COTEMPORARY OPINIONS.

The Necessities of the Protestants of Hungary.

(Translated in the Christian Times by Dr. Merle D'Aubigné.)

For months past, Hungary has rivetted the attention and the sympathy of Europe. With astonishment, it has beheld a people scarce heard of in recent times make head against the mighty armies of two powerful empires. The cry which she sent forth on her fall went to the heart even of those who condemned her, and the blood of some of her brave defenders, shed on the scaffold, has everywhere awakened sad and generous emotion.

But the peculiar claims of Hungary upon the sympathies of evangelical Christians, are not sufficiently known. The Magyars comprise four millions of Protestants, and, but for unheard-of persecutions, almost all Hungary would have been Protestant.

The sufferings of Protestantism in France—the history of all the cruel edicts applied for by priests, granted by the civil power, and put in force by the dragoons, through the different quarters of that kingdom, have long had an abiding place in the mind of evangelical Christendom; but, if the history of Hungary were known, the persecutions which our brethren in the faith have endured in these distant countries, would perhaps exceed in interest those of the Huguenots under the Valois and Bourbons.

At his coronation, every king of Hungary was obliged to take an oath of fidelity to a Constitution which guaranteed the equality of religious confessions. But, alas! what is a Constitution to the partisans of the Papacy? In 1669 (under Leopold II.), at the instance of the Jesuits, the evangelical ministers were cited to Presburg; they were shut up in the dungeons of Tyrnau. Some were forced to recant, others were banished, others still, after frightful tortures were sent in chains to the galleys at Naples, many were tortured to death. From 1702 to 1783, the evangelical Churches of Hungary, with few exceptions, were without pastors. Though some districts, under the Turkish Government, enjoyed religious liberty, whenever they again became subject to their former princes, that liberty was anew withdrawn.

Evangelical Christians were excluded from offices of public trust, and, when they ventured to complain of this, were subjected to heavy fines or to corporal punishments. Did it happen that a Romish procession passed a Protestant temple, and could get admission, the priest muttered some prayers, and by this process took possession of it in the name of the Church. Such a procession took place, on one occasion, at Vadasfa. The Protestants, fearing that their adversaries might look with envy on their church, surrounded it with carriages, forming on all sides a solid entrenchment, and themselves mounted guard inside. Suddenly, the sound of chanting was heard, the great Popish procession drew near, the more zealous of the devotees attempted to throw down the barriers, a conflict ensued, and, unfortunately, a Papist fell dead. Immediately after, that neighbourhood was subjected to military occupation, numerous arrests were made, and the venerable pastor, M. Fabry, was, notwithstanding his innocence, himself put in fetters in the prison of the Comitat. His unhappy wife rushed to Vienna, and threw herself, in an agony of grief, at the feet of Maria Theresa. That princess, however—unfortunately perverted by the Jesuits, though so mild and enlightened—repulsed her from her feet, saying, "Begone, Lutheran courtesan!"

Joseph II., by the edict of toleration, restored to the Protestants of Hungary their pastors and churches; but the oppression under which they had groaned for seventy years, rendered this benefit almost illusory. More than three thousand pastors were wanted at once. All that could be found were employed, and hence men were placed over new churches who were not worthy of the office. In process of time, a theological college, of a character to be deplored, was founded at Vienna. The Rationalism, worldliness, and immorality of the majority of the pastors, did more injury to the evangelical churches of Hungary than persecution itself. The schoolmasters were still worse than the ministers. It a season, that a son who was good for nothing, he devoted him to one of these offices.

In this state of things, a pious pastor of Hungary, actuated by that faith which worketh by love, besought God to send a remedy for the misery of his people. He thought the first thing to be done was to obtain for the Protestants of Hungary the Word of God. The Holy Scriptures were so rare that when the father of a family died, it happened sometimes that the brothers, who had easily agreed about the partition of the worldly goods, contended eagerly for the Bible, and even appealed to the courts, which generally decreed that the sacred volume should circulate through the family, remaining three months in each house. The Magyar pastor at first obtained copies of the Scriptures from London, but the second parcel was seized at Vienna. "We want no presents from foreign societies," said the Minister of the Emperor to our brother. "Well," replied he, "one mode of arranging the matter would be to print Bibles and Testaments in Hungary itself." The Minister consented to this. A printing-press was established for the purpose; and since that time (about ten years ago), 200,000 copies of the Scriptures, in six different languages, have been printed under the superintendence of our friend, and have been distributed among the different Magyar populations.

At the same time, the wants of the children and of the schools appealed as powerfully to the feelings of our friend. He resolved to do something towards remedying the deplorable condition of primary instruction, and he established an institution for schoolmasters. The buildings which it was necessary to erect required funds beyond his resources. Twice he thought himself on the point of seeing his scheme utterly fail. But one day, the proprietor of the place, noticing his grief, took up a pen and gave him an order to take from his forests all the wood required for the buildings. Another day, our brother having gone to Silesia to collect contributions, was presented to the King of Prussia, who was there, and that Christian and generous monarch, after inquiring how much he still required to complete the undertaking, gave him the amount.

The institution being established, pious and enlightened masters, drawn chiefly from Prussia and Saxony, devoted to their work, and abstaining from all political matters, dispensed there useful and Christian instruction. A report of the state of the establishment, by Dr. Hagenbach and the Rev. M. le Grand, appeared in the thirteenth circular of the Protestant Ecclesiastical Society of Bale.

One Christian enterprise led to another. Hungarians, of a wealthy class, having visited the Magyar pastor's institution for schoolmasters, felt a strong desire that their children should receive such a solid and evangelical training.—Space failed, but they set to work anew, and soon about fifty young people were receiving, in a separate building, a training very superior to that afforded by the colleges of Hungary. The pastor earnestly sought to do something towards training Christian ministers capable of benefiting the Protestant Churches of their country, and already some of the young men brought forward by him are seeking, by the grace of God, to devote themselves to the ministry of the Word.

We say nothing here of what the Magyar pastor has done for his countrymen, as a fellow-citizen; there is scarcely a branch of Christian philanthropy in which he has not rendered service. He introduced the practice of vaccination, against which the people entertained the most violent prejudices—in one day, three hundred infants were vaccinated by his own hand and that of his wife. Uniting nobles and peasants, he has succeeded in abolishing serfdom, employing methods by which both the parties interested equally found their advantage in it. He has introduced new modes of agriculture, and has taught the peasants to surround their cottages with shrubs and flowers.

But it is the present state of the Magyar institution which we are anxious to make known. The calumities which have fallen upon Hungary have smitten it also. More than once in the course of the year 1849, its pious directors have thought their work on the verge of destruction, but the Lord has come to their aid.

In the month of July, 1849, twelve pupils who had completed their studies, left the establishment to commence their labours. The superintendent addressed a numerous auditory, from the text, "Keep that which is committed to thy trust," and when he had finished, his own and his hearers' feelings found expression only in tears. Twelve new pupils have been admitted into the institution; and besides that, several orphans, who lost their fathers on the field of battle or the political scaffold, have there found refuge. But, if the unfortunate absent in Hungary, help has become very scarce. The undertaking of our brother, deprived of the contributions it was accustomed to receive from the Protestants of Hungary, claims, for this year at least, the beneficence of the brethren of other lands. Ought it to be in vain that Hungary has, in so eminent a degree, attracted universal regard? Shall we, Protestants of Western Europe, not hearken to our brethren's voice? Shall we not look upon the Magyar Church as a member of our own body, hitherto almost unknown—lost—but suddenly come to view in the depth of its great affliction? It is "stripped of its raiment, wounded, and left half dead." Shall we, like the priest and the Levite "pass by on the other side?" shall we not "have compassion on it, and bind up its wounds?"

Late Revolutions in Europe.

Whether the revolutions which have lately convulsed the whole of the European world, have advanced or retarded the progress of Christianity in the earth, is a question which may lead to profitable inquiry, though perhaps it cannot be positively answered.

It is our purpose to make such inquiries, in the course of this brief article, as shall induce some one to answer, through this journal or some other periodical, the question we conceive to be so full of meaning. However, it is obvious that an answer cannot be *fully* given, and that the effect and final result of these wonderful events are known only to the omniscient Mind. Though history may have recorded the facts as they have transpired, and the sagacious observer of the times imagine he can see in perspective the issue of events, future time only can answer the great problem, and reveal to men the mysterious ways and designs of Providence. We will leave reasonable men to judge how much reliance is to be placed in this "philosophy of history," which pretends to predict with certainty the current of events, to foretell the destiny of nations, and the history of the world in general, by studying the records of the past—deciphering the dim hieroglyphics written on the ruins of departed ages, to know what the future shall unfold. Science! Philosophy! Falsely so called. But is there no clue to lead us into the future? no sign cast up by these tumultuous tossings; no rising star that may direct us to where our hopes lie? It cannot be that these revolutions which rise up in the middle of the nineteenth century with such prominence, are to be no stand-point from which we may see the tendency of affairs, when aided by the telescope of divine prophecy, and thus foresee, though dimly, the issue of these movements. As we look upon the universal struggle which has been made for liberty, and, with sorrowful eyes, witness how despotism has triumphed, what sad havoc death has made upon the battle-field, and in the besieged city, and reflect upon the demoralizing influence of war, we have hardly heart to hope that this is another step towards the spread of freedom and Christianity throughout the world. Yet we will not despair, but still farther inquire. It may be that what to us has appeared the mere commotion of political elements, the fruitless struggles of the people to come forth into the light of liberty, may be the precursor to the dawn of the day in which the world shall be flooded with the light of the Gospel. We know that the Almighty works by means; which he in his wisdom devises, and by his providence directs and controls. To one great final close, our globe is destined—its destruction. To one eventful point in our existence we are compelled to come—death—judgment. May we not argue from this, that towards the fulfilment of this object of Christianity God is directing—directly or indirectly—the affairs of the world, and that he will finally overrule them to his own glory? A sad sight is presented to the political philosopher and philanthropist, whose hopes, but yesterday, were strong that the deliverer had come, to free the nations from tyranny and oppression, but who to-day sadly witnesses the defeat of the most worthy cause, might triumphing over right, and *Liberty*, and *Fraternity*, which seemed about to make their advent into the world abroad, driven back, betrayed, murdered, entombed, perhaps for centuries, without hope of a speedy resurrection. And YET will we "hope in God." It may be that while the combined efforts of men have seemed to fail, he is steadily accomplishing some higher good, some result which will roll upon the *immortal* destinies of the world of mankind.

We inquire, then, Have these revolutions affected Christianity in its destined object? If so, How? Of course, we will not be understood to suppose it possible that as a system of religion, it could be affected by anything that might transpire upon earth. Amid changes it will remain unchanged. It is indeed the foundation upon which the world, and the world's hopes, are based; the last thing we would suppose that a fallen race would wish to have altered or annihilated. For it is a relief to have something stable, something substantial on which to rest when the very foundations of empires and kingdoms are falling around us; nay, and when the spirit of progress renders it uncertain whether our footing to-day will be secure to-morrow, though it be the firm foundation on which society has been based for centuries. It is not in place here to speak of the justness or injustness of these wars; of the treachery, the unwarranted interference of nations, to crush at its birth liberty, the legitimate boon of men "created free and equal." Nor will we dwell on the dark deeds of the "man of sin," sustained in his dishonoured fall by the Gallic hordes that waged an unholy crusade against liberty, in the name of the republic. In vain this support—the day of doom will come!

But it may *required* of the *inquirer*, of what avail it will be even to be assured that these events of which we have written, are hastening the time of the universal spread of the Gospel. What "will come, will come," is the philosophy of the fatalist, the belief that shall sink men into a state of passive indifference. We answer by appealing to every lover of his kind, to every one who looks for the dawn of a happier era, to know if he would not be inspired with hope, could he behold some signs of the approach of that day? Of him who looks upon these scenes as the struggle only of power against power, by which nothing is to be accomplished but death and destruction, we ask, if he would not be encouraged, could it be shown him that from these events is to be evolved positive good? The Christian, more assured, would be inspired with more zeal, with still greater confidence in God, could he foresee the fulfilment by means of prophecy, the tendency of events, and the light which may be afforded by a proper discussion of the subject, thus having the duty shown that the world is advancing rapidly. Probabilities are our strongest aids to faith, and, when, strengthened by "Holy Writ," are "confirmations strong." Surely we need all the light that may be reflected, directly and indirectly, upon the chaos into which the Old World has fallen, so that by some means we may discern some principle, some system of government, or some higher ends towards which these events are tending. It would relieve us of much of the painful uncertainty and doubt, not to say the hopelessness into which some are fallen. But we must wait the issue, not presumptuously endeavouring to pry into the future, or vainly speculating upon things that are wisely hidden from us. God, through the agency of his Spirit, the ministry, and other means which he in his wisdom shall see fit to use, will yet accomplish the great work of the universal spread of the Gospel of peace within the appointed time.—*A Correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal.*

FAMILY CIRCLE.

The Dandies Rebuked,

OR THE OLD SURTOUT.

I had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches, which runs between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. As we rattled along Princess street, I had leisure to survey my fellow-travellers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first order, dressed in white great-coats and Belcher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, who puffed away with a marvellous complacency. Beside me sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of this youthful mourner and her baby indicated that they belonged to the lower class of society; and though the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably at such times cast upon her child seemed to touch even them, and to disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the widow sat a young gentleman of plain, yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His surtout was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in the Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand—so small, indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all probability, were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Corstorphine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked him if he did not put it into the boot, to which he immediately assented. "Put it fairly into the centre, guard," said one of the dandies.—"Why so, Tom?" inquired his companion.—"It may capsize the coach," resigned the first, a rally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

While we were changing horses at the little town of Uphall, an aged beggar approached, and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few half-pence, and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in the surtout laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropped a half-crown into the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other. "Showing off, Jack," said the one. "Ay, ay, successful at our last benefit, you know," rejoined the other, and both again burst into a horse-laugh. At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment, and he continued silent.

We had not left Uphall many miles behind us, when the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower.—The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the surtout, surveying the dress of the widow, and perceiving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of weather, inquired of the guard if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy; told her there was every appearance of a smart shower; expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach; and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak. "It will protect you so far," said he, "and at all events, it will protect the baby."—The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said that she should be glad to have the cloak, if he would not suffer from the want of it himself. He assured her that he should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather. "His surtout wouldn't [illegible] the dandies, in a voice of [illegible] "and besides, my dear, the cloak [illegible] both." The widow blushed; an[illegible] gentleman turning quickly around, [illegible] speaker in a tone of dignity which [illegible] forget. "I am not naturally qu[illegible] but yet it is quite possible you ma[illegible] too far." Both the exquisites imm[illegible] ed as pale as death; shrunk in s[illegible] selves into their natural insignifica[illegible] scarcely opened their lips, even t[illegible] during the remainder of the journe[illegible]

In the meantime, the young ge[illegible] the same politeness and delicacy, [illegible] been assisting a lady of quality w[illegible] proceeded to wrap the widow and [illegible] his cloak. He had hardly acc[illegible] when a smart shower of rain, min[illegible] commenced. Being myself pr[illegible] cloak, the cape of which was suffi[illegible] envelope and protect my head, [illegible] young gentleman my umbrella, wh[illegible] ly accepted, but held it, as I [illegible] manner better calculated to defe[illegible] than himself.

When we reached West Craig[illegible] ond stage from Edinburgh, the ra[illegible] and the young gentleman, politel[illegible] the umbrella, began to relieve th[illegible] dripping clerk, which he shook o[illegible] the coach, and afterwards hung i[illegible] to dry. Then turning to the wid[illegible] if she would take any refreshm[illegible] her answering in the negative, h[illegible] enter into conversation with he[illegible]

"Do you travel far on this ro[illegible]

"About sixteen miles farthe[illegible] the coach [illegible] miles on the other s[illegible]

"Do your friends dwell there[illegible]

"Yes, sir, they do. Indeed, I [illegible] home to my father's house."

"Yes, sir," said the poor youn[illegible] ing her handkerchief to her ey[illegible] audibly, "I am returning to hi[illegible] widow, after a short absence of [illegible]

"Is your father in good circu[illegible]

"He will never suffer me or [illegible] sir, while he has strength to lab[illegible] he is himself in poverty—a day[illegible] estate of the Earl of H ——."

At the mention of this nobler young gentleman coloured a l[illegible] evident that his emotion was no[illegible] ant nature. "What is your [illegible] said he.

"James Anderson, sir."

"And his residence?"

"Blinkbonny."

"Well, I trust, that though d[illegible] this world is concerned, you kn[illegible] Him who is the father of the fa[illegible] judge of the widow. If so, you [illegible] honoured, and the Lord of Host[illegible]

"Oh! yes, sir, I bless God, [illegible] ous parents care; I know some[illegible] of divine grace, and the co[illegible] Gospel. My mother, too, the [illegible] man, was a man who feared G[illegible]

"The remembrance of that [illegible] to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, sir, at tim[illegible] times I am ready to faint. M[illegible] and a [illegible] day's [illegible] my own [illegible] are fr[illegible] for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God, and he will [illegible] be as your day."

By this time the coach was [illegible] and though the conversation [illegible] time, the noise of the wheels [illegible] hearing it distinctly. I [illegible] however, exchange [illegible] another, and at one time the [illegible] the two whispered something [illegible] in which the words, "Meth[illegible] were audible.

At Airdrie nothing [illegible] when we got about half way [illegible] Glasgow, we arrived at a [illegible] young widow expressed a wi[illegible] The young gentleman [illegible] ver to stop, and [illegible] took the infant from her [illegible] with the guard, assisted her [illegible] God reward you," [illegible] baby to her, "for you [illegible] and fatherless this day."

"And may he bless you," [illegible] all good and consolation in G[illegible]

So saying, he slipped [illegible] hand; the widow opened it [illegible] two sovereigns glittered in [illegible] a tear up at the [illegible] thank her benefactor; but [illegible] ned his seat upon the coach [illegible] him an eloquent and grate[illegible] infant convulsively to her [illegible] hurriedly away.

No other passenger [illegible] same place, we were [illegible] tion towards the great [illegible] Scotland. Not a word was [illegible] gentleman sat with his [illegible] breast; and, if I might judge [illegible] of his fine countenance, we [illegible] a home of luxury [illegible]