

THE EYES OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

The Eyes of the Past and Future are those of the Sphinx—that huge colossus of stone situated near Cairo, in Egypt.

Close by the Sphinx are three Pyramids, and everywhere, for miles around, stretches an endless sea of sand. Sand is an object of interest to the Sphinx.

Those animals known as “the Ships of the Desert,” with their masters pass—and are forgotten. Those cold, steel-like eyes gaze ahead, unheeding their neighbours, the Pyramids. The Sphinx seems to say, “Men may come, and men may go, but I stand here forever.”

When the Egyptians climb stealthily up the bust of the Sphinx to steal precious stones, it never flinches, but seems to say, “Try my neighbours, the Pyramids. Stones in plenty you may obtain from them, but I, I am the Guardian of the Desert, and no part of me shall ever be moved.”

Fights against savage tribes those eyes have witnessed. They have seen soldiers of many nations—Englishmen, Australians, Arab Sheiks, soldiers of the Foreign Legion—but one thing they seldom witness—the fall of gentle, refreshing rain.

The Sphinx's greatest enemy is Sand. That dread terror of the Desert, the Sand Storm, drives its grains of sand with relentless force into the face of the Sphinx and piles them up at its base, but even this cannot conquer the Sentinel of the Desert, for the winds blow, and it is free.

On looking deeply into the hard rough stone of which the Sphinx is made, one notices faint shades of red and blue, but during the passing years, exposure to wind and weather has gradually obliterated all signs of particular adornment.

For countless ages the Sphinx has stood—an object of interest and conjecture to all generations; but, in spite of all the increasing knowledge of man, none can solve its mystery. That inscrutable countenance keeps its secrets, and heedless of the futile questions of man, continues to gaze steadfastly across the desert which it guards.

—B. TULLOCH.

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