The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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BY

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"THE NAME OF THE GOD OF JACOB DEFEND THEE."

Defend us, Lord, the night hath come,
Draw angel-guards around our home,
For sinful men in crime grow bold,
And lynx-eyed robbers prowl for gold;
Save us from violence and wrong,
For we are weak, and thou art strong.

Defend us, Lord, our utmost power
Avails not at the midnight hour;
For helpless, while in dreams we lie,
Devouring flames may light the sky,
Or dark-winged pestilence invade,
And dearest treasures fleet and fade.

Defend us, Lord, when morning's ray
Leads on the changes of the day;
Preserve us from temptation free,
And let our faith rejoice in thee,
Convinced that all thy ways are kind,
And thou art wise, though we are blind.

Defend us, Lord, from tyrant care,
Whose wrinkling livery we wear;
And bid our thoughtful pity glow,
To cheer the sons of want and woe
With friendly deeds and loving speech,
To all our Saviour came to teach

Defend us, Lord, to thee we cling:
Thou art our Father and our King;
From the first feeble cry of birth,
Thy hand hath led us o'er the earth;
So guide us till our latest sigh,
And take us to thy home on high.

—*Am. Messenger.*

THE MOTHERLESS.

God help and shield the motherless,
The stricken, bleeding dove,
For whom there gushes no rich fount
Of deep and deathless love;
The saddest title grief confers—
For who so sad as they
Upon whose path a mother's love
Sheds not its holy ray.

No gentle form above them bends,
To sooth the couch of pain;
No voice so fond as here essays
To calm the feverish brain.
O other tongues may whisper love,
In accents soft and mild,
But none on earth so pure as that
A mother bears her child.

Judge kindly of the motherless;
A weary lot is theirs;
And oft the heart which gayest seems,
A load of sorrow bears.
No faithful voice directs their steps,
Or bids them onward press;
And if they "gang a kennin' wrang"—
God help the motherless!

Popish Tactics in Parliament.

The great events that are now stirring in the south of Italy have roused the adherents of the Pope in this country to unwonted efforts. It is not in Ireland alone that subscriptions are raised on behalf of the Pontifical See, but in England also; and especially in this metropolis, collections are made from all the faithful under the name, so well known in England when England was Romish, of Peter's pence. It is said that the collections that have been made in the different congregations in London under this head amount to £2000, not a very large sum in itself, but it does not include the subscriptions given privately. The money is devoted to the enlistment and transport of the Irish recruits for the Pope's army. Now, bearing in mind these facts, your readers will be able to estimate the power of face that was required on the part of the Roman Catholic members in the House of Commons, a short time ago, when they took the Government to task for, as they said, discouraging the Papal enlistment, while they made no objection to the subscriptions for the Garibaldi fund. In making this complaint, by the way, they plainly avowed their sympathy not only with spiritual despotism on the part of the Pope, but with what many Roman Catholics say has no connexion with it, the temporal despotism of the King of Naples. Let that pass, however. The complaint was that the Government has issued a proclamation or notice or warning in Ireland against Irishmen violating a plain statute law by enlisting in the service of a foreign power, which Mr. Monsell and Mr. O'Donoghue, who calls himself, and is called by his admirers, The O'Donoghue, prince of the glens, denounced as an act of tyranny which the King of Naples could not reach, while they had taken no notice whatever of the attempt to raise subscriptions for Garibaldi. This they said was partiality and favor for one cause; and all the time these men knew that money was raised as openly for the Pope as for Garibaldi, so that there was the most complete impartiality at the very point where they complained of wrong. But the long and pusillanimous toleration of successive Governments has rendered the insolence of the men intolerable.

In the meantime the recruiting goes on openly enough, though there is not that secession from the ranks of the police which the Romanists would have us believe. What secession there has been in that quarter is mainly from the city of Dublin police, an intensely Romish body quite distinct from the national force, under the patronage and control of the Dublin Corporation. Amongst the people at large the proclamation checked the recruiting for a time, but, stimulated by the priests, it has begun again. The parish ecclesiastics march the men down to the railway trains and see them off. It may be asked why, under such circumstances, does not the Government interfere, carry out the law, stop and punish its violators? There are, however, difficulties in the way. It would not be easy to get that amount of legal evidence which would be necessary to insure a conviction; and though this might be surmounted if it were thought worth while, the question returns, Is it worth while? What do we lose by these men embarking on such a wild errand? It is not only what might truly enough be said, that the men who would go to fight against a nation struggling for freedom are not worthy of living under our own happy constitution. It is fair to suppose that many of these young men have been imposed upon, and that they really believe they are about to engage in a course for which the Italians themselves will bless them. Such men will be soon enough undeceived; they will have a practical lesson of what that despotism and tyranny, which they have heard demagogues so often prate about, but which they have never known, really means; they will find a race who believe in the same doctrines with themselves, but who yet detest the priests that administer the system, and who are to the simple Irish mind little short of gods on earth. In short, the process that went on in Luther's mind, who was first shaken in his faith in Romanism by going to Rome, is likely to take place with them also; and those of them who survive and return to this country will come back with other opinions and wider views than when they left it. And in the meantime we can afford to spare them.

There is a bill standing for discussion in the House of Commons just now that your readers will probably take some interest in. It is called the Roman Catholic Charities Act. To understand its history, however, it is necessary to go back a little. Several years ago an Act passed the Legislature putting all the charities in England under the control of certain Commissioners, whose duty it was to see that the funds were administered for the purposes to which the bequeather wished them,—to secure and to purge away all abuses that might have been allowed to creep in. From the operation of this Act, however, the charities held by Roman Catholics were specially exempted. It was urged by them, plausibly enough, that to put their charities under the control of Commissioners would be, in fact, to destroy them altogether, for there was not one of them which did not contain, as one of the conditions of the charity, that masses should be said for the soul of the bequeather. Now the English law classes all such conditions under the head of superstitious uses, the existence of which renders the bequest null and void. If, therefore, the trustees of those charities disclosed to the Charity Commissioners the legal evidence, which they would be bound to do, of the "superstitious uses to which they were appropriated, it would be open to any one to apply to the courts of law to have them declared null and void, and for the property to revert to the right heirs. The framers of the Charity Trusts Act allowed the force of these arguments, and the Roman Catholics were exempted. But it was expressly declared that the exemption was to continue only for a time, until an Act should be devised which would keep Romish charities out of the operation of the "Superstitious uses" Act. But successive Governments were either too busy, or too idle to frame such a measure. It never was forthcoming, but in its stead a temporary Act was passed, continuing the exemption from year to year. And in the meantime, the whole property left for religious and charitable purposes by the Roman Catholic body remained under the sole and uncontrolled disposition of the bishops. Strange as it may appear to those who assert, and perhaps believe, that these bishops have the full confidence of their flocks, this arrangement was not satisfactory to some of the Roman Catholics themselves, especially to those of them who reside in the north of England. They asked that their charities should be brought under the operation of settled law, and for this purpose they wished them to be placed under the control of the Charity Commissioners. The bishops, on the other hand, who were well satisfied with the existing arrangements, were at first disposed to regard this as an imputation on their integrity, but they found that the feeling was too strong to be resisted. The Government, too, were roused from their apathy, and felt they must redeem their long-given pledge. It was time, indeed; for last session, and even, I think, the session before last, Mr. Hutt, the member for Gateshead, acting as the representative of the Roman Catholics, organized an opposition to this annual bill of exemption. If he had succeeded, as he was very near doing, the Government must either have brought in a proper bill at once, or the Romish charities, with the risks of violence, would have fallen into the hands of the Charity Commissioners. So last year an attempt was made to frame a bill, the Government and the Romish agents could not agree, and a continuance bill was again passed. This session Mr. Bowyer has taken up the matter, and as he is assisted by Mr. Butt, whose name is also on the back of the bill, it may be presumed that a compromise has been come to by the different Romish parties, and that they are agreed to allow this bill to pass. It is not to pass unopposed, however. That excellent son of an excellent father, Sir Andrew Agnew, whose Protestantism is decided, though no one would call it intolerant, has given notice, that when the bill, which stands for a committee, shall come forward—the second reading was passed by consent without discussion—he will move its rejection. The objections to the bill are, I think, manifest. To say nothing of the repeal of the Act on superstitious uses, which would enable priests to ply their trade of legacy-hunting at the side of deathbeds with renewed energy, there is the provision, that unless wilful fraud can be alleged, no action shall be taken against the way in which charities have hitherto been administered. And then there is the other provision, that where no written deeds exist to indicate the direction of a charity—written deeds were always avoided in Romish bequests, for fear of being brought under this very law of superstitious uses—then the administration of the charity for twenty continuous years shall be held to be the proper administration, and shall be continued in all time coming. But the complaint of the northern Romanists, at least, has all along been that the bishops were administering these charities in a way that did not satisfy them. But this will bind the burden of which they complained round their necks for ever. Other objections may perhaps occur to legal eyes, but if there were no more, there would be sufficient to justify Sir Andrew Agnew in the course he has announced his intention to pursue with regard to this bill.—*London Cor. of the Bulwark.*

The Ribbon Conspiracy.

Seven men have been committed for trial at Dundalk, for participating in a Ribbon conspiracy, while four others have been ordered to give bail for their appearance when called on. Kelly, the informer, who said he had been a Ribbonman for the last nine years, made the following disclosures:—"Was sworn on a prayer-book in Balladine, county of Sligo; was sworn to aid any foreign power that should come to invade Ireland; was to push the society as far as he could; was not to keep the company of Protestants, but do all he could against them; got the signs and passwords when sworn; when he left Sligo he got a certificate; gave it to a man in Drumleek, in this county, who gave him the signs and passwords of the quarter; went then to England; brought the certificate with him and gave it to a man in Birkenhead, when he got the signs and passwords; he came home to Dromsikin, and got the signs and passwords from a person in Waterstown, who he believes has gone to America; got them next from a man living in Allardstown (naming him); the last time he got them from this man was about 18 months since! he got them before from one of the prisoners; he remembers the words the Allardstown man gave him in Dundalk—'The long-tailed star did appear forewarned of man,' and knows other passwords; minds the first he got best—'What's your length, strength, and age?' 'The green ribbon and white cockade?' 'What depth does your stick carry?' 'Three inches in an Orange-man's head.' Got signs and passwords from prisoner John Hanlan about ten months ago—'The times are good.' 'Yes, we expect cheap food.' 'The times are mending.' 'Tyranny is bending.' The passwords to the parish masters were, 'What's your opinion of the Emperor?' 'We have war at home.' Witness proceeded at great length to describe other meetings, and the giving of passwords, some of which were—'Do you think we will have fair play?' 'It is hard to say.' 'If Napoleon acts fair he will protect the chair.' 'France, Austria and Spain, may they always rule the main."

The Norwich Kidnapping Case.

Mr. Vansittart, M. P., for Windsor, a strong Protestant, has an only son, aged sixteen. The youth is rather delicate, in mind and body; but is heir to much wealth. For a year, the boy had been at school in Brighton, where he remained, till last month. During the winter, he was over in Ireland, with some Popish relatives, and had been induced to go to mass, once or twice. On his return to Brighton, priests gathered round him. One especially, an Italian, Giugini, enticed him from school. Mr Vansittart went down to Brighton, to demand his son, and found him concealed, by a Romish priest, Cleary by name. But, on threat of a *mandamus*, Cleary gave up the boy, who was then placed under the care of Rev H. S. Hodgson, Vicar of Jackheath, near Norwich. Here he was quite happy and contented. But there were snakes in the grass. During the temporary absence of Mr Hodgson, the Italian priest, Giugini, came creeping up the road to the house, dressed in a large blue cloak, and muffled up; altogether in traditional Jesuit fashion, of the orthodox Guy Fawkes school. "Cut and run!" said Giugini. The boy asked where to. "Oh! there are plenty of Catholic chapels about," and especially, "one in Willow-lane, a Jesuitical one." The poor boy was persuaded to leave, and he sought refuge in a Popish chapel, in Madder-street. On going into the yard, some one tapped at the window. This was Cannon Dalton—up to cannon law. He hid the boy; lent him money; gave him a note to some "Father Thomas;" *advised him not to communicate with his father;* took him to a Popish watchmaker, who bought his watch, and hid the boy, till search was instituted, and Cannon Dalton was compelled to say where he was to be found. A warrant has been issued for the apprehension of the Italian, who, of course, will never be found.—*Downshire Protestant.*

Garibaldi.

This is the most remarkable man of the age. Patriotic and heroic, he has devoted his life and fortunes to the liberation of his native Italy from the oppressions of despotism, intensified by a dominant Popery. This inhuman and debasing system has fully worked out its experiment in the misgovernment of Italy; and, as in every other place where it has had the supreme power, it has entailed misery on its subjects. Austria, Spain, Portugal and Mexico, have alike deteriorated under its influence. Garibaldi has carefully studied the people who have been ground to the earth by its iron rule, in the Roman States and the two Sicilies, and his soul has been fired to stir up the people to break off its yoke. Possessed of the first qualities of a soldier, he has won the highest distinction in Piedmont, and now more wonderfully in Sicily. His bold adventure to land on the island with a thousand troops in the very face of the armies of Naples, was regarded as generous but rash, and from that movement he aroused the dormant energies of the Sicilians, and led them on to a series of victories which in a few weeks drove the Neapolitan troops from the shores, and ended in the deliverance of the island. From the commencement of his career, we have been profoundly interested in the career of this man, and the more his acts develope the genius and temper which inspire him, the more our admiration is increased. May God preserve his valuable life, and withhold the wicked intervention of foreign powers which would frustrate his noble intentions. Christians should pray that he may continue the heaven-protected liberator of Naples from the blood-thirsty wretch who tyrannizes over it.—*Phil. Presbyterian.*

The Revival in Restigouche.

The Rev. Alexander Stirling, in addressing the Synod of New Brunswick on the subject of religious awakening in Restigouche, described the low state of religion which had previously existed, and the great change that had taken place. It was in the midst of a midnight frolic or dance that the work began, which showed it was not of man but of the Lord. Several persons were laid low in mental agony about their souls, including the wife of the proprietor of the house. They felt constrained to send for a godly elder, who had been in much sorrow on account of his son's having gone to the dance; he had been engaged in praying for him, and other parents were similarly engaged. The Lord answered while they were yet speaking. The dance was turned into a prayer-meeting, and since then a mighty change has passed over the congregation of the Rev. Angus M'Master. For the last three months, night after night, crowded meetings for prayer had been held, even in their busiest seasons. Perhaps you never saw such a congregation as met and now filled the church on the Lord's day, which formerly was only filled as rare occasions. Earnestness sat on every face. Men wanted something vital, and were in search for it on for gold. Before the minister arrived every person was in his seat, and every head bowed apparently in earnest prayer. The singing showed that the whole soul was engaged. He rarely heard such singing. The tunes selected were not Italian trills, but good old sacred tunes—"wild warbling Dundee" or "plaintive Martyrs:" what was the sweetest music of earth compared with such heart-breathed melodies? During public prayer not a breath was heard. An awful stillness prevailed, as if the Divine presence was realized by every one. Occasionally a cry of, Lord save me! Lord Jesus cast me not away from thy sight, &c., was heard. Perhaps some case of prostration would occur, or more than one. During the sermon the earnestness already referred to was seen in its intensest form. The people seemed to devour the words of the preacher. On some occasions no prostrations occurred; on others, more. They occurred more frequently under the preaching of the Cross, than what might be called the preaching of the Law; but no persons inferred that the prostrations were of *themselves* any evidence of conversion. They marked intense feeling, whether of anguish or of joy; and the evidence of genuine conversion was to be sought in a changed life. The same persons might be the subject of frequent prostration, and such prostrations might occur in the houses, the field, or by the way-side, as well as in the church. The persons prostrated retained the full use of all their faculties, save as to their bodily powers. Mr. Stirling gave lengthened details of the work amongst very young persons, which were full of interest. The Bible was now read in the fields at intervals of labor by them, and religion, and not the vanities of the day, was the subject of their constant conversation. Prayer-meetings were being established in many places, and family prayer was quite general. The moral improvement which had taken place was very great, as respects Sabbath-breaking, intemperance and profanity. Much earnest private prayer prevailed, and prayer-meetings of two, on the part of many females, often took place in the house or in the fields. Many have found peace; others are sensible of their want of true peace, and eagerly seeking it. The most moral men in the community, the nominal Christians have been less affected by the movement, so far as it has yet proceeded, than those who hitherto made no profession of religion. There is one feature of the work which deserves especial notice. It is the spirit of love that prevails among the converts towards the Lord Jesus Christ, and to one another. They love to bestow upon him the most endearing appellations, such as that he is the "Fairest among the sons of men," that "his name is as ointment poured fourth," &c. &c. They speak of Him with beaming countenances and in soft tender accents. As regards their love to each other, I must say, said Mr. Stirling, I never saw such love—it surpasses that of brothers and sisters. It is of the most intense description, both towards one another and towards those who have been the instruments in the hand of God in bringing them to the knowledge of the truth.

Treasury.

Dependence on God.

If ever pains were taken by the Almighty deeply to impress any truth upon the mind of man, it was that of entire dependence upon himself, as the Author and Giver of all good.

This He labored to inculcate upon the minds of the Israelites by the whole course of his proceedings. They were brought out of Egypt, not of their own motion or choice, but by his special call. He had provided a country for them, and He charged himself with conducting them into it. Pharoah resisted them; difficulties were multiplied to oppose them; but every difficulty served only enhance the greatness of the power which overcame it, and to point out more manifestly the hand of the Most High. The sea opened a passage for them, and swallowed up their pursuers: the strong rock in the desert poured out for them copious streams of water, which followed them in their course: a cloud miraculously shaded them from the intense heat by day, and a pillar of fire gave them light by night: manna fell around them, in sufficient quantity to support them all abundantly: their clothes waxed not old upon them, nor did their feet swell: quails came daily, and fell around their camp in such abundance as amply to supply all their wants. Were they bitten by serpents, they were miraculously healed by only looking to one of brass. Did they want to pass over into the country which God had given them, the waters of Jordan flowed back, and left them a dry passage through its channel. And the walls of their enemies' cities fell down at their approach. Could any facts indicate in a more striking manner the presence and the agency of the Almighty God? This was the very knowledge He intended to inculcate.

More important knowledge than this of the providence of God cannot be learned by men. While we thus practically know the power and presence of God, we shall feel the dispositions which that knowledge ought to inspire; we shall watch over our conduct with a filial dread of offending him, we shall place an unbounded confidence in his wisdom to direct, his power to strengthen, his providence to defend, his goodness to bless us; we shall cease to have no will of our own, and become anxious only that his will should be done; we shall submit to him with perfect resignation, and endeavor in all things to obey his commands.—*Vens.*

Grace and Glory.

The Holy Spirit leads us to believe that if you will take your seats at the feast of love below, you will have the assurance given that there is room for you at the marriage supper of the Lamb above.

Many have already come from the east and from the west, and have sat down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, and "yet there is room." The number will be like the number of the sealed people in the Apocalypse, a complete number like that 144,000; but it is not yet completed.

A great multitude, which no man can number, is said to stand before the throne of God and the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands. They have come there out of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and "yet there is room."

O, my friends, how blessed to be among that glorious ransomed company! And you and I have just as much warrant to seek a place there as those had who are now before the throne in glory! There is one way to all, and free to all. The way to glory is by Calvary. The way to heaven is through the banquet-hall of love. Embrace the gospel, and you may rest satisfied that there is room for you in the King's palace in the New Jerusalem. The very angels will stand back to make room for you, and let you nearest to the throne of the exalted Redeemer! They will rejoice over you to-day, if they see you sitting at the gospel table, and eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Son of man; and they will watch over you during life, and bear you away at last to the banqueting-house on high, where Jesus and all his ransomed children meet, where holy Enoch still walks with God, and where the beloved disciple forever leans upon his Saviour's breast.

The Inquirer Directed by Scripture.

Dear Friend,—The direction of Scripture is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, *and thou shalt be saved;*" and no one can say, "I have complied with *this* direction, and am still unsaved." You, my friend, cannot say that you have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ without finding salvation. You have only been *trying to believe*, and that is not the direction given in Scripture at all.

The true direction is given in many various forms as, for instance, to look, to come, to flee for refuge, to eat Christ's flesh and to drink his blood.

But to look to Jesus is to believe on him; to come to Christ is to believe on Him: and in the chapter in which Christ says so much of eating his flesh and drinking his blood, He shows what He means by saying, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger (that is, he eats); and he that believeth on me, shall never thirst" (that is, he drinks). (John, vi. 35.)

But then it is *Christ* that saves—not the coming, looking, or believing, in any sense in which these things can be considered apart from him.

It is the bread that nourishes a hungry man. He must eat it, of course, or it will not sustain him. But he might move his teeth, as though eating, for any length of time, and receive no nutriment, if there were no bread in his mouth.

It is the bread that appeases his hunger, indispensable as it may be for him to eat it. But a hungry man would not sit disputing as to whether he could or could not eat. If bread were set before him, with a hearty welcome, and he were really hungry, how readily and how gladly would he eat.

Do you thus, my friend, take Christ, the Bread of Life, home to your soul as yours. God assures you that you are welcome, Believe his word; eat and live for ever.

Three Fools.

I will show you three fools. One is yonder soldier, who has been wounded on the field of battle—grievously wounded, well-nigh unto death. The surgeon is by his side, and the soldier asked him a question. Listen, and judge of his folly? What question does he ask? Does he raise his eyes with eager anxiety and inquire if the wound be mortal, if the practitioner's skill can suggest the means of healing, or if the remedies are within reach and the medicine at hand? No, nothing of the sort. Strange to tell, he asks, "Can you inform me with what sword I was wounded, and by what Russian I have been thus grievously mauled? I want," he adds, "to learn every minute particular respecting the origin of my wound." The man is delirious,—his head is affected! Surely such questions at such a time are proof enough that, is bereft of his senses.

There is another fool. The storm is raging, the ship is flying impetuously before the gale, the dark scud moves swiftly over head, the masts are creaking the sails are rent to rags, and still the gathering tempest grows more fierce. Where is the captain? Is he busily engaged on the deck, is he manfully facing the danger, and skilfully suggesting means to avert it? No, sir, he has retired to his cabin; and there wit studious thoughts and crazy fancies, he is speculating on the place where this storm took its rise. "It is mysterious this wind; no one even yet," he says, "has been able to discover it." And so, reckless of the vessel, the lives of the passengers, and his own life, he is careful only to solve his curious question. The man is mad, sir; take the rudder from his hand; he is clean gone mad!

The third fool I shall doubtless find among yourselves. You are sick and wounded with sin, you are in the storm and hurricane of Almighty vengeance and yet the question which you would ask of me this morning would be, "Sir, what is the origin of evil? You are mad, sir, spiritually mad! that is not the question you would ask if you were in a sane and healthy state of mind. Your question would be. "How can I get rid of the evil?" Not, "How did it come into the world?" but, "How am I to escape from it?"

Not, "How is it that fire descended from heaven upon Sodom?" but, "How may I, like Lot, escape out of the city to a Zoar." Not, "How is it that I am sick?" but, "Are there medicines that will heal me? Is there a physician to be found that can restore my soul to health?" Ah! you trifle with subtleties while you neglect certainties.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

The Last Call.

It was in the winter of the year 1854, that the village of G.——was favored with a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God. Many of the worst characters in the town had been awakened and converted, and were now clothed and in their right minds. There were some, however, who remained unaffected; and among these was Miss C——, who had surrounded herself with a defence of self-righteousness, and had successfully warded off every arrow of truth shot from the bow of the gospel by the minister of Jesus Christ. Yet she was pleased to witness the changes going on around her; and as one after another was converted, she rejoiced that they were brought to the enjoyments connected with the higher life of the Christian.

But she thought the gospel could do nothing for her. Already she was far in advance of many professed Christians in point of morality. She had lived an irreproachable life. Of what then had she to repent? What was to be the nature of her confessions? Alas, how little she knew of her own heart, and that in the sight of a heart-searching God, she was "poor, miserable, blind, and naked."