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## Contributors and Correspondents.

### DIARY IN THE EAST.

NABLONA (ASCENT—SUD-CHER)—SAMARIA—  
ETC.

At the end of the pretty plain is the resting place where most travellers stop to rest. There, at the bottom of a steep cliff, a little dripping fountain supplies water for the refreshment of man and beast, and spreads a carpet of verdure over a level plot at the foot of the rocks. The name of the place is Aiu Haramiyah, "Robbers' fountain," is said to be well deserved. It is a lonely spot, and many a deed of violence has been committed in the neighborhood. And yet what a sweet spot it is. The rocks were clothed with maiden-hair ferns, and bright flowers peeped out in rich clusters. The fields near were dotted with anemones of every variety of color, and the banks hanging with the large white flowers of a sweet-scented climber. But pleasant as it was, I could not linger long, but must hasten onwards. Passing out of the glen we soon came to more open valleys. We had passed the boundary of Benjamin, had left the hill country of Judea behind, and were in the portion of Ephraim where the hills are lower and divided by wider valleys than any in Judea. Passing from one of these which run north and south into another at almost right angles with it, we passed close to the village of Sinjil, a most quaint looking place on the slope of the hill above the road. Before us was a long ridge running east and west, bounding the valley in which we were. Across the western extremity of this ridge, the road to Nablon passes by a track worn often some feet deep in the soft rock. It is here that travellers who desire to visit the site of Shiloh turn aside and cross the ridge a good deal further to eastward. There is no proper track to mark the way, which is easy to miss, and not altogether safe to take without a considerable party, so I could not attempt it. The ruins are considerable, but almost level with the ground, so that but for the name Seilun still clinging to the place, and the distinct topographical marks given it in Scripture, it would have been impossible to know that this now desolate hillside was once the spot chosen for the gathering place of Israel, when they came up to worship before the tabernacle of the Lord in Shiloh. Is it indeed "desolate, without an inhabitant." Crossing the ridge of which I have spoken, and going down a deep descent on the other side, I came to my second resting place at the ruined Khan, of Subban. It lies in a rich valley; a plentiful supply of good water flowing from a spring close to the Khan, makes it a good bathing place. The village of Jubban lies on the hillside, about a quarter of an hour from the Khan. The women of the village were coming and going, washing their clothes at the fountain, and carrying water home for their households.

I had been rather anxious about the state of this valley, it being the softest, deepest swamp between Jerusalem and Nablon, so it was very satisfactory to find that I should have no hindrance here. Not that the road was pleasant. The feet of horses and camels had sunk deep holes in the soft mire which the hot sun had now dried hard. It made me think of what a field worked by a deep steam plough would be, were it afterwards left to bake under a scorching sun, but I was thankful that I found it in its baked, not in its pulpy state. Winding up and down open valleys, with a few trees here and there, and an occasional village perched on a commanding situation, we came to the last hill which I had to surmount on my way to Nablon. At the top of it a most delightful surprise awaited me. I had forgotten that from there I could get my first view of Mount Hermon. When, on looking north over the wide plain of Moreh, now called Et-Mukhma, to the hills that bound it some seven miles off, I saw towering over these hills a pure white cone. I at first thought it must be a cloud. But gradually I became convinced that it was a solid reality, that it was the peak of Hermon, still retaining its wistly clothing of spotless snow, so pure, so white that it then reminded me of the dome of Mount Blanc, as seen from some directions. To the left of the valley on which I was looking down, was another hill equally interesting from association, though far less lofty than Hermon. This was Gerizim, and beyond it, jutting out into the plain, the last beyond it, Ebal were visible. They seemed so near that I thought I was close to Nablon, which lay between them, was hidden by Mount Gerizim. But I soon found out my mistake when I descended to the plain. A track kept along the edge of the plain by the eastern skirts of Gerizim, passing several populous villages, whose inhabitants were busy in their fields. One of these villages was one of the prettiest spots I ever saw.

Nestled into a nook high up towards the summit of Gerizim, and surrounded by almond trees now in full blossom, it looked a delightful retreat; but if its inhabitants were like the women I saw beside the road just underneath the village, it would not be a pleasant place to live in. As I rode quietly past them they scowled on me with true Moslem hatred of a Christian, and one woman, with the slightest provocation, took up a stone and flung it at me. I did not touch me, and barely struck my horse without wincing. Mustapha was very angry, and broke forth in a torrent of language which I have no doubt was far from complimentary. I was very glad to get past without any further molestation. The plain seemed to lengthen out, as plains will do when one has to measure their length with a rather wearied horse under one. At last the path slanted upwards, round a shoulder of Gerizim, and suddenly I came in view of the narrow valley running east and west between Ebal and Gerizim, in which Nablon lies. All my fatigue was forgotten in the sight. It would be counted a beautiful spot in any country, and had it no associations. In Palestine, now so denuded of trees, the rich foliage and abundance of blossoming fruit trees, along with the memories that hang round the place, made the prospect simply entrancing. At the very entrance of the valley I passed a spot of spots, but without knowing it. Jacob's Well is there, but I saw it another day.

From it to Nablon there is about half an hour's ride. First, on approaching the town, we passed a large barracks of Turkish soldiers, then rode by a little stream, and through a grove of olive trees to the walled and thickly built city. The position of Gerizim and Ebal, each one side, at once struck me, as so completely answering to the history of the giving of the blessings and cursings, before the assembled thousands of Israel. There are two recesses in the sides of the two hills, exactly opposite one another, which widen out the valley, and seem to mark the very spot where the vast multitude might be gathered. The hills are terraced and cultivated, and as I passed along a boy shouting down from one of the terraces to another in the valley far below him, gave me an idea of how the sound of a voice could be heard from side to side of the valley.

When we reached one of the gates of the town, I found that my guide did not know the house of Mr. F., where I was going. He made inquiries, and a man, acting as a guide, led me to a place which, from some word that was dropped, I found was the abode of the Latin priest. But soon another came forward, and taking charge of us led us along through the narrow, dirty lanes, some of them like tunnels, from houses built over them, to the right place. There dismounting, and passing up a dirty-entry, and up some steep steps, I came out into a tiny court, on which the four rooms of Mr. F.'s house all opened separately. There a warm welcome from his kind wife awaited me. They were greatly distressed that no one had been out on the road to meet me, as is the hospitable fashion among Europeans in Palestine. I had been expected the day before, and had I then arrived would have found an escort awaiting me at least an hour's ride from Nablon. It was well that I had not attempted visiting them earlier in the season. The rain had soaked through their flat roofs in such a way that only one of their rooms had been barely habitable, and in it the missionary, his wife, and child had been obliged to sleep, cook, eat, and study, besides receiving the numerous visitors who, at any time, walk in, and leaving their shoes at the door, sit down and make themselves quite at home.

I was much struck with Mr. F.'s patience with these visitors. He would not repulse them, because by thus living familiarly among them, interested in all their cares, concerned about all their concerns, he found many an opportunity for influencing them aright. He is, indeed, a true pastor, and father of his flock, who, in their ignorance, need "line upon line, and precept upon precept."

It was Saturday evening when I arrived in Nablon. The next morning before 8 a.m., I accompanied Mr. F. to the school-room, which is at present used as a church. The room was pretty well filled with a congregation, most of whom were men. The service being partly from the English prayer-book, translated into Arabic, I could join (in heart) in prayer with them. The sermon was attentively listened to; of course I could get no good of it, as it was in Arabic. A Baptist missionary in Nablon who, though a native, speaks English, occasionally has an English service when there are many travellers in Nablon, but there were none on this Sunday.

Nablon is a very trying field to a Christian missionary. The Mahomedans are so bigoted. Mrs. F. said she went as little as possible out of the house, she found the remarks made as she passed along the streets so very painful. As we went to church she asked me to put my veil down, as she always wears hers, in order to provoke as little as possible of abusive comment on European women and their mode of dress.

From the terrace of the mission house there is a fine view over the city with its flat roofs and minarets closely packed together, and nearly filling the level space between the steep sides of Ebal and Gerizim. My plan had been to stay about five days at Nablon, thus having time to see Samaria, Gerizim, Jacob's Well, etc., in a leisurely manner. But alas! Monday, March 18th, and most of the days of the week, there were such torrents of rain that it was quite impossible to carry out my plans, and I found myself a complete prisoner in Nablon, unable either to return

to Jerusalem, or to communicate with my friends there. The roads again became impassable for some days; there was no post, so that during my twelve days absence from my friends, they never heard one word from me. I got a very brief note which Mr. G. had a stray traveller to convey to me. It was a strange way of getting a little experience of the state of the country, being thus cut off from all intercourse with friends at only some forty miles distance, by a few days of rain. But that was my only discomfort. The walls of my room got soaked with wet; the window frames being only stuck on against the wall, not inserted into it, let cold and rain in abundantly, so that my time was passed between mopping up the water, and sitting squatted on my bed trying to keep my feet warm under my riding skirt. My hosts made a vain endeavor to get a stove to put into my room; such a thing was not to be had in all Nablon. All they could do was to supply me with an open pan of burning charcoal, or wood embers. There was too much smoke coming in by door and windows for any danger of suffocation, but the fumes made my head ache. How the poor people of Nablon suffered during the weather, I could in some degree imagine, for hardly a house has even glass in their windows, and their miserable thin clothing, alas! but ill-adapted to keep out the unusual cold, and fuel was very dear. Many a poor creature came begging to the mission house, and none were sent away without, at least, a cake or bread, though the F's themselves have a very small income indeed, and live in the simplest manner.

On Monday Mr. F. took me as far as the house of the Samaritan High Priest, who is quite a friend of his. There I was taken into a large room in which three or four generations of the family were squatting on mats and cushions on the floor. All was beautifully clean. I felt quite ashamed to go in with my muddy boots from the filthy streets. The old mother, who looked quite in her dotage, was rouching over a chafing dish of hotcha-coal; they all seemed very attentive to her. The High Priest himself was not at home, only his sons. After sitting a little, and answering some questions put to me through Mr. F.'s interpretation, they took me across a court planted with orange trees, to the synagogue. As I could not be admitted across the threshold with my boots on, they brought out the famous old Pontouch to the door for my inspection. The Samaritans declare that this roll of the law was written 8,500 years ago, by Abishua, the son of Pinchas. This is nonsense; but it is certainly very ancient, some think even older than any Hebrew MSS. now extant. It is a most interesting relic, with its queer old character, and its patched parchment rolled on two silver rods, with highly ornamented tops. Its silver cylindrical case is elaborately ornamented in the Venetian style, and is supposed to be of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The Samaritans venerate this MSS. in the highest degree. It is wrapped in rich silk coverings, carefully kept in a sanctuary. It was much interested by the appearance of the Samaritan family. The men, and even the women, look so much more intelligent than the ordinary natives. The High Priest himself is, from all accounts, a most superior man. One of his daughters is also so well educated, that she was considered capable of teaching a girl's school, which some Quaker travellers wished to establish among the Samaritans. Unfortunately the whole plan came to nothing. Those who were to supply the funds, knowing the high character of the chief priest, entrusted the money for paying a mistress to him, when it at once became a subject of dispute among members of his family, less worthy than himself, who wished to take the lion's share of the profit, and leave almost nothing to the actual teacher. Thus the whole plan came to nothing. The body of Samaritans is small, only between one and two hundred, and, instead of multiplying, they see a to decrease in numbers.

(To be Continued.)

The Guildford Case—Public and Personal Excommunication.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—A few days after the restoration of the couple referred to in my last, a long article on the subject appeared in the columns of the local paper *La Voix des Goffs*. I had the honour of receiving a copy from the office of publication. The article was evidently from the pen of a member of the priesthood, no doubt the Vicar General himself, who was the real editor. After giving a very minute account of the excommunication and restoration, the writer took me up. He represented me as one who helped that wretched couple to commit a most abominable action by contracting an incestuous marriage, and grossly outraged the honest feelings of a religious people. He expressed the hope that I would be punished for what I had done, that all might see that the law in favour of Rome Catholics is not a dead letter. In terms equally complimentary, he referred to me in one or two following statements of facts, though I did not expect it to appear. It did, however, appear accompanied with a few remarks of a rather childish nature, among other things, the editor said that the couple declared before witnesses that I would not marry them till they promised to become Protestants for three months—a thing which I had too much respect for my office, and for Protestantism, to think for a moment of doing. He was not enough of a gentleman to give me credit for hav-

ing acted in the best of faith. I sent him a second letter, in which I reviewed a few of his arguments. This, also, was inserted with comments, even more childish than the former ones. I sent a third, in which, besides replying to other arguments, I told him about the priest having recommended the couple to come to me. It was not inserted. The editor, a hertie than he at first supposed, said no more on the subject.

A few weeks after, the couple having managed to get twenty dollars, obtained a dispensation from the Bishop, who had now returned from Rome, after helping to make the Pope infallible. They then went to the North Shore, among the Indians, where they were again married. Of course, it was a successor of the apostles who tied the knot this time. The priest disliked to do so, but he durst not disregard a dispensation from a bishop. Now they are basking in the smiles of their church. Twenty dollars have changed an incestuous marriage into a most proper one—an act worthy of a most bitter curse into one worthy of a rich blessing. Well may Rome say "money is great," as the Mahometan says of Allah.

I have no doubt that there was an understanding beforehand between the priests and the couple regarding the programme of proceedings from the excommunication to the restoration. I look on the whole affair as a piece of acting, designed to secure the faithful into submission to priestly rule. This opportunity of teaching them such a lesson, was too good to let slip.

M. Doure says that the excommunication of which I am speaking, was according to the rules of ecclesiastical law I differ from him. He says himself, that according to that law, excommunication to be valid, must not only be public and personal, but, also, be pronounced after denunciations. Now, I fully believe that when that couple came to me, they did so in accordance with the recommendation of their spiritual guide, and I, therefore, without denunciations.

Gubord was not excommunicated by name, as Louis Ottot and Caroline Lavior were. Consequently, his excommunication was not valid. Of course, for the same reason, the excommunication of all who should knowingly harbour, or openly acknowledge them, was also invalid.

In reply to a letter from me, Bishop Langevin endeavours to defend his granting that couple a dispensation. He says that no power can set aside divine laws; but those which she has made, the church can, for good and sufficient reasons set aside. Of course, dollars and cents, are with her good and sufficient reasons.

The Bishops evidently wish me to believe that the prohibition of marriage between a man and his deceased wife's sister's daughter is only one of the second kind of laws. But, according to Rome, it is one of the first, for she teaches that such a marriage is forbidden by implication in the Book of Leviticus. There are a few syllogisms relating to the subject founded. It will be remembered, on Rome's own teachings.

(1) A divine prohibition is a divine law. Marriage between uncle and niece by affinity is divinely prohibited. Therefore such prohibition is a divine law.

(2) To set aside a divine prohibition, is to set aside a divine law. Bishop Langevin, by the dispensation referred to, set aside a divine law. Therefore, he set aside a divine law.

(3) No power has a right to set aside a divine law. Bishop Langevin, by said dispensation, set aside a divine law. Therefore, he did what he had no right to do.

(4) To set aside a divine law is great impiety. Bishop Langevin, as above stated, did so. Therefore he was guilty of great impiety.

Bishop Bourget desires all under his charge to pray to the Father of all Mercies that these events may turn to the advantage of religion. The Guildford case will do so, but in a sense very different from that in which the Bishop uses the words. This I as firmly believe as I do that the Bible is the word of God. Christ is Head over all things to the Church. The case referred to will open the eyes of many intelligent Romanists, and many nominal Protestants, and confirm many zealous Protestants.

The Bishop says that the riot at the Roman Catholic Cemetery was "little more than a mere popular protest in favour of the reverence due to the dead who have slept in the Lord, and subject to the sacred laws of His Church." M. Desjardins is certainly very charitable, when he looks on all buried in the consecrated part of the Cemetery, as having fallen asleep in Christ, and on a band of drunken, swearing, and cursing, orchard-robbing, Sabbath-breaking scoundrels as defenders of the faith. Yet, while he would readily allow the remains of any of the latter to be laid in "holy ground," he will not do so to those of an excellent moral character, and in all respects a "good Catholic" except in daring to think for himself on a certain matter. For the last reason, they must be treated as those of a suicide or hanged criminal.

I remain, Yours truly,  
T. FARWICK.

### The Resurrection.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

The translators have given this title to another Old Testament passage, Job xix. 25, 26, of which they say, "he believeth the resurrection," and in accordance with this supposed belief it has been incorporated in the burial service, and is repeated at almost every funeral. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." In this passage the following words "that" "day" "though" "worms" "body" are mentioned to show they were added by the translators to complete the sense as they understood it. And in the margin it is stated the words "in my flesh" should be "out of" or "without" my flesh. Thus corrected it would read, "For I know my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and after my skin destroy this—yet without my flesh shall I see God"—and would seem to point not to a resurrection of the body but of the spirit. It is an expression of strong faith in God, repeating in other words what he had said before, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." His former friends and neighbours had turned against him in his adversity. His comforters, or rather his accusers, looked on him as a sinner, and tried to bring him to repentance, promising if he would only humble himself and confess his sins, on account of which God had afflicted him, the afflictions would be removed and all would still be well with him. But he spurned their counsel, vehemently protested his innocence, and maintained his righteousness. "Till I die I will not remove my integrity from me. My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go. My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." Bidden had just set before him the fate to which he thought he was drifting. "Destruction shall be ready at his side. It shall devour the strength of his skin. His remembrance shall perish from the earth. He shall be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world." But Job could say as Paul did long after, "None of these things move me." They could not shake his confidence in God, and his own consciousness of right doing. And now he exclaims: "Mark my words, and oh that they were written! Oh that they were printed in a book; that they were given for an iron pen and lead in the rack for ever. I know that God will clear me—that he will vindicate my character and my life of mine adversaries; if not in my own age, I am dead and gone. Destruction may devour the strength of my skin and bring me to the king of terrors. Yet without my flesh shall I see God. He will plead my cause and vindicate my name and memory over the ashes that cover me." That this is the probable meaning of the passage, and that it has no reference to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, appears moreover from several other passages in the book which seem to teach the opposite doctrine. Job vii. 9. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Acts xiv. 14, the question distinctly comes up, "If a man die shall he live again?" The answer to which is found in verses 10, 11, 12, 20. "But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down and shall not rise: the heavens be no more, they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep. Thou provokest for ever against him and he passeth: thou changest his countenance and sendest him away." And it is worthy of notice that when Job appeals to God, and he answers him out of the whirlwind, no allusion is made to the doctrine of future retribution as necessary to correct the anomalies of the present life, and Job is declared to have spoken the thing that is right.

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WE are receiving communications with request to publish "the whole just as it is." Now there are very few articles that we can use in that way. This paper is not as big as all out doors, and the editor must pick and choose according to his judgment. It often happens that part of an article is timely and "in our line," while the rest is either useless or less valuable than something else. We have had about twenty years practice in cutting "the best passages" out of college orations, and we expect that the very finest points in our correspondents' letters will perish under our remorseless pencil. We mean to be fair and just in the use of material, but please keep anything you have that is too precious to be submitted to our judgment for such use as we may think best.—*Methodist*.

ONE of the best things a young man can be indulged in is a taste. It will save him from the *ennui* which might drive him to gambling or undesirable company. Few boys with a real love for some science or art ever come to unchance harm. The intelligence developed in a child who collects specimens of stones or birds' nests, learns to cultivate a garden, or to carve a piece of wood, will help him a better man of business, or help him in a profession, as the case may be. A few hyacinth bulbs to nurse, a few cases of water, some flowers to arrange, will give a feeling of home, even to a dingy London lodging; but the love of flowers, like many other things, must be learnt in childhood. Tastes are not, as a rule, exorbitantly expensive; they are certainly very much cheaper than vices. A very moderate percentage of an income judiciously laid out, will soon secure an excellent library. It is surprising how small a sum will suffice for the purchase of every standard work worth having. The most famous private libraries cost their owners nothing in comparison with the price of a few race horses. Pictures judiciously selected are not an extravagance to those who can afford them. Any collection made with knowledge and love of the subject is almost sure to be worth at least what it cost. The time occupied in collecting it is in many instances rescued from being employed in idleness or frivolity.—*Saturday Review*.