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that it was all frayed at the bottom from trailing on the ground, so that it appeared to be doubtful whether the boy would first grow to the proper height for his robe, or the robe sooner wear itself away to the dimensions of its boy owner. One other chattel descended to the young sheikh, which he looked on as an emblem of his rank and position, and which was the pride of his heart. This was a matchlock of portentous length, heavy and unwieldy, a most undesirable burden for a pedestrian; but the boy could not bear to abandon this badge of dignity, and he trudged along the greater part of each day with this cumbersome appendage slung across his shoulders. He was a pleasant, cheerful lad, but grave withal, and full of a sense of what was due to his position. He was far from handsome, being somewhat monkey-like in the form and arrangement of his features. Our head sheikh—Sheikh Eid—was a son-in-law of the great Sheikh Hussein. He was decidedly good looking, and his frame was more square built and powerful than is customary with the Bedowin, and his face also was more massive. If the adjective "respectable" were not utterly and outrageously inappropriate as applied to anything Bedowin, Sheikh Eid might have laid claim to this qualification, at any rate relatively. He was kindly and courteous, as became a man of mark; and on the strength of his rank and connections he paid us a visit every evening in our tent, and conversed for a few minutes, then wished good-night, and departed.

As we were two Englishmen under his guidance, he attached himself to one of us during each day's travel, and young Sheikh 'Atsh extended his care and the protection of his long matchlock to the other, and during all our journey under such escort, we had every reason to be thankful that we had fallen into the hands of Sheikh Eid and his youthful protégé. Other parties travelling in the same caravan were not so fortunate.

It is always difficult to arrange a matter of "baksheesh." Arabs are never satisfied with a gratuity, however liberal. They will often take scant pay for hard service, gratefully; but the moment a free gift is in question they become grasping and rapacious. We were by this time pretty well used to Bedowin habits and characteristics, and knew what we ought to do. We therefore presented Sheikh Eid with some piastres, and with nearly two pounds of English gunpowder—a gift beyond all price to an Arab—and gave a few piastres and a pound of gunpowder to the miniature shiekh, which latter gift raised him no doubt vastly in his own estimation, and gave him great importance. We took the customary amount of

grumbling as a matter of course, and as soon as it was seen that we were firm, and that no more was to be got from us, the faces of the sheikhs, young and old, cleared up, and we became capital friends again. Then it was that we made them both stand for the portraits we give in our engraving—young Aish being especially anxious that due prominence should be given to his weapon of war—and then, the sketch being finished, we took a cordial farewell, spoke the final "Peace go with you!" and parted.

It has been a subject of deep regret to many an earnest minister of Christ's gospel who has crossed the desert under the guidance of its wild denizens, to feel, when he spake these last words of courteous farewell to the sons of Ishmael who had been his faithful guides and guards through the perils of the wilderness to the very threshold of civilization and town life, that the wish was a barren one. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." These poor barbarians are fast bound in the toils of a fierce and false superstition, and the heart of the clergyman or the missionary has been sad within him at the thought that those who had rendered him cheerful service through dreary and difficult journeys should return to their native wilds in the same state of ignorance of things spiritual, and with their future as uncheered by one gleam of a better hope as when first they became his companions.

The countries over which the Bedowin roams have been as yet entirely excluded from the boundaries of that vast field of labour in which the missionary toils. The whole of Arabia, its cities and their inhabitants, its fertile valleys and pastoral tribes, has been altogether excluded from that message of peace, that proclamation of mercy and pardon, which has resounded in the ears of savages of all races in all parts of the world. Arabia and the Bedowin have not yet heard the good news which has cheered the hearts of some—a very few, perhaps, but undoubtedly some—in each country or island of the globe's remotest regions.

Many circumstances have operated upon the missionary mind, tending to divert its energies into other channels, leaving Arabia still neglected, and many bold, zealous men have been deterred at the very outset from attacking this stronghold of a false creed. Space forbids the enumeration even of these obstacles in this place, but there can be no doubt that they are numerous and great—almost insuperable, in fact, at present—and very special gifts of very diverse kinds, physical and intellectual, must he possess, in addition to his Christianity and his zeal, who would put his hand to God's work in Mahomet's native land.