

danger. But we were mistaken. First we heard some emphatic utterances—then cries and yells—then a volley of stones flew past us. Our two brethren met the same reception in a different quarter of the town. The friendly greetings which met us in the lovely town of Cahir were of the following fashion:—"We need no devils here—go back to hell where you came from." "You are come to preach the Gospel—the devil prosper ye." "If you come to our country, we'll tear you to pieces,"—and then another yell, and another volley of stones.

We saw our peril, and resolved for the present to refrain from preaching in the open air; and next day, at noon, being Sabbath, we had sufficient evidence of the wisdom of this resolution, for a mob of ruffians from the hill sides, for many miles round, had been gathered in to assault us, and were congregated in the square waiting our appearance.—But we went quietly, and by a private path, to the Protestant church, and heard an excellent and evangelical sermon from the curate—the Rev. John De Remy—an earnest man, and one who is valiant for the truth. Five times in one year have the windows of his house been broken by the papist mob; and twice, during our brief sojourn in Cahir, were he and his lady assailed and stoned on leaving our meetings in the dusk of the evening; but still he perseveres, extending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. God speed his efforts! From him and the vicar, Mr. Gillon, the deputies received the greatest attention and kindness, and the assurance that their visit was gratifying to them, and would do much good.

The mob collected in Cahir Square on the noon of the Lord's day had that morning received their commination. In common with our brethren in other parts, we were denounced by the priest from the altar. No text—no sermon had he. A harangue against the missionaries was his only discourse. These denunciations were substantially the same in all cases of which we have heard in so far as concerns their tendency to instigate the mob to mischief. The people got the hint, and not only understand it, but must obey it. But more of this anon.

With us at Cahir, the Sabbath passed off quietly; and in the evening we had divine service in our hired house—the Rev. Mr. Dickenson, who was so maltreated at Limerick, officiating on the occasion. It was otherwise with our friends at Tipperary. Although they had not preached out of doors, but in the Presbyterian church, they were mobbed and insulted on the way to their hotel,—some of the windows which were smashed by the infuriated rabble. It is well that there are many and diverse witnesses of the truth of these things, and among others, that we have the testimony of a gentleman whose praise is in all the churches—one who has taken a leading interest in this movement, and who went personally to Tipperary. We say in well, for we fear lest our friends in Scotland should refuse to credit our statements, and call them exaggerated, or at least attribute rough reception to our own imprudence.—Our brethren abandoned the town of Tipperary, and came down to us at Cahir. Here, amid beatings and pokings and annoyances, not a few, we held our position—sturdy because Cahir is a military stronghold. There were sixty infantry in the town, and about four hundred cavalry in the immediate vicinity, and this with the vigilance of the police overawed the mob. Every night we held a meeting in the school-room above referred to, and preached to many as it would contain, a few Roman Catholics being present on each occasion. Our perseverance exasperated the rabble without, and led to the cowardly attacks, we have mentioned, upon the curate Mr. De Remy on his way home. Let us hope that some good impression has been left at Cahir—that the power of its Maynooth priests will speedily be broken, and the fierce spirit of its degraded population be exchanged for the meekness of Christ.

Two of us took our departure with regret, leaving other two to carry on the work in that district for a few days longer, and bent our steps to the smaller towns and villages around. In one of these, Galbally, a good work is going on, and we were glad to learn, that when the Rev. John Ker of Glasgow, preached a few days prior to our visit, not only were there some Romanists openly amongst his audience, but what is better, and what was not discovered at the time, there was a goodly number of them quietly planted behind the hedge, close by which the preacher took his stand. The village priest was on the watch, got their names, and they were to be denounced at the altar next Lord's day. Leaving Galbally, we went to visit Cork and Queenstown, and having preached the Gospel there, we returned to Dublin to give some account of our stewardship.

Let this suffice for the narrative part of the Tipperary division, and let us now generalize a little, and elicit if we can the spirit of the movement, the causes of its comparative failure, and its probable results.

It is readily granted, that with a few favourable exceptions, such as Carlow, Waterford, and Birr, the chief object of mission—preaching out of doors to the Romanists, has not been gained. And why not? The writer of this paper feels disposed to attribute this comparative failure in some measure, to the sudden substitution of the south of Ireland for the west, as the field of operations, and to the immature character of the arrangements for our reception there. But, however this may be, there are other causes of present failure which may be noticed.

The power of priests is one and the chief of these. We knew well ere we visited Ireland the intolerant spirit of Popery, but certainly we had no conception, that, in this land and under British rule, the priests could so far carry that spirit into practice, as to set all order and authority at defiance and bound on the ignorant mob, to attack and maltreat peaceable British subjects. Let the papish press in their sneering mendacity, attribute our safety to the priests if they will; to them and to

them only, as the prime instigators, we attribute our danger: nor is the proof far to seek. From every papist altar in Munster, the missionaries were denounced very much in the same terms, and every one who knows anything of the power of the priests, knows that a hint from them at the altar is equivalent to a command which the mob must obey. The terms of denunciation were, in general, something like these, and our readers will please to mark their meaning. "Don't go beyond the law, boys, don't strike those men, but let them down easy." Now this "letting down easy" needs explanation to a Scottish mind, and we got it from the Roman Catholic servant of a Protestant clergyman. "Sure, sir, didn't we know well enough what it means? It means to get a man into a mob, and settle him until he is in the way down, and then the crowd will run over him, and if he is hurt or killed, it's nobody that does it!"

Nor is it over the ignorant rabble only that the priests wield such a fearful influence—men of intelligence, magistrates, and mayors too, are in many places under this tyrannic sway, and thus, not so much because they dread their power over the life to come, as because they know that by their influence with the multitude the priests can run their trade. If the mayor of a town is a grocer or baker, he must obey the will of the priest, or his occupation is soon gone. The holy father plants himself at the altar when the multitude are there at mass—he does not in express terms say, "Don't buy your bread from that baker, or your sugar from that grocer;" but he says, "Sure now, boys, that man is not of the right sort—wouldn't it be a nice thing to see the grass growing at his door!" and the boys understand well what this means, and the baker or grocer may leave the place, or his trade will leave him.

Instances without number might be adduced in proof of these allegations. Let the reader consult Dr. Hill's book for facts. These southern priests, and especially the Maynooth-bred ones, are above all law but that of the Jesuit general. They frequent the hotels, the steamers, the railways, the pay-tables of large employers, and even the post-office, as spies. The confessional comes to their aid, and gives them a marvellous power over the people, making the poor creatures extremely jealous of one another, and bringing out, now and again, in the midst of all their degradation, most hopeful symptoms of a strong under-current—a desire to trick their spiritual advisers where they can venture to do it with safety. They are ostensibly at the priest's bidding; and their fury is fierce against Protestant teachers; but we have some proof that it is often feigned. In short, to those who have not witnessed the state of Ireland with their own eyes, we know of nothing so like the promptings of the priests, and the yell of the people, as the ringing of a bell every morning at nine o'clock, at a castle in the neighbourhood of where we now write; the sound is immediately followed by the loud howling of the duke's hounds, rejoicing in the tinkling intimation that it is the breakfast hour. The priest at the altar rings the bell, and the mob goes forth and yells, because if they do not, they are well aware that he can deprive them of their morsel of bread—put them out of employment, and make them see the land. Nor is this to be wondered at in such places as Cahir, where there are only some 250 nominal Protestants, out of a population of 7000. To the poor people the priests are in God's stead, they know that their craft is in danger, and "they are in great wrath because their time is short."

The degradation—the abject servility—and fiend-like ferocity of the people, thus instigated by priestly tyranny, is obviously another reason why we did not always succeed in the special object of our mission. So far from being prepared by any previous training to hear us, they were prepared—we had almost said *compelled*—to resist us with all their might. So far, at least, as open air preaching is concerned, we would certainly have been more successful in the west, and still more so in the north. Not that the writer regrets the mission to the south. The very opposite is the case. He glories in it; yea, even in its very failure, and in the fierce onslaught of its adversaries. Great good will flow from it. God chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise.

It were easy to condemn on some minor causes of failure, such as local jealousies, and rumours of our being government agents, paid to proselytise, but we forbear. Rather let us look for a little at the hopeful symptoms which came under our notice.

We affirm, then, after a careful observation as we could give to the subject, that, amongst many of the Romanists, even in the dark south, there is a secret reaction—a desire for information—a willingness to cheat the priest when they safely can— notwithstanding an apparent obedience to his dictum. The priest wants no enquirers—no troublesome reasoners among the people—nothing but the most docile submission; but, notwithstanding the general show of external obedience, there are to be discovered, by a careful observer, some hopeful symptoms of inquiry. Take an illustration or two. If you offer a tract to a Romanist, in the presence of one or more witnesses, he will tear it to pieces, and grin in your face; but if you meet the same individual alone—if you come upon him when driving in your car along the road, and drop a tract or a Testament when he thinks no eyes see him, he will eagerly pick it up, and put it in his pocket. If a Scripture reader goes into a Roman Catholic house and takes out his Bible to read they will in most cases refuse to listen, because the priest has forbidden them; but if he can recite the word of God, they will listen attentively—thus evading, as they think, the priest's mandate. Again, if a Scripture reader goes into a house, and finds the wife there alone, she receives him gladly; if he returns next day and finds the husband alone, he is no less gratified with a visit; but let him go a third time, and find them both in the house, and he is instantly and fiercely expelled. The power of the priest and the