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

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LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

Through Life's dark and stormy path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
It yet some spots of sunshine hath,
That smile amid the gloom;
The friend who weal and woe partakes,
Unchanged whate'er his lot,
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches,
Is sure a sunny spot.

The wife who half our burden bears,
And utters not a moan;
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears,
Unheeded all her own;
Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one forgot,
And carols brightly as a bird,
She, too, 's a sunny spot.

The child who lifts at morn and eve
In prayer its tiny voice,
Who grieves whene'er its parents grieve,
And joys when they rejoice;
In whose bright eye young genius glows,
Whose heart without a blot
Is fresh and gay as summer's rose,
That child's a sunny spot.

There's yet upon Life's wearied road
One spot of brighter glow,
Where Sorrow half forgets its load
And tears no longer flow;
Friendship may wither, love decline,
Our child his honor blot;
But still undimmed that spot will shine,
Religion lights that spot.

IRELAND'S MISSION FIELD.

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[Continued.]

IRISH HISTORY; LESSONS OF WARNING.

Ireland is a field of much interest for missionary enterprise, on account of the many long and melancholy years of mismanagement, misrule, corrupt legislation, party spirit, and injustice, to which our hapless land has been a martyr. There was a time when an Irish Papist could not possess a horse worth above five pounds; and if his youngest child turned Protestant, he could claim his father's inheritance. There was a time when it was high treason for the Irish to intermarry with the English, and felony for the English to hold intercourse with the Irish; but that time is gone. There was a time when the Irish learned to exercise on their English invaders the same ferocity by which wholesale murders were committed on themselves; and when they deemed every means patriotic and right of ridding their country of oppressors, who robbed and butchered under the protection of the law. There is no use now in raking up the ashes of those many unjust and wicked laws which England long executed against the poor conquered Irish, farther than to say, that their consequences still live, in the ignorance and heathenism of many of our people, and in the hatred, which is not yet extinguished, against the Saxon name.

Through a very contemptible jealousy of the British Court, the use of the Irish language was prohibited, in the vain expectation of thus banishing it from Ireland; the effect of which absurd project was, not the accomplishment of this object, but the deepening of ignorance, and preventing improvement. Is it at all surprising, that the Reformation made small progress in Ireland, when those in authority persisted in attempting to spread it by means of a language which the people did not understand? In vain the people persisted in refusing the language of their conquerors, and clinging to their own; still the stern law forbade books to be printed in Ireland for their use; required Divine service to be performed

solely in English; and when the bishops could find those only who could speak to the people in Irish, instead of permitting them to use Irish, commanded them to conduct the English Reformed service in Latin! Dr. Dewar, in his "Observations on the Irish," published in 1812, asserts, on the authority of Dr. Stokes, that two millions of the Irish speaking population could not understand a continued discourse in English; and yet that the church of Ireland had made no provision for their enlightenment.

This, however, is only one example, out of very many, of the miserably imperfect and insufficient way in which, through ignorance, cowardice, selfishness, and often gross wickedness, the Reformation was carried out in Ireland, during the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth. Ireland suffered long and sorely from the intolerance of a party, of whom Archbishop Laud was chief, who would neither preach a pure Gospel themselves, nor allow others to preach it; but this and many other ills are but trivial in the catalogue of obstacles to reformation in Ireland, compared with that vindictive, deadly party hate which has long been Ireland's bane. It is greatly to be deplored that, in Ireland, there has long been a connexion between religion and politics, injurious to both; that the religion of not a few nominal Protestants consists in bitterly hating Papists; that the very word Protestant has been often degraded to the selfish ends of party; and that, from the intolerance and violence of many making high professions of Protestantism, Roman Catholics have been led to hold in abhorrence everything connected with the Protestant faith and name.

Whatever may have been the folly or crime of days gone by, the path of duty now is clear. We must bring our brother near to us, so that he may feel the beating of a kind, warm heart; and all his alienation and prejudice must be removed by the powerful illumination and genial warmth of our Christian institutions, the overcoming influence of Christian enterprise and Christian love; every denomination of Christians must organise a zealous missionary band to pray, and give, and toil, till knowledge and holiness cover our land as the waters cover the sea.

IRISH HISTORY: LIGHT AND LOVE.

To this we have abundant encouragement, because Ireland is a field of missionary enterprise furnishing delightful memorials of the success attending God's own means of reform. Three centuries of Popery, poverty, rapine, and murder, had rendered Ireland so brutal and degraded that, by the middle of the sixteenth century, all hope of reformation seemed for ever lost. The beginning of the seventeenth century commenced in Ireland a new era, in circumstances the most unpropitious, for there came over then, for the colonisation of Ulster, from England and Scotland, the scum of both countries, men flying to Ireland, as they used to David, outlawed. "On all sides," says Stewart, in the Wodrow MSS., "atheism increased, and disregard of God; iniquity abounded, with contention, fighting, murder, adultery, &c., among people who, as they had nothing within them to overawe them, so their minister's example was worse than nothing, for from the prophets of Israel profaneness went forth to the whole land; so that the expression of deepest disdain which could be applied to a man was, that Ireland would be his hinder end." But, when any man would have expected God's judgment to have followed this crew of sinners, behold (says Stewart) the Lord visited them in admirable mercy! And in what form did that admirable mercy come? Not, certainly, in the form of an Act of Parliament, either of fierce compulsion, or anti-Christian concession; not with a new array of police or soldiers; no Parliamentary commission; not even an Education Bill, or a Reform Bill. This admirable mercy came in the form in

which the great Bacon expected it to come, when, as Lord Chancellor of England, he wrote to Secretary Cecil, regarding Ireland: "There should go hand in hand with the civil reformation of that kingdom some course of advancing religion indeed, as the sending over some good preachers, especially of that sort that are vehement and zealous preachers, and not scholastic."

Exactly such preachers as these were sent over, not by Parliament, or by any wisdom or power of man, but by the overruling providence of God, in the persons of such men as Blair and Brice, and Ridge and Hamilton, and Cunningham and Livingston. These powerful holy men brought to their new sphere of labour the sincerity and zeal of their great Master; and the one great aim of their lives was to fix in the conscience and heart of multitudes that glorious Gospel of the blessed God which enlightens, reforms, and saves. "The aim of all," says Reid, in his "History of Presbyterianism," "was the same—the revival and extension of true religion in this waste and desolate land. Through their honoured instrumentality the Gospel shot forth its branches in Ulster with wonderful rapidity, till, like the grain of mustard, from being the least of all seeds, it became a great and noble tree, which, after the lapse of two centuries, and the beating of many bitter storms, stands, at the present day, more firm and vigorous than ever." These noble men, were instant, in season and out of season, labouring to instruct their people, and promote vital religion, with singleness of purpose, intensity of desire, and untiring diligence.

The results of their labours were soon seen. A remarkable improvement took place in the habits and character of the people. The thoughtless were roused to serious inquiry on the subject of religion; the careless were alarmed; the profligates were, in a great measure, silenced; and the immoral reclaimed; while the obstinate opposers of the Gospel became its warm supporters and friends. These men were Presbyterians in principle and practice, and yet, to the honour of the Episcopalian Establishments of those days, and to the confusion of High Church intolerance in all ages, they were comprehended within its pale, they enjoyed its endowments, and shared its dignities. Travers, the first regular provost, and the two first fellows elected in Dublin College, were Presbyterians—one of them, Sir James Fullerton; the other, Hamilton, tutor of Archbishop Usher, and founder of the noble house of Claneboy; and when Livingston went for ordination to old Bishop Knox, of Raphoe, a relative of John Knox, and a connexion of our present worthy Bishop of Down and Connor, the good old Episcopalian told him that he knew he came to him, as Mr. Welch and others had done, because he had scruples against episcopacy and ceremonies, and that he thought his old age was protracted for little other purpose than to do such offices. "What I scrupled," says Livingston, "to call him 'my lord,' he cared not much for it; all he would desire of me, because they got there but few sermons, that I would preach at Ramallan the first Sabbath, and that he would send for Mr. William Cunningham, and two or three other neighbouring ministers, to be present, who, after sermon, would give me imposition of hands; but though they performed the work, he behaved to be present, and, although he durst not answer it to the State, he gave me the book of ordination, and desired that anything I scrupled at I should draw a line over it on the margin, and Mr. Cunningham should not read it. But I found that it had been so marked by others before, that I needed not to mark anything; so the Lord was pleased to carry that business far beyond anything I had thought or almost ever desired." Here was a noble evangelical alliance; here a noble display of Christian charity; here an

auspicious commencement of the work of reformation in Ulster—a bright and glorious example for all lands and all ages! Heaven has smiled upon it; Ulster is yet rejoicing in the light of it; and till the world's last day, and the sounding of the last trump, and away onward and upward in a blissful eternity, its fruits will be reaped, and its influence spread.

Where in Ireland has Government expended least for the good of the people? Ulster. Where is there by far the smallest array of soldiers and police? Ulster. Where by far the smallest proportion of poverty and crime? Ulster. Where is the greatest proportion of education, the greatest number of schools, the most prosperous young college, the most extensive manufacture, the most thriving population, the largest exports, and most extensive mercantile enterprise? Ulster. And where, in Ulster, is there the most education and the least crime, the least expense to Government and the most prosperity among the people, the largest manufacture and the most enlarged spirit of enterprise? Exactly in those parts of Ulster, as could be easily shown by statistics, where there is the least Popery, and the most Protestantism; exactly in those parts where the Romish priest has least influence, and where the public mind is leavened and influenced by the truth of that Holy Bible which the Popish priest hates with such a bitter and exterminating hatred, that wherever there is not on him a salutary Protestant fear, he locks it up with the key of the Inquisition, or, as has been often the case in Ireland, and as was proved at a late assize at Castlebar, he commits it to the flames. A Swiss gentleman told me lately that he had seen in a convent a book-case, having over it, in large letters, "HELL;" and that in it, conspicuous among books of infidelity and villainy, was the Bible. [To be continued.]

Politeness and Truth.

Many persons plead a love of truth as an apology for rough manner, as if truth was never gentle and kind, but always harsh, morose, and forbidding. Surely good manners and a good conscience are no more inconsistent with each other than beauty and innocence, which are strikingly akin, and always look the better for companionship. Roughness and honesty are, indeed, sometimes found together in the same person, but he is a poor judge of human nature who takes ill-manners to be a guarantee of probity of character, or suspects a stranger to be a rascal because he has the manners of a gentleman. Some persons object to politeness, that its language is unmeaning and false. But this is easily answered. A lie is not locked up in a phrase, but must exist, if at all, in the mind of the speaker. In the ordinary compliments of civilized life, there is no intention to deceive, and consequently, no falsehood. Polite language is pleasant to the ear and soothing to the heart, while rough words are just the reverse; and if not the product of ill-temper, are very apt to produce it. The plainest of truths, let it be remembered, can be conveyed in civil speech, while the most malignant of lies may find utterance, and often do, in the language of the fish-market.

"Jesus Wept."

It is the shortest sentence in the Bible. But sooner than have wanted that little sentence, would we have consented that all books but the Bible should have perished—that the entire glories of an earthly literature had sunk into the grave of forgetfulness. For the tears of the divine man are links binding us immediately to the throne of God, and the rainbow which is around it.—Bards of the Bible.

More pleasing than the dew-drops that sparkle upon roses, are the tears that pity gathers upon the cheek of beauty.