

Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. This dome became dilapidated; the Greek Church said I must repair it. The Romish Church claimed the same privilege. Lavalette asked and obtained from the Sultan a firman to enable the Romish Church to build it. The Greek Church found themselves nonplussed.—Russia then said to Turkey, "you must recal that firman." Turkey was about to do so when Lavalette said "If you do, I will bring a fleet to Constantinople." Turkey then hesitated.—Russia seeing this, said "if threatening be the order of the day, I can threaten too,—and ordered her armies into the Principalities. This was considered as a *causus belli*, and Turkey, who accordingly declared war some time after against Russia. You will ask me how did the Greek and Romish Churches get to Syria, and what have they to do there. I will explain to you. There are various sects of Christians in Syria. There are the Greek Orthodox, the Maronites, and the Roman Catholics. The Maronites acknowledge the Pope as head of the Church.

In the 11th century the Crusaders went forth. The Crusaders hated the Mussulmen, and so did the Maronites, who accordingly made common cause with the Crusaders and consented to acknowledge the Pope as head of the Church, although they have no other views in common with the Catholics. There was a popular preacher in Damascus called Carrolus a Greek bishop—his people wished to make him patriarch of Antioch, but the Greek ecclesiastics refused to do so, as he held some doctrines which were contrary to the Greek Church. For instance, he believed that the Holy Spirit proceedeth from the Father and the Son. The Greek Church believes that the Holy Ghost proceedeth from the Father alone. In this strait the Catholics offered to make him patriarch if he would only acknowledge the Pope as head of the Church. He consented to do so and thus became patriarch of Antioch.—Thus sprung up the sect of the Maronites.—Strenuous efforts have been made to extend the power of the Romish Church in Syria. They have built cathedrals, convents, nunneries, and so forth. A poor Maronite finds a magnificent cathedral going up at his door. He says, dear me what a fine church. But says the Romanist that is your Church. Oh no, he replies I am a poor Maronite; I am not a Catholic. But you acknowledge the Pope as head of the Church. Yes. Well then that Church is for you. The Greek Church was acting in the same way. The movements of these Churches were closely watched by the Potentates who supported them, and they were both making rapid advances, until this war broke out and stopped the progress of both of them. We are all Turkish subjects in Syria. France is the protector of the Romish Church, and Russia of the Greek Church. I will explain to you how they became so. Even as late as five years ago, the greater part of the inhabitants of Beyrout were in a very degraded condition. A Christian's word would not be taken in a Court of Justice, and he had to suffer all kinds of insults. Suppose I were a Roman Catholic or a Greek, and a Mussulman strikes me on the cheek. I go and tell the Consul—the French or the Russian, according to the Church which I belong. The Consul immediately puts on his cocked hat, and goes to the Pacha, and says Sir this conduct must not be allowed. Certainly not says the Pacha, the man must be punished, and accordingly he is punished. The Pacha does this not because he cares about the Christian, but because he is afraid of greater demands being made by the nation to which the Consul belongs. From frequent occurrences of this kind, it became an understood thing, that the Romish Church was under the protection of France, and the Greek under the protection of Russia. These powers in order to serve their own ends, have made political capital out of our creeds. They are endeavouring to effect by stratagem, what they cannot effect by force. France says, if I can make all the people of Syria Catholics, I shall have their sympathy. Russia thinks she will attain the same end by making them all members of the Greek Church. France has spent enormous sums of money for this object. The Roman Catholic Cathedral in Jerusalem cost £150,000, one in Beyrout £120,000, one in Damascus £80,000, and the one in Aleppo £100,000, several others have been built at a large cost in other towns in Syria. What a contrast this is to the liberality of Protestants! It has cost your unworthy speaker three years labor to raise £600.

Nothing has gained by the late war but the Bible. All the great Powers who engaged in it, have been disappointed.

Turkey never supposed it was going to annihilate her, but it has done so virtually by the destruction of her religion. She may now say of her Islamish, Ichabod, the glory is departed.

Then again as to France. A cardinal from Rome used to visit Syria every few years in state, and parade through the streets at the head of a large procession, almost equal in magnificence to a regal retinue in order to impress the Syrians with an idea of the power and grandeur of Rome. France supposed that she would be a gainer by the War, but she has been disappointed. The Bible is now allowed to circulate

freely among all classes in Syria, and I need not tell you friends, that where the Bible goes, it will make its way. All the different nations entered upon the war with different motives, but God overruled it all, to his own glory.

Russia thought that the war would destroy the Romish Church, but her own power has been broken. The Bible now goes to the Greek as well as to the Mussulman.

The promises are now being fulfilled of the deliverance of Syria. Baalbec remains to attest her former grandeur. Tyre is no longer, and Jerusalem is in heaps. The Dead Sea flows over Sodom and Gomorrah. But the same mouth which uttered the prophecy of Tyre that she should be a rock for fishermen to spread their nets on, has also said of her, and of all Syria. I will redeem her again, I will make her a praise unto all nations. Do you not see that there is a guiding hand in Syria? If a Syrian is injured the whole world is in commotion about him. you take as much interest in him as though he were your own child.—You do not take such an interest in other countries. Let China, Prussia, or France be attacked, and you are quite indifferent as to the result. Although this war came upon us unexpectedly, it did not come too soon. Our country required it. Twenty years ago it would have done little or no good. The state of ignorance which then prevailed, even in Beyrout, I have already described to you. Girls were looked upon as far inferior to men, three girls being considered equivalent to one boy. All the education you could then find in Syria was a school of twelve boys—the scions of the aristocracy sitting around a priest in the vestry of the Church. They were taught to read the Psalms of David; there was no Spelling Book in Syria. When a boy could read the Psalter, he was considered educated. Arithmetic was not taught. The educated boy could not tell you what twice two made without counting it up on his fingers. The people then, laughed at the idea of the world being round, or that the sun stood still. If I had told them that this silk neckerchief was silk, and the Church said it was cotton, they would believe that it was cotton. Even on looking at it they would not think otherwise. If I were to say feel it; they would reply, we do not want to feel it; the Church has said it is cotton, and we say it is cotton—cotton it must be, and so there is an end of all argument about it. Such was the state of Syria a few years ago, but a great change has been wrought there. God first began with the Christians. In 1818 the first missionaries (who were Americans) went to Syria: English missionaries went subsequently. As soon as it was known that these missionaries had landed, a cry went through all the Churches that they were heretics. If a Syrian saw one of them walking down the street he would run as if the plague were after him.

If a Missionary even asked his way out of a street, they would put their hands to their ears and run away as if for their lives, crying heretic, heretic. What human power could effect anything under such circumstances as these? The work which has progressed there within the last twenty years is peculiarly the Almighty's own work. The word heretic in Syria means a man accused by God and man. It is thought worse to be a heretic, than to be a thief, or even a murderer. A thief or a murderer can be absolved, but a heretic never can. No wonder the natives were shy of the Missionaries, when such denunciations were uttered against them. The American Missionaries labored prayerfully and faithfully from 1818 to 1836 without making a single convert among the natives. Four persons joined their church but they were all foreigners—three being American Bishops, and one a Missionary from Lebanon. I am the son of one of those Bishops, and a Presbyterian—a pretty staunch one too. Friends, do not misunderstand me. I do not believe that the Presbyterian Church, is the only Church—far from it. I look upon all Evangelical Churches as the Church of God. These Churches are just like the different regiments in your army—some are Highlanders, others Hussars, and so on. They have a different dress, but they all fight for the one. Show me the man who loves God, and I will hail him as a brother. You will say how does it happen that you, the son of an Armenian Bishop, is a Presbyterian? My father was the first who joined the American Missionaries. They were Presbyterians, and I was accordingly brought up to that form of religion. My father was from the convent of St. James' in Jerusalem, and was married after his conversion. You call yourselves Christians, but what does the profession of your faith cost? If I were to tell you of the persecutions which these Christians—both the converts and the Missionaries endured, from 1818 or 1820 to 1836, it would seem like boasting. You have only to look at your Missionary Records to learn what they suffered. In 1835 the American Missionaries with one single exception became discouraged and left Beyrout and went to Smyrna and other places. One of them however, William Thompson of Ohio, (and blessed be his name) was determined to remain. He said that he had come to Beyrout to labor as a Missionary and that nothing should drive him away from there but death. He opened a small school after the American fashion; my brother and my-

self, and the other sons of the Armenian Bishops comprised the school, making in all six pupils. Mr Thompson was at first unwilling to take me, as I was too young he said, being only six years of age. The pupils were not to be under seven. My mother, however, entreated him so earnestly, telling him that I was clever, that he at last consented to take me for two months to see if I would answer. I suppose I did answer for I remained after that period. The people of Syria were at that time in a half civilized state, not because they wanted means but because they knew no better. The children were dirty. The people had no idea of European manners. Men and women did not associate together. Pray excuse me for saying men and women, the Bible calls them so. When I speak of my own country people I shall speak of them as men and women. When I speak of you, I shall call you ladies and gentlemen. The Missionary gave each of us a room nicely furnished, a beautiful bedstead, and bed with nice white sheets, carpet, table, chair, &c, when my key was given to me, and I was told that there was my room, I felt that I was a man. (The Lecturer here described his first book and the interest which he felt in it, and its pictures.) Mr Thompson told us that for the first few months we might speak as much Arabic as we pleased, but after that, for every Arabic word that we spoke we should lose a dinner. During the first few months of the new system I lost more than half my dinners. The greatest fun was to see the whole six boys with their arms outstretched standing on a bench (for this was part of the punishment for speaking Arabic) with a fine warm dinner smoking before them, which they were obliged to stand looking at it for half an hour and then to return to the school dinnerless. However, at the end of a year we could speak English pretty well. People have asked me how it is that I speak English so well. English was the first tongue that I learned to read, write, and express my ideas in. I think, feel, and even dream in English. In fact I am all English except my dress. At the end of the year Mr Thompson gave us two weeks vacation. My first impulse was to brush my hair, put on my best dress, and go to town. I accordingly did so. The town boys crowded round me. I said to them keep away, keep away, you are so dirty. The boys stared at me, and even their fathers, and grandfathers gazed on me with astonishment. I pulled my books out and showed them the pictures. Boys are the same all over the world. They were delighted with the pictures. I read the explanation for the pictures to them in English, and in Syrian. "WHAT?" they said, "a Syrian boy read English, and translate it into Syrian—a Syrian boy with fine long hair, and nicely brushed. Impossible! pray who are you?" "Why," said I, "don't you remember Greg Wortabet;—there's Peter—there's Tom,—and there's John. I know you all, and have you forgotten me?"—"But," they said, "who brushed your hair so nice, and made you so clean and nice looking." Then I told them about the school. They began to caper around me and my pictures crying "we'll go to school too, we'll go to school too." Their fathers interposed and said that they should not go to school to that heretic man. But the boys could not be restrained, and the consequence was that 26 boys were added to the school in a single year. In 1842 when the school broke up for want of funds, there were 74 children in attendance. From that time Beyrout has become mid-day compared with what she formerly was. The Syrian boys there now are clean and gentlemanly looking. Twenty years ago you could not find one in twenty who could read. Now you cannot show me a christian boy in Beyrout who cannot both read and write, and also speak two or three languages.

My brother John, in Mount Hermon, never left Syria, and he speaks as good English as any one in the room. Our girls have been taught, and have proved themselves capable of education. We have no great Niagara as you have, no majestic rivers, or wild scenery, but our girls have as warm feelings, and kind and affectionate hearts as any lady here or any where else. Our girls are also capable of refinement. Twenty years ago the young men never cared when they saw a young woman, whether their collars were up or down or how they looked.—Now, when we go courting we must put on our kid gloves, straighten up our collars, &c. and make ourselves look quite smart. Now seven men are not equal to one woman in Syria.—When the Bible went to Syria, our girls were at once elevated in the social scale. We are proud to see them no longer slaves. In the hour of sorrow we love to feel their soft and gentle hand our burning brow. We also love their companionship in our joyous hours.

Yes, yes! we will have them slaves no longer, and I pray to God that the time may come when in the whole of Syria, our women will be exalted to the proper dignity of their sex.—Our girls are amiable, lovely and affectionate, and believe me, Nova Scotian ladies, beautiful as you are, and I pay you the compliment, our Syrian girls are not behind you in this respect.

Then look at the energy of our merchants now. Formerly a man worth £9 sterling, was considered a millionaire. Now a man worth tens of thousands is not considered extraordi-

nary wealthy. All this has been done within the last twenty years. Look at our luxuries, our drawing-rooms, our carpets, furniture, &c.

If his Holiness were to tell us now, that a sour thing was sweet, we would say, wait your Eminence, we will taste it ourselves. As a proof of what the Bible has done, I would only ask you to look at Old and New Beyrout.—Old Beyrout is like the old town of Edinburgh—black and dingy. The new town is beautiful—pleasantly situated and embowered amidst mulberry trees. The Christians are now rising up. Do you suppose I would allow a Turk to strike me on the cheek? No, by no means. We were on the point of a civil war, when this war broke out. Christianity came over our country, like a mighty Niagara, rolling along, and bringing with it wealth, refinement, taste and civilization. The Mussulman, however, was a drag to us. We were sighing for a change when God brought about this war. Mahometanism had ever been a great barrier to the advancement of our country, and the progress of christianity. This war came. The late treaty allows the Bible to go to every man in Syria.—The Mussulman can now go to school with the Christian. We can now teach the Mussulmen and they will consequently advance as well as ourselves. The War was necessary for Syria and for Europe. (The Lecturer here related an incident which took place in Beyrout, so late as April 1855, which he himself was an actor, showing the insults to which the Christians were exposed, and the quarrels which took place between them and the Mussulman which would have probably led ere long to civil war.) The Mussulmen are now angry about the late treaty, but that feeling will wear away in time; and twenty years hence Turkey, I hope and believe, will be a Christian Country. We don't wish to drive the Mussulmen away, but to make them part and parcel of ourselves. O, happy day! O, happy moment! When the banner of the cross shall wave over Jerusalem—the grave of my Great Redeemer. If I only could see that, I could die happy. I believe it will happen for the Lord has said—I will redeem her, I will make her a praise to all nations. Who ever supposed when this war commenced, that it would lead to the overturning of the Great Eastern Empire! Who thought by Turkey's rising up against Russia's oppression that Christianity would be forwarded in the East? Nobody would have believed it, but it has come to pass, and you, though far from Syria, may yet come to look upon her as the glory of the world. I have devoted the energies of my life, my youth and strength for the last eight years, to excite an interest in her. I felt very bad when it was proposed that you should pay for your admission here to-night. It is true you have not been asked to pay much, I want all to come and hear about Syria. I want you to love Syria for Christ's sake. Contemplate your Saviour in the garden of Gethsemane! Think of the Crown of Thorns on his brow! Think of him dying gasping for breath! Think of him as he was borne along to the stone of unction, of his love of his passion, of his death and burial! Think of them until you feel with me the same enthusiasm which animated the Crusaders when the whole of Europe was armed, and Kings left their Crowns behind them!

I want you to love Syria in a spiritual sense. We do not want crusade armies now, but send us the Word of Truth. You should do this in order to save yourselves further work. If you do not you will have to fight again. You will have to go to Syria, to fight and perhaps to die there. What would the cost of a Bible be to you, you who spend so much upon your luxuries? Your wealth belongs to God. If you live it is only by his sufferance. When you see a drunkard, a cripple, a blind man, or a beggar, think that but for the grace of God, you might have been in the same state. Perhaps you will say my genius, my strength has saved me from the drunkard's, or the beggar's fate. No Sir, it is God! I want you to give with a loving heart. (Do not be alarmed there is no collection to be taken to night.) But I speak to you to night of the claims of Christianity, because you may yet have to work for the whole world. Your motto should be Excelsior. You are in earnest in making money. The Apostle says I will shew thee my faith by my works. See the sarcasm with which he speaks of faith without works. You say to the hungry man, go and be fed, but you do not feed him, or to the naked man, go and be clothed, but you do not clothe him. What good have you done him? You have only made things worse. If your Christianity be true, and you forget your duty, the time will come when your talent will be required of you, and you will then fare worse than the poor man who buried his. You will say, Oh Father Abraham, if I had thought of this before! To be a Christian costs you little to be a sinner a great deal. Choose my friends the safest and best way. Then you will have a smiling Father, to say "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A young poet out west, in describing heaven, says: 't's a world of bliss, fenced in with girls.' Where's the man that won't repent now?

Remember, a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of vinegar.