

From the Rockies to **EGYPT**



Marie Pauline Sass

From The Rockies To Egypt

By

Marie Pauline Sass

August, 1962

FAITH PUBLISHING HOUSE

Digitally Published by

THE GOSPEL TRUTH

www.churchofgodeveninglight.com

Preface

As it is as natural for man to worship something or someone as it is to breathe, and the unchangeable law demands that man use the God-given liberty of choice regarding the future, heaven or hell, which will it be? “When in doubt take the safe side,” which the author of this book is endeavoring whole heartedly to do, not only spiritually but practically as well.

As long as I can remember, I have been interested in HOME and foreign Mission work.

Home, of course, comes first; but it is only a base for foreign activity. The first Missionary, who left HIS heavenly home to save from sin and eternal despair, commands us to “go into all the world and preach the gospel.” Having proved that the Gospel is really “good news” to the natives of Egypt, your humble servant earnestly hopes and prays that this incomplete narrative may be an incentive to spur up every reader to self-denial and sacrifice; and if necessary, to be martyred for the cause which will prove eternal satisfaction and bliss.

Don’t think, dear reader, that I was prompted by the desire of sight-seeing, or because of any selfish motive to take this trip to Egypt. A desire to be an eye-witness of actual conditions, and an

irresistible urge to be a blessing to souls every step of the way, caused me to go. My Heavenly Father provided the fare without solicitation of any person. Praying much that I might ever be in the center of God's will, I started. The officials who were instrumental in securing my visa and passport were the only parties who knew of my intention. Our trunk packed full of Bibles, tracts, dry goods for the orphans, and our wardrobe, including raincoat and rubbers (for which we had no use in Egypt because it does not rain there), was sent to the depot. With suitcase, briefcase, and violin, we took the bus for Wary, Colorado where we took the fast train for the east—ready to live or ready to die. Let's go.

—The Author

Chapter I

On The Way

The air conditioned coaches on the Burlington, as well as on some of the other roads, make traveling delightful. There were smoking rooms for the ladies in connection with restrooms. I told some dear girls how they ruined their constitution by smoking. I felt rather timid about talking to strangers about personal matters, but to my surprise, they told me they wished they had never started; because they were now helpless, as the habit seemed to conquer them; but I pointed them to Jesus who never lost a battle.

New York City

The ship, *Exochorda*, of the American Export Line, was to sail a few days after my arrival, which gave me time to see some of New York. The city, being three layers thick or high, is a marvel in architectural skill.

Railroads, trollies, and skyscrapers so high in the air; millions of people crowded into small space; the subterranean system where underground rivers are stopped to make room for traffic; places of business; and dwelling for struggling humanity, causes one to wonder what would become of this place should just a small tidal wave strike it. There would be no escape. How important it is for man to be in harmony with the Creator. There are roof gardens and

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

places of amusement for the wealthy; dingy quarters with large families for the poor—all adrift for eternity.

Among other places, I visited the ladies' headquarters of the Salvation Army, where anyone can go. Many well-to-do people make it their home.

A dear young lady from Finland, well-acquainted with New York, chaperoned me (she certainly was an angel in disguise), and introduced me to a number of the ladies. One of them told me confidentially that they were nearly all Irish Catholics, and the meanest people on earth. She said, "I'm going to give one of them a black eye because she's been talking about me." I told her to pay no attention to her, that one never gains anything by fighting, and that we are told to love our enemies and to do good to those who hate us. "Well," she said, "you can't change me for I am a Catholic." I left a Bible and some good books for them to read. It is surprising how in this land of ours, many people can be found who would prize a Bible highly, could they own one. I met a lovely ex-actress who was entirely ignorant of a hope after death. She said, "You know I am so blue sometimes, I want to blow out my brains and end it all." I told her that ONE was ready to stand by her and carry her burden for her, if she would repent and give her heart to Him. She promised she would. We bowed in prayer, and she humbly asked if she might have some of my little papers, which was a great encouragement to me to be more faithful. She gave me a nice dress with long sleeves and proper length, so one of the LORD'S little ones could wear it.

Our home paper published some of the letters I wrote home:

MRS. MARIE SASS WRITES NEW YORK EXPERIENCES

(Editor's Note:— The following letter received from Mrs. Marie Sass who is on a mission trip to Egypt will be very interesting

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

to her many friends in Dundy County. The letter is printed just as it was received Wednesday morning.)

Dear Haigler Folk:

Before leaving New York, I wanted to visit the “Bowery,” and when a negro girl offered to guide me providing I would buy her breakfast, it was a bargain and we made the trip. Passing an alley, I saw two men lying dead drunk and when they were ordered by a truck driver to move over one of them had the presence of mind to shove his partner over enough to let the truck barely pass. A little farther on, lay another man asleep on a door step. My companion had her shoes wrapped in rags to keep her feet warm.

Entering the large mission hall, which was crowded, we were ushered to the front where several ladies were seated. A “Bum” (I shouldn’t really call him that but know no better way to describe him) presided at the piano and he was a marvel. I have never heard his equal at the piano. The speaker was good but would have been a better example of the Master had he laid aside his rings and diamonds.

After the service, the chairs were quickly removed and replaced by tables and the girl with me invited me to stay for lunch. I took a back seat and everyone was given a large tin plate heaped with potatoes, carrots, spinach, and bread, then they were served something to drink. They didn’t stop to taste the food, but simply gulped it down, and, where capacity permitted called for another helping.

A darling girl from Finland insisted on helping me with my baggage to the McAlpine hotel from whence our belongings were taken to the ship which was modern and first class. Only one 2-year-old child was on board. Our poor street urchins, I am sure,

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

were happier than he. On the ship there is hot and cold water in every room, some have private baths, the best of silver and finest linen. Beautiful fresh cut flowers decorate the dining tables where meals are served in courses from a Bill of Fare as long as your arm. Fumes of intoxicants are in evidence, but no one is ever seen drunk. Everyone has his private room and it's no one's business what the other fellow does.

The crew is outwardly as nearly perfect as is possible for young men to be. They are courteous and obliging. The sea has been rough and for several days no one touched any food—some were scared. A dear lady from Detroit could not sleep, fearing the ship would sink; others had the same feeling, but did not express themselves.

Udenominal services were held Sunday morning and also a Catholic service. Picture shows and dancing are also provided every evening for those who desire them. Many other games are also provided. Sufficient water, minus salt, could easily be spared here to soak up the hills around Haigler, but I am sure I have seen no happier people and none better off than many at Haigler. Even the wealthy are no better off.

Hope all of you are well and happy in the Lord. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep; I lay me down in Peace to sleep. I know Thou will not sleight my earnest call, for Thou doest mark the sparrow's fall, and calm and peaceful is my sleep: Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

All for His glory,

Marie Pauline Sass

Chapter II

Places of Interest

Gibraltar

Fabled pillar of Hercules, where you enter the Mediterranean Sea, guarded by Great Britain, a natural rock formation 1,400 ft. high, its northern face fronting Europe. One of the passengers who bought a “Daily” from a news boy who came with the boat that took our mail, was disgusted when he discovered that the paper was over a week old. We had been receiving radio news every morning.

The following letter was printed by the Home paper:

MRS. MARIE SASS WRITES TO HAIGLER FRIENDS

April 13, 1938

On Board S.S. Exochorda

Dear Haigler People:

On April 7th along toward evening we passed Gibraltar. The sight was lovely. Where the rock is too steep for the erection of any buildings it has been artificially smoothed to cast the water supply. The sloping territory is covered with government buildings, all of light brown color. Nature, or rather the Creator of nature, has made it the strongest fort in the world. No one landed, but a small boat came out after our first out-going mail.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

Late in the afternoon, April 11, we sighted Marseilles which is a beautiful bay city. A French lady shared my room with me and motion language was used in our conversation. In Naples she left me.

It is impossible to describe Naples and give it justice. Its natural grandeur and architectural beauty must be seen to be appreciated. Mount Vesuvius is plainly visible and from it a white plume of smoke or vapor seems to be flowing continuously. I saw it flare fire only four times while watching it closely.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Robert Bazely of Pottsville, Penn., I am indebted for a sight-seeing drive through Naples and places of interest. They have their car with them, have been here before and travel nearly all the time on both land and sea. Many horses of the pony type and usually poor, are used here and draw heavy loads. The streets are narrow, but clean; much public construction work is going on and everyone seems to be really working. The laborers seem to be closely watched by officials.

Hitler is expected to visit Naples April 15 and preparations are feverishly under way for his reception. The ambassador and wife from Brazil to Berlin have been on the ship since leaving New York, but they leave us at Naples. Regina, their daughter, gave me her autograph.

At Marseilles 900 tons of oil and dried and canned fruit were unloaded. I am told we still have about 100 autos and tractors to be unloaded at Alexandria.

Sincerely,
Marie Pauline Sass

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

Marseilles

Metropolis of the French Colonial Empires, the fleets of the nations use the harbor for a resting place. Thanks to the Rhone canal, all central Europe ships its wares through this channel. Venerable lighthouses warn of danger points in that vicinity. Some of the old Roman grandeur, united with the graceful French architectural style renders a sight that must be seen to really be appreciated.

The stores are the most beautiful I have seen, and prices are not unreasonable. I saw no loafers in Marseilles. Wages are low. Everyone seemed to improve the time and to be conscientious in doing their duty.

Naples

A city of spires, domes, and ancient cathedrals. At the entrance of one church I noticed a tablet, forbidding any woman to enter with low-neck dress or short skirt, or attired like a man. "Well", I said, "Amen."

No wonder some of our greatest artists came from surroundings where nature is so alluring. Genoa the birth place of Columbus whose house is visited by many artists, is a small dwelling covered with vines, open for inside inspection only on his birthday.

Mount Vesuvius

Mount Vesuvius excelling far in grandeur all human skill,
Apparently it slumbers, and seems to be extinct;
But notice how it flares up, impressing on the mind
The immortality of man which cannot be denied.
It cannot be commercialized and viewed by just a few,
It stands a monument to all—for Gentile and the Jew.
Nor does the great Creator sleep, He is always on the job,

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

His Spirit is inviting still, humanity to God.
There is no satisfying state
Outside of God's sweet peace,
While yet you have a chance repent,
Accept His love and peace.

The structures representing many millions of dollars, erected in honor of the first characters of the church, are proof of the first Christians' devotion.

At the English sailor's home in Marseilles, I made the acquaintance of the matron who certainly has the spiritual, as well as moral welfare of the boys at heart, and seems a real mother to them. They all seemed grateful for the books I left. In Naples, Mrs. Me— left us, a strong Catholic about 75 years old, but active and fun-loving like a girl. She told me about a leper colony she had visited, after having been medically treated to be immune to that dreadful disease. She told about the different stages of the patients. Some had scarcely any flesh on their frames, some had no more eyes in their sockets. It was a gruesome narrative. But she said, "The Sisters were at their post day and night, devoting all their time and strength to the comfort of the sufferers—practically buried alive." "What a contrast," I said, "between some members of the same denomination. Some take in all the world offers and expect to gain heaven — rather inconsistent, don't you think?" She said, "You're right, and I like your belief." I love her, not because she gave me money to carry on the Lord's work but because she was honest and acted natural. By the way, she was one of the first ladies from Detroit to fly in an airplane and a marvelous business woman. I am praying that we'll meet her in heaven.

Dear Mrs. M- Sch- visited me in my stateroom during my severe sea sickness. I shall never forget her kindness.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

Three men, representing a big oil company from Topeka, Kansas, with not less than one million dollars to back them on their way to Africa, were also passengers on the Exochorda. Their mission was to find oil.

Chapter III

Egypt

Alexandria

Where we said “goodbye” to our friends on board the Exochorda and again were permitted to enjoy solid footing. It is one of the oldest cities on record. Many of the first Christians were martyred there. Alexander the Great was the founder. W. S. Craig, an early western pioneer minister who was greatly interested in an orphanage in Alexandria was one of those broad-minded lovers of humanity who preached against all sin, and against war even in war time when his life was in danger. He also preached against division among so-called Christians, and fearlessly proclaimed there is but one church and that one must be born again (spiritually). He got us interested in this orphanage. A number of the laborers have laid down their lives, martyred to this cause; but the work still goes on. As the children clustered around me, a happy, healthy group, I could not help but see that the love of Him who gave His life for us was still active.

The natives of Egypt are dark skinned, not as dark as the Negro. Their eyes, when not diseased, are usually beautiful.

The chief religion is Mohammedan, the Coptic comes next. The Coptics are much like the Catholics. When the hour of prayer

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

arrives, the Mohammedans stop their pursuit and pray, whether it is in the street, office, field or home. They are not ashamed to pray. One can plainly see (although they will not admit it) that there is no satisfaction in their worship. Shrines and Mosques are in evidence everywhere. Schools of all leading nations are represented in Alexandria. The city is very much European as well as ancient. It is an ideal place for wealthy people because of favorable climatic conditions, and servants are plentiful and cheap. Slaves as described in old literature could not be more humble than the hired help I saw over there. The climate is very hard on eyes. Blind beggars sitting by the wayside or led by some child are a common sight.

From Bedford, Ind. paper:

April 19, 1938

Buckley Ramleh, Egypt

Dear Folks:

Greetings in Jesus' dear name!

Expect to take a train soon to go up into Upper Egypt to help the Missionaries where they tell me it is very hot and is almost impossible for anyone who is not used to the climate to stay after May. So far the Lord has used me and my efforts in doing good.

The contrast between wealth and poverty is more noticeable here in Alexandria than in any place I have ever seen. The estates of the wealthy are walled in. They have beautiful courtyards, artistically planned gardens full of rare plants, vines, and flowers—lovely beyond description. Poor barefooted natives attend them and all are busy.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

The common men wear gowns and turbans, and nearly all go barefooted. Some wear sandals made from a block of wood with a strap to hold them in place.

Sincerely all for His glory everywhere,

Marie Pauline Sass

From home paper *The News*:

VISIT TO EGYPT MISSION

Recently a friend of our missions in Egypt, Sister Marie Pauline Sass, of Haigler, Nebraska, took a trip voluntarily to Egypt to get a close-up view of the field and its needs.

Some extracts from her letter to Sister— and the writer:

“Visiting at the orphanage in Alexandria, I found the children healthy and eagerly inquiring about America. One asked how Mrs.— was who sent one of the girls a dollar for Christmas. Another asked if I knew E— B—, Mrs. W—, etc.”

“Some of these children with their dark, beautiful eyes are very interesting.”

“The tiny babe brought to the orphanage recently is getting along nicely, the older girls seem to gladly take the responsibility of caring for it. About 7:00 o’clock the prayer bell rings when all, even to the white pup are ready for the roll-call. Miss Craig with them sings the beautiful songs all Christians love. She also sees that each child is properly looked after and taught practical knowledge according to their ability.”

Will write more later.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

Later — Have been in Upper Egypt, Girga and villages.

“On short notice the meetings at the villages are filled up with eager listeners. The Lord helped me to speak through an interpreter. It is pitiful to see the fly-covered babies and terrible living conditions in general. The Missionaries up here certainly deserve special notice.

“Preachers in civilized sections are not doing anything compared with the workers up here in the villages. Everyone who knows me, knows I am against taking collections and begging, as God is no beggar, but everyone must give an account of their stewardship and I am sure every prayer and help given for this needy field will bear fruit in time and eternity.

“A young couple either knowing the Arabic language, or willing to learn, is needed in every village. If we Protestants don’t do our part, the Muslims will take all the schools over. Anyone afraid of hardships has no business over here, no needier field can be imagined. So like Paul, be willing to lay down your life then you can say, ‘Henceforth there is laid up a crown of righteousness for me.’ ”

Cairo

Ancient stamping ground of the Pharaohs, near the land of Goshen—wonderful contrast, City of the desert vying in wickedness with old Port Said—city of palaces, domes, crowned by a medieval fortress.

The matron of the orphanage wished for one of the native girls to accompany me into Upper Egypt. All wished to go, but the teacher and matron chose L., an Albino. She had beautiful white hair and pink eyes. Just why the Natives consider this class a freak of nature and treat them as such, I do not know. At any rate L. could

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

not contain herself for joy, and the other girls shared her happiness by leaping around like a lot of frolicking kittens.

L. had been under loving strict discipline all her life for her own good and safety. Now she felt that she was her own boss who had charge over an ignorant American who could not speak Arabic and she could. Her sister, whom she had not seen for many years, lived in one of the villages we expected to visit. The anticipation of meeting her added to L.'s joy.

Upon our arrival in Cairo we were surrounded by numerous agents, anxious to take us to see the pyramids and Sphinx. One agent, in broken English, agreed to take us, baggage and all, show us all worth seeing so it would not be necessary to employ a guide, etc. After considering all the advantages promised, we paid him part of the sum he asked, with understanding that settlement for the whole would be made after our return. The heaviest suitcase and violin-case I had checked at the depot. It dawned on me soon that we had chosen the wrong party. After walking a long distance, the agent taking the lead, I asked my interpreter to find out how much farther we had to walk. "Just a short distance," was the reply.

Finally, we were seated in what I would call an old 14 model Ford, but no one was at the wheel. I don't know how long we sat there. Finally we found out that the tires had to be repaired. At last another man drove us out to the pyramids, a distance of about ten miles from Cairo. No car was permitted to enter the reserved territory. Guards are stationed in various places, and a guide had to be employed who was always there on the job. L. told the official that we already had paid for entrance and guide service, but he would not change the rule. The way they talked and ejaculated made me so nervous, I thought sure they were going to actually fight. I told L. to please tell the official that the man who drove us out there

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

“had nothing to do with the agreement we had made with the agent.” Then I walked off hoping to find someone with whom I could converse. After asking a number of men if they could talk English, who all jabbered something and shook their heads, I noticed a man dressed like an European. I asked him if he could speak English. He said, “A little, but I speak German better.” After a short time, he saw that we were given permit, and had a guide to direct us. The giant pyramids of Gizeh, one of the seven wonders of the world, rightly so-called. The pyramids are 700 ft. at base and 400 ft. high. How human beings could elevate those immense stones and place them tight-fitting, hundreds of feet high in place, has not yet been satisfactorily explained by scientists who have charted, measured, and studied the inside as well as the outside.

History tells us that it was built near the time of the flood by the ancient Pharaoh, for a burial place for himself to transmit his fame down through the ages. Also, another very important purpose was to diminish some of the too numerous population. Ten thousand men sacrificed their lives in its construction while subsisting on bread crust and radish leaves. A new draft of one hundred thousand men was supplied every three months.

Our guide took the lead with L. and myself following up the interior (which is electrically lighted) in stooped position, we followed up to the Queen’s chamber. All removable objects have been taken to the Museum. There are many figures and inscriptions telling about ancient activities, etc. Higher up is the King’s room. I was too tired to climb higher. The Sphinx is about 40 rods distance from the largest pyramid. It seems to be several hundred feet long with a body like a lion, face like a man, solid rock, facing the inhabited world—“King of terror” is the proper name in the ancient

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

language. Near there is a reserved territory where excavation work is going on. I think some English company supervises the activities.

Many statues and relics of interest are being, and have been, unearthed in the vicinity of the Sphinx. The mummy, supposedly that of Pharaoh, the oppressor of the Hebrews, is to be seen in the Museum at Cairo encased in glass. The hands are folded over his breast, his teeth slightly visible, his hair and fingernails intact as natural as life.

The tomb of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is being carefully guarded by the descendants of Ishmael. It would not be surprising if in the near future (in case England would get full control) these too, will be permitted to be viewed by the public.

Near Luxor, “King Tut’s” tomb in the valley of the kings is located. We passed through underground passages leading into storage rooms where provisions for the future and treasures were stored, which is an assurance that those people had a strong faith in an after death existence. Serpents carved into the wall defy intruders. Yes, there is no end to eternity—“after death, the judgment.”

Every place we visited we handed out tracts and books. My interpreter tried to stop me, stating I was just wasting money, “these people can’t read English;” but they all seemed so eager for them, and thankful. One Sheik told me his brother was attending an English school. He wanted to send him my “Farm-home” book. One could tell by their actions that they prized literature highly.

Arriving in Cairo again, I looked for my checks to my baggage at the depot, but could not find them. After thinking over where I had been and what I had done that day, I realized that in a mistake I had handed those checks out with some of the books. Now what

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

should I do? How could I claim my suit case and violin? A number of parties saw me hand them over to the R.R. official, but where could those witnesses be located? Then a happy thought struck me. I saw two English soldiers promenading. I went directly to them and told them of my predicament. They asked if I could identify my belongings. I told them, "Certainly." "O. K., come with us," they said, and soon matters were straightened out satisfactorily.

It was now nearly time for the train to arrive taking us to Sohag. Our tickets were issued in Alexandria and I had them in a special compartment in my handbag, to be sure I would have them handy for inspection upon taking the train. I looked for them but could not find them. Repeatedly, I looked through all my containers, but failed to locate them. I was almost desperate. L. had gone for a walk. I was short of money, and had paid for both tickets; and now they were lost. Of course, I could telegraph for help but that would take time and a lot of red tape. I prayed earnestly for my heavenly Father to help me out. Soon L. arrived and I asked her if she knew where our tickets were. "Yes," she said, "I's afraid you'd give them away; they're in my handbag."

A noted character asked his beautiful wife to pass as his sister. He was an extensive cattle man, and there was a famine where he pastured his stock, so knowing that the River Nile fed man and beast, he decided to go to Egypt. A beautiful woman attracts attention anywhere, so the "Father of the faithful" looked to his wife for protection. But the eye which never slumbers revealed to Pharaoh the facts of the case. Pharaoh greatly admired Sarah but no sin was committed.

The overflow of the Nile is now under control to a great extent. Large dams and canals near Cairo help to control the overflow.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

Much more construction work along that line is going on in other places.

We remember a sweet babe just at the age when they enjoy using their lungs as healthy babies do. This little fellow was being cuddled by his sister about seven years old, watching him closely. Whenever he opened his sweet little mouth to make himself noticeable, she gently laid her hand over it. Father was laboring in the desert heat almost naked, erecting structures to make Egypt famous. Mother was working on a basket, just about completed. The glue or some kind of paste made it water-proof. After lining it with soft material, she embraced and fed the precious babe and placed him in the basket. Mother gave sister instructions to take it to the Nile by the cluster of palm trees and rushes where the Princess regularly took her bath. The result was that the Princess adopted the lovely little fellow. The place is conspicuously marked near Cairo. Read about it in Exodus 2.

The honorable gent, father of twelve sons, who doubted that his favorite boy whom he had been made to believe had been torn by some wild beast, was still living; in his old age, met his dear boy in Egypt, where he and his 74 relatives were sustained during the time of a terrible famine. His son's dreams were now a reality. God is not mocked.

An earthly father was warned in a dream to take his wife and the "Babe"—(to escape the wrath of Herod) down to Egypt, to which place they traveled and found a place of retreat until their enemy was, dead. The place near Cairo is marked with a Cathedral.

Sohag

Seated in the R.R. coach, third class, we had a good chance to study the Natives' traveling costumes, etc. Some of them carry all

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

their belongings with them—what little bedding they have and all. One man was wise: the train was crowded, so he crawled up on the rack above the seats, which is intended for holding packages and suit cases, and settled down for a night's rest.

Just across the aisle an elderly man wrapped about four yards of cloth around his head and stretched himself out. His large black feet almost reached across the aisle, his gown had the appearance of never having come into contact with soap and water—only one sample out of many.

L. enjoyed her freedom to the limit. As we were rather crowded in our seat, she changed around considerably, seating herself a number of times by some Sheik, but seemed to be entirely unnoticed.

When we arrived in Shoag, dear Mrs. J—and some of her pupils met us. I was loaded with baggage and made the mistake of getting off on the wrong side of the train, stumbling over some wire. It's a good thing it was not a live wire. There is always something to be thankful for.



FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

Mrs. J., who has charge of the school, is a marvel in self-sacrifice. Her husband is buried near there. She has devoted all her life for the spiritual and moral uplift of the Natives. We called in many homes, and were treated with the greatest of respect everywhere. To see babies sleeping in the narrow streets covered with flies is a common sight. I stopped many times and shooed them away, but it was a waste of time. At the butcher shop meat is hanging uncovered. Sometimes, if he does not forget, a boy comes along with a fly-brush and makes himself noticeable. All kinds of fruit and provisions are exhibited in open containers. There are, in most towns of any size, European stores where everything is either canned or wrapped in tinfoil. Their prices, of course, are higher.

LETTER IS PUBLISHED ABOUT TRIP TO EGYPT

(Editor's note:—The following letter from Mrs. Sass who recently returned from a missionary tour to Egypt has just reached the news office. While Mrs. Sass would be able to better give a firsthand account of the experiences here related, there are many readers of this paper who will not soon have an opportunity to visit with Mrs. Sass and it is for these that the letter is published.)

Girga, Upper Egypt

May 2, 1938

Greetings in Jesus:

Monday after Easter, before daylight Mrs. J. and I were invited by some bank officials and their wives to take a boat ride on the River Nile which proved to be a great thrill—the sunrise, etc. One of the men told me the reason his partner was so large was because he ate so many crocodiles.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

On the highway is a continual stream of goats and camels carrying grain, oil barrels, rocks, and everything imaginable. One can often see a haystack wiggling along with the nose of a little donkey protruding at one end. I watched a camel being loaded with rocks for highway construction kneeling and looking back at its master and making a pleading noise as if saying, "Please don't load too heavy." It is a common sight to see little girls no more than four years old carrying a little sister or brother in their arms and a basket on their head containing almost anything.

Children gather fertilizer off the highway with their hands and this is mixed with straw and used for fuel. I was told that the manager of a cotton gin near here refused, modern machinery because it would interfere with the native employment causing many to be jobless.

I went with Miss H—to a village to hold a meeting using an interpreter to deliver the message. From an American standpoint conditions are pitiful. The women kiss your hand, the men shake your hand and touch their breast very ceremoniously. They brought sick children to be healed, and were usually told to give them a bath with plenty of rubbing to open the pores and then pray for them. Most of the old people can neither read nor write and are very anxious for the gospel. They offered to build me a house and give me a donkey if I would stay.

Their houses are made of clay brick. The first story is the front room where goats, donkeys, chickens, cows and the people sleep. This is necessary because of stock robbers. We were given the second story room where a number of daughters-in-law with their babies slept. They had only a straw mat on the ground floor for a bed. The girl with me gave a terrible scream in the night which was caused by a rat taking a nibble.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

The boss watched a buffalo cow while I milked so she didn't eat my straw hat. Talking about missionary work—here is a field for anyone willing to sacrifice. Bible pictures convey the meaning through the eyes and are priced highly.

The overflow of the Nile is the material life of the natives. They farm small plots by hand. Two cows hitched to a sled with attached rollers thresh the grain. With a fork it is lifted and the wind separates the chaff from the grain. Camels and donkeys carry the wheat (which is cut with a sickle by the whole family on their knees) to the threshing floor. This week I am invited to hold meetings in two villages.

Calling in homes in the city, one is usually taken to the front room which is equipped with bolsters or upholstered furniture all around the room. A servant customarily brings a tray with some kind of soft drink. I have never tasted more delicious chocolate than they serve here. It is either miserable poverty or extreme luxury here.

I am about 600 miles from Alexandria in Upper Egypt. Insects are very bad here and the heat, too, is very oppressive.

All for His Glory,

Marie Pauline Sass

Girga Upper Egypt

Going in a bus with Miss H—, we visited several villages where teachers and missionaries can really accomplish much good, because the people realize their need. One old lady who was over-heated laboring in the field sent for us. Miss H. bathed her, prayed for her, and made her as comfortable as possible. I had a heavy night gown with me (the nights are at times very cool). I gave her my gown. I left a handkerchief in the pocket. Next morning, just as we were ready to get on our donkeys to go to the other village,

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

here came the old lady's son bringing the handkerchief and some hard boiled eggs (guess they noticed that I could not eat the other food). I told him to keep the handkerchief. He had walked quite a distance to show their appreciation and honesty. Some day when the LORD sends me the money, I'll go back and help those dear people in every way possible.

The bus driver was very careful to avoid hitting a flock of geese, goats, or donkeys on the highway, but human beings had to look out for themselves.

Robber bands are yet to be feared in that part of the country. One woman told us that her brother-in-law was slain the night before and his buffalo cow stolen. In the same vicinity a man was tired of his wife, so he divorced her and poisoned his two-year-old girl. The relatives were heart-broken, but the authorities paid little attention.

In meeting amidst the Muslims (speaking through an interpreter), I told them that our Bible told us about some great Prophets: Isaiah, Jeremiah, Moses, etc., and possibly Mohammed was a great man but Jesus only lived the life setting an example, and giving His life-blood to redeem us from everlasting despair. Instead of being hostile, they seemed to appreciate the meetings.

The heat was very oppressive about June 1, most foreigners had left for cooler parts. After helping Miss H. in meeting and visiting in many homes, it was time for me to start back to Alexandria. In some of the homes which we visited, very deplorable conditions were prevalent. In one place an old lady came out of the windowless dungeon with her arm covered with mud. She had burned herself. The mud relieved her for a time, but the skin came off. Miss H. carefully soaked and cleaned her arm with oil. O, how thankful she was! This is only one example of the missionaries' activities.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

I must not forget to mention that L. proved a great help in the village work.



While in Girga, I was permitted to assist in meeting every evening where an English school for girls and undenominational gospel meetings were held. The evening of my departure, I did not go on the platform for fear I might miss the train which was due at 8 o'clock p. m. Some of the teachers had ordered a horse-drawn taxi. I sat in the woman's department (women and men are always in separate apartments in public gatherings). About 7:30 we quietly left having bidden them "Good-bye" the evening before. To my surprise, before the train arrived here came the whole audience, both men and women, to see me off. Words cannot do justice to their whole-hearted display of gratitude and love. It reminded me of Paul: "If it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and given them to me."

Quite a number of the Arabic Hymns have been set to well-known American tunes. Musical instruments being very scarce

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

in that part of the country, my violin playing was enjoyed by all, in public and private homes.

Having been notified and asked to “please be near the car window when the train stopped in Sohag” on my way back to Alexandria those who had met me wished to shake hands. One English student wished an English Bible. Another wanted American stamps. I had everything in readiness, and a fine crowd of friends, never-to-be-forgotten, bade me “God’s speed.”

L. had gone on before to visit a few days with her sister at Mishta, about half-way between Sohag and Alexandria.

By placing some of my baggage on the seat, I reserved a place for L. who joined me at Mishta. Entire seating capacity was taken when a lot of Native soldiers crowded in, seating themselves in the aisle, some on baggage, and some standing.

There were only three ladies in the coach— a veiled native lady, L., and myself. Ordinarily the Turks, Arabs and the mixed races are considered rude and uncourteous, but not one gesture or look of disrespect among all that crowd could be noticed.

It seemed to me the soldiers regarded their new guns very much like our boys over here look on their new toys. The English soldiers pay little attention to their guns but they show a matter-of-fact attitude.

On several seats ahead of us, sat a number of large men. They seemed almost like giants in size, compared with the others. They came from the Sudan country. One of them had a two-stringed instrument which he played continually, and chanted along with the noise. L. said that some of the passengers said, “It sounds like a dying chicken.” She said, “I’ll get your violin. You play ‘Sweet Bye and Bye.’ I’ll sing it in Arabic.” I do not claim to be a musician, but

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

she insisted. I never saw any noise make such an impression. I thought they were going to stop the train to listen to that singing. One soldier, who could speak English, told me that one time he studied for the ministry; but somehow was side-tracked and joined the regulars; but just the same he gave the crowd some logical advice and told them that the Bible way was the only way whereby to live.

I arrived at the Orphanage and the dear girls, all so wistful to have a friend in America who would write to them and encourage them in their missionary career, wished for me to stay. Other duties demanded my service.

Worth While

Everybody wants to live a life worthwhile. Even people who do not think about their never dying soul want to be a success.

To live a life truly worthwhile, one must be right with the Creator, who intended for these bodies to be the temple of the Holy Spirit. True repentance (and making restitution as much as possible) will give the Holy Spirit a chance to deal with you so that the Spirit of God will witness with your spirit that you are a child of HIS. “Ye must be born again.” John 3:7. When your heart is right with God, you will have an urge to lead others into the path of purity, and the Lord commands it. He says, “Go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature.” We are on the race track to heaven, and dare not stop and waste time to please the world or waste a moment of time—the fields are ready for harvest, precious souls are sinking into despair.

Talking about foreign missions, I hear someone say we have enough heathens here. That is true, but when people can read, and have Bibles for the asking, whose fault is it if they are on the way to

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

hell? Here in America, as well as in European countries, people are rejecting the light of the gospel, and it is fast becoming darkness, just as it has befallen Egypt which at one time was the most aggressive nation of the world. Now they are groping for light. Who will deny themselves? People in Upper Egypt cannot read. They live like animals in dense spiritual darkness, eagerly asking for teachers who are willing to show them the true life.



The Muslims are greatly in the majority; but even they, when they see that the real love of God constrains the Missionaries, will see the hand of God in true humble service for the Master. Missionaries who are willing to eat coarse bread made from grain ground between two stones, cheese which might be alive, willing to fast for the salvation of souls, go without sleep because of the overwhelming presence of fleas, flies, and other insects are needed. Would you rather stand before a lot of empty seats and preach about the "Love of God," or go, or help. There are a very few about five or

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

six hundred miles up from Alexandria who are willing to wash neglected babies, teach mothers how to keep house, pray for the sick, hold on to God until they are repenting and forsaking their sins. Will you not pray and ask God what He would have you do?

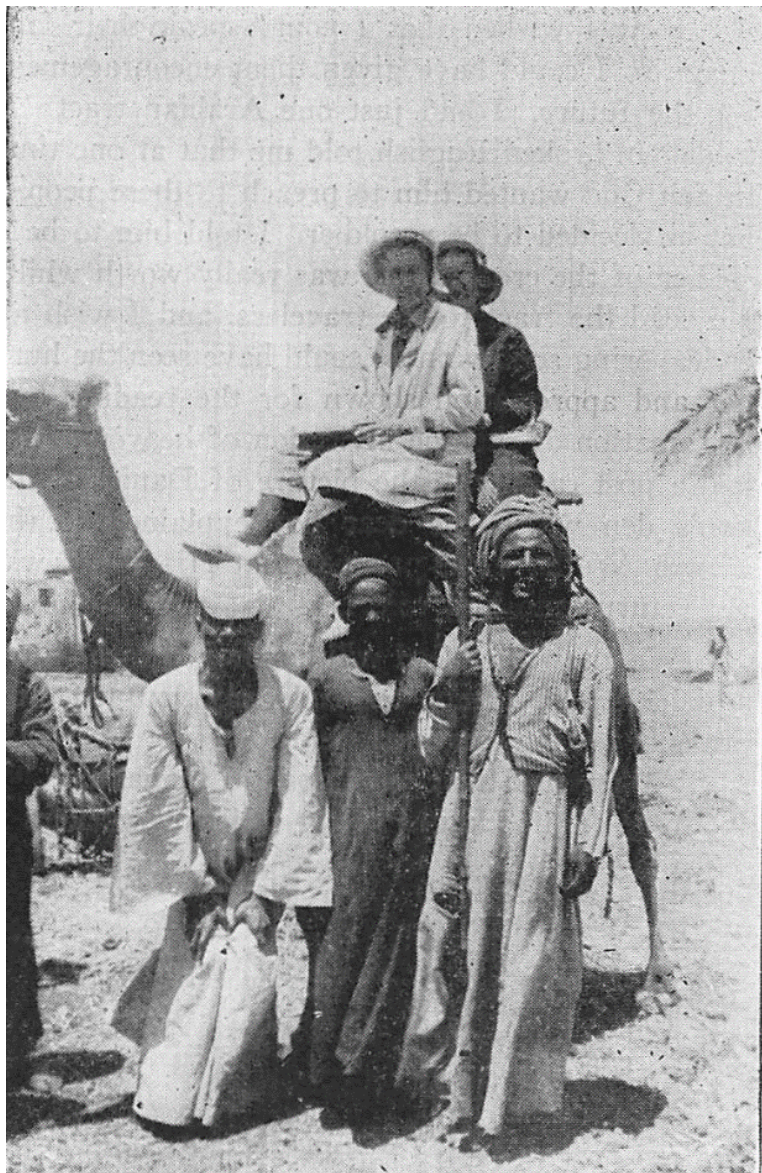
Coming down from Upper Egypt, traveling third class because there was no fourth, the train was crowded. Natives carry their bedding, grain, or anything imaginable on their journey. In addition to the natives, many soldiers crowded in.

How I wished that I could speak their language so I could have given them encouragement for the future. I had just one Arabian tract. A soldier in broken English told me that at one time he felt God wanted him to preach to these people, but he decided to be a soldier. I told him to be a soldier of the cross which was really worthwhile. He read the tract to the travelers, and I wish all endeavoring soul winners could have seen the hunger and appreciation shown for the reading and exclamation of the one invitation of heaven. Also had a post card with the picture of Daniel in the lion's den which the dear boy explained to the crowd. We have the promise that His Word will not return unto him void.

We know that God will honor His own word, so buckle your armor on, and deny yourself, and get busy in God's harvest field.

All for HIS glory and good of humanity,
One of the Haigler, Nebr. Mission workers

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT



Chapter IV

Palestine

The ship Exeter was in harbor, ready to sail for Jaffa Palestine. After securing a passport, I was ready to take voyage again on the American Exort line.

Dear L. and another student, a very fine native girl, accompanied me to the ship where we had about an hour's time to visit before the signal was given for visitors to land. L. asked if she and N. could not hide until after the ship had started, so they could go with me to America. I said, "That would not do, they might throw you overboard." I did not mean that, but had to say something to make an impression.

Jaffa

The ship struck anchor quite a distance from shore. It was very windy and the ship rocked considerably. I confess it took considerable nerve to climb down a narrow ladder into a small skiff, wherein I was taken to the Customs' office, where my brief case and hand bag were checked. The official was very reasonable—never looked inside, just labeled them. After I told him my destination, he ordered a barefooted man to take me to the bus depot, from where I was soon on my way to Jerusalem. Jaffa (the Bible calls it Joppa) is where Jonah, after taking a ride in the big fish, was spewed on shore.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

The Rockies of Colorado are rightly so-called, but the country between Jaffa and Jerusalem is, if possible, more rocky and fully as mountainous. There are also many caves and hiding places. One can easily imagine seeing a robber hold up a lonely traveler. Yes, the Priest passed by, so did the Levite, but the good Samaritan stopped, dressed the wounds of the poor victim, took him on his donkey to an inn, and paid his expenses. (Luke 10: 29).

Every bit of soil is utilized. The rocks are so arranged so what little ground there is, produces wheat or other kinds of small grain. Fruit trees including oranges, lemons, and grapefruit, flourish. Modern highways as good as the very best, twine around and around these steep mountains until the summit is reached.

A policeman's wife sat near me in the bus. She spoke English fluently. I asked why soldiers were stationed at the places where one could not see a distance ahead. She answered that it was because of the natives who wanted to make trouble whenever possible. Not all of them, but some resented to have their country controlled by any other power.

Her husband kindly advised me where the safest place would be for my entertainment while in Jerusalem, and she graciously showed me the way.

My hostess secured a reliable guide for me.

The streets of the old part of the city are very narrow. Many of the narrow streets are paved with natural cobble-stones. Buildings are high (not as high as our sky-scrapers), roofs flat, much of the inhabitants' time is spent on top of the house. Modern structures face wide streets. As all nations are represented in Jerusalem, all styles of structures are represented. My guide, a Turk, told me that the Jews are doing most of the construction, or at least pay the bill;

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

but said he, “If you give the Jews a finger, they’ll take the whole hand.” (When I settled with him for his services I thought to myself, “A Jew could not be more unreasonable.”) Every spot seems to have some special signification, and is more or less commercialized.

On my way to Bethlehem, the valley where our hero, David, picked up the five smooth stones with which he killed Goliath (it is near the highway) also the valley where in ancient times the rubbish was burnt which kept the flames from extinguishing, (and many deluded people now-a-days believe that that is all there is to hell) was pointed out to me. Jesus says, “Where the worm dieth not and where the fire is not quenched.” (Mark 9:46). He did not refer to the valley near Jerusalem.

Rachel’s tomb is covered with a round dome not far from Bethlehem.

On the mount of ascension a building covers the spot where our Lord’s feet rested last on earth. A tan colored, smooth stone encased with a cement border is supposed to be the spot. On entering the building, a native handed me a sweet-smelling twig, as we were about to leave the place, he asked for pay for the same. My guide took it out of my hand and threw it away, telling the man that we could get all we wanted of that kind of plant along the highway, free of charge.

On the mount where the Lord’s Prayer was first uttered, a good-sized building contains 40 tablets in 40 different languages, size about 4 by 8 ft., proclaiming the important petition.

The Church of Nativity is a very large building containing several large rooms furnished with seats and altars. In one apartment a Nun came out of a side entrance and kneeled in the aisle just as we entered that apartment. I thought possibly it was a hint for us not to

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

go in that direction. After several turns into different rooms, the cave where our blessed Lord was supposed to have entered this vale of tears was pointed out to me. It is now beautifully decorated. Candles are always burning, and fresh flowers are never absent.

Just a few steps across the aisle diagonally, is a larger cave where the “wise men” visited the Lord. An intelligent looking, well dressed European was on his knees kissing the spot. One cannot help but realize, the truths of the Word of God at this place. I, too, prayed that the Spirit of Jesus might rule the people of the world. He prayed: “My peace I give unto you;” but how differently so-called Christians act.

In the church of the Holy Sepulchre at a special church festival, five different sects worshipped in different parts. The Roman Catholics, the Greek Catholics, the Coptics, the Armenians, and Anglicans. The Roman Catholics marched around the tomb, which is in the center of the building, three times. Then they started to bring some seats past the Coptics’ altar, which started a fight. Fists and policemen’s clubs were in the air. A terrible stampede for the door seemed the best the public could do. Some were crushed. Soldiers quieted the mob. If all so-called Christians would really follow Jesus, all would be one, following peace with all men. He says you must be born again, spiritually, into the one church which He purchased with His own blood. “If we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption, but if we sow to the Spirit, we shall reap life everlasting.”

The structure of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is in bad condition now, and possibly condemned for public service. It would cost about \$500,000 to build one like it, and the government at present is not inclined to bear the expense.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

In Jerusalem I handed out many tracts and books, which were all thankfully received. The English soldiers seemed so glad to be remembered with them.

When I arrived at my lodging I told the landlady what I had done. She said, "It is a wonder you were not arrested." The Lord certainly ordered my steps.

From Jerusalem I took the bus to Haifa, the port where my ship awaited me. There are many villages and lovely orchards between Jerusalem and Haifa. The orange, lemon, and grapefruit orchards seem to excel those of California. The old horse-drawn machines I saw were a one-horse hay rake, and a machine much like our mowing machines, only this one had a platform attachment with about five arms which swept the grain off, then it was bound by hand. Everyone on the bus stared when we passed it.

Haifa is just another beautiful Mediterranean port from which the much read-about Mount Carmel rises abruptly. Like all large ports, every nation is represented there, and all diversified tastes of beauty, both in nature and architecture are bound to be beyond all expectations in loveliness.

Mount Carmel is where Elijah challenged the false prophets, where he prayed for rain after three and one-half years of drought. I can see the old warrior, tired from his long journey, sitting by some of these huge boulders, talking to God. Here comes a flock of birds dropping food at his resting place, the grass dried up, the animals famished for food and water. Elijah realizes that King Ahab has had his lesson, so he takes a walk and meets Ahab, who accuses him of being the trouble maker; but Elijah tells him to his face that he is the fellow, telling him that God and Baal are not in partnership and proof to the fact that Jehovah was the only GOD was established. A Monastery now marks the spot.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

Perfect, does not express the climate and natural beauty of Mount Carmel. A warm shower of large rain-drops fell early the morning I left, but lasted just a short time. The cypress tree naturally grows in uncultivated spots; also wild flowers, strawberries, and many plants unknown to us.

A splendid highway circles from base to summit. Also many modern buildings are being erected. Instead of taking the bus back to Haifa, I walked. A lady joined me. She was a Jewess. Pointing to many improvements, she said, "My people have done all this. Ten years ago Carmel was like a wilderness, now look at it." "Yet," she continued, "Our lives are in danger. Only last night a family of eight near us were killed." She trembled while she spoke. I certainly pitied her. My thoughts went back over two thousand years to Matt. 27:25: "His blood be on us and on our children." I told her that our Savior was a Jew, and just as soon as they will accept Him as their Savior and meet conditions as God's chosen people, they will come to their own.

Chapter V

Homeward Bound

Satisfied that my mission for the time being was ended in that most interesting country, with a bouquet of wild flowers and other relics gathered on Mount Carmel, I was thankful to rest again and to be comfortably situated on the S. S. Exeter, New York bound. Many tons of oil, fruit, machinery, and everything imaginable were loaded and unloaded at every port, sometimes giving the passengers several days to sight-see.

At Genoa, the biggest share of the Italian fleet was anchored. Five very large new warships, and about fifty submarines were in plain sight, besides many old ships, and foreign vessels. The big steamers are floating modern cities. The submarines are small, narrow built divers, painted to harmonize with the ocean hue.

I was in hopes I would have a table by myself, as I did on the Exochorda but instead, I was directed to one of the larger dining room tables. The friendship made there as well as the conversation was at times very interesting. Count M— from Sweden, among his many logical stories, told us that in some of his travels, he being very hungry entered a restaurant but could not make the waiter understand what he wanted. After many trips to the kitchen and always bringing the wrong food, the Count motioned for the waiter

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

to be seated. Taking a pencil from his pocket, he drew a picture of a cow, pointing to the part he wanted on the picture and his appetite was soon satisfied.

A lady one time asked the doctor at our table if ever any deaths occurred on board. "O," said he, "let's talk about something more pleasant." No one seemed to think of anything just then, so I told of an incident which cousin Jim told me. "After the passengers and crew on a certain ship had spent their time in idle worldly pastime, they all seemed to think of nothing but worldly pleasure, the Captain announced that the ship was surely doomed to sink. Of course they were all terror-stricken, and realizing that something worthwhile should be done, someone suggested that they pray, but no one knew how to pray. Another advised to start singing some good old hymn, but no one was able to do that. Finally, an old lady with a quivering voice said, 'Let's take up a collection.' "

On board where so many different characters mingle varying in tastes for amusement, all kinds of games, picture shows, and dances are indulged in evenings. After lunch I usually spent some time on deck walking "around the world" as we called it until we had walked about a mile. A dear lady from California usually walked with me. Then I'd go to my stateroom and play my violin, thinking no one noticed me. To my surprise, the purser called me to his office one morning and very kindly told me to please tune my violin down a little, or play in the music room. I was deeply hurt (as I certainly did not mean to annoy anyone), at the same time I did not blame anyone for being disgusted, as I am no musician, but certainly the noise I made could not have been more annoying than the noise some others made disgusting the public. Any way my violin was untouched after that. My room-mate from N.Y. asked me one time

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

why I never played any more. I told her I did not wish to disturb anyone.

Usually toward the end of the journey a character parade is given by the passengers, where each one has a chance to represent any class of people, or any trade or character. After much praying about the matter, I decided to enter the parade, representing an Egyptian Missionary.

When the evening arrived, after the mock wedding (where men only were the participants, and from the way they laughed it must have been a wonderful hit. I did not attend, although I had a very gracious invitation) with my poor orphan in my arm, which I had previously made, its face covered with flies; my brief case, satchel, and violin in the other hand, dressed as near like an Egyptian Missionary as I could, I appeared. I was the last in the parade, wherein were Sheiks, Egyptian mummies, shepherds, the Sultan, Miriam the sister of Moses, a milk maid, a fruit peddler, etc. They had all passed on before. Depositing my brief case on the floor and carefully laying my baby's head on it and giving a dear little Jew a fly brush to shoo the flies away, I took my violin and played "Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide," and the "Sweet Bye and Bye." I was glad my face was veiled. The applause was encouraging. When I picked up my baby, the Bride's bouquet consisting of celery, small red tomatoes, carrots, and lettuce, was at my baby's feet. The first prize was awarded to the Egyptian Missionary. The next day the purser, shaking hands with me, congratulated me. The LORD bless him.

As a rule, I was one of the first on deck in the mornings. One morning we sighted a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. About one-half mile distant was a large ship on fire. The flames soared high. Soon everyone was on deck taking pictures. Our ship circled the unlucky hull (that was all that was left of it). The water all

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

around it seemed to be burning. It was an oil-tanker, one of the largest. It had been burning a long time, and was burning as long as we could see it. No living being could be seen near it. It is to be hoped that the crew was rescued before we noticed it.

This burning ship without Captain or crew reminded me of persons who allow selfish motives to burn out their existence. The dove of peace is ruled out by unholy desires. How sad, when Jesus so lovingly pleads: "My son, give me thine heart."

Chapter VI

Home Again

Home again (at times at least) when not engaged in Missionary work, where I shall be glad to meet all my friends at the little Mission Haigler, Nebraska.

The article printed by the Egyptian Gazette published in Cairo is just one proof that my trip was not in vain. The writer of the article is unknown to me. I hope to meet her and all readers of this imperfect volume. “Where the sun never sets, and the leaves never fade;” hoping to have so lived, so the Friend of sinners can say to all of us: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the LORD.”

MALE AND FEMALE

The Editors “Egyptian Gazette”

Sir—

I had rather expected to see some replies to a letter from a correspondent signing himself *Logic*, which appeared in your paper on June 25. Apparently our leading letter-writers, who have dilated at considerable length in your columns recently on a variety of subjects, have gone on leave, and so it remains for an amateur like myself to step into the breach. I must compliment *Logic* on a

courageous and frank condemnation of the modern girl who will go to any length not only as *Logic* shows, to catch her man; but to have a good time before she gets him. That some of them are left on the “dunghill of despair” is due only to the lack of all decencies they are prepared to show in their hectic rush through life. Naturally, when they have done everything that a girl can do, and have not succeeded in catching their man, not being the “cleverest girl who survives;” there is nothing much left for them, certainly no self-respect. In this connection I have just received from a friend in America a little book entitled *Home, Amusements—Love* by Mrs. Marie Pauline Sass, which contains a wealth of sound common sense and a complete guide to how a girl should not behave if she wishes to lead a good and a happy life as wife and mother. It shows how dancing, gambling, and picture shows are the enemies of happiness and decency and then, in a chapter entitled just simply *Love*, lays down some sterling rules for girls. And, if you will allow me space, I would like to quote the opening paragraphs of this chapter. It reads:—

“There is no word in any language that carries such a pleasing and lasting satisfaction with it as LOVE. Next comes Mother then home, and where pure holy love is the main spring, heaven will certainly be the final goal.”

“Every normal girl and boy between the ages of twelve and eighteen years are apt to fall what they think in love several times, and it is often the case that it is hard for them to decide which one of their admirers is the most beloved. The fact is they admire certain traits in their friends more or less, and in their youthful dreams they imagine that whoever they take a notion to, comes up to their standard.”

FROM THE ROCKIES TO EGYPT

“Often when advised or warned by parents or friends they feel deeply hurt or insulted, while if they would heed the warning many tears and heartaches would be spared.”

“Young people who are full of energy should be always engaged in some useful worthwhile pursuit. Have friends of both sexes, but never allow any intimate advance. ‘Hands Off’ is a good motto. Girls who cheapen themselves by allowing holding of hands, and kissing before they are engaged, will never be respected and honored after marriage as those who carefully save all action of endearment until after marriage.”

“So dear girls and boys take plenty of time in selecting a life companion. Wait until you are at least past twenty even though you really fall in love before that time. It will mean a great deal to you, to wait for many years, if necessary, until all obstacles will be removed and you can claim your rights with a clear conscience, and a life-long honeymoon will be the results.”

How many young girls and boys in Egypt can say that they have followed these noble principles? And how many of them are there who wish in their innermost hearts that they had, and know they would be very much happier if they had?

Yours, etc.

Mother of Three

