The Protestant
AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

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The Protestant,

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BY

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"Over the River."

[The public admiration of the beautiful lines "Over the River," first published in the *Republican* in August 1847, and the inquiry as to their origin, has not ceased. We make the little poem, and the query as to where it came from, in our exchanges, almost daily; but not till now have we felt at liberty to unveil the mystery with which it has been invested. Mrs. Maud Hinckley, over which signature the poem was contributed to the *Republican*, is a young lady of Hinsdale, N. H., whose real name is Maria A. W. Priest. That she has real genius, her writings sufficiently evidence; but its character and the public appreciation it is accustomed to, the facts that her contributions have been only that of a country "district school," and that for three years past she worked for self-support in "the mill," from daylight till dark. She is now, at 22 years of age, struggling against the adventitious circumstances of her position, to fit herself for a teacher. Those who have been touched by the poetic suggestion, as well as the marked evidence and strength of her productions, will sympathize with her yearnings, and watch the promising career with hope and interest. The mind capable of producing "Over the River" under such circumstances, is not one that should not be content with a single victory.]—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the other side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mists hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting for me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carrying another, the household pet;
Her bonny curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from its silvery sands,
And all our sunlight we gave strangely dark:
We knew it must reach the maiden shore,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who crossed with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
We may not wander the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail:
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully greet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

Dr Merle D'Aubigne's New Work.

The fact that a new work is about to issue from the pen of the eminent historian of the Reformation, has been already announced to our colonists. The following notice of it, in Messrs. Longman's "Quarterly Paper" will interest our readers:—

"The History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin." By Dr Merle d'Aubigne. The first two volumes of this new work, by the author of the "History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century," will appear in the autumn. A comparison of the nations which have received the Reformation of Luther with those who adhere to that of Calvin (as Switzerland, Holland, England, Scotland, &c.), shows that the latter have been more free in their faith, and more active in the propagation of the Gospel, while they have carried out more fully the development of social life, especially in all that relates to constitutional liberty. This distinction has been carefully brought out by the author.

He has devoted a part of these two forthcoming volumes to Geneva, the centre of the new phase of the Reformation, as Wittenberg was the birth of Luther. The struggles of the first Huguenots in this city, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, to maintain their independence and their religion, may be said to have taken the lead in initiating the Reformation. Geneva was the first ecclesiastical principality in Europe which fell to make way for liberty; as Rome will in the last. The Republic of Geneva became really the heroic theme of the old republics; and the fate of those who fell martyrs for freedom seems with human interest.

In another part of the work the Author narrates the history of the Reformation in France during Calvin's sojourn in that country, from 1535 to 1550, in which year he went to Geneva. The character of Calvin has been hitherto very imperfectly understood; and after the lapse of three centuries the time seems come that the great Reformer of Geneva should come to be regarded solely as a sad theologian, that we should appreciate him as a man of warm heart, kindly feelings, and estimable personal character. The forthcoming work throws, it is believed, a new light on his conversion, which is not less striking than that of Luther, and on his first years of Christian ministry, of which even little to the present time know the most interesting circumstances. The author has studied himself of documents recently discovered, and to them adds, for instance, to give the celebrated discourse which Calvin wrote at the age of twenty-four, and which was read by the Rector of the University of Paris in 1533, at the opening of the University year; when it is well known that both the Rector and Calvin were obliged to fly in haste from Paris.

Other subjects, which have not yet received a satisfactory explanation, are cleared in a clear light; and among these may be specified the relations of Francis I. of France with the Protestant princes and doctors of Germany. It is proved by full and decisive that Francis, notorious for his worldliness and his persecution of the Reformed Christians, was at that time ready to follow the example of his friend Henry VIII. of England, and actually submitted to the Sorbonne, at Paris, a confession of faith nearly approximating to that of Augsburg.

On all these points, and on several collateral topics of deep historical interest, it is believed that Dr D'Aubigné's forthcoming volumes will afford abundant proof of much successful research.

Signs of the Times.

Turkey has been the embodiment of the Mohammedan imposture. Even now its deathknell is ringing in our ears. Italy has been the impregnable fortress of Papal superstition. The cambs of her martyrdom and the groans from her inquisitorial dungeons, have appalled the nations. But these fires are now smouldering to ashes, and these dungeons are falling into decay. Austria is the embodiment of political despotism. From her seat, in central Europe, astride the Danube, Austria, for ages, with demon power, has blighted every aspiration for freedom within reach of her long arm. Her army has encircled from the Baltic to the Euxine, from the North pole almost to a tropical clime. Creeping, as with a united head, a conglomeration of kingdoms, dukedoms, and principalities, each one a formidable power itself, with a standing army of 600,000 men, and a population of forty millions, to toil in work-shop and field, for the support of this court and camp. Austria, with her countless means, has silenced every voice in Europe which would speak against the oppressor and for the oppressed.

Wherever the slightest movement toward freedom was witnessed in Poland, Prussia, Russia, Switzerland, Sardinia, or Naples, the white coated legions of Austria, with glittering bayonet, and steel-clad bottlement, and cannon charged to the muzzle, were at the rich should pay to the bluecoat poorer "death which is just and equal." But what do our eyes now behold? Austria, with her own hands, is the great destruction which has swallowed up the long dominion and tyranny of Italy, and the imposture of the Orient.

Beautiful Naples, almost delirious with delight, is ringing the chimes of her cathedral bells over the green hills and vales. The dastard, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, have broken forever from Austrian misrule. Their blooming Misses of luxuriance and nobility, whose, for ages, cherished locks and priests in embroidered robes have crushed humanity, now rejoice in a free press, a free pulpit, free labor, free schools, and equal rights for peasant and prince. And what