

Missionary Record.

THE DEALINGS OF PROVIDENCE WITH IRISH AND AMERICAN POPERY.

(Concluded.)

But there is a God on the side of Protestantism, who is more than a match for all the arts of the "Man of Sin,"—and who can take these wise ones "in their own craftiness." Let us turn then, and contemplate some of the purposes of Providence, as manifested meanwhile, both in Ireland and America.

As to Ireland,—some time ago God sent the famine and the pestilence through the Popish portions of that country,—and thousands died unanointed and unshrived. The priests having failed by holy water and other pretensions to stop the destruction, afterward exhibited the usual stern and selfish features of their system. In this extremity, the Protestant Christians of America, England, and Ireland, rushed to the rescue, and acted the part of the Good Samaritan. The grateful heart of the miserable Papist was touched, and an impression in favor of a religion productive of such fruits was created, which, in spite of the denunciation of the priesthood has lasted to this hour. Then came the religious awakening. The Rev. A. Dallas, with some Christian friends, dispatched eighty trusty messengers to different parts of Ireland, to obtain information, and hold Christian conversation with the people; they then directed through the post office to an immense multitude of respectable Romanists, 90,000 copies of three very suitable religious tracts, which, there is reason to believe, told powerfully on many minds, and were the means of awakening a spirit of enquiry, which has been productive of extensive good. The Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics then went into operation, and employed missionaries, Scripture readers, and teachers, in several of the large towns; these maintained with the Romanists a friendly controversy on the leading tenets of their systems, and endeavored, in a loving, religious spirit, to overturn their errors and establish Scriptural truth. The other agencies already in the field, belonging to the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist bodies, were stirred up to new diligence, and the blessing of God very abundantly rested upon their efforts.

The south and west of Ireland, and the city of Dublin, are the principal scenes of this work of reformation. In Dublin alone, about two thousand Romanists are visited weekly, and the Popish controversy is now conducted there with great keenness. Controversial sermons are attended by large congregations, classes for enquirers are thronged, and Scripture truth, in striking texts, or short dissertations, is displayed in placards carried through the streets, or placed on the walls. These societies employ 108 missionaries, and 643 lay agents; 23,610 children are under instruction, and such is the interest awakened among Romanists by these efforts, that sometimes a thousand of them are present at a single meeting in Dublin; and such the success, that 150 converts from Romanism, have, in a single district in Dublin, joined the Protestant Church. It has been repeatedly published, on high authority, that, in the diocese of Tuam alone, there are 10,000 converts from Popery; and the Rev. Wm. Marable, in his pamphlet on Irish Church Missions, states that 30,000 converts have within the last two years, been, by these various societies, brought out of Romanism.

So great was the interest awakened, that the London Times newspaper sent a commissioner direct to the scene of action, and his reports, after careful intercourse and examination, only confirmed the previous statement. And in the very organs of the Papacy themselves, we find the most convincing evidence of the reality and extent of the work of reform. Here is the acknowledgement of one of their leading Journals—the Dublin Tablet for November, 1851:—"We repeat, that it is not Tuam, nor Cashel, nor Armagh, that are the chief seats of successful proselytism, but this very city in which we live. We learn from unquestionable Catholic authority, that the success of the proselytism in almost every part of the country, and, we are told, in the metropolis, is beyond all that the worst misgivings could have dreamed of. There is not only no use in denying these statements, but it would be an act of treachery to the best interest of the Catholic Church to conceal them, or even to pass the matter over as a thing of no great moment." But Providence is dealing with Popery in Ireland in another way also. The census of 1841 gave a population to Ireland of 8,175,124. The Commissioners of Public Instruction ascertained that in 1831, Ireland contained 1,517,228 Protestants, and 6,427,712 Roman Catholics. Here was fearful odds against Protestantism. But famine,

emigration, conversions, and other causes, have effected an incalculable change. It is thought that the population reached 9,000,000 in 1846; but the late census (1851) shows the population is now only 8,515,794.—Ireland then has lost, since the last census, more than 2,000,000 of her population,—nearly the whole of this number being Romanists,—and hence the proportion of Protestants and Romanists in Ireland has so thoroughly changed, that some authorities state that Romanists do not exceed Protestants by more than 500,000, while by others the statement made is this: Such is the decrease of Romanists by disease, emigration, and conversions, that, laying out of the account 500,000 Popish paupers, shut up in work houses, the Roman Catholic and Protestant population of Ireland are nearly equal.

Both these statements may be too sanguine,—but one thing is certain, whatever be the exact relation of numbers, God has been, and is now, dealing severely with Irish Popery.

Let us now turn and contemplate the present manifest dealing of the same Providence with Popery in the United States. America was once a Catholic country. Its discoverers and first colonizers were Spanish papists, and France made repeated and vigorous attempts to gain an ascendancy there. But God wrested it from the dominion of Rome, and gave it to Protestant hands. Two hundred years ago, the Jesuits were eagerly anticipating the subjugation of this land from the Atlantic to the Pacific; immense preparations and efforts were made to realize this at any cost, and by any means. Bancroft tells us (Vol. 1., pp. 61, 73.) that the first colony in North America, except Mexico, was a Protestant colony, planted by Caspar de Coligni, as a city of refuge for Protestants. It was destroyed expressly as Protestant. Thus was North America baptized by Jesuit priests with Protestant blood, yet despite of all the machinations of Rome, God confirmed the covenant, and made this land the asylum and home of Protestantism. And ever since, Rome has been putting forth all her efforts to gain the ascendancy here,—and of late years, she has been boasting of her success and of her hopes. But what has God been doing meanwhile? Let Papists themselves furnish the reply to this question. It has long been the conviction of Protestants that, of the Irish Romanists emigration to this country, one-third, at least, were lost to the Romish Church. It has been shown by one of themselves, that this estimate was far below the truth.

The Rev. Robert Mullen was sent here last year, by the hierarchy of Ireland, to collect money to found a Popish University in Dublin. He travelled through the United States, and made extensive enquiries, and, as the result, has published a letter under the caption, "A Word in season to the Priests of Ireland," in which he gives the following figures:—

The Catholic population of the U. States in 1839, was	1,200,000
Irish Catholic emigrants from 1825 to 1852,	2,000,000
Catholic emigrants from other countries,	250,000
Increase by births and conversions since 1823, say	520,000
Number who ought to be Catholics,	3,970,000
Number who are Catholics,	1,950,000
Number lost to the Catholic Church, say, in round numbers, two millions	1,900,000

Dr. Mullen concludes by recommending that "the people be kept at home, and millions be thus saved from spiritual destruction." In corroboration of this a priest at New Orleans lately admitted that 2,000,000 had been lost to "the Church," who were chiefly Irish Roman Catholics. And even these views are strengthened by Mr. Robinson, who lectured lately in New York, and who is considered an authority among them. He affirms that "of the population of the United States there were 3,000,000 of born Irishmen, and 4,500,000 of the descendants of Irishmen, making together 7,500,000." And yet, taking it on the authority of "The Catholic Almanac" for 1851, (p. 225,) the number of Catholics now in the United States is but 1,614,500. The "Annals of the Faith," (1851, p. 399) estimates it at 2,000,000. Such, in their own showing, is the immense falling off!

Mr. Mullen's letter, with its candid admissions of the gradual extinction of Popery in the United States, has created a complete furor among the Irish clergy of both creeds. The Protestant party have had the letter printed and circulated among several districts, as strong presumptive evidence of the decline of Popery, and of the progress of the principles of the Reformation.

The Romish clergy, from the "Lord Primate" down to the humblest curate, appear to be perfectly astonished by its revelations,—and the whole machinery of "Mother Church" has been got in motion to check a system which has led to such disastrous results as those vouched for on the competent authority of one so high

in the confidence of Archbishop Cullen himself. To stay the flight across the Atlantic, is the first great object of the counter movement just now at work. But that effort will also fail. Meanwhile, the emigration of the young and vigorous—leaving behind the old and destitute—is fast tending to the desertion of Ireland by its Celtic population.

On the whole, it is becoming increasingly evident that Rome is in the hands of God. She has a fearful account to settle with Him for the terrible injuries she has inflicted on the bodies and souls of men,—and the awful hour of her retribution hastens on, "for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her."

W. BUTLER.

Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, Nov. 8, 1852.

Youths' Department.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES.—The following is one of the cleverest essays we have met with for many a day. Similar in style, it is not inferior to Franklin's best.

"When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers term the bracing air of poverty. My mother—light lie the turf—her which once enclosed her sweet and gentle spirit—was what was called an ambitious woman; for that quality which overturn thrones and supplants dynasties finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggles between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching grips of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, if told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would teach their own experience, would sigh. But let me not disturb the veil of oblivion which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion, it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbor of better circumstances than ourselves, and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them: and by way of throwing over the equipment a savor and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart was lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit.—His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed upon the most approved principles of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones in which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare-devil swagger in his gait, and an "I'm as good as you" leer in his eyes; the very whelp to throw dirt at a well-dressed horseman because he was well-dressed, at a boy's ruffles because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eyes detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulder, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from the head to foot, he exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, "A patch on both knees, and gloves on!"

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line by the immortal Tuscan,

"That day I wore my gloves no more."

But the lesson, so rudely enforced, sank deep into my mind; and in after life I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the ridiculous inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers of music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life can come; never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice, and self-discipline, and control, but rather by example, instructing them in evil-speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think with a sigh of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see a family in cold, selfish solitude, not habitually warming their house with a glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a