THE PROTECTOR
AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

Vol. 1. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, November 18, 1857. No. 38.

The Protector and Christian Witness,
GEO. T. HASZARD, PUBLISHER.
Edited by a Committee of Protestant Gentlemen. Terms: 12s. per annum, in advance; otherwise 15s. will be charged.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE SEPOY CONVERT AND THE AUTHORITIES.

We continue Mr. Fisher's narrative on the above subject from our last issue.

"'The Brahmins, now finding him so resolved, tried to shake his steadfastness by the offer of money, and proposed to subscribe and settle upon him a monthly sum of twenty rupees for his life. This he instantly rejected, saying, that he believed Jesus Christ would provide for him much better than they could, and with this advantage, that it would be *for ever*. Finding him resolute, they endeavored to vilify his character, represented him to be a drunkard and a glutton, nay, at last, that he was insane. Some of these scandals appear to have been believed by some of his superiors, for a regimental court of inquiry was instituted into his conduct; the result of which, however, was, that the most satisfactory evidence was brought forward, not only that he had always conducted himself remarkably well, but that he was a particularly smart, intelligent, and active soldier.

"'He was baptized by me at his own request (which I beg your Lordship will have the goodness particularly to observe) on the 10th of October, just before his departure on some regimental duty, and there was an end of the matter. The Brahmin soldiers ceased to trouble him, and the only symptom of "consternation," which the major in the plenitude of his zeal so pathetically laments, is that the Naick cooks and eats his meals by himself, barred from admission within the magic circle by which the Brahmin surrounds his chocola. In every other immaterial respect he remains just as he was before, to use the military phrase, "a steady soldier and a good man." The only mark on him is that he reads his Bible, and prays to the one eternal God, through Jesus Christ his Saviour.

"'I trust this plain unvarnished statement to your Lordship will place the matter in its proper light, and be a sufficient proof that the intemperate and irritating representation which it has been thought proper to transmit for the information of Government, was not warranted by the circumstances of the case, if only it had been properly understood.

"'I have the honour to be, &c.'

"To this letter I received a brief reply from the Bishop, thanking me for my prompt compliance with his wish. 'I have read your narrative,' said he, 'with intense interest, and think it exceedingly affecting. You must, however, prepare yourself for the official inquiry which will be instituted, but I cannot see that you can have anything to apprehend from this faithful and prudent discharge of your duty as an ordained minister of God, or as a chaplain upon the establishment,' &c.

"A Court of Inquiry was called at Meerut on the 6th of January, 1820, in obedience to the orders of Government, and the following contains the copy of the proceedings, as recorded by the President—

"'Proceedings of a Special Court of Inquiry, held by order of Sir G. Martindell, commanding the 2d division of the field army, to inquire into all the circumstances attending the conversion of Prabhu Din, Naick of the 1st battalion 25th regiment, to the Christian faith.

"'*President*—Captain S. Arden, 1st battalion 27th regiment.

"'*Members*—Captain H. D. Showers, major of the brigade; Captain W. Reding, 1st battalion 27th regiment.

"'Prabhu Din, being called into court, is desired to state what were his motives for embracing the Christian faith, to which he replies—

"'I frequently observed the conduct of Christians. In various particulars, their superiority and strictness of behaviour and love of truth were visible, and it induced me to enquire into their religion, and believing it to be true, I embraced it.

"'Q. How long is it since you made your first inquiries into the Christian faith?

"'A. About nine years since, when I went as a volunteer to the Isle of France. My attention was particularly attracted by the regular observance of the Sabbath, and by seeing the Europeans going to church to worship. I from thence determined to make diligent inquiry when I could. But neither on my return to Calcutta, nor afterwards at Cawnpore, did I hear that I thought a convenient opportunity, or leisure, for I had heavy duty to do; so it is only since I came to Meerut that I have had leisure or means of information.

"'Q. When you arrived at Meerut, did you yourself make inquiries, or did any body come to you in the lines?

"'A. I made my own inquiries myself from these two men now standing here, and who live near the Sudder Bazaar. (Mooneef, Mr. F.'s moonshee, and Bahadur Museeh, a native convert baptized by Mr. F.)

"'Q. Did you go to Mr. F. of your own accord, or did Mr. F. send for you?

"'A. I went of my own accord to Mr. F's house. Indeed, I went to every body of whom I thought it wis Inquire. e to

"'Q. Did you know, or did you ever hear, of any person visiting your lines to instruct any of the Sipahees in the Christian faith?

"'A. Never! I neither knew nor ever heard of such a thing.

"'Q. How were you received after your baptism by your corps and company?

"'A. They said nothing to me upon the subject. I did not receive any unkind treatment from any of them except one Sipahee of the left Grenadiers, who was always an enemy of mine. He reviled me, and frequently said I was become a sweeper. I quietly remonstrated with him. I felt angry, and so I left him.

"'Did ever any of the Sipahees offer you any money not to become a Christian?

"'A. Yes. Two of the men called after me and said, We suppose it is money that you want, and if so, we will give it you, provided you will not become a Christian. I replied, my mind is resolute: I shall not change. I am determined to seek God, the only true God, in whose sight rupees are nothing.

"'Q. How much did they offer you?

"'A. Twenty rupees a month for my life.

"'Q. Indeed! how could you refuse that offer.

"'A. (Accompanying his reply with a very expressive look and action indicative of contempt) *Rupeia muttee hain.* I wanted the salvation of my soul, which money will not buy.*

"'Q. In your daily intercourse with the men, after baptism, did they ever show you any ill-will?

"'No! none at all.

"'Q. By the Court to Major B———. Did you ever know of any emissaries coming into the lines of your regiment with the design or attempt to convert any of the men to the Christian faith?

"'A. No, never. If there had been any I certainly should have been informed of it.

"'To Prabhu Din—Did you ever hear any soldier in your corps, commissioned officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, assert that now you were become a Christian, Brahmin recruits would not come to enlist?

"'A. No, I never heard any such words.

"'Q. Proposed to Major B——— by Mr. F———. Will Major B——— have the goodness to inform the Court in what way the "consternation" which he described having been evinced (in his letter to the Adjutant-General) betrayed itself after the baptism of Prabhu Din.

"'A. By Major B———. The men seemed to be dissatisfied with the Naick's conversion. They exceedingly *wished that it had not taken place*, for he was a man of very high caste, and much respected in the corps. Major B——— does not know of any improprieties in the man's conduct since his baptism, but the major would rather offer to the court this summary statement (presenting it) of his information first received of the proceedings in the affair in consequence. This statement was accordingly received, entered in the proceedings of the Court, and the original, according to standing orders, forwarded with them to headquarters.

"'Statement.—On the 21st of October I received a note from Lieut. S.———, the adjutant of the corps, intimating that there were rumours in the lines of a Naick in the 2d Grenadiers, named Prabu Din, having been baptized; but as the Naick was on the Judge of Circuit's guard, he could not ascertain the fact, and requesting to know if the circumstance had been reported to me. I replied, that his note was the first intimation which I had received upon the subject, and requested that he would be particular in his inquiries, and let me know the result. He called on me in the evening, and said that he had not a doubt but that the Naick had been converted. Upon this I wrote to Captain Showers, the brigade major, on the subject, who called on me the following morning, and said that the Naick had been baptized on the 20th by the Rev. Mr. F———.

"'Shortly after this the Adjutant called for orders, and then stated to me that the men of the corps appeared very much dissatisfied at the Naick's conduct. I therefore thought it advisable to order such of the native officers as were Hindoos, as also Lieut. Smith, the interpreter, to attend me at the adjutant's quarters at ten o'clock the following morning, when their apparent consternation at the conversion of the Naick, induced me to add the second paragraph in my letter to the adjutant-general of the army, respecting this singular occurrence.

Signed, "'M. B.

"'*Comg. 1st. Bat. 27th Reg.*

"'The proceedings of the Court here closed.

(Signed), S. Arden, Capt.
President.

"For the result of this inquiry I somewhat anxiously waited, expecting that Prabhu Din would be, of course, restored to his forfeited rank and situation in his corps, but it was deemed advisable to abide by the directions already given respecting him, and he has remained at Meerut ever since, living on his pay. Better than all, he continues to live consistently with his profession, a sincere and faithful Christian believer.

"When Sir Edward Paget was Commander-in-Chief, and was passing on his tour of inspection through Meerut, I stated, in conversation, all the above particulars to him. He expressed a most lively interest in the situation and circumstances of such a man, and authorized Colonel Nicol to propose to Matthew Prabhu Din to appoint him to a higher rank in some one or other of the local corps. Matthew expressed himself very grateful for such condescension, but said, with great emotion, although respectfully, I cannot accept this; I have done nothing that should involve dismissal from my own corps, in which I am now a degraded man. Send me back to my regiment, and I shall have the disgrace washed out, and I will thankfully go back. As this request, however, could not be complied with (though I know not why) Matthew remained on his pension pay. I ought not to withhold one circumstance, which I think highly creditable to his character. At the commencement of the Burmese war, Matthew Prabhu Din requested me to communicate to Major-General Thomas Reynall his wish to be allowed to volunteer and join any of the native corps that were going on the service. "I have long eaten their salt," said he, "and men are wanted: I am ready!" Sir Thomas highly appreciated his military feeling, and admired the man. He is a fine tall athletic soldier, and his spirit is of a noble order, but it seems there were some insurmountable difficulties in the way, and he was courteously told it could not be. I am not acquainted with the reasons.

"Some few years, too, after these events, his old corps marched through Meerut. The non-commissioned officers and men of his company came to visit Matthew, and greeted him with *much cordiality* and kindness. Many of them exclaimed, "Why don't you come back to us? what harm have we done? Our officers, the Sahib log are Christians. Our sergeant-major and quarter-master serjeant are Christians. The drummers also are Christians: why cannot you remain!" What could he reply! "It is the Company's will and pleasure."

"'I believe this feeling now widely prevails, for I have learned, from authority which I cannot doubt, that many Sipahees have expressed their conviction that, however our British law of toleration warrants the free exercise of his own faith to the Mahmmedan or to the Hindoo, yet that, in embracing Christianity, the doom of Matthew Prabhu Din most inevitably awaits them. They would be dismissed from their regiment as unfit to be employed, and disqualified for any association with their equals, and for the confidence of their superiors. The Rev. Anund Musseeh assured me that several Sipahees had expressly told him, "We are heartily disposed to embrace the truth, but these *consequences* are too painful for us to endure."

"Surely, however, we may venture to indulge the hope that such consequences will *not* follow, but that we may yet live to see the day, when a similar reply may be made respecting the *Christian* Sipahees, as once was given to the late General H———respecting the pious soldiers of H. M.'s 14th Foot.

"What sort of fellows are these!" said the General to the officer who then commanded them, "for whom the chaplain is pleading to build them a private reading-room? He calls them '*his men*.' "The best men," said the major, "in the whole regiment. I only wish they were all 'his men.'" "Then," exclaimed the General, they shall have their room." "H. F."

Such, then, was the issue of this important case. Against the individual in question no charge could be made, except that he had become a Christian, but that sufficed, and he was dismissed from the ranks. Did this special case rule a general principle or not? Assuredly, with reference to those who were disposed to inquire, it must have done so, at least for a considerable time. By them it must have been regarded as an understood principle, that for a Sepoy to become a Christian was to incur the certain displeasure of the Government, and that long continued to be a stumbling-block and hindrance.

We make no vague assertions. We narrate a specific fact, in which a Christian Government discountenanced the conversion to Christianity of one of its native soldiers. Could so remarkable a circumstance have taken place without attracting attention? Must it not have been a subject of general conversation amongst the native soldiery? Had there been amongst them at that time any disposition to inquire, how completely it must have been checked! One from amongst themselves had been dismissed the ranks because he had become a Christian. The inevitable conclusion was, that if they followed his example they would be similarly dealt with. This discouragement anticipated inquiry, and closed the door against it. No sooner did the stagnation of the mind begin to be disturbed than this idea suggested itself—The Government does not wish us to become Christians, and if we do so we shall provoke the displeasure of our superiors. And yet to thinking men amongst them how inconsistent all this must have appeared!

Well might they have reasoned in their own minds, "What are we to think of these Feringhees? They have a religion, and yet they keep it to themselves. They will not suffer us to have any thing to do with it. Is it that they consider it nothing worth, or that they think it too good for us! In either case we cannot but despise them." Instances might be produced of men in the ranks of the native army who would have inquired, had they not been apprehensive of Government displeasure. We heard, the other day, a well-known general, belonging to the Madras service, who had been often visited by a Jemahdar of the regiment in which he then served as major, simply because the man's mind was in an anxious state on religious subjects, and he wished to be helped in his difficulties. He read his Hindustani Testament, but as light increased, and convictions became stronger, an obstacle presented itself, and his inquiry was, "Is there not a government order against my becoming a Christian?" That there was no formal order did not suffice him: practically he knew that it existed, and would be acted upon, and, whatever were his convictions, he suppressed them, and remained as he had been, a Mussulman. Thus the action of the Government has been to deter their native soldiery from availing themselves of Christian instruction, and retain them in Mohammedanism and heathenism. We say, then, that for present results the Missionary is not responsible. With the Sepoys he has had less to do than with any other portion of the population; and when addressing them, as sometimes happened to be the case, he felt that, in attempting to do good to that particular class, he had to contend, not only against ordinary but special difficulties. He naturally directed his attention to other classes, less burdened by restriction, and in addressing whom he had a fairer opportunity of usefulness.

TALK OF THE ROAD.

THE STATION.

"Well, Pat, what have you got to talk of this time?" said Jem.

"The station, Jem," said Pat.

"And is it at a station you were, Pat?" said Jem.

"'Deed is it, Jem," said Pat, "without meaning a bit of it."

"And how did you get there at all without meaning it, Pat?" said Jem.

"Why, I was going by Pat Devine's public house," said Pat, "and there was a deal of people about it, but I didn't know what was going on, and I just went in for a pen'orth of baccy, and there I was in it, afore I knew where it was; and then, sure enough, I seen it was Father John holding a station in the inner room; and when I got the baccy, I was making my lucky, when I heard Molly Devine, and Mary Gormly, and Sal Gougerty, and some more of the devoutest women, that's always at their duties, bragging again each other what was the best thing in the Church of Rome to trust in for our salvation, and then I just stopped a bit, to hear what they would say."

"Well, I suppose they were all of the one mind, anyway," said Jem.

"Not a bit of it, Jem," said Pat; "there was no two of them of the one way of thinking; just one thing better than another, taking their pick and choice like; and, 'deed, there seemed to be a something for every one, no matter how many."

"Well, the more hope some one hit right," said Jem.

"I'm afeard not, Jem," said Pat, "for there was one thing nobody took hold to."

"And what did they take hold on, Pat?" said Jem.

"Why, Molly Devine allowed it was the Mass, 'for sure,' says she, 'that's best of all; isn't it offering the body and blood, and soul and divinity, for the living and the dead!' says she. And then Mary Gormly allowed it was the holy water; 'for sure when I have plenty of that by me,' says she, 'I don't care for charms, nor fairies, nor the devil himself,' says she; 'and what need I want anything else,' says she, 'when I don't care for the devil itself, with the holy water on me!' And then Sal Gougerty allowed it was the Scapular, 'for sure that'll get me to heaven the next Saturday after I die,' says she, 'and what need I want of anything else!' says she. And old Peggy Donohue says, 'Sure it's confession,' says she, 'for when the priest says the Latin over me, won't I be as clean of sin as the child unborn,' says she, 'and what more do I want than that,' says she, 'and what are yees all here for with your shillings, if that's not the thing!' says she. And then old Nancy Smith just riz on them all. 'And sure,' says she, 'it's astray yees are entirely; sure isn't one drop of the holy oil worth them all!' says she: 'if I get one drop of that on me before the breath is out of me, what need I care for anything else!' says she. And now do you see, Jem, what none of them thought of to trust in!"

"Ay do I," said Jem. "Sure none of them knows that it's in their own Bible that *the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin*. And isn't it the poor thing that none of them thinks of trusting in that, the creatures! and isn't it the quare thing, if they're all Catholics, that they don't all trust in the *same thing*, but one taking one thing, and another another thing! but sure that's the way with them. But, Pat, now did you tell them of the blood of Christ, and you at a station!"

"Well, 'deed then I did, Jem," said Pat. "Says I, girls, isn't the blood of Christ the best thing at all, for sure that cleanses from all sin!"

"And how did they take that at all, Pat!" said Jem.

"Well, Jem," said Pat, "they just darned their eyes in me, as if they never heard the like of that before; but I hadn't time to hear more of it, for Pat Daly was just coming out of the room where Father John was hearing confessions, and he just got hearing what I said so he turned round on me, and, 'Is it a Souper you are, to bring the like of that to a station with you?' says he. 'Not a bit of it,' says I; 'I takes no soup, thank God,' says I. And that's true, anyway, for not a drop of soup crossed my carcase since the Relief Committee gave it out in the famine. And I just turned round again on him, and, says I—'Are you going to tell us that the Soupers will have the blood of Christ all to themselves, and the Catholics get none of it?' says I; and with that he just quit it. Well, who do you think I seen go in next, Jem?"

"I don't know, Pat," said Jem.

"Well, if it wasn't Tim Tevlin," said Pat.

"Is it him," said Jem, "the poacher and sheep stealer, that never did an honest day's work in his life, and a Ribbonman into the bargain? What does the likes of him want of absolution?"

"Well, now," said Pat, "if Father John can wipe out a man's sins with a turn of his hand, isn't that just the man for him to try on?"

"Well, sure enough," said Jem; "but did he get absolution!"

"Well, I'll tell you about that," said Pat, "for the door stood open a minute, and I just seen it. There was the wee table, you know, with the plate on to drop the shilling in it, just forenint the door, and Tim was giving it the go by. 'Where's the shilling?' says Father Sohn. 'Haven't got it, your reverence, says Tim. 'Go off with you and get it,' says Father John. 'And where will I get it, your reverence?' says Tim. 'What's that to me?' says Father John: 'off with you and get it.' And so Tim stood there quite easy. 'What are you waiting for there?' says Father John. 'Won't your reverence give me absolution?' says Tim. 'You'll get none without the shilling; be off out of that for it,' says Father John. So Tim stood there as easy as you please. 'What are you standing there for?' says Father John. 'Will I steal it, your reverence?' says Tim. 'Be off for the shilling, and don't bother me, says Father John, with a screech. Well, Tim seen Father John was minding nothing, he was that mad, and Tim had got just forninst the table, and, as he was turning round, he just drops his hand in the plate, and lifts the shilling, and walks out, and away out of the house. And a while after, in comes Tim; and when the next man comes out, in goes Tim. 'And have you the shilling now?' says Father John. 'Yes, your reverence,' says Tim, dropping the shilling in the plate; 'but sure I had to steal it, your reverence,' says he. Well, you never seen a man so deaf as Father John. He never heard a word, but just says—'Down on your knees,' says he. And then the door shut to, and I seen no more till Tim comes out, looking as pleased as if he had stole the best sheep in a flock."

"Well, now, I wonder," said Jem, "would the absolution do for stealing the shilling?"

"And why wouldn't it?" said Pat: "didn't he confess it, and get absolution?"

"Well, maybe it was as good for that as for all the rest," said Jem; "but did you go in yourself, Pat?"

"No, indeed, then, I didn't," said Pat, "but I was mighty 'feard Father John would have caught me, and lugged me in, maybe; for, a while after, out comes Father John in a hurry, and, 'Boys,' says he, 'is that Pat Doyle going down the street?' 'It is, your reverence,' says severals. 'Out with you, boys, and fetch him in to me,' says Father John. So off the boys went. Well, you know, Jem, Pat Doyle is taken up with the Readers, and has quit the Mass altogether, and goes to Church; so in he comes with the boys; and 'deed it's the dark corner I got into then; and then Father John says to Pat Doyle, 'Are you come to confession?' says he. 'No, your reverence,' says Pat Doyle; 'I confessed my sins to God this morning.' 'Much good that'll do you,' says Father John; 'what were you promised for turning?' says he. So Pat Doyle didn't say a word. 'Was it money?' says Father John; 'was it five pounds?' 'No, your reverence,' says Pat Doyle. 'Was it meal?' says Father John. 'No, your reverence,' says Pat Doyle. 'Was it soup?' says Father John. 'No, your reverence,' says Pat Doyle. 'And what was it you were promised?' says Father John; 'tell it out, man, before the people,' says he. 'Salvation, your reverence,' says Pat Doyle. Well, Father John looked done for a minute anyway; and then, says he, 'Are you coming back to Mass?' says he. 'No, your reverence,' says Pat Doyle. 'And what will you and your children live on if you don't, when you were promised nothing?' says Father John. 'Please your reverence,' says Pat Doyle, 'we'll live on the blossoms of bushes afore we go back.' Well, if I wasn't thinking what would come on Pat Doyle, or myself too, if I was caught, when who should come in but the Rev. Mr. Owens himself; for he was coming up the street, and he seen Pat Doyle fetched in to the station, and just followed him in, and he just comes right up to Father John, and says to him, 'Sir, it was I that took this man, Pat Doyle, away from your Mass, for I showed him that the sacrifice of Christ was finished on the cross, never more to be repeated; and that no Christian man should bow down in worship to a wafer. And I am ready now, sir, to show you, before the people, why no Christian man should do so, if you will undertake to show them why they should.' 'Pat Devine! where's Pat Devine?' says Father John. 'Here, sir,' says Pat. "Is it getting my horse you are? Will he never be ready?' says Father John. 'Yes, sir: coming, sir,' says Pat Devine, and out he comes with the horse in a hurry. 'Oh, your reverence,' says Peggy Donoghue, 'sure you won't go without hearing my confession!' 'Oh! your reverence,' says Sal Gougerty, and all of them, 'won't you stop a bit for us?' 'Out of the way, women,' says Father John; 'is it all day I'll be kept here?' And up he gets on his horse, with Pat Devine holding the bridle and the stirrup, and flattering him all he could, and I peeping out of the open window; and I seen, as he rode off, that Pat Devine just turned the wrong side of his hand after him; and says he, 'The back of my hand to you, that wouldn't stand up for your Church and your religion.'"

"Well, Pat," said Jem, "sure Paddy Doyle puts us all to shame, that wasn't afeard to stand up like a man."

"Well, maybe so," said Pat; "But sure why can't a man keep it all to himself, when it sets the country against him? Sure I trust in nothing but Christ and His blood, that cleanseth from all sin: but why would I go to say that out, and bring trouble on myself?"

Who knows but the time is coming when Pat himself will say it before men? Pat does not know it, nor mean it now. But the time comes to every one that truly trusts in Christ, when something in their breasts within will *make* them confess Christ before men; for otherwise Christ would have to deny them before His Father in heaven.*

* See St. Matthew's Gospel, x, 33; and St. Mark, viii. 38.

A MAGISTRATE OUTWITTED.

The following anecdote is related of the eminent Richard Baxter, which sets off his natural shrewdness and knowledge of human nature to great advantage:

Several of the ministers ejected by the Act of Uniformity, in 1692, united with Mr. Baxter in establishing a lecture in a private house. The time of worship being at a very early hour, Mr. Baxter, one evening, left home with a view of being there early in the morning. The night, however, being dark, he lost his way, and after wandering for a long time, he came to a gentleman's house, where he asked directions. The servant informed his master of this fact, who thinking it unsafe that so respectable a looking man should be wandering on the common at so late an hour, invited him to stay. Mr. Baxter readily accepted the invitation, and was treated with great hospitality. His conversation gave his host a high opinion of his good sense and extensive information. The gentleman wishing to know the quality of his guest, after supper said:

"As most persons have some employment or profession in life, I have no doubt, sir, that you have yours."

Mr. Baxter replied with a smile, "Yes, sir, I am a man-catcher."

"A man-catcher, are you? said the gentleman; "I am very glad to hear you say so, for you are the very person I want. I am a justice of the peace in this district, and am commissioned to secure the person of Dick Baxter, who is expected to preach at a conventicle in this neighborhood early to-morrow morning; you shall go with me, and I doubt not we shall easily apprehend the rogue."

Mr. Baxter very prudently consented to accompany him. Accordingly, the gentleman, the following morning, took Mr. Baxter to the place where the meeting was to be held. When they arrived there, a considerable number of people were hovering about, but on seeing the justice, they suspected his intentions and were afraid to enter the house. The justice now intimated to Mr. Baxter his fears that Baxter had been apprised of his intentions, and would disappoint them, and proposed to extend their ride, that the people might be encouraged to assemble, and give them an opportunity of fulfilling their commission. They did so; but on their return still found the people unwilling to assemble. The magistrate now supposing he would be disappointed of his object, said to Mr. Baxter, that as these people were much disaffected to the Government, he would feel obliged to him if he would address them on the subject of loyalty and good behaviour. Mr. Baxter replied, that as they met for worship, it was probable that such an address would not satisfy the people; but that, if the justice would engage in prayer, he would endeavor to say something to them. The gentleman replied that he had not his prayer-book with him, or he would readily comply with his proposal; but expressed his persuasion that Mr. Baxter was able to pray with them, as well as to talk with them, and requested him to begin with prayer.

They entered the house, followed by the people; Mr. Baxter prayed with great devotion and fervor; the magistrate standing by was soon melted into tears. The good divine then preached in his usual faithful and zealous manner; and when he had concluded he turned to the justice and said; "Sir, I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit. I am entirely at your disposal."

The magistrate, however, had felt so much during the service, and saw things so differently to what he had done before, that his enmity was changed into love, and ever afterwards he became the friend and advocate of the persecuted, and it is believed also a sincere Christian.

ITALY.

Florence.—Here, as in every Continental town that possesses a migratory or resident English population in addition to its own—as in every Continental State where the influence of England is directly or indirectly felt, the one engrossing theme of interest and anxiety is India. A good many retired East Indians have from time to time settled here; among those long residing in Florence, some have now to deplore the slaughter of sons and daughters, and nephews and nieces, and grandchildren,—of all, in short, whom they best loved on earth, by the promise of whose youth, or the vigour of whose manhood, their own old age was to be cheered. And yet there are none, even of those most sorely tried, in whom—apart from higher sources of comfort—grief is not tempered by the thought that, even in this dread crisis, the sons and daughters of England have acted as became their high lineage. Surely, surely, not the Roman after Cannæ, not the Hollander in his darkest day of danger and despair, ever equalled the heroism of these dispersed, assailed, weakened, but still rallying and unflinching bands!

It might have been imagined that, at the spectacle of Christian men most treacherously butchered, of Christian women most foully outraged, by the implacable and unmerciful Paynim, but one voice of horror and indignation would have arisen from all sects and denominations in Christian Europe. Such has not, however, been the case. The acknowledged organs of the Catholic priesthood in Italy have out-Veuillotted Veuillot in their eagerness to taunt England with her faults, and to triumph over her expected fall. The *Civita Cattolica* of Rome, the *Armonia* of Turin, the *Cattolica* of Genoa, the *Giglio* of Florence (its animation has been suspended for a month), have vindicated their claims to the exclusive possession of Christian truth by an unbounded sympathy with, and admiration of the achievements of Nena Sahib. Leo the Tenth was fond of quoting a piece of advice given to him in his youth by his father, Lorenzo di Medicis, "Remember, my dear, people who are always speaking against us are *not* our friends." Tried by this test, the amity toward England of ultramontane governments and ultramontane politicians is about as fervent as in the days of Philip the Second. Rome clearly thinks that England's difficulty is her opportunity—"Haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum."

THE ARTIFICE.

There is rarely to be met with a more complete and satisfactory exposure, succint as it is, of the artifices, frivolities, and errors of Popery, than that which the gifted and lamented Charlotte Bronte has put into the mouth of the heroine of her Villette, whose conversion, supposed to mean her own, was attempted by a Jesuit priest, whom she represents as one of the most plausible and courteous, as well as astute and subtle of his order. To transcribe it, may be for the benefit of some, and must command the admiration of all under whose eyes it may chance to fall, whether seen by them before, or now made known to them for the first time:

"I was put," she says, "through a course of reading; that is, I just glanced at the books lent me; they were too little in my way to be thoroughly read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested. And besides, I had a book up stairs, under my pillow, whereof certain chapters satisfied my needs in the article of spiritual lore, furnishing such precept and example as, to my heart's core, I was convinced could not be improved on."

"Then Pere Silas showed me the fair side of Rome, her good works, and bade me judge the tree by its fruits. In answer, I felt and avowed that these works were *not* the fruits of Rome, but the fair promise she showed the world. That bloom, when set, savored not of charity: the apple full-formed was ignorance, abasement, and bigotry. Out of men's afflictions and affections were forged the rivets of their servitude. Poverty was fed, and clothed, and sheltered to bind it by obligation to the 'Church;' orphanage was reared and educated that it might grow up in the fold of the Church; sickness was tended that it might die after the formula, and in the ordinance of the Church; and men were overwrought, and women most mercilessly sacrificed, and all laid down a world God made pleasant for his creature's good, and took up a cross, monstrous in its galling weight, that they might serve Rome, prove her sanctity, confirm her power, and spread the reign of her tyrant 'Church.' For man's good, was little done; for God's glory, less. A thousand ways were opened with pain and blood-sweats, with lavishing of life: mountains were cloven through their breasts, and rocks were split to their base; and all for what! That a priesthood might march straight on and straight upward to an all-dominating eminence, whence they might at last stretch the sceptre of their moloch 'Church.' It will not be. God is not with Rome; and were human sorrows still for the Son of God, would he not mourn over her cruelties and ambitions, as once he mourned over the crimes and woes of condemned Jerusalem!"

"Oh! lovers of powers! Oh, mitred aspirants for this world's kingdoms! an hour will come, even to you, when it will be well for your hearts, pausing faint at each broken beat, that there is mercy beyond human compassion, a love stronger than this strong death that even you must face, and before it, fall; a charity more potent than any sin, even yours; a pity that redeems worlds, nay, absolves priests."

"My third temptation was held out in the pomp of Rome, the glory of her kingdom. I was taken to the churches on solemn occasions, days of fete and state; I was shown the papal ritual and ceremonial. I looked at it. Many people, men and women, no doubt far my superiors in a thousand ways, have felt this display impressive, have declared that though their reason protested, their imagination was subjugated. I cannot say the same. Neither full procession, nor high mass, nor swarming tapers, nor swinging censers, nor ecclesiastical millinery, nor celestial jewelry touched my imagination a whit. What I saw struck me as dawdry, not grand, as grossly material, not poetically spiritual."

"This I did not tell Pere Silas; he was old, he looked venerable; through every repeated disappointment, he remained personally kind to me, and I felt tender of hurting his feelings. But on the evening of a certain day, when from the balcony of a great house, I had been made to witness a huge mingled procession of the church and army, priests with relics, and soldiers with weapons, and obese and aged archbishops habited in cambric and lace, looking strangely like a gray daw in bird of paradise plumage, and a band of young girls fantastically robed and garlanded, then I spoke my mind to M. Paul. I did not like it, I told him—I did not respect such ceremonies—I wished to see no more; and having thus relieved my conscience by this declaration, I was able to go on and speaking more currently than my wont, to show him that I had a mind to keep to my reformed creed; that the more I saw of Popery the closer I clung to Protestantism; doubtless there were errors in every church, but I now perceive by contrast how severely pure was my own compared with her whose painted and meretricious face had been exhibited for my admiration. I told him how we kept fewer forms between us and God, retaining, indeed, no more than, perhaps, the nature of mankind in the mass rendered necessary for due observance. I told him I could not look on flowers and tinsel, on wax lights and embroidery, at such times and under such circumstances as I had devoted to lifting the secret vision to Him whose home is infinity, and his being eternity; that when I thought on sin and sorrow, of earthly corruption, mortal depravity, weighty temporal woe, I could not care for chanting priests or murmuring officials; that when the pains of existence, and the terrors of dissolution passed before me, when the mighty hope and measureless doubt of the future arose in view, *then* the scientific strain or the prayers in a language learned and dead, harassed with hindrance a heart which only longed to cry—

"God be Merciful to me a Sinner."

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

The subjoined letter from Mayor Powys, the Honorary Secretary of the Patriotic Fund, is a tolerably sufficing answer to the noisy declamations of the Cullen and Wiseman party, who are doing all in their power to check the current of public benevolence on behalf of the unfortunate sufferers in India. The extraordinary statements set forth by this gentleman, whose character is a sufficient guarantee of his veracity, are by no means creditable to her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. It is a suggestive fact that the native population of Calcutta have subscribed more to the Crimean and Indian Funds than all the Roman Catholics of the United Kingdom:—

Major Powys, the Hon. Secretary to the Fund, has published a letter that exhibits the charitable dispositions of the Roman Catholic Church in rather an unenviable light. He writes to the London journals as follows:—

"Sir,—Though your kind and able remarks respecting the noble fund raised by the country, for the benefit of the wives and families of the Crimean army, are perfectly true and just; yet, may I be permitted to add to their force by reminding your readers that the Roman Catholics, as a Church, did not subscribe *one shilling* to that fund?

"The report issued by the committee on the 7th day of Sept. 1854, shortly after the Day of Humiliation in that year, states at page 19:—'All the great religious communities in the kingdom, except the Roman Catholic, unanimously joined on that day to help the soldier's wife and child.' Upwards of £80,000 was received by the Central Association through these Church collections, the greater proportion of which came from the Church of England; and yet, with characteristic effrontery, the Roman Catholics demanded that large grants should be made out of those very funds, to which they had not given a shilling, for the maintenance and education of Roman Catholic soldiers' children in conventual establishments.

A similar demand, and with equal justice, will be made on the Indian relief fund, towards the increase of which not one single Roman Catholic Church collection was made. I trust the managers of that fund will be actuated by a spirit of fairness in its contribution, so that those who have given most may have a fair share of its benefits.

"The total amount collected for the wives and families of the Crimean army was £121,000; of this amount I will venture, without fear of contradiction, to state that £500 was not subscribed by private contributions from the Roman Catholics, who can raise plenty of money for their own private purposes, but do not hesitate to grapple all the Protestant money they can get hold of for public and national purposes.—Your very obedient servant.

"H. L. Powys, Mayor.

"Office of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, 7, Whitehall."