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Contributors and Correspondents.

DIARY IN THE EAST

NAZARETH TO CARMEL AND BEYROUT.—
Continued.

My little attendant was a native of Palestine, and the only European language he seemed to know anything about was Italian, which he had learned from the monks, so I could not talk to him, being ignorant of that language. From the cave we went down to the foot of the hill where a road comes round the promontory from the south. We then passed through the well tilled fields of the German colony to the hotel where I was to stay till the steamer came in, it being more convenient for starting from than the convent, though it, too is a good walk from the place where boats put off to the steamers. The only other guests in the hotel were people whom I had met before in Jerusalem, and Nazareth, so the table d'hôte meals were quite sociable. On Sunday there was no divine service of any kind except that of the German colonists, so I was glad to attend it, and if there was not much edification in the addresses, at least we had some Bible reading, and some of the fine old gospel hymns of the German fatherland. It was an uncomfortable thing to be all the evening on the watch for the steamer, with the expectation of being obliged to go on board, Sunday though it was. The steamer sometimes stays such a short time off Caïpha, that I had to dispatch my baggage to the custom house, there to lie ready for starting at a moment's notice.

Dr. V. had put me under the care of a native of the name of Soudain, who was at the head of the Caïpha post-office, and speaks English pretty well.

Mr. Soudain came out to the hotel to escort me to the steamer, which was looked for every minute, but at 10 p.m. it had never arrived, so he proposed my going in to his sister's house at Caïpha, and waiting there, as we could not keep the hotel people up all night. So off I went with him. When we got to his sister's, she and her husband and son, were all fast asleep, and such a knocking and calling we had before they could be roused. Then when we did get in, the room where they had been, as usual, sleeping on mats on the floor, was so stifling from the windows being closed, that I felt as if I should be suffocated. There was a sort of terrace on the roof a lower story, and I entreated Mr. Soudain to let me sit there till the steamer arrived, and to beg his sister and her family not to trouble about me, but go quietly to rest again. So a chair was brought out for me, and I thought all was comfortably settled, and Mr. S. went off to his bachelor abode, promising to come for me when the steamer's gun announced its arrival. He was sure to be roused himself, being post-master. But Mr. S. had hardly left me when his sister came back, and talking Arabic volubly, by signs entreated me to come inside. She knew no English, so I had no way of softening my refusal of her kind hospitality, and it ended in my having to go in, hoping it would not be for long. But alas! it was for a whole night, for the steamer never came, and such a night it was; a few such nights of killing with kindness would have finished me altogether. First she took me into the room where she had been sleeping; they sleep in all their clothes; and opened all the windows for my benefit. Then she settled me on the nice broad-cushioned divan, and tried to get me to understand her Arabic. I said "Ma-fesh Arabic," "No Arabic," and she laughed, and answered, "Ma-fesh Inglesse." "No English," and talked away the same as ever.

She brought me a cigarette, which I declined of course, then a hookah. She was evidently dreadfully distressed at my refusing it also. By this time she was coughing from the night air, and with some difficulty I got the windows shut. I could not endure that the kind creature should suffer on my account. Then she brought me sweetmeats, and walnuts, and bonbons, and at last went off and made black coffee. I was thankful to eat and drink anything I could eat and drink, that she might not think my refusal to smoke was from any disdain of her extreme kindness. By way of showing me what her name was, she brought me a rose, pointing to it and herself by turns. I managed to enquire if she had children, and she pointed to a big boy lying asleep on the floor, and made me understand that he was the only one left of six or seven. Then it seemed to dawn on her that he might be a help in the talking line, and after making out that I knew French, she set to awake her son who knew a little of it. Poor fellow, he was certainly a sound sleeper, but after some minutes of persistent pulling, and hugging, and kissing from his mother, he at last sat up, rubbing his sleepy eyes, and opening them wide with astonishment too, at seeing a stranger and European sitting there on the divan at

midnight. After that we talked a little in a slow way, as the boy had to repeat every thing I said in my wretched French over again in Arabic to his mother and father, who had, at my request, been told he need not be any longer banished to the back premises. How very silly my remarks and replies to their questions seemed, when they had all to go through the process of translation. Nothing I could say seemed worth so much trouble. But they did not appear to think so, and made all sorts of enquiries about my route, and gave me a warm invitation to come back from the Lebanon, and stay with them instead of going to the hotel. They seemed comfortable people, the husband in some government office.

By this time, besides being dreadfully tired, I was quite distressed at keeping them all awake, so I proposed lying down myself, that they might do the same. So they brought out some beautiful new quilted coverlets, with which they packed me up on the broad divan till I was nearly stowed alive. But I bore it till I got them to lie down again on the floor. At least the mother and son did; the father again retired to another room. Then I lay the rest of the night engaged in the fatiguing occupation of watching and listening, expecting every moment to hear the steamer's gun, but it never came. Early in the morning the kind Rose was again thinking what she could get me to eat and drink. I had more coffee given me, and I think she even tried to toast some bread for me. She must have heard of that as an English delicacy. It certainly would not be very easy to prepare at the funny little sort of flower-pot full of burning charcoal, which they use for cooking in Palestine. At last I got leave to go for a ramble on the beach, but they begged I would come back and stay with them till the steamer came, instead of going to the hotel. This I could not agree to, for I am sure Rose would have spent her strength on cooking for me, and I could not bear to give her so much trouble when I had no way of repaying her. I took care to make her son explain to her that ladies in England were not in the habit of smoking hookahs. I was very weary after my sleepless night, so, after sitting a long time on the beach, and seeing nothing of the steamer, I went back to the Germans, and got a sleep on my bed in the hotel. It turned out that though there had been no more than small waves on the beach at Caïpha on Sunday, there had been such a storm at Jaffa, that the steamer could not take on board its goods or passengers till Monday morning. In that way it was again dark on Monday evening, before it was seen coming steaming round the point of Carmel. Then, of course, I at once started in to Caïpha. This time I had two English ladies and the hotel-keeper to escort me to the custom house, where Mr. Soudain met me. It was a lovely warm night, with a pleasant air of the sea. The fire-flies were dancing about among the prickly pear hedges, as we walked in to the native town. I was truly grateful to Dr. Vartan for having put me under the post-master's care. He took the whole charge of bargaining with the Arab boatmen, who are not easy to deal with, and himself went on board the steamer with me.

There I was welcomed by my dear friends, the W's. It was very pleasant to be with them again.

On the morning of May 5th I was on deck early, and was just in time to get a glimpse of Sidon, which we were passing, but at too great a distance to distinguish much more than its position at the foot of Lebanon. The range looked very fine. It truly deserves the epithet, that "goodly mountain." It rises very abruptly from the plain on the margin of the sea, which varies in breadth. Deep gorges cut into mountain wall here and there, and villages peeped out in all directions as we neared Beyrouit. That town looks beautiful from the sea, the houses rising tier above tier on the little promontory on which it is built, interspersed with gardens of mulberry trees which looked bright and green. A little while after they were nothing but low stumpy trunks, the branches being stripped off to feed the silk worms, which keep the poor women of Beyrouit busy supplying their voracious appetites from morning to night in the month of May when I was there. The American Mission College is a conspicuous object from the sea, and another smaller airy abode was the nice little hospital of the Kaiserworth deaconesses.

While I was in Beyrouit two Englishmen (besides many natives) were enjoying the quiet abode and gentle care of the kind nursing sisters there. They found it a great boon to have such a place to go to from the hotel, which, though it may be a good enough place for the healthy, is a poor substitute for home to the sick. Again I was so well off as not to need to go to a hotel. The W's were to stay in the hospitable house of Mr. Mentor Mott, and as I had an introduction to his wife, I was also welcomed there, and most kindly treated during some weeks in which I had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the schools founded in Beyrouit and elsewhere, by Mrs. Mott's devoted sister, the late Mrs. Bowes-Tammison.

(To be continued.)

A destructive fire on Grand Street and Broadway, New York, Feb. 8th, resulted in a loss of property worth four and a half millions of dollars. Four fire men were killed.

WARLIKE preparations in Roumania are exciting uneasiness. Prince Charles wishes to renounce allegiance to Turkey.

CARDINAL MANNING has taken the trouble to deny that he supports any scheme for receiving the Ritualists. He has more hope of another section of the English Church.

Edinburgh Letter.

We have received the following letter from a Canadian student, and an occasional correspondent, formerly from New York, now in Edinburgh, Scotland.

A continuous round of duties and pleasures has occupied every moment, leaving no time for correspondence of any kind. Not but objects of general interest and matters of world-wide importance are ever at hand in this literary centre, "Modern Athens," or as the English call it, the "Grey Metropolis of the North."

It might be interesting to some of your readers who have not seen this magnificent city to describe its varied ornaments, but no description compatible with your space and my time could do the semblance of justice to its thousand-and-one attractions, therefore, I will attempt none, but confine my desultory notes to a passing notice of affairs here as they appear to an outsider. However, I cannot refrain from noticing the great number and beauty of the monuments. Edinburgh, like Baltimore, U.S., might be called the "city of monuments."

There are literally dozens of elegantly carved columns erected to the memory of illustrious or other men of the past. Sir Walter Scott's is the most beautiful I have yet seen, though not so large as Wellington's or O'Connell's, Dublin. It is 200 feet high, cost upwards of £16,000, and is adorned with statues of the leading characters in his works.

Strange enough, though there are sculptured pillars to all sorts of men, "great and small"—statesmen, lawyers, poets, etc.—there is not one bearing the imperishable name of Scotland's best and greatest hero. As Dr. J. S. Blackie, one of the few brilliant stars yet above the horizon, in one of these sparkling flashes of trenchant satire, for which his new book of poems is noted, says:

"The squares of broozy Edinburgh, show Statues to perjured princes, men who lived Chief-captains of a swinish court, and died With rotten souls embalmed in Popery. Proud monuments are piled to eternalise Lawyers with supple conscience and glib tongue, And frizzled beards, with never a deeper thought Than their rolled waistcoats—but you'll beat in vain, Those streets to find one stone to memorialise, Dauntless John Knox or faithful Walter M'lyn."

There is an excellent spirit among the Christian laity of the Churches since the Moody meetings. A Daily Union prayer-meeting is continued yet in the Free Assembly Hall at noon. Many important missionary and other meetings are held, at which a vast amount of Christian work from all lands is given by those noble retired veterans, Drs. Duff, Mitchell, etc.

Ecclesiastical affairs.—Another lively idea of those agitators now transpiring. One's own ideas become so different, even about the same persons and questions, after actual contact with the whole surroundings. Dr. Begg is the leading spirit in the discussions in and out of the courts. He is *facile princeps* as a debator, there being no foeman worthy of his steel in the Free Church. Though not always free from error in his theorizing, yet his manly earnest bearing and fearless advocacy of the "old paths" command universal respect. His plan now is something like this:—Since the Presbyterian Churches of all branches, which nominally include eighty per cent. of the people of Scotland have lamentably failed to reach the masses, some change is imperatively demanded, therefore, the Assembly should petition Parliament to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate the whole case of the established Free and United Presbyterian Churches, and suggest a re-organization. This scheme does not necessarily aim at disestablishment so much as a redistribution of the funds of the Kirk among dissenting ministers.

This measure has already been defeated in several Presbyteries, receiving as some think its final quietus. In this Presbytery (Edinburgh) there was a long and spirited debate over it. Principal Raing and Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff were the chief though unequal opponents of the veteran warrior. As a whole the discussions here in the Church courts or newspapers are neither as courteous or dignified as in America. The old "organ question" is being fought over with unabated asperity. In the Kirk, the Ritualists are troubling Israel, and disturbing it not a little.

With respect to college work, I may say that in this one there is scarcely half the amount of study or work to be done which is required in Union Seminary, New York. The course is also shorter. Four sessions of five months each constitute the course here. Three sessions of eight months that of Union. The number of students is about 120.

All speeches and debates are written and rehearsed. It is most ludicrous to hear or see an M.P. haranguing his constituents on the tittest current topics with eye-glass and nose down on his M.S. behind a desk. Lord Derby and Hon. W. E. Foster both read their addresses last month when receiving the freedom of the city. The former presents a faultless pattern of pure classic English in his style, accent and pronunciation.

Moderate drinking prevails almost universally in this country. Among some of the higher and most of the lower classes it is shockingly prevalent. During Christmas and New Year holidays the bacchanalian mid-night carousals on the streets in which thousands of both sexes make night hideous with their maudlin mirth mock all description. No such scenes were ever seen in eight months in New York, or many years residence in Toronto. New College, Edinburgh, Jan. 21st, 1876.

Duty of Presbyterians towards the French of Lower Canada.

BY A NOVEL SCOTMAN.

The remarkable success which has attended the labours of Father Chiquiquy among his countrymen in and around Montreal, should invest the subject of French Canadian Evangelization with greater interest than formerly for the Presbyterian Church of this Dominion. In my opinion the work of giving the gospel to our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen of Quebec is the mission for the Canada Presbyterian Church at the present time. We cannot help, of course, feeling and manifesting a deep interest in the other missions of our Church—in the New Hebrides, in Trinidad, in China, in India—at the same time I claim that the mission to the French Canadians and French Acadians of the Dominion should not occupy a secondary place to any of these.

Look at the political aspect of the case. With the Province of Quebec lying between Ontario and the Maritime Provinces—a large majority of her people systematically kept in ignorance, taught that the Pope of Rome must be obeyed before Queen Victoria, and instructed that the civil laws of our country should be subject to the mandates of an aggressive Ultramontane Church—with the bulk of the Romish clergy not only opposed in principle to civil and religious liberty, but manifesting their animus by denouncing those who venture to think and act for themselves in matters civil and political. With these facts patent to our people and our rulers, it will be readily seen that while Quebec occupies such an anomalous position and is crushed under the thralldom of such undesirable influences, so inimical to the principles of liberty upon which our theory and practice of civil government is based, we can never have a thoroughly united, harmonious Dominion. But give the French Canadians the Gospel, so that they may be emancipated from the spiritual thralldom which is crushing out their better and nobler aspirations, so that the power of Ultramontanism may be broken, and Quebec will at once take her rightful position and come into harmony with the Provinces on each side of her; and as her people secure the priceless blessings of a sound education, and realize the freedom, civil, political and religious, which the living gospel brings, they will assert their manhood and prove themselves worthy citizens of the Dominion, and prevent the noble Provinces of Quebec from lagging any longer in the onward march of true progress.

But there is a sadder aspect of the case still. These French Canadians groan under an ecclesiastical bondage of the most galling description—a veritable spiritual despotism. Largely kept in ignorance, deprived by their clergy of the privilege of studying the word of God, they are compelled to grope on through life in a state of semi-heaton darkness, while the wants of their spiritual natures are supplied, not with the truths of the Living Word, but with the husks of superstition and rubbishy ecclesiastical dogmas, and the craving of their souls are met, not with the living, blessed Jesus, but with nonsensical mummery, idolatrous Mary-worship, and priestly absolution. No wonder their souls are unsatisfied, so that when the simple truths of the Gospel are presented to them, they grasp them with the avidity of drowning men, and cherish them as gifts of unspeakable value. Shall we not give these people the bread of life? Let the Presbyterians of Canada answer by their prayers, their contributions, and their evangelists. The success that has so far attended Father Chiquiquy's work in Montreal is a notable guarantee of what may be done if the Presbyterians of the Dominion realize the importance of the work as they ought to realize it, and support it as they should by generous contributions accompanied by earnest faithful prayer to the Lord of the harvest. "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few," is the agonizing cry of the faithful Chiquiquy. Yes, "the harvest truly is great," and though the labourers may be increasing somewhat, the means to support them and carry on the work are not forthcoming as readily as they should be. Presbyterians of Canada, recipients of Heaven's best blessings, ye who know that you enjoy civil and religious liberty because you live in the light of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, won't you "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty," won't you give cheerfully and abundantly as God hath prospered you in order that the same blessed Gospel may be given to your thirsting famishing fellow citizens of Quebec who are "perishing for lack of knowledge." Let the response be worthy of our Presbyterianism, of our citizenship, of our Christianity. Pictou, Feb. 2nd, 1876.

"Dancing S. S. Teachers"

EDITOR BROTHER AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—In the last P. A. B. of 1875, a letter appeared from "Epsilon," headed "Dancing S. S. Teachers." "Epsilon" desires some of your correspondents to give further information on this subject. Let us endeavour to contribute a mite to this correspondence.

It is often taken for granted that Scripture given to children for the very popular but vain amusement. The passage generally quoted in support thereof is the following: Eccl. 3. 17: "a time to mourn, and a time to dance." The Hebrew word translated "to dance" is the very word a part of the Hebrew verb translated "skipped" in the 114th Psalm. "To skip" is the proper translation of this part of the Hebrew verb. The sentence referred to ought to be translated "A time to mourn, and a time to skip." This Hebrew word both here and in the 114th Psalm is figurative, and signifies rejoicing. The real meaning of the phrase then is, "A time to mourn and a time to rejoice." The preceding verse of this same chapter reads thus:—"A time to kill and a time to heal." This is surely figurative language which has a deep spiritual significance. So has the language used in the fourth verse. It has no reference whatever to modern dancing. Modern dancing is but carnal rejoicing. But the joy of the believer is spiritual and "unspeakable."

The children of Israel danced around the golden calf (Ex. xxxii. 19) when Moses was descending from the Mount bearing the tables of the Law. After breaking the tables, etc., "Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said: 'Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me.'" The sons of Levi responded, and were thereafter honoured among the tribes. Those who danced around the golden calf were against the Lord.

In the book of Job, (chap. xxi.) it is clearly stated that the children of the wicked dance. Also in the New Testament Paul refers to this subject among the works of the flesh, (Gal. v. 21).

Peter likewise makes mention of the same, (1 Pet. iv. 8). The Greek word in both these passages translated "revellings," really signifies "merry-making with music and dancing." Both Apostles include this practice among the works of the flesh, and Paul distinctly declares that those who continue doing "such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."

A PROBATIONER.

The following is the concluding portion of the letter "Record vs. Controversy," alluded to in our notes to correspondents with this heading:—

"Apart from this failing, however, I like the Record exceedingly. It has the ring about it which cannot fail to attract the crowdy professors to a sense of duty, and also to keep them awake. I would, however, no more think of perusing the Record without the PRESBYTERIAN at my elbow than of stepping on board a locomotive without an escape valve. The two combined are doing excellent work for the Master, and if only a medium of the earnest spirit which characterizes them can be infused into every individual in our midst who styles himself Presbyterian, ours will be a model Church, lacking neither men nor means. The most likely method of accomplishing this is to have the PRESBYTERIAN and the Record as regular visitors in every family, and till this is done no effort should be relaxed. T.

Rev. George Outhbertson.

On Sabbath last Rev. Mr. Outhbertson closed thirteen years of pastoral labour in connection with the Presbyterian Church in St. Thomas—a much longer term than has fallen to the lot of any of his predecessors—a term, too, which has seen many changes in the neighbouring pulpits of the town—and scenes in the inner life of congregations of a less pleasant character than he has been called upon to deal with. He retires from his charge, certainly not richer in this world's goods than when he entered upon it; but he retires with the good wishes, the esteem and affection of very many friends, both within and without his congregation.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, a large congregation assembled in the Presbyterian Church on Sabbath morning to listen to his farewell sermon. He preached from the Epistle to Peter, 1st chapter and 4th verse, and, at the close only, made reference to the solemn trial they were called upon to undergo in severing the relations and responsibilities pastor and people had sustained and borne in common for so long a period. In this matter he said he took the initiative, having tendered his resignation to the Presbytery, and having firmly adhered to his purpose; but he did so, convinced by what had come to his ears that the interests of a united congregation required him to do so. Another course was open to him. He might have organized another congregation, and have taken three-fourths of his present members and adherents with him; but he felt that the sum for such a step was not yet. He would rather "step down and out," and see the congregation united and prosperous, than to see it split into fragments, and where one would suffice, two struggling for existence. Although he was in mid-winter left houseless and homeless, his family broken up, himself separated from them and sent to labour in the mission field, whither, he knew not, no one would be better pleased to hear of the future prosperity of the congregation, and to know that the "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," spoken of in the text from which he had that morning addressed them, was reserved in heaven for each and every one of their number.—Home Journal.