

off the Egyptian dust from our garments, or enjoy the luxury of the bath, we are communing with loved ones seven thousand miles away. How memorable are the places where we received our letters from home! "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Could this hotel, with French waiters in dress-coats, and the tables filled with English ladies and gentlemen, be in Egypt? The desert and the delta were Egypt, but the Englishman brings his home with him. We spent the Sabbath mostly in the Franks' quarter, as the European part of the city is called, going in the afternoon to attend a native service in the Copts' quarter.

We found the American Mission premises not far away, with the noble ladies of the United Presbyterian Mission teaching the girls and women of Egypt and Nubia the story of Jesus. Their scholars were generally neatly dressed, and without the usual covering of the face worn by the women of the country. This consists ordinarily of a black veil coming just under the eyes and fastened around the head. It is kept in its place by a string of metallic and wooden rings, not unlike spools, which are fastened to the head-covering and connect with the veil between the eyes. We visited several class-rooms where instruction was being given, and then attended the preaching-service in the chapel, where the boys had already assembled. A curtain was stretched between the seats occupied by the males and females, so that women could attend without subjecting themselves to undue criticism by their friends. The missionaries were away attending their annual meeting at one of their most successful stations up the Nile. One of the converts, a native preacher, who impressed us most favorably, preached his first sermon on "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

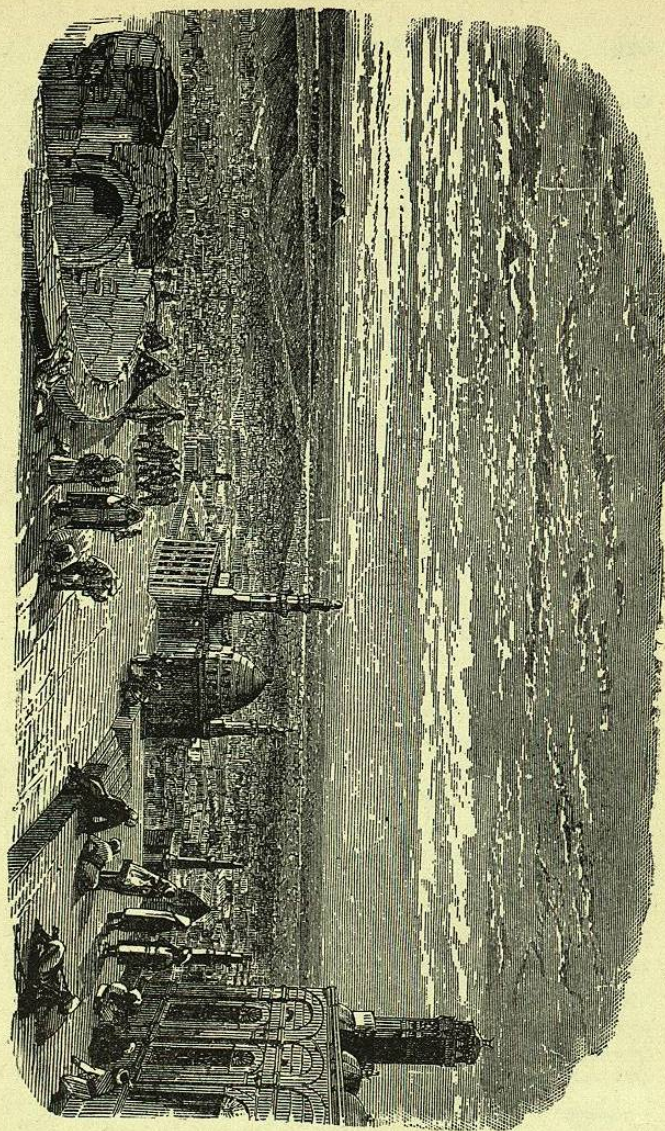
He is a converted Copt, and well educated, receiving his training in the Mission-school. The sermon was in Arabic, and seemed to command the attention of the entire congregation during the forty minutes of its delivery. Preacher and people wore the fez throughout the service. The congregation was a large one, and had a Christian aspect. The collection-baskets were passed, and nearly everybody on our side seemed to contribute, and the constant clinking of the coin in the basket passed by a female on their side of the curtain told that the same was the case there. The English sermon, which followed an hour later in the same chapel, was by a Scotch divinity student, who will travel with us in Palestine.

At the invitation of the ladies of the Mission, Bishop Marvin and I each consented to conduct, through an interpreter, a service in the afternoon at a couple of their stations. So, mounted on donkeys, we rode through the narrow streets of the Copts' quarter, the houses almost meeting above our heads, and even when wider apart the space between them was covered at the top by boards or carpets stretched across to protect the street from the sun. We reached one of the stations just as Miss Smith was closing the Sabbath-school for women and girls. It was in a native house rented for that purpose and a day-school. The congregation, which soon assembled, consisted of some twenty-five women and girls on one side of the curtain, and about eight men on the other. I preached through an interpreter on "The lessons of the burning bush," thinking that they were as applicable to the Church in Egypt now as when God's people needed them centuries ago. Save having occasionally to repeat a sentence to him, my interpreter, the native teacher in the day-school, served me very well. When we reached the other station a native elder had already begun the

aces literally abound, some for the viceroy and others for his sons and different members of his family. State carriages, with forerunners and outriders, dash through the streets drawn by the finest of Arab horses. Often the Nubian eunuchs are outriders, showing that the inmates of the carriages are members of the royal harem, beautiful women being kept, like fine horses, largely for display. True, their faces are *half* veiled, but they are robed in the finest silks and satins, and are constantly appearing in public.

We were happy in being in Cairo on Mohammed's birthday. While awaiting the hour of the principal festivities we visited the Citadel, from which we could get a splendid view of the whole city, with its three hundred mosques, the pyramids in the distance, with the Nile threading its way between the city on one side and the palaces on the other. Cairo is situated between two chains of hills, which appear to extend up the whole Valley of the Nile, one on each side of the river. The pyramids are built on one of these ranges, while the Citadel is on the side of the other. Old Cairo, which is a little south of the present city, is being filled up by the sands, which have disregarded the hill boundaries of the desert and swept down toward the river. The same cause explains the changed sites of the capital along a distance of many miles, palaces and tombs having long since been covered by the drifting sand.

This Citadel witnessed in 1811 the slaughter of the Mamelukes, who, having been found plotting against the life of the pasha, Mehemet Ali, were suddenly surprised by a rain of bullets, one alone making his escape by a frightful leap on horseback, fully forty feet, from the top of the Citadel. Here is also the mosque of this pasha, whose tomb is in one corner. It is said to be as fine as any in Con-



CITY OF CAIRO.

stantinople. Its dome is very lofty, its minarets graceful, its material alabaster, and the situation fine; but it is certainly surpassed by the great mosque at Delhi. Within the walls of the Citadel is "Joseph's Well," quite old and two hundred and seventy feet deep, and hewn in the rock, with an average diameter of fifteen feet. Its depth would bring it about on a level with the Nile, whence it is supposed to derive its waters. We descended some distance the sort of circular stair-way around it, on which the mules are taken down to the bottom to work the wheel which sends the water to the top in earthen jars attached to ropes. These empty themselves as they pass horizontally over a beam at the top, and go back for more. It is very common to ascribe every old thing, especially if it were useful, to the benignant rule of Joseph. The Arab guides point out every thing of the sort, often their only English word being "antique." Hardly less ancient in appearance is a great mosque near the fort of the Citadel, which is reported to cover the spot where Noah's ark rested after the flood.

But our view from the Citadel showed the people hurrying toward the scene of the great event of the day, and so after visiting the objects mentioned, together with one of the palaces located within the same inclosure, we drove rapidly to the spot where all the lines of carriages, donkeys, and footmen were converging. The streets in the immediate vicinity of the spot were lined with stalls for the sale of ornamental candies of all patterns, made of Egyptian sugar, while there were swings, theaters, plays, dancing, and all sorts of festivity, in and around the tents near the open square. We are there nearly two hours before the time, but can with difficulty secure a good place for our carriage, so that we may witness the *dosee*. For this is what has assembled fully thirty thousand people—the *dosee*, or walking

On this day of the year the sheik, as he is called, or priest, rides on horseback over such of the people as prostrate themselves on the ground. It is about the time of the return of the pilgrims from Mecca, and when fanaticism is rife. Many of these pilgrims, together with such others as care to, lie in a line with their faces on the ground, believing that they will suffer no injury as the horse steps upon them, and that if they do suffer they ought to be very happy, and that if they are *killed* they will go direct to paradise. We had heard of this festival of the *dosee*, and could hardly believe that it was as bad as was represented. We are about to see. Along in front of the space where the sheik is to ride is a row of open tents for distinguished guests, while our carriages are the boundary on the other, a guard of policemen standing at intervals along the line. The tops of the tents, and of the houses, and of the trees, are filled with people, while hundreds are standing up in their vehicles to get a better view. Splendid carriages, filled with the women of the harem, drive up the line, the forerunner with his rod preceding the horses, and hardly less fleet than they, while the outriders gallop up behind, eunuchs ever on guard.

Presently an unusual excitement heralds the approach of the heir-apparent, a young man of twenty, dressed in light clothes, and touching his fez with his white-gloved hands in response to the silent salutes of the police and soldiers. But where is the sheik? He sometimes refuses to ride; will he do so to-day? He is supposed to spend the time in prayer before mounting his horse, and when he does ride at all he is regarded as utterly oblivious of all that is going on, attendants having to hold him on his horse. A shout announces his coming, and the people are allowed to rush to their places and prostrate themselves on the ground. The number that did so was hardly over two hundred, although

some estimated it at six hundred. Each had an attendant, who stood fanning him with his skirt. They all seemed to be of the poorer classes, and to be more or less under the influence of *hasheesh* to stupefy or excite them. Many stripped to the waist, and carrying drawn swords, stood near those who were on the ground. In fact, the crowd of the faithful was so thick about them that we could only see with great difficulty. A man carrying a flag first walked over them, while behind him came the sheik, his head on one shoulder as if asleep, and held in the saddle by two men walking on each side, while the large white horse, which has been used for this purpose for many years, walked right over the bodies of the people, now stepping on their backs, and his foot now slipping between two bodies, until he had gone the whole line.

Immediately after he had passed each attendant picked up his man, if injured, and bore him away to a tent. I saw several being thus carried away, some evidently suffering very much, perhaps with a broken spine. The Mohammedans declare that no one was hurt, but they evidently attach a fanatical meaning to the word or willfully lied, for the American consul, who was close by, told me that he saw one man with a mangled hand, the horse having trod upon it, while others were frothing at the mouth in their agony. The crowd instantly dispersed, save the fanatics and the buyers and sellers. And this was the mode of celebrating the birthday of Mohammed, the Christ of the Moslem! Yet the cruelty of Mohammedanism simply finds its natural expression in this way. It is nothing if not savage. I must do penance for having witnessed such a scene. The festivities of the day closed with brilliant fire-works at night, which we did not care to witness.

After lunch we visited the Egyptian Museum,