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Contributors and Correspondents.

DIARY IN THE EAST

NAZARETH TO CARMEL AND BEYRUT.

At last the day came when I must bid farewell to Nazareth, and to the kind friends there who had entertained me so hospitably. It was full time that I should be moving, if I was to go to Baalbek and Damascus, before the full heat of summer made all travelling difficult. The young friends with whom I had made most of my excursions, having returned to Jerusalem to make their final start from there, I had appointed to meet them off Caïpha in the steamer from Beyrout, that we might have one more trip together, for they too wished to see Damascus. Dr. Vartan kindly undertook to escort me to Carmel, where I had determined to stay a night in the Convent on the Mount. So on May 1st, about 7 a.m., the Doctor and I rode away, as soon as he could get free from one or two patients who already had come to consult him. As we rode over the brow of the hill to the north-east of the town, I turned around to take a last look at that most interesting spot, round which so many memories of the life of the Son of Man cluster.

Strange it seems that in such a place there should be so few of those who call themselves Christians who are in the least degree influenced by the remembrance of his life, and death for sinners. It does seem one of the master pieces of Satan's devices that here, as in so many other places where our Lord sojourned, and taught and suffered, so much of the attention of the pilgrims should be diverted to fabulous sites connected with the life of the mother of our Lord, or to the so-called holy places associated with his own history, while the grand saving truths of his full atonement for the sins of his people, and of the offer of salvation as a free gift to all who will receive it are held back, and hidden behind superstitious numeraries. Yet, strange as this seems, perhaps it is not really so strange as the fact that thousands of those who live in the clear light of the Gospel in Protestant lands, and have had the offer of a free salvation without money and without price, sounded in their ears all the days of their life, yet live as regardless of it as those who have never heard it, or imagine that all is well with them because they are Church-goers and Church-members, while the heart that ought to be Christ's is devoted to the world. If all the church-members, or even all the real Christians at home were truly walking in the steps of Jesus of Nazareth, living not to themselves but to him who died for them, toiling to make money, not to lay it up to be a curse to their children, but to use it for their Master's glory, praying "Thy kingdom come," not with lips only, but with hearts that long to bring souls to Christ, then we should soon hear very different tales from mission fields, both in Palestine and among the heathen. Instead of the continual complaint that the work is standing still for want of men and money, we should hear that the Word came to the heathen "not in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost." A stream cannot rise higher than its source, and as long as we have a selfish, self-indulgent Christian Church at home we have no right to expect those sent out from it to be Apostles Pauls in self-devotion. In fact, as things are at present, the marvel is, not that there is so little success in missions, but that God deigns at all to prosper the work of men sent out from churches who always seem to think their poorest preachers good enough to carry God's message to the heathen, and that while at home a few thousands of souls are enough for any man to care for, a few millions are none too many for the missionary that they pay so grudgingly, and scarce pay for at all. God grant that the tokens of revival in the Christian Church may spread, and deepen, and then we shall have brighter days for missions.

Dr. Vartan did not take me by the ordinary and shortest road to Mount Carmel. We took a track that runs a little farther north, in order that we might, on the way, visit a native missionary of the Church Missionary Society, who is stationed at the town of Shefa-Omar. I had the same good horse that I rode to Bejean, while for my baggage, I had also a horse instead of a mule as formerly. This change was made for the sake of helping the owner of the horse by hiring it. He was a native Christian from one of the American mission stations in the Lebanon. His story was a sad one. He had accidentally shot a man when they were both out hunting wild boars. The man lived for some hours, and told his relations that it was purely an accident, and forbade them to make the matter a blood-feud. But the priests were angry with the one who fired the fatal shot because he had been converted to Protestantism, and so straddled the widow of the offender to carry out the blood-feud. In consequence of this the man had to fly for his life, and came to Nazareth utterly destitute. He had paid already a considerable sum as blood money, and so his family had not been obliged to fly too, but until he could pay a great deal more

he could not return to his home but at the risk of his life. Any of the relations of the man he had shot would consider he was doing a laudable deed in attacking him. Though these blood-feuds are not absolutely recognized by the law, it is too weak and too careless to put them down. Dr. Vartan conversed a good deal with the poor man as we went along, and told me he found him very intelligent, and well acquainted with Scripture.

All I saw there, and afterwards in the Lebanon, convinced me that the mountaineers are on the whole very superior to the natives of southern Palestine. Perhaps this may partly be accounted for by the fact that it is only of late years that the Turkish Government has got complete power in the Lebanon. Formerly the people were ruled by their own chiefs, though nominally under the Government of Constantinople. The rule of the native chiefs might be bad enough, and certainly led to much strife between the different races and religions, Druse, Maronites, etc., but yet a sort of independence of character was fostered that was favourable to intelligence and industry. Our road led us near Sefarid, and away westward among low hills, in some parts well wooded. It was pleasant to hear the blackbirds singing in the trees. We passed near an encampment of Bedouins, and saw large herds of cattle being watered at a well. One of the herdsmen had a sort of pipe on which he was playing some monotonous native tune. We could not go quickly, for Dr. Vartan did not like to lose sight of my baggage, robberies being rather common among these hills. The horse with it could not go beyond a quick walk, which of course kept us back. It was not far from our road that a colporteur, who works under Dr. Vartan's supervision, was enticed into the wood under some plausible excuse, and there robbed of the little money he had got by sale of books, stripped of all his clothing, and his donkey taken from him. After night fall he made his way to a village where the people were kind to him. Several other robberies on people of more importance being committed about the same time, the authorities of Achea sent out some troops to make a great demonstration, and did absolutely succeed in taking one of the robbers. While I was staying in Nazareth a letter from the robber to Dr. Vartan arrived, and I was let into a little knowledge of the way justice is executed in Palestine. The man had been committed to prison in Achea for a perfectly indefinite time. Had he had means to bribe the officials he should not have needed to be a prisoner long, but having no money for bribes there he had to remain, living or starving on any food his friends, or charitable neighbours chose to give him. The Government do not feed prisoners. He had been some months in this state when he got a letter written to Dr. Vartan, asking him to intercede with the authorities for his release. Dr. V. was inclined to do so, for he thought the man had had as long a detention as an English magistrate would have sentenced him to. It had created rather a sensation in many minds at Achea that the very colporteur who had been robbed never went to Achea without visiting the prison, and taking some small supply of food to the man who had injured him. It was a carrying out of the Gospel rule of overcoming evil with good, which greatly astonished them. We reached Shefa-Omar about noon, and went to the native missionary's house to rest. I could have but little intercourse with him or his wife, for she spoke no English at all, and he but very little. In Arabic he is said to be an eloquent preacher, and has gathered a considerable congregation, for which a neat little Church was then being built.

His great complaint is the utter want of education among the women. The consequence is that none of them care to go to Church. There is a boys school at Shefa Omar, but none for girls, and the people are too poor to raise funds for one, and the Missionary Society has not yet been able to answer the appeal for a school-mistress at their expense.

The missionary's wife did her utmost to be hospitable, and we lunched on eggs, native bread, and cheese, and coffee with oat milk. While Dr. Vartan went to visit a sick person I went to see a large building in a more than half ruined state.

It was a castle built by one of the former governors of Achea. A few of the under rooms are still used as a barrack, but most of the halls that surround the hollow square in the centre are fast going to decay. From the battlements I had a fine view over an undulating country to the bay of Achea, with the town jutting out into the sea to the north, and Carmel bounding the bay to the south, with Caïpha lying just at its foot. Carmel is not the solitary hill that the name of mount would lead one to expect, but a long range running inland in a south-easterly direction, rising abruptly from the margin of the Kishon, but having a long sloping sort of table land at its summit. From Shefa-Omar we proceeded at a more rapid rate as we rode through a more frequented and safer district, so did not need to keep the baggage horse in sight. As we came gradually down from the elevation, on which the ruined castle forms a conspicuous object, we had very fine views of the promontory of Carmel, jutting out into the sea, and of the wide sandy beach between it and Achea.

(To be Continued.)

The soil of the British islands is owned by about six hundred thousand proprietors. Mr. Mill and Mr. Bright used to say, thirty thousand.

The late Mr. Grote has left a paper giving his opinion of Aristotle. It will be published in a few days.

Benevolent Society of Protestants Speaking the French Language in Montreal.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

At a meeting of about four hundred French speaking Protestants, French Canadians, Frenchmen, Belgians, Swiss and Italians, held in the Church of the Rev. O. Chiniquy, on the evening of Monday the 10th inst., this Society was formed for the purpose of alleviating the poverty and distress incident in part upon the general depression of the times, and in greater part upon the severe persecution to which the converts of Mr. Chiniquy have been subjected. The members of this Society themselves contribute towards the end in view, but as comparatively few of them are in circumstances to do much for their brothers in the faith, and as there are hundreds of cases to relieve, they appeal to the sympathies of all who have at heart the cause of the persecuted and distressed. The Society is well organized, and a large committee of investigation which thoroughly sifts every case presented in order to decide upon its worthiness, forms an important element in it. While consisting mainly of members of St. John's (Presbyterian) Church congregation, the Society is non-denominational—Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists, and members of the French Evangelical Church in connection with the French Canadian Missionary Society, being represented in its committees. The President is M. Le Metayer Marsolin, Baron de Guichainville; the Vice-President, Professor Coran; the Secretaries, M. Gaudry of Molson's Bank, and Mr. Lambert, and the Treasurer, Mr. Zndoc Lefebvre. Money contributions may be sent to the last named gentleman at the British and Canadian School, Cote Street, or to Principal MacVicar at the Presbyterian College for him.

Contributions of cast-off clothing, suitable for men and boys, women, girls and infants, and especially of boots and shoes, blankets and similar articles needed during the severe cold of a Canadian winter, will be thankfully received by Mrs. Campbell, honorary President of the Ladies Enquiry Committee. Parcels may be sent addressed to Mrs. Campbell, 114 Mackay St., Montreal, to the care of the following gentlemen, who have kindly undertaken to forward them without delay.

Toronto. Messrs. Bryce, McMurrich & Co., Yonge St. Messrs. James Campbell & Son, Front St. West.—Hamilton: Rev. D. H. Fletcher.—London: Rev. Andrew Kennedy.—Kingston: W. S. Macdonald, Esq., Earl St.—Ottawa: George Hay, Esq., Sparks Street.

In order to stir up our people to come promptly and generously to our aid in this and every other department of our mission, I mention one fact. Yesterday morning I requested Mr. Chiniquy to call at my office in the College. In the evening he sent me the following answer:

"It has been impossible to leave the field this afternoon. The crop was so large and so rich. More than 100 inquirers have crowded around me to-day to know how to be saved. Thirty-six have been added to the flock of Christ, and left the pernicious ways of Popery. The number of souls delivered from the demagogues of the Man of Sin since the first of Jan. is now three hundred and one. May the name of the Lord be forever praised."

Let the friends of truth, and of the oppressed speedily help us in this work. Tomorrow we open another French congregation in St. Joseph St. Church.

D. H. MACVICAR, Chairman B. F. E. Montreal, Jan. 14th, 1876.

An Acknowledgment.

Mr. Editor,—Will you please publish the accompanying minute from the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, and allow me for myself, the Board over which I preside, and all concerned, to tender most grateful thanks. We are greatly cheered in our efforts to save souls, and to secure civil and religious freedom to all by putting the Word of God into their hands, when we find that we and our work have such a place in the hearts and the prayers of our numerous friends through out the Dominion. Yours, truly, D. H. MACVICAR.

Presbyterian College, Montreal, Jan. 17th, 1876.

"The Session of the Central Presbyterian Church, in forwarding \$234.25, (through Rev. W. Reid, Toronto), the proceeds of a special effort made by the congregation in answer to your late stirring appeal in the BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, desire to record their own and the congregation's sympathy with their brethren in the Lower Province, (Quebec), who are labouring amid such difficulties to disseminate the gospel among the French population. They rejoice to note the signal triumphs of the truth, consequent on the labors of Father Chiniquy and his fellow-workers, and view with indignation the lawless attempts made by the enemies of the gospel, to stifle inquiry and override the freedom of the subject. Late events have served to awaken an unwonted interest in your work among our people, and it is hoped that this special effort will be only the forerunner of a steady and permanent increase in our contributions towards this object. Our earnest wishes and prayers attend you in your work.—W. STUART, Moderator pro tem. Hamilton, Ont., 14th Jan., 1876.

Rev. D. H. MACVICAR, LL.D., Principal Presbyterian College, Montreal, Que.

P.S.—Along with the above sum, \$234.25, we forward to Mr. Reid \$98 from the Central Sabbath School, in all \$272.25 against a total of \$100 last year.—W.S."

Revival

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—Accept a few words of personal observation among some of the scenes of present revival in the west.

Many persons have been looking for greater results from the movement here in 1869 than have yet appeared, and wondered at the delay. There seems to be a law of ebb and flow in the kingdom of grace as well as in the natural world. We need not stop now to discuss this question in general, or as regards this place in particular, but let us rejoice to know that once more the tide of blessing is rising here, and God's people are looking for greater things than the past has brought them. I have lately upon Mr. Smith's return from Brooklyn a few weeks ago, meeting were begun in

SHRAGUE'S ROAD AND RIVER ROAD SCHOOLS HOUSES.

each about four miles south-west of the town, in the heart of a district which has for twenty years been a drag upon the congregation of Knox Church. At once it was manifest that the Spirit of God was present in power, not to produce excitement and noise, but to bless His Word to the enlightenment and freedom of souls. Services have been held three or four times a week ever since, and never without anxious seekers and joyful finders of Him who is life and peace. The cases of interest are too numerous to give more than a sample or two. A young man, a school teacher, gave up the pleasure of a Christmas visit to his distant home, and paid for an extra week's board that he might remain and seek salvation where so many were evidently finding it. The last night of the old year brought him the peace and joy he sought for, and the next morning, the beginning of a Happy New Year indeed, saw him hastening home to "tell his friends how great things the Lord had done for him." Out of the meetings too, as well as in them, the Spirit of God has been working mightily. An old man had for four weeks been in a state of great anxiety and distress—"never had such a hard time in all his life, sometimes shaking from head to foot like an aspen leaf." Last Saturday as he was alone in the woods, he was brought to see that all his strugglings and strivings were vain, and in utter helplessness he gave up the effort and just left himself in Christ's hands, and thereupon at once realized, as God's free gift, the pardon and peace he had so laboriously been seeking to earn.

A young woman I spoke to on Thursday evening had the previous evening been openly reproved for frivolity. I found her grave enough, but without a word to say of any kind. Before the end of the week I am told she found the power and preciousness of the truth, when searching the Scriptures in her father's home. One of the most striking cases was that of a man who for twenty years had been a sceptic, a blasphemous persecutor, and injurious. His wife attended and was brought to knowledge of the truth at one of the meetings, and persuaded him once to accompany her there, only, however, to hear greater abuse than ever. Only a day or two after he was at the mill, "breathing out threatenings," and rashly vowing his wife and children should never return to the meetings again—"he would as soon see them go to hell at once," &c. On his way home alone, the Spirit of God met him in great power, and overwhelmed him with a sense of his sin in persecuting Christ and resisting conviction. The early teachings of a praying mother came back to him with much force. He says, "I could not tell you how I felt, or through what I passed. It ended in submission to Jesus and joyful acceptance of forgiveness and life, and he is now, as far as man can judge, a humble and earnest follower of Christ. He came to Mr. Smith on Sabbath and told him how for seven years he had been heaping abuse upon his name, for which he now sought forgiveness, and in other ways he is seeking to show the sincerity of his profession. And why should any doubt it who know that we have to deal with "this same Jesus" who showed mercy to Saul of Tarsus, and replaced the enmity of his heart and life by love and devotion.

Thus while it is over the truth which is the means employed, God's Spirit worketh "where He listeth." Sometimes in the course of the addresses, as in Galt on Friday evening, when two persons, each under different speakers, suddenly grasped the truth and entered into peace; but, as all connected with the work testify, the most abundant results are attained in the inquiry meeting in the course of personal dealing. In the town the work as yet has been principally amongst

THE YOUNG.

and, as usual, in this department most enlightening and encouraging it has been. Pastor, parents, and teachers in the Sabbath School are all earnestly working for the immediate salvation of the children. Already more than half of one Bible class of fifteen profess to have found the Saviour; in one case the whole class of six, in another I found four out of five all decided and uniting with their teacher in special prayer for the fifth, and so on throughout the school. Two of Mr. Smith's family are among the hopeful fruits of the work, and some of the elders here have had rich blessings upon their own souls and the souls of those dear to them. A lad of about thirteen walked out twice to the country meeting in a very anxious state, and the second time returned home through the rain and mud rejoicing in Christ very brightly. Indeed these converts, almost without exception, freely speak of their past condition and recent change, and give clear and rational reasons for the hope that is in them—always.

CHRIST, HIS WORD AND WORK, and as these are honoured, we cannot wonder that he puts his seal upon the

work. And here I must mention in closing, what seems the most interesting feature of all, viz., the manner in which God is using the converts of the last revival, after seven years diligent and prayerful study of the Scriptures. Mindful of the parting command of the Master, "Let him that heareth say Come!" many of them have been working quietly in their own neighborhood with many tokens of divine blessing, and latterly and more signally in Moorsfield and the surrounding country. There a very mighty work has been wrought, mainly through their instrumentality, as I can testify from a visit to the scene. But of this more again. Meantime, let our prayers ascend to God for what he hath wrought, and our prayers that he would still continue to bless abundantly the work in all of these places, and at Glouanlan where it has now spread and taken firm hold. W.M.R.

Ashburn, Jan. 21.

Another Word from Saint Ste. Marie

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN

Sir,—I read, with some surprise, in the last number of your paper that has come to hand, a long letter from Mr. C. P. Brown, of this place. As it was written without any consultation with me I may be allowed to take exception to one or two of its statements, which I do as briefly as possible. My friend thinks that I should have acknowledged the contributions which he himself collected in behalf of the congregation here, of which he is one of the managers, and of which I am provisional pastor. Perhaps he is right, perhaps not. However, I was quite willing to do as he requested me; and the closing of navigation need not have provoked me. The chief reason of my apathy in the matter was the fact that I never could get a written statement from my friend, which he knows I asked for several times. But the event, in the fulness of his communication, shows that it was better to leave him to write than for me to do so, having only an imperfect and confused verbal statement to go upon.

At the close of his letter, Mr. Brown refers to other matters in a manner unfair to me. He refers to the discontinuance of our services in Korah. Allow me to point out to my friends the want of candor, and the unfeeling, superstitious, patronizing air with which he assigns the state of my health as the reason, knowing, at the same time, as he very well does, the true reason why those services were discontinued. Painfully alive, as I am, to the difficulties of my position here, and to my own shortcomings, I most decidedly object to having the state of my health made a scape-goat of in this instance. My health has, on the whole, I am thankful in saying it, been very good, and I find the climate here agree with me very well. My body, it is true, is not very robust or strong, but quite strong enough, I think, for all the work the Home Mission Committee expected of me. And my health, perhaps, would have been benefited, rather than otherwise, by a trip to Korah every Sunday, where I enjoyed the services, when I succeeded in having them just as well as in the town, if not better.

My friend's insincerity and want of candor in this and the sequel of his letter, which cannot be fully apparent to your readers elsewhere, is a matter of surprise and sorrow to me. You know very well, Mr. Editor, how a really injurious letter may be made to appear innocuous and harmless, and almost proof against criticism by the ease with which it can be glossed over, and atoned for afterwards by a Judas kiss, and an "O, I am very sorry," "I assure you, I meant no harm," "I beg a thousand pardons," &c., &c. Such, I am afraid, is somewhat the character of my friend's epistle. He refers to the want of Presbyterian services in Korah being supplied by "the Methodist and English minister." Ministers, he should have said, for there are two of each denomination residing here, and who, therefore, can relieve one another. The predecessor of the present Methodist minister in charge, considered his salary as he himself told me, as equivalent to a thousand dollars, and I suppose his successor receives the same. The Episcopalian clergyman in charge receives, or did receive until very recently, a like sum. Besides, it so happens that these four clergymen have good horses and vehicles at command, furnished by friends, at no cost, I believe, either to themselves or to the people in the country. Mr. B. knows very well that I was willing to pay for a horse and conveyance out of a smaller salary, if I could have found reliable articles of the kind, which, as Mr. B. himself told me, I could not. The statements that the settlers in Korah "are principally Presbyterians," and that the meeting-house there is only "five miles distant," are, I think, very questionable. I am willing to believe, however, that my young friend has erred through indiscretion, or thoughtlessness, rather than from any intention to give offence. And as I will say no more, regretting very much to feel myself called upon to say anything upon such an unworthy subject, as Your humble servant,

WILLIAM KAY.

P.S.—I had intended to send you a letter upon "Higher themes," which I have been meditating and proposing to tempt you with, but must defer it. I trust my friend Mr. B. will not allow this little tiff to put an end to our friendship, or to those pleasant evening readings, planned by himself, of Horace, and of the "tale of Troy dying," and of the wanderings of that "much enduring man," with which we are apt to become so enchanted in youth, as Augustine remarks, too forgetful of our own more grievous wandering, and who, I think, had in him some of the elements of a first rate Presbyterian missionary.