

British American Presbyterian.

Vol. 2

TORONTO, CANADA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878

No. 90

Contributors and Correspondents.

IRELAND.

The conveniences provided for travellers to and from the great metropolis are very wonderful. He may breakfast leisurely in London, and by the help of the "flying Scotchman," or "the limited mail," he may sup in Edinburgh or Glasgow, or if he prefer night travel, he may reverse the order of his meals. Or if his course be westward by rail to the outward knuckle of Anglesea, he may land in the Irish capital in time for six o'clock dinner. The latter was my course last Saturday and I had again an opportunity of testing the superiority of the Holyhead packets in size, equipments and comfort to all other British coasters of which I know anything. The question of harbours, and the conflicting interests which hinder their enlargement are the great hindrances elsewhere, especially in communication with the continent. Though there was as usual considerable sea running, the "Connaught" landed in four hours at Kingstown, without a taint of sea-sickness, and an express train standing waiting on the quay, in a few minutes whirled us into Dublin, seven miles distant.

The kindred Irish and Romish questions are ever the most interesting to a visitor to the Green Isle, and in this its capital city he will find on every hand material full of suggestion and instruction. Nowhere else in the British Isles have I seen in one month such an abundance of beggars, rags or poverty, as here in one day Dublin is spoken of as a fine city, and it can boast of some fine streets, squares and terraces, especially in its southern and western parts; but leave these for the older and lower neighborhoods, and you find such hovels as are rare even in the Old World towns. This, no doubt, is owing greatly to the Celtic want of thrift, aggravated by the curse of Popery, and yet again intensified by the curse of strong drink. The greatest industries of Dublin are unfortunately those most deceitful and destructive ones of the distillery and the brewery. It is more than a chance coincidence that the finest Protestant Churches here, St. Patrick's Cathedral and Christ's Church, in the hands of the ex-Establishment, and Rutland Square Presbyterian Church, are built with the proceeds of the still. It was a subtle thrust on the part of Cardinal Cullen to ask an explanation of this fact when recently the venerated ex-pastor of the last named church called upon him to propose co-operation in Temperance Reform, which, by the way, was declined. As the representative of the Church of Rome, however, he could ill afford to cast the first stone in such a case, although personally we must do him the justice to say he has the reputation of being a man of very pure and self-denying life, and one who seeks to enforce the same among his clergy. For example, upon first coming here, a priest who had surrounded himself with luxuries wrung from the struggling poor around him, succeeded in getting his acceptance of an invitation to dinner. As his eminence passed from streets full of want and wretchedness through the hall of his reverences sumptuous abode, his eye caught a glimpse of glittering plate and crystal in the well-appointed dining-room, and when presented to his host up stairs, he only staid long enough to administer a sharp rebuke and declare his intention of reforming such abuses. This treatment is said to have so overwhelmed the ambitious offender that he pined away and died of a broken heart. Certainly his eminence need have no great fear of want if popular report be correct that something like half a million sterling stands opposite his name in the national funds—the proceeds mainly of legacies to the church entrusted to his care to avoid the letter of the recently parliamentary acts on the subject. Such a man, though a fellow-countryman, is not popular with many of his clergy, and that for other reasons than his severity. His long residence in Rome has given him a thorough Vatican training, and the underhand and unscrupulous manœuvring which achieved the recent appointment of his nephew, Bishop Moran, not only to the Bishoprick, but to the vacant Vicarage of Cullen, has not been productive of increased regard. The object seems to have been to extinguish Father O'Keefe and his schools and other liberal schemes, by fair means or foul. This seems to have been pretty well achieved, though at a cost which the Bishop may yet find too great. O'Keefe does not appear a very lovely character, but who can regard without abhorrence the tyranny and cruelty with which he has been treated. He is evidently a man of great boldness,

well versed in ecclesiastical law, and fearless to resist oppression, yet not sufficiently enlightened in his rebellion to make freedom a matter of conscience, and spurn all compromise. Evidently he continues to resist, not so much because his cause is right, as because the reward of submission is beneath his estimate. However, if there is pluck enough among his sympathizers, to back him with the "sinews of war," he may yet give his adversaries much trouble, but there can be little doubt of the issue in dealing with such an implacable and powerful foe. The following is the body of his letter to the papers. It speaks for itself. "I called," &c., to "rejected with scorn":—

"I called upon his lordship on the 19th instant to ask him on what terms he would become reconciled to me, when he received me most kindly, and promised to give me this information on the 24th, assuring me that he was a friend, and requiring me to have no celebration of mass in my church in the intervening Sunday. When I saw him on the 24th he informed me that I was to beg absolution from the censures I had incurred, retire from my parish, and live on a pension which, he said, would be liberal. I was to put in my answer on this day. After our first interview, Dr. Moran communicated to the public press that I had unconditionally placed myself in his hands, and acknowledged the validity of the censures by closing my church on Sunday. But there is as much truth in this communication as there is in the charges of forgery and embezzlement which he brought against me before the Commissioners of Education. Everybody knows that the censures that I am required to respect as canonical were all passed upon me without any knowledge on my part, or the slightest idea that they were even in contemplation; but what some people call "the common law of the canon law" is able to cure any defect in marvellous power. I have not got from the public the support I required to continue my struggle with people of unlimited means; and if it will be said of me, "yielded," I must insist on adding "not conquered." As yet, however, there is not a yielding nor a conquest; as, when I was informed this day, that on resigning my parish and withdrawing my action against the bishop, I would be given a curate's share of the parochial income while I conducted myself to the satisfaction of Bishop Moran, these terms I rejected with scorn."

Not in such conflicts, nor in the agitations of rabid Orangemen, nor yet such controversies as those of the "Protestant Defence Association," though each may serve a purpose, is there so much to hope for as in the quiet, but now more than ever, earnest and active efforts for the enlightenment of the people in divine truth put forth by the Colportage Society, and its great friend and ally, the Presbyterian Church. They have now about 60 colporteurs in the field, and are engaged in the admirable work of training thoroughly all recruits who can be found for the work. It was my privilege yesterday to spend an hour in Rev. Hamilton McGee's class for this purpose, where I was pleased to find eight young men engaging with much interest and promise in the exercises provided for them (upon the Westminster and Romish Catechisms, &c.) by their enthusiastic teacher. By a most wonderful providence some of the friends of the Society have got possession of the stereotype plates of the Douay New Testament, without the usual notes, provided at the time of the old Repeal agitation, to enable the defenders of the R. C. Church to meet the assertion that the Scriptures were withheld from the people and thrown aside as soon as the occasion had passed, and now the book, with Episcopal imprint, is being sold freely under cost for three pence. Under such influence, aided by more general education, the R. C. Hierarchy seem to find it necessary to offer new and higher bids for popular favour, especially as their opposition to Fenianism was loosening their hold upon the lower classes. Hence their recent indications of favour to the demand for Home Rule. The famous "John of Tuam," Archbishop McHale, has broken silence upon the subject in no doubtful strains. Others of the hierarchy openly countenance the movement, though at the same time professing a wish that the native parliament should be in loyal relation to the Imperial and superior one, doubtless in the hope, should the effort by any chance succeed, that they may be still represented and influential in the wider and higher sphere. However it may be with Mother Church, there can be no doubt of the sincerity and earnestness of the "sons of Ireland," to any observer of the recent monster demonstration at Clontarf, or of such scenes as that in the R. C. Cemetery in the northern suburbs of the capital where O'Connell's re-

mains lie in honored state beneath their clumsy round tower monument; and, near by, another pretentious erection, which marks the tombs of the Fenians hanged at Manchester, and receives the laurel wreaths and *immortelles* of demonstrative admirers. Still, after all said and done, as Archbishop Manning said in his now famous letter the other day, Ireland was never so prosperous as she is to-day, though for very different reasons from those he assigned, and no worse fate could befall her than to be left to the tender mercies of her demagogue patriots, and of the Romish Hierarchy. It would be a sorry time for the interests of the latter too if they only knew it—as perhaps, indeed, they are shrewd enough to foresee, and hence only give their sanction from secondary motives to an agitation they know to be without any probability of success. But let us not be hardened against this unhappy land for its follies and misfortunes, but on our knees and in all sincerity let us appropriate to our own use the "national" cry, and pray "God save Ireland!"

CANADIAN ABROAD.

Dublin, Oct., 2nd, 1878.

MISSIONARY SKETCH FROM MANITOBA.

There is something like romance in some of the experiences of the Missionary; there is something of the feeling of the discoverer present as for the first time the missionary penetrates some new settlement hitherto unvisited by the Christian minister. This is not only felt by himself, but by the settlers as well, as they recognize among them the Christian teacher for the first time. The present sketch is of such a visit to a new settlement, which was begun during the present summer, at least with the exception of one settler, who "went in," as the technical phrase goes, last fall. The settlement so new is of considerable size, through having much more land "taken up" or located than it has settlers. Like most new places, the township, with the legal title No. 15, has two names, each struggling for pre-eminence. Greenwood and Ridgeway are the rival names. As already remarked, Greenwood township has been homesteaded this summer, i. e., settlers have taken each 160 acres as free grant. Some have their families already settled on their claims; some have returned, as we say here, to "Canada," to bring out their families and effects in the spring; some consist of the large class in this province of "single men," who have come from home to push their fortunes, and who either attempt to do their own domestic work, or who build a house and leave it for a year or two; till better supplied with money and friends they are content to occupy the land. It consequently happens that a township which in two years may have 80 or 40 families, with no land free to be taken up now, may have some 10 or 15 families at the present time. These things understood, let us begin our journey.

To-morrow I am going to township 15. Indeed—where is that? Is it near Winnipeg? Oh, no; it is 80 miles to the Northwest. Is it near any other settlement? Yes, it is 10 miles beyond Rockwood, where we have a preaching station, and are now about to build a church. Oh, I know, I wish I could go with you; I take an interest in all these new places, I wish they could all be reached by our missionaries.—Such was the conversation between the missionary and the Christian banker, both of whom, interested in Presbyterianism, had been adverting to the remarkable growth of Winnipeg, the great commercial depot, and the great centre (to be) of religious and educational force in the British Northwest. Friday morning has come, and betimes the missionary is astir. His faithful companion "Baldi," who has been roaming the prairies for two months, gaining strength for the coming winter, had been captured, and full of life was got into shape by "Baptiste," and stands ready for his journey, at least as far as Rockwood. It is a little earlier than usual, but the usual maxims "of people generally spending one half of the day in bed," etc., are a sufficient compensation for the early start. A drive of five miles brings us to Kildonan, where the pioneer minister of our Church has so long and so successfully labored. A little consultation here with a fellow-laborer, as to how Winnipeg and the other stations are to be supplied on the coming Sabbath, and we are out on the prairie, towards the "Stony Mountain," near which the "Rockwood settlement" is situated. An open prairie of 10 miles brings us to the mountain. This 10 miles is mostly reserved land—reserved for certain classes of miners—but why the development of the country should be hindered by land being reserved for those who cannot sow, nor

probably ever will occupy it, is a hard question to answer. The Stony Mountain is an outcrop of limestone, 60 or 80 feet high, in some places covered with soil and trees, having a perpendicular escarpment on the west side. But Rockwood is reached. The bluffs or wood-islands captivate Canadians, who must have plenty of wood, and so here is a large settlement of people from Western Ontario; some from Ontario direct; some who have wandered through the Western States, and disliking both the country and the institutions, have come to Northwestern Canada. To the home of one of these latter families, from Oxford County, Ontario, the missionary went his way. Here he meets a hearty welcome, and after his drive the traveller finds himself ready for dinner. The housewife understood the rest. "Baldi" is well looked after, and dinner over, one of the settler's horses is "put in the buggy, and township 15 is to be gained. Eight miles of prairie bring us to the new settlement. We visit a family; drive a mile and visit another, a half a mile to another, and so on till the shades of evening warn us that the prairie may be our resting place for the night unless we hasten. The people have seen the missionary; they have talked "Ontario" over, have compared notes; have perhaps spoken of some minister at home whom both knew; have spoken about the prospects of the country; of the settlement; of the coming winter; of the preparation for it; of the necessity for church and school; of the service of the coming Sabbath at 8 o'clock, and the like; time forbids anything like a regular pastoral visitation; and as the evening falls we approach the first settler's house where we intend to stop for the night, guided to it by the lantern hanging outside of the door, no land-marks, no hills, nor anything by which to find your way but the beacon light ahead. Next morning (Saturday), the travellers are astir. The road to Rockwood is retraced, and the settlers scattered along visited on the way back. Word is left at each place of the regular fortnightly service at Rockwood, and the afternoon service at Greenwood, on the coming Sabbath. At one house we find a doctor, belonging to one of the oldest and best known Canadian families, who has finished his course and come out to find a home in the Northwest; his companion, also belonging to one of the oldest families near Toronto, having a brother a lawyer in Toronto, has also taken up land in this neighborhood, and together the two adventurers are putting up a house. The hope that the Canadian Pacific may pass that way has drawn these Canadians thither. The latter is to send his son to the College at Kildonan this winter, and no doubt the two companions will, 25 miles from Winnipeg, find a safe resting place. The afternoon of Saturday is spent in visiting the people of Rockwood and encouraging them in the Church they are erecting. On Sabbath morning the usual congregation assembles and a sermon is preached from Isa. liii. 3, "He is despised and rejected of men." The sermon is an opening up of why men reject the Saviour? The afternoon journey again to Greenwood is rewarded by the first congregation that ever assembled in the settlement. It is a congregation of 80 or more. The precursor, who had gone out from Rockwood with the missionary, leads as the congregation sing the one hundredth Psalm. It is an important moment as for the first time in the worshippers of God thus "enter his gates with praise." Oh, how many souls may be born again in that new township thus dedicated to the Lord. The sermon is an earnest presentation of the gospel from Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The service is ended and all rejoice in having heard the gospel preached and earnestly beseech the missionary to come again. That Sabbath evening the road to Rockwood is retraced. Next morning the Rockwood church is financed. One of the settlers comes in to Winnipeg for the deed, giving a church lot to trustees, who duly sign it on Tuesday evening. The missionary is able, from the Church Building Fund, to give \$100, and since then one of the committee has visited Winnipeg and in part of a day has had \$10 and \$5 added to his list for as much more, while the new settlement will add to what it has already done, and within three weeks the first church of any denomination in a block of four new townships will be enclosed. Can any work be found more inspiring or more delightful? Can any one wonder that what we may call the spirit of "sanctified adventure" should be such a strong motive power in the heart of the Christian missionary? It is a glorious work to be thus striving to win souls to Christ. Since returning from this journey the missionary has had a visit from a settler from a settlement 80 miles to the south west, begging to have a missionary come

and visit their new settlement. The settler is a Scotchman Highlander. His name could easily be set down as Dugald, Donald, or Duncan. But his heart was thoroughly Presbyterian. Of course there never was such a man as Dr. Macdonald, for Ferintosh, and there never was such a band of men as the Fathers of Rossburn! Ah well, a little Highland pleasure is a good thing, and whether in the back parts of Canada or in the prairies of the Northwest, the Highlander is as firm to his church as he was to his chief or his clan of yore, and firmer too. "Well, Mr. Campbell, how many Presbyterians are there in your settlement?" "Oh, they are almost all Presbyterians." "Enough to form a respectable meeting?" "Oh yes, and we have been expecting a missionary to visit us all summer." So, after an enumeration of the families, and collecting information about the place, it is arranged, that the one of our missionaries nearest to the "Boyne settlement" shall visit the sheep scattered in the wilderness on the following Sabbath. Such are some of the incidents of missionary life in a new country. New settlements are crying out, "Come over and help us." We want men. We know that at home there is need too. Give us men for a few years, and we'll begin the production of our own men at our own College. Hoping that these experiences may turn the attention of some laborers in our direction:

I am, yours truly,

SFRS.

Winnipeg, Oct. 8th, 1878.

Electoral Corruption.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

I have read with great interest your two excellent articles on "Electoral Corruption," and also the communication of "A Political Presbyterian" on the same subject and in the same strain. Referring to the latter first, I cannot help regretting that "A Political Presbyterian" should have so openly charged the Reformers with wholesale bribery in South Ontario, especially considering who was the candidate, and for whom (if not by whom) the bribery your correspondent talks of was perpetrated. It is too well known that so-called Reformers in most constituencies are easily given to bribery, and many of your readers regret "A Political Presbyterian" should have brought South Ontario so prominently to the fore, thereby unnecessarily, as I think, causing an obnoxious reference to individuals. In your recent editorials, I wish you could have pointed out more clearly the source or cause of this tendency to give and take bribes at elections. It seems to me that a fruitful source of this deplorable iniquity is the character of our political organs. Their intensely partisan character—sacrificing truth, honor, and every element of integrity for the sake of party triumph—must engender dishonesty and untruth in their votaries. We Presbyterians are charged with pinning our political faith blindly to the chief Grit journal, and its conduct regarding political subjects is so virulent and one-sided that a tendency to unfairness and rabid vehement partisanship must be the result. Take for example the case of Mr. Dodge, of North York. When the recent excitement arose about him and his election dodges you will recollect it was said that no disclosures of his forgery would have been made if he had voted on the right side, but because he voted in the Conservative ranks, the whole artillery of that journal was opened upon "his poor, dear Yankee head." Look again at the part that same paper has taken regarding that scandalous matter of the stolen letter in Montreal. It not only tries to palliate, it even endorses the most infamous affair that has ever been perpetrated by public men for many years. When conduct like this is abetted week by week, and when such principles are loyally received by the lieges throughout the country, why need we wonder that as you deplore bribery by Reformers should be so common that even our representatives cannot be found who are blameless. Hoping that this contribution may be not an unfitting appendix to your excellent editorials,

I am, sir,

A PRESBYTERIAN POLITICIAN.

Corrections.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my letter on Church Independence in your paper of Oct. 17th, I am made to say an action "may involve great hardship to individuals, or it may be not really wrong, &c." Many, if not most of your readers, would consider the sentence containing these words unsatisfactory; but I fear it might occur to very few that "morally" should be in the place of "not really." Though I do not notice any other error of any importance, I may state that near the middle of the column in which the above mis-print (as I think it is) occurs, the word "avertment" should be used instead of the word "argument."

Let me also take this opportunity of correcting the sentence at the close of the second paragraph of my letter of Sept. 12, in which I intended to say, "But even supposing that few or some should carry their opposition to the length of separation, &c."

I am, yours truly,
JAMES MINNEMA.
Elora, Oct. 20th, 1878.