

THE FENNEC, OR SAHARA FOX.
STORIES FROM PYRAMIDS.

The fennec is an inhabitant of Africa, being found in Nubia and Egypt. It is a very pretty and lovely little creature, running about with much activity, and anon sitting upright and regarding the prospect with marvellous gravity. The color of the fennec is a very pale fawn, sometimes almost a creamy whiteness. The tail is bushy, and partakes of the general color of the fur, except at the upper part of the base and the extreme tip, which are boldly marked with black.

The full grown animal is quite small, measuring scarcely more than a foot, exclusive of the bushy tail, which is about eight inches long.

It is said that the fennec, although a carnivorous animal, delights to feed upon various fruits, especially preferring the date. It is also said that it can climb the trunk of the date palm and procure for itself the coveted luxury.

This creature presents a strange medley of characteristics that have been a stumbling block to systematic zoologists, and it has been frequently transferred by them from one portion of the animal kingdom to another. Now, however, it is admitted that the fennec belongs to the genus *Vulpus*, being a congener with the various foxes of the Old and New Worlds.

Like veritable foxes, the fennec is accustomed to dwell in subterranean abodes, which it scoops in the light sandy soil of its native land. Its fur is of considerable value among the natives of the locality wherein it is found; it is said to be the warmest found in Africa, and is highly prized for that quality.

The fennec is a quaint little creature, wearing an air of precocious self-reliance that has quite a ludicrous effect in so small an animal. The color of its eyes is a beautiful blue; and the whisker hairs which decorate its face are long and thick in their texture and white in color. The fennec is identical with the fox-like animal named "zerda" by Ruppell and "cerdo" by Illiger. The smaller animal is the Jerboa or jumping mouse.—*Ex.*

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* is an article on the Pyramids, furnishing some curious information in regard to the material, and inferences relating to the Scripture story of Pharaoh and his host.

There are remains of sixty-nine at Dashour and Sakkara, of divers forms—one being built in five distinct terraces—and of every size; from the merest cairn of stones, loosely heaped together, over the tomb of the poor; gradually advancing to the perfect structure, whether small or great, which marked where richer members of the community slept their last sleep.

The majority of these are built of crude brick, baked in the sun, and are far more recent works than the giants at Gizeh. It is supposed that some of these may

Exodus; a supposition to which the monumental hieroglyphics bear strange testimony in utterly omitting his name from all sepulchral records, thereby corroborating the theory of his having shared, with his great army, their silent, unmarked tomb beneath the waters of the Red Sea.

It is said that the Egyptians religiously avoided any allusion to whatever evil might befall their king; and it is very remarkable that monuments should have been found to all the other Pharaohs while the stones that chronicle this man's actions both end abruptly, without any mention of his death. Moreover, while all his royal brethren were succeeded each by his eldest son, it is expressly stated that he was succeeded by his second son—while the "death of the first-born" is altogether ignored.

then she would go home in a rage and scold the image, and sometimes even would take a bamboo stick and give it a good beating. One day, when she had heard Mr. Roper preach, she went home and she took this image into a back room which was empty, and placed it in the middle of the floor, and said, "Now I've brought you here, and I am going away trading for three months, and I will lock the door and you will be safe; but this prayer-man says you are not a true god, and cannot take care of me, and that his God can, so I will make this bargain with you—if you are worth anything you can take care of yourself. Now, if you are all right when I come back, I and my family will always worship you as of old; but if a rat gets to you and eats you I will pray to you no more—for I shall know

what the prayer-man says is true." So she locked the door, and went away with the key in her pocket. Three months passed, and she returned to Ibbadan; her friends and children were waiting to welcome her, but she pushed through them, and went straight to the room where she had left her god. She looked at it, and ran away with it to Mr. Roper. She threw the gnawed thing down before him, and exclaimed, "He could not take care of himself. Your God has sent a rat; teach me and my children to be prayer people!"



FENNEC.—(*Vulpus Zaarensis*.)

have been among the labors of the Israelites to which Josephus alluded when, speaking of the Egyptian task-masters, he says, "They put them to the draining of rivers into channels, walling of towns, casting up of dykes and banks to keep off inundations; nay, the erecting of fanatical pyramids." Scientific men are able in these old bricks to distinguish barley from wheat straw, or bean haulm from stubble. One pyramid at Dashour has been especially noted, its bricks being made almost without straw, just the merest indications thereof, as though made in time of some great scarcity—like that when the Israelites gathered stubble instead of straw. An old wall of precisely similar bricks was found at Heliopolis, five miles below Cairo—each brick bearing the Cartouche or royal mark of Thothme III, who is gene supposed to be the Pharaoh the

AN IDOL TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.

Mr. Roper, the noble African missionary, when he was at Ibbadan used often to talk to a clever heathen woman who was a merchant there, and try and persuade her to give up her false gods and to believe in Jesus; and he told her that God was her Father, and knew all that concerned her. The woman listened and half believed but she was frightened that if she became a follower of the true God, her god would be angry with her. Not that she was altogether pleased with her own god, for sometimes she knelt down before his image, which was made of matting and wood, and dressed up with rags of calico wound round it, and asked him to send her good luck and prosperity, and yet sometimes the luck all went against her and the bargains turned out bad ones,

sent a rat; teach me and my children to be prayer people!"

It is not by books alone nor by books chiefly, that a man is in all his points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever things in your actual situation, then and now, you find expressly or tacitly laid down to your charge. That is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it—all situations have many—and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that is your duty.—*Carlyle*.

MANY seem to think that to be a believer is to have certain feelings and experiences, forgetting all the time that these are but the flowers, and that the fruit must follow.—*M'Cheyne*.