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My Dying Husband.

The following is from a new volume of Poems, by Mrs. C. H. Johnson, published in New York. It bears the name of a friend of the author's, and is a beautiful and touching poem, and is so truly beautiful, that we have no doubt it will be extensively published, and deserves to be extensively read.

Sleep, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done,
Lay from afar the freshening breezes sweep,
Wide over graves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lonely bed,
The bed of pain,
Bathe the patient head,
Take the fearful showers of rain,
Oh, come!
While the white curtains waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pry the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night is here,
While the watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!
I have no more to do,
Oh, how I wish to see thee now,
But would I suffer pappies over thee now,
Or with a softer care,
The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press
From the weary lid and aching brow,
While the watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the peaceful night,
The birds are sleeping,
Their little gold in a flutter
While the wind whistles have dared to utter,
Till all are sleeping,
As if a choir,
Of golden-winged birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound,
The music flows around,
And drops like balsam into the drowsy ear,
While the watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

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document, setting forth in a clear and lucid manner the proceedings of the Committee during the past year, and appealing powerfully to the understanding and the heart, in behalf of the Indian. It will be immediately published, and deserves to be extensively read.

Rev. RICHARD McLEARN moved the first Resolution, That the Report be adopted and published. He spoke to the following effect:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret that I was not present at the commencement of the reading of the Report. I have, however, heard enough of it to convince me, had it been necessary to convince me of what is so well known, of its vast importance; and to fully forth the highest emotions of gratitude to the Giver of all Good, for what has been done already in behalf of the poor Indians. Sir, we are under the highest obligations to them. They have claims upon us which we can never adequately discharge. We have taken their property away from them. We have deprived them of their—I was going to say—unalienable rights. One way were the possessors of this whole Province. It was theirs by the strongest possible claim. It was theirs because God made them here, and gave, for their use and enjoyment, the earth, the air, and the waters, with all their contents. They held them by an undisputed title. There was no one to set up a counter claim. All this was given them for their enjoyment. And enjoy it they did, no doubt, to a high degree of perfection. They know no want. In summer's heat and winter's cold they were amply provided for. The cattle upon these thousand hills were theirs. Whole herds of moose and caribou browsed upon these hills, and fattened upon these plains and meadows for their use. The rivers and harbours poured in their inexhaustible supplies of fish; and want was unknown in their dwelling places. But the white man—the European—the pale-face—came, and drove them away—scized upon their property, smote down their walls and woe into the midst of their desolated families, and drove them from their blazing dwellings, and left them nothing but the smoke of their pipes, and the ashes of their hearths. Sir, we have done this. We have given them truth? Have we instructed them? Have we bestowed upon them one single boon? Verily, we have not. We have seized upon their lands, taken possession of their forests, and fields, and floods; we have done them manifest injury. We have placed them in a situation infinitely worse than that in which we found them: and we have made no compensation. We have given them disease, degradation, crime, and death. The small pox, the fever, consumption, the fire-water, drunkenness, and debauchery, with their ten thousand attendant plagues, and pains, and woes, we have brought them, but the salvation, the faith, and joy, and purity of the Gospel, we have not brought them. O! how demoralizing has been the effect of the white man's intrusion! We have left them in ignorance, we have left them in misery, we have left them in degradation, and we have left them in woe, and, unless something be done speedily to prevent it, they must wholly perish.

We know well that they have had professedly religious instructors; that a certain number of individuals have had their entire confidence, and I am not going to say anything against these people at this time. I can only say that their efforts have proved a complete failure. Notwithstanding all their exertions, whatever those exertions have been, the Indians have continued weak and ignorant and depraved. If any one doubts this, just let him look at the people. There they are, a living epistle, known and read of all men. There they are—a standing argument which admits of no refutation, or concealment. The Homans ought to be just to admit that they have failed; that whatever else they may have done, they have not been able to better the condition of the Indians of these Provinces, either physically or morally. They ought to have sufficient magnanimity to just hand them over to us. And then, if, after two or three generations, with untiring effort and assiduity, we shall have as signally failed, let us then hand them over to others.

Mr. Chairman, it is our solemn duty to do something for these people. I remember, Sir, to have met somewhere with the thought, that, where but one single soul in the whole world unenlightened by the Gospel, it would be worth while for all the rest of the world to engage in a mission in his behalf, even though it required all their property and a whole lifetime of self-denial, labour, and suffering. I dare not say in the case of these Indians, no such sacrifice is required. They are at our very doors. Surely Charity would begin at home. O, Sir, I feel assured that we can not, and that we will not forget them!

I would there were more mothers among us animated by the spirit of Hannah and Eunice, of old, to offer their Samuel's to their Timothy's to the work of the Lord. How eagerly they will engage in the prosecution of worthy honours and wealth; how ready they engage in the expense and the preparation for exploring the regions of gold! while the honours and the riches which are promised to those "who turn many to righteousness" are slighted and neglected.

Pardon this digression. It is all very proper to look towards the creating of a missionary establishment, and to be preparing the means; but life is uncertain, and should our missionary be called away, there would to human appearance be lost a vast amount of labour, if no one were ready to supply his place. I have, therefore, myself, and several additional labourers engaged with Mr. Rand, than the erection of the proposed establishment. There would then be but little danger of a failure for want of labourers.

Let me, then, ask this audience to consider this subject. I think we should endeavor to secure a fit assistant to labour with Mr. Rand. Let christian mothers consider

of this subject, and then, perhaps, at our next anniversary, we may be cheered with the intelligence that we have an additional missionary engaged in this work.

(Continued next week.)

Ministerial Memoranda of a Missionary Tour.

WOODSTOCK AND ANDOVER CIRCUITS, N. B.

DEAR BROTHERS.—The Missionary Campaign for the fall of 1853 has just commenced. The credits above named are among the first of the series, and you and your readers are indebted to a regular rainy day of the old-fashioned sort for a few "drifts," which perhaps the continuous labour of an important Circuit might otherwise, if not altogether prevented.

I left Fredericton on Monday, September 12th, by stage, (the navigation of the St. John river above Fredericton being impracticable to Steamers,) thus varying altogether the views on this river, my former visits to this place having been by water. Nor do I think the change in the point of sight which this involves to be a matter of regret—the windings of this noble river are more distinctly seen—the numerous low islands, imperceptible as such are from the channel of the river, are distinctly marked—and the beautiful intervals just relieved of their autumnal wealth are a pleasing contrast to the sloping uplands and distant forest which finish and perfect the landscape.

The roads in New Brunswick are good, and the whole distance to Woodstock, (62 miles) is a pleasant drive—the entrance to the village being particularly beautiful.

On arriving at Woodstock the programme of our work was laid before us, involving an early start on the following morning, and a pretty considerable share of labour for the whole week. Above Woodstock town the road was entirely new. I had some of the pleasantest travelling companions I could have selected—the weather was particularly favourable after a temporary observation notwithstanding after a heavy shower, the immediate neighbourhood of the river may be described as more massive and impressive as we advanced on our journey—nearly always in sight from the road, it sometimes bursts in sight with the accompaniment of high hills crowned as well as clothed with maple, elm, and birch, already receiving the tint of autumn, and presenting premonitions of the coming of winter.

After journeying thirty miles, we halted to hold our first meeting at Wicklow, and though held in a very humble schoolhouse, we were not less successful. The arrangements were made, this meeting still put up with the unassisted efforts of this community—yet they told me, if about forty-five persons could be raised for them, they would at once commence, and finish, as far as the could, a place to worship in. We have held out, in the town lots, a two-acre lot as Methodist ground, and when they made an appeal to me, I felt as though I could scarcely refuse.

Thoughts like the following have occurred to my mind—These things will be read by many in these Provinces who know the writer, and have done so for some years—Many of these would be glad, perhaps, of such an opportunity of doing good, and very willing to do it. I want them to do it without feeling any inconvenience. I think, if any further appeal, might be glad of the opportunity of doing good unostentatiously, by enclosing a *tenny shilling note* in an envelope, and sending it to me, and a *twenty dollar note* should come instead, it will be protected. I should feel so thankful if this hint be followed out, and I have not often felt my sympathies more fully called out, than by the object which has elicited these remarks.

I presided in the evening to nearly all the protestant settlers in the place, and in presenting the claims of Wesleyan Missions, they nobly responded by a subscription of above six pounds to those funds.

The following day was one of unceasing rain, through which, however, I had to make my way to Andover, where we were obliged, in consequence of pouring rain, to postpone the meeting to a more favourable time. On the following morning, the rain had scarcely ceased, when we started for a small settlement about twenty miles distant, where I preached to a very attentive and grateful congregation, and Brother M. N. afterwards administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After this, we again started for Williamstown, distant ten or twelve miles; here we held for the first time a Missionary meeting, the settlement—a good attendance, and a good subscription list rewarded our toil, and after the meeting we drove eighteen miles, arriving at Woodstock some time after midnight.

On Saturday Brother GEORGE JOHNSON arrived to take part in the services of the following day. I drove out to Victoria Corner, about ten miles, and preached on this Sabbath morning to a very large congregation; while he preached the pulpit in town. In the evening I supplied the town; he fulfilling an appointment on the other side of the river.

On Monday afternoon I was taken out of our way, with much kindness, by a friend to see some distant objects of interest, including some most beautiful and extensive natural scenery; meeting the brethren, who assembled in force, at a meeting in the evening at Victoria Corner. At this place two years ago, there was no Wesleyan Society; but a gracious revival of religion took place last year, and there are now three churches at and about sixty members. We had an exact meeting, and the proceeds of nearly three times the amount realized last year.

On Tuesday afternoon our meeting was at Jacksonville; and on Wednesday evening, amidst heavy rain, the meeting was held in town—the attendance was but small, but a more hallowing influence, I have rarely experienced, than what rested on those assembled there. The choir was filled by our friend the Hon. C. CONNELL, M. P. P.

Another meeting at Northampton on the other side of the river closed this laborious but interesting series of services, leaving a feeling prominently in the minds of those engaged therein, like that of David when he

exclaimed—"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

Excuse this lengthy document, closed abruptly for want of room.

Yours affectionately,
CHARLES CHURCHILL,
Fredericton, N. B., Sept. 24, 1853.

Beware how you Stab in the Dark!

Hospitality has been recommended, on the ground that one may perhaps entertain angels unwares. We would say be courteous to all, for fear, that through forgetfulness or neglect, you may omit some person who has treated you kindly. Those whom we never saw may have performed good deeds to us though strangers. We may have repaid benefits in utter ignorance of their author. If we are not habitually respectful and polite, it may happen that, in word or act, by private speech, or in the public point, we may inflict a wound upon one who has done us signal good; for it is not those whom we are most intimate, who are sure to serve us best.

A poor orphan boy, named Theodore, was only seven years old when he attracted the notice of a gentleman of fortune and distinction, who was fond of indulging a fancy—a laudable one it was—of doing good by stealth, and making people happy without disclosing the author of the benevolence. He caused the young lad to be well clothed, sent to school and afterward educated at a college. Theodore became a distinguished scholar, but was never able all this time to generate the secret of his generous friend. His bills were regularly paid, and he himself liberally, though economically, supplied with necessary money for his pocket; but he could only see his benefactor in his work. It may be well supposed he did not fail to thank him from the bottom of his heart a thousand times, for he had a tender one; ingratitude was not among his failings.

The first thing almost that he did, after leaving academic quiet, was to pen a virtuous libel on an eminent gentleman, who happened to be identified with a cause against which the society, which Theodore frequented, was passionately opposed. Theodore was known to be talented, and to hold a sharp pen; he was therefore naturally pitched upon to deal the assassin's blow. He was in the meantime not acquainted with the merits of the controversy, as few young men are, who get excited in a quarrel; and for the gentleman he was to assault, he knew nothing at all, except that he was a religious man, and most persons spoke well of him. That was no consequence, however; his wit and satire were a gift intended doubtless not to be neglected, as their possessors generally are, and he set himself to the infliction of a foul slander on one he did not know.

The effect of this truculent attack was considerable; for poison will have its operation whatever land, and on whatever person it may be administered. An anonymous libel, like a musket ball, is equally destructive, whether the trigger be pulled by a child or man; by hired assassin, or a mistaken man of honor. The charges in this case had a certain effect at first, but were afterward exposed, and proved entirely false.

Two years after this, as Theodore was sitting one morning in his office, he received a letter, inviting him to call at No. — in — street, at 12 o'clock the next day. He did so, and was then introduced by the executor of —, the excellent man whom he had ignorantly traduced, that he had left him a legacy of five thousand dollars, accompanied by words of encouragement to persevere in his honorable course of honest industry and temperate habits. He was then taken to the heart to learn from the papers of the departed, that it was he also that took the orphan from the gutter, and befriended him as long as he lived, and whose affectionate kindness death itself had been unable to extinguish.

These disclosures sunk down into his heart, and rankled there forever. His guilty secret was felt at times during all his days, acting like an unhealed wound. He went from the executor of his second father, an altered man, and made a resolution which he always religiously kept, never to speak ill again of a man he did not know. This was the self-covenant of Theodore. It should be ours; otherwise we may be found as he was, putting venom on our best earthly friend, and benefactor. And we would do to this the advice not to speak harshly of one we know, unless we are certain he deserves the censure, and that it will not produce more harm than good. Thank heaven! the orphan's father has never forgotten the man who his secret assailed, and was therefore saved that severest of all wounds,—the sting of ingratitude.—*Newark Daily Ad.*

Reflections on Autumn.

Time is again producing a change on our portion of the earth. Autumn has appeared with its sombre shades, and verdure shrinks and fades at the dread reality of its recent approach. The balmy zephyrs which, one short month ago, came enriched with the odour of the laden fields, and with the glow of the sunny sky, are succeeded by winds which murmur hoarsely, and bear upon their wings a chilly moisture. The over-reaching canopy, that looked calm, blue, and so modestly pure, that the eye could almost pierce the frail curtain, and gaze upon eternal things, now assumes a troubled aspect; clouds swiftly pursue their aerial courses, and the whole expanse above looks dark and dim, as if astonished at the fading scene beneath.

But, be it known, this change is not confined to material objects. Each returning autumn brings its marked changes in the human family. Since the last autumn holidays, year, thousands have had their countenances changed, and have departed to another state. Solemn thoughts! A worthy subject for reflection! Readers of the *Protestant*, are you prepared for your great change? In the name of the Eternal One, are your hearts right in His sight? Can you avow, in the face of men, angels, and God, that you are done with earth's pleasures, and are seeking a more enduring substance? If so, go in the name of the

Lord, if not, pause and reflect! You are on a spot of earth, advancing every moment near the grave. A few more steps, and you will be on its crumbling brink. A little farther, and you are in the "dust to which the skilful—the substantial—the incorruptible, the defiled, and that fade not away!" If then you prize a hope of heaven, which the religion of Jesus Christ professes, seek it this autumn; for you may never see another! We all do fade as a leaf. As if on an open plain whose breeze the setting sun in those score and ten autumns have cast their reflections, remember that the rays of the sun of another spring may sparkle on the sculptured words upon thy tomb-stone, announcing that, in the autumn of 1853, thy spirit took its final rest. Venerable men, prepare to meet thy God!

Young men! in the bloom of health, rejoicing in thy strength, thou, too, must fade. A ruthless shaft of death may be directed to thee on these autumn winds, and thou mayest fall! O, cleanse thy way for taking heed thence, according to the Word of the Lord. Prepare for immortality!

To all that scan these lines, I say, speak, but is probable that the snows of the approaching winter, will sweep over some of your graves. Let each one inquire, is it I? Believe it may be you. And if you are unprepared, fly to the blood of atonement.—Seek its efficacy to cleanse from all sin. Seek mercy, and be assured you shall find it. Then "perish the grims and fade the flowers;" let seasons change; let death draw nigh; all will be well. When resting in earth you shall be planted in Paradise, where the tree of life forever waves, and you shall ever bloom in immortal youth.

SAMUEL O. FELTON,
Nappin, Sept. 16, 1853.

Rills from the Fountain.

DEATH.—What a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on earth, where a change? Tell me, who are deep-seated in nature and in God, to what new world are we borne?—What new being do we receive?—Whether that spark, that uncomprehended intelligence find? Look upon the passing of the shadowy existence before you! That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it—left it, to range perhaps through the limitless space; to receive new capacities of delight; to be clothed in a more glorious garment of beatitude! To this grand mystery the mind as it contemplates the now awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears; it is the consummation that clears up all mystery, resolves all doubts— which removes contradiction and destroys error. What a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul! The enclosed brightness of the celestial realms—the pure expanse of the ethereal heaven—the solemn secrets of nature, may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, the present, and the future; strains of unimaginable harmony, forms of imperishable beauty, may then suddenly disclose themselves, bathing upon the spirit in glory and bathing him in measureless bliss! The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and does not turn from the Heavenly vision to one gloomy, so tremendous as the departure of the soul—2—Human fancy shrinks back appalled.

UNIVERSALISM.—A Universal preacher, passing through a new world, where his modern faith had not gained a foothold, took occasion to set forth his views in a sermon. At the close of the discourse, he remarked, that if the people desired to hear him again, he would preach on his return. After he had been some time in the land, a sensible old Quaker rose and said, "If thou hast told us the truth, we do not need to hear thee; if thou hast told us a lie, we do not want to hear thee."

Another preacher was in the same neighborhood. An old German blacksmith happened to be present, and was very uneasy by the discourse. When the congregation was dismissed, he approached the preacher and said, "If this doctrine is true, be sure you must not preach it here any more." "Because," he said, "one of my neighbors has already stolen one of my suitcases; and if he does hear this doctrine, be sure he will have all the rest."

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES," &c.—A physician of high standing, an opponent of this sect, was about to start for California, when his little child came to him and handed him a Testament, saying, "Pa, you must take this to read on the road." He pushed away the child in a passion, saying that he did not want to be encumbered with any such thing. His wife persuaded him to take it, to please the child. On his way to the gold regions he was taken dangerously sick, and his companions were obliged to leave him, as they thought, to die. He became alarmed for his sins, and was about to give up in despair, when he thought of the Testament. He commenced reading it, and his mind was led to take hold of the promises, and to accept of Christ as his Saviour. He recovered from his sickness, went to the gold regions, and a few days since returned some rich, and in the treasures of Egypt, but that more durable substance that fade not away, eternal in the heavens.—*Walesleyan.*

SWARNING.—We have very often spoken a word against this sin. But can we say too much when our ears are daily saluted with profane oaths and vulgar words? Who can pass our streets and not hear language which makes the virtuous blush? Our youth and children are growing up exceedingly depraved. What must be done?—Grown men must be on their guard, and not set a pernicious example before children. How many men do you hear talking aloud in our streets, who have not pride enough about them to keep from words of profanity. Men must first reform, before we can hope to do much with the youth. We hope this word of caution may not be in vain. When you would be profane, remember who hears you. A child, perhaps, who is forming his character by your own.—*Nashville Daily Gazette.*