

The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

Vol. I.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, September 24, 1859.

No. 12.

The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

is issued every Saturday Morning, from Hammond's Printing Office, South Side Queen Street.

DAVID LAIRD, Editor and Proprietor.

Annual Subscription—Twelve Shillings, in advance, otherwise Fifteen Shillings will be charged. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. (To prevent disappointment, all advertisements should be sent to the Office before 3 o'clock on Friday.)

HUMILITY.

O! learn that it is only by the lowly paths of peace are trod; If thou wouldst keep thy garments white and holy, Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted Is in God's heavenly truth most deeply gifted, But he in heaven's truth most deeply gifted, Sits lowest in Christ's School.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated As his abiding rest; And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited, When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain, Falls in the valleys free; Bright verdure fringes the small desert-fountain, But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth, Which charms the general wood, But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth Its unseen neighborhood.

The cedar swags by the proud head of merit, Fumes with a feeble odour; But faith's two mites, drop'd covertly, inherit A blessing from the Lord.

Round lowliness a gentle radiance hovers, A sweet, unconscious grace, Which, even in shrinking, evermore discovers The brightness on its face.

Where God abides, Contentment is and Honor, Such guerdon Meekness knows; His grace within her, and His smile upon her, Her saintly way she goes.

Through the strait gate of life she passes, stooping, With sandals on her feet; And pure-eyed graces, with link'd palms, come trooping, Their sisters fair to greet.

The angels bend their eyes upon her goings, And guard us from annoy; Heaven fills her quiet heart with overflows Of calm celestial joy.

The Saviour loves her, for she wears the vesture With which He walk'd on earth, And through her childlike glance, and step, and gesture, He knows her heavenly birth.

He now beholds this seal of glory given On all whom He redeems, And in His own bright city, crystal-paven, On every brow it gleams.

The white-robed saints, the throne-steps singing under, Their state all neatly wear; Their passionless praise wells up from hearts which wonder That ever they came there.

From Wylie's Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tyber.

Characteristics of the Vaudois Valleys.

[Continued from our last.]

I found, too, that it was a "good land" which the Lord had given to the Vaudois,—a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive and almond-trees. The same architect who built the fortresses had provided it, so to speak, and that in a stunted measure. He who placed magazines of bread in the clouds, and rained it upon the Israelites when they journeyed through the desert, had laid up stores of corn, and oil, and wine, in the well of these valleys; so that the Vaudois, when their comelier pressed them on the plain, and cut off their supplies from without, might still enjoy within their own mountain rampart abundance of all things.

On the first morning after my arrival, I walked out along the Val Lucerna southward. Flowers and fruit in rich profusion covered every spot of ground under the eye, from the banks of the stream to the skirts of the mist that veiled the mountains. The fields, which were covered with the various cultivation of wheat, maize, orchards, and vineyards, were fenced with neatly dressed hedge-rows. The vine-stocks were magnificently large, and their leaves had already acquired the fine golden yellow which autumn imparts. At a little distance, on a low hill, deeply embosomed in foliage, was the church of San Giovanni, looking as brilliantly white as if it had been a piece of marble all alive and buoyant. Hard by peering out amidst fruit-bearing trees, was the village of Lucerna. On the right rose the mighty wall of the Alps; on the left the valley, opened out into the plain of the Po, bounded by a range of blue-tinted hills, which stretched away to the south-west, mingling in the distant horizon with the mightier masses of the Alps. The sun now broke through the haze; and his rays, falling on the luxuriant beauty of the valley, and on the more varied but not less rich covering of the hill-side,—the pastures, the winding belts of planting, the white chablis,—lighted up a picture which a painter might have exhibited as a relic of an earlier world, or a reminiscence of that garden from which transgression drove man forth.

After breakfast, I sallied out to explore the valley of Lucerna, at the entrance of which it placed, as I have said, La Tour, the capital of the Vaudois. My intention was to trace its windings all the way, past the village and church of Bobbio, and up the mountains, till it loses itself amid the snows of their summits.

an expedition which was brought to an abrupt termination by the black clouds which came rolling up the valley at noon like the smoke of a furnace, followed by torrents of rain. Threading my way through the narrow winding street of La Tour, and skirting the base of the giant Castelluzo, I emerged upon the open valley. I was enchanted by its mingled loveliness and grandeur. Its breadth, which might be from one to two miles in length, though looking narrower, from the Titanic character of its mountain-boundary, was, up to a certain point, one continuous vineyard. The vine there attains a noble stature, and stretches its arms from side to side of the valley in rich and lovely festoons, veiling from the great heat of the sun the golden grain which grows underneath. On either side of the vineyard, and to the sky, not bare and rocky, but glowing with the vine, or shady with the chestnut, and pouring into the lap of the Vaudois, corn, and wine, and fruit. Their sides were covered throughout with vineyards, corn-fields, glades of green pastures, clumps of forests and fruit-trees, marnous and chalks, and silvery streamlets, which wandered amid their terraces, or leaped in flashing light down the mountain, to join the Pelice at its bottom. Not a footstep was barren. This seeming luxuriance attested at once the qualities of the soil and sun, and the industry of the Vaudois.

As I proceeded up the Val Lucerna, the same scene of mingled richness and magnificence continued. The golden vine still kept its place in the bottom of the valley, and stretched out its arms in very wantonness, as if the limits of the Val Lucerna were too small for its exuberant and generous fruitfulness. The hills gained in height, without losing in fertility and beauty. They offered to the eye the same picture of vine-rows, pastures, chestnut-groves, and chalets, from the torrent at their bottom, up to the edge of the floating mist that covered their tops. At times the sun would break in, and add to the variety of lines which diversified the landscape. For already the hand of autumn had scattered over the foliage her beautiful tints of all shades, from the bright green of the pastures, down through the golden yellow of the vine, to the deep crimson of those trees which are the first to shed their leaves.

A farther advance, and the aspect of the Val Lucerna changed slightly. The vineyards ceased on the level grounds at the bottom of the valley, and in their place came rich meadow lands, on which herds were grazing. The hills on the left were still ribbed with the vine. On the right, along which, at a high level on the hill-side, ran the road, the chestnut groves became more frequent, and large boulders began occasionally to be seen. It was here that the rolling mass of cloud, so fearfully black, that it seemed of denser materials than vapor, which had followed me up hill, overtook me, and by the deluge of rain which it let fall, effectually forbade my farther progress.

The same shower which forbade my farther exploration of the Val Lucerna, arresting me, with cruel interdiction, as it seemed, on the very threshold of a region teeming with grandeur, and encompassed with the halo of imperishable deeds, threw me, by a sort of compensatory chance, upon the discovery of another most interesting peculiarity of the Waldensian territory. The heavy rain compelled me to seek shelter beneath the boughs of a wide-spreading chestnut-tree; and there, for the space of an hour, I remained perfectly dry, though the big drops were falling all around me, and the continuous beating, as if of the fall of substances from a considerable height on the ground, attracted my attention,—tap, tap, tap. The sound told me that something was falling bigger and heavier than the rain-drops; but the long grass prevented me at first seeing what it was. A slight search, however, showed me that the tree beneath which I stood was actually letting fall a shower of nuts. These nuts were large and fully ripened. The breeze became slightly stronger, and the fruit shower from the trees increased so much, that a soft muffled sound rang through the whole wood. It was literally raining food. Some millions of nuts must have fallen that day in the Val Lucerna. I saw the young peasant girls coming from the chalets and farm-houses, to glean beneath the boughs; and a short time sufficed to fill their sacks, and send them back laden with the produce of the chestnut-tree. These nuts are roasted and eaten as food; and very nutritious food they are. In all the towns of northern Italy you see persons in the streets roasting them in brazen over charcoal fires, and selling them to the people, to whom they are so very inconsiderable an article of food. I have often seen them, on a long ride, breakfasted on them, with the help of a cluster of grapes, or a few apples. This was the manna of the Waldenses. And how often have the persecuted Vaudois, when driven from their homes, and compelled to seek refuge in these high altitudes where the vine does not grow, subsisted for days and weeks upon the produce of the chestnut-tree! I could not but admire in this the wise arrangement of Him who had prepared these valleys for the future abode of His Church. Not only had He taught the earth to yield her corn, and her hills wine, but even the skies bread. Bread was raised around their caves and hiding-places, plentiful as the manna of old; and the Vaudois, like the Israelites, had but to gather and eat.

I came also to the conclusion, that the land which the Lord had given to the Waldenses was a "large" as well as a "good" land. It is only of late that the Vaudois have been restricted to the three valleys I have named; but even taking their country as at present defined, its superficial area is by no means so inconsiderable as it is apt to be accounted by one who hears of it as confined to but three valleys. Spread out these valleys into level plains, and you find that they form a large country. It is not only the broad bottom of the valley that is cultivated,—the sides of the hills are clothed up to the very clouds with vineyards and corn-lands, and are planted with all manner of trees, yielding fruit after their kind. Where the husbandman is compelled to stop, nature takes up the work of the cultivator; and then come the chestnut-groves, with their loads of fruit, and the short sweet grass on which cattle depasture in summer, and the wild flowers which the bees elaborate into honey. Overtopping all are the fields of snow, the great reservoirs of the springs and rivers which fertilize the country. This arrangement admitted, moreover, of far greater variety, both of climate and of produce, than could possibly obtain on the plain. There is an eternal winter on the summits of these mountains, and an almost perpetual summer at their feet.

In accordance with this great productivity, I found the hills of the Vaudois exceedingly populous. They are alive with men, as it were, compared with the solitude which our Scottish Highlands present. I had brought thither my notions of a valley taken from the narrow winding and sterile straits of Scotland, capable of feeding only a few scores of inhabitants.

Here I found that a valley might be a country, and contain almost a nation in its bosom.

But, not to dwell on other peculiarities, I would remark that such a dwelling as this,—containing presenting the grandest objects,—must have exerted a marked influence upon the character of the inhabitants. It was fitted to engender intrepidity of mind, a love of freedom, and an elevation of thought. It has been remarked that the inhabitants of mountainous regions are less prone than others to the worship of images. On the plain all is monotony. Summer and winter, the same landmarks, the same sky, the same sounds, surround the man. But around the dweller in the mountains,—and especially such mountains as these,—all is variety and grandeur. Now the Alps are none with their high summits and their shadowless sides; anon they veil their mighty forms in clouds and tempests. The living machinery of the mist, too, is continually varying the landscape, now engulfing valleys, now blotting out crags and mountain-peaks, and suspending before the eye a cold and chequerous curtain of vapour; anon the curtain rises, the mist rolls away, and green valley and tall mountain flash back again upon you, thrilling and delightful you know. What variety and melody of sounds, too, exist among the hills! The music of the streams, the voices of the peasant, the herdsman's song, the lowing of the cattle, the hum of the villages. The winds, with mighty organ-swell, now sweep through their mountain gorges; and now the thunder utters his awful voice, making the Alps to tremble and their pines to bow.

Such was the land of the Vaudois; the predestinated abode of God's Church during the long and gloomy period of Antichrist's reign. It was the ark in which the one elect family of Christendom was to be preserved during the flood of error that was to come upon the earth. And I have been the more minute in the description of its general structure and arrangements, because all had reference to the high moral end it was appointed to serve in the economy of Providence.

When of old a flood of waters was to be sent on the world, Noah was commanded to build an ark ofopherod for the saving of his house. God gave him special instructions regarding its length, its breadth, its height; he was told where to place its door and window, how to range its storeys and rooms, and specially to gather "of all food that is eaten," that it might be food for him and those with him. When all had been done according to the Divine instructions, God shut in Noah, and the flood came.

So was it once more. A flood was to come upon the earth; but now God himself prepared the ark in which the chosen family were to be saved. He laid its foundations in the depths, and built up its walls of special instructions regarding its length, its width, its height, and third storeys. It was an ark, with lower, middle, and third storeys. It was beautiful as strong. Corn, wine, and oil were laid up in store within it. All being ready, God sent his persecuted one in the early Church. "Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark." He gave them the Bible to be light to them during the darkness, and shut them in. The flood came. Century after century the waters of Papal superstition continued to prevail upon the earth. At length all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered, and all flesh died, save the whole family in the Vaudois ark.

Manifesto of the Irish Rom. Cath. Bishop on behalf of Denominational Schools.

The Irish Romish prelate, with the Papal Legate at his head, has met and issued a long pastoral address. It embodies the following resolutions on behalf of separate or Denominational Schools, Colleges, and public seminaries of every kind:—

1. That schools for Catholic youth should be such as to insure for them the benefit of a safe secular education and adequate religious instruction in the faith and practices of the Catholic Church. They should be, therefore, so subordinated to Bishops in their respective dioceses as that no books may be used in them for secular instruction to which the ordinary shall object; and that the teachers, both as to appointment and removal, and the selection of all books for religious instruction, and the arrangements for it, be under the control of the same Ordinary.

2. That the principles enunciated can be adequately embodied and acted upon in this country only by a system of education exclusively for Roman Catholics. That the Catholics of Ireland have a right to obtain such a proportion of the aid annually allocated by Parliament for education as, regard being had to their numbers and the condition of the Catholic population, will suffice for the establishment and maintenance of schools to be conducted on thoroughly Catholic principles.

3. That the concession of the grants for exclusively Catholic schools in Great Britain and in the British colonies is conclusive evidence of the fairness of the claim to a grant being made for Catholic schools in Ireland, and that the Catholic people of Ireland should, therefore, insist, through their representatives in Parliament and by direct application to the government, on obtaining such a grant.

4. That the National system of Education, though tolerated on account of the particular circumstances of the country, must be from its very nature, in several respects, objectionable to Catholics, and that the changes made in its rules from time to time having been adverse to Catholic interests, have increased the distrust of the Catholic Episcopate.

5. That we signify, as especially objectionable, the non-recognition of the control over education which the Catholic Church holds to have conferred on Bishops by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when He said to His Apostles, "Go teach all nations." (Matt. xxviii. 19.)

6. The practical subordination, in its stead, of the control of a board consisting of members of different religious denominations, predominantly Protestant, and deriving its authority exclusively from the state, whilst its power extends to, and is exercised in, matters vitally and essentially religious.

7. The education of Catholics—of teachers in the model or normal schools, even in history and philosophy, and of children in other schools by Protestants.

8. The constitution generally of the model and normal schools, and the use of which is enforced in the country in opposition, in many cases, to the declared opinions of the local Bishops.

9. The exclusion from the schools of the cross, and of all symbols of the Catholic devotion.

10. The character of several of the books published by the commission, the use of which is enforced in the schools under the immediate management, and is practically unavoidable in schools deriving aid from the Board.

7. The rule adopted some years ago by the Board, according to which aid has been since its adoption refused for the erection or outfit of schools unless the school estate be vested in the Board—a condition expressly at variance with the instructions of the Holy See and the decision of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland in the National and Provincial Synods.

8. The inherent evil in the system that the schools are all liable to inspection by Protestant officers of the Board, and the fact that schools exclusively attended by Catholics, are, to a vast extent, exclusively under Protestant inspection.

9. The fact that in schools deriving aid from the Board, Catholic children have received, and may receive, religious instruction from Protestant teachers, in opposition to the original consultation as laid down by Lord Stanley—the commissioners not recognizing the rightful claims of Catholic pastors to be guardians of the religion of Catholic youth in attendance at National Schools.

10. That we have been deeply alarmed by the attempts now making to induce the government to increase and aggravate the evils of the mixed system, by the establishment of the intermediate schools on the principles of that system; and that we call upon the Catholic clergy and laity of Ireland to aid us in resisting, by meetings, petitions, and all other constitutional means, the establishment of such mixed intermediate schools for Catholics.

11. That in the event of the establishment of a system of intermediate education we claim a fair proportion of the public money, for the establishment and support of separate schools, to be conducted on Catholic principles, in which Catholic youth may receive a good and liberal education, without exposing their faith or morals to the dangers of the mixed system.

12. That whereas numerous schools, colleges, and seminaries, erected at great expense, are already existing under the direction of the proper Catholic ecclesiastical authorities—in which science and literature are diligently cultivated—and other similar institutions may be gradually erected—the Government an easy means of giving us that aid for Catholic intermediate education to which we are fully entitled.

13. That whereas the decision already pronounced by the Holy See, we reiterate our condemnation of the present system of education established in the Queen's Colleges;—that we cannot but declare that the said system has signally failed notwithstanding the enormous expense entailed by it on the country; and that we consider that the only means for the government to free themselves from the responsibility of maintaining the present system of education, and to give over to the College of Cork and Galway, situate in Catholic provinces, to be conducted on Catholic principles, whilst the Presbyterians are provided for in the College of Belfast, and the members of the Established church in the University of Dublin.

Daily Prayer Meetings in New York.

The Christian Intelligencer states that "the Fulton street daily union prayer meetings are more and more crowded, even in these sultry days in August. The neighborhood and other prayer meetings are also, in many instances, well attended, and full of interest. There is a reviving interest in many of these, that is not to be seen in other days. There is evidence that the Spirit of God is abroad, and many are brought under its power."

At the Cooper Institute morning prayer meetings, there has been, for some time past, a deep, tender state of feeling, and with some hopeful conversions. Four or five persons each week have manifested anxiety about the salvation of their souls. It is not too much to say, that from the very beginning there has been evidence that the blessing of God rested upon the movement at the Cooper Institute. The prayer meetings are held every day in the week, at 8 o'clock in the morning, and also in the evening.

The prayer meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association, held daily at the corner of 12th street and Broadway, at 7 A. M., and 5 P. M., are an awakening of feeling here; and some awakened and converted, as we hope, will praise God forever for the establishment of these meetings; for to them they are indebted for their first religious impressions. We heard the case related of one young man who came from the country into the city to procure employment. He did not succeed; but in the meantime, he attended two prayer meetings, held at the Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. He returned home to his country place of residence, smitten with conviction of sin; and a few days ago, was heard from, as having become a "new creature" in Christ Jesus.

Tent and open-air preaching has had many advocates in the Fulton street meeting of late. It is a felt and awful necessity, that the masses must be reached by the gospel out of doors, or they never will be reached at all. It is idle to say we have places of worship. Not one fourth of our population attend our regular places of worship. The gospel must be preached to all; and if preached to all, we must resort to extraordinary means of reaching them, and preaching to them. We must do as preachers did in Wesley's and Whitefield's day, in holding union religious services for the masses. There seems to be every token that the Lord stamps the effort with the seal of his approbation, in sending down His Holy Spirit in answer to prayer.—Christian Observer.

Treasury.

The Weary are at Rest.

None so weary as those who toil and struggle against sin. Life has its hardships; days have their evils and sorrows; adversity and misfortune check the lot of almost every human being. There is no one who has not shed a tear—not one who has no relative or friend in the grave. The common lot of the race is to eat bread which has been earned by the sweat of the brow. Although the sun shines, nature the liveliest glow of the night—though the rains fall upon all as dew of heavenly love—though myriads of flowers carpet the green earth, and a perfection of beauty illumines our beautiful world—still there is sorrow, oppression, and sorrow in it. Men grow weary of life; often they seek and fill an ungodly grave. Woe and misery dwell not only in the houses of wretched poverty, but in royal halls.

Is there no rest for the weary? Is there no place where they cease from trouble? But follow Christ

ian what are these to the griefs and crosses that attend the struggles of the soul against the power of reigning sin? What watchings and wrestlings, what condemnations and bitter tears, what repentings and upbraidings burden the efforts of a soul that strives every day for a closer walk with God! There is no rest for it here. Within and without are principles and powers, that fight against it like fates in their course of death and destruction.

The hardships of life, the walls and woes of dire adversity and fear, what are they in comparison? Although the fig-tree shall not blossom; neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no more; the flock shall be cut off from the field, and there shall be no herd in the stall; for all this the Christian can rejoice and exult with unspeakable joy; but he longs for deliverance from sin, he longs to rest in the bosom of his God, to see him as he is, and to be like him, holy as he is holy, perfect as he is perfect, blessed as his Redeemer is blessed. The day of rest is coming. Joyful hope! O what earnest of glorious rest are vouchsafed even here!

"When temptation's darts assail us,
When by care and sorrow pressed,
When the world is dark around us,
And all within devoid of rest—
How sweet to mingle with joyful faith
On the mansion of the blest,
Where the wisdom comes from trouble,
And the weary are at rest!"

It is this hope that makes one not only content, but strong to bear up the life and labors of this trial state. They will enter into rest at last.

Reader have you this hope? In your days of darkness, which are many, do you look to that bright world where sorrow, and sighing, and weeping are forever unknown, as your home, or are you yet struggling with those for whom God has said there is no rest, no peace?—The Pacific.

The Happy People.

There is nothing more conspicuous in the great awakening in the north of Ireland than the intense happiness of the converts.

"The falling of 'stridens' ones, their piercing cries, their obvious anguish, and their importunate prayers, are all striking; but the joy that sparkles in the mild, beaming eyes of young believers—the love which radiates from faces which seem bathed in the holy sunlight of a Saviour's smile, and whose words, looks, and deeds are such as are peculiarly calculated to give over to the College of Cork and Galway, situate in Catholic provinces, to be conducted on Catholic principles, whilst the Presbyterians are provided for in the College of Belfast, and the members of the Established church in the University of Dublin."

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound!" comes naturally before the mind. Here is a blessed people, and the grand source of their happiness is simply this—they "know the joyful sound—they understand the gospel of Christ dying for their sins—they believe that they are for ever put away by his precious blood—their feet, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the moral influence of his atoning sacrifice, and joy unspeakable fills their souls."

"Do you know the joyful sound?" Have you understood that gospel truth which has done so much for them? When they are coming to Jesus in multitudes, and professing to be in possession of unspeakable blessedness; when the Divine Spirit is showing himself so willing to reveal to sinners, and to give them a living faith in him as their Redeemer, why should not you also be earnest about the salvation of your soul and the pardon of your sins?—British Messenger.

The Spirit Glorifies Christ.

He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you. John xvi. 14.

This is what the Comforter does through the whole of his three-fold work. In every part of it he glorifies Christ. In convincing us of sin, he convinces us of the sin of not believing in Christ. In convincing us of righteousness, he convinces us of the righteousness of Christ,—of that righteousness which was manifested in Christ's going to the Father, and which he received to bestow on all such as believe in his name. Lastly, in convincing us of judgment, he convinces us that the principle of this world was judged in the life and by the death of Christ. Thus, throughout, Christ is glorified; and that which the Comforter shows to us relates, in all its parts, to the life and work of the incarnate Son of God. In this manner, all the graces which the Spirit bestows—the graces which were manifested in the life of Christ: it is Christ's love that he shows to us and gives to us, the love through which Christ laid down his life for his church; and Christ's joy in his communion with his Father; and the peace which Christ had when he overcame the world; and Christ's long suffering in praying that his murderers might be forgiven; and Christ's bounty in giving all the treasures of heaven; and the faithfulness of him who is the faithful witness, himself the truth; and the gentleness with which Christ took up little children in his arms and blessed them; and Christ's meekness in never answering again; and the temperance of Christ, who made it his meat and drink to do the will of his Father.

All these graces were manifested upon earth in their heavenly perfection, when the fulness of the God-head dwelt in the man Christ Jesus; and all these graces the Spirit of God desires to give to every one, so that Christ may be formed in us, and that our life may be swallowed up in his life. Thus shall we, too, glorify Christ; and with him we shall glorify the Father. Let us seek this glory, and not our own vain fleeting glory, but the glory wherewith we may glorify Christ and the Father; and this glory shall abide with us forever.—Hare.

Willing to Part with Sin.

How marvellous is it that we have been made willing to part with sin. Sin was wont to be so deeply rooted in our hearts that no threatnings of wrath could separate us from it. But under the sweetening of the Holy Spirit, the Word of God appeared to come to us clothed in living power, and many passages, which we had often read carelessly, entered our souls like a sharp and two-edged sword! The Word when preached by ministers in the Sanctuary also pierced our consciences and stirred us up. We began to feel strangely anxious about ourselves; and