

bearing as faithfully as ever for the cause they espoused. It has been my delightful privilege, since here, to make their personal acquaintance, and I cannot forget the temptation to record my first impressions, and to enter upon some few details which may gratify a curiosity natural to us all, and certainly quite pardonable.

After Robert Hallam, he who undoubtedly gave the strongest impulse to the Evangelical movement in Geneva was Dr. *César Malan*. At that time, a preacher of great eloquence, and a Regent of the College, he suddenly threw all his talents and energies upon the side of the truth. Appearing one day in the pulpit of one of the churches, he frankly avowed his new-found sentiments, and declared with great boldness and power the doctrines which had so long been ignored and despised. From that hour he became a marked man. Misunderstood by his friends, and hated by his enemies, he has been compelled to bear a load of obloquy, misrepresentation, and persecution, which might well break the spirit of any ordinary man, but which have served only to call out his energies, and to make more desired and striking his testimony in the truth. Dr. Malan is now an old man, perhaps over seventy. His appearance is striking and venerable. Imagine a tall figure, straight as an arrow, quick and graceful in every movement; a face peculiarly intellectual; an eye mild but firm; a lip compressed, and denoting energy and determination; a brow lofty and almost unfurrowed, and hair white as the snow flowing down upon the shoulders, and you have the *tout ensemble* of the exterior man. All that the exterior promises you will find within. Dr. Malan is a man of extensive and varied attainments. Theology has not been his only study. The fine arts find in him a lover and an adept. He can take his pencil and give you a likeness of yourself, or an admirable sketch of those beautiful mountains. He can write his own hymns, set them to appropriate music, and himself sing and play them to you with exquisite skill. The hymn-book used in his little church has been entirely composed and set to music by himself, and I can myself abundantly testify both to the sweetness of the verses and the melody of the song. Of the modern languages, he speaks two at least, the German and English, besides his own, with entire fluency. Indeed, one wonders how a man of such abundant labours in the peculiar field of his choice, should have found the time to gather up and appropriate such varied riches from abroad.

Dr. Malan, even in his old age, is still a hard worker. Indeed, he has not known what it is to rest since he first embraced the cause of Christ. Since then, his life has been a continued warfare with those who have opposed his principles. The cause of Christ in Geneva has been the favourite subject of his solicitude, and to promote it has been his constant aim. His literary labours have been confined, I believe, mostly to this object; and though he has published much, the mass of his writings are such as the occasion has called forth, and which, therefore, it is to be feared, will have but a transient existence. Few pens, as I have been informed, have been more fertile than Dr. Malan's, and more faithfully and effectually wielded, whether for theological controversy or pious instruction. Like our own lamented Alexander, he has a strong faith in the power of the press, and he seems resolved to keep it busy for Christ and his Church till he is called to his reward.

As a preacher, Dr. Malan stands in the first rank. His ability and eloquence are acknowledged by all, and even in his old age there is enough left to justify the eulogiums that have been pronounced upon him. I shall never forget the first time I heard him. It was the day after I arrived here, and a communion Sabbath. The congregation was small—a mere handful; the service was characterized by extreme simplicity; and as the old man gathered his little flock around him; as he spread his hands over them; as, in low and unaffected words, he told them the love of Christ; and as like a father to his children, he distributed the sacred emblems, while with a full heart and tremulous lips, he repeated the familiar words of Christ, it seemed like a heaven upon earth, and all the more solemn to me, as I was borne over the seas to commune with loved ones there—to my own beloved flock fed that day, in the name of Jesus, I know not by whom!

I have heard Dr. Malan often since that day, and always with the same pleasure. His preaching is directly to the heart, pungent, and earnest, and yet glowing with the love of Christ, and with anxiety for souls. His action is energetic, and, I may say, enthusiastic; his voice clear, firm, and melodious. He speaks decidedly, as one sure of his position, and yet tenderly, as one who would win the heart by love. No one can attend upon his services without being both profited and subdued.

Dr. Malan's character is a very *decided* one. He has his own opinions, and expresses them boldly, perhaps bluntly. You are never left in doubt of his position, and never for a moment permitted to believe that honesty yields to expediency. And yet, with all this decision, there is no arrogance. Tempered by a lovely Christian spirit, and showing itself to be sincere and God-fearing, it heightens your estimate of the man. I never knew a person that so evinced in his whole manner, and in every thing about him, the spirit of Christ. In his ordinary conversation, and in the daily intercourse of life, religion seems to be uppermost in his mind. He even shows his faith in a way that may seem curious to American eyes. He calls his little *compagne*, just without the walls of the city, *le pie ben* (the blessed meadow). As you enter his front door, you read over the lintel the words, "As for he and my house, we will serve the Lord;" and in his curious old study, you find the walls covered with like inscriptions in French, Greek, and Hebrew. The word of God is every where obtruded upon your notice, and the impression left upon you

is salutary and solemn. Such is Dr. Malan. He is now enjoying a vigorous old age, in the midst of a large and happy family, and has as yet no thought of laying aside his harness.

I need not tell you who *Méris II Aubigne* is. Thousands in America are now reading his *Immortal History of the Reformation*, and perhaps, trying to figure to themselves the man who wrote it. Well, I may say that the book is just the index of the man. A tall, stout-built frame, a firm, lion-like tread, a dark, swarthy face, strongly marked features, shaggy eyebrows and deep-set eyes, movements quick and impulsive, and beneath all a sunny smile, which smoothes a heart kind and generous. He seems just the man to have dealt the ponderous blows, to have written in words so strong and glowing, in have painted pictures so highly wrought and yet so true, as appear in his History. As his work betokened, he possesses great vigour of thought, a glowing imagination, a spirit of deep research, and what is so often wanting in mere *esays*, a wonderful faculty of grasping events and presenting them in the most attractive form. I have not had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Merle preach; but he is represented as exceedingly forcible, eloquent, and imaginative, using much action, and almost carried into enthusiasm by his theme. He preaches but seldom, his whole time being occupied by his labours in the study, and for the interests of the Evangelical School, of which he is President. Dr. Merle is about sixty years of age, but still apparently in the vigour of life. He works hard and constantly, and seems determined to fill up his days with usefulness. He is already very much occupied with the sixth volume of his History, which will relate principally to Geneva, and to the stirring times of Calvin. Dr. Merle is no less agreeable in private life than distinguished as a writer. Courteous to all, loving the society of his friends, he never fails to strike you as one who possesses all those gentler virtues which win and enlist the heart. His piety is genuine and glowing, always apparent, and always testifying to deep and habitual communion with God. His residence is beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Lemán, the same spot where he was born, and where he expects to die. It is just such a home as every one of sensibility might love, and which, perhaps, has had something to do in moulding the character and elevating the imagination of him whom it has sheltered from childhood.

It only remains to me to say a word of Dr. Gausson. He lives directly across the lake from the residence of Dr. Merle, and in a situation, perhaps, more beautiful—far more quiet and secluded. He seems about the same age, but not so strong and vigorous. To express his character in one word, he is what you would call a most lovely man. His heart glows with affection for the human family, with good will to all. His great aim seems to be to convert souls, and to do it in the most tender manner. Everybody loves him, and for this reason his influence is wide and most salutary. To no one would a burdened sinner or a stricken Christian go sooner for relief and consolation than to Dr. Gausson. He is especially happy in his teaching of the young; and every Sabbath (as I believe I have already told you,) he gathers the children of the "Oratoire," and teaches them the way of life. Though the Professor of Theology in the Evangelical School, I have no doubt that he takes as deep an interest in the welfare of his little Sabbath class, as in all the graver teachings of the higher desk. The cause of *Missions* has an especial charm for Dr. Gausson. He loves to gaze upon the advancing chariot of Christ, and his conversation always rises to rapture when he dwells upon the theme. He takes a deep interest in the United States, and watches with anxiety the ever shifting aspects of our political and religious life.

Dr. Gausson is chiefly known in America throughout its excellent work on the "Inspiration of the Scriptures," but here he is not less favourably known as a correct and beautiful writer, an earnest and impressive preacher, and above all, the champion of Protestantism against the aggressions of Popery. You already know of his famous challenge to a boasting and celebrated Romish priest, last winter, and of the dishonourable retreat of the latter. I can fully assure you, that he is still always ready for such encounters, and that, although he cannot bring the priesthood to a public discussion, he is yet doing much by his writings and personal efforts to break the arm of Popery here.

I trust these few details may be pleasant to your readers, and make a little more vivid the features of the men they have learned to love. Men whom I highly honoured before, I have learned to love them now, since I have made their personal acquaintance, and been welcomed beneath their hospitable roofs. Coming a stranger to a strange land, I was taken cordially by the hand, and made to feel at home.

Besides those whom I have particularly mentioned, because enjoying a reputation as wide as the Christian Church, let me testify to the talents, the faithfulness, and piety of all the ministers of the Evangelical Church. They are a noble band of men, feeling the peculiarity of their position, and labouring to come up to the grave responsibilities that are laid upon them. They are here as lights in the midst of great darkness. They feel it, and, alike in their preaching and in their practice, set forth Christ. They have to labour against oppositions of every kind. Infidelity has here the dominion of the mind, and worldliness of the soul. Spirituality secures no honour, but only provokes a sneer. The whole labour in the cause of Christ here is against a strong and ever-flowing current. We have reason therefore to honour the men that so bravely breast this current, and lift up so mighty a voice against error, both in their bold, public teachings, and in their humble, private Christian life. They are, too, themselves felt. Opposition has been at least silenced. Many prejudices have been removed, and the public mind perhaps prepared to re-