

## Missionary Intelligence.

### LETTER FROM REV. C. CHINIQUY.

St. Anne, Kankakee Co., Illinois, 10th Feb., 1873.

MR. EDITOR OF THE RECORD.

Though it is the pleasure of the "Good Master," to make his unprofitable servant pass now and then, through great tribulations, He does not cease to show us constantly, that His mercies are above all the works of His hands. And allow me, through your interesting Record, to give a new instance of the mercies of our great God which, I hope, will make all the friends of our missions bless his name.

About 12 years ago, a most respectable French Canadian, who had emigrated from Canada with me, to settle here, and who was one of my most devoted and respected friends, when I was a priest of Rome, had told me: "My dear Mr. Chiniquy, your apostacy from our holy Church does distress me day and night, and your deplorable success in perverting the Catholics, and persuading them to abandon their holy religion really frightens me: I feel that I am almost unable to resist you; you have already nearly perverted a part of my family, and I fear lest your persuasive, though so deceitful arguments, may sooner or later shake my own faith and destroy my soul."

"In a few days, I must start from this place in order to go to the territory of Oregon, with my family, yes! I will cross this whole continent, and that only in order to be as far as possible from you! you see what troubles and tribulations your apostacy brings upon me! But I can not put a too long distance between you and my family, for I prefer to loose everything in this world than to loose my soul."

I did what I could to prevent my friend from doing such a rash action, but I failed. When I saw that he was determined to go, the day before he left, I paid him a farewell visit, and said: "My dear friend, I sincerely regret to know that I will never see you any more, but before you leave, I will ask you a favor! accept from my hands this Bible in the name of Jesus Christ who gave us that gospel; do not refuse to take it with you, and promise that you will read it with a prayerful attention, when you have put this whole continent between you and me. It is a Roman Catholic Bible, translated by one of your most venerable priests, DeSay, and approved by the Archbishop of Paris, who invites you to read it."

My friend was hesitating, but his wife, who was also a most devoted Catholic, told him, "This Bible is a Roman Catholic Bible, surely it can not teach us any error, and can not make us Protestants! Let us accept it from the hands of Father Chiniquy," and they took it from me.

The next day they left for their long journey. I had not heard of them since, when lately I received a letter from Oregon and with what joy I saw the name of the wife of my old friend at its end. She tells me that the reading of that Bible, by the great mercy of God, has brought her, with her husband, two children and their families to the feet of Jesus. They have all left the errors of Rome, and she adds that many other Roman Catholics have been persuaded by them to do the same thing. They invite me to go and visit them, and promise that a rich crop of precious souls will be gathered as the price of my visit, for they have not had yet any French speaking minister to address them, and they long after the day that they