

The Church Times.

Rev. J. C. Cochran—Editor.

“Evangelical Truth—Apostolic Order.”

W. Gossip—Publisher.

VOL. 7.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1852.

NO. 41.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S. Oct. 30. 18 eun. after Tric.	Ex. 20. Mark 13.	Ex. 24. 2 Co. 10.
Su. " 31.	Jud. 13. " 14. Jud. 14.	" 10. " 11.
Mo. " 1.	" 15. " 16. " 17.	" 12. " 13.
Tu. " 2.	Wis. 1. " 10. Wis. 2.	" 14. " 15.
W. " 3.	3. L. 1 to 30. " 4.	" 16. " 17.
Th. " 4.	" 5. " 1. 30. " 2.	Gal. 1. 1.
Fr. " 5.	" 6. " 2. " 3.	" 18. " 19.
Sat. " 6.	" 7. " 3. " 4.	" 20. " 21.

Poetry.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted—A hand to hold my own.
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted—an arm to lean upon,
Forever by my side.

Wanted—a firm and steady foot.
With step secure and free,
To take its straight and onward pace,
Over life's path with me.

Wanted—a form erect and high.
A head above my own
So much that I might walk beneath
Its shadow o'er me thrown.

Wanted—an eye, within whose depth
Mine own might look, and see
Uprising from a guileless heart,
A shadow with love for me.

Wanted—a lip, whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone;
A voice, whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

Wanted—a true, religious soul,
To pious purpose given,
With whom my own might pass along
The road that leads to Heaven.

LOOK BEYOND THE CLOUD.

BY L. M. THORNTON.

The sun's bright rays are hidden,
The rains in floods descend,
The winds with angry murmurs
The stoutest branches bend;
A gloom the face of nature,
As with a pall doth shroud,
Its influence all are feeling;
But—look beyond the cloud!

For lo! at length appeareth
A little streak of light
Increasing every moment
Till all again is bright.
So, however dark our prospects,
However by grief we're bow'd,
It will not last for ever,
But—look beyond the cloud!

Religious Miscellany.

NEW REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

SIR—A short time since you kindly inserted a letter from me, written in haste in the town of Westport, respecting the Reformation at the head of the Killer Bay.

Having a little more leisure, now that I have returned home, I venture to send you a sketch of a ten days' visit to "the West"—a visit which gladdened my heart, and caused me to offer up thanksgivings to the Author and Giver of all Good for the progress of the "New Reformation in Ireland."

During the ten days' visit I was present at the confirmations held by the Lord Bishop of Tuam, in Belmullet, Achill, Westport, and Louisburgh; and, notwithstanding the excitement of the recent elections, and the "reign of terror" which the priests of Rome had established, there was a large number of converts present. At Belmullet, 147, chiefly converts; at Westport 147, 24 of whom were converts, at Louisburgh 118, 106 of whom were converts. It was no ordinary triumph of the Gospel to bring out so many at this time, when it is considered that they were risking their lives in thus openly joining the ranks of Protestant truth.

Nor was Rome idle on this occasion. Archbishop

M'Hale—"the Lion of St. Jarlath's"—came down express to Belmullet, accompanied by the Roman Catholic Bishop Feeney, to hold service in the chapel of Belmullet upon the same day as the confirmation of converts was announced to take place, and an interesting scene was attempted. Something more than a year since, a Romish priest of the name of Hopkins, who officiated in this neighbourhood, avowed himself a Protestant, and his services as a missionary were offered to the Irish Society; but after due inquiry made, those services were refused. Some individuals, however, unconnected with the Irish Society, who thought it a pity to lose the services of a convert priest, provided a stipend for Mr. Hopkins, who was appointed on probation as curate of Kilmore. This morning, however (August 6), the morning of the confirmation in Belmullet, a service was held in the Roman Chapel, and Mr. Hopkins, with tears in his eyes, as his friends declare, was received back into the bosom of Mother Church, the object being, no doubt, to bring many converts back with him. In this he happily did not succeed—the bait had utterly failed. The scene itself was a failure, and the Protestant church was densely filled; a crowd also was in the church—the converts came, some five or six, some nine and ten miles, walking, or in boats, and the confirmation proceeded, and another decided step was taken in the reformation movement, just as if the name of the Rev. Father Hopkins had never been heard in the valleys or upon the wild mountains of the west!

But I must go on,—it was a lovely morning on August 8, when I rose from a hammock slung in the Bull's-mouth coast-guard station, where I had received much kindness and hospitality from Mr. Hamilton, the chief officer of the station. Our party was soon together, consisting of Mr. Campbell, the superintendent, the school-master, the scripture reader, and our crew of convert-boys; and embarking in the Erris fishery life-boat, we set sail, and before long cast anchor in Achill Sound. The new church was to be consecrated and the confirmation of other converts was to take place, and a crowd was already assembled on the beach. Then group after group appeared upon the winding road which led from the Achill colony, and the two boats hove in sight laden with converts from the Irish society's station of Innisbigil, under the charge of their missionary, the Rev. H. Maclean. The island we had visited upon the previous day, and found that the whole population consisted of about 90 individuals, upwards of 70 of whom were converts from Popery to the Protestant faith. For the interest felt and exhibited I can refer to several who were present on this occasion—the Earl of Mayo, Mr. Frown, M. P., Rev. Arthur Wynne, &c. The new parish church of Achill was consecrated, and 175 individuals, chiefly converts, were confirmed. Amongst others in Achill at the time was Archbishop M'Hale. He had followed the Bishop of Tuam from Belmullet, and whilst the consecration of the church and the confirmation were going on, he was laying the foundation of, I believe, a nunnery, with the intention doubtless, of attracting the Roman Catholics, and preventing them from listening to the Gospel which was faithfully preached in the parish church.

The next day, August 9th, I rose early, and accompanied by Mr. Campbell, we rode across the mountain to the colony in time for breakfast, the foundation of another new church was to be laid, and another crowd was gathered together, and many a tear glistened in the eyes of the poor converts as they listened to their old friends,—the Rev. Charles Seymour, now Provost of Tuam, and the Rev. E. Nangle,—addressed them, the latter in their beloved native tongue. The first stone of the new church was laid by the Bishop of Tuam, and admirably did the right rev. prelate perform his work, as a whole host of mortals was upset upon the spot, which with a beautiful silver trowel, he spread for the reception of the stone. It is a cause for thankfulness that it is now nothing new with the Bishop of Tuam to lay foundation-stones of churches, for converts from Popery to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable through Jesus Christ. The next day 147 persons were confirmed in Westport, 24 of whom were converts. The inspector of the Irish Society was present, and was

ready to tell their names. On the 11th, the confirmation took place at Louisburgh, 10 clergyman, besides the Bishop of Tuam, were present on this occasion, 118 persons were confirmed 106 of them converts; and instead of climbing the heights of Croaghpatrick, by way of penance, or performing a station at the holy well of Kilgeober, the practice of their ancestors for centuries gone by, they were now lifting their eyes to the hills of Sion, and desiring to be washed in that fountain which is "open for sin and for uncleanness." "Why, sir, there is not a rag among them," said a gentleman present, as he gazed upon the Louisburgh and Banlahinch converts, and certainly they were a very respectable party, though to a keen observer some few rags did occasionally appear. Truly this is a "field which the Lord hath blessed." Much remains still to be done, but much has already been accomplished; and hundreds of converts who received the truth of God in this district are now, both at home and abroad, adorning the doctrine of God, their Saviour, in all things. As I have in my former letters spoken of the station at the head of the Killeries, I will not now delay for the purpose of describing it; but it is one of the brightest spots in the missionary field. Its schools so well instructed, its converts so steadfast, and its spiritual wants so well supplied. Previous to taking my leave of the kind owners of Aasleagh Lodge, I witnessed the departure of the Bishop of Tuam, who crossed the bay in an open boat to perform many other pleasing duties in the lovely district of Connemara. It is but due to his lordship to say that he is in the fore front of the battle which is now being waged between light and darkness—Protestantism and Popery—in the west of Ireland, that battle which with the Divine blessing, must eventuate in victory on the side of Protestant truth.

One more place I must mention—Taughmascannel, near to Ballinacloe. Here there is a perfect picture of a missionary station in a foreign land. The population around is exclusively Roman Catholic, and, till lately, one of the strongholds of the Ribbon system—now we might almost describe a missionary compound—in the centre the missionary lodge, the residence of the Rev. M. H. Jeffers; attached is a large room, in which service is held on Sunday and school on week days. Immediately around may be seen the cottages of the converts and the Scripture readers going from house to house, not only amongst them, but also to tell the "story of peace" to their Roman Catholic neighbours beyond. At nine o'clock in the morning and again at nine o'clock in the evening the school bell is rang, and about 70 converts attend the missionary's family prayers.

I hope I have not wearied your readers; but the facts are many and strong, and in this day, when the priests seem to rule the mob, and when Rome strives for the mastery in Protestant England—it is cheering to know that a "new reformation" has commenced, and is rapidly progressing in what has hitherto been considered the most Popish part of our beloved Queen's dominions.

The Irish Society, in connection with the active and laborious incumbents, the Rev. J. Lees, Rev. J. Cather, Rev. Dr. Callanan, and Rev. J. C. Walker, is labouring in all the places which I have mentioned, except Achill, formerly managed by the Rev. E. Nangle, but now transferred to the Irish Church Missions.

The Irish Society also labours in Doon, Cork, Ventry, and many other places of the south, where large congregations are ministered to by its missionaries.

Two new missionaries were ordained for the Society upon last Sunday, and it is expected that two more will be ordained upon next Sunday—lay agents multiply. "The Lord of the harvest is sending forth labourers into his harvest," and churches are being built, and schools are opened, and the Roman Catholic population of Ireland cry to British Christians, "Come over and help us," but funds are low and means are wanting to carry on the work.

Yours faithfully and obliged,

JOHN E. WHITE, Clerical Secretary,
Irish Society of London.

92 Sackville-street, Piccadilly, August 28, 1852.

The above description is somewhat abridged from the Correspondence in the *Morning Herald*, that it may be made to suit the space we can allow for intelligence under this particular head.