

Catholics every where he goes, and often as cruelly treated by many Protestants, who are too ready to believe the false stories invented to destroy him whom the Lord called out of the Land of Egypt to the Land of promise, I invite them to come and offer them to share with us the little the Lord is giving me in my humble house. Many friends, wiser than I am, call me a fool for taking a burden which seems to be so much above my means, when I have not yet enough to keep my mission, my collegiate institution and my own self; but my trust is in the Lord. Those conversions are visibly His work, and if He sends those dear converts to me, during the days of their trials, will He not help me to support them! Can I turn them out of my doors! oh, no! and who among your readers will blame me, for receiving them? Who will not rather come to our help and like to have their share in the little and easy burden, and in the eternal blessings which the God of the Gospel has in store for such works of faith and charity!

You have lately heard the cries of desolation and terror of the Priests of Rome about the success which it has pleased our Merciful Heavenly Father to give to our feeble efforts in his vineyard. The Priests tell you how we are fighting and beating them since ten years; how after we have made such a large breach in their walls, we are pushing on the attack and almost ready to pull down their crumbling fortress! How those cries of distress, from the Priests and Bishops of Rome, must sound like sweet music in our christian hearts! How the disciples of the gospel must bless the Lord, all over the world for such a glorious victory! After a hand to-hand battle between us and the great mother of abominations, our victory is so complete, that in her despair she proclaims her own defeat! But we must not forget that if we have been victorious in that long and desperate fight against that giant enemy of God and man, as the Priests of Rome are confessing it to-day, it is not due to our strength or natural ability, but only to the mercy of the great captain of our salvation, who is fighting for us and in us, against the man of sin. By our self, we know and confess it, we are weak, sinful and blind. But Jesus is our shield against His enemies, He is our light, He is our strength. To Him alone we look in our tribulations, in our struggles. Though by ourselves, we were unable to achieve such a glorious victory, the Lord has given it to us, for He has heard the fervent prayers of so many of our dear brothers and sisters who in America and in Europe are praying for us. The Lord has seen on the mountains of Zion so many venerable ministers of the gospel, who like Moses of old, were raising up their hands to Him, that He has mercifully helped us who were fighting in the plains!

Children of the gospel, we hope you will give your approbation to the use we have made of the charities you have sent us. The Priests of Rome are our unimpeachable witnesses that we have changed your gold and silver into weapons, and with those weapons we have given such a brushing to the beast that her cries of grief and terror will go all over the world; with those weapons, with the help of God, we have so beautifully beaten her that she confesses her own defeat. We have given her such a punishment as she has never received on this continent. We have weakened her power, opened and pulled down the doors of the dark dungeons where she keeps the souls captive, and we have broken the chains of thousands of those immortal souls and brought them to the feet of Jesus, whose words have made them free! Oh! let us rejoice in the God of our Salvation; let us praise our God; with Moses, let us sing,—
 “The Lord is my strength and song; He is become my salvation; The Lord is a man of war. The Lord is his name. Pharaoh’s chariot and his