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Sand-Storms.

(‘Friendly Greetings.’)

Once, when Moses was warning the children of Israel of the punishment which would follow disobedience to their Divine Ruler, he made use of words which must have been full of meaning to a people who had spent forty years in the desert: ‘The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust’ (Deut. xxviii., 24). Those who have never experienced it can form no idea of the horrors and sufferings of a sandstorm in the desert.

The writer was once travelling from Cairo to Gaza, by what is called the ‘long

with their backs to the storm, and thrust their noses and mouths as deeply as possible into the sand.

Drivers and travellers lay down in the same direction, sheltered as much as possible by the bodies of the camels, and every man covered, head and all, with cloaks and blankets.

There had been no time to lose. The sand-storm burst upon us in all its fury, and who can describe the misery and anxiety of those few minutes while it swept past! The sun was entirely hidden, and, in spite of all our precautions, so fine was the terrible shower of dust that it pene-

caravans that ever came out of Egypt was covered with sand, to the number of several thousand camels.

The only loss which our party sustained was that of a poor horse, which not knowing, as the camels did, what to do, was suffocated, and soon had scores of vultures hovering over its body. For ourselves we might thankfully exclaim, ‘Thou hast known us in the wilderness, in the land of great drought,’ and through Thy mercy we are spared.

A few days afterwards our party reached Gaza in safety, and each one went his own way. Alas! to many it might be charged, as to the unthankful children of Israel, ‘Neither said they, Where is the Lord that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, that led us through the wilderness, through a land of deserts, and of pits, through a land of drought, and of the shadow of death,’ so thankless and forgetful are we all apt to be of the mercy which surrounds us in our journey through life.

Victorian India Orphan Society,

The work of the above at Dhar, Central India, is steadily progressing, both boys and girls under the care of the Orphanage, according to the report from the missionaries, showing decided improvement in all respects. Started in 1897, the older orphans then taken in are now beginning to pass from under the sheltering care of the home where they have been taught the way of Life, educated sufficiently to enable them to easily read and study their Bibles and brought up to some trade by which they can earn a comfortable living, and it is very gratifying to hear there is quite a demand for their services. In the issue of this paper of Feb. 14th, an incident was related in which two girls were mentioned by name, Jamna and Kessie, the former being the means under God of saving the life of the latter, who very narrowly escaped drowning in the well; both of these girls have left the Orphanage and gone to homes of their own; both are leading consistent Christian lives, and the elder one, Jamna, in her home some miles away from a Mission Station has gathered together a little class of six poor ignorant women, and is teaching them about Jesus. Surely our work is already bearing precious fruit! Just recently we have had especial cause for thankfulness; our buildings were not nearly large enough for the number of children, and we had not the money to build more; nevertheless a much better building, more than twice as large as the former one with arrangements to meet the present requirements of the Orphanage has been provided for us, and was formally opened on July 1. This wonderful help came in the following manner: Our ten acres of land given by the late Maharajah adjoined the government property which it was necessary to extend to make some required improvements previous to the visit of the Viceroy to Dhar, which is to take place in Novem-



WHERE IS THE TRACK?

desert route.’ Week after week the same glare and heat oppressed the travellers; the parched tongue clung to the roof of the mouth; the eye could see nothing but endless sand and stones.

We were within a day’s journey of the end of the desert, when suddenly there arose behind us a heavy bank of clouds. Thinking these meant rain, I was glad to see them. The camels and their drivers were, however, greatly excited and alarmed. In a minute everybody had got down from his seat, and the wise animals, well aware of what was coming, knelt down

trated under our cloaks, causing the most intense scorching pain about our ears and up our nostrils.

Had the storm continued, we must all have been suffocated; but even when such storms are over all danger is not past, for the fine sand has often drifted into such heaps that the track is entirely lost, and the party have no idea of the way in which to go.

On such occasions whole caravans have been known to perish. An Arab, on one occasion, pointed to a spot among some sandy hillocks where one of the largest