

British American Presbyterian, 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

FOR TERMS, ETC., SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

C. H. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Editor and Proprietor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters and articles intended for the next issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than Tuesday morning.

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

Articles not accepted will be returned, if, at the time they are sent, a request is made to that effect, and sufficient postage stamps are enclosed.

OUR GENERAL AGENT.

MR. CHARLES NIOOL, General Agent for the PRESBYTERIAN, is now in Western Ontario pushing the interests of this journal.

British American Presbyterian, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1876.

A PRELIMINARY meeting towards the formation of a Young Men's Christian Association, was held in New Lancaester, in the Temperance Hall, on the evening of the 27th ult. Rev. Donald Ross in the chair.

DESIGNATION SERVICES.

On Tuesday evening of last week, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, Cobourg, in connection with the designation of Rev. James Douglas, late the pastor, to the mission of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in Central India.

After opening religious services, a most entertaining address, on the general subject of missions, and the setting apart of Mr. Douglas to the work, was delivered by the Chairman, the Rev. Dr. Topp.

Following this was an address to the Rev. Mr. Douglas from the Presbytery, read by Rev. Mr. McLennan, of Peterboro', the convener. This address was a most eloquent and impressive one, expressing the confidence of the Presbytery in Mr. Douglas, and their warm sympathy with him in his present important undertaking.

Next came an address to Mr. Douglas, by Rev. Prof. McLaren, the chairman of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church. This address was also a most impressive one, and constituted the commission of the Rev. gentleman,—a copy of the Holy Scriptures being handed to him by Prof. McLaren as his authority to enter upon the work.

Excellent speeches were then delivered by Revs. W. Donald, W. MacWilliam, M. A., and Dr. Nelles, on the general subjects of missions, and on the interesting circumstances which had called them together. All of the speakers expressed their deep sympathy with Rev. Mr. Douglas in his mission.

A feeling address was then delivered by the Rev. Mr. Douglas, relative to the important work which he was undertaking, and expressing his devotion to the work, and his confidence in an over-ruling Providence. The proceedings were brought to a close at a late hour.

The Rev. gentleman is to be stationed at Indore, Central India, where up to this time there has been no ministry of the Gospel. He will leave the country for his distant field of labor about the middle of October. We are certain that the sympathy and prayers of his many friends throughout the Church will go with him as he enters upon his important work.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Compared with science, religion, it is true, is old and venerable. The former is but a stripling when put side by side with the system of truth which is found in the Bible. But science, though young, is stately and vigorous. She has already attained gigantic proportions. She gives promise of reaching higher and higher developments as the years move on.

All right thinking religious men have ever given a hearty welcome to the discoveries of science, whether of Archaeology, Astronomy, or Geology. They know that truth is one, and can never contradict itself. While believing the Bible to be infallible in itself, they have always held themselves at liberty to interpret the Divine Word in accordance with the light of science. Many passages of Scripture they are ready to acknowledge have been wrongly understood, because of the ignorance of men regarding the works of God, or the laws by which they are governed. But when any scientific truth has been clearly made known, while at first sight appearing to conflict with Scripture because of its opposition to prejudice and imperfect knowledge, it is seen afterwards to be but a new setting in which the truth of the Bible is to be beheld and admired. Thus, when the Word of God was read by men who did not know the earth revolved around its own axis, or who were not acquainted with the motions and positions of the heavenly bodies, what a limited view they necessarily entertained regarding the works of God in creation. When, on the other hand, science reveals the earth's form and structure, and the part she performs in the planetary system, it is with a new sense of wonder and adoration we read the words in Genesis, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." And so it is with the other sciences. With chemistry, for example, which takes us by the hand and leads us into the very laboratory of the creation; or with geology, which reveals so much concerning the internal formation of our globe.

While thus there never can be for the very nature of things any real opposition between science and religion, it has not always proved the case that the students of science have been the friends and advocates of religion. The most has been made of geological science by the opponents of the Bible. When it was discovered that the fossil remains of animals which had long since passed away, were found in great abundance in the various strata of the earth, there were not wanting those who seized upon this as a new battery from which to assail the Bible. The answer was at first deemed sufficient by many eloquent advocates of the Scriptures that this confusion of animal debris was caused by the deluge, but when science successfully confuted this position, then a whole host of sceptics and infidels rose to do battle with the Word of God. How many good and intelligent Christians dreaded the deadly onslaught upon truth, is seen from the number of able books which have been published in its defence, and from the various theories which were invented to account for the newly discovered phenomena. The truth is, that Christian scholars were taken aback by the disclosures of the new science. They were not prepared to defend old views and pre-conceived theories in view of facts which they could not deny. And thus at the outset of geological science, the enemies of the Bible enjoyed a vantage ground which they never before occupied, and which they will never hold again. Thoughtful men knew that patient investigation would lead them to see the divine harmony between science and religion. But infidels were clamorous and boastful. They did their utmost against the Word of God. The crowd of unthinking and worldly people were not slow to make every possible use of the discoveries in geology against the religion which they affected to hate and despise. But as the result of it all, we now read this sentence as it were with a new understanding of its meaning, that we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth. In other words, we are forced to the common-sense conclusion that we should welcome every light which nature and science furnish, and wait patiently for the movement when we shall be able intelligently and conscientiously to harmonize Scripture with every new scientific disclosure, and in a word we should never fear but that the blessed book, seen with other eyes and other lights, will be acknowledged more and more to be divine.

The great hope of our age is that amongst theologians we find not only those who admire science, but its ablest students and advocates. There is not at least amongst the English speaking people a single astronomer or geologist, or moral philosopher of note, but will in some sense acknowledge himself to be a believer in the Bible. Professor Huxley is no longer, like so many geologists who have gone before him, the valiant champion of science against religion, although in arguing his favorite doctrine of evolution he seems to place himself in opposition to ordinary in-

terpretations. In his lectures delivered in the States he combats the *Miltonic*, not the *Scriptural* view of creation, and indeed professes himself the friend of revealed religion. But whether Professor Huxley and others along with him be achievers in the Divine Word or not, this is certain that we have amongst the Christian scholars of the age men as distinguished in scientific study and research as they can possibly be, who are quite able to cope in argument with their strongest opponents. What every Christian has to do is to read and study more devoutly than ever that precious book which has been the source of wisdom and strength to so many millions. Let us never fear for the Bible. Above all, let us not neglect it, because of apparent contradictions between it and science. Let us love it better, believing that so long as the world lasts, it will stand on the very pinnacles of all literature, and that in a future age, when scientific discoveries are better understood and grasped, there will be a reverence paid to the Bible such as it has perhaps never received during any bygone age in the history of the church.

Ministers and Churches.

The ladies of Spencerville and Mainville have presented their pastor, Rev. W. J. Day, with a purse for the purchase of a horse.

Rev. H. McQuarrie, Drumbo and Priceton, has been called by the congregation of Wingham, stipend \$800, and a manse.

The Rev. Mr. Herald, of St. Andrew's church Dundas, has resigned his pastoral charge. Regard for his health has made this step necessary.

Rev. Mr. MacDonald, of Elora, has gone to St. John, N.B., on a pleasure trip. During his absence Rev. Mr. Inglis, of Toronto, will occupy his pulpit.

The ladies of St. Andrew's church, Huntingdon (Rev. Mr. Muir's), had a dinner in aid of the manse debt fund, on Friday, the 22nd September, and after paying all expenses, realized the handsome sum of \$348.

We are pleased to learn that the Rev. D. H. Fletcher, pastor of the Macnab street Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, has returned from his European trip. The reverend gentleman looks well, and has evidently benefited by his holiday.

Some person or persons, unknown, broke into the Fullerton Presbyterian church, some night last week, and appropriated the contents of the Sabbath school collection box. The sacrilege was evidently perpetrated by those who were aware that the Sabbath school collections were kept in that box till the end of the year.

The Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., of new St. Andrew's Church, has returned home, and will occupy his own pulpit next Sabbath, morning and evening. The reverend gentleman's many friends will be rejoiced to learn that he resumes his pastoral duties in the very best of health.

Rev. D. B. McRAE, of Parry Sound, has lately been inducted into the pastoral charge of Cranbrook and Ethel, in the Presbytery of Huron; also the Rev. Alex. Y. Hartley of Dunganon, into the pastoral charge of Rogerville and Exeter, in the same Presbytery. Both these ministers have entered on their labours in these very important fields with every prospect of success, and have been heartily welcomed by their congregations.

The Rev. G. M. Milligan, M.A., preached his farewell sermon last Sabbath evening to his people in Detroit. The church was crowded in every part, and the warm and cordial feeling evinced by the congregation must have been very gratifying to Mr. Milligan, who closes a pastorate of over seven years amid the regrets, and carrying with him the hearty good will and affection of his late charge. The rev. gentleman will be inducted as minister of old St. Andrew's, on the 12th inst., and will commence his work here on the 15th inst.

The Rev. Dr. Robb occupied the pulpit of Cooke's Church last Sabbath for the first time since his return from Europe. Large congregations filled the church at both diets of worship. On Monday evening there was a hearty and enthusiastic social gathering of the church members and adherents in the basement to welcome their pastor, when an illuminated address, along with a purse containing over \$400 was presented to Dr. Robb. The whole affair was most enjoyable; but owing to the early hour on Wednesday when we go to press, we are compelled to defer a fuller report of the proceedings until next issue.

Duff's Church, McKillop, under the pastoral care of Rev. Thomas Thomson, was reopened on Sabbath, 24th inst., having been closed for some time while undergoing repairs,—in connection with which Rev. James Pritchard, Bluevale, delivered excellent and suitable discourses to very large and attentive congregations morning and evening. And on the Monday evening following a fruit social was held in the

Church, when impressive and practical addresses were delivered by the Revs. Messrs. Goldsmith, Hartley and Gracey; excellent music was rendered by the Church Choir. A very pleasant and profitable evening being spent, all went home well pleased and rejoicing in the improved appearance of the Church.

The old church at Spencerville has become too small for the growing congregation; and steps are being taken for the erection of a new one. The new building will be of stone, with all modern improvements as to heating, ventilation, S.S. and other rooms; and will likely cost about \$7000, of which \$4233 are already subscribed. An efficient building committee has been appointed with instructions to have the building ready for occupation in January, 1877. Ventnor, a village four miles from Spencerville, is included in the Spencerville congregation. Forty-five communicants, and over one hundred adherents from the Ventnor section of the congregation have petitioned the Presbytery of Brockville to erect them into a preaching station in connection with Spencerville. The petition will doubtless be granted. In the meantime they are taking steps to build a church also. \$1500 are already subscribed and a site secured.

A social meeting of the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Clifton, was held on Wednesday evening, Sept. 27, to welcome their new pastor, the Rev. James Gordon, M.A., who was inducted to this charge some weeks ago, but who was unable to enter then upon his pastoral duties. A large number of the congregation and their friends sat down to a table richly laden with good things, and after these had been thoroughly enjoyed, the people assembled in the body of the church and listened to addresses of welcome to Mr. Gordon by Revs. Mr. McBain, of Drummondville; Mr. Kettlewell, of Clifton; Mr. Bennett, of Niagara Falls. The Misses Ellwood, of Ottawa, formerly of Clifton, added to the pleasure of the evening by furnishing appropriate music and singing. The meeting broke up at a late hour, and all were congratulating each other on having spent a pleasant time. Mr. Gordon enters on his new sphere of labor with gratifying proofs of the people's kindness, and encouraging prospects of success.—Com.

The Rev. Wm. Smart, of Brockville, probably the oldest Presbyterian Minister in Canada, breathed his last at Gananoque a few days ago. The deceased was widely known in Central Canada, having been sent out to this country at the commencement of the present century by the London Missionary Society. The directors of the Society strongly recommended Mr. Smart, who had just completed his theological studies at Gosport. The cause of his settlement at Brockville, was a petition from the first settlers of Yonge, Elizabethtown, and Augusta, who, deploring the want of religious ordinances, applied to have a Missionary or minister to settle over them. Mr. Smart was ordained at the Scotch Church, Swallow-street, London, and arrived in Elizabethtown (now Brockville) in Oct. 1811, and immediately commenced his ministerial labors, extending them to Coleman's Corners, Yonge, and Augusta. In 1812 the people under his care were formed into a regular ministerial charge. In 1846 he resigned the charge of Brockville, but continued to preach for some length of time to the rural part of the congregation, the district being supplied by the Rev. Mr. McMurray, followed by the Rev. S. K. Smith. Mr. Smart performed the marriage ceremony for most of the middle-aged people in the Brockville section, publishing as many as fifteen on some Sabbath days, and being sent for in many instances a distance of forty miles to perform the ceremony.

Book Reviews.

MUMMIES AND MOSLEMS. By Charles Dudley Warner. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

An interesting subject will render a book readable although the treatment should be somewhat indifferent. A well written book may be read with pleasure, although the subject should be possessed of very little intrinsic attractiveness. Egypt, containing so many well preserved monuments of a very ancient phase of civilisation, has always attracted much attention. Charles Dudley Warner, as the author of "My Summer in a Garden," and other works, occupies a high position among American writers. The intelligent individual who commences the perusal of the above mentioned volume is thus led to expect a somewhat unusual treat—a well written book on an interesting subject;—and we venture to say that he will not be disappointed. We will allow the author himself to tell our readers the plan and purpose of the book.

"The old-fashioned travellers had a formal fashion of setting before the reader the reasons that induced them to take the journey they described; and they not unfrequently made poor health an apology for their wanderings, judging that that excuse would be most readily accepted for their eccentric opinions. 'Worn out in body and mind we set sail,' etc.; and the reader was

invited to launch in a sort of funeral bark upon the Mediterranean, and accompany an invalid in search of his last resting place. There was in fact no reason why we should go to Egypt—a remark that the reader will notice is made before he has the chance to make it—and there is no reason why any one indisposed to do so should accompany us. If information is desired, there are whole libraries of excellent books about the land of the Pharaohs, ancient and modern, historical, archaeological, statistical, theoretical, geographical; if amusement is wanted, there are also excellent books, facetious and sentimental. I suppose that volumes enough have been written about Egypt to cover every foot of its arable soil if they were spread out, or to dam the Nile if they were dumped into it, and to cause a drought in either case if they were not all interesting, and the reverse of dry. There is therefore no *onus* upon the traveller in the east to-day to write otherwise than suits his humour; he may describe only what he chooses. With this distinct understanding I should like the reader to go with me through a winter in the Orient. Let us say that we go to escape winter."

As a fair specimen of our author's descriptive powers, take the landing-scene at Alexandria.

"We step on shore at the Custom House. I have heard travellers complain of the delay in getting through it. I feel that I want to go slowly, that I would like to be all day in getting through—that I am hurried along like a person who is dragged hastily through a gallery, past striking pictures of which he gets only glimpses. What a group this is on the shore; important guides, porters, coolies. They seize hold of us, we want to stay and look at them. Did ever any civilized man dress so gaily, so little, or so much in the wrong place? If that fellow would untwist the folds of his gigantic turban, he would have cloth enough to clothe himself perfectly. Look! that's an East Indian, that's a Greek, that's a Turk, that's a Syrian Jew! No, he's Egyptian, the crook nose is not uncommon to Egyptians; that tall round hat is Persian, that one is from Abyssinia—there they go, we haven't half seen them! We leave our passports at the entrance, and are whisked through into the baggage-room, where our guide pays a noble official three francs for the pleasure of his chance acquaintance; some nearly naked coolie porters, who bear long cords, carry off our luggage, and before we know it we are in a carriage, and a rascally guide and interpreter—heaven knows how he fastened himself upon us in the last five minutes—is on the box, and apparently owns us! (It took us half a day and liberal backsheesh to get rid of the evil-eyed fellow). We have gone only a little distance when half a dozen of the naked coolies rush after us, running by the carriage and laying hold of it, demanding backsheesh. It appears that either the boatman has cheated them, or they think he will, or they haven't had enough. Nobody trusts anybody else, and nobody is ever satisfied with what he gets, in Egypt. These blacks, in their dirty white gowns, swinging their porter's ropes and howling like madmen, pursue us a long way and look as if they would tear us in pieces. But nothing comes of it. We drive to the place Mehemet Ali, the European square,—having nothing oriental about it, a square with an equestrian statue of Mehemet Ali, some trees and a fountain—surrounded by hotels, banker's offices and frank shops."

That is pretty lively; but perhaps the following short account of a night scene on the Nile is ahead of it in graphic power:—

"I said we were 'flying' all night. This needs qualification. We went around three times and spent a good part of the night in getting off. It is the most natural thing in navigation. We are conscious of a slight grating, then a gentle lurch, not enough to disturb a dream; followed, however, by a step on deck, and a jabber of voices forward. The sail is loosed; the poles are taken from the rack, and an effort is made to shove off by the use of some muscle and a good deal of churn; when this fails the crew jump overboard, and we hear them splashing along the side. They put their backs to the boat and lift with a grunting 'Euh-he, euh-he,' which changes into a rapid 'hale, hale, hale,' as the boat slides off; and the crew scramble on board to haul tight the sail with an emphatic 'Yah! Mohammed. Yah! Mohammed.'"

A thread of quiet humour runs through the whole book; modestly peeping out here and there; never shewing itself too long.

"The first thing the Nubians want is something to eat—a chronic complaint here in this land of romance. Squatting in circles all over the boat, they dip their hands into the bowls of softened bread, cramming the food down their throats, and swallow all the coffee that can be made for them, with the gusto and appetite of simple men who have a stomach and no conscience."

Only in one or two instances does this humour of Mr. Warner's expose him to the charge of flippancy or coarseness. Speaking of the rapid growth of the town at the western extremity of the Suez Canal, he says, "Port Said was made out of nothing, and it is pretty good." On another occasion, being delayed for a day in his descent of the First Cataract, while Prince Arthur was ascending, he grumbles as follows:—

"Princes have been very much in the way this winter; the fact would seem to be that European princes are getting to run up the Nile in shoals, as plenty as shad in the Connecticut, more being hatched at home than Europe has employment for."

The American writer or speaker is never at a loss for a simile. What could be more apt than the following:—

"Early in the morning, the head sheykh of the cataract comes on board, and the long confab which is preliminary to any undertaking, begins. There are always so many difficulties in the way of a trade or an arrangement as there are quills on a porcupine."

Perhaps we have said enough about our author and his abilities and beauties; and