

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 14, 1850.

No. 11.

The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,
is issued every Saturday Morning, from HANCOCK'S PRINTING OFFICE, South Side Queen Square.

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.)

PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O Holy Spirit! now descend on me,
As showers of rain upon a thirsty ground;
O come to flourish on a growing tree,
May all thy precious fruits in me be found.
Be thou my "Teacher"—in my soul reveal
The length, breadth, depth, and height of Jesus' love,
And on my soul thy best instruction send,
Raising my thoughts and heart to things above.
Be thou my "Comforter"—when I'm distressed,
O gently soothe my sorrows, calm my grief,
Help me to find upon my Saviour's breast,
In every hour of trial, sure relief.
Be thou my "Intercessor"—teach me to glow
To pray according to God's holy will;
O come to dwell and strong desire to glow,
And my whole soul with heavenly longings fill.
Be thou my "Saviour"—of eternal rest,
With his unchanging love and pure blood,
By Jesus' merits fully reconciled,
And purify and cleanse my every thought,
Subdue the power of each bustling sin,
And be my will to great abstinence brought.
Be thou my "Quaker"—in us revive
Such drooping grace, so prone to fade and die;
Help me on Jesus day by day to live,
And loosen more and more each earthly tie.
Most Spirit! I would yield myself to thee,
Do for me more than I can ask or think;
Let me thy holy habitation be,
And daily deeper from thy fulness drink.

—C. F.

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

Characteristics of the Vauds Valley.

[Continued from our last.]

I must remind the reader, that this is simply a look in upon the Vauds, on my way to Rome. I purpose here no description in full of the territory of the Vauds, or of the people of the Vauds. Their hills were shrouded in cloud and rain all the while I lived amongst them; and although my intention was to visit on foot every inch of their country, and more especially the scenes of their great struggles, I was compelled, after making well nigh a week to take my departure without having accomplished this part of my object. Leaving, then, the scene and desiring those famous valleys to some possible future day, all I shall attempt here is to convey some idea of the structural arrangement—the topography, if I may call it so—of the Waldensian territory, and the general condition of the Waldensian people. First, of their country.

A country and its people can never well be separated. The former, with silent but ceaseless influence, moulds the genius and habits of the latter, and determines the character of their history. It marks them out as fatal for slavery or freedom,—degradation or glory. The country of the Vauds is the material basis of their history; and the sublime points of their nation. Without such a country, we cannot conceive how the Vauds could have escaped extermination. The fertility and grandeur of their valleys were no chance gifts, but special endowments, having reference to the mighty moral struggle of which they were the destined theatre. It is this sentiment that forms the living spirit in the beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans, entitled, "The Hymn of the Vauds Mountaineers":

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our Father's God,
Thou hast made our children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain side.
Thou hast made our soil so fertile,
When the eagle's foot has tread;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our Father's God!

We are watchers of a banner,
Whose light most never die;
We are guardians of an altar,
'Midst the silence of the sky.
The rock yield fruits of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our Father's God!

For the dark surrounding caverns,
Where thy still small voice is heard;
For the strength of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirred;
For the streams on whose free plains
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our Father's God!

The banner of the obedient
Be, for below us waves;
The way before of the oppressor
Cannot reach our lofty caves.
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our Father's God!

Our God, our Father's God!
For the shadow of the promise
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern dials of battle,
Beating record of our deed;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our Father's God!

father died, and the son was sent to school, and in the course of time, to the Vauds. It is almost needless to say that from the time he left home the reading of the Bible was entirely out of the question. There remained, however, always a love for the Bible in his heart, as will be seen hereafter.

In 1833, Mr. Chiniquy was consecrated priest of the Church of Rome. Five years later he began to preach temperance all through Lower Canada, and continued to do so for more than twelve years. He was called the Father Matthew of Canada. It would be almost impossible to describe the great influence of Father Chiniquy. A few facts will give an idea of it. During his crusade against drunkenness, about two hundred thousand persons have taken the pledge to renounce all intoxicating drinks. It is said, however, to be obliged to say, that through the influence of the priests, who are in general little inclined to the practice of temperance, it is estimated that one-half have broken their pledge, and are again, more or less, slaves of the bottle.

Father Chiniquy had been preaching temperance hardly seven years, before thirty-two distilleries had to be closed, on account of the great distillation in the sale of liquor. During the last five years of his stay in Canada, the apostle of temperance had no charge—his whole time being occupied by the special work to which he had devoted himself.

In preaching against the use of strong drinks, he took every opportunity to preach against the Evangelical Christians, or Swiss, as they are called in that country, because the two missions in French Canada were established by ministers from Geneva de Vaud, in Switzerland. He had many times public discussions with those missionaries, particularly with Mr. Rouxy.

It was a great joy for Father Chiniquy when he could insult those miserable Protestants. Notwithstanding those and dispositions, he did often distribute New Testaments, which he did not understand himself, but which he loved in remembrance of the dear Bible in the home of his childhood. As soon as he had left a place where he had so distributed the gospel, the priests went carefully from house to house, collected together and destroyed all those books earned by them. They dared not to oppose Father Chiniquy openly, on account of his influence and popularity, which were immense. No Bishop, or even Archbishop, ever had such receptions as he had. Crowds from a great distance always went to meet him at the village where he was expected. They came on horseback with banners. Those receptions were great events.

On account of his great reputation, he was at different times called by bishops of the United States to preach to the French Canadians who are scattered throughout that country. In those journeys he acquired the conviction that there were about two hundred thousand of his countrymen living in this Protestant land, who were consequently in the greatest danger of being lost to the Church of Rome. This gave him the idea to found a colony in the western part of the United States, where land was still cheap, and to assemble around him, as much as possible, all the emigrants from Canada, in order to keep them under the influence of Rome, and prevent them from falling into the snare of Protestantism.

His plans having met with the approbation of the bishops of Canada, Mr. Chiniquy put them in execution in 1851. He bought thirty thousand acres of land in Illinois, seventy miles south of Chicago, and gave it to the children of his converts, and gave it to the children of his converts, and gave it to the children of his converts.

Every thing prospered according to his wishes in that colony until about three years ago. At that time the Bishop of Chicago took from the French Canadians a large tract which they had built themselves, and gave it to the Irish. Great was the outcry of the French Catholics, and Father Chiniquy was not slow in condemning publicly the conduct of the Bishop. Here followed a long, tedious, and vexatious discussion with three successive Bishops, into the particulars of which it is needless for me to enter. It is sufficient to say that Father Chiniquy, having refused to submit to his Bishop, except according to the laws of God and the laws of the Church, (when a submission, without condition in every thing, was required,) he was finally excommunicated with his congregation.

To defend his position during that quarrel, he studied a great deal the New Testament, which he distributed in large quantities amongst his people. They all read it with avidity, and when the time came to choose definitely between the Bishop of Rome and the gospel, about five hundred families declared themselves for the gospel.

What a glorious thing! How far back must we go in history to find any thing that can be compared to that joyful event?

Since then, in the midst of all kind of persecutions, they have remained faithful to the Christian religion, such as is taught in the Bible, rejecting all hope of salvation by their works, and receiving Christ as their only Saviour and Mediator. For that faith they have been persecuted by members of their own families; but they have suffered all without complaining, trusting in God to help them out of the difficulties into which their love for Him had brought them.

One of the weapons used by the priests to stop that work of reformation has been, and still is, to bring Father Chiniquy before the Courts of justice. He has been accused of every thing up to arson and murder. Of course his innocence has always been clearly proved, but he has spent a great deal of money, and has contracted debts which bring his churches and school-houses in great danger of being sold, and gung back to the Romanists. Next to bringing him to the penitentiary, that is the best thing that could happen for the priests. Shall their wishes be gratified, and must those new-born Christians of the Bible be crushed by the enemies of the gospel? No; the children of God all through the land will pray for them, and will give them a helping hand. They have given up every thing for the love of the Bible, and as Father Chiniquy said, shall they not find amongst the Christians of this country fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters? Yes, our hearts cannot remain cold, but will certainly soon be bound to theirs by the strong tie of charity!

These poor Canadians of Kankakee county have furthermore been greatly relieved in their worldly means by the failure of their crops for two successive years, and we must help them. To free their churches and school-houses from debts, they require from five to six thousand dollars, for which they offer securities on their lands, churches, school-houses, and colleges. All they wish is to prevent those buildings from passing into the hands of the priests.

One great reason which ought to induce us to rescue Father Chiniquy from all his troubles, is his great influence over the people of Canada, of which I have spoken, and which he has preserved to this day. Last

We read in the Apocalypse that "the woman fed into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days." "A place prepared" undoubtedly implies a special arrangement and a special adaptation, in the future dwelling of the Church, to the mission to be assigned her. The "wilderness" of the Apocalypse, we are inclined to think, is the great chain of the Alps; and the "place prepared" in that wilderness, we are also inclined to think, are the Cottian Alps, and more especially those valleys in the Cottian Alps which the confessor, known as the Vauds, inhabit. Long after Rome had subjected the plains, she possessed a foothold among the mountains. These, throughout well-nigh their entire extent, from where the Simplon road now cuts the chain, to the sea, were peopled by the professors of the gospel. They were a Goshen of light in the midst of an Egypt of darkness; and in these peaceful and sublime solitudes they met their flocks amid the green pastures and beside the clear waters of evangelical truth. But persecution came: it waxed hot; and every succeeding century beheld these confessors fewer in number, and their territory more restricted. At last all that remained to the Vauds of sky visible overhead, was a narrow strip of sky visible overhead. The town stands up the hill for a quarter of a mile or so, under the shadow of the famous Castellone, a stupendous mountain of rock, which shoots up, erect as a column on its pedestal, to a height of many thousands of feet, and in other days, sheltered, as I have said, in its stony arms, the persecuted. Nearly at the point of junction of the Val Angrona and the Val Lemaire stands La Tour, the capital of the valleys. It consists of a single street (for the few off-shoots are not worth mentioning) of two-story houses, whitewashed, and topped with broad eaves, which project till they leave only a narrow strip of sky visible overhead. The town winds up the hill for a quarter of a mile or so, under the shadow of the famous Castellone, a stupendous mountain of rock, which shoots up, erect as a column on its pedestal, to a height of many thousands of feet, and in other days, sheltered, as I have said, in its stony arms, the persecuted. Nearly at the point of junction of the Val Angrona and the Val Lemaire stands La Tour, the capital of the valleys. It consists of a single street (for the few off-shoots are not worth mentioning) of two-story houses, whitewashed, and topped with broad eaves, which project till they leave only a narrow strip of sky visible overhead. 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