

## Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

[ORIGINAL.]

## European Correspondence.

Paris, Oct. 8, 1854.

(Continued.)

MR. EDITOR,—

"We make use of tracts to a great extent, and send those little messengers of mercy all over the land."

"How many of them would you print in one year?"

"I will tell you how many we have sent off in the last three years. Including these printed in the dialect of Armorica, the number has been 8 million."

"8 million! Is it possible?" cried Bufont, who found most of his preconceived notions concerning the labors of French Protestants entirely erroneous.

"Yes, and of Bibles and Testaments we send out a proportionate number. We have 15 Ministers and 7 Licentiates, who are constantly at work. But these are a small part of our labors. Issuing tracts and Bibles, and religious books demands most of our time and energy. It would be impossible for me to describe the rage of the Priests as they find themselves foiled and baffled by these tracts. They are small in size, and countless almost in number. Thus they can go everywhere, and can everywhere be concealed from the eye of the Priesthood. Gentlemen, I know not what could supply the place of religious tracts. They are Missionaries which can go everywhere, unhindered by climate or by the rage of man."

"Do not the Priests succeed at all in their efforts to injure or prevent your purposes?" I enquired.

"Oh yes, Monsieur. In many ways.—In some places we cannot obtain a hearing.—In others we are driven away by the fanatical people. In other places again, our tracts and distributed books are collected and burnt. We are abused and despised and slandered. Often we are almost tempted to believe that in some places we are doing absolute injury instead of good,—so fearful are the passions which we have aroused."

"This must afflict you," said Bufont.—How is it possible that you continue a work in which there are so many discouragements?"

"Ah Monsieur," said M——, "we are not to think this. We have nothing to do with results. Our Captain has commanded us to storm the fortress of Satan. Looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, we must go on, obedient to the word of our leader."

"You speak of downright persecution.—Your laws would prevent that surely," said I.

"No. We are generally arrested under other charges. We are taken up as rioters, and punished for breaking the peace. We are charged with disturbing the civil quiet of society. We are esteemed as Red Republicans, and many, on that account, are prejudiced against us. Generally, our treatment depends upon the magistrate. Sometimes, like Gallio, he is indifferent, and 'cares for none of these things.' Sometimes he will be a bigoted Papist, and sentence us to severe treatment. Not a year has passed since I myself was imprisoned for three weeks."

"You, Monsieur!" cried Bufont. "You? In France?"

"Oh I was disturbing the peace, but it was the peace of the kingdom of Satan, and if I ever refrain from doing so, I deserve forever to lose my own. Well, such persecutions only make us work the harder, we are elastic, like balls of caout-chouc the more you strike us to the earth, the higher will we rebound."

"Are your literary works confined to tracts?" asked Bufont.

"Monsieur cannot be ignorant of the books of the great Vinet," replied M——, "nor can he be a stranger to the name of Weiss, that profound and thoughtful man, who, from his Professor's chair, in the 'Lycee Bonaparte,' makes the duller part of history delightful by his eloquence. He, by his 'History of the Huguenots,' so excited the anger of the Catholics, that — well what can you imagine that they did?"

"I am at a loss to say."

"They endeavored to get him dismissed from his Professorship, and twenty-six Roman Catholic Bishops handed into the Emperor a petition requesting him to do so. Of

course our liberal minded monarch refused so absurd a request."

"I think I heard of that," said Bufont.

"No doubt. No doubt," replied M——, "there was an absurd statement in 'L'Univers,' the grand Catholic organ, to the effect that Weiss had invented statements in his History, and that D'Aubigne, the Genevese Pastor had written half of it. Of course no one believed it. By the way talking of L'Univers reminds me of our indefatigable American Missionary Jenkins. He is a Welshman, and consequently is more liable to master the Celtic dialect of these inhabitants of Brittany. His labors there were crowned with success. He has had so many converts that the Jesuits and the Catholics have been roused to fury. They tried to incite the Magistrates in Lower Brittany against him so as to cause his expulsion, but were unsuccessful. Indeed the Mayor of Morlaix has taken him under his special protection, and has long ago purchased 20 Testaments from him, to distribute as prizes in the National School. Mr. Jenkins has a Chapel in Morlaix, and two of his converts are going around the rural districts, preaching and distributing tracts. The Russian clergy have had their attention attracted by it, and have done everything in their power to injure him. Not long since a furious and lying attack upon him was published in 'D'Univers.' But, strange to say, defenders were found among the ranks of Rome, and Papists themselves wrote refutations of the vile attack."

"And you yourself were his most valiant champion," said Bufont. "I saw your article, you silenced that man."

"Yes," said M——, "I wrote a little piece in vindication of his conduct. It was no difficult thing to do that. His conduct is open to the world, and all may see it. Admiration only can be felt by those who consider it."

"True," said Bufont, "and Monsieur permit me to say, that admiration only can be felt by those who consider the labors of such men as yourself. I am nothing in particular. In fact," continued the lively Frenchman, "I don't believe I have given religion a serious thought for ten years; but if ever I were to examine any, it would be your religion, my dear Sir. To me a philosophical and indifferent observer it seems most reasonable. However, I suppose that you would not care for the opinions of those whom you call men of the world."

"Do not say that, Monsieur," replied M——. "On the contrary, we value in some degree the opinions of all men on such a subject as this."

A short conversation on general subjects followed, after which we bade our friend adieu. He shook hands with me on parting, and begged me to visit him whenever I could, as he would be "charmed to see me." Bufont talked in his gay way about this Protestant Minister nearly all the rest of the day.

Yours, truly,

OUANGONDY.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Cambridge, Oct. 28, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

Agreeable to request I send you a brief account of the "Quarterly Meeting" at Jemseg, which commenced on Saturday evening last.

Ministering brethren in attendance—Elder B. Coy, J. C. Skinner, J. Trimble, A. Mutch, and T. H. Porter. Licentiates, P. Knight, T. Lockety, R. Barton, H. Harris, and brethren G. Ballentine, and A. Estabrooks.

Preaching on Sabbath evening by Elder Skinner, who exhibited the character of Christ as, "the light of the world." The congregation good and from the manifestation of divine light from the commencement, we were cheered with a prospect of success in our labors.

Lord's day morning, at 10 o'clock, Elder Porter discoursed on "God's call to the sleeper." Such was the immense crowd of people from different sections of the country, that the chapel could not contain near all of them, which circumstance (I trust,) will urge the wealthy people of Jemseg, to build a large and more respectable house for God, with as little delay as possible.

At 2 o'clock, P.M., Elder Mutch preached, in which he gave an interesting contrast between the manner in which God meets man, and man meets his fellow. Bro. Ballentine discoursed on the importance of "searching the Scriptures" without intermission.

In the evening Father Coy addressed the people, on the "preciousness of Christ to the believer," while Bro. Trimble accompanied me three miles below, where I treated on the importance of "seeking the Lord."

Monday at 10 o'clock, A.M., Bro. Lockety discoursed on the "Love of the Spirit," while all felt that the blessed Spirit was there, aiding the speaker and hearer. In the afternoon Bro. Harris spoke on the "value of the soul," and we trust many felt the importance of the subject.

In the evening Bro. Knight addressed a full and attentive audience on the French Mission, founded upon the parable of the "Supper."

Tuesday morning we enjoyed an interesting Ministerial Conference. Elders Coy, Chairman, and Porter, Clerk. The subjects discussed were, Brotherly Love, the Lord's Supper, and Church discipline. It was unanimously resolved that we affectionately recommend to the Churches comprising this district a more scriptural attention to those subjects, in order to a more healthy and prosperous state.

Also Resolved, That the next Quarterly Meeting be attended with the Church at Wickham, to commence on the 3d Saturday in January next, at 2 o'clock, P.M., and that Bro. Trimble preach a Sermon on Lord's day, A.M., on the sanctification of the Sabbath.

We then met the Church in general Conference, which was truly a season of rejoicing.

In the evening Bro. Estabrooks addressed the people, while Brethren Trimble, Lockety, and Porter accompanied Bro. Knight to the lower settlement, where we enjoyed another interesting lecture on the French Mission.

The people not only manifested an interest in listening to facts in relation to our brother's labors among the French, but cheerfully responded to the claims the Mission has upon their liberality.

Meetings were continued every evening through the week, with encouraging prospects, those were addressed by Barton, myself and Estabrooks. From first to last I think I never witnessed a more sensible manifestation of divine assistance in the Speakers than on this occasion. Surely the Lord was with us, and it cannot be for naught. Our dear Bro. T. is encouraged in his labors there, and well he may be.

Yours, in faith and hope,

T. H. PORTER.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

MR. EDITOR,—

If you will give the following remarks a corner in your valuable paper, you will oblige a subscriber.

GULIELMUS.

## A WORD TO MINISTERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

1st. Let the throat be always kept at the same even and low temperature at which persons keep their face. Few ladies are attacked with this tracheal irritation, because with them habitually the throat is open to the cool air. Many men and Ministers in particular tie up the throat or neck with a handkerchief with pad or a thick stock, and in this way the glandular and highly vascular substance of the neck becomes peculiarly tender and susceptible, and the tracheal passage suffers with it. Let nothing be worn about the neck, either in winter or summer, but a plain thin mossa stock, which will not allow the throat to become heated, and it will soon be protected by habit, from all swelling of the tonsils by cold and from the trachea or wind pipe.

2nd. As a preventive before the deduction of the packing around the throat, begin the ablution with tepid water and vinegar, and gradually come to the copious use of cold water, applied by a sponge to the whole region of the neck and shoulders, rubbing afterwards with a coarse towel till the skin becomes well reddened; if this plan is adopted in summer by the time winter arrives it will be found quite sufficient to wear only the slightest stock in the cold weather, if protected by nature's covering and to sleep at night with the collar of the night shirt unfastened without taking cold. But above every other precaution, we would urge upon Ministers and public speakers especially, to abstain from the modern custom of shaving, which is a direct violation of nature's laws, and which never fails to incur the penalty in some shape, either in an affection of the throat, tooth-ache,

weak eyes, or head-ache; for it is a well known fact, that from every beard a nerve is attached, leading directly to these members. The truth of which has been tested scores of times especially by those whose misfortune it is to shave with a dull razor, the eyes become peculiarly affected, and the sensation produced is experienced throughout the system, people are now waking up to this fact in the olden countries, and whole counties in England have discontinued the practice of shaving altogether, believing that it is decidedly injurious to health.

I would just say that these are the result of many years experience, and though they may appear minor matters, yet, if properly attended to they will be found of real importance, men of peculiar delicacy of throat, &c., may by perseverance in this way become robust and indomitable speakers. Of course if there is a general constitutional debility, collateral means for improvement must be adopted also, but in a hundred cases to one these things proceed from a direct violation of the laws of organic life, impressed by that great architect, upon man's physical nature, which is fearfully and wonderfully made.

Yours, truly,

GULIELMUS.

Pugwash, N. S. Nov. 1854.

## OBITUARY.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

Please give this short notice a place in your paper:—Our sister in the Lord, Ann Wheaton, departed this life on the 24th of October.—She was the daughter of Mr. A. Wilson, and professed conversion when quite young. She was one of those happy converts that I immersed shortly after I entered upon my Ministry in those parts. She married Mr. Demill, with whom she lived in love and friendship till her death. They raised a large family of 13 children, 10 are living, and 3 are not.—Our Sister was a Christian, not in word only, but in deed. The country then being new they settled in a part where there were but few inhabitants; but being industrious they soon became comfortable in their circumstances and able to assist those that were in want. It may be said in truth that their house was a home for strangers, open freely to the preaching of the Gospel. She gave freely to the support of the Gospel. She died of a violent fever—her suffering was great, but short; her end was peace. I visited her a short time before her death and found her in great distress; but resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father. I read a part of the 8th chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans, when I ended the Chapter she said, "those are sweet words." I knelt with her weeping husband, and I trust we were comforted in the prospect of her speedy release from sin and her entrance into rest. I attended her funeral and preached from the 7th Chap. of Job, 1st verse. The congregation was very large and great solemnity pervaded the Assembly. Our sister was a consistent member of the first church in Salisbury. She lived in the affections of her Brethren, her just and numerous family and neighbours, and will be long remembered. Her age was sixty-eight.

Yours truly, in the Lord,

JOSEPH CRANDAL.

A POLYNESIAN VALLEY.—The Valley of Waipio may justly be termed the Eden of the Hawaiian Islands. Long before I saw it, I had heard it spoken of in terms of the warmest admiration and had prepared my mind for something beyond the usual character of the scenery so profusely scattered over the group. On reaching the brink of the tremendous bank by which its southern limit was bounded, the scene was truly magnificent. The bed of the valley reposed at a depth of two thousand feet below. The dwellings of the natives dwindled away nearly to the size of ant-hills. The numerous herds of cattle which were quietly grazing in the everlasting pastures were hardly discernible. On the opposite bank—much higher than the one on which I stood—glittering cascades, broken in thirty abrupt falls, were tumbling from rock to rock, half sportively, half angrily. The centre of the valley was enlivened with two crystal rivers, winding their tortuous path to meet the foaming surge that broke on the fair sand-beach at its mouth. There was something about that valley so lovely and undisturbed, that it pictured to the imagination the paradise in which the first man wandered with the first woman. It seemed to belong to another world, or to be a portion of this into which sorrow and death had never entered.—Sandwich Island Notes.