

own peculiar coinage, there might have been some reason in this number of bankers. But as monetary matters stand now, it is difficult to understand how so many of these institutions can keep their doors open. The Swiss are shrewd in business matters, and proverbially fond of money. As an illustration of this national shrewdness, it is said that when the Town Council of Geneva found that the late Duke of Brunswick's legacy (twenty million francs) consisted principally of Turkish, Egyptian and Prussian securities, they sold out at once, and so saved the greater part of their inheritance.

THE PERSECUTING SPIRIT

of the sixteenth century still lingers in this little republic. The banishment of Castellin in 1540, one of Calvin's fellow labourers, for his differing from him on the doctrine of predestination, and the execution of the Spanish physician Servetus, by order of the "Great Council," in 1553, are well known. Even Theodoro de Bessa, described as a man of "uncommon suavity and exquisite urbanity," wrote a book in which he affirms the right to kill those who do not think as we do. These doctrines and practices of the sixteenth century, we see carried out in the nineteenth, by the virtual rulers of Geneva the rabble. Scarcely a week passes without members of the Salvation Army—helpless women and young persons being so maltreated that in some cases for life, and in some cases death, are the result.

My object in this letter being only to point out some of the leading characteristics of the Geneva of the olden time, under the influence of the Reformers, and some of the more prominent features of the reactionary period which succeeded, and not to describe what is to be seen by visitors, I close for the present. Those who take the trouble to read what I have hastily written, can draw their own conclusions T. H.

Clarens, Switzerland, May, 1884.

REV. MR. CHINIQUY WRITES AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR.—So many of your young readers ask me more details about the perils through which I have had to pass, when preaching the Gospel to the Roman Catholics, that I cannot answer them except through the press. Besides that, as those details are exceedingly interesting, I hope you will allow me a corner in your columns to satisfy them.

The attempt of the Roman Catholics to kill me at Quebec, the 17th of June was the seventeenth time they had tried to take away my life, to prevent me from preaching the Gospel. At the last riot of Quebec, I saw three priests who were evidently encouraging and leading the multitude of the would-be murderers. It is a true miracle that I escaped with my life in that last attempt to kill me, for there were more than 2,000 people armed with stones and sticks, evidently determined to murder me. More than one hundred stones struck my head and my shoulders, and those stones were so big and thrown with such a force that each of them could have killed a man if not stopped by the mighty hand of God. It was a real providential circumstance that there were two heavy cloth overcoats on the seat of the carriage. I put one around my head and the other around the shoulders. They acted as shields to prevent the flesh from being cut and the bones from being broken. But, notwithstanding them, my head and my shoulders were soon as a jelly and were covered with bruises. When arrived at the hotel St. Louis, with my heroic friend, Mr. Zotique Lefebvre, I told him: "Our escape is a miraculous one—let us bless our merciful God who has so visibly saved our lives." But before that, we wanted to hear what our dear Saviour had to say to us, in such a solemn hour. We read the fifteenth chapter of John, and I can tell you that we never felt the words of our Good Master so sweet as when, bruised, wounded and bleeding for His love, we heard Him saying to us:

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman."

"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

"Now ye are clean through the word I have spoken unto you."

"Abide in me, and I in you."

"I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing."

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you, continue ye in my love."

"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you."

"Remember the word that I said unto you. The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you."

"But all these things they will do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not Him that sent me."

"And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning."

These words were flowing into our souls as the drops of water which flow from the fountains of eternal life. We understood, then, once more, how the apostles went rejoicing after having been cruelly beaten by the Jews. For we were also filled with an unspeakable joy for having shed our blood and been covered with bruises and wounds for the dear Saviour's sake. We fell on our knees and blessed our God for having saved our lives. But we blessed Him still more for having granted us to suffer those humiliations and wounds for His holy and glorious Gospel's sake.

Of course the next night was a sleepless one. When we were not busy in praising God for having granted us to seal our testimony for Jesus Christ with our blood and almost with our lives, we had to follow the dictates of our intelligences, which were telling us to stop the blood which was freely flowing from the six wounds Mr. Lefebvre had on his face—and I had to prevent inflammation of the brain, by washing my head, very often, with cold water.

The next day it was my hope that this stoning of my head would have no serious consequence, and that the acute pains I was suffering would soon be over. But it was the will of God that it should be differently. When back home, I was nailed to a bed of suffering for more than three weeks, in danger to die from brain inflammation. My God only knows what tortures I have suffered during those long days and still longer nights. My only consolation, then, was to look at the crown of thorns of my adorable Saviour, and to bless Him that he was granting me to suffer something for Him also.

Now, thanks be to God, I am well, and ready to go again to Quebec, or any other place where His Providence will guide my steps, for the advance of his Kingdom.

We are the soldiers of Christ—must we not be ready every day, to suffer and die for Him, as He died for us?

I have been asked by many to give the details of my narrow escapes, but it would be too long. The only thing the short limits of this letter allow me to do, is to say that I have been stoned and wounded seventeen times. The places where I came nearer to be killed were Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Antigonish, Charlottetown, in Canada—Sydney, Ballarat, Geelong, Castlemain, Haroham, in Australia—and Hobart Town, in Tasmania. In this last city, (which is our Antipodes) the governor, though a Catholic, was obliged to call all the troops under arms, and put the city under martial law for three days to save my life, which came very near, several times, to be taken away by the Roman Catholics. Twice, the pistol balls of the would-be assassins passed only a few inches from my ears.

But the sufferings of those seventeen times that I have been stoned and bruised for the Gospel cause are nothing, compared with the other humiliations and perils through which it has pleased the Good Master to try his unprofitable servant.

When the bishops and priests saw that it was not so easy as they had expected, at first, to silence me with their stones and their pistol balls, they engaged more than one hundred false witnesses to accuse me in different times, with every crime that a man can commit, with the hope to send me to the penitentiary. At the request of a priest sent from Montreal, seventy farmers of Bourbonnais perjured themselves and swore that I had set fire to their church. That priest, convinced from the lips of his own witnesses, of having

invented that horrible calumny, was subsequently condemned to several years of penitentiary. But he remained there only six months. The Roman Catholics came during a dark night and broke the door of the jail and helped him to escape to Montreal, where he died a few months after, from the sufferings he had endured during his incarceration. The name of that priest is F. Brunet—oblate of Mary Immaculate. It was proved by his own penitents that it was through "auricular confession" that he had circulated that calumny, and persuaded them to sustain it with their oaths.

I have been dragged as a criminal, before the Civil Courts, by the Bishop of Rome, thirty-two times, and I have been kept a prisoner under ball, by the sheriff, for eighteen years. After the Bishops and the priests had lost one of those suits, they immediately began another one. But my merciful Heavenly Father has always come to my help in those hours of perils and humiliations, and He has protected me under the mantle of His mercies.

One day I was reduced to such a degree of poverty by those migrations, that the sheriff sold my last chair and table, my stove, my bed, and even my library, at the door of the Court House of Kankakee, I kept only my dear Bible, which I put under my head as a pillow, when I had to sleep on the naked floor, for my dear Saviour's sake, during the next night which I will never forget.

Humanly speaking, it is very hard to be cursed as I am by my former friends—to be an outcast in my own country, to be condemned to death, and never to be sure of a single day. But it is sweet to suffer for Jesus' sake, and the hundreds of stones which have struck and bruised me are more precious to me than all the gold and gems of the world.

I have answered those questions put to me by many Canadian friends, not to induce them to have any bad feelings against the Roman Catholics, but only that they may not be deceived by the honeyed words of Bishop Lynch, and that they may know that the Rome of to-day is the same Rome which deluged the world with the blood of your heroic ancestors.

We must not hate the Roman Catholics, but we must pity and pray for them; we must do all in our power to throw some rays of the saving light into the awful night with which Rome surrounds the intelligence of the poor slaves whom she keeps at the feet of her idols.

Let my Christian friends of Canada allow me to tell them that there is a thing which does me more harm, and causes me more sadness than the stones or the sticks and the pistol-balls with which I have so often been attacked. It is the indifference, not to say contempt, with which they hear our supplications for help. It is hard to be stoned by the Roman Catholics, it is harder to receive the cold shoulder of the Protestants. I have no words to speak my distress and my desolation when I see how the disciples of Christ refuse to help me to save the priests who knock at my door crying, "What must we do to be saved?" A few crumbs from their tables would strengthen our hands, and help us to do more of the most blessed evangelical work of modern times. But that favour is refused; the ears are shut to our prayers; the hearts hardened against our wants. My hope was that I would find easily 200 friends in Canada to help me to publish my book by sending in advance the value of the volume, \$5. But instead of 200 such friends to give me a helping hand, I have hardly found twenty-five! Believe me, my dear Christian brothers and sisters in Canada, this public rebuke you have given me to-day, is more humiliating and painful to me, than all the stones thrown at my head by the Roman Catholics. It is not as a complaint and a reproach that I say these things, for you owe me nothing, and it is good, no doubt, that I should add this humiliation and rebuke I receive from you, to the stones and cursings of the Roman Catholics. Was not my dear Saviour rebuked and rejected by all in the last hours of His agony. I am near the end of my trials—more than seventy-five years have passed over me. If it be the will of God that I should be rebuked, rejected, forgotten and forsaken by you in these last days of my pilgrimage, let His holy will be done. Only please ask from our Heavenly Father more humble submission—faith and zeal.

From your devoted brother in Christ,

C. CHINIQUY.

St. Anna, Kankakee Co., Illinois, Aug. 10th, 1884.