

The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

Vol. I.

Charlottetown, Prince-Edward Island, Saturday, September 10, 1850.

No. 10.

The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,
is issued every Saturday Morning, from Hassard's Printing Office, South Side Queen Street.

DAVID LAIRD, Editor and Proprietor.

Annual Subscription—Twelve Shillings, in advance, otherwise Fifteen Shillings will be charged.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. [To prevent disappointment, all advertisements should be sent to the Office before 5 o'clock on Friday.]

[Original Poetry.]

LIGHT.

Light for the dusky vale
Of the forest's gloom,
Where the frost-kings breathe on the slippery snail,
And the marble wakes no more;
Lift high the lamp that never fails
To that dark and sterile shore.
Light for the forest child!
An outcast though he be
In the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
And the country of the free;
Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what hope on earth has he!
Light for the hills of Grouse!
Light for that trampled Glens!
Where the rags of the spoiler refused to cease
Ere it trod the least of thine;
If the Muslim hath dealt the gift of peace,
Can you grudge your boon sublime!
Light on the Hindoo idol!
The flame of the fetter is dim and red,
And the fair faints with pain,
And the dying moan on their chorused bed,
By the Ganges loved in vain.
Light for the Persian sky!
The Gospel's wisdom fade,
And the pearls of Ormuz are poor to buy
The hour when the banner is raised;
Hark, hark!—'tis the Christian wanderer's sigh
From Ararat's mournful shades.
Light for the darkened earth!
Ye blessed his beams who shed,
Shrink not till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
For the aged to rest his weary head.
St. Peter's, August 20th, 1850. —F. D.

Characteristics of the Vaudois Valleys.

The Valleys of the Vaudois lie about thirty miles to the southwest of Turin. The road thither it is scarce possible to miss. Keeping the lofty and pyramidal summit of Mont Viso in your eye, you go straight on in a line parallel with the Alps, the valley of the Po, which is but a prolongation of the great plain of Lombardy. On my way down to these valleys, I observed on the road-side numerous little temples, which the natives, in true pagan fashion, had erected to their deities. The riches of these temples were filled with Madonnas, crucifixes, and frequently underneath these personages were a company of heretics, such as those I was going to visit, sweltering in flames. Were a Protestant visitor to sell his abacanth picture of a Catholic buster in hell, I fear we should never hear the last of it. But I must say, that these pictures seemed the production of past times. They were one and all sorely faded, as if their owners were beginning to be somewhat ashamed of them, or lacked zeal to repair them. The *confiteor* of the stage had an Italian translation of Mr Gladstone's well-known pamphlet on Naples in his hand, which then covered all the book-stalls in Turin, and was read by every one. This led to a lively discussion on the subject of the Church, between him and two fellow-travellers, to whom I had been introduced as a Waldensian. I observed that, although he appeared to come off by second best in the controversy, he bore all with unfeigned humour, as if not unwilling to be beaten. At length, after a ride of twenty miles over the plain, in which the husbandman, with plough as old in its form as the Georgics, was turning up a soil rich, black, and glossy as the raven's wing, we arrived at Pignerolo, a town on the borders of the Vaudois land.

The two Vaudois and myself adjourned to the hotel to dine. Even in this we had an instance of changed times. In this very town of Pignerolo a law had been in existence, and was not long repealed, forbidding, under severe penalties, any one to give meat or drink to a Waldensian. The "Valleys" were only ten miles distant, and we agreed to walk thither on foot. Indeed all such spots must be so visited, if one would feel their full influence. Leaving Pignerolo, the road began to draw into the bosom of the mountains, and the scenery became grander as every step. On the right rose the hills of the Vaudois, with knolls glittering with woods and cottages scattered at their feet. On the left, long reaches of the Po, meandering through pastures and vineyards, gleamed out golden in the western sun. The scenery reminded me much of the Highlands of Connaught, only it was on a scale of richness and magnificence unknown to Scotland.
After advancing a few miles, I changed to turn and look back. The change the mountains had undergone struck me much. A division of Alps, tall and cloud-capped, appeared to have broken off from the main range, and to have come marching into the plain; and while the mountains were closing in upon us behind, they appeared to be falling back from us, and arranging themselves into the segments of a vast circle. A magnificent amphitheatre had risen, not only around us,

on all sides save the south, where a reach of the valley was still visible, the eye met only a lofty wall of mountains, hung in a rich and gorgeous tapestry of bright green pastures and shady pine-forests, with the frequent sunlight gleam of white chalets. The snows of their summits were veiled in masses of cloud, which the southerly winds were bringing up upon them from the Mediterranean. I seemed to have entered some stately temple—a temple not of mortal workmanship,—which needed no tall shaft, no grained rod, no silver lamps, no chisel or pencil of artist to beautify it, and no white-robed priest to make it holy. It had been built by Him whose power laid the foundation of the earth, and hung the stars in Heaven; and it had been consecrated by sacrifices such as Rome's mired priest never offered in aisled cathedral. Nor had it been the scene only of holy endurance; it had been the scene also of sweet and holy joys. Where the Vaudois patriars, like Enoch, had walked with God; where they had read his Word, and kept his Sabbaths. They had sung his praise by these silvery brooks, and knelt in prayer beneath these chestnut trees. There, too, arose the shout of triumphant battle; and from those valleys the Vaudois martyrs had gone up, higher than these white peaks, to take their place in the white-robed and halo-bearing company. Can the spirit, I asked myself, ever forget its earthly struggles, or the scene on which they were endured? and may not the very same picture of beauty and grandeur now before my eye be imprinted eternally on the memory of many of the blessed in Heaven?

There was silence on plain and mountain,—a hush like that of a sanctuary, reverent and deep, and broken only by the flow of the torrent and the sound of voices among the vineyards. I could not fail to observe that sounds here were more musical than on the plain. This is a peculiarity belonging to mountainous regions; but I have nowhere seen it so perceptible as here. Every accent had a fullness and melody of tone, as if spoken in a whispering gallery. Right in the centre of the circle formed by the mountains was the entrance of the Vaudois valleys. The place was due north from where we now were, but we had to make a considerable detour in order to reach it. A long low hill, rough with boulders and fathery with woods, lay across the mouth of these valleys; and we had to go round it on the west, and return along the fertile vale which divides it from the high Alps, whose straths and gorges form the dwellings of the Waldensians.

A dream it seemed to be, walking thus within the shadow of the Vaudois hills. And then, too, what a strange chance was it which had thrown me into the society of my two Waldensian fellow-travellers! They had met me on the threshold of their country, as if sent to bid me welcome, and conduct my steps into a land which the prayers and sufferings of their forefathers had for ever hallowed. They came to me with a word of my tongue; and to them my *transpire*—Italian was not more than intelligible. Yet, such is the power of a common sympathy, the conversation did not once flag all the way; and it had reference, of course, to one subject. I told them that I was not unacquainted with their glorious history;—that from a child I had known the noble deeds of their fathers, who had received an equal place in my veneration with the men of old, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourging, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; and that, next to the hills of Calvary, what a white edifice, too, with martyr-blood, I loved the mountains within whose shadow my wandering steps had now brought me. The eyes of my Vaudois friends kindled; they were not unconscious, I could see, of their noble lineage; and they were visibly touched by the circumstance that a stranger from a distant land should speak to them with sympathy with the great struggles of their nation—should come to visit their mountains. Every object in any way connected with their history, and especially with their persecutions, was carefully pointed out to me. There, said they, "is our frontier church, the first of the Vaudois castles," pointing to a white edifice, gleamed out upon us amid woods and rocks, on the summit of a hill, soon after leaving Pignerolo. They mentioned, too, with peculiar emphasis, the year of the last great massacre of their brethren. The memory of that transaction, I felt assured, will persist only with the Vaudois race. No incident of their history, which with honour on the valley of Lausanne, now pointed to the giant form of their Castellazzo, now lighting through the shades of night, and told me that in the caves of that mighty rock their fathers found shelter, when the valley beneath was covered with armed men.

Nowhere had I seen more luxuriant vines. They were fastened to, after the manner of those I had seen among the Alps; but here the effect was more beautiful. They were literally stretched out over one field in an unbroken web of boughs. Clothed with luxuriant foliage, they looked like another azure canopy extended over the soil. There was ample room beneath for the ploughman and his bullocks. The golden beams, struggling through the massy foliage, fell in a mellow and finely tinted shower on the newly ploughed soil. Wheat is said to ripen better beneath the vine-shade than in the open sun. The season of grapes was shortly past; but here and there large clusters were still pendulous on the bough.
Hitherto, although we had been skirting the Vaudois territory, we had not set foot upon it. The line which separates it from the rest of Piedmont touches the small town of Bichersano, on the western flank of the low hill I have mentioned; and the roofs of the little town were already in sight. Passing, on the left, a white-walled manse-house on a small height, with the priest looking at us from amid the autumn-tinted vines that shaded the wall, we entered the town of Bichersano. The first sight we saw was a procession advancing up the street at double-quick time. I was at first sorely puzzled what to make of it. There was an air of mingled fun and gravity on the faces of the crowd; but the former so greatly predominated, that I took the affair for a frolic of the youths of Bichersano. First came a squad of dirty boys, some of whom carried prayer-books; they were followed by some dozen or so of young women in their working attires, ranged in line, and carrying faneleaux. In the centre of the procession was a tall raw-boned priest, of about twenty-five years of age, with a little box in his hand. His head was bare, and he wore a long brown dress, bound with a cord round his middle. A canopy of crimson cloth, heavily soiled and tattered, was borne over him by four of the taller lads. He had a turban and wild look, as if he had slept out in the woods all night, and

had had time only to shake himself, and put his fingers through his hair, before being called on to run with his little box. The procession closed, and it had opened, with a cloud of noisy and dirty archers hanging on the rear of the priest and his faneleaux-bearing company. The whole swept past us at such a rapid pace, that I could only, by way of directing my object, open large wondering eyes upon it, which the large-headed lad in the brown cloak noticed, and repaid with a scowl, which broke no bones, however. "He is carrying the *antidote*," said my fellow-travellers, when the procession had passed, "to a dying man." We passed the line, and set foot on the Vaudois territory. Being now on privileged soil, and safe from any exhibition which the saint reverence we had paid the procession of the *antidote* might have drawn upon us, we entered a small albergo, and partook together of a bottle of wine. Our long walk, and the warmth of the evening, made the refreshment exceedingly agreeable. By way of commending the qualities of their soil, my companions remarked, that "this was the vine of the land." I felt disposed to deal with it as David did with the water of the well of Bethlehem, for he said:
"The nurture of the peasant's vines
Hath been the martyr's blood!"

It was dark before I reached La Tour; but one of my fellow-travellers—the other having left us at San Giovanni—accompanied me every footstep of the way, having carried his own dwelling two full miles, to do me this kindness.
To be continued.

Father Chiniquy.

The Rev. Daniel Heilig thus describes the effect produced by the charitable relief obtained in New York, &c. for Mr. Chiniquy's poor and persecuted flock:—

Tears of gratitude were shed in abundance when the board saw the boxes of goods and received them from the hands of their venerable father. From morning till night you might see men and women, with their children, coming and going, like bees from and to the hive, not carrying thither but taking away the blessings to comfort them—blessings coming from the children of God in a distant land. None went away empty, the hungry were fed and the naked were clothed. When the boxes were emptied, orders upon the stores in the place succeeded. It was truly a time of great rejoicing and gladness at the distribution of about \$2,000 worth of the necessities of life in the space of a few days. Formerly, when you went under Romish subjection and influence, this people had been taught by their priests that there was no remission of sins and no salvation to be obtained in any of the Protestant churches, and that all Protestants were "the children of the devil, led captive as his will." They were consequently looked upon by the children of the Romish Church with horror and contempt. But now all these errors are swept away from their minds, and the remnant of prejudices still clinging to them, are also entirely removed, since those tokens of charity have come before them. Those who were true Christians love have wrought a wonderful revolution.

Last week fifteen families in the neighborhood were converted from the Romish Church to the gospel of Christ, and there are added to the Church of Christ a large number of converts. Formerly, when you went under Romish subjection and influence, this people had been taught by their priests that there was no remission of sins and no salvation to be obtained in any of the Protestant churches, and that all Protestants were "the children of the devil, led captive as his will." They were consequently looked upon by the children of the Romish Church with horror and contempt. But now all these errors are swept away from their minds, and the remnant of prejudices still clinging to them, are also entirely removed, since those tokens of charity have come before them. Those who were true Christians love have wrought a wonderful revolution.

Remarkable Awakening at Port Glasgow.

The Rev. Mr. Paterson, Dunoon, made the following statement on Saturday at the prayer-meeting:—"Last night I was present at a meeting in Provost Birkmyr's store, Port-Glasgow, where there would be about 2000 people present. I found Mr. Fraser, of Gourcel, addressing the meeting, and it was not long before 10 or 15 persons were struck down and carried out, just as I had seen in Ireland. The meeting was dismissed, but those who were anxious about their souls, forming a great part of the audience, remained behind. I addressed them again for some time, observed that we ought to hear the Word of God, and while speaking numbers were stricken down, in one place three, in another four and five, and so on. I had to step and give out a psalm. There seemed to be thirty or forty young converts, who held fast by one another, speaking to one another of their experience. I really felt as if I was in Ireland last night. I just thought I was in Sandy Row in Belfast. I went back in the evening, and the place of the meeting was crumpled. There must have been more than 2000 present. One cried out, and then another and another, and some of the cries were as piercing as anything I ever heard in Ireland. I never heard any cries more piercing and affecting than the cries of some of the girls in that store last night; and some of these girls were the worst characters in the town—characters who were notorious in Port-Glasgow. After the meeting had been desired to separate, a great many remained behind, most anxious to hear the Word. Young men and young women, and two or three Roman Catholics have been already arrested and turned, and before the meeting separated I found a little Roman Catholic boy standing with his Bible in his hands, saying that there was no mediator but Christ, and that he would have no other, and ever looking to Christ the Mediator to save

him. There was a large crowd meeting outside, and on my asking if they wished to hear more, they said that they did. I spoke till ten o'clock, and they were unwilling even then to go away. Till an advanced hour of the night, I was visiting the persons thus stricken down, and I saw a number of them this morning who had found peace and were rejoicing in Christ. They are just like the converts in Ballymena already; they all know one another, speak the same language, and like the Irish converts, are beginning to preach the gospel, saying to their friends and neighbours—'Come to Christ, come just as you are, without first trying to make yourself better. I just cast myself down at His feet, and told him that I despaired of saving myself, and I believed that he saved me; I did not dare to doubt. And so I entered, through belief, into peace.' I think God has begun this work in the small town of Port-Glasgow just as he began it in Glasgow, it may become known there and spread thither too, just as He began in Connor and Ballymena, and then carried the work to the large town of Belfast."
—*Scottish Guardian*.

Creed.

Christ or the World.
Commented to such as wish to have a Christ without a cross.
Holy and gracious God, give thy Holy Spirit now, and make the following fragments of Divine Truth mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of pleasure, which Satan has been, and is even now, erecting, within the pale of the professing Church of Christ!

Thorough religious decision is lamentably wanting in our day. The world has dragged down the Church to its own standard of religion; and, being on the same level, they appear to have a mutual understanding, that they must keep each other in countenance! More than that, the world, to a great extent, is professedly the Church. It is respectful to have some sort of Christian profession; in order to get respectable workdays within her pale, she must lower the standard of discipleship, and make the strait gate so comfortably wide, that it not only admits themselves, but also all their worldly equipage and baggage! And yet, with all this before us, we complain, forenoon, of the low state of religion! Let all worldliness be excluded from the Church of God, by the "living in Jerusalem," and matters will soon mend; and what may be wanting in quantity will be made up in quality. At present there are abundant evidences, that many who profess to be followers of Christ, are merely baptized worldlylings, who, in all their actions, show that they have never taken up the cross and become the self-denying disciples of a Redeemer whom the world hated. In nothing is this more apparent than in the education of our children, and give them every facility for following out all follies of the world; equip them with all those out attractions which shall make them vain and proud; allow them to frequent places of public entertainment, such as ball-rooms, theatres, concerts, or private parties where dancing, card playing, and drinking are introduced; and, after their minds have become completely saturated with folly, and intoxicated with worldliness, see them, by-and-by, posting headlong to perdition, or forming some unsuitable connexion which must render their miserable eyes, and their gross, weep, and mourn, over downright madness, when it is too late! Lead them on the ice, in their early years, by getting them initiated in the ways of folly, fashion, and worldliness; and then be amazed, and moan out your self-afflicted misery, when they slip their footing, and fall!

Heartily, I must say, is such infatuated conduct, and parents guilty of it, after repeated warning, must be regarded as not only inconsiderate, but positively cruel. No wise man may reason with such people, but it is of use; thousands of ministers are reasoning with them every returning Lord's Day, and yet their good offices are utterly lost upon them. Teach your children dancing, and they will be made up, and nothing short of a corporal chastisement would be likely to move them; and the era of that having passed, they must be left to follow out their unchristian ways and ruinous practices, and reap the terrible retribution which must inevitably follow!

O, my friends, if you profess religion, have prayers in your households and your closets; if you go regularly to Church, and give of your substance for the propagation of the cause of Christ, don't perpetrate the terrible inconsistency of allowing your children to learn dancing, and, by so doing, prepare them for frequenting, in after years, the resort of the gay, the pleasure, the fashionable, and the unprincipled. It may be perfectly consistent with worldly principles that the world should train their children to dance, but it is utterly inconsistent with Christian principles that Christians should give their sons a training as the dancing school affords. Albert Barnes the commentator, sets this matter in the clearest light when he says:—"The training in the dancing school, so far as it has any bearing at all, is a training to be a part of training for the communion-table, or for the office of Sabbath-school teacher, or of a tract distributor, or of a missionary to the heathen, or to qualify to enter into heaven. Not one of these things enters into the arrangement, not one of them is sought. In such a world we look in vain for prayer; for the serious reading of the Bible; for a humble and patient sitting at the feet of the Redeemer. It is a world of splendor without enjoyment; of professions without sincerity; of flattery without suit; of smiles where the heart is full of envy and chagrin; where the cup of pleasure has drags of wormwood; and where momentary bliss is succeeded by long nights of painful remembrance and by despair. In that world there is 'restless pride without gratification; ostentation without motive or reward; ceremony without comfort; laughter without joy; unceremonious real remorse; and praise mingled with envy, and dying away in the whispers of calumny. There 'every step appears light and airy as the radiant footsteps of the morning; every form and feature appears luminous without contentment and hope; but every heart is yet to be sad; every consciousness to utter the language of rebuke; and the consolation of all this folly is yet to bathe the cheek in tears, and the soul in despair—and shall Christian parents train up their children for such a world! No child dances into heaven, but many a one dances into hell."

and if they ever reach heaven, the gay and light trappings of the dance will be exchanged for a walk sad and grave like that of the Redeemer."
Be either for the world, or for Christ. If you decide for the former, teach your families to become familiar with folly and levity; let them learn to dance and drink, to sing the world's songs and be gloriously amused, to become great among men, and turn their back upon the Gospel of Christ; and let you and them entirely forget the God who made you, and, in due time, go to perdition, both here and hereafter; or, make up your minds to be cross-bearing, devoted, and unworshipful disciples of Christ, such as listen to the divine injunctions, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds: come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." Seek the Lord with all your heart. "Adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour." Teach and train your children for the service of Christ, and show them a holy example; and, after you have glorified your Saviour on earth, have "an entrance ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of your Lord and Saviour," with a good hope of meeting your beloved offspring on the Lamb's right hand, on the great day of his appearing!

There are only three ways; and one or other of them you must take. There is no middle way in which you, or your children, can serve both God and mammon. It is that abominable, hypocritical, half-way attachment to Christ and His cause, which would reconcile worldly conformity with Christian profession, that we loathe and execrate, and long to see swept clean away from the House of God, as with the beam of destruction; because it is dishonouring to Christianity, ruinous to our rising youth, and eternally disastrous to multitudes of souls. God rebukes it sharply when he says:—"Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God." (James, chap. iv. 4.)

Prayer and Praise.

"Who was the man who offered the last prayer?" said Miss M—, who was on a visit at Brookfield, and felt the same disposition to attend the prayer-meeting there as at home.
"Mr Hamilton," said Mrs Stewart.
"He must be a man of prayer. It is not often that one hears a prayer so appropriate and so easy to unite with."
"Mr Hamilton has a gift for prayer, especially in public."
There was something in the tones of Mrs Stewart's voice which indicated an unfavorable impression in regard to Mr Hamilton.
"Has he not a gift for private as well as public prayer?"
"I know little respecting his private habits, but there are some who do not enjoy his prayers as much as they do the prayers of some other men."
"I should think they could easily pray with him, his petitions are so natural, so suited to our wants, and withal so fervently offered."
"Well but the complaint is, that his practices does not correspond with his prayers."
"I hope there are some who do not think him to be a good man."
"I believe he is generally thought to be a good man, but he is not a very consistent man. He is a very passionate man, and often in a few moments utter a very earnest prayer with his family, that they may be meek, and gentle, and Christ-like, he has been known to fall into a violent passion with some of them. It is true that his passion is soon over, and that he is sorry for it; still the effect is very unhappy. Some think it would perhaps be better for him not to pray at all in public until he can make his practice correspond better with his prayers."

Mr Hamilton is not the only man whose prayers are less edifying than they would be if there were no contradiction between their prayers and their practice.
How is it with the reader? Do you pray in the social meetings and in your family? Do you pray for weakness, yet exhibit anger? Do you pray for non-conformity to the world, and yet mingle in its gay scenes? Do you pray for sobriety and a spiritual mind, and yet exhibit a frivolous and trifling spirit? Do you pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom, and yet do nothing to promote that object? Do you pray that the treasury of the Lord may be filled, and yet cling closely to the property God has entrusted to your care?
That such a contradiction should be noticed by men is sad, and the effect produced on the mind disastrous. And let it not be forgotten that this contradiction does not escape the notice of God!

Sow by the Wayside.

A Christian travelling on a steambot distributed tracts. While they were taken and read by many, a gentleman took one, and folding it, cut it with a pen-knife into small pieces; then holding it up in derision, threw it away. One piece adhered to his coat; he picked it off, and looking at it saw only the word "God." He turned it over; on the other side "Eternity." They stood out as living words before him, "God," "Eternity." He then went to the bar, called for brandy to drink to drive them away, but in vain. Then to the gambling table, to social intercourse and conversation; but these solemn words haunted him wherever he went until he was brought a penitent to the feet of Jesus. What an encouragement to the Christian traveller to sow seed by the wayside. In preparation for a journey, never forget the package of tracts. Scatter them, that you may thus win souls to your Saviour.

Rev. Rowland Hill.

During the last two or three years of this good man's life he very frequently repeated the following lines of an old poet:
"And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I can say,
We two are so joined,
That he'll not be in glory and leave me behind."
"The last time he occupied my pulpit," writes his friend and neighbour, the Rev. George Clayton, "when he preached eloquently in behalf of a charitable institution, he retired to the vestry after service,

