings of gay Turkish cloths. On every side were little lanterns, and from supports were suspended glass chandeliers. The building was crowded with men. Each man, as he entered, uncovered his feet; and in the entry the shoes lay by the hundred. The sound within was almost deafening. There seemed to be a rivalry among the worshippers as to which could say the word Allah loudest and fastest. Then we came across a group of children at play. They were carrying lanterns, and marching to the sound of

music played by two youthful bandmen, when all at once a juvenile stranger appeared in chase. Immediately every light went out, and the little crowd of youngsters disappeared in every direction. The children of the East are good-looking, and seem to be a very cheerful and happy lot.

Our first drive was to the Tombs of the Caliphs. After riding through some of the narrow, winding streets, we emerged among the sandhills of the open country. Here barrenness and desolation prevailed. Vast mounds of broken crockery lay around, and the plain was strewn with these remnants of ancient civilisation. We at length drove past a series of lofty, square buildings, crowned with domes, many of them crumbling and dilapidated. It was a remarkable collection of structures to be thus left standing by themselves. They are the monuments of generations that have passed away. We went into one of them, the oldest in Cairo, but, except for its antiquity, there was nothing extraordinary about it. This, however, being our first visit to a mosque, we were specially interested. It has within it the tomb of one held in much honour; and on a slab of stone we were shown what passes for an impression of Mohammed's foot, about eleven inches in length. These tombs are inhabited, many of them, by families of the poor, whose domestic operations were open to our inspection as we passed by. The women were unveiled, and were slightly tattooed on forehead and chin. In the midst of these venerated mosques is the annual gathering-place of the great caravan, before it sets out on its long pilgrimage to Mecca.

Leaving this quarter, we drove over the sandy plain to the site of On, or Heliopolis, the city of the priests in Joseph's time. It was not a pleasant drive. The sirocco was blowing—warm, dry, parching and depressing in its effects. The dust flew in clouds. After a long ride, in which every one seemed to become impatient and irritable, we arrived at the city. It was like some of our western cities, invisible. "Where

's On?" petulantly cried one of the party. "This is On," replied the guide, with emphasis. "It was here Joseph came to court the daughter of Potipharah." All that we could see of this ancient city of the priests—this seat of Egyptian learning, once visited by Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato—was a massive obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics. It was old when Abraham came into Egypt. The scarred veteran of many centuries, it is the solitary reminder of a greatness and fame that once filled the world, but that are now—

"Gone glim'ring down the vale of things that were,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

On our return journey we alighted to inspect the so-called Virgin's tree, a large sycamore, under which, so the story goes, the holy family rested in their flight from Herod's rage.

The Rev. Geo. Bond thus describes the whirling dervishes: On the day after our arrival in Cairo, we drove in the afternoon to two of the sights of the city, only to be seen on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath. I mean the Whirling and Howling Dervishes.

In a spacious but shabby building, utterly unadorned, where, in a sort of balcony, some monotonous music was being performed, and encircled already by a large number of tourists, a company of dervishes were in motion. There were perhaps a dozen of them or more, in no wise remarkable in appearance or dress save for the high, light-brown, conical cap peculiar to their order. An old man—a sheik—stood gravely at one point within a low circular railing, while, moving in a circle in front of him, each bowing low as he passed him, the other dervishes kept up a rhythmic and continuous movement, which gradually quickened as the strains of the music grew louder and faster. More and more loudly and rapidly came the notes from the gallery; more and more rapidly turned the dervishes, until, at length, breaking out of the order of the hollow circle, they began to spin upon their toes with inconceivable rapidity, their loose garments standing out around them, their arms extended, one slightly above the other, and their heads resting on one shoulder. How it ended I do not know, for we left them spinning like so many animated tops, and hurried off to another and distant mosque to see the Howlers.

We found them in a dingy building, surrounded like the others by a ring of tourists. There was about the same number, too, but their appearance was



WHIRLING DERVISH AND ARAB CHIEF.



AT THE MOSQUE.