

with the most touching farewell. The superior immediately sent for the young nun, and gave her the letter. On reading it, she burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Oh, she was more Christian than I! She was in the truth, and I perhaps, am in error!" "I believe it," said the superior; "It shall be mine, too," cried the young nun, throwing herself into the arms of the "mother." From that moment, the Bible had two assiduous readers in the convent. The young creature understood and accepted the truth of a free salvation with all her heart and mind. She went faster than the superior. But her southern temperament could not submit to the precautions suggested by prudence; she could not restrain herself in the presence of the Inspectrice-General, and took the part of the Protestant, thus falling into the snare most probably purposely laid for her by the Inspectrice maliciously speaking evil of them. The hour of declaration was come, the superior did not fail to confess her faith with much firmness. "If I am prudent now," she said unto her friends from without, "you will see that when the right time is come, I shall not be timid." To this free confession of the name of CHRIST, six other nuns joined theirs; nevertheless, although taught by their "mother," it must be admitted, that in the motive that pressed them on to their declaration was more affection for her than simple attachment to the truth. All the eight were thrown into damp, unhealthy dungeons, in which was nothing but straw; they did not, however, pass the night there. One of them, who was scarcely more than sixteen, was afraid of mice, and as they swarmed in her dung-heap, she often screamed with terror. What heroic constancy coupled with what weakness! The work of God, already far advanced in the two first nuns, was, at least, begun in the six others. What especially confounded the eye-witnesses was their gentleness, the admiration it excited was felt in the house by all those who approached "these lambs." They found a means of communication in a servant girl, who was entirely devoted to one of them, and who was their intermediary, and carried from one to another the journal to which sister R—— daughter of Count R—— had consigned, day by day, her impressions, her struggles, and her hopes, ever since she had embraced salvation by faith.

The health of the superior had not been able to bear so much emotion; it gave way, and she was placed in the infirmary, while the other nuns, remained in confinement. Another sister, the one who strengthened the others, sister R——, declined in her turn, and died in a few hours. In what sentiments? Not one of her last words have passed the threshold of the infirmary; but we have the testimony of the "mother," who, in a letter which I have had in my hands, expresses herself thus: "Every day I have tidings of my dear daughters' who tell me all they go through. My E. [the deceased] was telling me to do as she did, converse only with persons of our own faith; and that she, not being able to do that, conversed only with her SERVANT." Her journal might have shown us the state of her faith; what a treasure would have been in the depository of the feelings and experience of these nuns, placed thus in contact with the word of God, and what an intensely interesting account would it have been of this admirable work, done without the aid of man, but with the single power of the spirit of God! It had been confided to faithful hands, to carry it to friends who, from a distance, were contemplating this work with admiration, and praying earnestly for the dear sisters. It never reached its destination. It was guessed that the recluses had intelligence from without, and searches and perquisitions had begun before sister R——'s death; she then, fearing to compromise the person to whom she had given her journal, entreated her to burn it. The paper had fulfilled its consolatory and strengthening mission; its work was done. Through the same intermediary, letters of encouragement to the nuns to persevere were sometimes allowed to reach them, and, better still, New Testaments penetrated into their prison. All this was taking place during

the month of September. The superior, whose vows expired the 20th of October, and who could be free after that day, was waiting for the moment with impatience. (The nuns of St. Vincent de Paul make only temporary vows, generally for five years.) Their plan was formed, the seven (the eighth had preceded them to glory) wished to institute a house of free charity in Paris, there to divide their time between needlework for poor families and visits to the indigent and ignorant; the superior had 90,000 francs belonging to her, that she could immediately dispose of. While she was thus strengthening herself in the midst of her sufferings, the High Administration of the community was not idle; it sent to the superior, in order to bring her back to the pale of the Church, the persons it judged the most able to effect this object, and in particular an English lady, whose name I keep back, formerly a Protestant, and now a Roman Catholic. The converter was herself shaken, and half-gained back, so far that she said to the nun, with a pressure of her hand: "Tu revois, the Lord will grant you the grace of bringing back to the fold another lamb they want to lead astray!" It is from another letter from the superior, which I have before me, that I extract textually the words I have just quoted.

Constraint had had no effect; persuasion had produced the reverse of the effect intended. Other means remained. Four of the sisters who persevered in the faith, were sent more than 100 leagues distance; they promised to write to a certain address in Paris, four months have passed away, and not one word has been received. The superior, who had said, *alla-haz* on the 29th of October, the day of the liberation, "Wait for me on that day; I shall be in such a street, at such a number," was waited for in vain from morning to night. Information was sought for, it was found that she had been roughly thrown into prison after a violent scene, in which the Bible and tracts were burnt. Since then not a word has transpired; nothing has been heard of her. Where is she? What is she doing or suffering? The thick walls which surround her are mute. A few days after her disappearance, the servant who had been her intermediary left the service of the nuns; she dares not speak out. She trembled lest she should have to give her testimony before a tribunal, and hastened to quit Paris. All she said in leaving was, that the two remaining nuns, while they fear nothing for themselves, are in mortal anguish on account of their "mother;" and she added that, although they are now alone, they remain more than ever convinced of the truth.

And now, after having written this account all at a breath, I ask myself with the reader if all this is true? I wish it had all been but a bad dream. Alas! all is true, real, authentic. I have seen the letters, examined the post-marks, read the moving lines, and felt the heart palpitate that had guided the pen. I have interrogated persons who, far or near, have been mixed up with these facts. I have collected many names and facts that I keep to myself, not choosing at present to compromise any one. Here is a proof, which, indirect as it is, is not without its weight. One of our friends met an agent of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and told him a few of the details of this history; he seemed full of consternation and embarrassment, like a man who knows everything on the subject. He promised to give information, &c., but he has given nothing, although he has taken two months to make his researches. He confessed nothing, nor did he deny aught. Here is further proof. Another of my friends, a medical student, struck by the account, mentioned some of the circumstances to a Jansenist nun in his service, particularly the incarceration and disappearance of the superior. She immediately shrunk from the idea, and declared it impossible; she promised, however, to get sufficient information to confound the calumny. She asked the attendant maid of the ward of the nuns of St. Vincent de Paul, and returned in all humility, confirmed the account, and added other details unknown before to him, but which coincide

completely with those we had obtained from another source.

And now, how is it that the authorities have not taken up all these facts? How is it that no account is demanded for this disappearance, and no summons is ordered for the recluses to be produced? Neither the police, nor the Imperial Attorney-General can do it. They reply: "It is only in the name of a relative declaring himself prosecutor, that judicial proceedings can be commenced." If we were under a representative Government, and had a M. de GASPARIIS to call the Ministers to account, all this scandalous way of proceeding would cease, for the perpetrators of these iniquities fear the light of publicity.

In the failure of other means, it is necessary to take the longest mode of action, and discover, if possible, some relation to the superior. It is hoped that this discovery will ere long be made, and that the steps of the "Avenger of blood" will be hastened.

DREADFUL CALAMITY AND LOSS OF LIFE.

We stop the press to record one of the most heart-rending occurrences that has ever taken place on our waters. On the morning of the 30th ult., the steamboat *Ocean Wave*, on her way to Kingston, and about twenty-five miles from port, was discovered to be on fire. From the account that has reached us at present, it appears that the fearful discovery was made about 1 o'clock, A.M., when the passengers were asleep. The fire raged with such fury as to defy all attempts to extinguish it; and the consequence was, that the boat burned to the water's edge, and sunk. She had on board 23 passengers and 26 hands, in all 49 persons, 28 of whom are lost. A lady from Hamilton, lost three children, and was herself saved by being tied to some part of the vessel, where she floated for about three hours, when, almost dead, she was picked up. These tidings have spread a gloom over our city.

MARRIED.

At Toronto, on Wednesday, April 6, by the Rev. Dr. Pyper, Mr. John Fitzwilliams, of Stittville, N. Y., to Helen, youngest daughter of Mr. James Ramsay, late of Edinburgh, Scotland.

AGENT WANTED.

A PERSON WANTED to act as AGENT in Canada, for the Regular Baptist Missionary Society of Canada, and also for the Regular Baptist Theological Education Society of Canada.

Application to be made, and testimonials sent, addressed to Rev. J. PYPER, Toronto.

The *New York Chronicle*, *Utica Baptist Register*, and *Michigan Christian Herald*, will oblige by copying.

Home Mission Anniversary.

THE Twenty-first Annual Meeting of the American Baptist Home Mission Society will be held in the Meeting House of the First Baptist Church, Troy, N.Y. (D.V.), commencing on Friday, the 13th of May next, at 10 o'clock, A.M., and continuing through Saturday and Sunday. Besides the usual Reports of the Board, interesting Addresses and Discussions upon Home Mission topics may be expected; and, on Sunday, appropriate sermons from S. H. Cong, D.D., of New York, Rev. S. B. Swain, of Worcester, Mass., and Rev. D. Shephardson, of Cincinnati.

J. R. STONE, *Assist. Secy.*