

## FRUIT IN OLD AGE.

A SEASON of refreshing from the presence of the Lord had passed away. For several years the moral darkness seemed to increase: iniquity abounded, and the love of many waxed cold. Some had deserted the house of God; others apparently attended to no profit. Every appearance indicated that my ministerial labours, public or private, did very little good. My heart was sinking within me, and I was ready to cry out, "Who hath believed our report?" "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought."

It was a rainy Sabbath morning in November, I looked out of my study window upon the house of God, with my mind deeply impressed, and said to my wife,

"I feel as though I could not go to that house today, and preach to naked walls, or a few stupid hearers, to whom I can say nothing more calculated to awaken them than what I have already said, to so little purpose."

I did suppose, however, that there were a few praying souls; and, for a few weeks, I had at times observed an increased attention in the house of God; but those favourable appearances seemed to be transient.

The hour of public worship arrived. I went to the house of God, and, with sinking spirits, tried to preach in the morning to the small number that came together. As I was passing out through the porch, an elderly man, who had come about four miles, came to me, and said,

"My son O—and his wife wish you to come and see them as soon as you can; they are under heavy trials of mind; they are in a feeble state of health, and could not come out today."

I went to my own house, and told my family that God had not utterly forsaken us—I had received such a message as I had not before for two years.

The next morning I hastened to comply with the request. As I approached the house of the young man, he and his wife both met me on the threshold, and took me by the hand, expressing great joy to see me. They said, that although, in some respects, they had been glad when I came to their house, they had used to dread to see me, because they knew not what to say to me, when I conversed with them on the subject of religion; now they wished to open all their hearts to me. They had each of them, the night before, been hopefully brought to experience a Saviour's love.

After a refreshing season with them, I went to the house of the father, which was but a few steps. There I found the father and mother very deeply awakened, apparently humbled, and resolved to live a new life; also a daughter and her husband in the house, deeply convicted of sin. After giving such counsel and direction to them all as I was able, I went, as usual when I visited that house, into the apartment of the aged grandmother, the "days of the years of whose pilgrimage" had been more than fourscore and ten years, who had been principally confined to her room for some years. I approached her, as she sat bowed down in her chair, and inquired after her welfare. She raised her withering hands and weeping eyes towards heaven, and exclaimed:—

"Oh! I bless God, that he has sufficed me to live to see this day."

"Yes," said I, "it is what you have long been praying for."

"Oh, yes," pointing to the corner of the room, "I have lain sleepless, night after night, on that bed, begging and pleading that salvation might come to this house; and it has come, and I bless the Lord for it—now I can die in peace."

"Now," said I, "you see clearly explained, what to you appeared a mysterious Providence. You have often said to me, that you did not know why the Lord should protect your life, which was so useless a burden to yourself and the world. He kept you here to pray for your precious souls, and to be a witness for God. Be encouraged to plead for the multitude of dying sinners who still remain in their sins."

After a most refreshing interview with this aged disciple, and uniting in prayer, I left the place, condemning myself for my unbelief, admiring the ways of Providence in the manifestations of his grace, and reflecting on what a blessed encouragement it is to the Church, and to the disheartened pastor, to have praying souls in the

parish, although they cannot mingle with society, or come to the house of God.

This was the commencement of a revival, which brought about fifty into the church. The aged widow lived to know the result, and then departed in peace.

When, for a season, God in his anger spreads a cloud over a heritage, and the day grows dark, the ambassador of Christ should not be disheartened, while there is a single faithful praying soul to hold up his hands, and wrestle with the throne of grace, though such soul is shut up in some corner of the parish, or in the most obscure place. *Such souls are a host.* They may be more and mightier than are for us, than those that are against us.—*L. Revivalist.*

## THE TRAVELLER.

[FROM "NOTES ON EGYPT," BY REV. A. DUFF, D.D.]

## CAIRO.

WHAT fancy has not glowed with accounts of the unrivalled magnificence of Cairo, "the proud city of the Kaliphs, the delight of the imagination, greatest among the great, whose splendour and opulence made the prophet smile?" And certainly, there is one view of it which does look at once novel and superb: it is that from the rocky fortress, so greatly strengthened and adorned by Yusuf or Saladin, the antagonist hero of the Crusades. The relative position of the fortress may be thus represented.

Between Cairo and the sea, northward, the whole country is flat. Immediately contiguous to it, on the south, commences the mountain chain of Makattan, an arid naked range of calcareous rock; which, at a varying, unequal distance, runs southward nearly parallel to the Nile, enclosing the eastern side of the valley, as with an enormous perpendicular wall. On the abruptly terminating angular point of this lofty ridge, as it flows in barrenness on the verdant Delta of the Nile, is built the citadel of the Kaliphs, where are to be seen stupendous columns of red granite from ancient Memphis; the well of Saladin, about twelve feet square, and three hundred feet deep, excavated in the solid rock, down to the level of the Nile; the enclosure, where the last of the Mameluke Beys, with hundreds of their followers, after having been invited by Mahomed Ali to a friendly feast, were treacherously and barbarously massacred; and, alongside of that fatal spot, the new mosque of Egyptian alabaster, now rearing at the expense of the Pasha, as if in atonement for his many crimes of cruelty and blood. From a salient angle of this citadel, there is a panoramic view, embracing an uncommon assemblage of objects, of singularly varied and blended interest. Immediately under and around its base are seen spreading out, on the one hand, the ruins and aqueduct of Old Cairo; and on the other, the splendid tombs and mausoleums of the Kaliphs—with the walls, the turreted battlements, and the 3 hundred minarets of New Cairo lying between. On the west, chiefly between the city and the Nile, lie the gardens and palaces of the Pashas Beys, and other Turkish nobles: then the "exulting, the abounding river" itself—on the other side of which stretch out fields of emerald green, hemmed in, at the distance of ten or twelve miles, by the bleak line of sand and rock which terminates the Lybian Desert; the platform of which is surmounted by the great Pyramids of Ghizah. Turning to the south, the fertile vale is seen ascending towards Thebes; with the forest of palm trees, at no great distance, which enshrouds the ruins of Memphis, the city of the Pharaohs, and overshadows the spot that has been consecrated by the deliverance of the infant Moses; and, overlooking the whole, the Pyramids of Sakhara, reared on a capelike projection of the elevated range of the desert. Confronting the north, the boundless plain of the Delta expands before the spectator, with the ruins of Heliopolis or On, the city of the sun, the city of the Patriarch Joseph's father-in-law, and famed as a seat of learning even in a land which was the cradle of philosophy and science: beyond these, the field and the solitary tree, under whose branches tradition represents Joseph and Mary as having reposed, when "they fled with the young child to Egypt," and which, as the recompense for such hospitable shelter, has been blessed with "miraculous longevity and eternal verdure;" and strangely interblended with all these and simi-

lar objects of antiquarian or sacred association, the present Pascha's polytechnic school, cotton manufactories, the foundries, and powder-mills! To the east, opens up the general desert of the Red Sea, where the children of Israel once wandered under the guidance of the cloudy pillar—the chosen symbol of Jehovah's presence. In the whole world beside it would perhaps be difficult to find, spread out, from one point of view, so singularly diversified a combination of the great and the small, the noble and the vile, the stable and the frail, the rare and the common, the beautiful and the unsightly, the sacred and the profane—vast arched aqueducts and ditch-like canals, rich gardens and barren rubbish, verdant plains and desert wastes, living streams and naked rocks, minaretted mosques and tattered booths, palaces and tombs, pyramids and mud-huts, venerable relics of wisdom and obtrusive memorials of folly, marvellous remembrances of the forbearance and goodness of God, and striking monuments of the ambition and tyranny of man!

To the eye, viewing most of these objects externally, and at a distance, the grand and the interesting may seem most to predominate. A closer inspection will usually serve to banish much of the illusion.

Begin with the city of Cairo, the centre of the panoramic scene. From the elevated point of observation nought is discerned but the flat or balustraded roofs of houses, the cupolas and minarets of the mosques. Descend towards it, enter the interior, and its principal streets are soon found so tortuous and narrow, as scarcely any where to admit a single wheeled vehicle passing, and often not more than a single donkey. The houses, shooting up many stories in height, exhibit towards the streets little more than blank like prison-walls, save where, here and there, a grated aperture tends to confirm the suspicion, that one is traversing a city of jails and condemned criminals. Far on high, a wooden framework is often made to strike out, so as almost or altogether to meet some similar projection on the opposite side, and thus to intercept the view of the blue vault of heaven over-head.

And then, what incessant driving and beating of foot passengers with sticks from right to left, to make way for the turbaned Turk, or the grotesquely-robed government officials, mounted on asses, mules, horses, or camels! What grimaces, noises, and vociferations on the part of jugglers, beggars, slaves, and fanatics! What brayings and screamings, when the confined, unpaved substitutes for streets, are fairly blocked up by towering camels or donkeys, so largely laden with reeds, or sticks, or cotton bags, as to threaten all passers by with a crushing against the wall! What lounging, smoking, and vagrant idleness, in dingy dens, misnamed shops, and bazaars, and marts of business! What swarms of noisome vermin everywhere, what a total absence of taste, and elegance, and comfort. What din and confusion, filth and smells, misery and squalid wretchedness.

No one who has traversed the streets and suburbs of Cairo, need wonder that it should be "a city of the plague." If the ancient Egyptians, in their personal, domestic, and civic habits, resembled the modern, what fresh magnificence does the spectacle of Grand Cairo shed on the multitudinous precepts and ordinances of the Levitical code respecting cleanliness and absolution, altogether independent of their higher typical hearings, in the progressive revolution of the Gospel dispensation?

In the contrast of Cairo with any of the great Protestant cities of Christendom, we never felt more vividly before how much we were indebted to the religion of the Cross, not merely for the hope of a heaven of glory hereafter, but for these refined and ennobling sentiments, which naturally issue in all that can adorn, beautify, or comfort the life that now is. But the mosques, with their minarets and crescents, are not they superb? To the taste and eyes of many they are.—The outer walls, painted with alternated stripes of red and white, rising from bottom to top in parallel horizontal lines, of a foot or two in breadth; the dust-embrowned cupolas, minarets, and crescents, which looked like a profusion of fanciful stucco-work, or huge Chinese toys; such fantastic figures, and variegated hues, have doubtless their attractions; but whether for a child or man, the vulgar likings of demi-barbarism, or the noble aspirations of the highest civilisation, we leave it to others to determine. Of this we are satisfied,