

Poetry.

THE VOICE OF DRUNKENNESS.

I've passed through the city—I've swept o'er the plain—
I've quaffed of the life blood—I've counted my slain;
In the homes of the wealthy, the haunts of despair,
Glean the fields of my glory, for I have been there!

When the victor was strong in his moment of pride,
With his laurels all fresh, I have sat by his side,
Till the drop I had drugged, as it crept thro' his vein,
Made him own in his death-throe a stronger had been.

When the revel was brightest, I've lurked in the throng—
I have laughed with the loudest, I've echoed the song;
From the noblest, the proudest, I've earned my fame—
On the beautiful brow I have chronicled "shame."

In the hut of the peasant I've hovered above
O'er his turf-lighted hearth and the scene of his love,
When the burst of wild music from woman's lips stole,
And the voices of childhood rang deep in the soul—

As I entered the circle they died in a wail,
And the shrieks of the desolate swept on the gale,
While gaunt famine and fever came swiftly at hand
To reap the broad harvest I had sown in the land.

I have laughed the fond hopes of the young heart to scorn,
And the mother I've taught to forget her first-born;
In her heart I have poisoned love's holiest springs—
O! what triumph like this can earth yield to her kings!

Hast thou been in the cell where the murderer lies,
As he counts on the dial the moment he dies?
Sought ye then by what tempter Hell's work was begun,
And his spirit made meet for the deed he hath done?

When the laugh of the maniac echoing high,
While the wild fire of genius still flits in his eye,
As he sits down and gnaws the strong fetters that bind,
Be my temple built there 'mid the ruin of mind.

And doubt you yet, sceptic, the arches of Hell
Echo back the dark story her lost ones can tell?
O! for ever, for ever, our doom's to drink up
All the strong wrath of God in the dregs of that cup.

Belfast, Ireland.

Missionary Intelligence.

CONVERSIONS IN IRELAND.

The following deeply interesting passage is from a letter written by the Rev. J. D. Smith, an independent minister in Dublin, in reply to certain disparaging remarks by the *British Banner*, on Protestant Missions in Ireland, with the view of rousing British Congregationalists from their apathy, by showing the success which has attended the exertions of other denominations:—

"It is a source of congratulation to all who take a lively interest in Ireland to know, that a most powerful impulse has been given to popular feeling on the subject of scriptural inquiry, which, through the Divine blessing, is already productive of results highly favourable to the Protestant religion. All denominations—our own excepted—(and this surely should be known and felt by us)—have thrown an impulse into the country most unexpected in itself, and most astonishing in its results. The Church of England, by means of its more pious members, and by voluntary effort, has effectuated a movement in the West worthy of the name of a reformation. Ministers are preaching out-of-doors as well as in-doors; in cabins, and in cottages, as well as in churches, to crowds of converts from Romanism. More than one Bishop

now seeks congregations in mere huts and hovels of the poor. In one case where a great change has been effected, the Bishop, it is said, instead of making converts of the people, has been made a convert of by them. Wonders are being done in Conemara alone. How simple, how interesting, the organ of the movement! Mr. Dallas, a Hampshire minister, goes over to that region in quest of health. But few invalids choose such a spot; but few have the good fortune to know of it. Yes, but few know of Loch Corrib, with its hundred islands; or the Killeries Mountains, with their eagle abodes, and salubrious air; or of the rich dewy valleys, with the melody of their woods, and the fragrance of their flowers. In fact, few scenes are more interesting or more romantic, than 'wild but fond Conemara.' There are heard the most majestic falls of the Atlantic; there are seen the most peaceful waters of loch and lake, bathing the feet of some of the smallest of Erin's mountains. No pilgrimage to the Rhine can be compared to a visit to Conemara. I have just received a letter from this region, which states that 'the Scriptures are now being read through twelve well appointed districts; that some of the Popish chapels are almost deserted; that some have been thrown down; that between four and five thousand persons have left the errors of Rome, and that the priests, some of them, are about to emigrate to America.' The Rev. John Gregg, a most excellent minister of this city, visited fifty-six congregations, composed of converts, inquirers, and Roman Catholics, varying in number from fifty to six hundred. In this small peninsula, with its adjoining districts in Galway and Mayo, which form the diocese of Tuam, there are ten thousand converts regularly gathered into Protestant communities. The Bishop was an anti-convert man; but, from the flood of inquiry rising up around him, he has been compelled to join in the movement. Bishop Daly, who himself has often preached at the back of a chair to an Irish-speaking peasantry, declared in a speech, recently delivered in Exeter Hall, 'that, in Connaught alone, ten thousand souls had been reclaimed out of the Church of Rome.' These several witnesses doubtless are true. The facts are remarkable. They accord with my own knowledge and convictions of Connaught. Before the visit of the excellent Hampshire Rector, I had made two extensive tours through its most destitute parts, and to some of its most destitute islands. Never did a people appear more willingly to congregate together for the purpose of hearing the gospel. I reported to the Committee of the 'Irish Evangelical Society' that, for miles and miles—in one district for twenty-one miles—I could discover no place of worship at all, either Romanist or Protestant; that there was not a Nonconformist minister for every 51,000 souls; that there were upwards of 800,000 people out of the million and half in the province of Connaught who could neither read nor write. The winter following this visit, I made a second journey at the request of the Committee. I found the people anxious to hear the Gospel—most anxious for schools; the sites were selected; a chain of schools, such as would have the industrial element infused into their constitution, was fixed upon; in some cases, the masters were chosen; the Committees in Dublin and London had agreed to the plan, but, alas! I returned to England only to hear that the Society was embarrassed with another debt, that nothing new could be done which might prevent appeals for its removal. Only one person knows of the bitter disappointment which was inflicted. Mr. Dallas had the advantage of going direct to all England. He found the people willing

enough to aid in a work to which it appeared evident God had called his servants. At that time only two places of worship existed between Galway and the Atlantic. Now eight more are determined on, in order to meet the wants of the converts. Where much of this work is progressing, I have delegated to preach the Word of Life to a multitude of grateful auditors. I have known them come for ten miles under an inclement sky, and return on the same night to their mountain hovels amidst a heavy fall of snow. How some of these congregations at present meet, may be imagined from a scene in Kerry—for the work has extended there also—written from the spot by an eye-witness.

"I stood," he remarks, "upon a rock overhanging the wild waves of the Atlantic, near to the village of Ballybunnon. It was eventide, and the setting sun was gilding the ocean; here was a little bay with its beautiful pebbly beach; and there was a stupendous rugged cliff, with the waves dashing against it, and rebounding in boiling foam and feathered spray, or rushing into the caverns beneath with noise loud as the cannon's roar.

"Before me was the ruin of an ancient castle, telling that once some noble kept watch and ward, and presenting a striking contrast with the fisherman's huts or the villages cottages around.

"A group of peasants were seen, clean and orderly in their gait; and then another and another group appeared, wending their way over cliff and rock and strand to the village school-house, where the missionary of the Irish Society was about to preach the word of eternal life; and then the bathing cottages sent their contributions of souls inquiring the way to Zion; and amid the sand-hills outside the town might be seen the blue mantle and red petticoat of the Kerry peasant woman, all bending their steps to hear of Jesus in their own loved tongue. It was a beautiful sight to see 100 converts, all delivered from the superstition of Popery, met together of a week evening to hear the good news of the gospel."

"Such scenes turn the tables upon the evangelizing Nonconformists. They are by no means rare. From Belmullet to Ventry, including Joyce's country, Conemara, and Achill—which latter place has just been purchased for £7000—a painstaking and prosperous movement is being made. Almost every society—our own again excepted—has augmented its resources, and redoubled its agencies. The Irish Society alone reports this year, 724 schools, 31,362 scholars, 38 inspectors, 60 superintendents, 20 missionaries, 166 readers, besides the erection of several places of worship needful to meet the demands of the converts from Romanism. Other bodies are in the field. The Free Church of Scotland has lately come to the aid of the Irish Presbyterian Church. The Methodists are renewing their efforts. The Baptists have some promising schools. The Free Church have been encouraged in such a manner, that Dr. Duff, in his late visit to this city, seemed to forget his own India, in his real joy at the prospect now opening for the benefit of poor Romanist Connaught. He stated, that the representations he had heard had allured him to go down to that province to see for himself, and that he was perfectly satisfied that God, in a most remarkable manner, was opening up the minds of the Popish population to the knowledge of the truth. He had preached to congregations of converts.—He had examined the children in the school—so we understood him—he had beheld their industry. The result of his visit has been, that several citizens of Dublin have entered into an arrangement to join gentlemen in Belfast, Glasgow,

and Edinburgh, in the purchase of an entire valley in Connaught, to be used for industrial purposes in connection with their Presbyterian schools. A less missionary body scarcely exists than the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Yet is that body offering its means and asking, 'And what can I do?' These facts will, I think, show that in the West, at least, the difficulties of reaching Ireland have diminished rather than increased. Of course, persecution and priestly vigilance, especially in the larger towns and cities, are doing their utmost. Yet, when John of Tuam went down to the extreme West for a 'confirmation,' he could scarcely get any one willing to be confirmed. It does, then, seem that the heart of the nation is not altogether rock. Ask Dr. Duff, or Dr. Edgar, or Dr. Dill, or Mr. Dallas, if they return from their evangelizing efforts declaring that they deemed it a waste of time and energy to attempt to convert the land, for they found it incapable of ever becoming a soil of salvation."

Miscellaneous.

(From the Philadelphia Presbyterian.)

FAMILY WORSHIP IN SCOTLAND.

"The cheerful sapper done, wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide."

It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that he used sometimes to take his guests to an arbour on his lawn, at the hour of evening, that they might listen to the distant music of a sacred hymn. The sweet and tranquillizing sounds came from the cottage of old Peter Mathieson, a pious retainer of the great novelist, and so faithfully devoted to the memory of his affectionate master, that on visiting Abbotsford a few years since, we found "Old Peep," as Sir Walter familiarly called him, still dwelling in the little cottage on the margin of the silvery Tweed. We found him sitting in his grey-haired quietude beside that hearthstone at which he had sung so many a household hymn, and bowed so often in household prayer.

And such scenes of domestic worship as those which so stirred the sensibilities of Scotland's poet, have been witnessed at Scotland's firesides for many a century past.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

In no land has domestic piety thriven more than in Scotland, and as a consequence, no land on earth has witnessed more spiritual constancy, and a stouter fidelity to the truth delivered unto the saints. Within a few years, a most remarkable illustration of the efficacy of family worship has been witnessed in that country. In 1836, the General Assembly sent down an eloquent Pastoral Letter to the people of Scotland, "stirring up anew the people to a more faithful and regular observance of the worship of God in their families." The time at which this letter was issued, was a time of conflict and agitation in the Church. The battle between Erastianism and the true spirit of religious freedom—the battle between King Cæsar and "King Jesus" for the supremacy of the Church was waxing warm. A crisis was impending, and it was all-important that the heart of Scotland should be preparing for the encounter. At that critical time the Scottish Church were called afresh to the cultivation of household piety, and to rear anew the domestic altar. By their own hearthstones the "Faithfuls" and the "Great-hearts" of the land of the Covenanters were to weapon themselves for a spiritual *Bannockburn* against the principalities and powers,