

go, and were ancient when Christ came to the world.

So much has happened since those days that one is depressed with a sense of our littleness and the short span of life, yet thankful to know that in all history "God's in His Heaven" and God's hand has, and will rule all. And He teaches man "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," through all ages.

These temples, palaces, statues and tombs have been and are being excavated. The sand has buried and helped to preserve these ancient things, which we now again see.

As to the landscape, it is just like pictures we see. I'll never forget one view particularly. It was a boat on the Nile River at sunset. Beyond the river was the narrow strip of green fields and a mud village. These villages are so romantic at a distance and so squalid at close range. Around this village high palm trees clustered and some stood out alone on the horizon. Beyond was the desert, and one of the great pyramids of Gezah, stood just between us and the red, low setting sun of the East. This is one of the most beautiful landscapes which hang on my memory's wall.

The cities and towns seem like studies in buff, no grass, no trees to mention, buff colored buildings on the buff sand, and the very air seems sort of golden with the sun.

On the streets are a few of the poorer women shrouded in long black gowns, with faces also covered below the eyes with black, they look repelling, being dusty past description. Some are more modernly dressed and evidently better provided for, wearing shorter gowns, stockings and pumps with white georgette over their faces below the eyes. They look rather clean and bright. But most women do not go out on the streets

except as a treat and then they ride in carriages if they are well to do, or if not, on two wheeled carts with boards put from wheel to wheel to sit on. On these four black figures are often perched and the husband leads the donkey. He is taking his harem out for an airing. The conveyance you see varies according to their means.

You will say, "Did you see any missionaries?" Yes, I met several, belonging to the American Presbyterian church. They are earnest consecrated men and women. I visited one of their seven girls' schools in Cairo. This was the central one, and under one roof were a boys' boarding and day school, a chapel and offices for departments of work, as well as the girls' boarding and day school. Then on the flat roof of this large three-storied building, were built the homes of two of the missionaries. They could look down from their verandah into the courts below, one for boys and one for girls, where the children played and around which were the class rooms.

In the school were Mohammedan and Coptic girls (The Coptic church was the early Egyptian Christian church). The American Presbyterians have schools and work in several centres and it is quite an old established mission.

We found a bright example of a graduate of the Cairo boys' school, in a dragoman we had. He did not acknowledge himself a Christian, but he was most intelligent and was grateful to the mission and he may be as many others are, a secret Christian.

We visited among the many mosques and buildings of Cairo, the Al Azhar, their boasted nine hundred year old University, where over two thousand students, at one time, can sit around in groups on the floor, having a teacher for each group. The pupils vary in age from