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[Selected.]

Hymn.

Bear the burden of the present,
Let the morrow bear its own,
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan?

If the blackened heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast faith and hope unshaken
Animate the trusting breast;
Step by step, the journey's taken,
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words he talketh,
While his hands uphold and guide

Grief nor pain nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart to him unknown;
He to-day, and he to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives his own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen;
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay the burden down.

THE DISTRESS IN SYRIA.

The slaughter of the Christians in Syria has ceased, and the Turkish authorities under the influence of European pressure, are arresting the murderers. But the *distress has not ceased*. Thousands of the wounded, the homeless by violence, the widows, and the fatherless children, still suffer. They are objects of compassion, and have claims upon the liberality of such as enjoy peace and plenty. Their Christianity is defective, but their humanity is entire.

A correspondent of the London *Times* thus writes:

BEYROUT, August 8.—On Saturday afternoon, about 6 o'clock, the first caravan of Christians who had escaped from the massacre in Damascus arrived in Beyrout; and a more heartrending sight—one which made men weep like women, filling them at the same time with an almost irresistible craving for revenge—was probably never beheld. They had left Damascus on Thursday at noon—a column composed chiefly of women and children, and variously estimated at from two thousand to three thousand four hundred souls; for the Turkish authorities had provided cattle for the conveyance of one thousand five hundred persons, but many travelled on foot or on beasts of burden of their own or their friends. Parched with thirst, not half fed, unwashed, with clothes unchanged for nearly a month, choked with dust, and covered with flies, they fled hither, under heavens glowing like brass, from the city, which, if it be the most ancient will henceforth be the most infamous in the world. They were widows and orphans, whose husbands, fathers and brethren had all been slain before their eyes with every indignity and cruelty the most barbarous fanaticism could devise, and whose most comely maidens had been sold to gratify the brutal lust of filthy Arabs. Nearly all were afflicted with ophthalmia; five women had died on the journey, and one was taken in labor. Babes might be seen striving to suck food from breasts that were dried up. Young children were so dirty, so disfigured by sores, on which flies settled continually, as to be loathsome to look upon. Old men and women tottered under doorways and sank down exhausted, heedless of the crowd that pressed upon them, looking like so many bundles of dirty rags, and incapable of reaching out their hands to take the water for which they famished, or of crawling to the shelter provided for them by the authorities at Beyrout in three khans.

The streets leading from the Damascus road were thronged with mules, shambling horses, and asses, all huddled together, and rendering the condition of fugitives all the more painful. The muleteers rained down blows right and left upon the cattle; and from the statements made of their brutality on the journey it required no great effort to believe that they would have beaten the "infidel dogs" committed to their keeping even more lustily, while it was difficult to say how far the curses and execrations which filled the air was confined to the animals—how far they were intended to apply to those of whom Moslem vengeance had been defrauded. In the lulls between the cursings arose the piteous cries of babes, and here and there the wailings of women—Christian Rachels weeping for their children, and "refusing to be comforted, because they are not." But generally speaking the grief was too deep seated, too hopeless for lamentation. Those who had wept the loss of their nearest and dearest relatives, had no tears left for their own sufferings, and although they had fled from the city of death, they exhibited an apathy and indifference which appeared to indicate that all which rendered life valuable had been snatched from them, leaving them to pursue their melancholy and dreary pilgrimage ever accompanied by the memory of the horrible scenes they had witnessed. The living may be pardoned in this case for envying the peace and oblivion of the tomb, bloody as may have been the path to it.

Beneath the scorching sun of Syria, after a twelve hours' journey during the hottest part of the day, and amid the bustling confusion of the streets, the fugitives remained—many with a child at the breast, and two others strapped in front upon the mule—until they could be got one by one into the khan. Now and then might be seen groups of young children suspended in what looked very much like orange chests slung across a horse. These were all that remained of a family. They have no protection—no refuge save in public charity. At last the fugitives were got into the khan, which may be described as a square courtyard, surrounded on all sides by a two-storied structure, a portion of the upper floor being carried on arcades running round the courtyard. By this means a single line of chambers is obtained on the ground floor and a double line on the upper one. Between the two lines of chambers in this last runs a passage, into which the doors and windows open. The chambers are about eight feet square and ten feet high, with a number of inmates generally averaging ten. The few things saved from pillage—a carpet, quilted coverlet, leather water-bottle, and narghile, with, perhaps, a few articles of clothing, are spread out, and for the first time for weeks, the fugitives sleep in complete security and with a sense of safety. But their destitution is complete. Nothing but bread have they tasted since they fled for safety to the castle of Damascus, now a month ago, and even bread they did not always get sufficient to appease their hunger.

The fugitives are lodged in the three khans situated in the most crowded part of Beyrout, which I have visited, and in a Greek convent. One of the khans, about sixty feet square, is beside the hotel where I am staying. The windows of my room overlook it, and I have only to lift my eyes from this letter to behold the misery, destitution and physical sufferings of upwards of four hundred human beings. Through the open windows come the cries of children blinded by ophthalia, teased by flies, mosquitoes and vermin, and almost maddened by sun-stroke. There come also, occasionally, when food is served out, the angry and menacing expostulations of Turkish officials. I trust the noise has no other cause or accompaniment.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Letters

Of the Rev. John Smith, a Presbyterian Minister, to his brother, the Rev. Peter Smith, a Methodist Preacher.

LETTER XXII.

REV. PETER SMITH:—*Dear Brother*:—Never was the doctrine of election, coupled with a general offer of salvation stated more clearly than in this charming sentence: "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." The elegant simplicity of this passage is surpassed only by the depth and comprehensiveness of its meaning. The Divine election and human freedom are here brought out, not in opposition to each other, not by way of contrast, but side by side in consummate harmony. The offer of salvation takes in the widest scope. It is not to the Jew only, nor only to the Gentile; it is not merely to the learned and intelligent, nor merely to the unlettered and ignorant; it is not simply to the great and powerful, nor simply to the poor and lowly; it is to the Jew *and* the Gentile, to the learned *and* the unlearned, to the rich *and* the poor, to the powerful *and* the weak, that the gracious offer is made in like terms of condescension and encouragement. Nor was the promise restricted to sinners of His own time; it comes down, blessed be his name, in all its fullness and freshness to the sinners of this generation. He turns not away from any broken-hearted penitent. He never says, "You are too insignificant, you are too degraded, your sins are too numerous, your guilt is too great." Were Death and Hell to-day to give up the dead that are in them, the annals of perdition could not furnish a solitary instance of a sinner cast out who had sincerely applied to him for salvation.

But while this is a glorious truth, it is equally true that unless accompanied by a special influence from above this most remarkable offer is never accepted, is never deemed worth accepting. The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness; it is only to those who are the called according to the Divine purpose that it becomes the power of God unto salvation. Only those receive the Saviour, only those really believe in his name, who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. All others invariably reject him.

What proportion of the human race, it might be asked, will eventually be saved from sin and everlasting death? Those who come to the Lord Jesus Christ for pardon and life. Who are they that come to him for life and pardon? Those whom the Father gave to the Son. Will any of these fail to come? Not one. "*All* that the Father giveth to me," says the Saviour, "shall come to me." Will any others come? None. "No man," says the same august personage, "can come unto me except it were given to him of my Father." Why can he not come? Because he will not. Suppose he should will to come, would he be saved? Certainly. Would not this involve a contradiction? Not in the least. The promise runs thus: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." But can the sinner come to Christ, can he ever be made willing to come unless the Father draw him? No. "No man can come unto me except my Father draw him." But if none can come to the Saviour but those who are drawn by the Father, is any sinner to blame for not coming? Undoubtedly. Why should he not be to blame when the whole difficulty lies in the awful wickedness of his rebellious soul? The carnal mind is enmity against God, is not subject to the law of God, neither can it be. You might as well ask, is the carnal mind to blame because it cannot be subject to the law of God? They that are in the flesh, that is, they that are not born of the Spirit, cannot please God. You might as well ask, are they to blame for being in the flesh? Are they to blame if they cannot please God? There is a class of persons who are described as having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin. You might as well ask are they to blame if they cannot cease from sin? The devil hates his Maker with a perfect hatred. You might as well ask is the devil to blame for not loving God, since his hatred is so strong that he cannot love him? If sinners were anxious to make their way to the Saviour, and it was God that kept them back and hindered them from coming to him, it would indeed be a very different case. But it is all the other way. They will not be saved. Does justice require that sinners be forced to fly for refuge to the Redeemer in opposition to their own deliberate and determined choice?

But is it not the tendency of such a doctrine to fill the soul with discouragement? Why should it have such a tendency? Does not Jesus say that he will receive all that come to him? Is not this plain enough? Is there anything discouraging in this? No; but how can a person know whether he is one of the elect? Might he not, after coming to the Saviour, find that after all, he belonged to the non-elect? That would not be possible. Such an objection refutes itself. The very fact that he comes to Christ furnishes a proof of his election, for none but those whom the Father gave to the Son ever take such a step. Let us suppose a certain number of persons, say a thousand, say a million. To each of these million sinners there is the same promise, if *he* will come to the Lord Jesus Christ, *he* shall be saved. Is not this sufficient? Can a reasonable creature ask for more? An honest man, a man sincerely desirous of securing his eternal well-being, will act on such a promise. It is only cavillers that urge such objections, and if any one chooses to play the fool by refusing to apply for pardon before he has ascertained that he is one of God's elect, let him do so. I say again, an honest man finds no difficulty here.

If a thousand estates, each worth a million of dollars, were set up as free gifts to paupers, on the same condition as the Saviour offers eternal life, there would be no cavilling. A sober-minded man would reason thus: There are, it is true, a hundred times more beggars than estates; but no matter, I will do my best, I will be only the more in earnest, I will labor only the harder to secure the prize to myself. A fault-finder, on the other hand, would say: It would be folly for me to apply for an estate before I have found out to a certainty that I am to have one. If I am to have one of these estates, I shall have one, do what I may; if I am not to have one, I shall fail, do what I can; so I will give myself no trouble about the matter. Suppose that this caviller should further argue: It is true this splendid prize is offered to any pauper on condition that he will go and get it, but I will not go, because I do not want it. But let it be distinctly understood that if the donor does not make me willing to go, if he does not force me to accept, the whole blame of my poverty and wretchedness must rest with him, not with me. What a beautiful illustration of Arminian reasoning! Would any human being not devoid of common sense ever act on such principles in the affairs of this life?

There are at present four candidates for the Presidency, while only one can be President. Does any one of these distinguished gentlemen refuse to run because, forsooth, he cannot certainly know beforehand that he will be elected? The powers that be are ordained of God. He sets up one and puts down another. Do you ever hear a politician apply the principles of Arminianism to politics, and argue in some such way as this: "Gentlemen, if God has elected Mr. Lincoln he will be our next President; if he has elected Mr. Douglas he will be President; or if he has chosen Mr. Breckinridge or Mr. Bell, why then one of these will be our Chief Magistrate. So you see, gentlemen, it is of no use to do anything. All your efforts are vain. You trouble yourselves for nothing. You ought first to find out which of the candidates God has elected, for you cannot change the purpose of God." There are, no doubt, in our country, some very wild, and a few very foolish politicians, but I am bold to say that no party has advocates wild enough, or foolish enough to employ such reasoning on any subject connected with politics, or on any other subject that involves the plain common sense of mankind, except religion. It is only in religion that men can afford to be inconsistent enough to be Arminians. JOHN SMITH.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRICENTENARY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION—A PERSONAL TOUR IN IRELAND—THE MIDLAND AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES—THE ROMISH CHURCH AT ROSCREA—GREAT CATHEDRALS—WHENCE COMES THE MONEY?—THE POPE'S TRIBUTE—THE SYNOD OF THURLES—THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS—THE ROMISH REVIVALISTS—CONVENTS, CONFESSIONAL, AND CRUCIFIXES—"THE IDOL SHOP"—THE IRISH BEGGARS—ILLUSTRATIONS GAY AND GRAVE—DUBLIN—ANTAGONISM TO ROMANISM—NATIONAL EDUCATION—THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

August 21, 1860.

THE TRICENTENARY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION has been commemorated in a manner most solemn and impressive, in Scotland's capital. The place of meeting was the Free Assembly Hall; the inauguration was a magnificent oration by Dr. Guthrie, the first of living preachers. His text was, "The truth shall make you free." Some passages of this great discourse were so stirring that the people could not refrain from expressing their emotions. This was under a sermon, be it remembered, and among a people eminently reverential and sober-minded. Dr. McCrie, of London, with Professor Lorimer and other gentlemen, read suitable papers. Doctor Begg delivered a stirring speech, adverting specially to the Prince of Wales in Canada, and to the attitude taken by the Romish Prelates in Nova Scotia, side-by-side, or on an equality with the Episcopal Bishops. The worst of the matter is, that the latter are tainted with Tractarianism. Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, was the second great preacher of the Tricentenary.

THE WEATHER continues most alarming. A deficient harvest is inevitable, I fear; at all events a late one at the best.

IN POLITICS there is "an awful pause prophetic of the storm." Count Aquila, uncle of the King of Naples, has fled to France. It is said that he lately employed a man to assassinate Garibaldi.

A JOURNEY THROUGH PART OF THE MIDDLE AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF IRELAND, has given me many opportunities of observing the social, moral, and religious condition of the people. I spent a Sabbath day at Athlone, which is the border town of Connaught. Here the majority of the people are Romanists. There is a middle class who are mainly Romanist; and a Protestant yeomanry, as such, can not be said to exist. All around on either side of the Shannon, Popery numbers her thousands. It was when visiting this town, that Charles Wesley, and other Methodist preachers, nearly a century ago, were pelted with stones, and that while one of their number was prostrated senseless on the earth, the rest, by spurring their horses, escaped into the town.

At Athlone, Methodism was planted by John Wesley, and in his journal he makes allusion specially to a nervous agitation apparent in the congregation which he addressed. As I was on Deputation for the London "British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews," the Wesleyan and Baptist chapels were thrown open to me. In each case, the strength is small, and declining, while Presbyterianism is waxing strong. To this town came a young minister ten years ago. His first congregation consisted of ten poor persons gathered in a room. Now he has just completed an elegant church, which was opened in June last by Drs. Edgar and Murray, who were accompanied in their tour, and had with them at Athlone, George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, a valuable accessory where a liberal collection is required. I preached at noon in this church. Here was a numerous and respectable congregation, and one of its features was the presence of a goodly number of Scottish soldiers, Mr. Mawhinney being Presbyterian Chaplain in connexion with the garrison.

From Athlone I proceeded—not by rail as I might have done by a circuitous route—but by Biancone's car, which is still found on the Southern and Western Roads, and profitable to its enterprising proprietor. I had a most intelligent companion, a gentleman of station and education, who knew the country well, who had been familiar with it before the famine season, and who is well acquainted with the still powerful organization of Ribbonism in the land. Arriving at Parsonstown, or Borr, where are large military barracks, and where the higher classes muster in large numbers and are mainly Protestant, I proceed on my Deputation mission to the dark, dismal, *dirty and Popish* town of Roscrea. What rags and wretchedness in many of the streets, and what a splendid Romish cathedral in process of erection. Thousands of pounds have been already expended, and the work is unfinished. The dimensions of the nave are immense, and yet insufficient to accommodate the multitude that come to mass on Sundays and holydays. And see, on the hill adjoining the chapel yard and cemetery, is the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," and here among the tombs is a tablet to the memory of one of the nuns, with *two sacred hearts transfixed*, sculptured on the marble.

"The Sacred Heart," it may be asked, "what is this?" Why, I reply, it is one of the many illustrations of the gross materialism and sensuous idolatry of modern Romanism. The "Sacred Heart" is not Christ himself, but the physical organ of the heart of the man Christ Jesus, and to *it*, not to *Him*, are prayers, invocations, and adoration, addressed.

Whence comes all the money needed for these ecclesiastical and conventual structures? A large portion of it from the Irish people themselves. They are put under high pressure now. The farmers too of late years have been growing rich, and every possible appeal is made to their hopes and fears, and their hatred also of Protestant heresy to stimulate their liberality. But a few weeks ago £200 was collected in this mean church at Roscrea, in one day, for the Pope's Tribute. The priests had harangued the people previously, from the great altar, and they were distinctly told that no one must come with less money than the shilling. To obtain that shilling, many a poor creature was obliged to pawn some article of clothing. But then was it not a meritorious act, to give to the fund for the "Holy Father?"

The Protestant population in such towns as Roscrea, are a decided minority, and in reference to open-air preaching or the propagation of their principles, enjoy no true liberty. The *mob* is not much better, if aroused, than that at Damascus, and give them the stimulus, the first fruits of plunder, and the first taste of blood, they would spoil and massacre with equal zeal. I stayed in the house of a godly Wesleyan, an official of the Poor Law Local Union. At the time of a general election, soon after his arrival in this town where he had offended no one, he found the town left at the mercy of a low mob, who proceeded to break the windows of almost every Protestant house in the town, including his own. The priests pretended to be very sorry, but they never interfered till the mischief was done. My friend's house was very near the chapel gate. The priests were in great vexation that he would not allow them to repair his windows; but continued to expose them by letting them remain for some days in their shattered condition. Stones had been thrown into rooms in the house where children slept, and the father himself attempting to reach his own door, had well nigh been killed.

At Limerick, once besieged by and surrendering to the army of William III., I found a population of about sixty thousand, with about one twelfth Protestant. The clergy of the Church of England here, are for the most part Evangelical, and there is a young yet vigorous Presbyterian church—last year gloriously visited and revived by the Divine Spirit—under the pastoral care of the Rev. David Wilson. This most worthy and very able minister, was one of the Deputation who last year visited the United States for the Home Mission of the General Assembly. He had brought a congregation up from small beginnings to a very considerable elevation as to numbers and wealth; and yet, like many others, until last year, he could only see a very limited extent of blessing. Now his heart is cheered by a band of devoted and zealous young people, truly converted and turned to the Lord.

At Limerick is a Congregational Church very full of life and zeal. Nowhere have I met a warmer reception for myself and my cause (that of the lost sheep of the House of Israel,) than here.

The Protestant population are well cared for. There is a Relief Association here for poor members. It is important that there should be aid thus extended to preserve them from extreme want, and also to keep them out of the Union Work-house which in all large Southern towns is full of Popish influence. A Protestant pauper is sure to be coaxed, paltered with, threatened or made miserable among a host of Romanists, and with priests and nuns visiting all day long. One poor boy, ready to perish for bread, told me he lived with his aged grandfather. And "would it not be better for him to go into the work-house?" "No, sir! he does not like to go there, because he would find nobody of *his own religion*." And then I found that this meant that the old man was a Protestant.

The Redemptorist Fathers constitute a new Romish Order who have been imported from the Continent. These are the Romish Revivalist preachers of the day. When "Mother Church" was quaking for fear, a few years ago, there was a general rally of her forces for resistance and onset. Dr. Cullen, the new Archbishop of Dublin, first of all dealt with the priesthood, and as Pope's Legate, was the real instrument in convoking the celebrated Synod of Thurles, by which bishops and priests alone were brought to a higher platform of obedience to Canon Law and to a more intense and entire consecration to the interests of Romanism, sacrificing every thing for this, than had been known in Ireland for centuries before. The priests even now complain of the severe discipline under which they have been placed by the decrees of that Synod. But in addition to the enforced and increased vigilance and laboriousness of the regular parochial clergy, the Redemptorists, the Jesuits, and other Orders, were let loose over the land. The first mentioned have carried off the palm as far as power over the masses is concerned. Foreigners though they are, they are masters of the English tongue. In personal bearing, appearance, and in the power of elocution and of stirring appeal to the fears and passions, and affections of the multitude, they have no rivals. To them, the servant and her respectable mistress, alike repair for confession and absolution, and by them discourses are delivered on the Passion of Christ, on devotion to Our Lady, and on the *relative* duties of husbands, wives, &c., that have exerted a marvelous influence. Generally speaking, these Redemptorists are a vagrant band, going from place to place, holding a "Mission"—here and there, and wherever they have held one with success, setting up on the spot, in the open air, in a chapel yard, or in a field, a large wooden cross in *memoriam rei*.

But at Limerick the Redemptorists have established themselves, to the no small annoyance of the regular priesthood, who are by them thrown into the shade, as persons by no means so holy. They are erecting in the suburbs an immense church at an expense of £30,000, and all day long you see parties repairing to the convent hard by, some for alms and some to visit the nuns; while over the school-house just in front of the fast-rising church is a wooden cross, and opening the door, there enter women of various ranks going to confession. More than this, in a little house close by is what may be well denominated "An Idol Shop," as it was called by a lady friend of mine residing near. Here in the window are displayed crucifixes, (the cross with the dead Christ in the centre,) and every other possible article of Romish trumpery, while in the centre is a photograph of one of the Redemptorist Fathers, a handsome Italian face and figure, with his autograph underneath. Outside, near at hand, is an old blind woman, with hands almost filled with Rosary beads, but with room sufficient and "groping sense" enough to appropriate and appreciate the *coppers* dropt into those palms by "the faithful," or even the "heretic" passing by.

MENDICANCY in Ireland is not dead, although much abated since the introduction of the Poor Law. Sturdy beggars there are still in plenty—both male and female. None of them seemed to me to be *poor* or *starving*. Indeed I heard at Limerick of one fine, plump fellow, who reproached a brother Irishman for working at all. And then he reckoned up to his astonished, and it may be envious brother, his own gains. These were regularly and arithmetically calculated, and ran in this fashion: "Suppose, now, I *visits* sixty streets in Limerick, and *gits* only a *pinny* in *ach*; that's five shillings in one day, *avick!*"

I heard of another worthy, who was found on a cold Winter morning, almost frozen, in the suburbs of Limerick, taken up by a kind-hearted suburban, and conveyed in his jaunting-car straight to the house of a Poor Law Guardian. The latter got the man into the work-house that very day. He had a warm bath, and then plenty of nourishing food. What was his astonishment, a few hours after, to find the man come to the Board Room, where his patron was sitting, and saying that he was *going out* at once! "Leaving the house! What for? Aren't you very comfortable?" "Oh, yes! but I think I'll do better." "How?" "Why," replied the thankless, sanguine, poetic pauper, "did yer honor ever see *a crab tree* in the garden?" "Oh, yes!" "Well, yer honor, how would ye's like to be tied to the crab tree, and have nothing to *ate* but some crabs, when there were sweet apples all round you!" And so he left the "crabs" of the work-house grounds for "the sweet apples" of street alms, and of "the bite and the sup" at the farmer's door or fireside.

There are several reasons why pauperism still exists and is cherished in Ireland. First, the unwillingness of the poor to go into the work-houses, where—even as husband and wife—they must *live separate*. Secondly, that the *old habit* of giving with open hand has not been effaced by the new Poor Law, and that the people, naturally kind-hearted, feel a pleasure in giving alms. And thirdly, as an old man expressed it to me, on seeing a small sum given to a poor person: "Ah, sure sir, *charity is good!*" By which he meant, as all Romanists believe and feel, that *alms-giving is meritorious in the sight of God*.

The eloquent importunity of the poor in asking, has its counterpart in the torrent of blessings invoked on the giver. Walk with me on a fine August morning over Athlan bridge—the Shannon rolling beneath. Here we meet first a middle-aged woman, ragged, tall, thin, in bad health, and deprived of the sight of one eye. We stop her, and give her a penny. At once she bursts forth in benediction: "The Lord give you the light and glory o' heaven!" Next comes—led by a child—a poor old "*dark*" man, stone-blind, rolling his sightless orbs in vain, with head upraised, as is customary with such persons. A penny is put into his hand, and a few cheery words are added. "The blood of Jesus Christ save your soul!" is the instant and fervent response. A Protestant gentleman told me that these people knew that the giver was a Protestant, and hence the Scriptural language of their blessing; that had it been "one of their own sort," they would have commended him to the "saints" and "the blessed Virgin." Of this, however, I have some doubt.

ROMANISM IN DUBLIN, as well as in Cork and Waterford, is very strong, and yet in the capital it has suffered more, and is in a more agitated condition than in any other city or town in Ireland. A goodly number, I am assured, are dissatisfied with their system. They are groping in a labyrinth, are conscious of the darkness, and *some* of them have got the clue which will lead them out into the light of the full-orbed day. At Townsend Street, on the Lord's day, are still carried on the Adult Ragged and Sunday Schools; each class being a Discussion Class, where error and truth are contrasted, by faithful and able teachers, with the Word of God. Here the daughters of Dr. Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin, are very zealous. Here you see men, women, boys and girls, all Romanists, some in a state of antagonism, others of transition, others in Christ, and about openly, ere long, to avow their new-born faith.

Another test of Protestant progress in Dublin, is found in the "Adult Hospital." All parties are admitted as patients, whether Protestant or Romanist. But the latter are distinctly told that no priest or nun will be admitted, no extreme unction administered to the dying, and no books used but the Bible. And although there are Romish Hospitals of a similar kind, Romanists enter the Protestant Hospital without scruple.

There is a Presbyterian Mission to the Romanists in Dublin, conducted by the Rev. Hamilton Magee, a minister admirably adapted for his special work. He holds meetings for prayer, preaching, and also for *open discussion*; and also publishes an excellent monthly paper, "Plain Words spoken in behalf of the Ancient Apostolic Faith." A better specimen of what a paper dealing with Romanists, *as such*, and as sinners needing Christ and his salvation, does not exist. It is marked by a genial tone and temper, and whenever it gives a quotation from the Scriptures, it is invariably from the *Douay Version*. Mr. Magee has had the great joy of seeing fruit to his toils, through the noiseless yet resistless energy of the Holy Spirit accompanying the truth.

As a specimen of Mr. M.'s "Plain Words," take the following. After showing that not *Peter only* was made a *fisher of men*, Jesus having said to *Andrew*, as well as Peter, "I will make you fishers of men," Papal supremacy is thus assaulted and overturned:

Although therefore Peter was called to be a fisher of men, it does not follow that Peter *only* was called to be the fisher of men.

So, although to Peter were committed the keys of the kingdom of heaven, it does not follow that to Peter *only* these keys were committed.

Our Lord says, in the passage, "I will give to thee the keys, &c., and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth," &c. That is the 'power of the keys,' was exercised in binding and 'loosing.'

But our Lord said to ALL the apostles—(Matt. xviii: 18)—"Amen, I say to you, whatsoever *ye* shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven," &c.

Will any of our readers show us how they can avoid this conclusion: The 'power of the keys' was the power to 'bind and loose:' But *all the apostles* had the power to bind and loose: Therefore *all the apostles had the power of the keys*.

So also says the "Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent" (Father Waterworth's Translation, p. 100,) "The holy Synod declares all these doctrines to be false and utterly alien from the truth of the Gospel, which perniciously extend the ministry of the keys to any other BESIDES *bishops and priests*."

If then, according to the Fathers of Trent, bishops and priests as well as the Pope, have the *ministry of the keys*, and have it, as the Fathers say, *directly from Christ himself*, what becomes of Cardinal Wiseman's statement ("Doctrines of the Church," vol. i. page 271) "When, therefore, Peter receives the keys of the kingdom of heaven, or of the Church, we can only consider him as invested with its supreme command."

Would it not be as good logic as the Cardinal's to say—"When, therefore, *each bishop and priest* receives the keys of the kingdom of heaven, or of the Church, we can only consider EACH as invested with its *supreme* command?"

There would certainly be no lack of *supreme* rulers in that case.

"I speak as to wise men; judge ye yourselves what I say."—1. Cor. x: 15.

THE IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS are still vigorously maintained. One peculiarity in Dublin is, that both in large placards carried in the streets, and affixed to the walls, as well as in the Protestant newspapers, announcements and *argumentative accompaniments* appear. Here is one recent specimen:

CONTROVERSIAL SERMONS ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1860.—*Irish Church Missions.*—I. Mission Building, 27 Townsend Street. 11.30 A. M. Rev. H. C. Eade, M.A., Missionary Secretary.

Subject—"The First Protestant."—Heb. xi: 4.

II. Mission Building, 7 P. M. The Rev. J. O'Carroll, A.B., Ex-Schol. T.C.D.

Subject—"Is Mariolatry Christian Worship?"

I. Did not Abel worship in God's way, and Cain in man's way? Did not Abel trust for salvation only in Christ, represented by the Lamb offered in sacrifice—not in his own works or deservings? Was not Abel in this sense a Protestant?

Did not Cain rely on his own merits, and was not Cain in this respect like a Roman Catholic? Which offering did God accept, and why?

II. Can any Roman Catholic tell why the peculiar doctrines of the Church of Rome are so contradictory to the Bible of the Church of Rome? Why is it that those attributes and offices which only belong to the Lord Jesus Christ are also given to the Blessed Virgin Mary? As the Lord Jesus Christ is God-man, the Christian's perfect, only, and all-sufficient Saviour, must not whatever trust is placed in another for the work of salvation be taken from him? "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."—1. John i: 21.

Roman Catholics are affectionately invited to attend.

And here is a second—the trumpet being sounded, and the wager of battle thrown down:

Roman Catholic Priests, and People, come to the debate in the Corrig Avenue Meeting, on Monday evening, August 20, 1860, at half-past seven o'clock.

Chairman—Mr. M. Tracy.

Subject—"Do Roman Catholics know what is the Gospel of Jesus Christ?"

Does not the word "Gospel" mean good news?

Did not the angel of the Lord say to Joseph, "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins?"—Matt. i: 21, Dr. Cullen's Bible.

"If the Lord Jesus himself saves his people from their sins, why depend now on the works or aid of mere creatures for salvation?"

"The Lord hath laid on him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all."—Isa. liii: 6, Dr. Cullen's Bible.

Does God require any one of Christ's people to bear his own iniquity?

Does not holy John declare that "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin?" 1. John i: 7, Dr. Cullen's Bible.

Is not the doctrine of men's satisfaction or atonement for their sins made on earth or in Purgatory, opposed to the Gospel of God?

Roman Catholics of Kingstown are specially invited to attend.

[I reserve a notice of Revival works in Dublin for another occasion.]

THE NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION has been the subject of fierce debate in the House of Commons, in connexion with the annual Parliamentary vote of funds. The Ultramontanists wish to break up the "mixed" composition of the Board and the schools, and to have all Romish schools free from secular control—at the same time receiving the public money! The granting of this would be fatal to the cause of a really good secular education, while it would intensify and perpetuate the division of class from class in the land. Yet *this* view finds virulent supporters in the Irish Brass Band in Parliament, who, through Mr. Majair, Member for Cork, and a "Knight of the Holy Roman Empire," (said empire moribund, and by and by to be gazetted as *defunct*,) pour forth their wrath on the Cabinet, and especially on Mr. Deasy, the Irish Attorney General—himself a Roman Catholic, but one of the Constitutional and moderate party. Concessions indeed are made of rather an ominous character, amongst others, that the *school books are to be revised*, and are to be made "*more religious*"—the latter a very suspicious phrase. The salaries of teachers are being increased; and this is right and proper. The genius of the system is Liberal and Anti-Papal, but yet it secures a vast, uncontrolled endowment to strictly Romish schools. Out of £330,000 a year, four-fifths are given to exclusively Romish schools. There are no less than three thousand six hundred and eighty-three schools under exclusively Romish managers. Some of these are "nun schools," and of course not "mixed." Indeed it is too true that, save in Ulster, "mixed education" is rather the theory than the practice. I believe, however, that the system will be overruled for great good in the end. As it is, the power of reading is almost universal—a striking contrast to what is witnessed in England. The number of books, pamphlets and newspapers *now* sold at Railway Stations in Ireland, is marvellous. The spirit of inquiry is abroad; drunkenness decreases, and so is it as to crime. I have been in the heart of Tipperary. Agrarian murder, once so frequent, is well-nigh unknown. But for Popery's blight, how glorious would Ireland be; and when

"Rome shall perish in her guilt,"

as she assuredly shall, what a bright future is in store for Erin. J. W.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Nebraska.

BROWNVILLE, N. T., Aug. 23, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Although I have nothing very new to relate in our Territory, yet knowing that your spicy paper is read by many of the good people whom I have left, and with whom I have enjoyed many "times of refreshing," and for whom I have shed many a tear, and conscious that they would be pleased to hear from me and this country, I hasten to drop you a line. And first I will notice our

SABBATH SCHOOL PIC-NIC,

Which came off to-day. It was the first of the kind in Brownville, and, as usual out West, was got up in very short notice, by a few of our energetic ladies, aided by the mothers of the children and the friends of the cause. The weather was fine. Not a lowering cloud darkened the cerulean sky of that happy day. The anxiety and expectation of the children ran high. And just after dinner, about half-past one, the church-going bell pealed forth its mellow notes, as the signal for all to assemble. Soon after, the dear little boys and girls, with faces dressed in smiles, and with hearts palpitating with joy, accompanied by their kind teachers, were all very comfortably seated in the Presbyterian church. After a lively and stirring tune by the Brownville Band, the exercises were opened with singing "Happy Day," and prayer. After a few appropriate hymns, and two short addresses, a procession was formed, headed by the clergy and band of music, followed by the various classes, accompanied by their respective teachers, followed in train by a large number of fathers, mothers, ladies and citizens. The procession, numbering about one hundred and twenty, was grand and imposing. The scholars all wore appropriate badges, and one of the larger boys bore in front of the train a neat banner, bearing the following inscription. On one side, "Brownville Union Sabbath School," encircling beneath it that instructive, didactic, and comprehensive verse, "Fear God and keep his commandments." On the other side was the appropriate injunction to children, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," together with "Search the Scriptures."

Thus armed and equipped, we marched through town, attracting the attention of everybody, to a most beautiful grove, hard by our flourishing city. The grove, situated at the head of a small ravine, commencing near the main Bluff girding our city on the South, is a most delightful and attractive place. It forms a perfect amphitheatre, surrounded and interspersed with lofty oaks and elms. In its formation, it seems as though the Divine Architect appeared to try his skill. 'Tis rare to see such a handsome situation for a meeting.

Arriving here, and all seated snug and comfortable beneath the leafy grove—hard by the table groaning with good things just ready to be devoured—after a few fine strains of stirring music, and another appropriate address, followed by a word of prayer and Sabbath School Hymns, the children, teachers, parents, attendants, one and all, fared sumptuously upon the hospitality of our kind and generous hearted mothers and teachers. Dinner over, and the lively and warm-hearted ladies and gentlemen, (merchants, clerks, bankers, lawyers, farmers, and mechanics,) in common with the children, one and all, having enjoyed a general social chit-chat, and the cheerful little boys and girls, led off by their Superintendent, Mr. L. Houdley, having sung an appropriate farewell hymn, we all again fell in file, and our gallant Band made the woods and bluffs "ring" with their enchanting music, as we marched back to town. All passed off very satisfactorily, and we think much profit to the School.

MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 3, 9½ o'clock.—Just returned from a Methodist camp-meeting, all in full blast. Attendance large, attention good, accompanied with a good deal of interest. The order and behavior at such meetings out West is genmuch better than it used to be in Ohio or Pennsylvania. Camp-meetings are very common in this great valley. At two just closed, South of us, they report large accessions. Being scarce of houses of worship, there is more demand for them. They often last ten or twelve days.

TELEGRAPH IN BROWNVILLE.

On last Wednesday, the first telegraph office in Nebraska was opened in this city, with tremendous cheering, firing of cannon, short and spirited addresses, and an outgushing enthusiasm scarcely ever equalled, even in the "far West." If you wish to hear from us by "the lightning's flash," the way is now open by "