

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XXVII., No. 4.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, January 25, 1882.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XLVI., No. 4.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
The Road to Telugu-land.

THROUGH THE ISTHMUS.
We left our readers gazing at the snow-capped mountains of Spain. Nothing of special interest marked our run down the Mediterranean to Port Said. The town of Port Said is situated at the western end of the Suez Canal, and up to within a few years was little more than a collection of mud huts. The canal is here protected from the sea by a long line of what looks from the ship like blocks of concrete. We remain here for four hours, coaling. The coal is brought alongside in lighters which swarm with natives. When they reach the ship's side, a couple of planks floating in the water are dragged up and placed so as to form a steep, slippery gangway from the lighters to the ship's deck. Up this the barefooted natives carry the coal in baskets upon their backs. No sooner is the signal given for them to set to work, than the dozens of creatures who a moment ago were quietly eating their breakfast of bread and dates on the piles of coal, leap into life and seize their shovels and baskets. Every fellow jabbars as fast and as loud as he can. The noise is deafening. Pandemonium is nothing to it. But the noise does not hinder work. Each one fills his basket, swings it upon his shoulders, and trotting up the steep and slippery plank dumps his burden on the ship's deck. A steady stream passes up one plank and down another. The clang of the shovel is as incessant as the wag of the tongue. Both work with a will; and in three hours as many hundred tons of coal are licked up and transferred to the ship.

The most prominent features of these natives are their white teeth and black skin and clothing. The latter are several degrees darker than the hue nature gave them. Their dress consists of only a rough piece of cloth thrown over the upper part of the body, and a cap like that which coal heavers wear. Their food—a sort of thin cake and a few dates or leeks—they carry in a small square of cloth. In this, too, is sometimes seen their brown earthenware cruse, or water-bottle.

Port Said is infinitely dull. The town is so thoroughly novel in appearance that it touches the fancy like an eastern tale; so hot, that you soon grow weary; so dirty, that the visitor hurries back to his ship in disgust.

There being no piers or docks, the steamer lies in the canal moored to gigantic buoys. No sooner is she secured than dozens of boats surround her, and dozens of natives attempt to scale her sides. Here is a boat filled with Egyptians who came off to assist in the coaling process. Another is loaded to the water's edge with purple dates, golden oranges and lemons, strings of fresh figs, luscious grapes, and a great variety of unknown fruits. Old boats propelled by young boys; dirty, greasy, ill-smelling boats manned by clean-looking boatmen. Some with awnings, some without. Boats for conveying sightseers ashore, cushioned in blue, in red, in all colours. In keeping with these varied hues are the costumes of the boatmen. Here is one with no clothing at all except a greasy skull-cap, a whitey-brown cloth descending to mid-leg, and the covering which nature gave him. Then there is the trim Turk in his red fez or skull-cap, inevitable pipe or cigarette, neat coat and trousers; the leather colored Arab with gay turban, tunic, and white breeches formed by drawing the front of a flowing skirt backwards between the legs and fastening it behind. Some

of these find their way on deck; either for the purpose of stealing whatever they can conveniently carry off, or of disposing of the great variety of small wares which they bring with them. These consist of Turkish caps, laces, silks, jewelry, altar of roses, photographs of the town, useful articles in olive-wood warranted to have been made in Jerusalem, but looking suspiciously like similar articles manufactured in Manchester, coral necklaces, &c. These are offered at absurd prices at first. The initiated abstain from purchasing until just before the steamer starts, when the prices take a sudden fall. Shilling photographs now go for sixpence; fifteen shilling necklaces for three shillings; pound slippers for ten shillings, and so on. The antics of a juggler have added to the fun. An emaciated looking fellow with a lank carpet bag in his hand inquires for "Miss-ion-ar-ies," and, representing himself to be the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, wants to sell us a bible. We tell him that we think we have one, but will go and see; and in the meantime he had better try and dispose of one to the captain.

But it is time to go ashore; so, descending that terror of fat ladies, the companion-ladder, we seat ourselves in a neat boat and are pulled by the dusky oarsman to the land. Here a parley ensues as to the fare; and as we are the first to land from our ship and must fix the figure for the day, we have no easy task. The fellows consider foreigners their legitimate prey both on the canal and on land; hence all their charges are most exorbitant. By dint of much English negation, however, we beat the fellows "sixpence each" into threepence. No sooner are we ashore than we are surrounded by a crowd of barbarians jabbering in good Egyptian, Arabic, and Turkish; in bad English, French, and Italian. Each strives to attract the attention of the person whom he considers to be the head of our party. These fellows are eager to act as guides for the small sum of one shilling and the usual commission which they receive from the traders of whom you may purchase. After repeated protestations that we are not in need of a guide, the crowd not diminishing, we have recourse to threats, when on the application of an umbrella or two to the ribs of the nearest tormentors we succeed in breaking through and make our way up the main street followed only by one native, who more plucky than the rest and entirely oblivious to either threats or thrusts, begins to point out to us the various objects of interest—always ending his description with a reference to the coveted shilling.

We now have time to look about us and mark the peculiarities of the place. The streets are level, unpaved, and diversified by pools of black mud into which you are pretty sure to stumble while gazing about. At this hour, 10 A. M., the streets are very cool. As a rule they are wide, straight, in some parts lined with trees, in others wholly destitute of them, or having them but newly planted. The sidewalk, with a few exceptions, is in the middle of the street, and consists of a ridge of cement or hardened earth several feet wide and raised a few inches above the ordinary road-bed. Along these crowds of people are already moving—and motley crowds they are. Children form no inconsiderable part. Mingled with the filthy progeny of the natives are some neatly-clad, sweet-looking white children. Children smoking cigarettes, sucking sugar-cane, killing the troublesome flies, eating dates, or rolling in the mud. One bright-eyed urchin gazes impudently at the strangers through a ring-shaped

loaf of bread, and extending a dirty paw yells out "Buckshish!" which, whatever its English equivalent may be, signifies that he is ready to receive any stray coppers you may feel disposed to get rid of. A group of closely veiled women pass us, clad in sombre black. The covering of the head is a black cloth, part of which is drawn over the face, its upper edge crossing the middle of the nose, thus leaving only the eyes exposed; and fearful eyes they are too, since nearly every one here, both old and young, suffers from ophthalmia. This veil, extending from the middle of the nose to the chin, is supported by an ornament of brass or gold, cylindrical in shape, which is placed directly upon the nose, and is fastened to the head-dress. Now we are turned from our course by a porter bearing on his back a huge box. Deviating neither to right nor left, he makes his way along the crowded walk by a low, half-articulate exclamation. There are no conveyances of any kind in the town except porters and donkeys. The latter being used chiefly for live freight, the former are compelled to bear all the real burdens. With bodies bent at a right angle to the legs, they support the burden on the back by a cord which passes across the forehead. Beneath this cord a small cushion is placed. Add to the wretched creature's position and load, the heat of a semi-tropical sun and we can, perhaps, conceive the nature of his task. I saw one of them carrying a heavy bale of goods and at the same time juggling along a gallon cask of oil.

Port Said can boast of few vehicles. The only ones I saw were an ancient, one-horse chaise, and a handcart. Consequently the streets are very free from noise. You are struck by the sense of quiet. Even the noise made by the children, or a group of lazy fellows smoking their water-pipes before some *café*, or the braying of a donkey, seems out of place. So quiet and lazy is the day that a sudden sound jars painfully on the nerves. A drowsy hum is more pleasing.

Passing through the market we supply ourselves with oranges at 3d. per dozen, and lemons at 3d. We also indulge in some fresh dates. You buy them here on the stalk in great bunches. They do not look very tempting, swarming as they are with the ubiquitous fly, and frequently covered with dust. Neither is the flavour as fine as that of the preserved fruit. Of gourds there is a great variety; as there is indeed of many kinds of fruit.

Leaving Port Said we enter the canal and the vast desert of sand which stretches clean across the isthmus. For 85 miles we will sail at half speed through this invaluable ditch which has become a highway for the ships of all nations. The canal is narrow; so narrow, indeed, that two ships cannot pass without one tying up close to the bank. The minimum depth is 26 feet. The only sign of civilization are two telegraph lines; an iron pipe conveying fresh water from the Nile the whole length of the canal; and the signal stations, pretty little houses surrounded with palm and date trees. Of these stations there is one every seven miles. The sides of the canal are not walled; but the large quantity of salt in the water, and the baking sun form a compound as hard and durable as cement; which in many places completely protects the banks. At other points this crust does not form, and the "wash" from passing ships carries down immense quantities of sand, necessitating constant dredging. When a lake is near, the mud and sand thus dredged up is floated off in lighters and sunk. But usually the dredging machine is fitted with a long spout-like contrivance which conveys the material

raised to some distance from the bank. In passing through the canal every ship is compelled to take a pilot. Dues are also exacted: and the amount paid by a large ship is something enormous. For the present passage our ship pays about £1500. On the home voyage the expense is increased by the pilot preceding the ship in a steam launch for which the master of the ship pays extra some £300. This is owing to the fact that during the annual pilgrimage to Mecca all ships on the home voyage are put into quarantine on reaching Suez.

The canal swarms with fish: about the only signs of life visible except an occasional Arab running alongside, shouting "Allah illow: Buckshish! Buckshish!" "God be with you: a gift, a gift!" or a camel grazing quietly on the coarse herbage by the water's edge. The fish the natives catch in great numbers, and they are really excellent eating. So numerous are they that you can see them shooting by the hundred through the clear water, or left by the wash on the low banks.

On either hand the desert stretches away to the horizon, a broad waste of salt, hot sand, without vegetation or fresh water, the monotony relieved only by an occasional *mirage*, showing beautiful lakes, hills, and shady trees; which on a near approach fade into nothing, or resolve themselves into a very disenchanted brackish pool, a pile of sand, and one or two stunted bushes. The prevailing hue of the sunset on this is truly magnificent. Picture to yourself a lofty range of barren mountains, much broken and diversified, and towards the setting sun. As the sun sinks behind this, the shaded mountain-side grows dim until its peculiar rock markings fade into a deep violet hue, while the level rays of light streaming obliquely between two lofty peaks, crimson every object, and the vast plain around. The combination of light and shade—such ruddy light, such deep transparent space—is wonderful. Add to this the fine golden pencilling on the clouds above, like the wool of a golden fleece, the purple western sky resolving into the blue zenith, this again fading into grey in the east, and over all the hush and calm and solitude of the desert, and you see an oriental sunset. In such an hour as this the Christ, was led forth to die. When in London I saw Doré's famous exhibition of paintings, in which is a sunset scene—The Crucifixion—I thought while gazing at the warm glow with which the whole picture is pervaded that the coloring was exaggerated. Now, having seen the sun sink behind the hills of the Orient, I know that Doré has caught and fixed that wonderful tint which makes earth seem almost Heaven. J. R. H.

Suez, Nov. 29th, 1881.

The new Karen Mission to Siam.

The following letter from Rev. H. Morrow, at Tavoy, Burma, will be read with deep interest, seeing that it refers to the Mission of the Karens in that country to the Karens in Siam. Mr. Morrow, in a private letter says:

"There are, no doubt, large numbers of Karens in Siam, although our Nova Scotia brethren could not find them,—they did not know where to look for them.

We are blessed with excellent health, and have some encouragement in our work. In one large heathen village a young preacher has been working for more than two years without one convert. Now the ranks are giving way, and a number have declared themselves on the Lord's side. We are afraid to allow any to be baptized till we see them ourselves, but that we hope to do before long.

We enjoy the visits of the *Messenger* very much; happy to know you are still at your post, a very important one in the Lord's work."

TAVOY, BRITISH BURMA,
Dec. 3rd, 1881.

Dear Bro.,—

I am glad the report of the Karen brethren who visited Zimmay last year found its way to the columns of the *Messenger*. Some one in your vicinity must be gifted with "the interpretation of tongues." Your readers may now be interested in a little of its sequel. Ever since the return of these preachers, the committee of the Burma Baptist Convention has been looking about for suitable men and women to make a permanent settlement in Northern Siam. They have been found, and next Monday, Dec. 5th, the party will set out from Maulmain for the scene of their future labors. There are seven Karen preachers; three from Henthada, two from Rangoon, one from Bassein, and one from Tavoy. They are to be accompanied by two missionaries, Bro. Webster, of Maulmain, whose work has been among the Sgaws, and Bro. Bushell, of Mavoben, who labors for the Pwos. Both dialects are spoken in Siam, but the Sgaw predominates. These American brethren will assist in locating the preachers, and bring back reliable reports. The entire expense of the enterprise is to be provided by the Convention. It is hoped that this will prove a great blessing to the Christians in Burma, inasmuch as it is an object for their benevolence entirely outside of themselves. I may say that the Burmese disciples are as much interested as the Karens, and, indeed, have contributed hitherto much more in proportion to their number.

Tavoy's contribution to this missionary band are Thah Pau, one of our most faithful young preachers, and his wife, Za Thee, who has been one of our best pupils, and has taught in village schools with good success. They 4th, and after the ceremony we had very pleasant farewell services. The young bride, our missionary, sang,

"Yes, my native land, I love thee," with good effect. She is one of the sweet singers of a singing race. We shall not soon forget them in their noble work. You will hear from them again.

Yours fraternally,
H. MORROW.

News of the Churches.

SHELBOURNE COUNTY NOTES.—Rev. P. R. Foster has entered upon his labors as pastor of Osborne Church under favoring auspices. An interesting recognition service was held there on the 18th inst., in connection with the Ministerial Conference of Shelburne Co. The sermon was by Rev. J. A. Durkee; text Eph. iii. 9, 10, Theme, "The Church the highest manifestation of the wisdom of God." The address to the church was given by Rev. G. H. Gouldy of Shelburne. Other pastors of the County were hindered from coming. The next session of the Conference will be held at Jordan River, March 1st. Preachers Reverends Messrs. Foster, and McKenne; Essayists, Revs. Richan and Durkee. The churches and pastors are working hopefully. Sable River Church has just re-opened its house of worship which has been repaired, enlarged and beautified.

LOWER ECONOMY.—The Brethren of the Baptist Church at Lower Economy, are busy in the woods preparing timber for a New Meeting house, in place of the old one which is too small and contracted for the large gatherings of the church. It is also uncomfortable in cold weather, as it is getting old and out of repair.

WALTON AND RAWDON.—Mr. Arthur H. Williams, son of the Rev. J. Williams, of Gaspereaux, is now labouring among the people at Walton and Rawdon, under the direction of the Home Mission Board, and gives promise of usefulness in preaching the gospel of Christ.

DOVER, HALIFAX Co.—The good work is still in progress at Dover. I visited there last Friday, preached in the evening to about one hundred attentive hearers, and baptized three rejoicing converts on Saturday. There are a

number more to follow. The whole community is agitated. Of course, there are many adversaries, but God is stronger than the strong man armed, and is taking from him his armor wherein he trusted, and dividing the spoils. God be praised for his marvellous works.

Yours in Christ.
A. W. BARRS.

Jan. 23rd, 1882.

ALMA, N. B.—Rev. I. J. Skinner writes Jan. 21st: "I have just received a call to the Pastorate of the Church at Havelock—known as the Butternut Ridge Church. Have not yet decided whether to accept or not. I wish to be directed by the Master.

Quite an enjoyable evening was spent in the Baptist Meeting-house at Alma, on Thursday, 12th inst. The Ladies furnished an excellent tea and refreshment table, which were well supplied and patronized during the evening. Rev. Mr. Williams (Methodist) was present and favored us with quite a humorous and very interesting speech. Vocal and instrumental music, together with pleasant conversation filled up the passing hours till quite late, when the handsome sum of over \$50.00 in cash was presented to the Pastor of the Church with a short, neat, and appropriate address by Deacon David Cleveland, to which the Pastor briefly replied, expressing thanks. All seemed to enjoy themselves during the evening, and separated apparently well satisfied.

Home News.

Nova Scotia.
A BUREAU OF HUSBANDRY, was organized at North Brookfield, Queen's Co., on 17th inst. Below is a list of officers:—
Master, S. M. Freeman.
Overseer, D. H. McPherson.
Secretary, J. M. Freeman.
Treasurer, Jas. S. Daily.
Lecturer, E. P. Christopher.
Chaplain, A. J. Leadbetter.
Steward, Judson Christopher.
A. S.—Jabez F. McLennan.
Gatekeeper, Geo. J. Parker.
Ceres, Lillie McPherson.
Pomona, Mrs. H. T. Christopher.
Flora, Mary E. Burke.
L. A. S.—Mrs. S. M. Freeman.

The late snow storms have interfered with the regularity of the mails, especially from the Eastward.

Three thousand dollars have been subscribed towards the fund for rebuilding the Male Academy at Sackville.

The Collector of Customs at Sackville seized a quantity of oil at Dorchester on Tuesday last.

The steamer Copia, sailed from Annapolis for London on Thursday last with eighty-three hundred barrels of apples, besides other cargo.

The Dartmouth Town Council held a meeting on Saturday and had under consideration the terms named in the railway contract, recently published for the extension of the railway into Dartmouth.

John Y. Payzant Esq., the Warden, and Councillor Russell were appointed a delegation to Ottawa to endeavour to obtain the same consideration for this branch line as that named for the road to Pictou.

At a subsequent meeting it was agreed that the visit to Ottawa be postponed at present.

It is a dangerous thing to neglect a cough or cold or any difficulty of the throat or lungs. Lose not a moment in getting a bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. You can rely upon it to cure you. It is also a sure preventive of diphtheria.

We advise every farmer or stock raiser to invest in *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* and feed them out to their herds this winter. Depend upon it, it will pay big interest. Don't buy the large packs as some of them are useless.

Hacking coughs lacerate the lungs and beget consumption; consumption fills our cemeteries. If nipped in the bud with *Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil*, the destructive malady is deprived of its power. Pain is also subdued by this benign healing agent—cous, sores, frost-bites, burns, and other troubles.

Messrs. Parker and Laird, of Hillsdale, write:—"Our Mr. Lard having occasion to visit Scotland, and knowing the excellent qualities of *Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil*, concluded to take some with him, and the result has been very astonishing. We may say that in several instances it has effected cures when ailments had been pronounced incurable by eminent practitioners."