THE PROTESTANT, AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

Vol. 2. | Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, June 8, 1861. | No. 49.

The Protestant, AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS. Is issued every Saturday from Goodwill's Printing Office, South Side Queen Square, by DAVID LAIRD, Editor and Proprietor.

[illegible]

Blessed Jesus.

[illegible]

British and Foreign Bible Society.

[illegible]

The Sabbath.

[illegible]

What of Christ.

[illegible]

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."—Am. Mes.

Leaves of Trees.

[illegible]

it would be unpardonable to regard them with inattention. They ought naturally to lead us to the following useful considerations:—Every thing, even the least object in nature, has been planned by the wisdom of the Creator. Not a single leaf is created merely for ornament: it contributes its share towards the fertility and support of the vegetable kingdom. If each leaf, then, be a master-piece of Divine Wisdom, what wonders does a single tree present to our eyes! The faculties of our minds cannot comprehend one of these miracles; and the smallest leaf may afford subject for reflection as long as we live.—*Sturm's Reflections.*

Aphorisms for Preachers.

The same truths uttered from the pulpit by different men or by the same men in different states of feeling will produce very different effects. Some of them are far beyond what the bare conviction of the truth, so uttered, would ordinarily produce. The whole mass of truth, by the sudden passion of the speaker is made red hot and burns its way.

It is impossible to close a sermon well, that is warmly, unless the train of thought has been so conducted as to bring the heart into a glow, which increases to the end.

Having chosen a subject, it is well to think it over deeply, day and night, and to read on it carefully before putting pen to paper. Take few notes, but as far as may be, let the matter digest itself in the mind.

To be worth much, a sermon must begin like a river and flow, and widen, and roughen, and deepen, until the end; and when it reaches this end, it is hurt by every syllable that is added.

The superstitious reverence for an application of several points, cuts up this part of our sermons, short [illegible]

[illegible] not learn them well unless he preaches upon them.

The democracy must be reached—people must be made to feel that the heart of the minister is with them. Common people require this. Age requires it. Young men require it.

Differing as I do from Channing, and protesting as I do against him, I can never cease to honor and admire him for this: that he always wrote and preached on those things which he considered the great things.

There is as real an order in the evolution of parts in a tree, as in the successive additions which build a house; and if a discourse proceeds by an inward law, which disregards symmetrical plans, it may have more coherence and vitality than could be produced by rule and square.

Constant perusal and re-perusal of Scripture is the great preparation for preaching. You get good even when you know it not.

Where there is more voice, more emphasis, or more gesture than there is feeling, there is waste, and worse, powder beyond the shot.—*Thoughts on Preaching, by Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

The Drunkard's Son.

A fine promising boy, whom I shall here call Henry S——, was beloved by all who knew him. But his father, although occupying a respectable position in society, was a drunkard. This was a great grief to Henry, for he had a high sense of honor, and could not bear to see one so near to him pointed at by the finger of scorn. He manifested a great desire for improvement, and an especial dread of the vice to which his father was addicted. He used to say to his school-mates, "Oh, I hope I shall not be a drunkard."

[illegible]

[illegible] want to live." Soon after uttering these words he breathed his last.

Letters to a number of persons were found lying about the room in which he died. He gave some directions about his funeral; and appointed the pall-bearers from among the men in his father's employment, as he said his former school-mates would probably not wish to perform that office for one so degraded.

In a note to his father he told him that he had tried to conduct his business faithfully; and concluded in these words, "Father, I will not fill a drunkard's grave."—*Am. Mes.*

Drs. Dwight and Dennie.

As Dr. Dwight was travelling through New Jersey, [illegible] to stop at a stage hotel, in one of its most populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same, arrived also at the inn, Mr Dennie, (once a noted writer,) who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all *paired* with lodgers, except one occupied by the celebrated Dr Dwight. Show me to his apartment, exclaimed Dennie, although I am a stranger to the Rev doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings. The landlord accordingly waited on Mr Dennie to the doctor's room and there left him to introduce himself. The doctor, although in his nightgown, cap, and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the intruder to be seated. The doctor, struck with the literary physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of literary and distinguished characters, for some time gave a zest to their conversation, until Dr Dwight chanced to mention [illegible]

[illegible] he considers Dr Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theologian—the first logician—and the greatest poet that America has ever produced. "But, sir," continued Dennie, "there are traits in his character, undeserving so great and wise a man, of the most detestable description—he is the greatest *bigot* and *dogmatist* of the age!" "Sir," said the doctor, "you are grossly mistaken; I am intimately acquainted with Dr Dwight, and I know to the contrary." "Sir," said Dennie, "you are mistaken: I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell an untruth." "No more slander," says the doctor, "I am Doctor Dwight, of whom you speak." "And I too," exclaimed Dennie, "am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke!" The astonishment of Dr Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

Treasury.

The Diving-Bell.

"The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." Let me meditate on this method of the life of a Christian's life. The life, I observe, is lived "in the flesh." I am willing to believe that this means, not "in sin," "in the condition of man as fallen and depraved," but "in the perishable body, on earth, in the state even of renewed man as mortal." But even in this latter sense of the expression, it teaches me that the soul's life while the Christian remains on earth, is not in its proper element—the spiritual world, heaven, the fully manifested presence of God in Christ. And I ask myself this [illegible]