

The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 THESS. v. 21.

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The Protestant.

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.
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GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

The eye that sees the sparrows fall—
The ear that hears the raven's call—
The voice that bids the sun to rise—
The eye that sees the stars arise—
That sees the harvest mortals bear.
Regards contrition's every tear.
And pities every rising fear.
That ear is evermore attentive,
To humble souls in worship bent.
It hears the cries of those who plead
For Heaven's assistance in their need.
That voice pronounces words of peace,
And bids despairing sorrow cease:
Awakens hope of joys above,
Secured by Heaven's unshaking love.
That hand defends from every snare,
And makes each trusting soul its care.
Pours rain down on the darkness tomb,
And leads the dying Christian home.
That eye, that ear, that voice that hand,
The powers of God he'll never withstand:
And all are pledged my soul to keep,
By day, by night, awake, asleep—
In every place, at home, abroad,
Always and everywhere, my God,
For Jesus' sake my Friend shall be
And shed the beams of love on me.
—Cor. N. Y. Observer.

The Pope and the Congress.

The fact that the Pope is the great obstacle to the peace of Europe is becoming every day more apparent. The question of the Popedom or of the temporal authority of the Sovereign Pontiff is becoming the question of the day. Even the big supporters of Romanism are drawing off from the position, that the priest who occupies the Quirinal Palace and dictates laws to the Vatican, is entitled to expect that the other nations of Europe shall combine to strip him of his temporal misgovernment with foreign bayonets. For more than ten years the Pope has been indebted to the Emperor of the French for his dominion over what are called the States of the Church. But one province was occupied by Austria, and when Louis Napoleon forced the Pope to abdicate, the Austrian troops, in the most unbecoming fashion, in an unknown tongue, or the offering of a fir's worth of wax candle to the Madonna as a sacrifice for sin, were now, evening after evening, earnestly and keenly discussing the vital questions of a holier creed, in open defiance of their authority.

The real circumstances attending the closing of a meeting-house, however, seems to have been quite different from those circulated by the *codici*. I learn from excellent authority, that the Government had information of an intention on the part of the priests to excite disturbances, by sending their emissaries to banter and insult the congregation as they were leaving the *scuola*. Soldiers were therefore posted in the neighborhood to keep order in case of any hot blood being roused; and the Government subsequently sent a most courteous and reasonable request to the leading members of the sect, that considering the need for perfect order and tranquillity which long has been the most critical moment in Tuscany, they would for a time remove their place of worship to some less public situation, and into a *locus* which shall not be on the ground floor, where the plans of priestly agitation are most easy of execution, in order that no pretext may be given for the angry cry which is so long floating in the air of the retrograde party to raise on the faintest shadow of disturbance. The best proof that such was really the tone of the request made by the Government is, that the influential members of the congregation perfectly concur in its reasonableness, and, as I can vouch, are now seeking a place of worship which may fulfill the required conditions. Not contented, however, even with this explanation, I have to-day had personal communication on the subject with our Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and I have received from him the most positive assurance that the Archbishop neither did, nor could do, anything in the matter; and that as long as (Cavaliere Salvagnoli) fills his present office, entire liberty of conscience and of creed shall subsist in Tuscany.

Conversion of a Jew.

The following interesting letter from a converted Israelite, giving an account of the means by which he was led to acknowledge and trust in Jesus as the Messiah and Saviour of sinners, was read in the Fulton street prayer meeting, New York, on Saturday last. It was addressed to a friend in this city:

Dear Sir and Brother:
To comply with the wishes which you expressed in your last, to give you an account of the circumstances which led me to embrace Christianity, will be, I hope, an apology for troubling you with this letter.
Circumstances had led me, to consider the important question of the Messiah and the claims of Christianity. A year ago a Jewish Rabbi from the Holy Land came to Quebec on a mission to collect money for the poor at Jerusalem. He resided a few days in my house. One evening we were conversing on Jewish theology; the subject turned to the Messiah. I asked him about a tradition which the Jews hold concerning Jesus. He gave me a tradition different from and contradictory to the tradition commonly held among the Jews. I asked him several questions more, but received unsatisfactory answers.

But the great question which more than any other caused the light to shine upon my mind was this: For that either Whig or Tory, Protestant or Presbyterian, should be allowed to intrude into the domain of ecclesiastical affairs. But, unhappily, if a Congress be held, not only English Protestants, but Greek schismatics and Prussian Evangelicals will consider it their right to vote on the various questions now pending, which are so closely connected with the independence of the Holy See? If this be the case, why not round the Prime Minister of England that he will lose the confidence of several millions of Her Majesty's subjects if he takes any part against the right of the Pope, and that it is consequently expedient for him to support the independence, integrity, and neutrality of the dominions of the Pope?

It is rather amusing to observe how, amidst this bluster, Dr. Cullen multiplies the dangers of the Popedom. He dreads Lord Palmerston's avowed hostility to the Pope. He dreads English Protestants, Prussian Evangelicals, and the Russian schismatics. Still he tries only to bully, but to wheedle. He intimates that he no longer looks better things from Lord Derby, and so intimates that if the present Government would concede something to the Pope it might still have the support of the Popish party, which at the late election was given to their opponents. It may be, he says, that a Conservative Minister would regulate such matters better, but he repeats—
"It may be so, but I doubt very much whether we have anything to expect from the party that has for its leaders more bitter opponents of Catholicity, and rests in Ireland for its support on Orange lodges of this country. While Lord Derby proclaims the Pope's territory a plague-spot, and Lord Melbourne and Mr. Disraeli call for its dismemberment, and Lord Ellenborough subscribes money for the purchase of a million of muskets to arm the rebels of the Pope's States, I must confess that I find myself embarrassed to make a choice between the aid of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and that I cannot but pray that his Holiness may be preserved from the affectionate care and protection of both parties."

Prayer in the Household.

I was once told of a cottage patriarch who was born in those days when Scotland had a church in almost every house. There was one in his father's dwelling; and when he pitched a tent for himself he built an altar. Round that altar a good number of olive plants grew up; but, one by one, they were either planted out in families of their own, or God took them: till his old father's repeated prayer, uttered just as at their first out in life, alone. But their family worship continued as of old. At last his fellow-traveller left him. Still he carried on the worship by himself. So sweet was the memory of it in his father's house, and so pleasant had he found it in his own, that he could not give up his habit, but he kept it up in secret. He had brought me from darkness into light. I have not yet finished what I would say on this subject, but paper refuses to do so.

Dr. Pusey.

We have before called attention to the extraordinary fact that this man, the head of the traitorous body now existing against our Church and the religion of our land, remains where he was, deprived of no honour, and possessing all the means of doing the greatest possible harm. Let our readers ponder the following eulogy pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Dodsworth, now a Romish priest, but formerly a well-known clergyman of the Church of England, on his friend Dr. Pusey:—"You have been one of the foremost to lead us to a higher appreciation of that 'Church system' of which sacramental grace is the very life and soul. Both by precept and example you have been amongst the most earnest to maintain Catholic principles. By your constant and common practice of administering the sacrament of penance; by encouraging everywhere, if not by expounding, auricular confession, and giving special absolution; by teaching the propitiatory sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist, as application of the one sacrifice on the cross, and by prayer of *Christ really present* on the altar under the form of bread and wine; by your introduction of Roman Catholic books, adapted to the use of our Church; by encouraging the use of rosaries and crucifixes, and special devotions to our Lord, as *our life-saviour*; by adopting language most powerfully expressive of our incorporation into Christ as *one*, inebriated by the blood of our Lord; by advocating councils of perfection, and seeking to restore more or less to the convents or monastic life; I may by the teaching and practice of which this cause has been revived amongst us the system which may be pecuniarily called 'incremental.' These are statements which cannot be tried with—they demand our fixed attention; and the ought to awaken all over the kingdom the indignant inquiry, why Dr. Pusey is still Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, and enjoying the dignity and emoluments of that office, and exclaiming the influence of necessity connected therewith over young men, the major part of whom are destined for the ministry of the Church of England.—*Nassau Standard*.

Refusal of Burial to a Protestant.

The *London Times* correspondent, writing December 17, says:
"A very sad episode conduced with the all-sorrowful epistle of the Evangelical communities in Tuscany, is brought before the world in the columns of the *Standard*. At the time that a heterodox movement with which Count Pietro Guicciardini and the Medici were mixed up seemed likely to spread far and wide throughout the Grand Duchy a little 'heretical congregation' sprang up at the little town of Pontedera, an important station on the railway from Leghorn to Florence, not many miles from the coast of Italy. The head of the *Abbatino*, as the official paper informs us, and the summary dealings of a Grand Ducal Government, scared the black she from their pious pastures, and brought them like repentant and regenerate sinners to the fold of the orthodox Church. Some of them, however, continued 'repentant' to the last, and one of them, 'whom neither one year's imprisonment nor the arguments of a papal nuncio, who was made to share his cell for whole Lent-season, had ever brought to see the error of his ways,' was brought to his death bed a few days ago, and refused 'the

entreaties of his friends, the tears of his wife and the darning admonitions of a priest, who hung upon his bed till he worried the very last breath out of him, and died like a dog, without confession, communion, or extreme unction, obdurate, impenitent, an object of horror and loathing to those who loved him best. The body lay in its bed, ready for burial, but the parish priest of Pontedera had determined no grave should be dug for it in the 'God's acre' or 'holy field' of the place, but that it should be thrown into any profane ditch, 'unhallowed, disappointed, unhealed. On the strength of the newly-established liberal institutions the *Profetas* or head police-magistrate, of the province of Pisa, sent a thundering order to the Rector at Pontedera that the lawless body should have proper interment in the public cemetery. The priests, however, described the stubborn death of the unbeliever in such atrocious colours, they made so strong an appeal to the worst passions of the stolid multitude, that the peasant rangers themselves to the defence of their consanguine ground, and defied the authorities to pollute it by the offensive corpse at their peril. A compromise or *mezzo-terme* prevented an imminent collision; the corpse was smuggled away in a coffin by railway to this city (Florence), where it has been inhumed in a Swiss Protestant cemetery outside the gate. There let the poor unbeliever rest, till the deluded Italian people and their clerical teachers have learnt that all human jurisdiction should cease at least on the remains of those whom God has summoned before his unerring tribunal."

Treasury.

What Price do you set upon your Soul?
God thought fit, says Saurin, to require the blood of his Son for the redemption of our souls. The souls must have been very precious in the sight of God, since he redeemed them at a price so immense. The misery into which they were liable to be plunged, must have been extremely terrible, since God thought proper to make such great efforts to save them from it.
The felicity, of which they are capable, and to which the Lord intends to elevate them, must be infinitely valuable, since it cost him so much to bring them to it. For what in the universe is of equal value with the blood of the Son of God?
Dear reader, do you set any value on your soul? Do you ever think of it? Is it really more valuable than all the world? God knows its value. See that you take God's estimate of it; and, by believing on His blood, and obtaining "redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins?" See that you insure its everlasting salvation.

Christ the Only Saviour.

A young lady was deeply convinced of sin, and resolved that she would not rest till she felt that her sins had been pardoned. Day after day she sought the aid of Mary, but in vain. Her prayers seemed far from her. She had lost all relish for the pleasures of the world, yet she had not those of a true child of God. She would not go back to the world, and she seemed unable to lay hold on the cross of Christ. Ministers instructed, and friends prayed for her; she fasted, she wept, and attended diligently all the means of grace; yet still her conscience was burdened with unpardoned sin, and she felt that she could not meet God in peace.
Troubled and perplexed, she was on the brink of despair, when she heard a sermon that solved her doubts, and led her in peace and joy to the foot of the cross. Her difficulty had been, that she was placing that reliance on *faith* in Jesus which she should rest on *alone*; that she had been expecting to be saved by *believing* in him, rather than by *his atonement* for her; and had regarded *faith* as the *Saviour*, instead of its being simply the act of receiving him. Now she saw that salvation is the purchase of his blood; that it is bestowed altogether through the merits of his atonement, and not at all by any merit attaching to the prayers, repentance, or faith of the believer.
It was clear now that faith was not the ground of hope, but simply the bond of union between the perishing soul and Christ the Saviour. Thus feeling that there was no merit in her, she was enabled to lay hold on the salvation wrought out by Christ—a salvation of which *He* is both "Author and Finisher"—acknowledging that if saved at all, her redemption would be the free, unmerited gift of God, the precious purchase of *Jesus' blood*. Lamenting thus on *His* her burden was gone, and she was enabled to go on her way rejoicing "in hope of the glory of God."—*Cor. An. Messenger*.

Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's Elect?

Slanders, says one, are but as soap, which, though it soils for the present, makes the garment more clean and shining. But suppose you are not vindicated in this world, but die with a cloud upon your names; be sure God will clear it up, and that to purpose in the great day. Thus shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. If Christ will be your Advocate, we need not fear who are our accusers. If your name, for his sake, be cast out as evil, Christ will deliver it you again in that day, *when there shall be no sinners*, therefore, my brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.—*Placid*.

No Hindrance.

How blessed to remember that there is no hindrance in coming to our Lord but that which our own

fears suggest. His words are, "Look unto Me, all the ends of the earth, and be ye saved;" as if our Lord would speak to every individual between Himself and the Isles that were very far off, and say to each, "There is mercy for you; only look, and live. And then to encourage their approach, he says, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out. No extent of sin, no abuse of privileges, no real or imagined difficulty, can prevent." "Who hath said the word, 'Come unto me all that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,—I will fulfill my promise; it shall be done; only come, and ye shall have rest in your souls.' Of how sweet the promise! how sure the fulfilment! There is, indeed, no promise for to move. We know not that when trials come there may be a moment given to come to Jesus; but should that moment graciously be afforded, do not despair, but think that, in love to your soul, and in answer to the many prayers offered for you, your Lord has watched over your course."—*J. H. Steward*.

Choice Sayings of the Aged.

Says David, "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."
An aged Christian lady, whose years were protracted to ninety-five, used to say, it was a consolation to her that she had never neglected religious meetings when her health and strength would permit.
An aged dying man said he awoke in the previous night and feared his hope was not well grounded in Christ, when the words,
"Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?"
brought peace to his soul, and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ was his exceeding joy.
Another, one of the most liberal and faithful disciples, said, when dying, "I see a glorious host opening up to my view through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."
One of the venerable old men of New England remarked with great peace of soul in his last hour, "Oh, this is dying! Oh, this is dying into life! Mary, said a dying minister, who labored with great success, "This is the happiest day of my life."
Said Paul, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."
Can the writer and the reader say the same?

The Family that Jesus Loved.

The household consisted of a brother and two sisters. They seemed to be all unlearned, living without servants, and sharing in common their cares, toils, and worldly estate. This may be the remnant of a once sumptuous but empty household, swept out from the great arena of life into an arched where, with afflictions attended, they enjoy a peaceful and humble abode. Amiable, lively, and pious they must have been, for to their dwelling the Saviour came to dwell with them, and to their household, from his exhausting labors of love. Upon this lovely family he bestowed the highest communion known on earth; "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." The family that Jesus loved! What higher testimony to the excellence of character? But nothing human is perfect. Once when Christ was present there occurred one of those many incidents which may disturb the peace of the family. Martha shows her regard for the divine Guest by the best entertainment she can provide. Mary manifested her reverence and love by sitting at the feet of Jesus, hearing his words. She may seem to neglect a lesser in the fulfilment of a higher duty, but in this she was commended by her Lord. Martha was needlessly anxious about the entertainment. She "was cumbered about much serving," betraying in this undue regard to minor things. She needed the aid of Mary, but instead of signifying this in a proper manner, or leaving her sisters to enjoy the spiritual feast, weary and anxious about the report, she interrupted the discourse of Christ by saying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me." Had the guest been merely human, he might have severely rebuked Martha. The gentle Mary would have been grieved; and it might have cost many tears to restore domestic harmony. But the Guest of Martha is perfect in wisdom and gentleness—"never man spoke like this man." "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and that is chosen; that good part which shall not be taken away from thee." Sublime and perfect example of proof. So disappointed to the offence, so gentle, so just, so indirectly exculpating and commending Tary. Martha is subdued to self-abasement and penitent sorrow. Martha weeps in silence. The word which winds and waves obey has hushed every unbecoming emotion—all in peace and love. We cannot efface the impression made by Martha's inconsiderate words, yet we love and respect her character as presented by the unerring pen of inspiration; while Mary, as seen in these glimpses of domestic life and elsewhere holds the warmest place in our affections.

The incidents related are suggestive in their bearing upon domestic happiness. There is a significance in the word *home* which pertains to few words in human language. It is the endearing term by which we describe the blessedness of heaven. The family institution, gathering the millions of mankind into separate houses, is more important than any other except the church; and of this the family is often the nursery. "God setteth the solitary in families." *Ps. 68: 6*. And solitary would all be if this institution were abolished. The family is the home of the gentle affections and sympathies; the centre and refiner of social intercourse. Here infancy is nourished, childhood instructed, character is formed, and woman finds her sphere of inestimable importance. In the privacy of home we relax our cares, relate our trials and sorrows, and find a freedom of disclosure unknown. The richest joys of earth pertain to the family estate, and discord is most destructive in its effects. Disinherited from this second Eden, the world is to us a wilderness. Many cases of reckless dissipation of home, or family wastefulness unprovoked. Every effort and every reasonable sacrifice should be made to preserve domestic harmony. This requires mutual love and gentleness, and faithful discharge of mutual obligations. In so intimate a relation, and with interdependence.
A heart requires a heart, not in content
With less than what it gives.