The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

Vol. 3. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, October 5, 1861. No. 14

The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

Is issued every Saturday from Haszard's Printing Office, South Side Queen Square,

BY

DAVID LAIRD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS:

Twelve Shillings if paid within the First quarter after being taken, or from the date of the last payment; Thirteen Shillings, if paid within the Second quarter; Fourteen Shillings, if paid within the Third quarter: after which, 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.]

Prayer.

Oh, love divine, ineffable,
Help the weak heart that strays from Thee,
And battling with the hosts of hell,
Doubts or despairs of victory;
For Thou hast died upon the tree,
Thine anguish poured in bloody sweat,
And one Thy yearning heart forgot
The first-fruits of that agony!
Oh Lord in glory, think on me!

Thy tenderness no mother knows,
Not she who sees her darling pine,
And weeps that dying shadows close
Above the lamb she knows is Thine;
But Thou, my God, art all divine!
Thy banished shall return again;
Thy life poured out like summer rain,
Those dying pangs exchanged for mine,
Are not an alien's birth-right sign.

I know that from the depths of sin,
The uttermost abyss of woe,
Thine arm my trembling soul shall win,
Thy piercing eyes Thy child shall know;
Though mortal love forget to flow,
Though mortal faith grow cold and die,
Thy love is called eternity,—
Thy truth as morning's orient glow,
And wide as space shall ever grow.

Come, prince of darkness, with thy bands!
Their leaguered host a child defies,
For He who holds me in His hands
Shall lift a stout stranger rise,
And turn on me those heavenly eyes
That tears of pity shed for me,
But burn with judgment over thee
And those who dare His love despise,—
Then stoop and bear me to the skies.

—*Rose Terry.*

Priests Memorializing the Pope to give up the "Temporal Power."

The *Times'* Naples Correspondent gives an account of a clerical organization in South Italy of considerable importance:—

Born of the oppression inflicted by the superior on the inferior clergy, it has expanded to considerable dimensions in Southern Italy, and has thrown out its branches north, south, east and west. It styles itself the Liberal Clerical Association of Southern Italy, and assumes rather a political than a religious character, its principal objects being to assist in forming an united Italy, and in providing for those priests who have been suspended, or who have in any other way suffered from their superiors. The ultimate object of the Association is, however, Church reform in matters of discipline, for the dogmas of the Church it is not intended to touch. The bishops, for instance, they maintain, should be chosen by universal suffrage, as they do not believe that the Holy Spirit can be sent in a portmanteau by the hands of the Pope's messengers. The authority of the first General Councils is admitted by the Association, which wants to democratize the Church; and in success up to the present moment seems to be equal to its efforts. The means by which it endeavors to carry out its programme are the press, and it has already established one journal in Naples, entitled the *Colonna del Fuoco*, books, and preaching in prisons and hospitals, and everywhere where an opportunity presents itself. A room, too, is to be opened for instruction in the principles of the Association. Many branch Societies are being formed in Southern Italy; for, notwithstanding the Stygian darkness in which the Province is involved, there are perhaps, more liberal clergy here, Naples itself excepted, than in any other part of Italy; perhaps it is that the very excesses of the Church have opened their eyes. In the Basilicata and the Calabrias the clergy are highly liberal, and I am informed by one of the founders of the Association that forty-eight priests fought for the national cause under the walls of Capua. However this may be, two months have elapsed since I heard it from the officers of the Dictator that 600 priests were already enrolled, thirty of whom were Neapolitan clergy, and many others were ready to do so, but for fear of suspension. "There are now," he said, "300 young priests in the capital who, but for such an apprehension, would join us directly. The military of the district will attack later." The Association is extending rapidly, the previous, and at the time I received the last report it had already opened a communication with, or established similar associations in Florence, Pisa, Milan, Modena, Bologna, and other cities. I understand, however, that these affiliated societies are not founded on so wide a basis as that of Naples, for the members of the other cities are all of provincial and general committees without numbers. In Modena, Genoa, and Milan the associations have their journals to represent their sentiments. I cannot say what is yet the feeling of Government towards the Association, only that it is not yet suppressed. Some days ago "work was going on" in the Chiesa Nuova, the Jesuits' church, to prepare it for the reception of the Pope, if he should come to Naples, and a report was current that an address to the Pope from the Clerical Liberal Letter Carriers of Naples was in circulation for signatures. Although the provincial and some other liberal priests in the expansion of a conscience that cries against the temporal power of the Church should be emboldened by it to save its spiritual character, after giving an historical report of the evils which threaten the Church, and the causes which have led to them, the address concludes:—"We can no longer shower alms to support that worldly monarchy which is the parent of all our misery, which has made us a prey to foreigners, which has made us a laughing-stock to the world, and which, if not the chief, is yet a very powerful ally of those who, letting loose against us a horde of robbers, would despoil us of our property, our honor, our liberty, our life. We will, if we can, be Christians, but we will be Italians, and above all citizens of our country, which, if not the chief, is yet a very powerful ally of those who, letting loose against us a horde of robbers, would despoil us of our property, our honor, our liberty, our life. We will, if we can, be Christians, but we will be Italians, and above all citizens of our country."

A circular address to the public, had preceding the copy of the address, which is now in my hands, thus expressed:—

The deplorable obstinacy of the superior clergy in basely abusing religion as a disgraceful pretext for their dark and patricidal intrigues has now reached to such a degree of effrontery as to impose upon us the hard necessity of passing resolutely from the ground of prudent reserve to the camp of the enemy, in order to save the integrity and the purity of the true orthodox faith from the censure already too notorious of so many hypocritical and wicked pastors. Interpreters, therefore, of the patriotic and sincerely religious sentiments of that noble part of the Italian clergy who sigh for the reconciliation of the Church with national liberty, at the general meeting held in Naples on the 20th of July, we publicly and formally discussed and unanimously approved the presentation to the Roman Pontiff of the following Address. "All, therefore, of our brethren in grief and sympathies who desire the triumph of the true Catholics attached to the just cause of liberty and civil progress, are entreated to attach their names to this national act, and the more numerous the signatures the greater the weight and authority it will have in the face of the civil world. For such a purpose, we beg the honorable clerical-liberal committees of Upper and Central Italy, our delegates in the Southern provinces and all the liberal journals of the kingdom to warmly recommend and receive from their subscribers the necessary signatures, and to send them off as quickly as possible to this office of the Presidency, which charges itself with the presentation of the Address to His Holiness. Strong, brethren, in our convictions, which assure us of the speedy victory of truth over error and prejudice, we are, from the Alps to the extreme limit of Sicily, united and agreed. We will, Church of the Leos, the Ambrosios, and the Agostinos, the church that is restored to its ancient purity in the bosom of Italy, rise great, free, and one."

True Prayer never Lost.

It is hard to believe that the fervent prayer of the righteous man is ever lost. The answer may be long delayed. It may come in a manner wholly unlooked for. The return of the prayer may be such that it may not be recognized by the devout soul who uttered it. But it is not lost.

1. For example, there are some prayers which we cannot expect to see answered immediately. I was at a monthly concert last evening, where God's people were pleading with him for the conversion of the world. None of that praying company had any expectation of living to see the day when the last heathen nation should surrender to the victorious Jesus. Yet their petitions will never be forgotten. Those pleading disciples will yet behold the glorious fulfilment of their desires from the battlements of heaven. For in our own experience, we have seen many a prayer manifestly answered long after the saint who breathed it into the ear of the Saviour has gone to lay his weary head on that Saviour's breast.

A dying mother commits her beloved boy to a covenant-keeping God. She has often borne that child on the arms of faith to the mercy-seat. He has been the child of many prayers; and in the feeble utterances of her passing spirit another, and a last petition is breathed forth, that Christ would have mercy on his soul. Years roll away. The sod has grown green, and the rank grass has long waved over that mother's tomb. In some distant land—may-hap hundreds of miles from that spot—a full-grown man, who has long been ripening in sin, is seen bowed in prayer. He is crying out of an agonized heart, *God be merciful to me, a sinner!* Behold, he prayeth, and his prayer is the answer of the fervent petitions which his dying mother uttered many long years before. Her requests were recorded in God's book of remembrance; and but for them, we know not that the prayer of that penitent son would have ever ascended there. Let praying fathers and mothers never grow faint of heart. Let desponding churches—long unvisited by revival blessings—only close up their ranks more compactly about the mercy-seat, and besiege heaven with new importunity. For above the dark cloud of their discouragement is written, as in the clear, upper sky, "He that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

2. Other prayers are answered at the time of their utterance, but in a way so unlooked for that he who offered them is inclined to think that the very opposite of what he asked for has befallen him. One individual prays, for instance, that he may be enabled to glorify God. Ere he is aware, some tremendous calamity comes crashing down upon him, prostrating him to the dust. His fortune is swept away. Or his schemes of promotion are blasted. A favourite child is missed from the cradle or the hearthstone. His hopes are withered like grass. God has answered his prayer, but has answered it, as the Psalmist says, "by terrible things." From under the overwhelming pressure of affliction he flees to Jesus, his divine comfort, and O, how his love is kindled by the contact! How his latent faith is called forth! How he glorifies God in the furnace of trial which is purging away the dross of selfishness and worldliness, and making his pure gold to shine with tenfold brightness!

We once saw an earnest inquirer, who was praying most importunately for faith in Christ, and for peace to his troubled soul. But while he prayed a cloud of darkness gathered across his horizon. And against that cloud, which swung like a funeral pall before his vision, played the sharp lightnings of the Almighty's wrath. The thunders of God's law roared against him, like the death-dealing guns of our frigates against the walls of those sea-coast fortresses of Hatteras. Instead of peace, came only the sword. Instead of the calm he sought, came the fearful tempest; and, under the strokes of its terrors, the poor, baffled soul betaken himself to "covert," which Christ has raised on Calvary. There he finds the peace he so earnestly prayed for. There the long-sought confidence in Jesus pours its fullness through the soul. His prayer was answered—but by terrible things, but at last by the very blessings which he desired. And without that storm the true calm would have never come. Had the sinner not been led to that frightful view of his own guilt and condemnation, he might never have gone to Christ, and then could not have known true, abiding peace. As he looks back over the dark valley of sorrow, through which the Divine hand has wonderously led him, and sees that no other way would to surely bring him to the Cross, he feels a renewed assurance that no prayer, in every land, he now knows, that he that asketh, will always receive, and he that seeketh, will surely find. His experience is worth all its cost. Comforted as we should that the petitions of believers are treasured with care to their execution, and are remembered in the divine plans of the moment. The world is ever ready to cry, "Where is the promise of God?" Let the answer be, for every thing God has promised, and for every blessing granted in answer to prayer. He is strictly adhered to, and is ever faithful to his word.

Mr Spurgeon and John Angell James.

The following reminiscence of Mr Spurgeon's intercourse with the late eminent John Angell James, will be read with interest:

In an early year of my ministry, while but a lad, I was seized with an intense desire to hear Mr James; and although my finances were somewhat meagre, I performed a pilgrimage to Birmingham solely with that object in view. I heard him deliver a week-evening lecture in his large vestry, upon that precious text, "*Ye are complete in Him.*" The savour of that very sweet discourse abides with me to this day, and I shall never read the passage without associating therewith the quiet, but earnest utterance of the departed man of God.

Some three years ago, when I was preaching in Birmingham, he was my hearer, and came, with many other brethren, into the vestry after the sermon. I cannot venture to repeat the loving words of encouragement which then fell from his lips; I am free to record the brief conversation, so far as it related to himself. I informed him of my having gone many a mile to hear him in former years; to which he humbly replied that he wished that I was the equal of my father. I assured him that it was quite the reverse, and upon quoting the text, he smiled, and shaking his head, he said, "Ah, ah, that was one of your favourites, you liked the Calvinism of it, and so you put up with me for the sake of the doctrine," adding, in a jocular manner, "I wonder whether you would like me as well on some other points." I then expressed my great thankfulness to God for the good which had been effected by his little book, called "The Anxious Inquirer," and his reply was just in keeping with the modesty for which he was so eminent.

"Well," said he, "the Lord has certainly blessed that book, but I must regard it as a very ordinary performance. Any other man might have written quite as well, if not better. It was the happy guidance of the Spirit as to the subject, which has more to do with its success than the manner in which it was handled."

How few there are among us could talk like this! Mock modesty is as common as salt in the sea, but the genuine humility which dwelt in Mr James, is rare indeed. It will be well for us, my dear friend, if we all labour after the most excellent gift, for it is an ornament which, even in the sight of God, is of great price.

The Black Lion.

Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm into a village inn, compelled to spend the night. When it grew late, the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr Hill replied—

"I have been waiting a long time, expecting to be called to family prayer."

"Family prayer! I don't know what you mean, sir; we never have such things here."

"Indeed! Then tell your master I cannot go to bed until we have family prayer."

The waiter informed his master, who in consternation, bounced into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said—"Sir, I wish you would go to bed. I cannot go until I have seen all the lights out, I am so afraid of fire."

"So am I," was the reply; "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer."

"All very well, sir; but it cannot be done at an inn."

"Indeed! then pray get my horses; I cannot sleep in a house where there is no family prayer."

The host preferred to dismiss his prejudice rather than his guest, and said:—"I have no objection to have a prayer, but I do not know how."

"Well, then, summon your people, and let us see what can be done."

The landlord obeyed, and in a few moments the astonished domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray.

"Sir, I never prayed in my life; I don't know how to pray."

"Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply.

The landlord said, folding his arms:—"God, teach us how to pray."

"That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr Hill, joyfully; "go on."

"I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir."

"Yes, you do; God has taught you how to pray; now thank him for it."

"Thank you, God Almighty, for letting us pray to you."

"Amen! amen!" exclaimed Mr Hill, and then prayed himself.

Twenty years afterwards, Mr Hill found in that same village a chapel and school, as the result of family prayer at the "Black lion."

New Treaty between China & England.

There is one consideration which ought to quicken our exertions in behalf of China. The treaty concluded between her Majesty the Sovereign of England and the Emperor of China, designated "A treaty of peace, friendship, commerce, and navigation," provides for the free action of the "Christian religion;" by which expression is intended Christianity and its counterfeit, Romanism. The treaty proceeds thus:—"Art. 8. The Christian religion, as professed by Protestants or Roman Catholics, inculcates the practice of virtue, and teaches them to do as they would be done by. Persons teaching it, or professing it, therefore shall alike be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities." This treaty is a most melancholy specimen of a state paper addressed by a Protestant nation to a heathen people. We tell them in this document that Protestantism or Romanism are like Christianity, and alike efficacious in the result which they produce: "they inculcate the practice of virtue, and teach man to do as he would be done by." Then truly the Chinese Romanist, and other Romanists also, are in a position to put rather an awkward question to England. They may ask, "Why then are you, as a nation, Protestants? You admit that the Roman Catholic religion is Christianity, and that its influence on the conduct is wholesome and beneficial. But you were yourselves once Romanists: why then did you leave that religion?" Now, we would ask, is this treaty of peace a document that is likely to carry with it the blessing of God? one in which England tells the Chinese that Protestantism and Romanism are alike good, and that it matters not which of them they prefer? To scriptural Christianity this great country owes her eminence and prosperity. It is this which, in its influence, has developed the energies of the national character, prepared us for freedom, and given us that freedom to enjoy. And is this our gratitude; this faithlessness to the truth of God, and disgraceful compromising of ourselves with an old discarded system—discarded because it was a curse upon the land? "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!" That woe is ours, so long as we permit such documents to be put forth in the name of the nation, and there is no protest against them.

We might have left it to France to take care of Popery, which she never fails to do wherever an opportunity presents itself. We might, too, have imitated her consistency; for while she stipulates for Romanism, on the subject of Protestantism she is silent. The 9th Art. of this convention of peace between the Emperors of France and China runs as follows:—

"It shall be promulgated throughout the length and breath of the land, in the terms of the Imperial edict of the 20th February, 1846, that it is permitted to all people in all parts of China to propagate and practise the 'teachings of the Lord of heaven,' to meet together for the preaching of the doctrine, to build churches, and to worship; farther, all such as individuals illegitimately arrest [Christians] shall be released, lands, and buildings, as were owned on former occasions by persecuted Christians, shall be paid for, and the money handed to the French representative at Pekin, for transmission to the Christians in the localities concerned. It is, in addition, permitted to French missionaries to rent and purchase land in all the provinces, and to erect building thereon at pleasure."

But it is the more our duty so to act as to convince the world that the acts of Government are not always true expressions of the mind, and principles of the nation. There may be much rottenness on the surface, but that at the heart's core the nation is sound, this is our belief. But we are bound to vindicate ourselves from the anomalous position in which, undoubtedly, state papers such as these are calculated to place us; and one way in which this may be done is by multiplying one hundred-fold our efforts for the evangelization of China.—*Church Missionary Intelligencer, May, 1861.*

A Church Missionary Prayer Union.

A very interesting Meeting for special prayer was held on Monday evening in the Church Missionary Chapel. It appears that the students in the Church Missionary College at Islington resolved in January last to invite all the agents of the society in all parts of the world, with their congregations, or in other words, all connected with the Society, to unite in prayer for the furtherance of the work, and the 8th of July was selected for this purpose. The invitation, which was read by the Rev. P. S. Royston at the opening of the Meeting, ran thus:—

"As it has pleased Almighty God of his great goodness to grant of late such manifest answers to the united prayers of Christians in all parts of the world for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, it has been mutually resolved by the brethren at the church Missionary College, Islington—preparing to labor amongst the heathen—that they will invite their brethren already engaged in the work to join with them in setting apart a certain day for earnest prayer to Him from whom alone comes every good and perfect gift.

Five topics were then proposed for the intercessory of prayer, commending the Society, its committees, secretaries, and agents of every degree, with all its interests, its converts, and the heathen to whom it addresses itself, to the blessing of God, and the special help of the Holy Spirit.

The native congregation met in the Church Missionary Chapel for this object in the morning, and at six o'clock in the evening, the English congregation, together with many of the principal friends of the society, assembled to respond to so welcome a call. The chapel was well filled, and we trust that many felt it good and refreshing to be there.

The Rev. P. S. Royston, having given out a hymn, which was sung with hearty goodwill, not by a choir, but by the whole assembly, explained the object of the Meeting, and made a few remarks on the magnitude of the work in which the Society is engaged.

The first topic, on which prayer was offered by the Rev. F. G. Lugard, was—"That He will bless our beloved Society, and vouchsafe an abundant outpouring of the Holy spirit on its Committees, Secretaries, and all concerned in directing its proceedings, and by increasing the liberality of the Church of Christ generally, enable the Society to extend its operations."

The Rev. T. Whitehouse then read Isaiah lx., and engaged in prayer on the second topic—"That he will pour out his Spirit upon every laborer—European and Native—already engaged in the work, and that He will raise up and 'send forth more laborers into the harvest.'"

The Rev. J. Bildebeck, having given out a hymn, prayed, thirdly—"That he will pour out his Spirit upon all who are preparing for the work especially at the Church Missionary College, Islington."

The Rev. W. Gray read John xvi. 14-14, and offered prayer on the fourth topic—"That he will pour out his Spirit upon all communicants, baptized Christians, candidates for baptism, and inquirers."

The 117th Psalm was then sung, and the Rev. P. S. Royston prayed, fifthly—"That He will incline the heathen to listen to the Gospel, and hasten the fulfilment of the promise that they shall be given in an inheritance to Jesus."

These important intercessions were duly mingled in each case with thanksgiving for the grace of God manifested in the work already accomplished, and the openings which He has set before his servants, together with heartfelt acknowledgments of sin and infirmity attendant upon all human agency; and we are persuaded that a deep feeling pervaded the entire assembly.—*Madras Observer, July 11.*

Treasure.

A Happy Man.

Reader, this is what you would like to be. It is quite natural. All people want to be happy. But remember my words this day:—The true Christian, the believer in Christ, the converted man, he is the only happy man.

Such a one is in an ark. When the last fiery deluge is sweeping over all things on the surface of the earth, it shall not come nigh him. He shall be caught up, and borne securely above it all. He is in Christ.

Such a one is in a hiding-place. When God arises to judge terribly the earth, and men are calling to rocks and mountains to fall upon them, and cover them, the everlasting arms shall be thrown around him, and the storm shall pass over his head. He shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. He is in Christ.

Such a one is in a city of refuge. The accuser of the brethren can lay no charge against him. The law cannot condemn him. There is a wall between him and the avenger of blood. The enemies of his soul cannot hurt him. He is in a secure sanctuary. He is in Christ.

Such a one is rich. He has treasure in heaven, which cannot be affected by worldly changes. He need not carry the richest merchants and bankers. He has a portion that will endure when bank notes and sovereigns are worthless things. He has Christ.

Such a one is insured. He is ready for any thing that may happen. Nothing can harm him. Banks may break, and Governments may be overturned. Famine and pestilence may rage around him. Sickness and sorrow may visit his own fireside; but still he is ready for all—ready for health, ready for disease, ready for tears, ready for joy, ready for poverty, ready for plenty, ready for life, ready for death. He has "redemption, that happiness for ever." Reader, be happy, and be happy. Repent, believe, follow Jesus, and you will be a happy man.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

"He Says."

I was visiting lately a little girl, a dear lamb of the Shepherd's flock, and one whom He seems to be carrying in his bosom, as she tarries for a while at the fords of Jordan.

Wondering at the unvarying serenity and peace which her countenance and words always expressed, I ventured to ask her, when speaking about the Saviour's legacy to his disciples, if the sweet peace which Jesus had given her was never ruffled or disturbed. "O yes," she said, "I lose it when I sin. It gives me such a sore pain here," she continued, laying her hand on her breast, whilst her soft, dark eyes slowly filled with tears, "when I fret or murmur, and forget all that the Lord bore for me." "And what do you do then to regain your peace?" said I. "I confess my sin, and ask God to pardon me," she replied.

"And do you know when He has forgiven you?" I continued; supposing she would tell of the pain at her heart removed, and a renewed assurance of pardon shed abroad there.

Her answer rebuked me,—O that I knew more of the child-like simplicity of the faith which it manifested—a faith which looked wholly to *God's Word*, and not at all to inward frames and feelings. Turning her eyes upon me, and speaking slowly, and with unconscious dignity, she replied,—"*He says*, if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all iniquity. *He says*, I will cast all your sins behind my back; your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more."

"*He says!* That is quite enough for faith. "Hath He said it, and will He not do it?"—He, whose very name is truth.

Truly out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God perfects praise; and shows us how it is that if we receive not the kingdom of God *as a little child*, we shall in no wise enter therein.—*British Mess.*

The Harvest.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved (Jer. viii. 20).

In the day shalt thou make thy plant to grow, and in the morning shalt thou make thy seed to flourish: but the harvest shall be a heap in the day of grief and of desperate sorrow (Is. xvii. 11.)

Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn (Mat. xiii. 30).

Thou shalt sow, but thou shalt not reap; thou shalt tread the olives, but thou shalt not anoint thee with oil (Mi. vi. 15).

Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns (Je. iv. 3).

For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind: it hath no stalk: the bud shall yield no meal (Ho. viii. 7).

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting (Ga. vi. 7, 8).

Christ Looking at us.

It is related of a certain chief of the M'Gregors, a Highland clan, who had warmly espoused the cause of the exiled Stuarts, that when advancing under the banner of Charles Edward against the English troops at Preston, Pans, in 1745, he was struck to the ground by two balls from the enemy. The M'Gregor clan, on seeing their chieftain fall, began to waver. When the wounded captain, partially raised himself upon his elbow, and as the blood streamed from his

POOR QUALITY ORIGINAL