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AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."-PROV. XIV 34.

Vol. 2.

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Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, March 24, 1858.

No. 4.

Vol. 2.

The Protect of Christian When, when the protection of the

(For the Protector.)

INDIA. Oh, land of beauty! how unmeet these strains To sing thy palmy groves, or golden plains; Thy noble rivers, or thy mountains high, Whose icy summits pierce the azure sky.

The gorgeous flowers that decorate the field,
And the rich products which thy harvests yield.— No chilling frosts thy sunny regions know, But luscious fruits and spices freely grow, While fragrant odors fill the ambient air, Where landscapes ever please, and all is fair, Save, where the mosques and temples rise in view And Moslems worship, or the dark Hindoo; Or else, afar by Ganges' sacred stream, The funeral fires around the Suttee gleam, While gongs resound to drown the anguish'd cries Of her who, true to caste, in torture dies.— Oh tell me, why should each much favor'd land, So richly dight by nature's lavish hand, Fair India, Greece, Italia, or Peru, Where all combines to fascinate the view, Why should the tenants of these regions fair So ill assort with all we hear of there ?-Here, shall the gloomy bigot hold his sway, And curse his brother man from day to day .-There, shall the brutal savage reign supreme, Worship his idols amid rites obscene; While mothers, deaf to nature's pleading cry, Shall throw their infants in the stream to die. Murder, and lust, and human sacrifice, The works on which their gloomy faith relies .-Alas! shall we, who from our earliest youth. Have learn'd the lessons of eternal truth, Who, whilst we live, and when we come to die, Can on a Saviour's mercy safe rely; Shall we, a base example dare to show To those thus deeply sunk in vice or woe, Excuses furnish to their untaught mind For living on, to true religion blind? Oh no! if we have learned to hope and pray, Point we to them the right, the better way; And by our works of faith, make plain the road That leads the erring soul, thro' Christ, to God .-More sad the deeds than fancy ever drew, Were those enacted by the fierce Hindoo When, influenc'd by rapine, lust, and rage, Nought would his ardent thirst for blood assuage. Fond parents view'd, aghast, the ruthless blow That laid in death their much loved offspring lov Tied to the stake, those wretched parents stood With lopped off limbs amid the flaming wood; And whilst the ribald shouts on high arise, The martyr'd sufferers win their promised prize. The sober matron, and the shrinking maid Ravish'd, and wounded, look'd alone for aid To Him, who viewed with pitying eye The sterner depth of their great misery, And, kindly to assuage their shame and grief, Commissioned death to speed to their relief. Say not, to truths historic records blind, Such crimes are all to heathen lands confin'd—Or, if prepared ingenuously to own The like committed where a Saviour's known, Yet trace such stories of demoniac rage To the dim precincts of some by-gone age, And deem that these are too enlighten'd times Again to sanction such barbaric crimes. Know that the heart of man is still the same, Foul, and corrupt, and glorying in its shame;— That laid in death their much loved offspring low, Know that the heart of man is still the same,
Foul, and corrupt, and glorying in its shame;—
A church infallible no change can know,
And Rome, once cruel, must continue so.—
A kindred spirit still, alse! survives
E'en where humaner laws would shield men's lives. E'en where humaner laws would shield men's lives. Scant is the measure of indulgence shown, Where despots punish, and where priests disown; Dungeons are filled with such as dare to read God's sacred word, or doubt the Papal creed: Loaded with fetters, and in filth they lie, Resigned to live, yet more content to die. What numbers, banish'd from their happy home, Are fored in want and wresthedness to reare. What numbers, banish'd from their happy home Are forc'd in want and wretchedness to roam; Nor, whilst the fires of persecution burn Can they with safety to those homes return. Oh, what a blighting curse those states endure Who groan beneath a system so impure; Idle, and ignorant, betray'd, enslaved,—A downcast people, spiritless, depray'd, Their only joy, the pageants, fools prepare, To stupify the mind, and banish care; The page of truth to that unhappy race When man can harm his fellow man no more, Burial's forbid,—save where the ebbing wave May sound its dirges o'er the Christian's grave. Thus Papal hate exceeds the hate of Jew.—Which followed not the victim whom it siew: E'en Pilate his permission freely gave That Christ's remains should fill an honour'd grave. But these remorseless wretches hunt their prey When life has ceas'd, and spirit pass'd away; That there is the remains should fill an honour'd grave. But these remorseless wretches hunt their prey When life has ceas'd, and spirit pass'd away; As fell hyenas do some carones toar.

And leave the scattered bones all bleach'd and bare. Thus darkness fills the earth; and groans, and cries, From "cruel habitations," hourly rise.

And who are they, who ruthlessly pursue Thy timid flock, and fearlessly imbrue Their hands in blood! They state themselves to be Commissioned servants, sent, O Lord, by Thee! That they alone are authoris'd to show The way to life—a way they seldom go; That they alone may purge the Church of sin, Root out the tares, and bring the harvest in. These are the agents, ready to betray The pilgrim bands that tread the narrow way; Put them to torture, or exert their skill

The soul to harass, e'er they deign to kill.—Oh, grossest lie that ever mortal fram'd,
A lie of which e'en hell might feel asham'd,
That such ambassadors were sent of Thee,
The harbingers of love and peace to be!
Oh, Lamb of God, gentle and kind wert Thou
And such should be thy chosen servants now.

If all who love Thee here, are born of God,
Walk in the pathway Thou thyself hast trod,
Then all are brethren, their descent the same,
Christ is their life, and heaven their common aim;
And they who would this blood-bought flock pursue
Shall suffer, at God's hand, the vengeance due;
Stript of disguise, the traitors stand reveal'd
Relentless wolves, in fleegy garbe concealed.—
Oh, Satan, what a world-wide kingdom's thine,
Thou proud usurper of the claim divine.
How fierce thy hatred, how supreme thy power—
From Adam's fall, to this unhappy hour!
Yet short thy reign, nor distant lar the day,
When all thy hate and power shall pass away—
Thy awful end, the prophecies fortell,
Doom'd to the lake of fire, with death and hell.
Then our long catalogue of ills shall cease
And mercy dawn upon a realm of peace—
The earth redeem'd—all evil overthrown,
Christ in the Deity shall reign alone.