

Our Contributors.

INDIA.

LETTER FROM MARION OLIVER, M.D.

The St. Marys *Argus* gives the following extracts from a letter written by Miss Marion Oliver, M.D., to her old pastor, Rev R. Hamilton, of Motherwell. They will be read with interest.

I was so pleased to get the photo. One likes to know we are not forgotten. It adorns the mantelpiece of the one little rough, wooden house which at present forms the abode of Miss Beatty and myself—a house so rudely constructed that a back woods shanty might be called a mansion. A few steps from our house are the Wilsons, in a similar house, and a little farther on the Wilkie family, but they, being a large family, must have at least a two-roomed house. Just as in the early days of Canada, so 'tis here. Everybody is on the same level as far as their house is concerned. We have generals, colonels, mayors, and even the agent of the Governor-General, all around us with their families, and all in just such grand palaces as ours.

This is the way English people in India seek a change, instead of going to a fashionable watering-place, and certainly it is a much surer way of finding health, for if one can't get strong in this bracing air, one may give up the search.

Where are we, you begin to wonder. Away on the top of the mountains of Kashmir, some 10,000 feet above the sea, where the air is so rare that for the first few weeks neither Mrs. Wilson nor I could find room in our lungs—rather when we attempted to walk up hill.

Kashmir may be called the Sanitarium of India, though it is only within the last few years that English women have ventured into it, owing to the great difficulty of getting over the Himalayas into it. To me that was by far the pleasantest part of our journey, and I think I may say the same of all our party. We came in regular gipsy fashion, taking a couple of weeks to get over the nearly 160 miles of mountains. We made a march of from ten to fifteen miles daily, pitching our tents or else staying over night in the travellers' bungalow.

The whole way, with the exception of the first forty miles, is a narrow mountain path, over which no one could venture to take a vehicle of any sort.

Coolies carried our baggage and provisions; also the children, invalids and weakly ones of our party had to be carried by coolies in a sort of boat in which one could sit or lie.

Not being an invalid, I preferred to walk, when a hill pony could not be obtained. I must have walked not less than sixty miles. Mr. Wilson grew so strong over it that he walked the last march of sixteen miles without being in the least fatigued. I walked it too, but must own that it was almost too much for me.

What magnificent views we got. Great, towering, snow-capped mountains above us, with streams tumbling down their sides, and below us the roaring Jhelum. The roads follow the course of the river all the way and are often 1,000 feet above it. It seemed like hanging in mid-air.

Of course the road was dangerous. Donkeys carrying loads often fall over precipices into the river below, but hundreds of people travel over it every summer and no lives have been lost, so why should we be afraid?

The Valley of Kashmir is very much like some parts of Ontario. When we came in the middle of April the apple and peach trees were in full bloom, and everything except the people and the houses made one think of our finest Canadian spring weather. The houses are rudely constructed, even the palaces, and all the roofs are covered with grass. I saw one roof a perfect mass of bright tulips.

Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, is a city of about 125,000 inhabitants, and is an abominably dirty place. The part reserved for English residents is away beyond the native city, and would be all the better were it a few miles farther away from Srinagar odours. The River Jhelum forms the main street of the city. There is no such thing as a wheeled vehicle in all Kashmir. People go to the bazaar in boats. We tented for the first three weeks in the part of the city reserved for English visitors, when, finding a lovely spot on the shore of a lake the lake celebrated in Moore's "Lalla Rookh"—we moved our tents to it

and remained there. It began to grow sultry and warm, when, ten days ago, we climbed the mountains to this tableland.

You see we are becoming very nomadic, as all dwellers in tents are. This, however, will be our last move until we set out on the homeward journey, in about three weeks hence. Miss Beatty is not yet strong enough for the journey, and will not return before September. Owing to her extreme weakness we were obliged to make a slow journey, even on the railway when coming from Indore. This gave us an opportunity of seeing something of the various interesting cities along the line, and also afforded us the pleasure of meeting with and seeing something of the work—both of the Rajpootana mission and the American Presbyterian. After leaving Neemuch our first halt was at Ajmere, where we were called upon by Mr. Gray, Dr. Husband and all the ladies. We stopped again at Jeypore, which wonderful city we were able to see a good deal of, through the kindness of your friend, Mr. Traill. He spent the whole day driving Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and myself to see its many objects of interest, while Miss Beatty rested. We remained over Sabbath at Ulwar, another of the United Presbyterian stations. Misses Ashcroft and Jamieson are the missionaries there. They have a substantial and pretty stone church, such as I would like to see at Avonbank, in which Mr. Wilson preached.

Ulwar is like Jeypore—a marvellously clean city for India, being all thoroughly drained and having well paved streets and waterworks. It is completely surrounded by mountains which render it a perfect furnace during the hot season.

Leaving the Rajpootana desert behind us we entered the Punjab, passing on our way to Lahore, our next halting place. Thousands upon thousands of acres of wheat fields, most of it in the ear, though it was still March. At Lahore we remained two days. Being the capital of the Punjab, and also a city in which the American Presbyterians have had a mission for almost half a century, we felt that one day was too short for all we wished to see. Dr. and Mr. Forman, the grandfather of Mr. Forman, who was in Toronto during the winter stirring up the students on missions, whom we met there, are both men who have been in India about forty years, and are now white haired old men, yet still working. Mr. Forman took us through their boys' school, where we saw about 1,300 boys all busy as bees. They have nearly 2,000 boys and girls attending their schools. Surely Lahore will soon be won from dark, dark heathendom.

A twelve hours' railroad ride brought us to Rawal Pindi, and also to the end of our journey by rail. It lies just at the foot of the Himalayas, and being so near the border of India, it is an important military station. Here we spent the Sabbath, Messrs. Wilkie and Wilson taking the services for Mr. Taylor, the Presbyterian chaplain, an earnest, good man. The American Presbyterians have a mission here. In the afternoon we went to hear their Urdu service, conducted that day by Rev. Mr. Ullma, a hale, hearty old missionary, who also has held up the cross of Christ in India for half a century. The very clasp of his hand did me good.

The inhabitants of Kashmir are nearly all Mahomedan, but are ruled by a Hindoo Maharajah, who keeps them in a state of almost slavery. None are allowed to leave the valley without his special permission. He bought the country from the English government for sixty-five lacs of rupees. He compels the people to hand over to him half of all that is grown or manufactured, also half of all the cattle and sheep.

The Church Missionary Society have had a mission in Srinagar for about twenty years and are doing good work. Especially successful has their medical work been under Dr. Elmslie and now under Dr. Neve, both trained in Edinburgh's Medical Mission.

I have been spending my days here over Hindi, and hope I may master enough of it to do something with the patients when I get to Indore.

Kashmir, May 30, 1887

M. OLIVER

ABRAM'S believing God was one phase of his righteousness. Another was his obedience. But this belief is the heart-feeling, out of which outward expression grows. Faith is more than mere belief, it is the right feeling of the heart to God, including love and consecration.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF DR. M'GLYNN.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me to make a few remarks on your recent article on this subject, with a view to correcting misapprehensions to which it is sure to give rise.

1. With respect to the form and meaning of "excommunication" it should be borne in mind that Protestant Churches also excommunicate members, and that this is meant by them, as it is by the Roman Catholic Church, to be a severe penalty. A few years ago an elder in a Presbyterian congregation in Western Ontario was excommunicated for marrying his deceased wife's sister. His act, though a contravention of the law of the Church, was not, even at that time, a violation of the law of the land, and it was not *per se* a moral offence at all. Since this excommunication the Parliament of Canada has expressly legalized such marriages, and the Canada Presbyterian Church has resolved to change its Confession of Faith to bring it into harmony with the public law. What reparation is the Church prepared to make to the elder above referred to, and to others excommunicated for the same offence?

2. Dr. McGlynn was excommunicated not for holding or preaching any form of sociological or any other opinions, but for disobeying the order sent to him by the head of his Church, whom he was under voluntarily incurred obligation to obey. For endorsing Henry George's land theories he was suspended by his immediate ecclesiastical superior, Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, but an archbishop has no more power to finally excommunicate a priest than a moderator of a Presbytery has to excommunicate a Presbyterian clergyman. No one knows what might have been the result had Dr. McGlynn gone to Rome, but he did not go, and he gave no reason for not going. He was therefore excommunicated for contumacious disobedience, and for similar conduct any Presbyterian clergyman would be similarly dealt with by the General Assembly. What would have happened ten years ago in Halifax if the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell had refused to appear at the Assembly's bar to plead to a charge of preaching heresy? He would have been promptly deposed and excommunicated, and properly so. No Church that is worthy of the name can allow its clergy to be insubordinate.

3. I have said that no one knows what might have happened if Dr. McGlynn had gone to Rome in obedience to the Papal summons, but I firmly believe that if he had gone and explained his views he would have secured for them Papal approval. I have been forced to this conclusion by several considerations. In the first place the Papacy does not gratuitously throw itself into an attitude of antagonism toward any popular movement, and there is no reason why it should declare illegitimate the one advocated by Dr. McGlynn and Henry George. Their position on the land question is not new, and it is not essentially different from that of the great English and foreign writers on Political Economy, including John Stuart Mill. The essence of Dr. McGlynn's teaching was summed up by Mill nearly half a century ago, in the assertion that the unearned increment in the value of land belongs of right to the community, and not to the individual owner; and I have no doubt that Leo XIII. would instantly admit the soundness of this principle, though Archbishop Corrigan does not. Then what happened in the case of the Knights of Labour, when Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, threatened them with excommunication? Their case was taken to Rome, and advocated there by Cardinal Gibbons, of the United States Church, the result being that while Cardinal Taschereau has been let down as easily as possible, his decree of excommunication has been averted, and good Roman Catholics may become Knights of Labour. Leo XIII. is reported to have said that Dr. McGlynn made a mistake in not going to Rome while Cardinal Gibbons was there. The report is probably true, and it confirms my opinion that had Dr. McGlynn obeyed orders he might have remained a Catholic priest, and advocated George's theories as long as he pleased.

4. I do not know exactly what you mean by "Papal fulminations," which you say are regarded as "mock thunder." A simple decree of excommunication is no more a Papal fulmination than is a resolution of the Presbyterian General Assembly dealing with a heretical or recalcitrant clergyman—a Robertson Smith, for instance. And why should secular journals be