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REV'DS. L. E. MILL & R. THOMSON,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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HYMN.

The fruit of our lips we will bring
To Jesus our Saviour and Lord,
Our Praiser, our Priest, and our King,
Whose name shall be ever ador'd!
We sit at his feet, who believe,
(His saints who are all in his hands.)
That each of his words may receive,
And bow to his righteous commands.

His words we have eaten, and found
True joy and rejoicing of heart;
With wisdom and grace they abound,
And never shall from us depart:
Thus waiting till Jesus shall come,
His peace we possess here below,
We soon shall be with him at home,
And as we are known we shall know.

IRELAND'S MISSION FIELD.

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I.—IRELAND'S EARLY DAYS.

Ireland is, at least, an interesting field. Its early history is proverbially obscure, but at whatever date Druidical superstition gave way to the religion of Christ, that religion continued to reign over Ireland, in comparative purity, long after the rest of Europe had become a slave of Rome.

There was once a day in Ireland when the Book of God was free; when, under the ministry of the pious Caldees, the mass, and purgatory, and prayers for the dead, and the celibacy of the clergy, and such-like lies in hypocrisy, were all unknown. Gradually, however, corruption spread, and, at length, the last of the western churches which had preserved independence was conquered and enslaved. In 1155, Pope Adrian made a present of Ireland to Henry II., on condition of its being subjected entirely to the dominion and religion of the Man of Sin. Thus, by force and fraud, unhappy Ireland fell; and in one short century, under the withering curse of Rome, her purity & her glory were no more.

II.—IRISH PRIESTS: AS THEY WERE, AND AS THEY ARE.

There is a remarkable similarity between the condition to which Ireland then sank, and that in which she is still. The Roman pontiff was permitted to fill the influential offices in the Church, and not unfrequently in the State, with his obsequious adherents. The prelates, entirely subservient to the Pope, and devoted to their own selfish interests, were enemies to the Government which protected them, and rebels in the land which bore them. They claimed exemption from taxation and arrest for debt; they pardoned felons or commuted their crimes for money; and, on one occasion, they threatened to depose the clergy and excommunicate the people of a whole province, because they had obeyed Parliament by paying a tax. While clamouring for liberty, they were intolerable despots; while pretending to be God's agents for the spiritual good of the people, they ground the people with an iron bondage which flesh and blood could not bear.

The clergy being grossly immoral as well as ignorant, and chief agents in encouraging superstition, delusion, and crime, what could be expected of the people but the darkest ignorance and grossest immorality? In these lands there were checks to Papal encroachment, obstacles to the march of that pestiferous influence by which Popery blights and kills wherever it travels; but hapless Ireland rose at once to the bad eminence which it still maintains—head-quarters for the exhibition of what Popery is, and what Popery can do. Violence, insubordination, and profligacy have characterised Ireland ever since she embraced Popery; and what else could we expect from the immorality of its doctrines, the wickedness of its priests, and their promises of absolution to the most depraved?

III.—THE GREAT APOSTACY, AS SEEN AND FELT IN IRELAND.

Ireland has long been, and unhappily is still, a field of melancholy interest for observing the character and fruit of the Great Apostacy. No doubt, in a country such as Spain, we might find worse specimens of tyranny, cruelty, degradation, than even in Ireland; but in Spain, Popery has the throne as well as the altar—laws civil as well as ecclesiastical under her feet; while, in Ireland, Popery spreads Egyptian darkness amid scriptural light; Popery enslaves in the very home of Protestant liberty: Popery persecutes, in defiance of British law; Popery bullies and befools British legislators, so that they not only sanction a system which the Duke of Wellington once said is inconsistent with good government in any country; but they contribute, from the public purse, to train the very men who—sworn to eternal enmity, not like young Hannibal, against Rome, but against England; and who, with a wretched education, and class-books immoral and dangerous, go forth, with principles corrupted and hearts depraved, from a college where persecution and rebellion are part of the course—go forth, as agents of ill in the hands of a foreign hostile power, to stimulate a besotted populace to deeds of rebellion and blood.

Formerly, in India, the British Government compelled soldiers to drink a daily allowance of distilled spirits, and hanged them for crimes to which that same distilled spirit drove them; now, the British Government give free education, board, and beer, and twenty pounds a year, to Popish paupers, for learning from Dens and Delahogue how to debauch the minds, if not the persons, of females coming to confession, and how to train to seditious bitterness, or lawless violence, those who come under their influence; and when the system, patronised and paid by Government, has done its work, and issued in rebellion or murder, Government cannot hang the criminals, for the rebel has too powerful connexions, or the jury is afraid or indisposed to convict the murderer.

There have not been, it is true, any Ferdinand and Isabella in Ireland, to give a Torquemada power, as by the Inquisition in Spain to burn, in eighteen years, above ten thousand innocent people, and to sentence ninety-seven thousand more to confiscation, perpetual imprisonment, or infamy. No Cardinal Ximenes has been raised up in Ireland, as in Spain, to burn for heresy, in eleven years, above three thousand five hundred, and subject to severe punishment fifty thousand more. It may be, or it may not be, that the spirit still lives in any Irish Romanists which animated them in 1641, when, according to Clarendon, they murdered forty thousand Protestants in cold blood, unwarned and unarmed, besides all who afterwards fell in the general massacre; we require not to be told that their principles are fresh and strong as ever; that any deed is justifiable which is done for the good of the church; the bullet shot by the assassin, nerved and envenomed by his priest's curse, is aimed at the landlord and heretic in the same person; and the spirit which, over all the country, protects the murderer, and, in the jury-box, saves him from the gallows, or at the gallows triumphs over him as a martyr—the very spirit which Popery has in her hands. That spirit has shown itself in a hundred ways in Ireland, in utter contempt of the British law. What Protestant persecution in Ireland cannot bear testimony to? Persecution which converts from Rome to Christ, and the base illegal means used by Romish priests for preventing conversion? "In one district," says the Baptist Noel, "nine hundred Scripture are employed, and the greater number have been beaten or otherwise persecuted. Some have been savagely murdered, by crime being their endeavour to

guide others to the truth which they had found precious to themselves."

An official document, addressed to a late Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and afterwards published, states truly, that the whole of this dreadful and disgraceful state of things is attributable to the priests of the Roman Catholic church, from their altars. These priests glory in it, instead of denying it. The same number of a Ballina newspaper contains an account of the trial of the priest of Ballycastle, county Mayo, for cruelly beating a boy on his way to a scriptural school, and a letter from the priest of Ballina, defending his own conduct in having savagely beaten with a whip an aged female, for permitting her children to attend a scriptural school; and not only extolling the whip as an effectual means of keeping the peace, but quoting in its support the example of our Lord, in driving the buyers and sellers out of the Temple with a whip of small cords.

A friend of mine appealed to a Romish prelate on account of a priest having broken into her demesne, and beaten the children of her school. The bishop's reply was this: "As these children, for clothes and stirabout, are betraying the religion of their fathers, it is the duty of the priest to punish their parents in every legal way." Here, then, is the boundary which the Romish priest professes to set to his violence—"Every legal way;" but is it a legal way to curse the inquiring layman by bell, book, and candlelight? A county Antrim jury said, "No!" when they returned a verdict of £70 damages against Priest Walsh, of the Glens, for cursing M. Glaughlin. Was it in a legal way that a Romish priest at Mayo, with a Romish mob at his back, rode down a Protestant missionary, though a Romish jury, in defiance of evidence and the charge of a Roman Catholic barrister, found him "Not guilty"? Is it lawful, either by the law of man or of God, for the Romish priest to excite his blinded people to deeds of deadliest violence against those whose only crime is activity for their good; and, according to the doctrines which Popery teaches, and the powers which its priests assume, to do the priest's deadliest and worst to shut up in hell for ever those who would give their children opportunity for learning the sanctifying truth of God?

Ireland having now 2361 of these priests, 138 convents, thirteen Roman Catholic colleges, with monks, nuns, Jesuits, teachers of Romanism numberless, it is surely a subject of solemn interest to inquire what effect their teaching and general influence have produced in a country which, from its situation, climate, soil, and people, should be one of the richest, purest, freest, and happiest in the world.

In 1841, one-half of the people of Ireland had dwelling-houses consisting of only a single room, and three-fourths of all the Irish houses were of mud. Two-thirds of the people subsisted on potatoes, one-third were out of employment, and one-eighth were in beggary. With such a large supply of teachers, we would expect the people to be well taught—but no; it is not long since there was not a single bookseller over six counties, and there was not one in seventy-four towns, having, on an average, 2500; while, in 1841, above one-half of the whole population could neither read nor write, and three-fourths of them all were destitute of the simplest rudiments of learning. The grand deficiency, however, was want of training in the doctrines and precepts of God's Word, and the result is natural and fatal. While, in Great Britain, with three times the population of Ireland, there were, in 1850, 31,000 committals for crime, there were 33,000 in Ireland. Three-fourths of all the crime of England is of the lightest kind, but not so, alas! in Ireland; for of 40,000 convictions, in 1848, nearly 3000 were sentenced to transportation, and sixty to death. "Take up a map of the world," says a bishop of Limerick, "trace from pole to pole, and

from hemisphere to hemisphere, and you will not meet so wretched a country as Ireland." And why, in a land fertile in resources, blessed with fertility, lying in the very sunshine of heaven's smile—why should its people be steeped in misery?—why should crime spring up daily, like hemlock in the furrows of the field?

One word—*raise*—explains the mystery. Confession, baptism, marriage, death, the corn-field, the grave, the world beyond the grave, sickness in man, sickness in beast, all, all taxed by him, in a spirit of heartless extortion, among the poorest of the poor; and for all that with voracious cupidity he takes, what does he give in return? Is it education? No. The education he gave was in the Irish hedge-school, from such books as "The Garden of Love," "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," "Moll Flanders," and "Freeny the Robber." Is it morality or religion. Nothing of the kind: on the contrary, he confounds, in the minds of his poor blinded votaries, the distinctions between right and wrong; he subverts the fundamental principles of society; he propagates doctrines and practices which would dishonour paganism; and, after having set before them a ruinous example, and brought them, by his corrupting influence, perhaps to a felon's death, he encourages them, by the hope of absolution, to proclaim the lie of their innocence from the fatal drop: and when his victims sleep in the solitary grave within the gaol, wet by no woman's tear, he continues to drain the pockets of their friends for repose to the souls of those whom he has taught them to extol as martyrs.

(To be Continued.)

Speak the Truth.

The worthy Sir Henry Wotton incurred the displeasure of King James, by a facetious sentence of innocent meaning, that was capable of being interpreted in favour of falsehood: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Besides, it is an argument of a cowardly, poor spirit, and though it may chance to serve a present turn, yet it enhances the guilt of the crime, and when it is detected, makes a man look like a pitiful, baffled fellow; whereas, the brave and magnanimous person does not sneak, but speaks truth, and is bold as a lion; and this is appositely expressed in the counsel of the divine poet:—

"Dare to be true, nothing can want a lie
A fault that wants it most, grows two thereby."
Epaminondas and Aristides were so tender in this respect, that they would not tell an untruth even in merriment. Equivocal speeches and mental reservations become none, much less great men. Egyptian princes were wont to wear a golden chain, beset with precious stones, which they styled truth, intimating that to be the most illustrious and royal ornament.

Habits. Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountains, and overwhelms the inhabitants and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

The Springtime.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—*John Milton.*