

Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that hour was joy and sorrow,
When an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gates of death—
His feeble pulse was failing,
And his eyes were growing dim,
He was standing on the threshold
When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
On the little one he tried,
In his trembling hands he raised it,
Pressed it to his lips and died;
An awful darkness resteth
On the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
Coming in into the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness—
Going out unto the light—
Although the shadow deepened,
In the moment of eclipse,
When he passed thro' the dread portal,
With the blessing on his lips.

Yet to him who bravely conquers,
As he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying,
Death is but the gate of life;
Yet awful darkness resteth
On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM REV. A. R. R. CRAWLEY.

RED SEA Jan. 11, 1870.

P. & O. Com. S. S. "MONGOLIA."

My dear Messenger,—

My last left me on board the "Ripon" all prepared for the six days voyage to Alexandria. Alexandria! capital of Egypt—of grand historic fame—boasting such monuments as Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle; and yet probably, no traveller ever leaves it without a long breath of relief, and a devout wish that his eyes may never gaze upon it again. It must be beyond comparison, the filthiest, most wretchedly constructed, and in every way most disreputable city in the world. It is not within the limits of that part of Egypt where rain never falls, for there had been several sharp showers the day previous to our arrival, and no pen, not the sturdiest and inkiest, can describe the spectacle which the streets presented; donkeys by the hundred, little animals carrying saddles of a very peculiar construction, and almost as large as themselves, followed by shouting Arab gamins, and mounted by riders from every nation under the sun; English hacks and cabs, driven by Arab Jehus, vociferating incessantly to make people and donkeys get out of the way; women with curious veils, which, fastened on just above the nose, and falling down on the chest, resembled beards; Jews, beggars, lepers; all floundering along, ankle-deep in mud, through narrow streets with no side-walks, and under an atmosphere reeking with pestilential effluvia! This, all this, in one of the cabs above mentioned, in company with some Americans, fellow passengers from Marseilles, I endured till the dragoman in attendance announced "Pompey's Pillar." This fine monument—a single stone 68 feet in height, and beautifully polished, with a Corinthian capital of another kind of stone—rises from the midst of a squalid Arab village, whose denizens, mostly lepers and beggars, swarmed around us, hideous evidences of degradation, the moral and physical squalor, to which it is possible for humanity to sink. One can scarcely conceive it possible that any government can be so senseless and stupid as to allow such a monument as this to remain perfectly uncared for, without any enclosure, or any attempt to make its immediate surroundings attractive, or any protection from the chippings and

scratchings of relic-hunters, and that large class of persons who seem to think that pillar and pyramid, cave, catacomb, and mountain, the works of Nature and of Art alike, were intended to bear their names down to posterity—there it stands a monument of the gross laziness and stupidity of the Pacha's government.

Cleopatra's Needle is an obelisk of stone, resembling that of which the capital of Pompey's Pillar is made. The part above ground is about 50 feet high; but, according to the dragoman, the whole height is 70 feet, 20 feet being concealed by the sand; from the same valuable authority I learned that there is another Needle of similar form lying near its companion, but covered up many feet by sand, another instance of the stupid indifference of the government. Cleopatra's Needle is covered, on all its four sides with hieroglyphics, which, the stone being a soft species, are fast becoming illegible. We went also to see the Catacombs, which extend underground in labyrinthine galleries, seven miles, the guide told us. Having seen thus much, we decided to decline seeing the Pacha's gardens and the Bazaar, and to hasten back to the Hotel where a breath of comparatively pure air would be possible. The "Hotel Abbat" is conducted by Frenchmen and takes its name from the Proprietor. To all who affect French cookery, the table d'hôte at this Hotel, would have been a rare treat, but to an unsophisticated American palate the endless courses of greasy viands were not acceptable.

It was impossible to guess what each dish contained, and it was amusing to hear the facetious ones of the company proclaim each edible as it was uncovered—"that's Donkey," "that's camel," and so forth. Some of your readers may be surprised that I say nothing about the Pyramids. But to see the Pyramids it is necessary to go to Cairo. The route of the Alexandria and Suez Railroad was originally through Cairo but now runs a shorter and more direct way, and, so, greatly to my disappointment, I did not see the great wonders of the Desert.

The train which took us to Suez left Alexandria at 6½ P. M. Saturday Jan. 8 1870, brought us into Suez at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, 224 miles. As this journey was performed in the night, I cannot tell you how the Desert looked. French influence is predominant in Egypt. The harbour of Suez presented a busy scene, steam dredges and steam derricks at work in every direction, deepening the harbour, and dropping into their places the ponderous blocks of concrete—stone manufactured of sand and cement—of which the piers are being constructed. It is a significant comment—to Englishmen a mortifying one—on the great engineer Stephenson's recorded opinion that the Suez Canal was impossible, and that were it made, it would be useless, because of the impossibility of making harbours at either end—that during the ten days previous to our arrival, as many as a dozen large steamers had passed safely through the Canal, and that the train of cars in which we had crossed the desert took us down to the huge steamer, lying quietly in the "impossible" harbour! So, many years ago, Dr. Dyonisius Lardner demonstrated the impossibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam. Nothing of the Canal was visible to us, save a distant glimpse of its point of contact with the Red Sea.

Suez is a small town—but rapidly growing, of course under the stimulus afforded by such an enterprise as the Marine Canal. Its inhabitants, like those of Alexandria, are composed chiefly of Arabs and Egyptians, and donkeys and camels—all the human portion being specimens of that "great unwashed," to which alas! so large a part of the race belongs. I noticed here and there a face of such intense blackness of color, all over—not excepting even the lips that it was impossible to avoid the suspicion that if the flesh were cut it would bleed black; a Yankee fellow-traveller said, a piece of charcoal would make a white mark on that face. They were probably Nubians or Abyssinians.

On Sunday Jan 9th the "Mongolia,"

at 2 P. M. left the pier and began her voyage of 1308 miles down the Red Sea to Aden. At certain times of the year, when the atmosphere is peculiarly clear, Sinai is said to be dimly visible from the steamer's deck,—but it did not appear to us. Early on Monday morning we arrived at the spot where the steamer "Carnatic," of this line was lost; and our steamer stopped for an hour to leave stores for those who are engaged in recovering the treasure and cargo of the "Carnatic," by means of divers, for she sank in deep water. Immediately after leaving Suez we passed over the place where, it is said, the Israelites made their famous passage. The shores of the Red Sea—so far at least as I have seen them—give me an impression of absolute sterility, unrelieved by a single green thing.

Thursday Jan. 13. Until to-day we have been so fortunate as to have had no experience of Red Sea heat. To-day the sea is like glass and the thermometer shows 80° in the shade, but that is quite bearable to one like myself, accustomed to 100° in the shade, in Burmah. The number of passengers is, first class 70, second do 20; most of these are going to Madras or Calcutta—a few to Burmah, Singapore, Hongkong, Australia,—and one each to New Zealand and Yokohama. The "Mongolia" is a ship of magnificent proportions, and in all her internal arrangements,—a first class Hotel afloat.

Friday, Jan. 14th. At 12 M. to-day 160 miles from Aden. Passed a number of small islands—all utterly without water or vegetation, with the exception of the largest, where water is found, and a few melancholy looking trees, resembling poles surmounted each with a large tuft of dried grass. They are known as "grass-trees" and are, I believe, a species of Palm. Twelve of the islands—simply a string of barren rocks—are known as "the 12 Apostles." About eight years since, on a coral reef near one of these Islands, the "Alma," a Steamer of the P. and O. Line, was wrecked, and the passengers suffered terribly from exposure to the blazing sun for several days, before help reached them. With so many rocks scattered throughout its whole length—and not a light-house on any of them—it is easy to understand why the Red Sea navigation is so difficult and dangerous.

Aden. Saturday 15th. I must close at once to be in time for the mail, and must therefore say my say about Aden in my next. As we came into the harbour I noticed a bit of home in the shape of the "Ariadne" of St. John N. B. Good bye for the present. I hope to write again from Point de Gallé.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

OUR FOREIGN MISSION.

No. 5.

The question we propose for this article, is, "Are there those interested in this field, looking to us, and saying, 'Here am I,—send me.'"

If so, wondrous results may be depending upon our decisions concerning them.

In 1852 or 3, Sau Quala, a Karen Preacher, was anxious to go into a section of Burmah, never before visited by a missionary, to preach the gospel there. Two or three years previous to this, a man had strayed down to the Tenasserim coast, to a Christian village, where he was converted. The accounts he gave of his native district, awakened the anxieties of Sau Quala to visit them. Many of his brethren, endeavoured, but in vain, to dissuade him. There came the still, strong pleadings of the Master's spirit to him, "and he must go."

He did go, and in two years upwards of 1800 converts were baptized.—This was the beginning of the Toungoo Mission,—one of the most successful in Burmah.

In the "Life and Times of Harris Harding," it is related, that in 1785 "he found

found himself strongly moved to visit Cumberland and Colchester. Henry Alline had been there about three years before, and had met with only a cold reception, and his friends remembering this, strongly dissuaded him from his enterprise. But "his Master had called him to go, and he had nothing to do but obey."

After relating several incidents of his journey, and labors, Mr. Davis says, "Soon after Mr. Harding had commenced his labors here, about fourteen individuals were formed into a society 'By these,' and subsequent 'labors, a basis was laid for the ultimate formation of Baptist Churches in Onslow, Truro and elsewhere; and down to the present period they maintain their standing there, and the Lord works with them."

In the Acts of the Apostles, we read "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, come over into Macedonia, and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us to preach the gospel unto them."

Marvellously blessed results followed. Lydia and her household became converts to the faith of Jesus.

The bondmaid was released from the evil spirit that possessed her. The multitude was excited;—the Apostles beaten and imprisoned,—and the Saviour glorified. For midnight praises woke strange echoes in those prison chambers. The earthquake shock, not only opened the iron doors of the prison, but the stony heart of the prisoner;—another family was added to the rejoicing, believing company. Wonders were wrought, and tidal waves of mercy set in motion, that roll on, and roll forever.

Having answered, with sufficient brevity at least, we hope, the three previous questions, it remains for us simply to answer this: Are there those interested in the Karens of Siam, looking to us, and saying, "Here am I send me?"

One of those, whose name will yet, I trust, be sacredly identified with all that is interesting in the history of Our Foreign Mission, as well as all that is inspiring in the destiny of the Karens of Siam, writes as follows,—I trust that he will forgive my publishing this extract of a private letter,—"It seems to me, dear brother, the more I think of the matter, and pray over it that the time, yea the set time to favor the poor KARENS OF SIAM, has fully come. The time will come, and I rejoice in the prospect, when the dark jungles of Siam, will resound with the praises of our dear Redeemer. For this let me labor, and toil, and suffer, and die, if need be."

The feelings and sentiment of others, are, we believe, equally expressed in the above quotation.

In due time they will appear before us. It remains for us to listen to their appeal and in the spirit of the Apostle Paul's associates; yea, in the spirit of our Divine Redeemer, and in obedience to his last great commission, to return an answer to them.

"Attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God." In the meantime, let us "strengthen our hands for this good work."

W. H. PORTER.

Pine Grove, Feb. 187.

For the Christian Messenger.

Dear Brother,—

The enclosed letter was originally designed as a private communication to my highly esteemed christian friend and relative, under the full persuasion that the advice and suggestions thus couched in the very language of the Blessed Book were exactly suited to his case, and would be appreciated in hour of his trial under the most unrighteous and cruel treatment to which he has been subjected. After I had finished the letter I read it to some of the members of my family, and suggested that as the "Word of the Lord is sharper than any two-edged sword," and is "like a fire and a hammer," it might be well to give it a wider range,