

bearing great stacks of sheaves, fastened on their backs in a kind of frame, and so large that only their heads and hoofs could be seen at all. A brighter day dawns, however; for Western and Christian ideas are working their way into these Eastern lands. We were almost startled in the midst of this hoary orientalism, to hear the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and see it actually moving along on the metals, which have been laid for three miles of the route to Jerusalem! The work progresses very slowly, and, although our journey was toilsome and tedious, we were really glad to get there in time to see Palestine substantially as it has appeared for three thousand years.

JOHN WOOD.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE FAR EAST.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad to send you from time to time such items of news about the work here, as may appear worthy of being placed before your readers. There is, however, no man so cordially hated and so closely watched by our Government as the one who is suspected of the crime of laying before the civilized world an account of the condition of the affairs of the country. Missionaries have to be careful in this respect.

We are one hundred and seventy-one miles from salt water; our nearest port is Trebizond, on the Black Sea. The railroad is an unknown institution in this part of the world, but there is a fairly good military road between this city and the coast. Any one at all familiar with the past history of this station will remember the old wagon which has been patched up at least a dozen times to make its last trip to Trebizond; and yet, when necessity arose it has always been ready for one trip more. But now, through the kind efforts of friends in Chicago and its neighborhood, a new wagon has been made for us, and forwarded as far as Trebizond, and we hope soon to have it here. Owing to our situation, our wagon means to us about what the *Morning Star* does to the Micronesian Islands. But it is used not only in conveying missionaries between here and Trebizond—and that port is the landing place of

missionaries for several stations beyond us—but here in taking ourselves and the pupils of our schools out of the filth of the city for a whiff of fresh air from the plains; and it is hoped, too, that the new wagon may be used in touring also, that is, in carrying the gospel to the villages included in our large field. I tell about this that you may know how pleased we are with this handsome and useful present. I may add just a word about the "horse clothes," as harness is called in Armenia. We have an old set, which fearfully and wonderfully holds together. We must have a new set; and as the wagon is so heavy and the mountains so steep, we need clothes for three horses harnessed abreast. A friend in Ontario has offered to make such harness for \$40, but that means a great deal to us in this city, where the single item of fuel eats up two months' salary every year. Would it not be fitting that some Canadian friends should have fellowship with the Chicago givers in this matter?

The Armenian is enterprising and progressive, far outstripping the Turk in all matters of business. He is not strictly honest as a rule. A saying is current here, that a Jew can cheat a Turk, a Greek can cheat a Jew, but an Armenian can cheat them all. Our Protestant brethren, however, enjoy the confidence of the community. Our Vali, or Governor-General, recently had a number of Armenian merchants called before him, among them was a Protestant. The Vali, pointing to him said, "There at least is one honest man!"

A striking feature of Armenian character is what in the classics of the West is called "the big head." We are just now engaging teachers for our boys' school. One applicant readily confesses that of the twelve studies taken up in the senior year of the High School, there are seven he knows little or nothing about, but thinks that should make no difference, as he can readily keep up with the class, provided we can give him an extra half livre for the amount of extra study he will have to do! I fear we shall have to secure another man.

Very truly yours,

F. W. MACALLUM.

Erzroom, Turkey, 18th July, 1891.