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REVDS. I. E. BILL & R. THOMSON,

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

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THE DAYSPRING ADVANCING.

BY REV. WM. H. LAWRENCE.

Night wraps the realm where Jesus woke,
No guiding star the Magi see,
And heavy hangs oppression's yoke
Where first the Gospel said "Be free."

And where the harps of angels bore
High message to the shepherd-throng,
"Good will and peace" are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

Swarth India with her idol-train,
Bends low by Ganges' worshipp'd tide,
Or drowns the suttee's shriek of pain
With thundering gong and Pagan pride.

On Persia's hills the Sophi grope;
Dark Burmah greets salvation's ray;
Even jealous China's door of hope
Unbars to give the Gospel way.

Old Ocean, with his isles, awakes,
Cold Greenland feels unwonted flame,
And humble Afric wondering takes
On her sad lips a Saviour's name.

Their steps the forest children stay,
Bound to Oblivion's voiceless shore,
And lift their red brows to the day,
Which from the opening sky doth pour.

Then aid with PRAYER that holy light
Which from eternal death can save,
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

Philadelphia, Oct. 14, 1852.

IRELAND'S MISSION FIELD.

By John Edgar, D.D.

Professor of Divinity, and Honorary Secretary of Missions for the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

(CONCLUDED.)

VII.—THE OPENED FIELD OF PROVIDENCE.

In Connaught, the chief sphere of the Episcopalian mission in Ireland, as well as in Tyrone, Kerry, Birr, and other places, the Irish Presbyterian church, aided by the Free church of Scotland, have, for many years, employed a varied and powerful agency. What renders the Presbyterian mission in Connaught so peculiarly interesting is, not its scriptural schools, though they contain 2000 Roman Catholic children; nor its industrial system, though the means of earning a livelihood have been furnished to very many; nor its teachers, readers, and missionaries, though they command the admiration and love of all who know them—the delightful, joyous, and hopeful feature of this mission is, that in its rise, progress, and prosperity, it is a student's mission—cherished, supported, and raised to its present great prosperity by the young candidates for the Presbyterian ministry. The sending forth of their first missionary, Michael Brannigan, one of themselves, is no tale of yesterday; he went alone into the wilderness; he bearded the Romish lion in his den; he went everywhere preaching the Word to Irish Romanists in the Irish tongue; he established schools; he introduced industry; he triumphed over opposition in many a savage form; he was agent, in the time of famine and pestilence, for a large and varied benevolence; he was the breaker-up of the way, over whole counties, for others who now profit by his labours; and the news of his trials, toils, and success, created a wide interest, and kindled a noble zeal, which continues steadily to furnish for the Connaught mission-field large means, and self-denied, faithful men. Ten more of their number have gone after him to the same field, volunteers for the privations, opposition, and hardships of wild Connaught—their aim being to convert Romanists, not to a sect, but to Christ: hence some of them labour under the special patronage of pious Episcopalians, and some preach in houses of worship built for them by pious Episcopali-

ans; and all of them have so endeared themselves to the poor Roman Catholics of the west, whose children they teach, and whose homes they visit in the hours of sickness and death, that wherever they go they are received with a thousand hearty Irish welcomes; and so open is their field, and so multiplied are their opportunities for good, that their prayer and cry is, that God would send forth laborers to cut down the ripe and ready harvest.

I have reserved to the last a reference to my own favourite charge, the Belfast Ladies' Relief Association for Connaught, not certainly because I believe it worthy of only the lowest room. On the contrary, I believe it to be just such an institution as should engage the sympathy and support of the Evangelical Alliance, being, in fact, an evangelical alliance in miniature, a female evangelical alliance, composed of exactly such materials as your own, and directing its energies to the elevation of woman's state in Connaught, by giving her an honest industry for her own support, and an education in the truth of God—qualifying her for the present life, and the life to come.

With these great ends in view, we have sent, to the care of good Christian ladies in Connaught, fifty-six female teachers, whose superior Christian worth and usefulness had distinguished them at home, and these have introduced into seventy districts, and among two thousand pupils, with their families and friends, such fruits of industrial training, that the wages of our pupils amount to seven thousand five hundred pounds a year; and such a taste for religious instruction, and such a spirit of Christian liberty, that, in spite of both the priest's whip and curse—the whip and curse he unmercifully uses—our noble little Romish girls, the most of them the poorest of the poor, many of them orphans, and not a few of them formerly beggars, continue to attend our schools, to read and commit Scripture, to sing hymns, and teach others to read and sing, and, in one word, to furnish such delightful evidence of improvement and reformation as to fill us with joy and comfort, like what an approving parent knows when he says to his dutiful child, "My son, if thy heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine."

The subject of Irish conversions from Romanism has lately assumed such importance that the London *Times* has devoted to it articles of great weight and power. It is not, however, in any paper favourable to Protestantism, but in the organs of Popery themselves, that we find the most convincing evidence of the reality and extent of the work of reform. "We repeat," say the *Dublin Tablet* and *Evening Post*, in November, 1851, "that it is not Tuam, nor Cashel, nor Armagh, that are chief seats of successful proselytism, but this very city in which we live. We learn, from unquestionable Catholic authority, that the success of the proselytisms in almost every part of the country, and, we are told, in the metropolis, is beyond all that the worst misgivings could have dreamt of. There is not only no use in denying these statements, but it would be an act of treachery to the best interests of the Catholic church to conceal them, or even to pass the matter over as a thing of no great moment. But there is no Catholic who does not regard the movement—if he be a sensible and sincere one, and not a brawler and a mountebank—with, we were going to say, dismay, but we shall substitute for the word, indignation and shame."

IX.—IRELAND'S CLAIMS AND HOPES.

Such is Ireland, the common property, the common mission-field of all the churches, with arms open to receive Christ's ministers of all denominations; with ears and hearts wide open to receive, from faithful ministers, the truth which saves; a single Society of her

many missionary institutions having fifty congregations of converts from Romanism connected with it, and 30,000 Roman Catholic children in its schools. Have we not come in a good day? Here we are, in the capital of Ireland, after the world has seen the working of Christianity for eighteen centuries and a half, professing to show to the world, in connexion with Christianity, something new; not the amalgamation of all its denominations into one; not the extinction of even one of its genuine sections; not a vast stagnant dead uniformity of selfishness and slavery, like that of the Man of Sin; but the triumph of Christian courtesy over the jealousies and ambitious collisions of party, and the magnanimity of hearty co-operation for the glory of God and the salvation of men.

The world has so long seen, among Christians, deep-rooted, lasting divisions, sect against sect arrayed, and prejudice and strife perpetuated from age to age, that the mere fact of a goodly number of the members of conflicting sects meeting together, not to dispute but agree, has awakened no little curiosity and expectation. There have been many peaceful, prayerful, happy meetings of the Alliance—wise and wide organisation—noble illustrations of the extent and unity of Protestant faith, beautiful and delightful proof how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; with very many other great practical uses and ends. But is nothing special to be done for poor hapless Ireland? This I asked last year, at your meeting in London; and this I ask again now. You have not merely fulfilled Oliver Cromwell's threat of proclaiming war against the Inquisition, but against Rome. Can there be a better place or time to begin the war than here, and now?—here, in the Romish capital of Romish Ireland; now, when Romish insolence and intolerance make stout hearts fear a return of the days when the Man of Sin trod down nations as mire, and human rights and liberties as the potter treadeth clay?

I do not propose that the Evangelical Alliance shall undertake the work of evangelising Ireland; this, I am assured, is not within its sphere; but what prevents the Alliance from encouraging and assisting its own members, employing the school, the press, the pulpit, for effecting reformation, according to the great catholic principles which the Alliance sanctions? and, avoiding all sectarian rivalry, and all mere proselytism to a sect, cannot a committee be somehow appointed to carry on the work, composed, if you please, entirely of laymen, like the London City Mission, and fairly representing the principles, spirit, and constituency of the Alliance?

Here is a noble object, here an appropriate and inviting sphere; and by whom can it be undertaken with more propriety, or with securer hope of success, than by members of the Evangelical Alliance?

By the melancholy remembrance of Ireland's long night of darkness and sorrow; by the cheerful light of her present morning of life and of hope; by the fitness and power of those immortal means which, with the blessing of God, can enlighten and reform the world; let us be aroused and encouraged to bring the hearts of our poor Roman Catholic brethren under the fear of the Lord—to bring to bear on them the precepts and motives, that they may realise the dispositions which inspiration inculcates and its spirit inspires, and imbue them with the wisdom from above, over all their families, and schools, and towns; over every deep dark bog, and dreary mountain range.

Knowing, as we do, that for all Ireland's ills there is a remedy in the preaching of the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and hanging all our hopes for civil and religious prosperity on the Word of God and the efficacy of the Spirit, let us scatter

over the land the preserving salt of Christian institutions; let us pour forth our energies for moral renovation; and to create and cherish a public sentiment, faith, and practice constant with Christ's own Gospel, let Sabbath schools, Bibles and Bible classes, pastors and teachers be multiplied, till the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the land, and His saving health be made known to all the people.

Thus the work of Ireland's reformation, already so auspiciously begun, will go onward and onward still, accompanied by fervent prayer, strengthened by unbounded generosity, and followed by unceasing, enlarged, and glorious outpourings of the Holy Spirit of God; nor will the triumphant Jesus draw back His arm till He has perfectly fulfilled His word: "Behold! I make all things new."

The simple statement of facts thus given is sufficient to prove that Ireland is at present a most interesting and hopeful field. The Evangelical Alliance has peculiar facilities for cultivating it; agents worthy of all confidence can easily be procured, and Christians who have already given much, and who are still ready for this and every good work, will have reason to rejoice in the results of their contributions and their prayers. The spheres of usefulness which God has opened, and the success which He has given, while prompting gratitude and enlarged liberality, cherish the confident hope that even in Ireland the desert and solitary place shall yet be glad; that the glory of Lebanon shall be given to bleak Erris and bare Connemara; that Joice's country and the shores of Lough Mask and Lough Corrib shall yet have the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; and that the barren cliffs of the lonely Killeries shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and singing, when they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God.

Drop down ye heavens from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together!

OVERTASKING THE MIND.—Dr. Wigan remarks, in his work on the mind, that he could not read the correspondence between William Pitt and his father without a feeling allied to terror. Never did man go so near to destroy the intellect of his son by over-excitement as the arrogant, unreasonable, imperious, and much overrated man, the great Earl of Chatham, as he is called. "Courage, my son," said he in one of his letters when the poor lad was complaining of the enormous variety of topics urged on his attention; "Courage, my boy, remember there is only the Cyclopaedia to learn." William Pitt was near falling a sacrifice to his father's ambition. Great as were his talents, I do not doubt that they would have been much greater had they been more slowly cultivated; and he might then have attained the ordinary term of human life, instead of his brain wearing out his body at so early an age. To see him, as I have done, come into Bellamy's, (a place for refreshments,) after the excitement of debate, in a state of collapse, that with his uncouth countenance gave him the air of insanity, swallow a steak without mastication, and drink a bottle of port wine almost at a draught, and then be barely wound up to the level of ordinary impulse—repeat this process twice, or, I believe, even three times during the night, was a fearful example of over-cultivation of the brain ere it had reached its full development. So much had its excitability been exhausted by premature and excessive moral stimuli, that when his ambition was sated, it was incapable of ever keeping itself in action without the physical stimulants I have spoken of. Men called this sad exhibition the triumph of mind over matter. I call it the contest of brain and body, where victory is attained at the sacrifice of life.

When we have practised good actions awhile, they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; when they please us, we do them frequently, and by frequency of acts they grow into a habit.