

# 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, August 27, 1859.

No. 8

**The Protestant,**  
AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,  
is issued every Saturday Morning, from Hunter's Printing Office, South Side Queen Square,  
at  
**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 3 o'clock on Friday.)

**GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL CARE.**

The eye that sees the sparrow fall—  
The ear that hears the raven's call—  
The voice that bids the sun to rise—  
The hand that leads the starry skies—  
That eye is present everywhere,  
And sees the heron's mortal hour;  
Regards contrition's every tear,  
And pities every sinning ear.  
That ear is ever on the alert,  
To hush the sinner's words of boast;  
It hears the cries of those who plead  
For Heaven's assistance in their need.  
That voice pronounces words of peace,  
And bids departing sorrow cease;  
Awakens hope of joys above,  
Secured by Heaven's unchanging love.  
That hand defends from every snare,  
And makes each trusting soul its care;  
Pours rainbows o'er the darkness' path,  
And leads the dying Christian's path.  
That eye, that ear, that voice, that hand,  
The powers of hell can ne'er withstand;  
By day, by night, awake, asleep—  
In every place, at home, abroad,  
Always and everywhere, my God,  
For Jesus' sake my friend shall be,  
And shed the beams of love on me.

From the Philadelphia Protectors  
**Letter from Father Chiquy.**

ST. ANN, ILLINOIS, July 26, 1859.

My dear Brother—Permit me to address a few words to the disciples of Christ in the United States through your paper. Since the days of the Reformation no fact in the history of the Church of Christ is more worthy of the attention of the Christian than the moral reformation which is occurring in this State of Illinois among the French, Canadian, and Belgian Roman Catholics. Many hundred families have publicly and in the most solemn manner renounced the abominable cross of the Church of Rome, to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

The human and sacrificial traditions of men which we have been taught to revere above the divine words of Jesus have been given up, and the holy gospel is the only fountain to which we run to quench our thirst after truth. The holy name of Jesus is now the only one invoked by us in our supplications to the throne of grace, and his blood shed upon the cross is the only foundation of our hope of an eternal life.

Swearing, gambling, playing cards on the Sabbath, are no more heard of among these new-born children of Christ; they worship and adore the incarnate Son of God given to the world by the Father in the Holy Scriptures. The morning and evening services of the Lord's day are not sufficient to satisfy the piety of our new converts; twice every week they meet again in the chapel from seven to nine, and often to ten o'clock in the evening, to praise the Lord and to sing his holy canticles, and to offer him the incense of their prayers and humble supplications; there is not a single one of their religious meetings at which the angels of God do not rejoice over the conversion of many sinners. Many have attributed these extraordinary events to my zeal and ability, and have praised me very much; but this is the work of a very common sense. These admirable and numerous conversions are not my work, nor the work of any man, they are the work of our great and merciful God.

It would be too long to tell you all the different and wonderful ways by which Providence has brought us from a yoke so Egyptian bondage to the glorious liberty of the land of promise. I will only tell you that our merciful God has done with us as he formerly did for Saul. You know well that that son of Kish, looking only for his sheep, found a kingdom. We began our struggles with the Church of Rome by resisting the abominable abuses of her bishops, a church built by the French Canadians for their own use, and a paragon erected by them for their priests, had been transferred from their hands to another congregation without their permission, and sold, and the money pocketed by the holy ambassador of Rome. And when we went to ask in a respectful manner, from the Bishop, by what authority he had done all these things, he dismissed my countrymen with these most sanctified words: "French Canadians, you do not know your rights; if you know it, you would acknowledge that I have the right to sell your churches and church property, and pocket the money, and go and eat and drink where I like."

Being assured by this good Bishop that we did not know our religion, all that day, we began to study the Roman religion which gives so much power to certain men over other men; we studied those laws by which a few mitred and haughty sinners keep in slavery so many millions of human beings purchased by the blood of Christ; but we were not long before finding that that awful power of the Pope and Bishops over us had no other foundation than in their unblushing impudence, and in our stupid ignorance of our unquestionable rights as men and Christians.

In that glorious paper we found these words, written with the very blood of Christ, "Ye are redeemed with a price, but not made the bond-slaves of men." (1 Cor. vii. 23.) From that day we took the resolution to be no longer the bond-slaves of men. And the holy gospel which told us our rights became dearer and dearer to our hearts and precious to our souls; the word of God became from that day more than ever the delicious food of our intelligence, and the more we tasted of that food the more did we find it delightful,

and the more was it a light to our ways, and a two-edged sword in our hands against our foes.

The poor prisoner who was bound in a dark and fetid dungeon, from his infancy to his old age, is no more pleased and happy when a friendly hand opens the door of his prison, and permits him to breathe the pure air of the heaven, than we were when God had broken our chains from Rome. The unfortunate born blind man is not more rejoiced when the skillful physician cures him, by opening his eyes and permitting him to see the smiling face of his mother and the enchanting spectacle of nature, than we were when we saw, for the first time, the truth as it is in Jesus.

Since the day of our separation from Rome, many attempts have been made to call us back to her dominion again; but may Almighty God be blessed for this, all our efforts have proved a failure. Lately, when I was absent in the East, and asking the help of the Christians in favour of my poor, persecuted colony, the priests of Rome made a last and desperate effort to deceive my countrymen. A grand vicar, who had a great reputation for holiness and wisdom among his fellow churchmen, was despatched to this people to reclaim them; but a young man only twenty-three years of age, having had a public discussion with that priest of Rome, so completely and palpably confounded that holy man, that, rebuked by his own friends, he left the place the following day, but not without first shaking off the dust from his holy shoes.

But if we have the happiness of enjoying that Christian liberty of the children of God which is one of the most precious privileges of a redeemed people—if we have broken free from the chains of bondage which the Church of Rome had put on our feet and hands, do not believe that this has been done without the hardest struggle and the severest sacrifices. The Church of Rome is the same to-day as she was when embracing her hands in the blood of your father, in the night of St. Bartholomew's or in the days of the mercuries. Mary her bloody laws, by which she had proclaimed that every one who violated her authority must be put down by every means—that her goods must be confiscated and taken away from him, his person imprisoned and destroyed by fire and sword—have never, nor have never been repealed; they are still written in her codes. If the Church of Rome does not torture and kill, it is not that she has not the desire and the will to do it; it is the power which is wanting. If to-morrow God in his wrath would restore to the Church of Rome the power she formerly had, we would be to-morrow in the hands of the executioner, and brought to the scaffold or the auto da fe. But if the Church of Rome has not the power to kill and burn those whom God in his mercy converts from her perdition, why should she injure and persecute, and in the end to destroy them. The pulpits, the confessional, and the character, &c., are immediately at work to destroy their guests by the most insidious calumnies and the most infamous slanders. Bishops and priests, clergy and laymen, are vying with each other to invent the most venomous lies, and publish the most abominable inventions of human malice against the one they call apostate, renegade, Protestant, &c.

I could fill a whole volume in detailing the persecutions we have suffered, and the expensive stile we had to sustain. During the last three years we have not been a single instant of time without being obliged by our enemies to defend ourselves before the tribunals of justice. And though we have always been victorious, we have still lost immense sums of money. Many of my poor farmers around me have been ruined by these struggles. For my own part, I have been completely ruined a few weeks ago, all that I had—my library, my bed, my table, my chairs, every thing, all the work taken away from me by the sheriff and sold in the market of Kankakee city. It is true that I have to acknowledge here with gratitude the charity of a few friends who have bought a part of those articles and have sent them back to me again. But to tell the truth, I must say that I owe still many thousand dollars which I have expended in that battle, and that more than the half of my friends around me are entirely ruined, and will lose their all, and will be turned away from their homes in consequence of the persecutions and suits we have had from the priests of the Church of Rome, if no one comes to our help. Yesterday I was officially informed that I had to prepare myself for a new and most vexatious and costly suit from the parsons of the Pope to achieve my ruin. But a thing which has added much to our afflictions is the failure of our two last year's crops. We had the hope that this year would be a better one, but we are threatened with a still worse one, if it be possible. Already our wheat and oats have been destroyed by the drought and insects; and our corn-fields, which looked so well a few weeks ago, are now withered, and in a great measure destroyed, also by a small insect which leaves nothing where it passes.

My house is besieged from morning till night by my poor farmers, who, with tears in their eyes, come and ask me, "What will become of us? our struggles to obtain our liberties of conscience have begun our ruin; the failure of our two last year's crops had almost completed it, and now our hopes for this year are destroyed. Our wheat and oats are not worth cutting. Our enemies of the Roman Church are exulting over our ruin; they say that we are punished by God for having rebelled against the authority of the Bishops and the Pope; our former friends and brothers and sisters of Canada are cursing us; and now, starvation, eye cruel starvation, is at our door. O dear Father Chiquy, tell us, for God's sake, what will become of us? For Jesus' sake we have renounced every thing; and our dear fathers, our good mothers, our kind sisters and brothers, and friends, are taught by their priests to look upon us with horror and disgust. To break the ties which united us to those dear parents and friends has called out all our Christian energies. We have made our sacrifices without regret, though not without the most excruciating soul sufferings. But how is it that God, after those sacrifices, seems to curse our fields, and to refuse his benedictions upon our lands, and takes away the last mouthful of bread which we hoped to give to our children?"

No human words could tell you my position and the tortures of my heart. During, and under to answer poor friends, I press their hands within mine, I raise my eyes to God, and only tell them that "Our Father is in heaven, and he will not forsake us." And I go to my little room and fall on my knees, and move with my tears then with my words, I say to my God, "Why hast thou abandoned us, O Father? For thy sake Jesus, we have renounced every thing which was dear to us in this world! We have no more brothers, nor sisters, nor friends; and now thou destroyest also the crops of our fields; and thou art reducing us to the

last degree of human misery! Is it thy intention, O God, to destroy this people who have publicly renounced the cross of the Church of Rome, to hear and to follow thy voice? Is it thy intention that the enemies of thy gospel should say that thou latest and destroyest those who, to save their immortal souls, have gone out of this modern Babylon, to follow, to love, and to adore thy divine Son Jesus? Will thou not give us our daily bread? Will thou not give us that hundred fold of brothers and sisters and friends thou hast promised to those who have renounced every thing for thy sake?" And, prostrated before my God, I can speak no more.

But in my devotion I hear something which I find a voice saying unto me, "Be comforted, O my people; I know the voice of thy tears, I have seen thine afflictions, and all thy sacrifices thou hast made. I will come to thy help, and I will give thee according to my promise an hundred fold more of brothers, and sisters, and friends, and peace than thou hast renounced for my love. I have afflicted thee by the destruction of thy crops; but this was done to give to my other children an occasion to unite themselves to you by the golden ties of charity. I will speak to the children of the gospel all over the land; I will touch their hearts in your behalf, and from the North to the South, and from the East to the West, and from beyond the seas you will hear thousands upon thousands saying, 'We must be the brothers, the sisters, and the friends of these new-born children whom the Lamb has given to the Church.' We must extend to them the helping hand, we must take them under our protection, and divide with them the bread our Heavenly Father has given to us."

Believe me your devoted brother in Jesus Christ,  
C. CHIQUEY.

**Metemorph.**

Among the items of news by the packet of June 6th, from Europe, is the death of Prince Metemorph. He died in his 81st year, after he had stowed Bonaparte safely away in St. Helena, that the Congress of kings, princes, potentates and ambassadors, met at Vienna, to settle the affairs of Europe. Metemorph presided over their deliberations, and seemed chief speaker upon all occasions.

One day they were considering how to stop revolutions, democracy, and the growth of republics. Metemorph said, that as long as the republic of America existed, there would be no stability for any of the monarchies of Europe. He then explained how the French grew out of the American revolution. He said the subject had long occupied his serious attention. His remedy was, by all means possible or practicable, to propagate Popery in America. Said he, there is no more danger of this, than of the sun's shining; they have no national church in America, and politicians have their price everywhere. No republic can exist, he continued, where the chief is both king and priest.

It was resolved that each country represented in that Congress, should pay a sum of money to establish a fund for the propagation of the Jesuitic plan of Metemorph. This self-created Society now assumed the name and title of the Holy Alliance.

I was in my forty-second year when these events transpired. I read them in the papers of the time, and my heart was deeply affected. I have some of the newspapers in my scrap-book now on my table. As soon as the Holy Alliance adjourned, the exportation of Catholic war for America commenced. Priests, monks and bishops, jezuits, inquisitors, and confessor, all penitentiaries and abominations were sent of their contents and shipped for America. The priests that accompanied this live lumber were amply supplied with gold, silver, and bills of exchange. They landed chiefly in New York and Baltimore, for there, too, Satan hath his nest. The most of them went westward. Presently churches, chapels, monasteries, convents and nunneries were raising their spires above the clouds, and their foundations in the sand. In 1794, St. Peter's chapel, in Barclay street, was the only Catholic chapel in New York. Now, I am told, there are three dozens of them. From the adjournment of the Holy Alliance to the present day, every ship from Europe brings fresh recruits for the Catholic army. Every State, the Western in particular, are full of them. I am told, in the town of St. Louis you can buy an intelligence to eat beefsteaks in Lent, and the spirit of the Gospel, by the cascade of Jesus, or by their obligations to his love. Their conduct is what that of the lamp of heaven would be if they inferred from the world's darkness the excusableness of becoming a little like it instead of shining on in obedience to the supreme command.

If we would "shine as lights in the world," we must be "blameless, and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation."—Cor. of British Messenger.

**The Law in Maine.**

We have received information from Canada which makes it very apparent that the reckless floodgates that have been put forth in one, if not two, of the papers here, in relation to the liquor traffic in this city, are at the instance of the enemies of Temperance in that province, and to help them. These sinners, especially about Parliament, are sorely pressed just at this time, and any thing that looks like a failure here is a great comfort to them, no matter whether it is truth or falsehood. The one is just as greedily seized on as the other, and their eyes are shut against all light that may be shed on any matters respecting the working of the law here. They seem to be entirely oblivious to the fact that, despite the stringent prohibitory laws all over the civilized world against that robbery, murder, and other crimes, these crimes still continue to exist. They demand that the law shall do that for the liquor traffic which it has never done with reference to any other crime. They are not willing to judge of it as they do of other laws. They insist it shall annihilate the liquor traffic, or be wiped from the statute books as a useless encumbrance. Let them take the same course with reference to law, civil and criminal, and such a thing as law would not exist; for there is no law which perfectly answers its purpose. Every law is either so set at defiance, openly or secretly, by bad men. The truth is, it is enough that the law answers its purpose as well as other criminal laws. If it does this, it does us have any right to expect that it does this, in this city and State, we believe,

notwithstanding the falsehood of enemies and the crowding of some friends. Of this our friends abroad may be assured. The law is a success, and cannot be wiped out. It is feared by rascals, and hated by greedy politicians; but they must stand it, for the people are behind it.—Maine Temperance Journal.

**Creasury.**

**Deliverance from the Power of Sin.**

Awakened sinner! Jesus can give you deliverance from the power of sin. Until very lately you, who are now anxious, were the willing slaves of sin. You loved it dearly and ran greedily in its service before you became alarmed about your soul. Sin was wont to go with the grain of your carnal nature. You could no more cease from sin than a stone let out of the hand could cease descending towards the earth. If unconverted, you are still upon the inclined plane which lets sinners down from the earth to the bottomless pit, and slide down you must, unless rescued from your dangerous position by one "mighty to save." You may desire to deliver yourself, but all your unaided efforts will prove fruitless. You may even pray earnestly against your besetting sin, but, apart from Divine interference, they will remain besetting sins still. You may resolve and endeavor a hundred times to cease from sinning, but you will find it impossible, for Satan cannot cast out Satan. Christ must come to your aid, for He says, "Without me ye can do nothing," but he also says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Dear fellow-sinner, do you desire your corruptions to be weakened, and the body of sin to be so destroyed, that henceforth you will not serve sin? Then come to Christ for the Holy Spirit, to give you a new heart. By giving you His Spirit, He will give you deliverance from this dreadful bondage. Sin shall not have dominion over you, if you are in Jesus Christ. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new. I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes.

When the Lord Jesus subdues sin by His Almighty Spirit, then will the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind. The law of the Spirit of Life, in Christ Jesus, will set you free from the law of sin and death.

**The Eloquence of a Holy Life.**

As the moon reflects the light of the sun, so the Church has to reflect the light of the Gospel upon the world. Through the power of the Holy Ghost, believers have been spiritually illuminated, and they, in their turn, by the means of spiritual illumination to the world which sits in darkness.

Now, among the modes in which this may be sought, none is more efficacious than the silent eloquence of a holy life. All zeal, all activity, all teaching, which is contradicted by the character of the man, does less good than the quietness of a Christian case. It exposes the individual and the cause to contempt.

Men know very well that Christianity aims to secure a higher morality than the principles of the world can afford. Worldly men will not expect to see Christian professors inferior to themselves in character. Many of them feel that their principles are superior to theirs. They look for a corresponding superiority in your conduct.

Multitudes of men surround us who are much more advanced in the judgment of Christianity by what they see Christians do than by what they hear them say, or know them to profess. They transfer their opinion of the man to the Master.

Your life, O Christian, must truly represent your profession. Worldly men will not expect to see Christian professors inferior to themselves in character. Many of them feel that their principles are superior to theirs. They look for a corresponding superiority in your conduct.

Multitudes of men surround us who are much more advanced in the judgment of Christianity by what they see Christians do than by what they hear them say, or know them to profess. They transfer their opinion of the man to the Master.

Your life, O Christian, must truly represent your profession. Worldly men will not expect to see Christian professors inferior to themselves in character. Many of them feel that their principles are superior to theirs. They look for a corresponding superiority in your conduct.

**The Open Door.**

The daughter of a poor widow had left her mother's cottage; led astray by others, she had forsaken the Guide of her youth and forgotten the covenant of her God. She had entered upon that path of sin which leads down so quickly to the chambers of death.

For a long time she had been in the world's only resource, nor was it in vain. He who heareth the cry of the afflicted, heard the cry of that poor widow.

Touched by a sense of her sin, and anxious to regain that peace to which she was now a stranger, late one night the daughter returned home.

It was near midnight, and she was surprised to find the door unfastened. "Never, my child," said the mother, "by night or by day has the door been fastened since you left. I have you could come back some day and we would be happy to see you." (Ps. lxxvii. 8.)

Reader, are you far from God? Does your own heart tell you that you have sinned against Him? Are you afraid to think of his presence? Do you fear to meet Him as your Judge? Do you fear that your iniquities will shut you up under the crushing condemnation?

Oh! remember now, at this moment, God sets before you an open door! It is wide open both by night and by day. He will not keep you waiting a single moment, and His voice is heard calling to you, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Is. i. 18.) Oh! despise not the goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering of God! Come back to Him, trusting only in the name and in the blood of Jesus! Delay not till the day of grace is past, and the door of mercy is closed. It will be too late then. "When once the Master of the house has risen up and shut the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us, He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: depart from me all ye workers of iniquity."

**The Word made Flesh.**

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."—John i. 1-14.

It is the glory of the world, that He who forged it dwelt on it; of the air, that he breathed in it; of the sun, that it shone on him; of the ground, that it bore him; of the sea, that he walked on it; of the elements, that they supported him; of the waters, that they refreshed him; of us men, that he lived and died among us—yes, that he lived and died for us; that he assumed our flesh and blood, and carried it to the highest heavens, where it shines as the eternal ornament and wonder of the creation of God. It gives us a lesson to providence. It is the chief event that adorns the records of time, and enlarges the history of the universe. It is the glory of the various great lines of providence, that they point out to us their centre; that they prepared the way for its coming, that, after its coming, they are subservient to its ends; that though it is a ray, it shines to us as present mysterious and unsearchable. Thus, we know that they either fulfill the promises of the crucified Jesus, or his threatenings; and show either the happiness of receiving him, or the misery of rejecting him."—Metcalf.

Dear reader, has the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, enlightened you so that you are no longer a child of darkness, but a child of light, and can say "with all saints," "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, has shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ?"

**Unconditional Salvation.**

The Gospel is much clouded at this day by legal terms, conditions and qualifications; if my doctrine were upon condition that you did so and so,—that you believe, and repent, and mourn, and pray, and obey, and the like—then you should have the favor of God.—I dare not for my life say that is the Gospel. But the Gospel I desire to preach to you is, will you have a Christ to work faith, repentance, love, and all good in you, and to stand between you and the sword of divine wrath? Here there is no room for you to object that you are not qualified, because you are such a hardened, unyielding, blind and stupid wretch. For the question is not, will you remove these evils, and then come to Christ? But will you have a Christ to remove them for you? It is because you are plagued with these diseases that I call you to come to the Physician that he may heal them. Are you guilty? I offer Him unto you for righteousness. Are you polluted? I offer Him unto you for sanctification. Are you miserable and forlorn? I offer Him as made of God unto you complete redemption. Are you hard-hearted? I offer Him to come to the Physician that he may heal them. Are you content that He break your heart? Come, then, and put your hard heart into His hand.

**The Swearer's Prayer Answered.**

[In the following, among multitudes of other instances.]

In November, 1796, a person much given to swearing, being disappointed by one of his companions not returning to the public-house as soon as he expected, swore he would never drink with him again; and that if he did, it should be his last. According to his promise, he never drank with him again, and that he called him into eternity.

T. G., who lived in the parish of Sedgely, near Wolverhampton, having lost a considerable sum at cock-fighting, to which practice he was notoriously addicted, swore in a most horrid manner that he would never fight another cock, frequently calling upon God to damn his soul to all eternity if he did; and, with dreadful imprecations, wishing the devil might fetch him if ever he made another bet.

His resolution, thus impiously formed, was, for a while observed; but, about two years after, he was, by Satan, whose willing servant he continued to be, inspired him with a violent desire to attend a cocking at Wolverhampton; and he complied with the temptation. He there stood up, and cried, "I hold four to three on such a cock." "Four what?" said one of his companions in inquiry. "Four shillings," replied he. Upon which the wager was confirmed, and he, putting his hand into his pocket for the money, instantly fell a ghastly corpse upon the ground.

"Who hath hardened himself against God, and despised Him?"—Job iv. 4.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."—Exod. xx. 7.

"Because of swearing, the land mourneth."—Jer. xlii. 10.

Every one that swears shall be cut off."—Zech. v. 3.

Dear reader, art thou a swearer? O take this friendly warning; the next oath may be thy last; if thy prayer is heard, thy soul is damned for ever.

**Beautiful Simplicity.**

A Scotch girl was converted under the preaching of Whitefield. When asked (after her heart was changed) her true and beautiful answer was—"Something I have in changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart; there is a great change come over me, for every thing is different from what it was."











