

But Evangelical churches increased during the same period at the wonderful rate of 87 per cent. In like manner the R.C. clergy increased 38 per cent, while Evangelical Protestant clergy increased 87 per cent. It is clear, therefore, that the growth of Protestantism has been much more rapid than that of the R.C. Church. This is well for the peace of the country, for where the clergy manage to gain the ascendancy they never fail to create trouble by their reactionary policy. The contributions of the whole Roman Catholic Church for Missions to the heathen in 1878, amounted to \$1,221,000; in 1882, the contributions of all the Protestant Churches in Europe and America were \$11,375,000.

To the Land of the Pharaohs.

By REV. JOHN JENKINS, D.D., LL.D.

I PROMISED to send you some account of my trip to "the Land of the Pharaohs." I don't wonder that you were somewhat startled at the announcement of my determination (at my age!) to undertake so distant and serious an expedition. I was even surprised at myself, when the hour for embarkation came. But the inducements were many, and as the offer of the trip came from my brother James, the bait took! So, on the 17th of August, my good brother-in-law Gordon, little "John," and I stepped on board the steamship "Glamorganshire," bound for Yokohama *via* the Suez Canal. John and I were to land at Suez, Gordon to proceed to Japan on his way home. We had a lively tumble in the Bay of Biscay, a delightful run from Cape Finisterre to Gibraltar, and from "Gib" a succession of clear, bright, calm weather, day by day, until, on the fifteenth day after our departure from London, we reached Port Said. Nothing could exceed the beauty, the brightness, and the *blue* of the historic *mare magnum*. I had passed over it before, but this time, to my seeming at least, it was more brilliant and beautiful than ever—a very Paradise of azure waters, their smoothness suggesting "no more sea!" It was indeed one continuous enchantment.

It was Sunday morning that we landed at Port Said. The agents of the steamer, who

had been forewarned as to our expected arrival, met us on board and conducted us on shore in a boat rowed by four Arabs, tall, lithe, muscular, handsome, handling their oars like man-of-war's men. In the house of the Manager-Agent we were hospitably entertained for the greater part of the day. My two companions went to the Anglican church, while I rested. Altogether, we spent a pleasant and I hope not unprofitable Sabbath. While we were on shore the ship took in several hundred tons of coal. At six o'clock we resumed our voyage and proceeded down the canal towards Suez.

The town of Port Said is the creation of the great canal. It is claimed to be the largest coaling station in the world. One million tons of the mineral being yearly supplied to passing steamers. The population is estimated at 17,000, of whom 6,000 are Europeans. It was almost night when we commenced our journey through the canal. By the aid of the moon we saw enough to convince us of the stupendous character of M. Lesseps' undertaking. Early in the morning we passed Ismailiya. Soon after breakfast, through the ignorance or stupidity of the pilot, we grounded, seriously as it proved, for it took between three and four days to lighten the ship sufficiently to get her off. While we were stuck, several large steamers passed close to us, among them a huge Turkish craft, laden with pilgrims from Mecca to the number of at least eight hundred, more probably a thousand. Such a dirty looking unwashed crowd I have never seen. On the second day we descried in the distance a steam launch making for our ship. It proved to be one of the chief engineers of the canal. When he ascertained the position of my party, he offered to take me and my two companions to Suez; and our captain gave Gordon permission to visit Cairo, assuring him that there was no chance of the "Glamorganshire" reaching Suez for a couple of days. Our ships' agent was awaiting us at the landing at Suez, and hospitably treated us, after which we took the night train for Cairo. Towards morning the "iron horse" drew us rapidly across the land of Goshen, awakening thoughts and memories of the far-away past: of the "four hundred and thirty years" during which the chosen people dwelt in that still well