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Contributors and Correspondents.

(For the Presbyterian.)

DIARY IN THE EAST.

DAMASCUS.

The school, which contains a good many Moslem children, is for boys as well as girls, and it was pleasant to hear from Mr. Macintosh that the teachers were earnest Christians, who, besides their fatiguing work in the school, acted quite as missionaries in the neighbourhood.

There is also a small blind school, which I entered at an interesting moment, for a native who has his sight had just come to teach basket-making to the blind men. It was funny to see him standing with his naked foot planted on the centre of a star of osiers arranged to form the bottom of a basket. The natives of the east make much more use of their feet in their work than we do, bringing them into action to supplement the hands in various ways.

The house where I had a room belonged to one of the school teachers. She could speak English pretty well, and was very kind and attentive, and while she was busy in the school, her mother-in-law was quite ready to imagine my wants, and explain her own meaning in vivid pantomime. They had a German missionary residing with them, who had been working among the Jews, but had been so prostrated by frequent attacks of fever, that he was obliged to leave for Europe while I was in Damascus.

There, as elsewhere, the work among the Jews is no easy one. One English clergyman, who visited many of them both in Damascus and Safed, was much struck by their proud bigotry. When he remonstrated with them for living in such miserable poverty in Safed, without making any attempt to improve their condition by cultivating the rich land which lay barren around them, they replied, "What! do you think we are going to pay for leave to cultivate the soil which rightfully belongs to us? No, we shall wait till Messiah comes, and then each Jew will have ten Gentiles given him to work and till the land for him."

During the summer before I was in Damascus, the Macintoshes had made one of the very few attempts that have ever been made to get at the real Bedouin of the desert, and present the gospel before them. This can only be done effectually by going and living among them. Mr. M. and his wife spent some weeks in a tent with a Bedouin tribe in the desert to the south-east of Damascus, moving about with them, trying to gain their confidence, and telling them the way of salvation.

Mrs. M. gathered the women round her and spoke to them, while Mr. M. did all he could among the men. Whether any fruit may ever come from this self-denying effort cannot be said, but they found the people willing to listen and were kindly treated.

The confidence shown by Europeans coming among them without any protection seemed to touch them, though their sense of it was curiously expressed when they told Mr. M. that they wondered at his trusting himself with his mare and his wife among them. The mare was named first and apparently thought most of. The attempt would have been followed up the next summer, but Mrs. M.'s state of health made it impossible. She was laid up with rheumatic fever while I was in Damascus, and took long to recruit. The superabundance of rain and the floods round the city was the cause of a great amount of sickness and death. On Sunday I attended the church of the American Mission.

On the evening of May 19th, I said farewell to my kind friends in Damascus, and started alone for Beyrout, taking the night diligence to avoid the heat during the day. My seat in the open coupe beside the driver was very pleasant in the evening and morning, but very cold during the night when crossing the highest part of the pass. The early morning was charming. We were then on a high part of Lebanon, whence the views into the valleys, with the clouds floating below us, and half-hiding, half-revealing the picturesque country were most exquisite. Then the view opened out towards the sea, from which these wreaths of mist and clouds came streaming up, and Beyrout appeared seated on its promontory, jutting out into the deep blue Mediterranean, and surrounded landwards with its pine, and olive, and mulberry groves. A kind welcome again awaited me in Mr. Mott's hospitable house, where I spent some weeks seeing a good deal of the working of the Syrian schools in Beyrout. The examination of the Normal School Institution took place while I was there, conducted partly orally, partly in writing, under the direction of an English clergyman who happened to be passing through Beyrout, and who had seen much of school work in England. Another day a visit was paid to the school by a person of whom I had heard much, and was glad to have

the opportunity of seeing. He was a Bishop Megaraditch, an Armenian. He had been in a very high position in his own church, and had relinquished all his honours and emoluments from love for the truth of God which has been so sadly buried under superstitious observances in the Armenian Church. He had put himself under Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, thus joining the English Church. When I saw him at Beyrout he was on his way to Jerusalem to ask the Bishop's counsel and aid in the difficulties in which he was placed.

While in high office as Bishop or Archbi of the Armenian Church, he had received large sums of money as tithes, etc., and from these paid a sum annually towards the support of a monastic institution. When he left his church he, of course, relinquished its emoluments, and became quite a poor man, but an endeavour was being made to prove that he was bound to continue his payments to the monastic institution as long as he lived. As he no longer possessed the church funds from which he had undertaken to pay the money, he did not see how he could be required to continue the payment; but power was on the side of his opponents, and as in Turkish courts bribery or influence is pretty sure to carry the day, he was in sore trouble. It was pretty evident that he had no means for paying large sums, for a gentleman who travelled with him and his young wife was amazed to find that they were deck passengers in the steamer, though they would be at least two nights at sea. With Bishop Megaraditch was a young Armenian convert who had been educated for some years at Lausanne, in Switzerland, and having overworked had been obliged to return to his native land to recruit. He had not only studied hard, but during the French war, volunteered to visit the hospitals and prisons in Germany where were many Zouaves and Turcos to whom he went to preach Christ in their own tongue. The Bishop hoped to be able, by his help, to establish a training institution for Armenian teachers and pastors at Aintab. As usual, one great difficulty is to get the funds.

TRIP TO BAALBEK.

On June 8th, I again had an early morning start. The Motts finding I was anxious to see a little more of the Lebanon and to visit Baalbek, kindly arranged for my staying at one of the Syrian schools in the mountains, whence I could easily cross the Bukaa to Baalbek. I arranged to have a horse for a week, and a man as guide on foot; this was both pleasanter to me and cheaper than going by diligence so far, and then hiring a horse. I had ordered the horse and man to come for me at 4 a.m., that I might be well up on the mountain before the heat of the day, but I had two whole weary hours to wait before there was any sign of their appearance. I expected to have a guide who could speak a little English, but it turned out to be little indeed. I think his knowledge of it was even less than mine of Arabic. He seemed to have picked up one or two words of several European languages, but could not have formed one single complete sentence in any one of them. However, it really did not matter, as he knew where I wanted to go, and the roads in the Lebanon are very different from those in Palestine, so there was no fear of our going astray on the mountains. It was a lovely morning when I thus again started off on what was really a solitary journey, with my little luggage at my saddle-bow. I had a very good horse and a comfortable saddle, so there was every prospect of a pleasant journey for me. I took the same road as I had gone over by diligence as far as the Bukaa, only shortening the way in many places, by taking short cuts to avoid the zig-zags of the diligence roads. When near the summit of the pass, I rested and ate my dinner which I carried with me, enjoying the grand view before me, and rejoicing in the shade cast by a few light clouds which were floating up from the sea.

When we got over the mountain, and down to the plain of the Bukaa, we left the diligence road and struck northwards for some distance along the plain. The road was not a macadamized one like that one I had left, but it was a very good track—an immense improvement on those I had become accustomed to in Palestine. I was glad I had studied the map and Murray's Guide Book, for I found my guide did not even know where to turn off from the diligence road, and was taking me past the place where I felt pretty sure we should turn north. Happily we met a woman before we had gone far wrong, who sent us the very way I had wished to follow. So again when we came opposite the opening of a gully that strikes up westward from the Bukaa into the heart of Lebanon, I felt sure it must be the place where the large village or rather town of Zahleh lies, for which we were bound. My guide again proved ignorant of the way, but there was a small hamlet beside the road where we got the necessary information.

Zahleh is the largest town in the Lebanon. It is situated on both sides of a rushing stream which is one of the principal head-waters of the Litany river. It is very picturesque. The houses rise tier above tier, built on the steep hillsides on both sides of the river, almost in the form of an amphitheatre. The mountain towers high above the town, yet it is itself so high that the climate is very different from Beyrout, and places on the sea-board. In Zahleh the nights are always cool even in the height of summer, whereas at Beyrout, even in May, they were sometimes more oppressive than the day, with a sort of moist heat which is very exhausting. When, on looking from the height of Lebanon at early morning, I saw the

steaming wreaths of mist rising from the sea, and hovering over Beyrout, I thought that accounted for the wet blanket feeling of the nights there. Few Europeans can stay the whole summer in Beyrout with out being the worse of it, and other mountain villages are much frequented during the heat. I found that the German doctors regularly rent a house in one of the mountain villages to use as a summer sanitarium.

Arrived at Zahleh, the next thing was to discover the whereabouts of the school where I was to stay. I had been instructed as to the Arabic word for school, so could help myself in the enquiries, and soon found that I had to pass quite through the town to reach it. It took me down steep lanes, between the small but substantial flat-roofed stone houses, till I reached the rapid river. This had to be crossed by a bridge which would have astonished a Scotch horse. It had no parapet, and rose in the middle like the Chinese bridge on the well known willow plate, so that there were steps to go up and down. It was narrow, too, and the stream was rushing noisily along below. But my good steed made no objections to steps or river, and took me across safely and quietly. The next thing it had to try its nerves was a dog fight under its very feet. A stray dog had followed us all the way from Beyrout. The Zahleh dogs, of course, resented its intrusion into their quarters. I suppose it expected that, and kept close to me, so when a dog fell on it just under the horse's nose, I had some difficulty in getting on, and my man did not seem inclined to interfere to stop the fight. We got past this difficulty too, next came climbing a very steep and narrow lane, with two houses on one side and a bank on the other side overlooking the houses of a lower tier. Here we met a man leading a horse down the hill. Then I found that my steed, which I thought so peaceable, had a temper too, for, with a scream and a flourish, it prepared for a tooth and nail combat with the ridorless horse.

It was not a very comfortable position for me, and what made me think it more serious, was the way in which a passing stranger rushed up to hold me in the saddle, evidently thinking I must tumble off. Amongst us we managed to get clear off without a regular battle, and without my tumbling off over the bank, but after that I dismounted, and walked up the rest of the way to the school. There I found the letter announcing my coming had not been received, still I got a warm welcome from the two native teachers. They had both been trained in the Normal School in Beyrout, and spoke English. They at once made ready for me the two nice rooms that had formerly been inhabited by a Scotch lady who had superintended the school, and the two Bible-women who work in Zahleh and the neighbouring villages, but who had left the station some time before my arrival. I found all apparently in nice order, and the school going on steadily. There is an American mission in Zahleh, and one of the missionaries being married, his wife was able to take some supervision of the school which they value highly, as they have no girl's school of their own, and experience had taught them the great need of female education, if missions in the Lebanon are to thrive and grow. Since then they have persuaded the Syrian schools to open a second girl's school in Zahleh on the other side of the river. They found that parents would not send their girls from the other side of the town through the market.

(To be continued.)

Christ Ignored.—A Correction.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see reproduced in your last number, the admirable address of Professor McLaren. Will you allow me to correct a slight mistake which occurred in connection with it? I am reported to have "made the grave statement that in the Government schools, heather books were permitted to be used, while the Bible was utterly excluded, and that in the English poets and other standard works read by the students, the name of God or any passage referring to Him was carefully expunged." The only correction I wish to make is that it was the name of the Lord Jesus Christ which I said was thus eliminated. The name God is indefinite, and is applied to the imaginary deities of the Hindoo as well as to the true God. It is therefore not so offensive, and accordingly has sometimes been substituted for the name of our Lord.

The statement is indeed a grave one. I believe it was made as one answer to the question how there are so many Hindoos who are educated in English, and yet in no degree Christianized. My authority for making it is partly a leading article in a Bombay newspaper, from which the following short quotations may interest your readers without occupying too much of your space:

"Outlines of Universal History lately introduced into the Government schools, in which not a word is said about Christ or his influence in the world, while a whole chapter is given to the religion and dominion of Mahomet."—"Two volumes of 'Selections in English Poetry' have been printed for the Madras Director of Public Instruction. Among the authors are Isaac Watts, Cowper, James Montgomery, Keble. . . . Now our readers will be able to form a conception of the process to which these authors have been subjected when we tell them that the name of our Lord does not occur in the whole of our volumes. Here are specimens of some of the changes made: 'From that young Christian's life,' becomes 'From that young soldier's life'; 'Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,' becomes 'If God will give me early grace.' These books have

been printed by Government. They have been, to use the late Mr. Howard's phrase, effectually worked of all Christian allusions."

"The Tamil Minor Poets published by the Director of Public Instruction, contain six invocations to Ganesha. . . . 'Whoever with an offering of flowers adores without fail the feet of that Being whose body is as red as coral, and who has an elephant's trunk, obtains power of language, good understanding and health of body, together with the favour of the Red-lotus seated-goddess.' . . . 'Worship the feet of Ganesha, whose head is adorned with glittering matted hair formed into a crown; you will then have his favour so as to easily understand and get by heart the forty stanzas of the Naamen. . . . 'To those who meditate on the name of Shiva there will be no suffering.' . . . 'The forehead without sacred ashes is void of beauty.'"

While idolatry is thus taught, and even historical facts regarding Christ ignored in Government schools, and the students gain most of their views of Christianity from so many of them leave college far from Christianity.

It is, however, a matter of thankfulness that the Government is steadily increasing in appreciation of missionary work, and the importance of affording Christian knowledge to the natives.

JAS. FRASER CAMPBELL.

Ottawa, 15th March, 1876.

Metis Mission Station

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN

SIR,—In the minutes of the Presbytery of Quebec, in the PRESBYTERIAN of Jan. 28th, there is the following reference to myself:

"Extracts were also read from a very lengthened letter from Rev. T. Fenwick, labouring as ordained missionary at Metis, giving an account of that distant but interesting field which appeared to be far from prosperous. Representations were also given by Mr. J. Thompson, elder, and Mr. James Hossack, from all, which it was made very apparent, that a change was very desirable for both Mr. Fenwick and the people, and the Clerk was accordingly instructed to notify Mr. Fenwick that such should take place not later than June next."

The natural meaning of the above is that there is a bad state of feeling between my people and myself, and that, not only would it be good for me to be removed, but, also, that it would be good for them if they were rid of me. Consequently, as long as I am here I am doing the place harm. I have consulted two brethren belonging to another Presbytery, for whose judgment I have great respect, and they fully agree with the view which I take of the language quoted. It is, therefore, fitted to do me harm. Now, I hold with the Shorter Catechism that one of the duties required in the ninth Commandment is to maintain our own good name, while I as firmly believe that "another should praise one and not himself; a stranger and not his own lips." I would, therefore, respectfully ask of you a place in the PRESBYTERIAN, merely to say a few words in self-defence. Had the language of which I complain not appeared in it, I would not have applied to you. I may here state that the notification which I received from the Clerk is in a somewhat different form from what is in the PRESBYTERIAN.

It is quite true that this place is not in a state as prosperous as it is desirable. This, however, as the Clerk himself says, is not in the least my fault. Almost immediately after I came there, some of the very near relatives of my predecessor broke up my little congregation in order—as I can prove—to provide a home for him.

They joined the congregational body. When, through ill health, he became unable to preach, every one who left us turned over to a third Evangelical body. Now, in Metis, two Protestant denominations occupy a field which is small enough for one. I was lately somewhat confused when a priest who was paying me a friendly visit, asked me in the course of conversation if there is much difference between the two churches. If I had said "Yes," he would, no doubt, have said to himself, "What about the boasted unity of Protestants?" I said that there is no difference in essentials. No doubt he said to himself, "Where, then, is there any need of two in a small place like this?" I may state that the other congregation has a much smaller number of communicants than we have. We are not lax, either in order to draw in, or keep in. It is true that some, both of the members and of the adherents do not do their duty. But there are few congregations of which this cannot be said, judging, however, from a passage in the Clerk's letter to me, the Presbytery refers rather to the disruption here.

My people and I are on most friendly terms. I know that I am not "a man to all the country dear." No minister who does his duty is. "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." We have been obliged to exercise discipline on some. These bear no good-will towards me. With these exceptions, however, matters are as I have stated.

Whether it would be a benefit to my people if I were to leave them, is, of course, a delicate question for me to answer. Different Christian friends who have spent some time here—some of them ministers, and these not all Presbyterians, have said that it would not, though I would be a gainer. I may say that I have been here nearly fifteen years, on, I suppose, the lowest stipend in our church. During that time I have labored

and given of my means for the physical and intellectual, as well as for the spiritual good of my people. From a sense of duty I have remained here, though I have, more than once, been invited to go where there was a prospect of more dollars beside other advantages. The clerk in his letter to me speaks of me in complimentary terms—speaking from report. But, I have to do at present, only with his language in the PRESBYTERIAN, which, as it stands, will be interpreted by the public, only as I have already said.

The Messrs. Thomson and Hossack, spoken of in the minutes, both live in Quebec. Their personal knowledge of the state of our church here is very limited. What they said of the Presbytery must have been founded chiefly on second-hand, it may be, also, third hand information. If they said anything unfavourable regarding me, I, of course, could not defend myself, as I was absent. But, gentlemen I very much respect.

The Presbytery has a very imperfect knowledge of my peculiar position. Only one minister of it has ever been here, and that was before I came. I am acquainted with only six of them, with two of whom I have conversed only once. I know none of the elders but those already mentioned. About half of the Presbytery had nothing to do with Metis till the union last June.

Though I am usually termed an ordained missionary, I am "to all intents and purposes," the pastor of Metis, as I shall prove to the Presbytery at its next meeting. My people should, therefore, have been consulted before a change was decided on.

The foregoing I have written in the most friendly spirit towards every member of the Presbytery. Thanking you for your kindness to me on this occasion, I remain, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

T. FENWICK.

The Manse, Metis, Que., March 8, 1876.

(For the Presbyterian.)

Who will Go?

How deeply we treasure the last words, and how earnestly we fulfil the last request of a dear departed friend. How much more then should the Church be anxious to fulfil the last command—not of the dying—but of the risen and glorified Saviour: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," was his last injunction, given just before the clouds received Him out of the sight of his wondering followers. The cry "come on, or help us," is now coming to us from all parts of the earth, and the awakened Church looks around and enquires, "Who will go?" and then with one consent they begin to make excuse. One says "I am afraid of my health." Jesus answers your objection and says "I will strengthen thee." "According to thy day thy strength shall be." "To them that have no might he increaseth strength."

Another says, "I could not acquire a new language." Now is that really a fact? How many have you studied successfully already? Does not your past success prove you have ability? Then fling aside your excuse and say like the Apostle, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." But says another, "I am of slow speech; I am not eloquent." God's answer to you is the same as he gave to Moses who made the same excuse when God was about to do great and marvellous things through his instrumentality, "Who hath made thy mouth? I will be with thy mouth." A fourth says "I dare not go alone, though my heart is in the work." God does not ask you to go alone, but promises to go with you himself. "I will be with thee, even to the end of the world." "I will never leave thee, never forsake thee." "I will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not."

O, young man, trust your Father's promises, and cast aside all vain excuses, and let nothing deprive you of the glory of unfolding the banner of the cross; of breaking the chains which bind the souls of millions of your fellow-beings in a worse than Egyptian bondage. You need have no fear that your mission will be fruitless, for the heathen are the prominent inheritance of Christ. "All nations shall serve him."

O, may your hearts burn with love to Him, and you be enabled to come out boldly and say, "Here am I, send me." Come then and press to the front of the battle, and be a hero in the army of the Lord. Will you go?

Philosophical and Literary Society Presbyterian College Montreal.

The annual meeting of this society was held on Friday evening, the 10th inst., the president, M. J. Allen, B.A., in the chair. The report of the Rec. Secretary was presented and adopted, and an appropriate address delivered by the president on the work of the present session, after which the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

W. D. Russell, President; G. F. Walker, First Vice Pres.; M. H. Scott, Second Vice Pres.; M. F. Boudreau, Rec. Secretary; C. McKillop, B.A., Cor. Secretary; G. E. Amaron, Treasurer; C. McLean, J. Bennett, J. Anderson, J. Baillie, R. McKibbin, Committee.

C. McKillop, Cor. Sec. P.L.S. Montreal, March 17th, 1876.

The Mohawk Valley was flooded a few days ago, bridges were carried away, and villages inundated.

Prince Edward Island built last year eighty-three vessels, including two steamers—the aggregate tonnage being 19,888.