

The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

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THE ALL-SUFFICIENT.

"It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell."
(Col. i. 19.)

Where shall the weary soul find rest?
Where shall the troubled soul be blest,
But, precious Lord, in thee!

Thou hast a boundless, priceless store—
Blessings are thine for evermore—
Jesus, to thee, I flee!

Where shall the anxious soul repair?
Where shall the mourning spirits share
A perfect sympathy?

Where but in him who shed the tear,
When anxious hearts—yes, death was near,
In lonely Bethany?

Where shall the care-tossed soul repose?
Where is the heart that will disclose,
The secret healing balm?

Where but in him whose words, foretold,
Became the theme of saints of old,
And many a precious psalm?

Yes, Lord, what'er my burden be,
I find the remedy in thee—
A remedy complete;

I need not seek for solace here,
Enough—in the Comforter!
Upon the mercy-seat.

—A. Midland.

Foreign Mission of Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

MR. GEDDIE'S JOURNAL.

ANNEBETHUN, Oct. 10th, 1859.

Dear Brethren,—More than eleven years have elapsed
since we first landed on this island. During this
eventful period in its history, we have passed through
various scenes, and witnessed many changes. I feel as
if we had a special call for thankfulness to God
for all his mercies.

I can report favorably of the general progress of
Christianity during the past year. The interest of the
natives in religious instruction is such as to encourage
us in our labors, and to make them pleasant rather
than otherwise. It is true that we have to lament
much ignorance, indolence and impiety, but this is
only what might be expected among a people just
emerging from the lowest state of barbarism and de-
gradation.

The church under my charge numbers 166 members.
During the past year 20 members have been added,
and 3 have been suspended, and 2 have been
restored. The conduct of the church members is such
in general as to encourage the hope that their profes-
sion of religion is sincere.

We have recently added to the number of our
deacons. This class of office-bearers we have found
to be indispensable on this island. The first care is
the widows, who being a new class in society, have no
acknowledged rights. They also superintended all
labour for the mission, and take charge of all col-
lections of native property that are made for the cause.
They are likewise expected to bury the dead, who in
the days of heathenism were thrown into the sea. It
devolves on them in short to attend to all the more
secular duties of the mission.—Mr. Inglis has lately
written some valuing papers, and he wishes to have
completely organized church before leaving the island.
I have not done so yet, as the same reason did not
exist in my case, but I look forward to this in another
year.

The schools in my district are 25 in number, and
are attended by persons of every age. A large number
of the scholars can read, and it is pleasing to see the
interest which many of them take in their books.
Some of the old people will never learn to read, but we
encourage their attendance in school, as they learn
much from listening to others. Many of them can
repeat the catechism, the ten commandments, and
portions of scripture, who have not yet been able to
learn the alphabet. The schools meet at sunrise, as
any other time would be unsuitable to the natives.
After school is over they go to their work. In a few
years, when our scholars are confined to the young,
the schools will be reduced in number and size.

At each of the two principal stations there is an ad-
vanced school. Each of these schools is attended by
about 100 scholars, chiefly young men and young
women of promise. Instructions are given in reading,
writing, ciphering, geography and scripture history.
The school at my station has been under Mrs.
Goddie's charge for nearly three years, but as his
duties are now becoming too burdensome for her, I
hope as soon as our new church is completed to see
her in it. There are scholars attending it from all
parts of the district, who live in grass houses built
near the mission premises. We are about to build a
new school house, as the one which is now occupied
has become entirely too small for the number who
attend.

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the
translation of the New Testament in this language, has
been completed. About two-thirds of it have been
printed, and the remainder is in manuscript. We
hope to have a new and revised edition of it printed
by the British and Foreign Bible Society.—Mr. Inglis
who expects to go home in the "John Williams,"
will carry it through the press. In a language so
recently reduced to a written form, we have found
some difficulty in expressing the truths of divine reve-
lation as intelligibly as we could wish, yet I hope that

our version does not contain any material error. I
feel thankful to God that I have been permitted to
share in the work of translating a portion of his Holy
Word into a new language.

The natives of this island, I believe, appreciate what
has been done for them, and they have always shown
a readiness to relieve as much as possible the expense
of the mission. For some years past they have made
annual collections of native property, consisting of
mat, &c., for the heathen islands around us. We have
found their contributions useful for our teachers, and
also as presents to friendly chiefs and others. But we
have recently suggested to our natives the duty of
doing something for the cause in a way that may
directly aid themselves, and eventually make the
mission self-supporting. They have cheerfully agreed
to this, and at our suggestion the people of most of
the villages have made small plantations of arrow-root,
which, when ripe, will be prepared and collected in
our annual missionary meetings. It will then be ex-
ported and sold for the benefit of the mission. There
is no other way in which, in the present circumstan-
ces of the island, the natives can directly aid the cause.

I cannot promise that much will be done for some
years, but we labor among a people who appear to be
willing to do what they can.

You will regret to hear of the death of Nohob, the
principal chief of the district in which I reside, and
the man of highest standing in the island.—When we
arrived at this island we found him a savage and wild-
ed man, who was much feared and hated by his people.
He allowed us to land, but gave us little encourage-
ment to hope that he would ever embrace Christianity.
His influence indeed was for a long time directed
against the cause.—After some years his disposition
changed, and he eventually abandoned heathenism.
He took the side of Christianity at the very time when
the mission was in the midst of its greatest trials. His
previous hostility had been so marked that his sincerity
was for some time doubted, but he soon gave evidence
of it, by giving up many heathenish customs, parting
with one of his wives, abandoning the use of har-
cutting of his long hair, &c. All his influence was
now exerted in favor of Christianity, when the heathen
were threatening our own lives and the destruction of
all the Christian party. I shall never forget his kind-
ness to myself and my family when my house was set
on fire at midnight by the heathen. For some three
months after this event he slept in my house every
night for our safety, and said that the heathen must
kill him before doing any injury to us. Indeed had
not this man been raised up to befriended the mission, it
is questionable if it would have risen above the oppo-
sition arrayed against it. After Nohob embraced
Christianity, he became a humble disciple at the feet
of Jesus. Though sixty years of age, he attended
school very regularly every morning, and his end in
the church was more recent when he was able to at-
tend. It was not to be expected that a man who had
spent his days under a degrading heathenism, would
become at the close of life an intelligent and, in all
respects, consistent Christian. He was naturally proud,
passionate and deceitful, but with all his infirmities
I believe he was a good man.

I have in former letters informed you of the afflictions
which have befallen the Tana mission. Mrs. Paton,
whom we all greatly esteemed, died in February, very
suddenly. Her bereaved husband was soon after laid
up with fever and ague, from which he has suffered
more or less since. He has been unable to do any
work, but his health is by no means robust. I trust that
his valuable life may be spared long. Mr. Matheson
commenced his labors on Tana, as you are aware, in de-
licate health last year. The consequence was, that he
soon broke down, and we thought it advisable to re-
move him to this island. At this is the most healthful
time of the year, his health has improved a little, but
it would be too much to say that any decided change
for the better has taken place. He has been very
anxious to return to his station on Tana, but Mr. Inglis
and I, after consulting the mission, have decided to
send him to the island of St. John's, where he will be
able to reside with his wife and children, and where
his health will be more secure. We sympathize with
Mr. Matheson, and admire his devotedness to the mis-
sionary work, but to accede to his request under
present circumstances would be unwise to himself,
and to Mrs. Matheson, and injurious to the cause.

In the mean time, as a temporary arrangement, Mr. and
Mrs. Matheson occupy a station on this island, in a
populous district where they are very useful. In the
absence of Mr. Matheson from Tana, his property has
been entrusted by the natives and they have been com-
mended to Mr. Copeland, who spent the winter last
year on Tana, and is now on this island, to take Mr.
Inglis' place during his absence.

The "John Williams" arrived at this island some
days ago, and has just sailed on a voyage to the heathen
islands. She will take on board not only Mr. Inglis,
and my three children, and then commence her
homeward voyage, calling at the more eastern islands
by the way. Her movements will be so regulated as to
double Cape Horn about February, which is midsum-
mer there. She will carry home at least four mission-
aries, and about thirty children, natives of a tropical
climate. It is probable that she will arrive in Lon-
don about the end of May or early in June. The
"John Williams" will leave behind many a bereaved
parent, and many a bleeding heart.

I hope that Mr. Inglis may be induced to extend his
visit to Nova Scotia. We have been so intimately ac-
quainted in our labors on this island that you may re-
gard him as one of your own missionaries. He is an
excellent man and a valuable missionary. The expense
of a visit to Nova Scotia would be amply repaid by
the interest which I am sure he would create in the
cause.

I am just picking up a few things to send by the
"John Williams," which may interest you. There is
a wooden deity from New Caledonia, carved from
firmly varnished on Ansonian, some years since used by
the natives, women's dresses made of pandanus leaf,
ornaments, necklaces and waist-bands, from various
islands, clubs, spears, and bows and arrows; many of
the arrows are pointed with human bones, and some of
them are ornamented with a violent poison, so that they
must be handled with caution, though I imagine the
poison has lost some of its virtue from time. I have
also received from the Sannan teachers on George Island,
who formerly lived on Ansonian, some native cloth and
valuable curiosities, which I will forward to you.

I have heard that Mr. Johnson was to leave Nova
Scotia last month for these islands. This is cheering
news indeed. I trust that before many months have
elapsed we may be cheered by his arrival here. May he
be in due time followed by others. The harvest in
these islands is great, but alas! how few the laborers.

Yours, very sincerely,
JOHN GEDDIE.

How a Romanist was Awakened.

A girl, when working in the field, in July last, was
visited by the Spirit, and the burden of her guilt lay
so heavy on her awakened conscience, that feeling as if
she were to be crushed to the earth by it, she cried out
in anguish. Her master, who heard her cries, came,
and had her conveyed into the farm-house.

She was a Roman Catholic, and her faith in the
priest being strong, she resolved to go and tell him
what had happened; but, as soon as she had formed this
resolution, she was "stricken" to the earth a
second time. "And then," she said, "all my sins rose
up like a mountain before me, and, to my great aston-
ishment, the sin I had confessed to the priest rose up
with all the others."

As soon as her strength returned, she resolved again
to go to the priest, and again, on the back of it, she
fainted before her until it was like a field, and she
heard a voice saying, *Broad is the road that leadeth to
destruction.*

At length a mighty flood seemed to cut the road in
two. She said: "I looked to see was there any bridge
or ford by which I might cross; but there was none.
The narrow road mounted high. A tall angel came
and pointed them beckoning me to look in a certain direc-
tion. I looked, and lo! a narrow way, all uphill, lined
with angels on either side; and the same voice that
cried 'Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction,'
now cried out, 'This is the way; walk you in it.'"
She never went to the priest; but she did far better.
For what she saw in vision, she realized by faith. She
came to "the great apostle and high priest of our profes-
sion, Christ Jesus," for pardon of all her sin, and she
is now resting her soul's salvation on his merits alone.

My friend, are you upon the "broad way" or upon
the "narrow way"? Ask yourself seriously, and now:
Have I entered upon the "narrow way" of salvation
by the "straight gate" of conversion? Am I "converted
or unconverted?"

The Wandering Jew.

The legend of a Jew wandering and never
dying, even from the crucifixion of Christ to this day,
has spread over many European countries. The story
is told in many forms, and is not agreed. One ver-
sion is this: When Jesus was led to death, oppres-
sed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest
himself near the gate at the house of a shoemaker
named Abanur. This man, however, sprang forth
and carried him from place to place in constant dread
of Pilate to death, the doorkeeper, named Cardifanus,
pursued him from behind with his foot, saying "Walk
on, Jesus, quickly; why dost thou tarry?" Jesus
looked at his grave, and said, "I walk on, but thou
shalt tarry till I come." And this man, still alive,
will never die, but will wander about the world, and
whenever he comes to a place, he will be there to
witness to the world. A third legend adds that this wan-
dering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers
and renews his strength; hence it is that, even after
so many centuries, he does not look much older than a
young man. Thus much for the legend. Now, the
ancient authorities make even mention of
such an account. The first who reports some such
thing is a monk of the 13th century, when, as we
know, the world was filled with pious fictions, even to
diapirs. However, the story has spread far, as that it
is now a proverb, "He runs about like the wan-
dering Jew." There are not persons wanting who
assert to have seen the wandering Jew. But when their
evidence is examined by the test of historical credibili-
ty, it is found that some impostor had made use of this
fable to impose upon simple minded people for some
purpose of his own. However, the legend is not al-
together untrue; there is a wandering Jew who roves
about Europe, every century. This imperishable being
is—judging against the Jews.—*Josiah Child.*

Anecdote of the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw.

In the early period of his ministry, young Wardlaw,
just fresh from his literary and scientific studies, and
supposing that his well-learned and polished Latin
would be equally suited for the pulpit, delivered a
fluently wrought sermon. After he had done so, his
maternal uncle, Ewing Macleod, said to him, "Ralph,
did you notice that poor woman in the duffle cloak,
that sat near the pulpit, when you were preaching, to-
day?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "I remember, I re-
member that people like her have souls, as well as their
betters, and that a minister's business is to feed the
poor and illiterate, as well as the rich and educated.
Your sermon to-day was a very ingenious and well
composed discourse, but there wasn't a word in it for
the poor old woman in the duffle cloak." "This word
in season" sunk into the heart of the young minister,
did he again need such a hint; nor did he ever forget
to impress on the minds of the young men who studied
under his care for the ministry, the lesson he had re-
ceived from his truly excellent relative.—*From Memoirs of Rev. Haldane.*

Bad Neighbors a Benefit.

Peter S.—, calling on the minister of the vil-
lage where he resided, complained to him that his
could hardly stand it any more among his neighbors;
that they were quite too singular and inquisitive a set
of people, concerning themselves about everything and
about every trifles that occurred in his family; that he
could not be too cautious with regard to them, could
not utter a word, nor dip his finger in water, nor walk
across the street, but they were aware of it, and then
they would sit once full of judging and condemning him.
"And, my dear Sir!" he added, "if they should only
stick to the truth, why I wouldn't say any
word; but at one time they see, and at another they
hear, the wrong way; and then they greatly exag-
gerate matters, pass uncharitable censures, and laugh
and mine to scorn publicly; and whatever transpires
in my family they will have it informed of in 24
hours. Such neighbors! Rev'd Sir, surely they are
calculated to embitter one's life! Indeed, it's not a rare
case that they become a nail to one's coffin."
"It's bad enough, my good friend," replied the min-
ister, "that there are such neighbors in the world, and
I pity you most sincerely on that account; however, as

every evil in the world is attended by its concomitant
blessings, so it is in the present instance. True, these
people manifest an officious character, and yet, through
their character, they must accomplish much good. Such
care-drops cause us to become more circumspect,
more cautious in our conversation, in word and work,
in labor and in rest. We even learn to avoid every
appearance of evil, because we are acquainted with
the characters of our neighbors who might readily
put an ill-construction upon our actions. Hence we
endeavor not only to lead a moral life in the face
of the world, but also to maintain a Christian con-
versation before God. Eventually the neighbors un-
derstand of themselves on discovering what well-
disposed people we are; in process of time, they even
copy our example, and reform their habits, that they
may one day become our neighbors in heaven!"
The good man went home, with a cheerful and grate-
ful heart.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Treasury.

The Power of Jesus' Name.

The name of Jesus—says Rev. N. H. Schenck in
his introductory sermon as successor of the late
Dr. Johns, in Baltimore—is the starting point of all
gospel preaching and of all Christian practice. This is
the Alpha of that ministry and that life whose
Omega is the everlasting doom. The name of Jesus!
Not now as the great Creator, but as "the Memorial
Name;" not now as the infinite I AM, but as the
"Eternal Word;" not now as the infinite Jehovah,
but as the man of Nazareth, made perfect through
suffering, and ascended to glory by the pathway of
redemption. The name of Jesus! a cold, mean-
ingless, or unmeaning name, to the natural ear, but to
the ear of faith the very shibboleth of salvation. The
name of Jesus! with this sound in our ears, let my
ministry here begin, continue, and end. The name
of Jesus! first pronounced by the heralding Angel
—then uttered at the manger where the young child lay
—then breathed throughout Judea as associated
with wisdom and marvels—then boldly proclaimed
as the hope of salvation—then written upon the cross,
as designating the altar and the victim on which, and
by which remission of sins was wrought—then going
to the ends of the world as a sound of hope and
promise to the nations—then bursting through the
wreathing fires of the stake, leaping from the pyra-
mid of flame as a wing to the soul released and re-
deemed—then sufficed by the walls of monasteries,
or smothered by ignorance or superstition, or priestly
arrogance, or ecclesiastical despotism. To the faithful
spirit, it has been "the balm of Gilead." To the
soul seized with the terror of sin, it has been an
awakening bell. To the weary and heavy-laden, it
has been a buoy and stay. To the obtuse and
recluse, it has been at once a softening influence
and a restraining constraint. To the faithful it
has been a prelude to the sounding anthem of redem-
ption. To the church it has been the earnest of
divine favor and heavenly triumph. To the ministry
it has been the text of all true preaching, the rock
to which has been fastened the everlasting covenant,
and the only foundation against which the gates of hell
may never prevail. Thus the church organism and
the individual hope which have grown out of this
fruitful rock, have bloomed and yielded rich fruitage
on earth, in every age and every clime, despite the
sneering scoffs of the world, and the blighting milder-
ing of sin, and the desperate counterworking of the devil.

Christ crucified the only hope for the soul of man.
Let this sound go forth, even as the breath of the
Spirit. Let this doctrine be deeply graven on the
tablet of every evangelical heart of prayer.
Let it be blessed by every tongue which flows from
the ramparts of our faith. Let the ears of listening
men be always filled with this trumpet blast of cer-
tain sound. Let the eyes of seeking men be always
permitted to rest upon this stronghold of the soul.
Let the heart be ever ready to be pierced by the
word of God, which never loses sight of Christ.

Word of Warning to those who know not Christ.

I am aware that I have many here on Sabbath
mornings who never were in the habit of attending a
place of worship at all. There is many a gentleman
here to-day, who would be ashamed in any society
to confess himself a profane person. He has never
before, perhaps, for a long time heard the Gospel
preached; and now there is a strange sort of fascina-
tion that has drawn him here. He came the first
time out of curiosity—perhaps to make a joke at the
minister's expense; he has found himself entranced;
he does not know how it is, but he has been all the
week unwell, he has been wasting to come again,
and when he goes away to-day, he will be watching
for next Sabbath. He has not given up his sins, but
somehow they are not so pleasurable as they used to
be. He cannot swear as he did; if an oath comes
out sideways, it does not roll out in the round from
his mouth; he knows better now. Now, it is to
such persons that I speak. My dear friends, allow
me to express my hearty joy that you are here for a
purpose you do not understand. God has a
special favor to you, I do trust, and therefore he has
brought you here. I have frequently remarked, that
in any revival of religion, it is not often the children
of pious parents that are brought in, but those who
never knew anything of Christ before. The ordinary
means are usually blessed to those who constantly sit
under them; but the express effort, and the extraordi-
nary influence of the Spirit, reach those who were
outside the pale of nominal Christians, and made no
profession of religion. I am in hopes it may meet
you. But if you should despise the Word which you
have heard; if the impression that has been made—
and you know it has been made—should die away,
one of the most awful regrets you will ever have when
you come to your right sense and reason in another
world will be the feeling that you had an opportunity
that you neglected it. I cannot conceive a more
wretched fate than that of the man who cries at last in
hell, "The harvest is past—there was a harvest; the
summer is ended—there was a summer—and I am not
saved." To go to perdition in ordinary times, is hell;
but to go from under the sound of an earnest minis-
try, where you are laden to come to Christ, where
you are entreated with honest tears to come to Jesus

—to go there after you have been warned, is to go
to hell merely, but to the very hell of hell. The core
of a sorrow of damnation is reserved for men who
hear the truth, and feel it too, but yet reject it, and
are lost. Oh! my dear hearer, this is a solemn time
with you. I pray that God the Holy Spirit may re-
mind you that it may be now or never with you. You
may never have another warning, or if you have it,
you may grow so hardened that you may laugh at it
and despise it. My brother, I beseech thee,
by God, by Christ Jesus, by thine own immortal wel-
fare, stop and think now whether it be worth while
to throw away the hallowed opportunity which is now
presented to thee. Will thou go and dance away
these impressions, or laugh them out of thy soul?
Al! man, thou mayest laugh thyself into hell, but
thou cannot not laugh thyself out of it.

There is a turning point in each man's life when
his character becomes fixed and settled! That turn-
ing point may be to-day. It may be that there shall
be some solemn spot in this hall, which, if a man
knew its history, he would never sit in it,—a seat in
which a man shall sit and hear the Word, and shall
say, "I will not yield; I will resist the impression;
I will despise it; I will have my sins, even if I am
lost for them." Mark your seat friend, before you
go; make a blood-red stain across it; that next time
we come here we may say, "Here a soul destroyed
itself! But I pray the Father that God the Holy
Spirit may graciously whisper in thy heart—'Yes,
yield, for Jesus invites thee to come to him.' Oh,
may my Master smile into your face this morning,
and say, 'I love thy soul; trust me with it. Give
up thy sins; turn to me.' O Lord Jesus, do it and
man shall not resist thee. Oh! show them thy love
and thy mercy, yield. Do it, O thou Crucified One,
for thy mercy's sake! Send forth thine Holy Spirit
now, and bring the strangers home, and in this hall
grant thou, oh Lord that many hearts may be fully
reigned to thy love and to thy grace!—*Spurgeon's
Recent Sermons.*

One Thing which Contains all.

There is a thing on earth, one of the least and
simplest things in it—so little, that a child may take
it in his hand; so simple, withal, that that child may
understand it too; in which, as in some well,
the Godhead has deposited all its gracious treasures
for each poor sinner's use—has deposited all peace,
and joy, and hope; these in abundance, these in ful-
ness, these in absolute freedom, these as the very
water of life.

And this one thing, in which is the sinner's all—for
life and for comfort—is in the sinner's own pos-
session—in his own hands; not only in his own de-
spite, but actually in his very hands; he can touch it,
he can touch it, and handle it, and feel it as he will,
the blessed Book of God now lying before us.

And this one thing—so full, so free, so near, so
entirely within his grasp—has but to see distinctly,
and joy, and hope; these in abundance, these in ful-
ness, these in absolute freedom, these as the very
water of life.

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This is the one thing, in which is the sinner's all—for
life and for comfort—is in the sinner's own pos-
session—in his own hands; not only in his own de-
spite, but actually in his very hands; he can touch it,
he can touch it, and handle it, and feel it as he will,
the blessed Book of God now lying before us.