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## Contributors and Correspondents.

### DIARY IN THE EAST.

NABLOUS (ANCIENT BIRCHAM)—SAMARIA—  
ETC.

At last the 25th March was rather a fine day, and I determined that unless the next day was decidedly bad I would make an attempt to get to Jerusalem. Greatly to my satisfaction a violent wind from the east rose in the night. This was the very thing possible for me, as it was a "dry wind from the high places in the wilderness," and would do more to make the road passable for me than anything else. Towards morning it abated, and rising before day light I prepared for starting.

My kind hostess was very anxious about my journey, and after providing abundantly for my dinner on the way, only let me away with the parting charge that if rain came on I was to turn back at once. Mr. F. escorted me as far as the shoulder of the hill, a little beyond Jacob's well. I had got him to tell my guide that he was to take me back by Bethel, and also, that I wished to take the whole journey to Jerusalem in one day. The weather was too uncertain for me to be willing to stop at Ram-Allah with the possibility of being imprisoned in the Convent there as I had been at Nablous. Besides, the next day was post day, and I was anxious both to despatch and receive letters. The day was just beginning to break as we rallied forth from the gate of Nablous. It was a dull gray morning, and as we rode along below the rocks of Gerizim a pack of jackals broke forth in their wailing howl, answering each other in tones sometimes almost human in their mournfulness, at other times with fearful abrupt shrieks. It was too dark to see them, but they were evidently not far off. After parting with kind Mr. F., Mustapha and I went on our way, retracing the same path we had come, all its difficulties much increased by the bad weather. In more than one place the bodies of dead donkeys, or mules, lying beside the track, showed how severe the labour of bearing burdens over such paths is to the poor animals. The forenoon was on the whole pleasant, with occasional gleams of sunshine.

Shortly before reaching my second resting-place at Ain Harawijeh I met a large party of travellers, all gentlemen. We exchanged greetings and made mutual enquiries as to the state of the road. With them was the funny donkey-man who had been with us at Jordan. I could not speak to him as he knew no English, but he shouted out to me with many nods and smiles. They all seemed to look with some surprise at the solitary female wending her way pilgrim-like to the holy city. When I got near Ain Yabrud I was on the look-out to see that Mustapha took me by the path I wished to go by Bethel, but when we turned into the Bethel road it was nearly knee deep in sticky mud. Mustapha looked beseechingly at me, and I felt very hard-hearted in resisting on going that way. But it was only my desire to see Bethel that made me persist. Mr. F. had told me that the road by Bethel was not so rugged as the other, and I wished to avoid a place of which I had a vivid remembrance, where Mustapha had come to hold my horse's head in coming down a terribly steep rough place where a fall would have been serious. I feared that this part of the path would now be still worse, so was glad to escape it. Mustapha was evidently quite sulky at my insisting on going by Bethel, and crawled so slowly along that I began to wonder if we should ever reach Jerusalem that night. Then small thick rain began to fall as we crossed the bare black hills to the north of Bethel. At last we reached the little cluster of stone huts called Beitin. Mustapha led me straight into the village. I fancy he must have thought I had some particular reason for insisting on coming there, and not knowing anything of the Scripture memories connected with it had begun to imagine that perhaps there was a Convent there where I would stay the night. At all events he led me through the desolate streets where not a creature was to be seen. I suppose the rain had driven all indoors. At last he discovered a boy and began talking to him. I thought I understood that he was asking for a Convent. The boy answered "No," "No," with the peculiar upward chuck of the chin, and chuck of the tongue which is such an expressive negative among the natives. Then poor Mustapha seemed at his wit's end, he turned and looked despairingly at me as much as to say, "Now here you are in Bethel, what do you want here? what am I to make of you?" He did not seem to think of going farther, but I was in haste to get on. Happily I knew the Arabic word for "wait," "get on." That was very useful here. In a very decided, not very respectful tone I ordered, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, walk," and seeing my horse in motion Mustapha saw there was nothing for it but to get on. I saw my thus persisting in going to Bethel, and then not appearing to want

anything there would add to the common idea that all the folks from Great Britain are perfectly incomprehensible, and apt to be half-wild. Certainly Bethel did not look a tempting resting-place that dull showery afternoon. Stones there are in plenty, but not a tree, except some vines, which, as usual in Palestine, are not trained on anything, but lie along the ground, except where heaps of stones are collected for their branches to lie over. Bethel is a very common camping place for travellers, though there are no remains of antiquity there beyond an ancient tank. Still it is something to stand on the place where Jacob saw his wondrous vision, so typical of Him through whom all sweet messages of love descended to his people, and in whom their prayers ever ascend up with acceptance to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Soon after leaving Bethel I passed a long train of mules laden with tents and baggage. The most prominent thing on the top of one pile of trunks was a guitar-case. It made me laugh to think how likely any traveller would be to enjoy guitar-playing this evening, when he might only be too thankful if he could only have a dry bed to lie on. I should not have liked camping out in such weather. Presently I met the travellers themselves. There was a long train of gentlemen, and ladies too, all buttoned up like myself in Maintosh capes and hoods. One lady had declined the fatigue of riding, and was in a Tahterahwan. It is a kind of rude palanquin, hung by long poles between two mules, one in front the other behind the Tahterahwan. I do not think the motion in them can be pleasant in going up and down the very steep paths of Palestine, but I never heard of any accident happening to one. As they have but very small windows their inhabitants can see but little of the scenery. It was near Birch that I met the travellers, just about where I suspected Mustapha would want to turn off to Ram-Allah for (in spite of Mr. F. having given him orders to take me through to Jerusalem in one day) he had been going so slowly that I came to the conclusion that he had settled it in his own mind that I should stay at Ram-Allah. So I got the traveller's dragoman to speak to him in Arabic. I wanted him to ask Mustapha if he could walk on to Jerusalem. The dragoman laughed at the idea, being very sure that if I could ride it he could walk it, and so gave him the necessary order. Very doleful the lad looked when we passed the turning off to the Convent, and I kept straight on for Jerusalem. I felt it the wisest thing to do in the circumstances. My skirts were by this time soaked with wet, and heavy with mud, and I quite dreaded the cold Convent cell, even if the next day was to be good. It proved a violent day of wind, and hail, so I felt thankful I had kept resolute as to not staying at Ram-Allah. But in the meantime the way from there to Jerusalem had to be got over as quickly as possible, for it was 4 p.m., and the sun would set in a couple of hours, and the young moon could do me but little good, even if not obscured by rain clouds. When Mustapha found he had to go on he at once began to set off at a very different pace from the crawl he had been going at. He began to fear being out in the dark. He took every short cut he could manage. One of those was over a hill, so avoiding the swampy path of a valley. But though he got easily over the rocks, my horse found them rather hard on it. In one place there was a sort of rock to be got down; it was smooth slippery lime-stone, which gave little hold to the hoof, and we got down it in a manner more rapid than agreeable. I had hardly time to feel that the creature's legs had all gone from under it before I found myself lying on the ground. It had come completely down, and over on its side. Happily in falling head foremost it shot me right ahead of it, so that I was clear of it and my little baggage too. I picked myself up, very thankful to find that neither the horse or I were the worse of the tumble, but after that I made Mustapha lead the horse to the foot of the hill. Ojo fal was enough. I had great cause for gratitude that amid so many rocks I had fallen on soft ground. From this hill I could see the conical peak of Nob, which I knew was in sight of Jerusalem. How I did watch that hill, and long to be there. It seemed sometimes as if it were going away from me as I travelled on as fast as the horrible road would permit. The sun became lower and lower in the heavens, as I knew by the lowering light. For the sun itself was hidden in the clouds, which sent frequent showers down on me. At last it had sunk altogether before I reached Nob. The last thing I saw by the fading daylight was the remains of a dead mule, half devoured by jackals. It was not a cheerful object. The way was rough to the last degree, and my confidence in my horse's sure-footedness had been much shaken by my tumble. The little light of the beclouded moon could hardly show the worst holes in the road, still it gave me more light than I had expected, and very welcome it was.

We passed near one little village, and had I been in Scotland I should at once have turned aside there to get the aid of a lantern. But in Palestine such a thing was not to be thought of, even if I could have explained what I wanted. Altogether that last hour and a half of my journey was about one of the most anxious I ever spent. Still I felt I was not alone in the darkness, and every time a cloud passed from the moon, and showed some obstacle to be avoided, I could lift my heart in thankfulness to Him who was caring for me, and bringing me safely along this rough way.

My good horse seemed to feel that we were out too late, and I had not the least time to hurry it. It walked more briskly than at any other time of the journey. What a delight it was when, on reaching

the shoulder of Loopus, I saw lights gleaming below me, and heard vesper bells from some of the Jerusalem Churches. And what a warm kind welcome I got when at last I dismounted. B. had been expecting me all evening and listening to every horse that passed, though she had not heard one word of me since I left them twelve days before. It was past 8 p.m. before I was housed. I had started about 6 a.m., so that besides rests I had been some thirteen hours in the saddle. Wet and weary as I was, I really was not so weary as I had expected, and the sight of a budget of home letters made me almost forget my fatigue.

(To be Continued).

### Juvenile Indian Mission.

The following letter has been received by the Secretary from Miss Pigot, who has been obliged to leave her work at Calcutta for a time, and to come to England to recruit her failing health. The letter is a very interesting one, and will show both the nature of the work and how much it is needed. The perusal of it may, perhaps, stir up some of our schools which have never yet taken an active interest in the mission, to come forward to aid it. There are many of our Sabbath Schools which, as schools, do not do anything for any foreign mission, but spend the whole amount of their weekly collections in prizes, picnics, etc. Now would not the need of such schools be offsetting the true welfare and happiness of the children by encouraging them to contribute of their own to an object in which it is well that their sympathies should be early enlisted and trained. There are at present four or five girls at Madras, whose names were sent home by our Canadian missionary, Miss Johns, to be offered to any school which might be willing to undertake their support. Any, therefore, previously disappointed in their application for an orphan to support, can now have one assigned to them. Our readers will, however, bear with deep regret that Miss Johns has been already obliged, by broken health, to return to her home at Halifax.

### Miss Pigot's Letter.

To the Secretary of the Juvenile Mission.  
DEAR MADAM,—I regret much so long a delay in thanking you for your kind favor dated Feb. 5. I trust there may be letters shortly from your two agents, which I shall be glad to translate and forward to you. Waiting for these, I delayed my own letters. However, you may be assured that your own special work is being well cared for. I left the same tea hours that we have hitherto had at the school with Leah, of our Orphanage; and the Kidder pore Zenanas with Dons Monie. Mrs. Colquhoun Grant, a lady resident at K. Derope, who supports two orphans with us, and otherwise is quite exceptional in the extent of direct work she does, very readily met my suggestions for Kidderpore. She at first agreed to take an interest in our schools there, and when she knew we taught in Zenanas as well, she was herself anxious to help us with these. The Dhoba Parah school is also being ably helped by the Pandit of the orphanage. He is a high-caste Brahmin, and has the privilege of access to his class. And his familiarity with Christian work, I have reason to hope, has wrought conviction upon himself. He gives the secular assistance that was my share in the school. Things more important are in as good, and safe keeping with our two orphans, Leah and Helen, under Miss Macgarrara's supervision. I left the school prospering and working most satisfactorily. This is the roving time only, and so the good lessons were all being taught. It behoves us to work with a special and always sustained energy, for, in teaching such schools, we have often reason to fear that some little ear, hearing that day, may never again hear the word spoken. Every few weeks brings us some fresh faces, and takes others away from us. It is not like the old untaught ground, with time to sow, and see it settle down, and watch for the growth and result. But we may hope that the old lessons may be recalled, and bring forth fruit after the children have gone far away from us. Will our friends and supporters pray for such fruit from these schools, and that the teachers may be greatly strengthened in body and spirit?

The school worked in the most perfect order at my last visit. First, on entering the passage into the garden square, I turned into the house. The old woman called the *harkaru*, was seated in front, watchful that no hurt or harm happened, and ready to do the errands of all. It will be remembered that she brings the children from their homes, and sees them safely back again. A very essential person is our *harkaru*, and very helpful too. This poor woman gets only six shillings per month, and we have to be assured also of her thorough reliability, for children often come laden with jewels to amounts that she could never earn in her whole life time. And her influence with the mothers helps in many instances to fill the school. Minds are so much on a level, that these poor women can go into the wealthier houses and suggest and advise the children's being sent to school, with a liberty of speech and freedom of manner not to be understood in this country between two such different spheres of life.

To revert to our school, Helen was teaching the more elementary classes. They were engaged in a Scripture lesson from "The Deep of Day." I was then asked to hear their catechism, pages of which they knew most perfectly. Next she took them simultaneously in a geography lesson, using a miserable old map, well worn, which we had to put aside as past using and almost misleading in the craphouse. These are wants in which our

friends may help at distant intervals. After this came the reading lesson. Two different divisions had their writing, set before hand, so none were left idling, all stood beside their slates, and division after division came up to read, when Helen took the opportunity of each change of reading classes, to walk round to inspect the writing that was going on. It has been some work so much order at this. And very important training this is for them, from the utter lack of order in their homes, the lingering, lingering waste of time, and the noise and confusion when work has to be done. Each quality of sale seems almost too much for these baby creatures hardly tall enough to be out of their mother's arms, but their marked features and deeply expressive eyes, together with their natural precociousness, leads us to act as with other children.

The children of the upper school that Leah teaches, are all about the age of seven or eight, and in exceptional cases so much as nine. There are in three sets, class by class occupied in the same strict order, all busy, and each class knowing what to do and when to do it. This is quite out model school, and few have been so successful anywhere. I missed several faces on that last week of my visit. It was the great marrying month, for this may be done only at the propitious seasons, and always after nightfall, when the stars shine out to give accuracy to their astrological calculations. Several were thus away for the marriage of relatives, and others getting married themselves. Parents are in a state of preoccupation from a very early date, watching the chance of a good marriage. And they only delay, when not successful, until the latest possible date, and hurriedly close them with what they at last can get. It does not take long to conclude marriage negotiations. One girl had been promised to a desirable lad, and all the preliminary ceremonies had been performed, of the turmeric water-bath, and keeping the girl dyed a bright yellow for three days. At the last, as the bridegroom was being brought to the marriage, a dispute occurred about the dowry. The lad's father stood obdurate, and the bride's parents became equally resolute. The lad might get many another bride, but a bridegroom was more urgently needed for the girl. The father remembered an elderly man who had offered on easier terms. Messages were sent with the utmost speed to him, and the friends who were bringing the young bridegroom, turned round to the house of the old bridegroom, and lowering him from his deep sleep, for it was past midnight, he was hurried out, and brought in due time. Poor children! it is not to be wondered at that they should be so devoid of childhood, considering the continual bargain and counter there is from their earliest infancy, until the all-important marriage is effected, and then, alas! the Zenana walks close upon them.

The Zenanas at Kidderpore, taught by Dons Monie, give increasing encouragement for greater efforts. There is always so much more to do than it is possible to undertake, and so many more wish to learn than we have time to teach. In this work, too, there are the usual changes, some houses closing and new ones open. We often feel grieved at this—that there is not the time to establish the work with many. It is evidently the plan of the Lord that we should not concentrate upon a few families, but constantly meet with fresh ones, and scatter the message more widely. I left Dons Monie teaching eleven families daily, and working with a strain which made me fear for her. In consequence of certain changes on account of my absence, I was able to make room for Dons Monie's daughter to teach in our Kidderpore school, which gives home accommodation now to mother and daughter, and she can thus be on the spot to visit her Zenanas. Zenana work possesses very varied features. Taking them in their caste-classification, we visit the comparatively poor as we do the rich. Dons Monie was again teaching in the Rajah's house when I left. The Rajah had all along been a pupil, but with such constant breaks that we hardly looked upon her as such. She was anxious now for her little daughter to be taught, so I trust from this that the house will be regularly visited. Notwithstanding all the wealth and rank here, there is such poverty of mind, and such surroundings as call for help as much as anywhere. When I visited the Rajah on the previous occasion, I was not expected, but with the liberty allowed to us, I entered her rooms unannounced, and looking in where she was, I found her in an empty room, seated on the bare floor, and dressed in a gauze-like, transparent dress, playing cards with her maids. On the days when I am expected, she is usually at the window, watching, at the hour she knows I am likely to come, but on an unexpected visit, I have often found her asleep or at this one amusement of cards. I looked in to say that I would bring a lady who would visit her during my absence, and after this I found it difficult to tear myself away. On the last day, when I accompanied Mrs. Grant, she kept us waiting unusually. Poor dear woman! I had told her that she was to show all possible attention to her visitor, and make herself look too brightest on my last visit for some time to come. And so she had laden herself with her rich silk, and when she came in, rustling in her rich silk, she looked on blaze in her rich jewellery. Rajahs are always the prized beauties of the country, and this one is no exception. The Word has been faithfully told to her, though with much opposition. And may some of these Rajahs become blessed jewels themselves some day! It is work of the most absorbing interest. Such sorrowful lives are the lot of Indian women! It is realized with keener intensity in the contrast with English life. Many of the poor cottages have a wealth of comfort and

luxuries that would take our Indian paucity of enjoyments by comparison. It is well enough for the men, but all the tastes and requirements of rooms which women inhabit, are bare, uncomfortable, and devoid of social pleasures. And then the united family, dwelling together in love and respect, and the ordinary possession of their beds, and the enjoyment of grace. Among whom shall we look for it in India, where all are sunk alike?—except we take up the cry in deeper fervency, "to pray unto the Lord of the Harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His Harvest." And we have pledges, too, of this prayer—answering promises as we go on our way.

I append one letter that was forwarded to me by the last Indian mail. The writer often visits in Calcutta, and has sometimes given addresses to our orphans. He is eloquent to a degree in his own language. Such deep true faith as he exhibits is one of the most refreshing things to me, and has been most helpful to our orphans. He mentions in his letters a niece who is now in England. I enclose his letter as being the hand-writing of one of the faithful in India. This niece was a Zouana inmate six years ago. Her husband had run away from home, and came and studied for a barrister in England. He was put out of office, and when he returned to India, and his wife joined him, she had to share his fare. Education has given him most superior attainments, but his heart still remains untouched. Since his wife had sustained the loss of family ties, he wished to give her as far a chance to improve herself as possible, and accordingly, last year, she came to England, and has been living with an excellent Christian family. Her religious welfare had been earnestly sought for by the lady who had instructed her, as well as by the writer of the appended letter, who is her uncle. And many a day have we spent together, searching for the Word to give her light. I have accompanied her to services in Bengal, and she has been to our Kirk with me. It was not until two days before she left Calcutta that the truth came in a flood of irresistible light upon her. We have another aunt of hers, who boldly confessed her Saviour, but the unbelief of her husband and children makes it impossible for her to declare it further. Her faith is well known, and is better testimony than it might be in any other circumstances. I had told her that this niece was soon leaving for England. Owing to the deference due to their relationship, the two had never spoken to each other in their *Zouana* intercourse. She wished to see the niece, and the niece had not confidence to go unless I took her with me. She called for me in her splendid carriage, and when we went, and the first shyness had worn off, I exhorted myself from them, to speak to some of the children, and took the opportunity to ask the aunt to speak for herself. We did not meet until it became time to go home, and so we hurriedly said "good-bye"; and as we sat in the carriage, I noticed she was always altogether overcome by her feelings. She could only say "My aunt is, indeed, a Christian." She saw this uncle at her house the same night, and in the presence of her husband, she said, "If I had not to be on board tomorrow night, I feel I must at once be baptized. I cannot delay this longer. It must be done as soon as I land in England." Her faith depended on the voyage, and she is now rejoicing with a strength of conviction given only to a few.

M. PIGOT.

### APPENDED LETTER FROM A NATIVE CHRISTIAN.

To Miss Pigot.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I do hope and trust that by the good hand of God Almighty, our Heavenly Father, you are improving in your health, which was so completely shattered in consequence of your missionary labors here. You will enjoy quiet communion in the blessed Jesus with Mrs. T. O. Bonanzee, who is an earnest Christian, and is rejoicing in the forgiveness of her sins, in the precious blood of our beloved Emmanuel.

We are now having united meetings as we had last year—the first three days, only for prayer and praise, took place in the Free Church; the next three for evangelistic addresses, in the Union Chapel; and the last three in St. Andrew's Church. "He, (the Blessed Jesus) His own Self, bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Let us keep close to the blessed Saviour, and all our asking cares shall vanish away, and we shall enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

Mrs. Bonanzee sends her love; she is not keeping good health, I am sorry to say. Pray for us; what a comfort it is that we can bespeak the prayers of God's people on our own behalf. The Lord bless you.

Yours, very respectfully,  
T. O. BONANZEE.

There are, it is to be feared, too many like "Mr. Talkative" of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "a saint abroad, but a devil at home," or like an old painting, which at a little distance seemed to represent a holy friar at prayer, with clasped hands and an open book before him, but, on closer inspection, revealed a lecher in his hands, and a punch bowl in place of that which seemed a book.

THE TOTAL LIABILITIES of insolvents in the United States during the last nine months is stated at \$191,000,000. One third was in New York city.

A VERY ANCIENT manuscript of Strabo has just been discovered near Frascati, which fills up many hiatuses. It is a palimpsest, in uncial characters, and is continuous.

THE RICH and powerful Raja of Gwalior is on his way to England to marry the daughter of Col. Desker, his former minister. The children are to be reared in the Brahmin religion.