

Sea; but the anger of our steward has been a prominent object on the nautical horizon, and by him we have been delivered from the bondage of those tin cases. The above-mentioned mountain is seldom seen except on clear days, while the place of crossing we passed in the night. Low coral reefs and volcanic islands are numerous. The Twelve Apostles are grim-looking rocks, some wholly submerged or just showing their heads above the waves in true apo-totic manner, others towering proudly up hundreds of feet above their fellows like some modern potentates who claim apostolic succession. Strange to say the latter are nearest Hell Gate—which we pass on the morning of Dec. 2nd—a narrow passage between two rocky islands, well down towards the lower end of the Red Sea. The passage itself is safe enough. The danger lies in another and almost similar strait a little closer to the larger island, filled with rocks and shoals, and which on a dark night or foggy day can easily be mistaken for the safe one. The danger is increased by the absence of any lights to distinguish them. Within two years, two fine steamers have come to grief here. As we pass through the rocky maw of the land, we can see them—one embedded firmly in the sands; the other, a fine steamer of the Ducal Line, lying stern on, with her bows sunk and masts still standing.

This evening we were through the strait of Babel Mandeb, between the mainland and the island of Perim. The British got possession of the island—*mirabile dictu!*—by stratagem. The commandant of the British fleet learning of the intention of the French to occupy the island invited their commander to dinner. He came, and while the jovial party were still lingering over their wine a party of British marines planted the ensign of their country on the loftiest peak of the coveted island.

We must content ourselves with a twenty-mile glimpse of Aden as we did of Mocha, the great coffee mart of Arabia. From the strait our course is due east passing north of Socotra, whose inhabitants are yet uncivilized. Numerous attempts have been made to enter into trade negotiations with them, but every treaty made has been immediately broken; so that, the officers and crews of ships having a singular aversion to being grilled and eaten, few ever call there. The island's products consisting of myrrh, roseleaves, aloes and skins, are valuable enough to be coveted by the traders of the adjoining mainland.

To the southwest of Socotra is Cape Guardafui, a celebrated promontory on the African coast. Ships on the home voyage pass to the south of the island and make the Cape as their first land. The coast is very dangerous. Here many a noble ship has gone down. Only a few weeks ago an English steamer ran on these rocks and became a total wreck. An entirely new danger, however, menaced the passengers and crew. The half-savage natives, incited by the hope of plundering the rich cargo, came off in large numbers and attacked the half-drowned company of unfortunates. They were repulsed; but the English were compelled to put to sea in open boats, preferring to trust to the mercy of the sea, rather than fall into the hands of the natives. All were picked up by passing vessels.

One night (I forget the date, but you can find it by referring to an almanac) we had the pleasure of seeing a total eclipse of the moon. A couple of "accomplished" young ladies who had been educated in France, gazed long and earnestly at the spectacle and audibly wondered what it all meant. I listened in astonishment. *Can it be that their mathematical professors never gave notes on astronomy in France?*

There are some highly educated young Englishmen on board who "know a heap." I find, however, on conversing with them, that their ideas of America are rather confused. They seem to have had a sort of dreamy revelation in some of their tipsy moments that "America" is a place which bears about the same relation to England that a pumpkin seed does to a pumpkin. In this little bit of the world they locate indiscriminately San Francisco, New York, Montreal, and Halifax,—oh yes! Canada, say they, is in America; all Americans are Yan-

kees; so you are a Yankee." So often has this been stated that I am almost ready to wear allegiance to the "Star spangled banner." Like all Englishmen they are ever ready to laugh at "Americanisms." Such words as "telegram," "cablegram," "collide," "suicided," are monstrosities, that should (in their chaste opinion) never have come into existence, and are not to be tolerated for a moment. However little an educated man (unless to be a man of business) favours these, he must confess that they do not show to disadvantage alongside the English words "seedy" for "ill," "a wire," for "telegram," and "awful" as a sort of ubiquitous adjective capable of being correctly applied to every condition of everything.

The phosphorescence in the Indian ocean is very fine. For several nights the sea has been very calm. As the ship plows her way through the glassy waves, two lines of pure white light diverge from her bows and die away along her dark sides amid a thousand sparkles. Occasionally a spot of light suddenly makes its appearance on the surface of the water and darts like a flash towards the ship. Or these isolated patches combine until the sea for acres is one phosphorescent glow.

On this the morning of Dec. 12th, we catch our first glimpse of India. Low red cliffs and abundant vegetation near the sea; inland, lofty mountains shooting up into isolated peaks; and in the distance, like a giant sea-monster lifting his dripping head above the waves, Cape Comorin, the southernmost point of India. We can now distinctly smell the land. The odor is very perceptible, and resembles the faint odor of our autumnal ferns.

This morning we saw a marine contest of a singular nature. The flying fish were in great commotion, leaping in unusual numbers from the water and skimming over its surface in long erratic flights, as they always do when pursued by an enemy. Presently it became apparent that other than flying fish were on the war-path. Fins and tails of larger dimensions were occasionally seen lashing the water, and then a dolphin would leap clear of its surface in eager pursuit of his breakfast. We then perceived from the confused movements of the winged fish and the indications in the water, that the dolphins were surrounding their prey. The ring was distinctly marked by a line of foam where the dolphins broke water. When once the circle was complete they made a simultaneous charge from all directions upon the entrapped fish, and no doubt made a hearty meal.

The elements seem to have entered into a conspiracy to retard our progress on this voyage. Last night was wild. Wind and sea were terrific, and dead ahead. In consequence we are several hours late in reaching Colombo.

Formerly the catamaran, or surfboat, was the only means of landing here. Now a fine, although incomplete, breakwater protects the shipping from the surf. The harbor swarms with small craft, lighters, catamarans, outriggers. They flock about the ship like ants about a lump of sugar. Their occupants litter up the deck with silk, cloths, ivory work, ebony work, work in gold. They press upon your attention coconuts and monkeys, plantains and turtles. They exchange with one another friendly and dainty morsels of *pau* leaf, betel nut, and lime, which they toss into the mouth and masticate with great relish. This mixture is to them what tobacco is to the American. It stains the teeth and lips a beautiful (?) red. This coloration is a work of time, and is watched with as much pleasure as a lover of the "weed" exhibits in the development of a fine meerschaum. Nor is it due to neglect of the teeth. The Hindu is particularly careful to keep his teeth "tidy." I have watched him take his meal on the lighter by the ship's side. The rice devoured, he scoops up a *calabash* full of salt water, takes a mouthful, and with his forefinger as a tooth brush performs the most elaborate oral ablutions. On shore, having completed his meal, he chews the end of a bit of bamboo, and using this as a brush, goes through the same performance. He is ignorant of the many fine preparations that destroy civilized teeth.

We go ashore here and "do" the

town. Through the Esplanade is a fine carriage road by the sea. It would be improved by a few trees. The Cinnamon gardens lie about a mile and a half from the town and are well worth seeing. By stepping out of the bandy you can break off branches of the green cinnamon tree. After shaking off a colony of ants you will perhaps like it. In this garden is the Museum, noted for its fine entomological collection.

Ceylon railways are similar to English railways, which, as you know, differ materially from American. The cars here are *well heated*; much better, indeed, than in England, when, even on the coldest day the highest degree of heat attainable is derived from a warming pan; a rather unsatisfactory method, unless one adopts the plan of *Punch's* old farmer, who instead of placing the hotwater utensil under his feet, sat down upon it. The railway runs for miles along the sea-side, a deep grove of cocoanut palms on one side, the roaring surf on the other. A fine run on a fine afternoon is down to Mount Lavinia, a low promontory seven miles from Colombo. The most delicious breeze that ever blew comes in here from the ocean. It adds much to the pleasure of the trip to walk a few miles along the excellent carriage road when returning. Shaded by the lofty palm and jack tree, and bordered by bright flowers, the walk is delightful. We stop before a native hut for the purpose of getting a few coconuts, and one of our party, a young civil service officer, addresses the dusky nutgrower in what he (the officer) considers good Tamil. To our amusement the fellow shakes his head and replies in English. When negotiations for the nuts are completed the native binds some cocoanut fibre across his feet, leaving them about twelve inches apart, and selecting one of the finest and tallest palms places his feet and hands lightly against the sides and walks up, just as easily, seemingly, as we walk upon the ground. Any one who has ever seen a Bengalee sailor walk up a perpendicular rope with his hands and toes will understand this. The nuts thrown down and cut open, we take a long pull at the cooling liquid and go on our way.

Steamers, unless they are coasters, seldom call at Trincomalee. Fortunately we have naval stores for that station. The harbor of Trincomalee is one of the finest in the world; but it is a miniature harbour. The surface of the country is here thrown up into parallel ridges of hills, clothed to the water's edge with vegetation of the most brilliant green. Near the coast these ridges are suddenly depressed to a great depth rising again into high cliffs where they meet the sea. In this depression is the harbor. The entrance is very narrow, deep, and curved into an almost perfect circle. Between the harbor and the sea is a peninsula presenting a high and rocky base to the waves and sloping gently for a mile to the waters of the beautiful basin within. On this slope the town is built. Thus it cannot be seen from the sea. On the summit of the cliff, facing the sea and overlooking the town from the rear, is the fort. Over the main gateway is the inscription "ANNO 1795;" the second word, by some heathenish mistake being omitted. The fortifications are very extensive, and are considered impregnable. By ascending the hill to the main rampart a magnificent view of the harbor with its verdant shores and numerous arms, and of the surrounding country, is obtained. This is the only thing really worth seeing in the place.

The natives are by no means lacking in mechanical skill. Their filigree work is famous. So are their pearls and precious stones. But unless one be a *connoisseur* he is liable to be most woefully cheated; the basest imitations being palmed off as real gems. There is no native gold in Ceylon. Consequently the native goldsmiths are eager to buy sovereigns for which they pay a handsome price.

Night, and the coast of India in the distance. But when morning dawns the glorious light reveals a land bright with promise.

"Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
Now, from eastern coast to western  
May the morning chase the night;  
Let redemption  
Freely purchased, win the day."

Madras is what is called an open roadstead. That is, there is no harbor, ships anchor several miles from shore, and a tremendous surf rolls on the beach. To land you must trust to a *massoola* boat, and are pulled ashore riding for the last hundred yards on the back of a huge wave which lands you high and dry on the sand. Landing is an easy matter. The trouble is to get off against the surf without swamping the boat. To obviate this very serious difficulty, the Government a few years ago constructed a breakwater of stone costing about £6,000,000. It is built in the form of a D, the shore representing the flat side, the curved part turned towards the sea. It is entered by an opening in the middle of the convex side. Upon this granite semicircle the surf breaks with terrific force. A few weeks ago a furious cyclone swept down the Bay of Bengal and broke on the Madras coast. In a few hours it almost ruined the work of years. The greater and more important part of the breakwater is now a heap of ruins.

A brief call on the venerable Dr. Jewett, whose fatherly welcome I shall not soon forget, a half day's *milling* in the custom house, a day's tossing in the surf, and we are off for Bimbi in the steamer *Asia*, Captain Morris. The commander, was second officer on the ship which carried our missionaries six years ago from Rangoon to Cocanada. Bimbi is reached on Christmas Eve. Christmas day is spent very happily with Brother and Sister Sanford in their pleasant home. On Monday evening about dark we start for Chicacole. Our luggage necessitates quite a caravan of bandies. What with the jolting of the crazy vehicles, the creaking of wheels, the shouts of the bandymen, and the novelty of the situation, sleep is impossible—at least for us; the drivers, when once fairly on the road, curl themselves up on the pole of the cart and are soon fast asleep. The bullocks crawl along at a speed that rapidly diminishes from two miles to one per hour. Finally, one getting off the road, all stop. Springing out of my bandy and seizing an umbrella, I make war on the subjects of Morpheus and quickly start both the sleepy god and his whole train. The fellows pretend not to understand a word of English. "Hurry up," makes no more impression on them than "Stop!" But at last, losing all patience, I shouted into the ear of the sleepest one, "keep awake, or you'll get no rupees!" Simply stating that I had no further trouble that night, I will leave the reader to decide whether or not they understood English. After that I had only to slap my pocket and say "no rupees" to get up a brisk trot.

On Wednesday morning, Dec. 28th, just as the town clock struck six, we began to ford the Chicacole river and in a short time were joyfully welcomed to our new home by Miss Hammond.

Our journey has been long—about 10,000 miles. It is more than three months since we left our home in Great Village. We have travelled by land seven days, by sea fifty-eight. One month was spent in England where we landed on Oct. 8th. We engaged passage to Madras by the "Duke of Buckingham" to sail on Oct. 24th. Owing to the incomplete state of our outfit and the necessity of getting a good steamer we engage cabins in a more commodious ship of the same line to sail on Nov. 8th. The "Duke of Buckingham" sailed on the 24th, collided with another steamer on the Thames and was disabled.

Finally our date of sailing was postponed to the 9th Nov., when we actually got off. When these facts and the number of days really spent in travel are taken into consideration it will be seen that we have not willingly tarried by the way.

J. R. H.  
Chicacole, Jan 2, 1882.

Rev. J. H. Morrison, D. D., of Louisiana, Northern India, died there on September 16th, of cholera. His services in the mission field were of the most valuable character, and he was one of the most earnest, devoted and successful workers in that distant field. It was Dr. Morrison who originated the idea of the "Week of Prayer," which has since been regularly observed by the churches.

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**CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.**  
Some of our brethren, who are warm friends of the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, and who are also in hearty sympathy with us in the desire that it shall reach not only every Baptist family, but all other families as well, without distinction, assure us that in addition to its present patrons and those who may be added to our present list of the enlarged Messenger at \$2, there are yet thousands of others who would without hesitation become subscribers to a

**Scripture Enigma.**  
No. 160.  
*A Historical Character.*  
I was one of the sons in the royal family of Judah. In my early days I was forcibly taken and carried away from my own country eastward, I had many companions. Like many of my friends my name was changed and made like those of that country. I had many inducements offered me to give up my religion but I refused, I had been well educated and was blessed in gathering stores of knowledge and wisdom. I was badly used because I prayed to God, and yet I lived in the court of three of the most famous kings of that country. What was my name? What was the name they gave me? What was the date of my being taken away from my country?

**CURIOUS QUESTIONS.**  
311. Form five words out of four letters:  
(a). A stain.  
(b). To keep back.  
(c). Part of a fence.  
(d). Kitchen utensils.  
(e). Lively toys for little boys.  
312. Form five words — changing one letter in each:  
(a). The name of a flower.  
(b). Change the first and have an article of clothing.  
(c). Change the second and you get up.  
(d). Change the third and have a ship's cable.  
(e). Change the fourth and have a girl's name.  
313. Nine hidden trees.  
Has he gone? Go to Akidju. Trees are tall in dense woods. Put a cup in each place. Do not try a bee chase. Ma please help me! Elmira is a nice name. She has not once dared to sing. Although she came and ate her supper.

Find answers to the above—write them down—and see how they agree with the answers to be given next week.

**Answer to Scripture Enigma.**  
No. 159.  
1. G lory...Dan. ii. 37; vii. 14.  
2. Royal...I Chron. xxix. 25.  
3. E bal...Deut. xi. 29; xxvii. 13.  
4. A lta...Joshua vii. 30-32.  
5. T yre...Isa. xxiii. 1.  
6. B aal...I Kings xviii. 21, 22; Rom. 7. A nge...Judges xiii. 3. [xl. 4.  
7. E bal...Dan. vii. 5.  
8. Y ea...2 Cor. i. 20.  
9. L aban...Gen. xxxi. 43.  
10. U bal...Gen. x. 25-29.  
11. N ebo...Deut. xxxiv. 1-5.  
12. G R E A T B A B Y L O N . . . Dan. iv. 30; Rev. xvii. 5.

**ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.**  
308. Answers to questions relating to Darkness.  
(a). Job xxx. 26; Ps. cvii. 10; Eccles. xi. 8; xii. 2.  
(b). Ps. xviii. 28; xxx. 5; xxvii. 11; cvii. 14.  
(c). John ix. 4.  
(d). Rom. xiii. 11, 12.  
(e). 1 Thess. v. 5-8.  
(f). 2 Peter ii. 4; Jude 6; Matt. viii. 12.  
(g). Rev. xxi. 25; xxii. 5.  
309. GRAPES AND THORNS.  
We must not hope to be mowers,  
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,  
Until we have first been sowers,  
And watered the furrows with tears.

Is it not just as we take it—  
This mystical world of ours?  
Life's field will yield as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or flowers.  
ALICE CARY.

310. A pet carpet.

**ONE DOLLAR EDITION**  
of the paper.  
This, we have reason to believe, will meet the necessities of the times, and will place within the reach of all what they are desirous of obtaining, without interfering with the regular issue of the Christian Messenger on Wednesday. We respectfully invite the co-operation of our brethren and sisters, young and old, in this endeavour to supply their neighbors with a **WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER** AT **ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.**  
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Any person who, BEFORE THE END OF THE YEAR, (we now extend this till the end of the present month) will send the names and subscription for five new subscribers, will get the sixth free. Here is an opportunity for industrious, diligent canvassers to earn two, three or four dollars a day.  
By going into the locality, more or less near to your own residence, and showing to the people in their own homes the value of a weekly family paper, you might without difficulty, get a large number, perhaps twenty or thirty subscribers in a day—which would be *five dollars a day for the Canvasser.* Care would be necessary in getting and sending to us the correct address of New Subscribers with the name of the Post Office, and the work would then be done.  
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**KEEPING HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.**—In the first place it would furnish interesting information of the number of pounds of sugar, spice, flour, meat, that a family consumes. How many know anything definite about these things? Such a record would also suggest changes in the living, and furnish a basis to calculate the requirements for the coming year. We know of a lady who went so far as to keep an account of the number of extra meals which she furnished in a year; and when it was announced, the family were greatly surprised. A household account is a startling revealer of facts.  
In using baking-powder be sure not to use too much. Besides being unhealthful, it spoils the delicate flavor of cake and of biscuit; it is a great temptation to put in a little more than that given in a recipe to make sure of the desired lightness, but it ought to be resisted. If you are not your own cake maker, impress this fact upon your cook.  
'What is the action of disinfectants?' asked the examining board of a medical student. "They smell so badly that people open the doors, and fresh air gets in," was the reply.  
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