

## Contributors and Correspondents

### DIARY IN THE EAST

NAZARETH TO CARMEL AND BEYROUT.—  
*Continued.*

Of the schools in Beyrout I visited some seven or eight, besides often being at the large Normal Institution, where native girls are boarded and taught, with the object of preparing them for teachers. There is also a school for the blind set a-going by Mr. Mott. I believe it is the first effort of the kind for benefiting those poor creatures, of whom there are very many in the East where ophthalmia is so common.

One little school interested me much—a night school for men and lads.

Mr. Mott was generally there every evening, and one day I asked him to take me to see it. It was dark, and a curious group met my eye as I went into a little court open to the sky. A blind man was sitting in the centre, a large number of men and lads gathered around him were listening attentively as he read a chapter from the Bible in Arabic. It is yet something quite novel and strange in Beyrout that a blind man should be able to read the raised letters, and called forth many remarks as to the wonder of having "eyes in the points of his fingers."

The man himself was interesting, being a picture of the Damascus massacre, when he lost everything. Distress brought on bad health and blindness, and in his dark misery the poor man learned to look to the Saviour, and had the eyes of his soul opened to see the beauty of him who is the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely. He is now employed as a sort of Scripture reader.

After the Bible reading and a prayer in Arabic, the men divided into classes in three small rooms opening off the court. Some could already read Arabic, and were tempted to the school by their desire to learn English. As it is the Bible that is used for this purpose, they are at the same time made acquainted with its saving truths, and we may hope that in some it may be good seed in good soil. Others were learning arithmetic, while others were only beginning the Arabic alphabet. One tall fine-looking man seemed quite pleased to read his A B ab to me under Mr. Mott's supervision, who could correct any mistakes, of which, of course, I was not aware. I was glad to be able to say "taib," "good," at the end, and the great fellow smiled down on me as pleased at my commendation as any English school-boy.

Several of the day schools are attended by large numbers. The pupils in most of them are of the native Christian population. It was the terrible distress among them after the massacre that was the originating cause of the whole work begun by Mrs. Bowes-Thompson. But the Mohammedans are not forgotten. I visited one school where some seventy Moslem children were being taught. Mr. W. could not be admitted there, some of the girls were almost, or quite, of a marriageable age, and must not be seen by any man.

Another school entirely for Moslem children has also been begun in Beyrout by a Scotch lady, a Miss Taylor, and seems likely both to prosper and do good work, especially among the poor. She has several children too living with her entirely. The American Board of Missions has very large educational establishments at Beyrout, including a college of medicine, which supplies medical attendance to the Deaconesses' Hospital. The same Board has many boys' schools, and missions dotted about in the Lebanon villages, and much success has attended their efforts. There is a nice little church at Beyrout which seems used by all the Protestant community except the Germans. The Scotch chaplain was nominally the preacher in it, but being absent most of the time I heard in it both American Presbyterian missionaries and English Episcopalian clergyman travellers. The afternoon in this Church is devoted to a united Sabbath school, presided over by the excellent American missionary, Dr. Jessop.

In the Shorter Catechism accompanies the Bible as the lesson book, and not only the children from the American schools, but the girls from the Bowes-Thompson Normal Institution, and Miss Taylor's boarders, attended it. There is also an Arabic service every Sunday. The Germans have a pastor of their own.

BEYROUT—LEBANON—DOG RIVER.

May 9th I accompanied the W.'s, a deaconess and the German pastor, in a ride to one of the Lebanon villages, Shumlan. It is a centre of industries of various kinds, for, besides the schools we went to visit, there is a silk-factory which employs a good many people. It is only three hours ride to Shumlan, and we started about 8 a.m.

After crossing the dry bed of a torrent, and beginning the real ascent of the Lebanon, we had lovely views over Beyrout to the sea, and the fine outline of Lebanon a-wards. We passed some villages that in their neat thriving aspect presented quite a contrast to those I had seen accustomed to in Palestine. In some

there were schools, and even churches, under the superintendance of the American missionaries. As we rose higher the scenery improved. From below on looking toward the mountain range we saw little appearance of cultivation, for there the terrace walls that support the fields and vineyards were what met the eye. But on looking downwards it was very different. We then saw with what care the terraced fields were cultivated.

At Shumlan we were kindly welcomed by Mrs. Watson, whose name is one well-known in Lebanon. She has long lived in Lebanon, spending her own means in educating native girls, of whom she has a good many living in the house with her, besides one whom she has adopted. She has planned and built more than one house, as well as a little chapel close to her present residence, and though well advanced towards seventy, was then planning another school in a distant mountain village, where native boys were to have an industrial education.

We also visited the school taught by two American ladies, where there are twenty-five girls as boarders, besides day scholars. It was Saturday and the house was out of doors and windows for its weekly cleaning, and the girls busy mending, ironing clothes, etc. I enjoyed seeing that they were taught such useful occupations, as well as having a good education for the head, and true Christian training.

In returning to Beyrout we took a different road, passing along the mountain side through several villages to the fine macadamized road over the Lebanon, and descending by it. This road, made by French engineers, goes all the way to Damascus, and is kept in fine order by the French company which owns the diligences which run daily between Damascus and Beyrout.

May 11th I was again in the saddle by about 8 a.m. for an expedition to Dog River. The excursion is a very pleasant one, combining the interest of beautiful scenery with that of wonderful monuments of antiquity, which might be contrasted with modern works of great utility. A European company for bringing a supply of water into Beyrout was engaged in boring a tunnel through very hard rock, so as to bring the water from the Dog River through the promontory which juts out into the sea to the south of the river, and then convey it across the bay to Beyrout. We left Beyrout at its north side, crossing the Beyrout river by a substantial stone bridge. We then had a stretch of delightful beach before us, over which our horses cantered along delightfully, sometimes in and sometimes out of the sea, which was breaking on the shore to our left hand in bright little waves. To our right there was a narrow stretch of well cultivated land bounded by the mountains. As we rode along we saw a peculiar looking building at the other end of the bay which we were rounding. As we came nearer we perceived that it was a large wooden barrack, not unlike a child's Noah's Ark in shape. For it we were bound, for it was the temporary home of the Engineering Staff of the Beyrout Water Works, and to their hospitable care we were recommended by the Motis.

We did not linger long in the barrack, but, mounting again, crossed the promontory through which the tunnel was being made, by a very rough track which brought us into the gorge of the Dog River, some little distance above its mouth. The gorge is very fine. The cliffs rise almost perpendicularly to a great height on each side, richly clothed with vegetation where- ever there is space enough for earth to support it. Much of the foliage was of myrtle, jasmine, and other flowering and sweet scented shrubs, with many beautiful ferns, and occasional groups of a very handsome pine. At the foot of the gorge the Dog River was rushing along a fine rapid stream, battling with the many rocks that had fallen from the cliffs. We rode along up the aqueduct which was in process of construction, and which will bring fine wholesome water from some distance up the gorge. Our hospitable entertainers conducted us along to where at a sharp bend of the stream a little space of land contained a fine group of orange trees. There under one of the largest of the trees, we had a plentiful dinner spread, close by the rushing river. It was a most lovely spot.

After spending some hours sitting under the orange trees, sheltered from the hot sun, and cooled by the current of air from the river, we mounted again for our return to Beyrout. Instead of riding across the mountain promontory by the way we came we rode down to the mouth of the Dog River.

On our way we visited the tunnel through which the aqueduct is to be carried. The chief man at this work was one who had been employed on the Great Mont Cenis Tunnel. A very different work from this present one. In Lebanon they have no wonderful machinery such as was used in the Alps; only human hands, wielding iron instruments, which are quickly blunted against the very hard rock. The tunnel too is so small that but a few men can work at a time. Yet the work is going on satisfactorily. From the tunnel we rode along by the side of the river, under cliffs festooned with luxuriant vegetation to its mouth.

(To be continued.)

A FRESHET in the Mohawk Valley, Feb. 10th, flooded the Central Railway track with three feet of water, and with piles of ice in some places twenty feet high.

THREE of the murderers of Mr. Birch at Perak, Malacca, have been captured. One of them has confessed the names of the nine men who perpetrated the murder.

## NOTES FROM FORMOSA.

We gladly make room for the following letter from our friend, Dr. Fraser, recently received by the Knox College Missionary Society,

To the Members of the Knox College Students' Missionary Society.

My DEAR BRETHREN,—Brethren in the Lord and in His work. The shortening days and cold blustering winds of chill and drear November, remind me that the year draws near its close, and that if my annual letter to you is to be in good time, it must be despatched without delay, so that I have deliberately set apart this afternoon to write it, and still don't feel that I'm defrauding the mission, because you must know about the work if you are to be interested in it, and there is no way in which you can know unless we who are here sit down and tell you.

The exceedingly interesting letter of your Secretary, written on June 25, reached me in due time, and was like a feast to a hungry man. If your last year's secretary is present when this is read, I hope he'll not listen while I say, I hope the society may never have one less efficient. The letter itself, full of news, and breathing a spirit of love and brotherly interest, was supplemented by your annual report, from which I see that the society is still succeeding in scattering the good seed in the desolate fields of my own home-land; and what is better news still, is now and then gathering a precious sheaf into thy garner. The Lord bless you in all your undertakings and labours! The Lord use you to build up His own kingdom in your native land! It is well to remember that the soul of a Canadian is as precious in God's sight as that of a Chinaman, but it is just as important not to forget that Jesus died for the Formosans as well as the Canadians. So that while we, on this side of the world, are much interested in the operations of your society, we naturally expect our interest to be reciprocated. When I wrote you last year I had not yet reached Formosa, so that I could not tell you anything about our work. In this letter, however, you will be looking for some definite information. When I came, I found that although my colleague had not yet been three years in the place, that he had made a most decided impression on the people. I'm glad you have a map of Formosa. It will be very much easier on this account to tell you about our work. I enclose a sheet with all the places where we have stations marked on it. You will find it exactly on the same scale as the map you have, so that you can easily amend it by making these additions. The places marked on the sheet I send with a circle surmounted by a cross, are places where chapels have not yet been built; the places marked by a square surmounted by a cross, are places where the people, with a little help, have put up places of worship.

When I came in the end of last January, I found Mr. Mackay with a band of eight young men well instructed in the gospel, and having also a fair knowledge of geography, history, and the elements of astronomy, besides being in possession of much miscellaneous information on a great variety of subjects—some of the fruits of fervent preaching and patient teaching. These young men we call *helpers*. They were last August distributed among the various stations, just as your society sends out its men every spring. Previous to their being so distributed, they had spent several months with Mr. Mackay, sometimes in one place for two or three weeks preaching, then going on to the next station, and so on from month to month, and it is due to these young men that the church in Canada should know of their humility and devotion. It is not too soon for me to speak now, for I am pretty well acquainted with them, and must say I find them clear-headed, warm-hearted, humble-minded young men. They seem to love their work, love each other, love us, but best of all, love the Master with singular fervency. They are a great help. We could not do without them. A single missionary cannot do more than so much personally, but if he is wise he can accomplish wonders by using the native element. My idea of foreign mission work has always been to train and employ native preachers as soon as possible, and in as large numbers as they can be procured, with due regard, of course, to the fitness of the men for the work you wish to set them to. In laying the foundation of a church, one cannot be too careful as to the material he employs.

Now, what about our chapels and people? Beginning at our farthest south station *Sin-kang-sia*—I must confess that I have never been there, as it is three hard day's journey to the south of this, and I have never seemed to see my way clear to be away from my family and more direct work for eight or nine days at once. I know something about the place, however, though I have not yet seen it. The people there are not Chinese, but what are called *Sek wahns*, i.e., "ripe savages," or savages who have submitted to Chinese rule. They have with some help put up a chapel, where a number of them meet for worship every Sabbath, and as often on the mornings and evenings of week days as they are able. The people are in earnest about worshipping, for their first chapel was not very long completed before it fell down, through the dishonesty of the builders. It was at once rebuilt. I am looking forward with much interest to my visit to *Sin-kang-sia*. Across the river from *Tam-sui*, you will see a place marked where we have a chapel. *Pat-li-hun* chapel is very pleasantly situated among the rice fields, and not far from the sea-shore. The people are quiet farmers and fishermen. From 25 to 30 meet regularly for worship, and profess to have utterly abandoned idolatry.

At this place last summer occurred the first death among the members of our little north Formosa Church. The man was about fifty-five, and suffered from an internal abdominal tumor. His end was peace. Strange, but perhaps not strange, the experiences of his dying moments were exactly similar to those of many who die in faith in Christian lands. At *Tamsui* we have no chapel as yet. We have a Chinese house rented, which serves the double purpose of hospital and chapel. Medicines are dispensed and the gospel preached every day, but the influences of an open port, sad to say, are not favourable to our work. The Chinese see much of sailors and marines, and also, too, of merchants, so that mission work in *Tamsui* is a very uphill business. Few believe, and many mock. Britons abroad don't always behave themselves as become the citizens of a great and Christian nation. If they did, they might do a great deal of good mission work.

Across the river, and about six or seven miles to the south, you see *Go-kho-ki*, where we have a fine substantial comfortable chapel, with additional rooms for the accommodation of the helper and his wife, and of Mr. Mackay or myself when there for a day or a week. Such accommodation is a sort of necessity, for the best that an ordinary Chinese house affords is simply horrible. The people here are small farmers, and not very well off, but according to their means they have given, and really the chapel, neatly plastered and well tiled, is quite creditable. The average Sabbath attendances is I suppose between thirty and forty. Just across the road from the chapel lives an old man whom I look upon as a sort of a wonder. The Gospel has not only prevailed with him to give up his idols, but he has abandoned his opium smoking as well. I don't know which of the two things is harder for an old Chinaman to do.

To the eastward of *Go-kho-ki* about three miles, and not far from the side of the river, is a large village called *Chin-nih*. It is surrounded by a large and most fertile plain. For miles the eye feasts on fields of waving rice and sugar-cane. Peep in between the bamboos surrounding the homes, and you see groves of orange trees and rows of plantains. An orange orchard in full bloom, or in the fall with its apples of gold, is as pretty a sight as I have seen. But you will be more interested in the people and our work among them than in their surroundings. At this place the people meet for worship in a rented house fitted up as a chapel. Before the Gospel was preached there the people were noted as very quarrelsome and unruly. The reputation of the place is rapidly improving. The heathen themselves have remarked the difference. The worshippers are very desirous of securing a good site (which is no easy matter) and building themselves a house in which to worship Him who has delivered them from the bondage of idolatry, and brought them to see, and some of them to enjoy, the liberty of the children of God. May their desires before long be realized!

South east from *Chin-nih* about four or five miles is *Tea-liang-pung*, where the people this year have just finished a very well built and comfortable chapel, with the necessary additional rooms for helper and missionary. One man who heard the Gospel some years ago on the mainland, and who is employed in the tea trade near the place gave \$50, a token for good. Christian liberality is a plant of slow growth even in Christian lands, how much more so here. It is all the more encouraging then to find even one instance in which the selfishness of heathenism has been changed by the lesson of the Gospel. This station we regard as of the greater importance, from the fact that it is within about one half a mile of one of the chief literary centres of the north of the island. Daily, numbers of the literati may be seen, and we are not without hope that the chapel which their proud eyes so much dislike to see may be the means of bringing some of them to the feet of the meek and lowly One, from whom, as yet, almost as one man, they stand afar off and ask with proud scorn, "have any of the literati believed in Him." We have faith that the day is not far off when their proud hearts will be humbled. The Lord grant them His grace! At this place as at all the others many of the common people hear the Gospel gladly.

*Sin-tiam* is about eight miles southeast of *Tea-liang-pung*. There the Gospel has been preached more than a year. The people shortly after my arrival completed their chapel, which was begun in the latter end of the old year, and of the opening of which I sent an account home at the time. All this year the work has been prospering, and consequently the enemy has been roused. In the 7th month the worshippers refused to subscribe for an idolatrous feast. The idolators were very angry; since then the Church has been much threatened and reviled. Last week some of the people were beaten and their things stolen. I went to the place and was threatened with violence, but no one molested me. "The Lord is a sun and shield." Pray for the people of this place that their faith fail not. Though I thus request you I hope that long before this reaches you the Lord will send peace. Thanks be to Him I have not heard of any one yet willing to obtain peace by denying their Lord.

At *Sa-teng-po*, eight miles to the north, we have another chapel in the midst of a farming community, at a considerable distance from any village. I spent a day or two there this week, and was delighted to find the interest taken in the Gospel by the people. One old man, whose name by the way is *Heaven*, reminded me very much of some of our good old elders at home. At our morning worship I asked

him to lead in prayer, and was pleased exceedingly with the earnestness and pointedness of his prayer. No beating about the bush, no construction of fine sentences and aiming after effect, but a simple coming to God with thanksgiving and petition. He is a valuable man and we hope the Lord will long spare him. At this place, owing to the influence of the helper's wife, who is very earnest and active, a great many more women come out to worship than at other places. I like to see them, for they have souls as well as the men, and because I know the Gospel will do for them what it has done for the women of other Christian nations, that is, give them their place *side by side* with men. Nothing but the Gospel can or will give woman her proper place.

Our most recently opened Station is at *Kelung*, an open port on the east side of the Island. The people there had for nearly a year been beseeching Mr. Mackay to go and preach the gospel to them, and open a place of worship. When Mr. Mackay saw his way clear to comply with their oft repeated requests, that he once procured a building, and fitted it up as a chapel, without letting us know, so that when Mr. Mackay went, he was surprised and delighted to find everything ready beforehand. That was in the middle of the summer, and since then, though reviled and threatened by the heathen all about them, the little band who first confessed God and threw away their idols stand fast, and some had been added. When we ourselves look at the work, we can only say what wonders hath the Lord wrought?

As for myself, some of you know me, some of you have never seen me, some of you will be interested to hear about myself personally, some perhaps not. I must say I have spent pleasant months since I left you. To travel is fatiguing, to land in a strange far off land is not pleasant, to study the Chinese language is not easy, to endure the heat of our summer is trying, to superintend the operations of Chinese mechanics and laborers is most perplexing work, and to prescribe for their diseases sometimes not less so, but withal I am happy. Just one thing and I would be much more so—to hear that two or three of you were coming out here to help us preach the Gospel to the heathen would complete my joy. Can't you hear the Formosan's cry "Come over and help us?" Who will come?

Excuse my unconscionably long letter. The Lord abide with you to guide and bless! I will look with much interest for your next year's letter and this year's report. Your brother in the Lord and his work.

Tamsui, Nov. 24th, 1875. J. B. FRASER.

### The Banned Institute.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—The Institute Canadian is not a religious institution; but it advocates very strongly religious liberty; and that is the principle, if not the only cause, of its being under the ban of the Catholic Church in Canada. The Bishop of Montreal, in a letter dated from Rome to his administrator, says that the main reason for which the Institute was condemned is that they admit the principle of religious tolerance in their midst.

They have indeed always admitted and defended that principle at all hazards and at any cost, and in spite of all odds and opposition. The past history of the Institute, from its birth, evidently shows that they never allowed themselves to be controlled or dictated by the clergy; that whenever the latter dared to encroach upon their rightly asserted liberty, they were strenuously resisted and shamefully defeated. No wonder, then, that after so many fruitless attempts on the part of the priests to have a foothold and a stronghold in the Institute, they have poured out against it such a torrent of curses, slander, and abuse.

The Institute Canadian, after passing through such a fiery ordeal of trials and persecution, is now calling for help upon all the friends, with the object of wiping off a heavy debt of \$15,000, which paralyzes to a great extent their efforts in promoting the cause of education and liberty of conscience in Canada. They can but hope that those who showed them such lively interest and marked sympathy through all their struggles and difficulties, in their bold stand against clerical assumption and tyranny, will come to their help in time of need, and strengthen their hands for new battles and victories. For the comparative peace which the Institute Canadian is now permitted to enjoy is, I am afraid, only temporary. The common enemy to both civil and religious liberty is, undoubtedly plotting new assaults on them, and it is only prudent to be prepared for any emergency. The great ugly question of ultramontaniam is ominously looming up on our political horizon, and whatever may be its final settlement, the upholders of freedom should make it a point of strategy, if not of duty, to sustain and reinforce "that sturdy little bulwark of civil and religious liberty" in Lower Canada—the Institute Canadian.

Besides money, which is the most needed at present, donations of books, papers, pictures, maps, works of science and art, generally, are thankfully received.

Please address, Institute Canadian Montreal.  
J. R. LAMOUREUX.

At Emerson, Manitoba, a herding law has been passed for that part of the Province, restraining cattle from running at large. There are some other parts of Canada that would find it to their advantage to enact the same law, and enforce it.