THE PROTECTOR

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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The Protector and Christian Witness,

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KIRWAN'S LETTERS TO BISHOP HUGHES.

LETTER I.

My Dear Sir,—Although an entire stranger to you, I have felt for many years greatly interested in your history and doings, and for the following reasons:

You are the chief pastor of a very important portion of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, and your ecclesiastical position makes you emphatically a public man. If a bishop in Mexico or Missouri, like many mitred priests, you might live unknown to fame; but as the papal bishop of the commercial metropolis of the Western World, and of the most populous and wealthy diocese of your Church in the United States, this could not be expected. Position, you know, has much to do with our public character. It sometimes gives, even to weak and bad men, an importance out of all proportion to their merits.

But, in addition to your position, which is one of high influence, you possess the requisite qualifications to fill it. This is confessed by your most ardent opponents. By your genius, tact and eloquence—by your sleepless devotion to the duties of your calling, you have obtained a position in the very first rank of the ecclesiastics of your Church; and, without saying very much, this is saying considerable.

Besides, at whatever odds, you have fought like a man with all your opponents. In controversies, religious and political, you have not shunned the hall of debate, nor discussion through the press. You have taken your positions adroitly, and you have defended them with remarkable skill; and even when convinced of the utter fallacy of your positions and defences, I have yet sympathized with your manly firmness. It is in human nature to respect the man that, with an earnest soul, contends for what he esteems right; and I must confess that, as to some things, when the public voice was against you, your course met with my approbation.

Besides, if public rumor is worthy of belief, you have raised yourself into your present position by the force of your talents and character, from a social position comparatively humble. To me this is not the least of the reasons why I have felt interested in your career. The *men* of our race have been what is commonly called self-made men. The "Heroes in History" have been nearly all such. It requires high attributes, both of mind and soul, to rise above the disadvantages of family and fortune, and to take precedence of those who would fain believe that birth and wealth give a patent right to the high places of influence. Your past history, unless, I misunderstand it, must have had a liberalizing influence upon you. You must look at things on a larger and wider scale, and through a clearer medium, than if you had been cradled in crimson and educated in a convent. You know the distinction between prejudice and principle—between what is entitled to belief and what we have been educated to believe—between what is truly reasonable and what is ecclesiastically so; and I therefore address myself to you with a confidence far stronger, that what I shall say kindly and truly will be kindly and truly weighed, than if I addressed myself to a priest from Maynooth or Saint Omer, educated merely in the literature of legends and liturgies, and whose mind only possessed what was distilled into it from others. About such stupid, sluggish minds you must, by this time, know something. I shall address you not merely as a priest or bishop, but as a high-minded and well-educated gentleman.

Permit me to say that there is yet another reason why I have felt interested in your career. You were born in Ireland—that land of noble spirits and of warm hearts—that sweetest isle of the ocean; and so was I. We are natives of the same soil; and although in principle, by education, and in all my feelings thoroughly American, yet I take a great pride in the high achievements of native Irishmen. America has had its Montgomeries, its Clintons, its Emmetts, its Porters, its Brackenridges, from Ireland. Its sons have adorned the bar, the bench, the pulpit, the army, the navy, the Legislatures, the Congress of these United States. That there are multitudes from Ireland who are no loss to their own country, nor any advantage to this, can not be denied. The evidence is every where present in the ignorance, the squalid poverty of its immigrants. The reasons for this I may examine hereafter. But yet we have many fine illustrations of Irish genius, character, and valor all along our history; and I have regarded yourself as one of them, so far forth as a pushing force of character is concerned, and I have often pointed you out as an illustration of the respectability which Irish character is capable of attaining when relieved from the burdens that oppress and debase it. Hence I have regarded as your eulogy the sneers of those who have addressed you as "John Hughes, the gardener." Such taunts come not from true men.

Having said so much in reference to you, permit me now to say a word in reference to myself. I have just stated that I was born in Ireland. I may say to you, in addition, that I was born of Roman Catholic parents, and received my early education in the full faith of that Church at whose altars you now serve with such ability. I was baptized by a priest—I was confirmed by a bishop—I often went to confession—I have worn my amulets, and I have said my Pater Nosters and my Hail Marys more times than I can now enumerate. When a youth, none excelled me in my attention to mass, nor in the performance of the penances enjoined by the father confessor; and, whatever were my occasional mental misgivings, I remained a true son of the Church until I had at least outgrown my boyhood. Then, on as full an examination of the subject as I could give it, I came to the conclusion that I could not remain a Roman Catholic. I first became an infidel. Knowing nothing of religion but that which was taught me by parents and priests, and thinking that that was the sum of it, when that was rejected, infidelity became my only alternative. Could it be otherwise? Subsequently, by the reading of the Bible and by the grace of God, I was led to embrace the religion of the Gospel. That religion I have now for many years professed and taught, and in connection with a Protestant Church. Unlike many who have left your communion, I have never bitterly assailed it. I am utterly unknown in the list of the champions of Protestantism *versus* Popery; but yet some recent occurrences have induced me to break a long silence, and to state, in a series of letters addressed to your Right Reverence, the reasons which induced me to leave the Roman Catholic Church, and which prevent me from returning to it. Of these letters, this is the first. I ask of you for them a kind and candid perusal.

With respect, yours, KIRWAN.

LETTER II.

My dear Sir,—In my last letter I stated to you that I was born of Roman Catholic parents; that I was baptized and confirmed in your communion, and that for many years I have been in connection with a Protestant Church. I stated that, whatever were my occasional mental misgivings, I remained a true son of the Church until I had nearly attained the years of manhood; and that then, on as full an examination of the subject as I could give it, I came to the conclusion that I could not remain a Roman Catholic. Permit me, in the present letter, to state to you the causes of my early misgivings as to yours being a true church, and as to its holding the true faith.

You know very well the common belief among the Irish peasantry that papal priests can work miracles. What ever may be the teaching of the priests themselves upon the point, such is the belief of the people—a belief strongly encouraged by the conduct of their spiritual leaders. Hence, in diseases, the people resort, not so much to the physician as to the priest; they depend less upon the power of medicine than upon that of priestly charms. Although the son of intelligent parents, and educated from my youth for the mercantile profession, the miraculous power of the priest is yet associated with my earliest recollections of him; and, as you know full well, the belief that this power is possessed by their priests is one of the leading causes why the papal Irish bow with such entire and unmanly submission to them. Nor are any efforts left untried to cherish and propagate this superstitious idea.

In my youth there were two things which greatly shook my faith in the possession of this power. There resided not far from my parental residence a priest, whose fame as a miracle-worker was known all over the county in which he resided. The road to his house (called in that country a bridle-road) went by our door. I frequently saw, in the morning, individuals riding by, with a little keg resting before them on the saddle, or a jug hanging by the horse's side. I often asked who they were, and where they were going. I was told that they were going to Father C——'s to get some of their sick cured. I asked what was in the keg or jug. I was told that it was Irish whiskey to pay the priest for his cures. I asked why they went so early in the morning. I was answered that unless they went early they would not find him sober. The tabernacle of poor Father C—— was made of dry clay, and needed a daily wetting.

In one of the large interior towns of Ireland where I resided, the bishop of the diocese met his priests, or a part of them, once a year. Their meeting was always held in the house where I resided, and over the store in which I was then a clerk. Among the priests that always met the bishop was the rollicking Father B——, whose fame as a miracle-worker was extensive. He had also a reputation for learning and eloquence, and, because of his connection with an old and wealthy family, exerted a wide social influence. He always staid with us when he came to town. About ten o'clock one night, after one of those meetings of bishop and priests, I went out to shut up the store windows, and hearing a singular noise in the gutter, I went forward and assisted a man out of the mire. I soon recognized him to be Father B——, the miracle-worker. Running in, I announced, with some excitement, to the lady of the house, that Father B—— was drunk in the street. I received for my pains a stunning slap on the side of the face, with this admonition, "Never say again that a priest is drunk." This was a very impressive argument, and which, for some time, rung in my ears. I staggered under the blow. I assisted in cleaning off his reverence. I gave him his brandy next morning; and, young as I was, my faith in miracle-working priests was effectually shaken. Although fearing to draw the conclusion, I felt it, that God would not bestow miraculous power upon those who lived a life, not of occasional, but of habitual intemperance. And I would ask you, sir, whether all this pretension to miraculous power by your priests, is not a gross imposition upon the people, for the double purpose of keeping them in awe and getting their money? Do not deny the fact in the face of many witnesses, and of what you know, do not evade the question. Let the bishop be silent, and the man of sense speak, and I have no fear as to the answer.

The doctrine of Purgatory, you know, sir, is one of the peculiar and most cherished doctrines of your Church. Indeed, I do not know how your Church could get along without it, as by it you build your cathedrals and churches, and are enabled to fare sumptuously every day. My object now is not to reason with you about it, nor to controvert it, but to state to you a few facts in reference to it, that made, in early life, a strong impression on my mind. You know that in Ireland the custom of the priest is, at a certain point in the service of the Mass, to turn his back to the altar and his face to the people, and to read a long list of the names of deceased persons whose souls are in Purgatory, and to offer up a prayer for their deliverance from it. This is done, or used to be done, in our chapel on every Sabbath. To obtain the name of a deceased relative on that magic list, the priest must be paid so much a year, varying, I believe, with the ability of the friends to pay. If the yearly payment is not made when due, the name of the person is erased from the list. A circumstance arising out of this custom of your Church occurring in my boyhood, is distinctly before me. A respectable man in our parish died in mid-life, leaving a widow and a large family of children to mourn his loss. True to her religious principles and to her generous instincts, the widow had her husband's name placed on that list, and heard, with pious gratitude, his name read over from Sabbath to Sabbath, with a prayer offered for the deliverance of his soul from Purgatory. After the lapse of two or three years, on a certain Sabbath the name of her husband was omitted from the list. The fact filled her with mingled joy and fear; joy, thinking that her husband had escaped from Purgatory; and fear, lest she bad done something to offend the priest; and you know they are very easily offended when money is in question. On timid inquiry, she learned that his soul was yet in Purgatory, but that she had forgotten to send in the yearly tax at the time it was due. The tax was promptly paid, and the name was restored on the next Sabbath. With this fact, sir, I am entirely conversant; for that widow was my own mother, who sought the release of the soul of my father from Purgatory. Can you wonder, sir, that this incident made a deep impression upon my youthful mind, or that it shook my faith in your whole system? And, as far as memory serves me, Father M—— was an amiable man, and above the ordinary level of the men of his calling.

Another fact which early impressed me in reference to Purgatory was this. Your Church makes a distinction between mortal and venial sinners. The former go to hell forever; the latter go to Purgatory, "whence they are taken by the prayers and alms offered for them, and principally by the holy sacrifice of the Mass." Now I always saw that the *most mortal* sinners, that every body would say went to hell, could always have masses said for them as if they went to Purgatory, provided their friends could pay; and that *less mortal* sinners, that people would say went to Purgatory, were sent to hell if their friends could not pay for masses for them; and their souls were kept in Purgatory for a long while when their friends paid promptly every year, but their souls were soon prayed out whose friends could not pay long for them. Facts like these, sir, very early impressed my mind, and shook my faith in the religion of my parents and priests; and when, in maturer years, I could more fully consider them, they led me to reject religion as a fable cunningly devised by priests. You will not blame me for this, when even Leo X., of blessed memory, boasted of the profitable account to which they had turned "the fable about Jesus Christ."

Again: to pray to angels and saints is a doctrine of your Church. I am quite familiar with your explanations of it—with the distinctions which your writers make to free it from idolatry. It is precisely the distinction which the heathen makes to get rid of the same charge. Perhaps, ere these letters are concluded, I may return to this subject; I have only to do now with some of my early impressions in reference to it. In our parish chapel there were a great many pictures of saints, with very little pretension to art, and which reflected but little credit on painter or engraver. Whose pictures they were I do not remember; but on Sabbath morning, an hour before mass, I have often seen the poor people, and even some more wealthy and refined, going on their knees from the one picture to the other, and counting their beads, and bowing before them with external acts of the most profound and sincere worship. Although then I thought differently, I have not now a doubt but that it was idolatry. But the idea that struck me was this: Here are some praying to Peter, or Paul, or John, or Mary; the same pictures are hung up in ten thousand chapels all over the world, and in all these chapels persons are praying to them. Can these good saints hear but in one place, or can they hear all every where praying to them? If they can hear all, then they are omnipresent; if omnipresent, they are gods. Thus we have as many gods as saints. But if they hear but in one place, then nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the ten thousand are praying to an absent saint! This one thought, reverend sir, very early in life impressed my mind, and was not the least powerful among the causes which led me, eventually, to reject the authority of your Church. How does this strike your own mind? More of these causes in my next. KIRWAN.

THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH.

The Collection for behoof of Foreign Churches recommended by last General Assembly, will take place (D. V.) in January next. The time-honored Church of the Waldenses in Piedmont, the eldest born of the great Christian family, has appeared by her deputies before the Church of Scotland, to explain her wants and to demand her younger sister's aid. That this demand will be responded to with a large heart and liberal hand by all who know what the Waldensian Church has been and is, we entertain no doubt; but it may be well, previous to asking our people's contributions, to lay before them, as briefly as possible, a sketch of the character and circumstances of this illustrious Christian community—illustrious for her antiquity, as deriving her origin direct from the apostles themselves—illustrious for her constancy, as having never bowed her knee to the Romish Baal, the only Church in Christendom which can make such a boast—illustrious for the cruelty and long continuance of her persecutions, the multitude and nobleness of her martyrs, the purity and simplicity of her martyrs, the purity and simplicity of her faith and worship,—and now doubly illustrious as the centre of the Church's hopes, and the basis of her operations for the conversion of Italy. For this purpose we think we cannot do better than reproduce to our readers an Appeal issued by a public meeting held in Edinburgh on the 8th June last, for the purpose of receiving M. Lantaret and M. Pilatte, the Waldensian deputies, accompanied by some short extracts from the speech of M. Pilatte, on that occasion:

The ancient Church of the Valleys, so well known as the Vaudois and Waldenses, has certainly claims which no other Church can produce, on the sympathy and support of all evangelical Protestants. The past history of this Church has all the charm of romance, with the thrilling interest of sad and solemn reality. Its present position unfolds one of the most remarkable features of the eventful times in which we live.

It is a *primitive* Church. While other Churches date from the Reformation, the Waldensian traces its descent from the apostles, and may be said to have existed as an independent community, from the earliest ages of Christianity. Protestants may have "come out of Babylon;" the Waldensians were never under her captivity. They are the only Church, as has been tersely observed, "that has never sucked the milk of the Roman wolf." Retaining, during the darkest times, the true apostolic succession of scriptural doctrine, order and institutions, the Vaudois Church furnishes the visible link between the Churches of the Reformation and those of the apostles; so that, when taunted by the question, "Where was your Church before Luther?" the Protestant has often, among other answers, pointed, with grateful feelings, to the valleys of Piedmont.

It is an *evangelical* Church. Pure in doctrine and simple in worship; its ancient formularies, which have been preserved, refute the calumnies of its enemies, and exhibit the great truths of the Gospel in bright contrast to the errors, innovations and idolatries of the Roman Church. Nor can it fail to be interesting to Scotchmen to know that, in the forms of its worship, and in its ecclesiastical polity, this ancient Church bears the closest resemblance to the Presbyterian Churches of our own land.

It has been for ages a *persecuted* Church. "Many a time," may the Vaudois Church say, "many a time have they afflicted me from my youth." At the instigation of successive Pontiffs, every species of cruelty which malice, lust and bigotry could devise, has been perpetrated on these innocent confessors of Christ. Their mountain snows have been dyed with the blood of thousands of martyrs—children and women have been cut in pieces or hurled from the rocks—and at one awful period, the whole population was swept away from the valleys into exile. In the writing of these sufferings," says Sir Samuel Morland, "my spirit has often waxed cold within me, and my heart even failed me; and my very hand has trembled, as with a fit of the palsy." The cry of their oppression reached the ear of Cromwell, and to his generous appeal England answered by a contribution of upwards of £3,800.

It has been a *faithful* Church. Planted by Providence amidst the inaccessible fastnesses of the Alps, they have been enabled to keep the banner of the Cross floating on their native mountains; and, in spite of the armed chivalry of France, and the unrelenting vengeance of Rome, they have borne a testimony, not the less honorable to the truth, and not the less effective, that it has been borne by a "poor and afflicted people." Few in numbers, feeble in resources, they returned gloriously to their native valleys, and have continued ever since, though pressed down to the earth under the most grinding tyranny, to afford a living commentary on the words of inspiration—"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence."

It is, in fine, a *living* Church. The Spirit of Life, which has never altogether deserted her, has resumed his influence at present, with remarkable evidences. Her pastors are men of God, animated not only with devoted zeal for the spiritual well-being of their flocks, but with an evangelistic ardor for the extension of the Gospel around them. And when we consider that they are Italians, and stationed on the frontiers of Italy, ready to act as pioneers and heralds of salvation to their benighted fellow-countrymen, we cannot fail to see the hand of Providence in their miraculous preservation.

Such is the interesting people who, after living for centuries in the obscure recesses of the Alps, have now, in the mysterious wisdom of God, been brought prominently forth into the field of Christian enterprise. Before their emancipation in 1847, they were deprived of all the liberties of citizens, now they have been placed by the Sardinian Government on a footing of equality with the rest of their countrymen.

A Bold Surgical Operation is thus recorded by the *Edinburgh Advertiser*:—"On the 8th inst. at noon, there was no small amount of excitement exhibited in the surgical ward and operating theatre of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, resulting from the expectation of a very formidable surgical operation taking place that morning. At twelve o'clock the room was crowded to excess, and numbers of medical men from all parts were assembled to witness it. The patient had for a long period suffered from cancer of the tongue, and Professor Syme had determined upon removing the organ bodily. Shortily after twelve o'clock the man was led into the theatre, placed upon the table, and quickly rendered powerless through the potent influence of the chloroform which was administered to him. Professor Syme commenced by making a vertical incision through the integument covering the chin, and then sawed the lower jaw at the symphysis. The division being made, he next proceeded to cut away the tongue at the very root, close to the hyoid bone. The arteries were quickly tied, the hemorrhage was comparatively little, the man lost only a few ounces of blood. The jaw was again placed together, and the integument sewed up. The man was actually able to walk out of the room. At the close of the operation Professor Syme remarked that the removal of the tongue bodily had been successfully performed in Italy, but the *modus operandi* a different nature, the incisions having been made entirely in the throat; but he (Professor Syme) considered that that mode was attended with more danger than the one he had chosen to adopt. This operation has never yet been performed in Great Britian; and, should the patient recover—which is earnestly hoped and believed—the highest praise will be due to Professor Syme for having so skilfully undertaken that which no surgeon of this country had formerly ventured upon.—The *Scotsman* adds:—"The patient walked out of the theatre speechless, but grateful and happy, and has continued well ever since, being fed with a tube. He can now, however, swallow, and yesterday he spoke, or rather breathed out, the word 'Milk.' He is cheerful and gives every hope of thorough recovery.

CHRISTIANITY AMONG MAHOMEDANS.

We cull a few of multitudes of late testimonies lying before us, illustrating this great subject which may now be considered the great religious question of the missionary work. So many interests are involved therein, and such mighty results are to follow upon the success of the Christian enterprise in this relation that it is impossible to magnify the importance of the interests thus involved. And we must try to keep up our readers with the information of the day.—*Prot. Churchman.*

From Malta, the Rev. Mr. Lowndes, July, 1857.

Statements have frequently been made latterly, which indicate that Mohammedans, in certain cases, are not unwilling to discuss the subject of religion with Christians, and some have renounced Islamism, and professed Christianity.

A circumstance has lately come under my own notice, which is interesting, as in some degree presenting a collateral proof of the above remark. A few days since, three Moors from North Africa, captains of vessels, came into our depot, and asked for an Arabic and French Dictionary. They were told we had no such a publication, but that there were other books in Arabic. An Arabic Psalter was first shown to them, and after reading the first Psalm, one of them purchased it. A Bible was then offered to him, in which he read the first chapter of Genesis, and then happened to turn to the twentieth of Exodus, when he read the Ten Commandments. On reading this portion, he asked how it was that we Christians, believing the Bible to be God's book, had idols in our churches. He was told that Protestants had not images in their churches.

One of them seemed disposed to purchase the Bible, but another of them strongly urged him not to do it for it spoke against Mohammed. He was assured, however, that this was not the case; that Mohammed's name was not once mentioned in it, and that it was a very good book. After a little hesitation, he purchased it, and paid 2s. 6d. for it, a considerable sum for him. The day following, he and the one who opposed his purchasing the Bible came again, when we conversed at considerable length with them, and gave the first a few Psalms for his crew, or any other persons with whom he might come into contact. He said he would disseminate them, and hoped he should have occasion for many more when he returned to Malta. The day following that the man who had objected to the Bible being purchased, called alone, and bought one for himself, at the price which the other had paid. He entered into a free and unrestrained conversation, and said he had never met with Christians before who were disposed to be kind, and whom he did not consider as idolaters; but that he had often heard a Mullah say, that if any were saved besides Mohammedans, they would be the English Protestant Christians, as they had no idols, and acknowledged one God. He asked me what I thought of Mohammedanism. I told him that I did not believe that Mohammedan was sent by God to form a system of religion, and that I found nothing in his system which held forth a hope of future happiness, as it did not provide any means by which sin is to be pardoned. He asked what we, as Christians, believed. A brief statement was then made of the leading doctrines of Christianity, showing that it lays a sure foundation for the pardon of sin and acceptance with God, through Jesus Christ His Son. He heard all without any emotion; nor did he, at the close, make any remark, by way of approbation or disapprobation. We gave him a few Psalters also, for which he expressed many thanks.

We parted with these two men with mutual and friendly salutations. The first repeatedly said if I had anything to send to Tunis he would take it, whatever it might be, without any charge at all. The other now said he would take anything to Tripoli, in the same way, and that, if I wished to go thither myself at any time, he would take me, free of all expense. His method of expressing himself was. "If you have any thing to send, put it upon my head, and it is safe."

What may be the result of this visit of these two men, remains unknown. The Word of God, which they have taken and which they said was very good, may or may not be the means of removing the darkness from their minds. It is at least probable that they will read it; and my sincere prayer is that it may lead them to the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world. They said they would call again on their return to Malta.

From Constantinople. Mr. Barker, August, 1857.

An Iman or Turkish priest, of the mosque, in the village of ——, called on Mr. ——, at night,* because he dared no longer visit him during the day, for it was observed by some Turks, and they were very bitter against him. After a protracted edifying conversation, the hour becoming late, Mr. —— said to the Iman that he was going to pray with his family, consequently he might stay or go away as he pleased. He not only remained, but, to the great surprise of Mr. ——, after the Scriptures were read, he kneeled down with the rest, and appeared all devotion. When the family service was over Mr. —— asked him what he thought of the Christian's way of praying; to which he replied, "I like it very much, and not only now, but ever since six months ago." A Turk can join a Protestant Christian in prayer, and moreover be edified; and the oftener he sees Christianity in its simple garb of fervent, unostentatious worship, the more he will love and cleave to it, whilst he will abhor and curse Christianity as exemplified in the idolatrous Eastern Churches. A thinking Turk, piously inclined, and who has a sublime idea of and great reverence for the Deity, can become a Protestant, but never, I presume, a Greek, Armenian, or Roman Catholic Christian, for his worship of God is totally incompatible with that of the Eastern Churches.

The following is a copy of a letter from Rev. Dr. Hamlin, Constantinople, to Rev. Dr. Anderson, Boston, United States:

Beberck, Sept. 5, 1857.

My dear brother:—Another event of decided interest in the history of religious freedom in Turkey has just occurred, on Thursday, 3d inst. Two officers of the Porte (previous notice having been given on Wednesday, through the consulate) came to my house to investigate the case of the Freeman family, converted from Mohammedanism to Christianity. It was done, without doubt, wholly at the instigation of the mother of Mrs. Freeman, who has been almost frantic at the conversion and baptism of her daughter and grandchild. The officers were Arif Bey, first interpreter, who I take to be a Papal Armenian. I demurred at receiving them, and declared that if they entered my house without bringing with them an officer of equal rank from our Embassy, I and my family would leave. We entered a room, however, for conference, and after half an hour's discussion, every thing was satisfactorily arranged for the examination, and the principles on which it was requested, and upon which it would be conducted and concluded, were fully stated, and were entirely satisfactory to me.

I then had Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and the mother, and a Turkish lady, the mother of an Iman of our mosque, as her companion and adviser, come together in presence of the officials and myself. Messrs. Goodell and Clarke, Morse and Winchester, and families were also present, so that we had quite a venerable and dignified assembly.

The mother, on meeting her daughter and grandaughter in Christian dress, in which she had never seen them before, no *yashmack* no *ferigue*, but Christian, that is *ghiaour*, bonnet, shawl, and gowa, went into a great exhibition of *hysteria*, which would have been exciting enough had it not been fictitious—it passed off so suddenly into a perfectly calm, commonplace frame, that I felt not a little indignant at having been betrayed into the terror of her dying at my study door.

This over, the officers of the Porte first examined Mr. Freeman in my presence. The questions and cross-questions were two numerous to be repeated here. The object was to ascertain whether he had been driven from Islamism to Christianity by any troubles, debts, real or imaginary wrongs, want of office, employment, etc. Mr. Freeman was evidently somewhat agitated, but his answers were clear and decided, and the gentlemen pronounced them satisfactory.

Mrs. Freeman was then subjected to the same ordeal, no one of her friends but myself being allowed to be present. She answered at first with perfect calmness, and with an admirable and sweet simplicity, but, after a little while, became confused by the multitude of questions pressed upon her without waiting for an answer, and she covered her face and burst into tears. The gentleman very kindly reassured her, and at length declared themselves satisfied; but requested that the mother, the Turkish lady, and the daughter should have an interview together. They accordingly occupied my study for half an hour or more, pressing upon the daughter every consideration which wealth, pleasure, and station could offer, to bring her back to Islamism. After waiting so long, the gentlemen said to me, "It's quite enough; please open the door." We then all went in, and sat as "committee of the whole." Our dear friends stood firm as the rock, and at length the gentlemen arose and said to me, as nearly as I can state from memory, as follows: "We are fully convinced that no compulsion has been used in this case, and so far as we can see, the accusations of the mother are false. It is the will of his majesty our sovereign, and it has become the established law of the empire, that every subject, without any exception, should enjoy entire religious freedom.' *The Mussulman is now as free to become a Christian, as the Christian is to become a Mussulman. The Government will know no difference in the two cases.* It will not emulate to ascertain, whenever an accusation of restraint or compulsion, by fear or force, is brought, the true state of the case, and then only with the intention of securing the most unexceptionable freedom of choice. Declaring, again, that the family is free in its choice of Protestant Christianity, and expressing a hope that the poor, distressed old mother would be conciliated, and treated with kindness and forbearance, and taken care of, the gentlemen withdrew with all the politeness and cordiality of friends, and, with the exception of the benighted and angry mother, all retired, with joyful and grateful hearts. On Tuesday, two days previous to this, I had the pleasure of solemnizing, in the same house, the marriage of Baron Artin Hagopean (*Anglice*, Mr. Artin Jacobs), and Miss Eliza Wilson, the former a young Protestant Armenian, the latter a Turkish lady of the Williams family, baptized in Malta by the Rev. Mr. Lowndes.

A good collection of various languages, religions, and peoples filled our rooms, and it was a most interesting assembly.

With some, these facts will have no weight to prove that there is the least shadow of religious freedom in Turkey. The doings of a mob, or the oppressions of a local governor will be the only facts from which a safe inference can be drawn. But others will see in them the finger of God, and will bless him for the manifestation of his power in the midst of all the wickedness, corruption, and misrule of the land.

From the Seminary at Bebeck.

The progress of the work at Constantinople is thus told:—"The average attendance at all these places of worship in Constantinople during the year, has been 427." The number of additions to the churches was 97, and of excommunications, 3; making the present number of members, 190.

During the past year, Mr. Schauffler has been laboring specially for the spiritual interest of the Mohammedans. It was previously "well known that the Scriptures was in circulation among them; and that many read in secret, and were convinced of the truth of Christianity. But great caution was considered necessary." "One year has seen great changes. Converted Mussulmen now 'preach the faith which once they destroyed.' No secrecy is now necessary in circulating the Scriptures. The Bible is sold openly, and the purchasers are sometimes Imans and Softas."

The prosperous state of the Bebeck Seminary, and the mournful limitation put upon the work of training students for the ministry by the want of funds are thus noted:—

The average number of students during the year has been 45, but the report states: "It has been with great difficulty and trial that we have confined ourselves to such a limited number. Our prayers for more laborers have been signally answered. God has sent promising young men to us in scores. We have been entreated again and again to receive such. Good material has been urged upon us that we might train it for Christ; but we have been compelled to say to many, "We cannot receive you, because the friends of the Gospel have not given us the money to buy their bread." Sixty applicants, within the year, were thus rejected, though "with the same board of instruction, and with the present classification of pupils, one hundred could receive instruction in the seminary as easily as fifty." The Report dwells upon this painful necessity of turning away those who seek instruction, at a time when "the demands of the field are so imperative, and the proportions of the work so great, when the whole missionary movement in the land is assuming such a vast magnitude as to constitute one of the grandest exhibitions the world has ever seen, and when God is providing the very men needed in greater number than ever before."

TRUE MANLINESS.

Children are very apt to suppose, that what is manly or womanly can be cut out of cloth or leather; in other words, that clothes, made in the fashion of those worn by men and women, will give some additional consequence to the young who wear them. I know a very little boy, who took great satisfaction in having loops sewed to his socks, so that he might draw them on as boots are drawn, and the eagerness so commonly displayed by children still young, to assume the coat, the cravat, boots, etc., is hardly less childish. Thus they show their childishness in their attempts to be manly.

This, however, would be a matter of very little consequence, if they were not apt to lose sight, in this way, of the essential attributes of manliness. To be manly is to "dare to *do*," not to *wear*, "all that may become a man." I will give you my idea what it is for a boy to be manly, by two or three illustrations.

A boy of six years old, was required by his father, to bring the cows home every night. One dark, rainy evening, in the autumn, just as the family had settled themselves to their accustomed occupations, about a bright, cheerful fire, the father asked,

"Did you bring the cows home, my son?"

"Yes, father," he replied; adding after a moment's hesitation, "but I did not put up the bars."

"Then go directly back again, and put them up." It was manly in this boy to confess his omission, at the expense, which he foresaw, of a dismal trudge through the rain, and darkness, to repair it.

I know another boy, of nine years old, who mounted one day in his father's yard, a very spirited horse, and was thrown almost immediately. His father stood by looking through a window, but did not interfere, when he saw his son preparing to mount a second time. He was thrown a second time. "Thrown again, my boy!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, but I'll conquer him yet."

A third time the boy mounted, and then made good his word, the horse yielding to him completely. *This* was a manly boy.

Of another, twelve years old, it was told me, that being at a large school in one of our cities, he was visited in his room by two young men, half a dozen years older than himself, who used very profane language. After bearing for some time what was highly offensive to him, he said, "Gentlemen must be so good as to abstain from this language, or leave the room." They submitted to the rebuke, and remained. This was a still higher kind of manliness.

It was true of another boy, not so old as this, who had long been afflicted with a diseased and helpless leg, that being told, one Sabbath morning, of the surgeon's decision to amputate it, he said, "Then I will have it done immediately, before mother comes home from church, that she need not know anything about it;" and it was done immediately.

If you consider these as fair illustrations of my subject, you will admit that the manliness exhibited by these boys could in no case have been enhanced by any fashion of garments.

I beg you to observe, that the terms, man and woman, manly and womanly, in their proper and full import, convey far more than those of gentleman and lady, gentlemanly and ladylike. A true man and a true woman, will be gentlemanly and ladylike, and a great deal more besides. There are men, and there are so-called gentlemen, who have little or nothing that is manly about them.

Analysis of Dress.—I never see a person proud of fine dress, but I think, "Well, he has only cast-off clothes, after all; he has the jacket of the lamb, and the old great coat of the sheep; from head to foot he is dressed in what the trees or the animals have used before him. His shoes are made of hides, his stockings of the cotton plant, his shirt of the flax plant, his handkerchief is spun by the caterpillar, and his gloves are the waistcoat of the angels."