

## Missionary Intelligence.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL  
IN FOREIGN PARTS.

79, Pall Mall, May 5, 1854.

The Anniversary Festival of the Society will be celebrated, as has been already announced, at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Thursday, June 22, at 3 o'clock P. M.

The Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia has recently forwarded to the Society a complete and valuable body of reports from the missionary clergy in connexion with the Society in his Lordship's diocese. The testimony thus afforded to the diligence of many faithful labourers in a remote part of the Lord's vineyard is most gratifying.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.—At a monthly meeting of this Society, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the chair, letters and reports were read from the Bishops of Colombo, Toronto, Quebec, Fredericton, and other colonial dioceses; and grants were made for Church purposes in their respective sees. The Society fulfilled a provisional vote of £2,000, made some time since, in aid of King's College, Nova Scotia, a similar amount having been subscribed in the colony. The secretaries reported that four thousand Prayer Books, besides other books and tracts, had been despatched for the use of soldiers ordered to the East. A letter was read from Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum, forwarding a copy of fac-simile of "The Codex Alexandrinus" in three volumes folio; this fine work having been presented by the trustees of the Museum to the Society for its library. Donations to the amount of £32 8s. 4d. were announced, and thirty-nine gentlemen were elected members of the Society.

CHURCH PREFERENCE EXTRAORDINARY.—The Right Rev. Dr. Carr, late Bishop of Bombay, has accepted the rectory of Bath at the hands of the trustees of the late Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge, the patron. The Rev. J. Broderick, who has for the last fourteen years been rector of the parish, announced his resignation in vestry last Monday, and stated that the late Bishop, in his anxiety to become useful in the Church, had accepted parochial duty. The annual value of the benefice is £750.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Diocese of Natal.—The Bishop arrived in his diocese on Monday, 30th of January. In a letter addressed to the Natal Mercury, the Bishop says,—"I feel that my mission is not to Churchmen only, but to all the people of this colony, and I am sure that I shall best answer to the gracious intentions of Her Majesty, in founding the bishopric of Natal, by giving my best assistance to carry into effect wise provisions of this Government, for the promotion of sound learning and religious education for all classes in the colony. I am not insensible to the many and great evils of religious dissension and separation. I would to God we all thought alike, and, as members of the Church of our native land, were able to unite in the same forms of Christian worship, and share in the same holy communion. Perhaps it may please God in His mercy to bring us more and more to this happy unity of feeling and of action. But, whatever may be our differences, may the God of peace be with us, and give us grace that, in the midst of a heathen population, and in the very presence, as it were, of the powers of darkness, we may live together in brotherly love and Christian charity, as fellow-servants of one great Master, and fellow-labourers for the extension of His kingdom in this land!"

BISHOPRIC OF SYDNEY.—The Metropolitan Bishopric of Sydney, in Australia, has been vacant ever since the lamented death of Dr. Wm. Broughton. The vacant see, we believe, will be offered to the Right Rev. Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, who is now on his way home to England, and whose arrival is daily expected. In the event of its acceptance by him, we believe that Bishop Selwyn will be succeeded, in New Zealand, by either Archdeacon Gilbert Hadfield, or Archdeacon Abraham.

AUSTRALIA.—The Bishop of Newcastle held an Ordination in December last in St. James's Church, Newcastle, when the following gentlemen were ordained. Deacons: Mr. John Mosely, late of Sydney; Mr. Arthur Wayn, late of St. Augustine's college, Canterbury; and Mr. Septimus Hungerford, the son of an old resident in the colony. Priests: The Rev. F. R. Kemp, of Warialda; and the Rev. Arthur Selwyn, of the Clarence River.

## Selections.

## THE RECENT EXECUTIONS IN IRELAND.

At a time when there is a good deal of controversy as to the best and surest and pleasantest way of getting to heaven, our readers will thank us for informing them, on respectable authority, of one which seems to answer these conditions. You have only to shoot some person whose notions of property or justice have given you inconvenience, and you will either satisfy an earthly feeling, or secure an heavenly possession—that is, you will either escape justice or be translated to the skies. If your landlord wants his rent, or his bailiff is troublesome—if a creditor bores you or a magistrate has turned a deaf ear to your pleas or your threats—waylay him and dash out his brains: fire at him as he is alighting from his gig on a winter's evening, or sitting with his wife and children at his fire-side, and your salvation is safe. When the lawyer has failed to extricate you altogether from the little scrape you have got into, your priest if you are a Papist, your pastor if you are a Protestant, will then take his place, and administer spiritual consolation, or assurance as it is sometimes called. It is not for us to dispute the theology of this process. The resources of the spiritual pharmacopœia are beyond our range, and whether the drug be alterative, corrective, comforting, or narcotic, perhaps, as simple laymen, it is not for us to say when it should or should not be exhibited. We may, however, be permitted to point out the obvious fact that this form of spiritual treatment puts the Christian religion very much on a level with the most degrading and dangerous superstitions, and is at variance with the plainest dictates of common sense and the universal sentiments of the wiser and better portion of mankind. Murder is a very heinous crime, more heinous by a good deal than robbery—itself bad enough; and it is rather remarkable that, in the awful event last week commemorated by our Church, our Saviour was crucified between two thieves; but, instead of a murderer, who got off by favour of a heretofore mob, at the instigation of the formal and hypocritical Pharisees. It is true one of the thieves was saved, but then he was a penitent thief, and penitent for the crime of thieving. There are theologians, however, in this age as in that, who seem to think a man very little the worse for bespattering the highway with the blood and brains of an improving landlord or a conscientious magistrate, or, in fact, for any remarkable crime; though of course, now, as of old, the flavour of all crime is considerably improved by a smack of sedition.

We are not going to repeat the horrid particulars of the Bateson murder. The gentleman was a magistrate, and the three miscreants, Bryan Grant, Neal Quin, and Patrick Coomey, who murdered him, were Ribbonmen, and of course, had the connivance and sympathy of the people. Justice overtook them at last, and the account of their execution appeared in our paper of last Thursday. They are called "unfortunate men;" they were found out and hung, which in Ireland is a great misadventure; but, when one proceeds with the narrative, one does not see why they should not have been called "fortunate men"—at least, they seem to have felt so themselves. With one single exception, we are told, there was not the slightest exhibition of grief, either on their part or on the part of their friends, during the numerous interviews that passed between them. Quin parted from his newly-married wife the evening before the execution with the utmost apparent indifference to the event of the next morning. On that morning they partook largely of an excellent breakfast: two of them were found smoking, and all three ruffians appeared to be in the best of spirits. Some of the spectators admitted to the prison-yard having such a want of tact as to condole with them on their situation, Quin and Coomey both replied in the strongest terms that, "thanks to the attention which had been paid to them by their clergymen, they were ready to meet their God." Coomey had "never felt so happy as he did at that moment, with the confidence before him, in a brief time, of meeting his Saviour." Quin, with an inkling of sense, derived probably from the recollection of his former backslidings, said that "if a reprieve should come he would not accept it, as he should never be better prepared to die than he was at that time." Even another murder would hardly get him up to the mark. "They both expressed their forgiveness of their prosecutors." This is pleasant, and if the friends of Messrs. Grant, Quin, and Coomey, would join in the act of forgiveness, we have no doubt that the prosecutors would appreciate it still more.

On the narrator's leaving, "the unfortunate men" shook each of the party warmly by the hand; and expressed a hope that, when he was about to die, he would be as fully prepared for it as they then were themselves. As this exact amount of preparation is not to be obtained except by the general massacre of landlords and magistrates, we cannot participate in this hope. "Throughout the conversation Grant and Coomey spoke with a spirit and freedom which was perfectly astonishing, looking at their approaching end as a merchant might be supposed to do on entering on a prosperous enterprise, which would reap for him rich and glorious results." Well, on the hypothesis of their spiritual advisers it was a capital spec. The way to heaven, our old nursery books, the Bible among them, used to tell us was narrow, thorny, rugged, and steep. Excepting that it was just such a bit of road as you would select for waylaying your landlord, this is no longer the case. We have now a royal road, or rather a railroad to heaven, and that is the free indulgence of the very worst passion that happens to possess you. Shoot the man you most hate, or commit some other outrage more congenial to your temper, and then, in the hands of your priests, you are sure of heaven. As the hour approached, the murderers were still more elated with the sense of their position. They were no longer content to be compared with the thieves on the cross—nothing but a higher parallel would suffice. The sub-sheriff having unguardedly expressed himself sorry to see three men in their position, "Sorry!" said one of them in a tone of surprise, "Why, it is glad you should be, sir! He then asked if they had any statement to make to him in relation to the offence for which they were about to die? "No (said Coomey)—our Saviour said nothing when He was executed!"

After this hideous climax of blasphemy it is scarcely worth while to pursue the disgusting narrative. When a scoundrel alleges the meek silence of our Saviour as a reason for not confessing an atrocious murder, one stops to ask whereabouts in the civilized world such a thing has taken place in the regular course of things, and under the ministrations of an authorised clergy? That the whole was the natural result of those ministrations seems too likely from the parting address of the Rev. Mr. Smith—"Remember the penitent thief on the cross. In one moment you'll be in heaven. You have eternal happiness within your reach." Louis XVI. and our own Charles I. were not addressed in more assuring terms by men who sincerely regarded them as saints and martyrs. But is it really the doctrine of our Churches that a murderer may obtain his passport to the skies by a private arrangement with his priest, without making the smallest amends for his crime? Even the poorest and most ignorant murderer may make some amends by public confession and by a suitable display of contrition for the act. If a man shows us a thorough change of heart and mind that we may reasonably hope he would not return to his crimes if set at liberty, then, and on that ground, we may also hardly hope that he will be saved from the proper consequences of his crime, and of his previous career, in a future world. To believe even that much is no easy demand on one's faith, for we have to suppose a special act of grace transforming a poor, sensual, selfish, vindictive wretch, into a being capable only of the highest affections and enjoyments. But when we are further called on to believe that a creature of this description is to be thus glorified without any real sorrow for his crimes, any actual disgust at his former life, and any proof of a resolution to change, then we cannot help feeling that it is our credulity, rather than our faith, that is appealed to. Further, what is the use of prisons, of executions, or of punishments of any kind, if the convict is always to be told and held up to the world as a saint on the threshold of heaven—say more, in the position of our Saviour on the cross? If the way to heaven is murder, backed with a sufficient amount of indifference, and with a jaunty little message of forgiveness to one's prosecutors, why not teach the new way to life more directly and somewhat earlier in the peasant's career? Let us have Thuggee once, with its worship, its priests, and its temples. A scrupulous morality is a very uncomfortable thing, paralyzing the strong, fettering the slight of genius, blighting the memory with bitter recollections, and haunting the death-bed itself. Every body knows how painful the spectacle which good men have occasionally presented at the last closing scene. The clergy of Ireland, and some of this country, appear to manage things better. For those who like it, and believe it, they offer the palm of a martyr and the crown