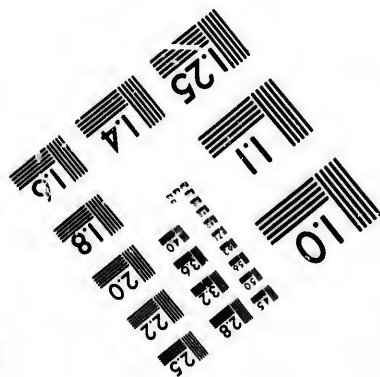
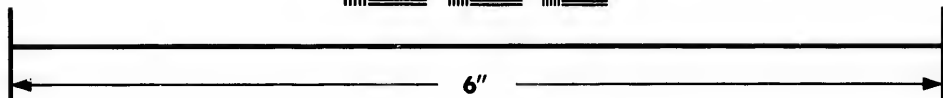
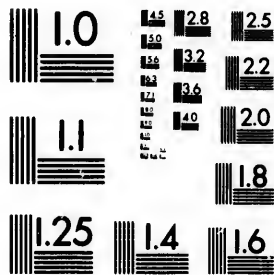


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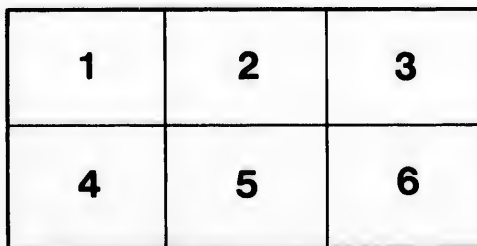
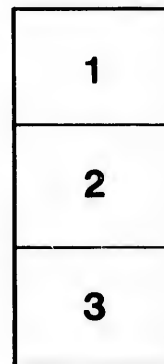
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**A PLEA**

FOR THE

**SWISS MISSION IN CANADA:**

**A DISCOURSE,**

DELIVERED

IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
TROY, OCTOBER 15, 1843.

BY NATHAN S. S. BEMAN.

\*\*\*\*\*

TROY, N. Y.:

PUBLISHED BY YOUNG & HARTT, 216 RIVER-STREET,  
FOR THE TROY SWISS MISSION SOCIETY.

FROM THE PRESS OF N. TUTTLE.

1843.





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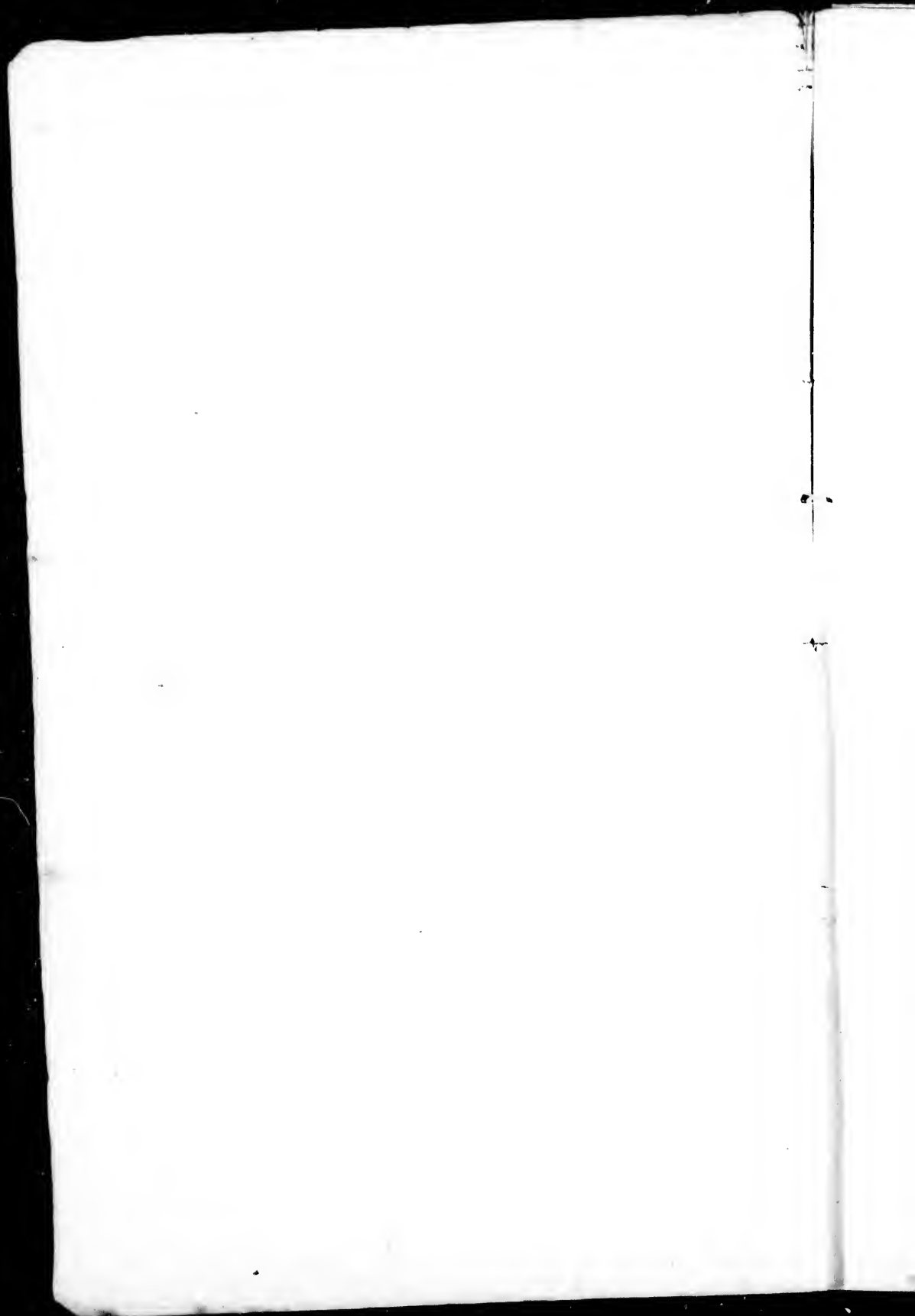
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## TROY SWISS MISSION SOCIETY.

The TROY SWISS MISSION SOCIETY is composed of Ladies of different Protestant denominations. It was formed at the Session-Room of the First Presbyterian Church of Troy, August 11th, 1812.

The following are the Officers :

Mrs. EMMA WILLARD, *First Directress* ;  
 Mrs. MARY CHURCH, *Second Directress* ;  
 Mrs. E. M. NORTON, *Secretary* ;  
 Miss ABBY J. CHAMPION, *Treasurer*.

*Managers.*

Mrs. T. B. BIGELOW,  
 Mrs. WM. NOYES,  
 Mrs. A. BARNES.

*Collectors.*

Mrs. A. SLASON,	Mrs. HAWLEY,
Mrs. LE ROY MOWRY,	Miss MARY FRENCH,
Miss WILSON,	Miss MARTHA E. NORTON,
Miss EATON,	Miss CHARLOTTE MALLARY,
Miss CLEAVER,	Miss MARY HALL.

At the Annual Meeting of the Society, holden at the Troy Female Seminary, August 11th, 1813, it was unanimously

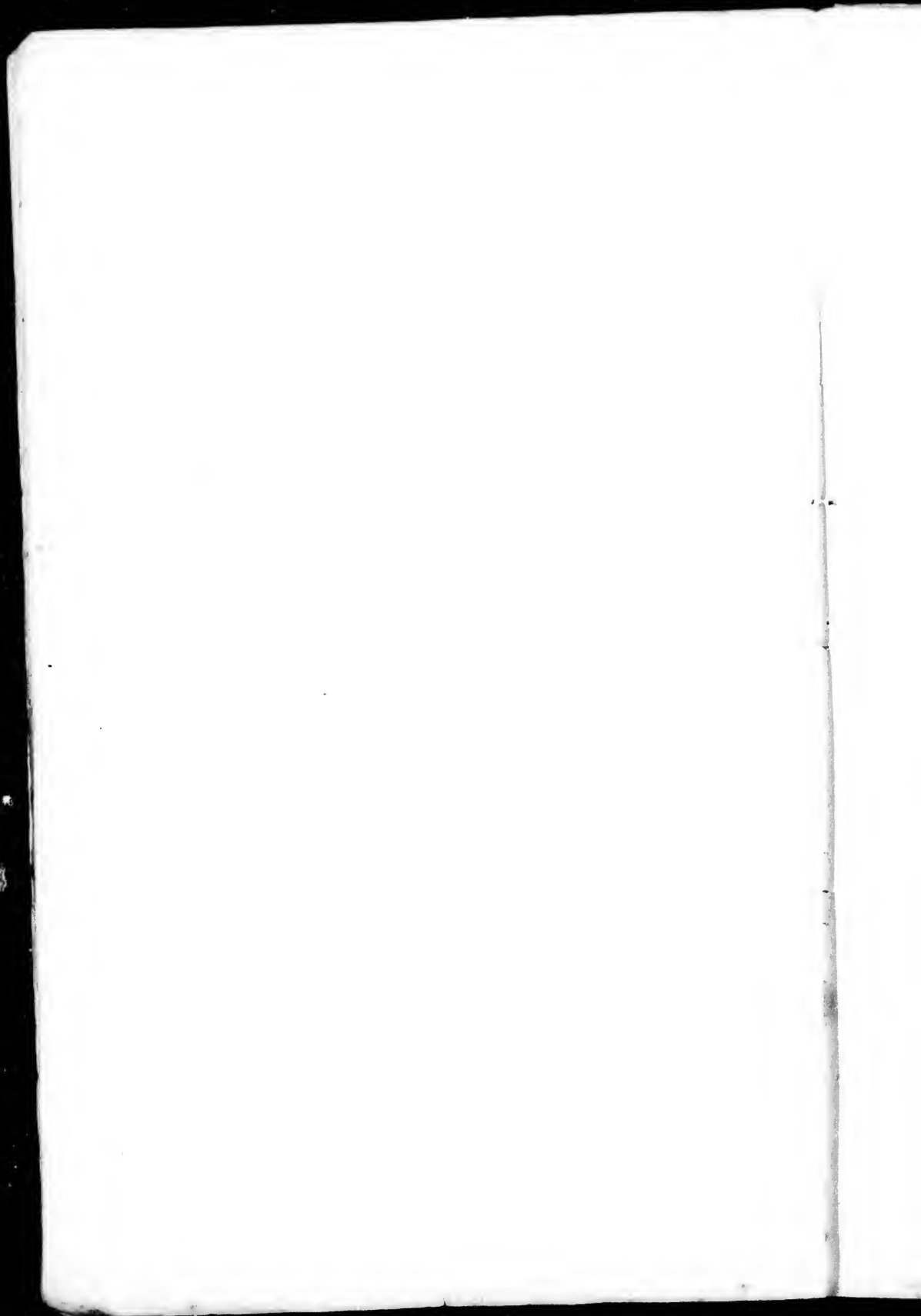
*Resolved*, That the Rev. Dr. Beman be requested to deliver a Sermon, in order to call public attention to the importance of sustaining the Swiss Mission in Canada.

Dr. Beman consented ; and accordingly, on the 15th instant, preached to a very large and attentive audience. On the 16th, at a meeting of the Society, a committee was appointed to communicate to Dr. Beman the following resolutions :

*Resolved*, That the Ladies of the Troy Swiss Mission Society, present their heartfelt acknowledgement of gratitude to Dr. Beman, for his most eloquent and interesting Discourse.

*Resolved*. That it is our desire to see the Sermon preached by Dr. Beman, in a printed form, for our own pleasure and instruction—that we may have an opportunity of sending it to our friends—and, also, that the cause it so ably advocates, may thus be made better known to the public.

The committee reported, that in compliance with the wishes of the Society, Dr. Beman would furnish a copy of the sermon for publication.



## DISCOURSE.

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PHILIPPIANS iv. 3. And I entreat thee also, true yoke-fellow, help those women which labored with me in the gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life.

FROM the circumstances in which I am placed, this evening, I am called upon to present to this audience a new subject of Christian beneficence;—and because it *is* new, and in order that it may be the better understood, I will commence my address with a few explanations which I might otherwise postpone till its close. I am about to spread before you the claims of the Swiss Mission in Canada. My plea, however, will be made more directly in behalf of “THE TROY SWISS MISSION SOCIETY,” established a little more than a year since, by the Ladies of this city, for the purpose of aiding in missionary labors in that country.

On this point, a few historical items will suffice. The mission at Grande Ligne was commenced in 1835—eight years since—by M. Louis Roussy, under a “commission from the Churches of Switzerland.” This place is situated near the river Richelieu, the

outlet of lake Champlain, twenty miles from the line of this State, and ten from the town of St. Johns. Here he obtained the post of a schoolmaster. After two months, the Catholic priest, who dreaded the effects of his labors, procured his removal from the office of a teacher. He had found by visiting from house to house, that not more than *one in fifteen* could read.

In the autumn of 1836, Madame Feller, a devoted Christian, who had left Switzerland, at the same time and for the same purpose, and who had spent the winter in Montreal, in private religious instruction, removed to Grande Ligne, and opened a school, while M. Roussy devoted himself exclusively to visiting the people and communicating religious instruction. Both of them were exposed to severe treatment from the exasperated Catholics—savage threats were uttered—their place of worship was disturbed by noisy and infuriated mobs—and M. Roussy was himself severely beaten. But God was with them, and quite a number of people, in spite of the priests, became obedient to his word. The only place that Madame Feller could procure for a school-room, was a small garret, where she taught the children by day, and where she lodged at night. The heat of the summer was so intense, that she was obliged to remove her school to a barn. But in the midst of all these labors and discouragements, her courage never flagged. She opened an evening school for adults, in which she had twelve pupils,—while a considerable number attended the concluding exercises which consist-

ed in reading the scriptures, conversation on the passages read, and prayer. In addition to these severe and exhausting labors, she employed all her time not occupied in her schools, in visiting such families as were willing to hear the scriptures read.

The result of these labors, and of other kindred spirits associated with this excellent woman, has been such, by the blessing of God, as we might anticipate. The people have been instructed, and aroused, and many converted to Christ. They have now a large and commodious building for the missionary family, chapel and Normal school. The influence begins to be felt, not only upon the neighboring population, but upon many other, and even far distant, parts of Canada. I shall have occasion to refer to this topic again.

The character and labors of this woman will appear still more extraordinary, if we advert for a moment to her previous history. She was a native of Lausanne, in Switzerland, and brought up in cultivated society. Her husband was "chef de police," and was frequently called upon to punish the evangelical christians. Early one Sunday morning, he received an order, from the tribunal of justice, to go to a certain place to disperse or imprison a number who had met to worship God. In speaking of this she says, "He left the house, and immediately, like the wife of Pilate, I was seized with the most fearful misgivings. I felt that my husband was sinning against God by obeying this order. My anguish was bitterly increased by the sudden illness of my sweet infant, who to that hour had been in perfect health.

It was the only child which God had given us."— When her husband returned, she told him of her distress, and implored him to give up his office, rather than to incur the necessity of sinning against God. She was not, at that time, a christian.

This little child, about three years old, soon after died a most remarkable death. She spoke of going home to God, like an old and experienced christian. Just before her death, she said, "Do not weep for me, dear mother. God will take care of you,—you will love God,—and he will bless you." These words, she said, proved prophetic.

She became acquainted, at this period, with an evangelical Protestant minister, who was of great service to her and her husband, in spiritual things. They both became interested in the blood of Jesus Christ; and in about one year after the death of their little child, her husband died in the triumphs of faith. Soon after this, the pastor of the church in Lausanne, M. Olivier, and his wife, had made up their minds to leave Switzerland, and devote themselves to the instruction of the Catholics in France, or some other country. Madame Feller directed their attention to Canada, and they finally concluded to adopt her suggestion. Some time after, when her husband's three daughters by a former marriage, were settled in life, she wrote to Madame Olivier, informing her that she was now prepared to consecrate herself to the life of a missionary, in Canada, if an opening presented itself for that purpose. But before that letter had time to arrive, she received one from her excellent friend,

inviting her to come and join them in the work of instructing and saving the ignorant and degraded Catholics of Canada. She immediately obeyed the intimations of Providence, and entered upon her field of christian effort, as I have before related. Her friends, M. and Mde. Olivier, were compelled to return to their native country, on account of ill health; but Madame Feller resisted all their entreaties, and refused to go with them. She remained with a full determination to labor till she dies, on missionary ground, and especially for the conversion of Roman Catholics. *This* purpose, on her part, would seem to be of heaven, and her devoted and self-denying labors have already produced an unusual amount of good.

The words I have selected, as my text, are appropriate, and directly suited to my present purpose. "And I entreat thee, true yoke-fellow, help those women which labored with me in the gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life." The "true yoke-fellow" here addressed, was some well known and eminent christian at Philippi, perhaps the pastor of the church. The pious women who are commended to his notice and kind assistance, are mentioned in the previous verse: "I beseech Euodias, and I beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord." They had been of special service to the apostle in planting and promoting the cause of Christ. He characterizes them, as "those

women who labored with me in the gospel." The literal translation would be,—“Help these women who, for the gospel, *have combatted together with me.*” They stood by him and were zealous, and became, no doubt, both by characteristic modesty and decision, female champions for the truth of God. From some cause, they seem now to be alienated, either personally, or on some branch of christian enterprise,—and the apostle exhorts them to be of one heart and purpose, and entreats his “true yoke-fellow,” who is supposed by some to have been the husband of one of them, to “help” them to compose their differences,—or, what is more probable, to induce them to unite their efforts, and to co-operate in promoting the cause of Christ, and the salvation of men. “I beseech Euodias, and I beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord.” In other words, that they unite in the work of God. And this he more especially desired, because they had acted a noble part in relation to himself. With that sublime courage which the gospel inspires, they had taken their magnanimous stand, and met the moral combat, with Clement, and other fellow-laborers whose names were in the book of life! So important was the agency of these excellent women, that Paul has recorded the fact, for the instruction of others, while he commended them to special attention and favor for their kind and useful labors.

I shall attempt to show, on the present occasion, that woman may do much for the spread of the gos-



pel; and that the field occupied by this Society is one of deep and special interest.

I. Woman may do much for the spread of the gospel.

It is not necessary here to discuss the comparative talents of the sexes, or their respective influence on the destinies of our world; nor need I assert the *identity* of their spheres of action. There are some things, that woman cannot do. There are some things which God never designed her to do, and which, if she should perform, she would be disrobed of more than half of her intellectual and moral beauty. She may not ascend the pulpit, and publicly proclaim the will of heaven. She may not become the accredited ambassador of Jesus Christ to fallen men. Her sphere is not marked out, by the finger of God, amid the busy and bustling scenes of public life. But she may be, and she has often been, a bright angel of mercy to a disheartened church and a sinful world. Even the strong hand and giant mind of Paul were rendered still mightier by the aid of women; and his pious and gentle heart was not ashamed to record the fact on the inspired page. "Help those women who labored together with me in the gospel." Nor is this a solitary instance in the book of God! It is an old remark, and it has lost nothing by repetition, that "women were last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre." Their native talents, and their peculiarly strong susceptibilities, when under the influence of piety, qualify them to do many

things more efficiently than they are generally done by men. If the stream of their influence is comparatively retired and silent in its onward flow, yet it is pervading and powerful, and is capable of fertilizing, or desolating a world! Nor is there any good reason why it should be so retired, and so silent, that no one will ever see it, or hear of it, or find it out. It was certainly not so in the days of Paul; and, it is well known, that, in that age, woman, by the long established customs of society, had been put in the back ground, and was kept there,—at least, in relation to many things in which it is now reputable for her to stand forth in a blaze of light, and act a conspicuous and prominent part. But let me state a few distinct particulars.

Devoted women may do much to furnish the means for sustaining missions.

The gospel cannot be sent to the destitute portions of our globe, whether they are pagan or nominally christian, without money. Missionaries are generally poor, and unable to sustain themselves. They must be conveyed to their destined field of labor, and they must be fed and clothed while engaged in their work. They cannot “leave the word of God to serve tables.” Nor can it be expected, that the heathen, or others, who cherish no sympathy for them or their mission, will furnish them with the means of support. Nor will God rob his people of “the luxury of doing good,” by supplying their wants by a special miracle. They are, then, necessarily thrown back upon the benevolence of a christian communi-

ty; and that community, in every ordinary state of feeling, needs both information and excitement in order to insure the discharge of duty. The great interest must be spread before the public, not merely in formal discourses, but it must be talked about from house to house. The great body of the people want *heat*, as well as *light*, in order to act up to the high mark of the divine requirement. And who can make appeals so thrilling, and so effectual, and so irresistible, as that sex whose hearts are strung with the more vivid and active sensibilities of our nature, and whose very tones are eloquence, and spontaneously body forth the deep feelings of the inmost spirit! If I wished to ask back my forfeited life, even from a tyrant's bloody hand, I would have a *woman* to beg for me! Her logic is brief, while her entreaties are not easily shaken off. Let this sex, warmed by the love of heaven, and deeply commiserating the present degradation and the fearful prospects of the benighted heathen, or the hardly less benighted papist, turn *tax-gatherers*, and the missionary box is soon filled by a kind of voluntary compulsion. Not only their own sex, but men will give;—some because they love the enterprise, and some because they love ardor and energy in woman, and others because they are ashamed to deny the request of a lady. The history of the last twenty-five years, if it were written in all the minuteness of detail, would show the amazing moral power of the female sex in furnishing the means for prosecuting the cause of christian missions. Some have done it by their appeals to others,

some by their own liberality, and not a few by their deep personal self-denials.

Pious females can do much to promote a missionary spirit.

They always have done this. If woman acted a conspicuous part in the ruin of our world, so she has in its redemption. I love to read the story of those good women who followed Jesus Christ from place to place, and ministered to the wants of this heavenly missionary;—and of those “honorable women,” “not a few,” who believed the gospel, and stood by the first missionaries of the cross, even when the storms of persecution gathered around them, and beat upon their holy heads! To say nothing here of the peculiar power of woman to plead with eloquence and effect, the cause of moral refinement and heavenly truth, to which I have already adverted, who can be impelled to this work by stronger *motives*, than those which are addressed to her? It is only under the form of a pure, evangelical christianity, that woman is permitted to take her own proper rank in society, and to enjoy those rights which God has secured to her by the constitution of nature, and in his own written laws. The *Pagan* female is a slave, and the *Catholic* is but little better. If you will look the world over with an impartial eye, I challenge you to deny the truth of this remark. Paganism and Romanism have always had the heart intensely fixed on a common object—the exaltation of the priesthood in connexion with the political power, and the depression of the people. And wherever the people, as such, have

been crushed by the combined powers of church and state, there individual tyrants have trodden upon the rights, and spurned the virtues of woman. Look over the benighted realms of Paganism, and let the heart bleed for the female sex. Here is a dark picture of tyranny and suffering. Look over those populous lands where an impure and false christianity has blighted every thing fair and promising in society, and where will you find females? What rank do they sustain; and what is their moral character? I speak not of *individuals*, but of the *mass*! You will find them in the field holding in the hand the implements of husbandry, or, upon the high-way, occupying the place of beasts of burden. And what is woman in the hands of a corrupt priesthood? I would not own a sister, or a mother, or a daughter, who would go to "THE CONFESSIONAL," and answer the questions which must be propounded at that stall of Belial!

Pious and devoted females have ever done much for the gospel, by their fervent and effectual prayers.

The comparatively retired and secluded condition of woman, is favorable to this duty. And so is the very character of the female heart, when effectually imbued with the grace of God. It was a praying Hannah who gave a Samuel to the church. The mother of Samuel J. Mills was emphatically a woman of prayer; and to her heavenly spirit,—that spirit which sympathized with dying men, the world over, and flew to God for strength and succor,—the cause of modern missions owes one of its strongest and

brightest champions. Let those who love God, and feel a thrill of deep emotion as they contemplate the heaven-born enterprise of a world's salvation, put a special honor upon prayer. Ask for large blessings, for God can give them. Bathe your hearts, and bathe a dying world in this element; and live on your knees. If you have but little to give, and if you cannot fly to the rescue of the benighted and dying yourselves—you can *pray*:—and God can hear. Read the story of the Syrophœnician woman, and never cease to plead with the compassionate Saviour, till your voice is heard in heaven, and till light and peace, as a bright and beauteous mantle, shall cover the earth.

Women make good missionaries.

I was about to say, they make *the best* missionaries,—and in their own sphere, they do. They are not, as I have before asserted, the public heralds of the cross, but their auxiliary labors in prosecuting missions, are just as needful, and, indeed, just as indispensable, as in any home-enterprise, connected with the same deep and heavenly interest. All efforts for the gospel, so far as human agencies are concerned, prove ineffectual, where the combined powers of the female sex are enlisted on the opposite side. The moral and religious state of every community may be estimated, with some degree of precision, from the moral and religious character of women. This is true every where. But in the present train of thought, let us fix the eye especially on the important and interesting relations which they

sustain to christian missions. I mean their *personal* relations, as teachers of the gospel. I speak not now of public preaching. There are many other lessons to be inculcated than those which are proclaimed from the pulpit. It is so in all communities, but especially so among the unevangelized and ignorant. Woman is a teacher from the very position which God has assigned her. The mother moulds the infant mind. She watches the opening bud of childhood, and, under God, gives the sunshine and the showers, and the gentle distilling dews, which expand its infantile beauties into full bloom. Nor is she an incompetent teacher in maturer years. But those qualities which prepare her to be the very best teacher of the young, and especially in the great principles of piety and virtue, are the very ones which fit her for the missionary enterprise. She is "apt to teach,"—fond of detail,—minute and copious and patient in explanation,—and, withal, when the heart has fully fastened on its object, and all its immortal and glowing energies have fully resolved upon success, she is persevering and indefatigable to the very death! These are the characteristics needed in a missionary among the uninstructed every where. In religion, the unevangelized world are all *children*, and they need a mother's tongue to teach them. They need her smiles, and tears, and counsels. They need her gentle hand to lead them along through the first principles of the oracles of God, and her kind wing to shelter them, when impending dangers threaten, and when sweeping storms pass

by. They need every thing that belongs to the texture of woman's *mind*, when irradiated by the light of heaven; and every thing that reigns in woman's *heart*, when melted by the love of Christ; and every thing that can be eloquently uttered by woman's *lips*, when 'touched by a live coal from off the altar of God.' Such a missionary was Harriet Newell, whose body, when her work was finished, mingled with kindred dust, in the island of Madagascar, embosomed in the great Indian Ocean,—and such a missionary is Madame Feller, who, with a zeal and faith inspired of Heaven, and with a self-denial unparalleled in modern times, is devoting herself to the instruction and salvation of the Catholics in Canada. In writing the history, or the *epitaph*, of either of these women, it would hardly be extravagant to copy the encomium pronounced by our Saviour on one of the Marys,—“Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached, in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.”

Permit me to remark—

II. That the field occupied by this society, is one of deep and special interest.

I have given you a few facts respecting the Swiss Mission in Canada. It is so peculiar in its origin, that we can see the hand of God in it; it is imperatively called for by the state of the people among whom it is established, and for whose instruction and salvation it is designed; and the enterprise has been already most signally blessed. I am quite sure, that



no real christian—that no lover of God or man—can look at this enterprise, in all its lights and bearings, without wishing to sustain an humble part in its present conflicts, and its future and prospective glory. It may appear small in itself—a mere speck on the globe—but it has relations almost infinite; it stands connected with subjects of deepest interest and of largest magnitude, and the discussion of which is exciting, and even agitating and shaking the world. There is no interest of time or eternity—no comfort of earth, or hope of heaven, or song of future triumph, at least, so far as some of our fellow beings are concerned, but may depend on the existence and prosecution of this mission. Let me give you a mere outline of a train of thought which you can pursue, to a greater extent for yourselves, and which can hardly fail of enlisting your holy sensibilities, and of securing your active co-operation in this “labor of love.”

1. The Swiss Mission in Canada involves the great question now before the church and the world.

It is, at this day, and ever has been a complex question,—a question of religion, and a question of politics. The line that separates a pure Protestant Christianity from Romanism, is the most distinct and the deepest moral line ever drawn upon the surface of human society. Upon the one side of this line, as a general fact, we find the love of liberty, and to a greater or less extent, its actual enjoyment,—mental cultivation,—a regard for the rights of man,—freedom of thought and freedom of discussion,—and submission to the Bible, as the only source, and the

only standard, infallible, invariable and eternal, of religious truth;—on the other side, at least, so far as to be characteristic, we have popular ignorance and an overwhelming torrent of popular vice and crime,—a total disregard for freedom and the rights of man, in the upper stratum of society, and a blind and cringing submission to authority in the lower,—tyranny in every hideous and every hateful form,—the surrender of the right of private judgment in matters of religion,—an arrogant priesthood, intermeddling with every thing but their own appropriate business,—obtruding themselves into courts and cabinets,—touching the hidden springs, and pulling the subtle wires of legislation,—themselves voluntarily excinded from all the charities of domestic life, yet worming themselves into the secrets of families, by a commission stolen from heaven,—meting out the awards of bliss and woe, of heaven and hell, by the *o* of the money-scales,—and shouldering aside the word of God, and foisting into its place, as the rule of faith and life, a crude mass of silly and endless traditions! This is not a *picture*, but a mere *sketch*,—honest indeed, and true, as far as it goes, but meagre to very poverty! If this sketch were filled up, and the appropriate colorings super-added, no eye could gaze upon it, without carrying home to the heart the thrilling interest of its moral power. We should see the evils which are to be removed on the one hand, and the blessings which are to be secured on the other, as the benign and magnificent results of Protestant missions. But what I have said, is not “the *begin-*

ning of the end" of what should be said, on this subject, if there was time to tell the whole story. Satan never gained a more signal triumph in our world, than when he contrived Romanism, and baptized it with a christian name, and then palmed it off, upon its deluded votaries, as the religion of the Son of God. The intellectual and pious Cecil used to call *Popery*, "the devil's master-piece,"—and it may be so called without a figure of speech. As the gospel is an advance upon Judaism, and the revelations of the New Testament exceed in radiance and glory the revelations of the Old, so Popery is a refinement upon Paganism, in order to meet the exigency of the case, and forestall the conversion of men, and the progress of holiness on the earth. The deep shades of heathenism were quite sufficient to obscure, with regard to a large portion of our world, the pale star-light of the *old* revelation; but the still denser and darker shades of Romanism were demanded, in order to shut out the brilliant sun-light of the *new*. This latter system, if profoundly studied and fully understood, will be found to contain in itself the concentration of all the abominations of Paganism and Infidelity, mysteriously and intimately combined. Those who have looked at this subject only as superficial thinkers, may consider these remarks too intense, and tinctured with severity; but those who have attentively studied the page of ecclesiastical history, and have gone down in their researches, into the profound depths of "the mystery of iniquity," know, that they contain "the words of truth and soberness."

And this is the grand question before the world. Europe is all alive to it. The united kingdom of Great Britain will yet be shaken to its centre by it. All Papal Europe is on the alert, and sending out their Jesuits and other emissaries to the ends of the earth, and expending their money, with a liberality unparalleled, in order to bring the world under the power of the mitre and the triple crown. This country too spreads out a field of mighty conflict. The shock must come. The decisive moral battle will be fought,—and the question, full of import, and prophetic of life or death, whether this country and other Protestant countries shall become like Italy, and France, and Spain, and Ireland, and Canada, and South America,—or whether those countries and the other dominions of “the man of sin,” who, by a misnomer, has been called “his Holiness,” shall become, in civil, political and religious freedom,—in education, virtue and piety, like this Protestant Republic—must be decided! The question *may* be decided soon. If you would have it settled according to the first position, you should give your spare money to build Catholic Churches, and to support in various ways, an arrogant and exclusive priesthood,—if you would have it settled according to the last, and see the entire surface of our globe radiant with light, and covered with a population, intellectual, pious and happy—

“Such as earth

Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.”

then come and aid a mission which has its eye and heart fixed on these transcendent and God-like results!

2. The present state of Canada gives a peculiar interest to this enterprise.

I refer especially to the Catholic population, the descendants of the original French settlers of that country. There is no part of the globe where christian missions are more needed, and where even the temporal results would be more perceptible and more salutary. The Papal system has had an opportunity for a fair experiment in Canada. The country itself may compare very well with many parts of New-England,—but mark the contrast in every thing that belongs to man as a social and moral being. Quebec was settled twelve years before the pilgrims of the May-Flower planted their feet, as the champions of a free christianity, on the rock of Plymouth: and yet how different the histories of these adventurers! The Protestant pilgrims became giants: and their progeny have filled the land, and are scaling the Rocky Mountains, and are traveling down the slope toward the great Pacific. And they have scattered schools, and colleges, and churches, all along their pathway. The land is filled with an intellectual, a free, a religious, and a happy people. But what is the state of Canada? The inhabitants are just what they were, in 1608, when the country was first settled. For more than two centuries they have not made an inch of progress in any thing either honorable, or profitable to man. And why? Not because *the race* is inferior to other men. No nation have better physical or intellectual frames, than the French. But they are kept in ignorance by the

priesthood, and deluded and robbed by their mummeries;—and there they are, stationary, and stereotyped in their own unvaried littleness. Letters and science, and the ornamental arts, are confined to the few, and these are infidels, while the many—the peasantry, are good Catholics, and jog along, under their ghostly drivers, as their own cattle do, under *their* lash, without one improvement, in any thing, from the beginning to the end of a century.

But the spell is broken. The people are not at rest. They begin to distrust a lazy and luxurious—a Bible-hating and a Bible-burning priesthood. There are symptoms that the sleep of death has ended with many, and that a resurrection has already begun in this great moral grave-yard. There never was a time since that country was colonized, when efforts for instructing and converting the Catholics, were so likely to be crowned with success, as the present. “The fields are already white to the harvest.”

3. This mission makes a very tender and a very powerful appeal to the females of our country.

Indeed, I might say, that this appeal is made to *all* who appreciate and love female worth, as well as to females themselves. The founder of the mission and school at “Grande Ligne,” is one of the most extraordinary woman of the age. She was long satisfied with the religion of mere form; but when she saw her own character as a sinner, and found pardon and peace in a Saviour’s blood, she could never rest till she consecrated herself wholly to the instruction and salvation of those who were the victims of that delu-

sion from which *she* had been, by the grace of God, delivered. "The love of Christ constrained her." Under this impulse, she left her friends and home, and the sweet romantic scenes of her native land, and sought, on this side of the Atlantic wave, a missionary field where she might honor Christ, and save sinners, and gratify the expansive charity of her warm and devoted heart. The Catholic population of Canada, attracted her eye, and controlled her decisions, probably from such considerations as these:—The French language was her native tongue,—this field might be more promising than some others, in as much as it lay remote from the strong influences of Papal Europe,—and "last, not least," the condition of the Canadians, social, moral and religious, was such as to reach the sensibilities, and move the commiseration of any heart warmed by the love of heaven. This condition she understood, for she had studied it: and she entered upon the work with a consecration, a faith, and an ardor, so truly apostolic, as to excite the admiration of all who know any thing of her former and present history. She once moved in elevated circles,—lived in competency,—and enjoyed the blessings of home and friends. The spoiler came, as I have before related, and the scene was changed. The storm swept over her little sacred inclosure, and desolation followed. But grace sanctified these afflictions, and she consecrated herself wholly to the one sole object of imparting light and life to the Catholics. She seems never to have turned her eye or heart from this object since it first occu-

pied and filled her thoughts. She has planted a mission and a school at Grande Ligne—where, in conjunction with others, she is performing a greater amount of labor, physical, intellectual and spiritual, probably, than any woman living. In connection with this mission, other schools and stations are established, in different parts of the country. Of the happy effects which have already followed these truly christian efforts, I shall speak more particularly hereafter. My object now is to present before you the venerable and devoted founder of this mission, for the sole purpose of asking you to settle, in your own minds, and by your own acts, the question—whether a woman of this sublime moral heroism,—of these active and living energies,—of these transcendant and self-sacrificing deeds—shall be sustained? I fear, that I shall not be considered as paying even an ordinary tribute to the female sex, by propounding a question which may seem to imply a doubt, on this point. If *she* has forsaken home and kindred and country, and encountered the hardships and the dangers of the ocean, and buried herself among the uncultivated and ignorant, where her exertions tax every power, and her accommodations are mean and scanty,—shall it be considered a great thing, that we expect the ladies of this country to feel for their own neighbors, and sympathize with a christian adventurer of their own sex, from a far distant land, whose every power and every purpose is rendered subservient to the noble object of elevating their intellectual and social condition, and of saving their souls? I am



sure you will discharge your duty, in this matter,—nor would I seem to detract from the value of your doings, by interposing a formal plea in order to incite you to action. Nor will *men* refuse, by their beneficence, to cheer the heavenly spirit of such a woman,—one who is making greater exertions, and securing more blessed results, than one man in a thousand has ever done, even among those who have filled the sacred office.

It is hardly necessary for me to say, that the mission is deeply in want. I am fully persuaded, that no funds for the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ, can be more profitably expended, than by sustaining this enterprise. Nor can the work already so successfully begun, be carried on and consummated, without an increase of means. The school is thronged with children from the families of converted Catholics, and the place is too strait for them. They wish to enlarge their accommodations, that they may do good upon a more extended scale, and impart spiritual light to those who are perishing “for lack of knowledge.” The female sex should come up to the help of this devoted and heavenly-spirited woman. Some, and, indeed not a few, are doing it. I have been much gratified to learn, that the Young Ladies of the Female Seminary of this city, have prepared, with their own hands, a large and valuable box of clothing for this school and mission. It will prove, I trust, an offering “acceptable to God, and approved of men.” In what we do, in this truly christian enterprise, we must not forget, that the undertaking is

a great one. The whole country needs an entire revolution; and the agencies demanded for its accomplishment are not to be found there. They must come from abroad,—from Protestant Europe and Protestant America.

4. This mission has been already greatly blessed.

The impress of heaven's broad and beautiful seal is on it. The Son of God has fulfilled his promise, and been with his faithful and devoted servants, in this important harvest field. For the first time, after a long and dark night of more than two centuries, the day-star has arisen, and the morning begins to dawn on Canada! A spirit of religious inquiry, before unknown, has been awakened, among that people, which all the cunning, and all the malice of the priests, will not be able to allay. The people begin to feel, that they need the bread of life, and God is sending it to them. The mission at Grande Ligne, is a centre of spiritual light and heat, from which radiations of heavenly influence are going out, in every direction, over "the length and breadth of the land." On this spot they are educating teachers and colporteurs who shall hereafter go forth, and scatter the good seed—*letters* and *Bible truth*—over all Canada. And the work has already begun. The priests are alarmed; and persecution, the old argument of "the man of sin," has blown its trumpet, and kindled its fires. Schools and preaching stations are established, not only in populous places, but among the cabins in the woods,—and, at all these, the gospel is achieving wonders. I wish I had time to go into detail, but

I can only give you a few prominent facts, as specimens of many more of a like character.

At Grande Ligne, according to the report for the present year, they number sixty converts, and the congregations vary from fifty to one hundred and fifty. The primary school contains from thirty to forty pupils, and the Normal school fourteen. The missionary corps is now composed of Madame Feller, Monsieur and Madame Normandean, Mademoiselle Jointe, (who is assisted in her school by Hortense Brissette, one of the pupils,) the Rev. Louis Roussy, and one colporteur, who travels in the vicinity within a radius of ten leagues.

At Chazy, established about two years since, the church numbers twenty members: the average number of the hearers of the word, is thirty. The acting missionary is Dr. Coté, who bore a prominent part in the rebellion,—once a Catholic, but when he became educated and saw their abominations and fooleries, an infidel; and now a truly converted man, and a zealous preacher of the pure gospel of the Son of God. He has, in different capacities, three assistants.

The station at St. Pie, established at an earlier period than the above named, numbers twenty-eight members, and the school has thirty scholars.

The station at Berea, established more than a year since, numbers thirty-two members, and has thirty-five scholars in the school.

But these missionary stations are not all. The devoted friends of Christ of whom I am speaking, and

whom you are endeavoring to assist, and others engaged in the same work, are scattering the beams of heavenly day over these broad realms of night. Preachers and colporteurs are traversing the land in every direction, diffusing mercy in their progress, intent on the single object of giving the pure word of God to this blind and benighted people. And they are fast accomplishing their object. Already in the remote and rude cabin, embosomed in the wilderness, may be heard the voice of these Bible-readers; and the old primitive forest almost daily resounds with the joyous accents of a preached gospel.

Nor shall we duly appreciate these truly christian labors, unless we fix our eye on the real condition of the people. We must see them as they are. Recollect that they are called christians, and this is the nineteenth century—and they were planted as a colony, from one of the oldest nominally christian kingdoms of Europe. And what is their present state? Not more than *one* in *fifteen* can read, while scarcely any can write. Madame Feller, on a certain occasion, read the Bible to a man and his wife, and when she had concluded, they acknowledged, that now, for the first time in their lives, they had heard the gospel read. The husband was over sixty years old.

The Rev. Mr. Tanner, who has traveled as an agent in the country, says—"The greatest part are blindly submissive to their priests, and believe, that they themselves can, and ought to atone for their sins, by penances, and by giving money to say mass-

es. The most part of the penances which the priests impose, consist in reciting in Latin, *paters* and *ave Marias*. They believe, that there are men changed into howling wolves and long-tailed beasts; that on All Saints' day, the dead leave purgatory and walk on the earth, and that blood would spring up, if a Roman Catholic should dig in it.

“As Lent is for them a time of penance, they dare not then play for money, but some of them play for prayers, that is, that he that loses shall recite a certain number of prayers, which God will place to the credit of the winner. Many of them wear medals and other things to preserve them from evil.”

One missionary laborer says,—“Several persons forbade me to read the Bible to them, believing, that as soon as it was opened, serpents would dart out of it.”

Another writes,—“As I was leaving a house where I had been conversing with a number of persons, they all followed me to the door to look up to a cross which the Bishop of Nancy had erected on a mountain in sight, saying to me, that he had told them, that each time they cast their eyes towards it, and repeated a certain number of prayers, they would gain an indulgence of *three hundred days*.”

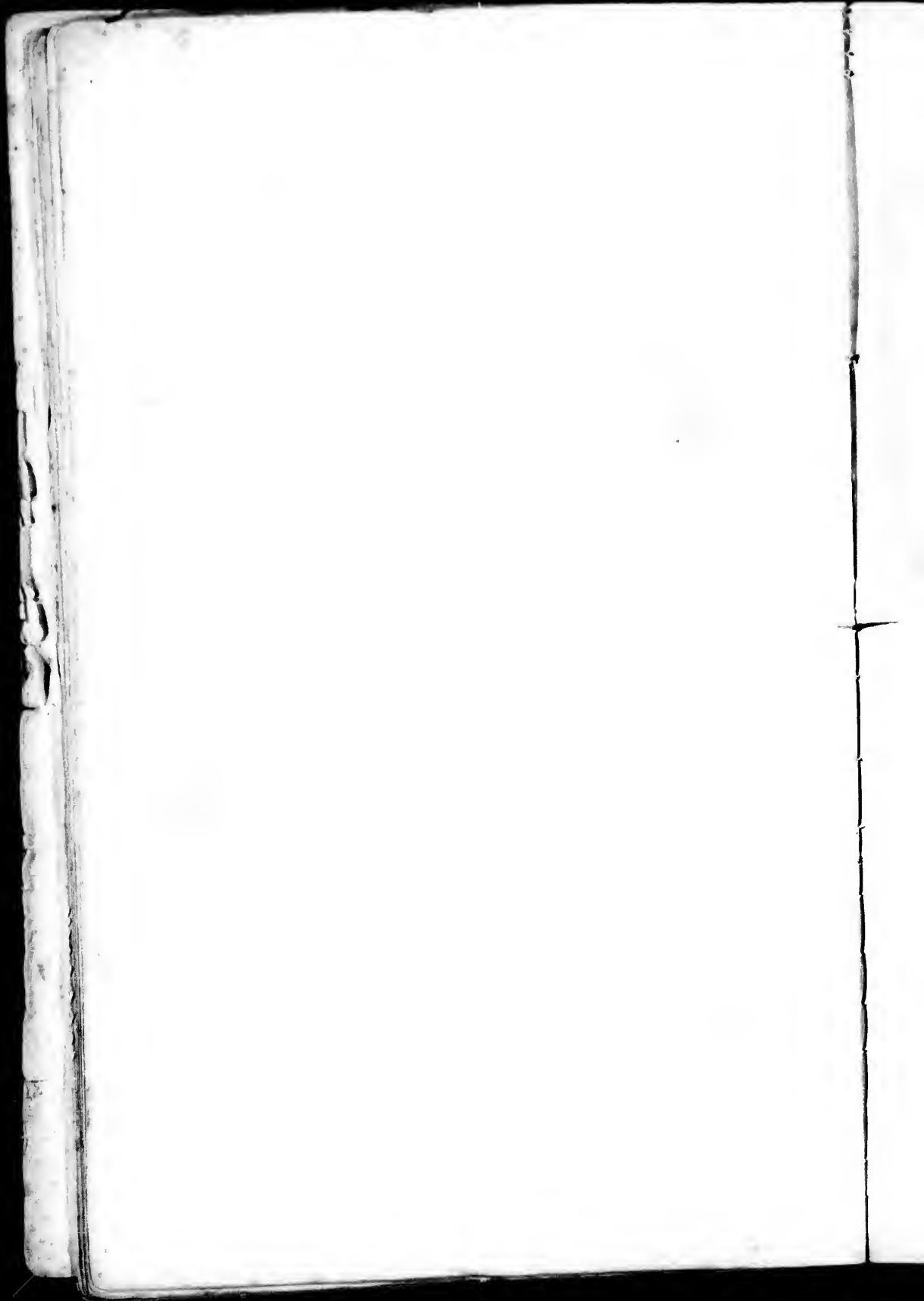
These facts need no comment. And a priesthood who can thus impose upon the ignorant and credulous, and corrupt the very fountain of truth, and almost extinguish the human intellect, ought to be, and will, sooner or later, become the loathing and abhorrence of the friends of God and the friends of man.

The people who welcome and caress them, receive a viper to their bosom, whose sting is death! Under their influence, intelligence, liberty, virtue, religion and happiness have always expired, and gone down to an early sepulchre!

Who does not rejoice, that God is giving such signal success to the Swiss mission, among such a people? Who does not bless God for the honor which he has conferred upon his devoted servants? Let me advert to one instance of his gracious protection of the mission, by the christian influence of Madame Feller. "During the year 1838, the labors of the mission had proceeded with increased success:—M. Roussy being engaged in preaching at various stations, and Madame Feller, in the school, and in private visitations. But in the month of November civil war again broke out around them, and their neighborhood became the scene of revolutionary operations. A prominent leader of the insurgents, who had always cherished deep hostility to the mission, sent a band of armed horsemen to make M. Roussy prisoner, and bring him to the camp. Through the appeals of Madame Feller, the angry troop, who came to the house full of rage, were softened and conciliated. They left M. Roussy in his own house, and pledged themselves that neither they nor their property should be molested during the war. The pledge given was literally redeemed. While all around them were pillaged, and all who refused to join the insurgents voluntarily were cruelly taken prisoners, the mission family were untouched." Tru-

ly God is with them. Such honor have those who love and serve him.

And here I leave this cause. May this audience meet their high responsibilities; and may God himself put his own seal of approbation on your doings, for Christ's sake.





## A P P E A L

OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE TROY SWISS MISSION  
SOCIETY, TO THOSE BENEVOLENT AND INFLUENTIAL LADIES  
TO WHOM THIS PAMPHLET IS SENT BY THEM.

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SISTERS :

The earth is the Lord's. We are his—made by him to sojourn here as in a school, where if we are obedient and docile, he will translate us to the joys of an everlasting home. What we call our own, constitutes a part of our trial and probation. Shall we cling to a few of these perishing possessions, none of which we can carry with us, to the loss of that sentient immortal soul, which is of more worth than an inanimate planet, with all its gold and diamonds;—or shall we, when we see before us the prospect of a great good to be done—especially, a good to precious souls—shall we part with a little of this hoarded treasure, and send it to heaven, to be laid up, that we may find it there ?

At this time let us think of what our devoted sister, the apostolic Madame Feller, has done. She has given *her all of fortune*, on which she might have lived in ease and pleasure, in her home, situated in one of the most paradisaical spots on the earth. She has given more—she has given *herself*. When she met with us, we questioned her as to her first movements in Canada ; and from her own saintly lips we learned, that she began by going into the miserable abodes of squalid poverty, where parents had no more than one cotton garment with which to guard a child

against the rigors of the climate; no food to give, better than potatoes; no medicines for sickness—and, if they had, no skill to use them. She sought out the sick among them, and spent her money to buy them medicines, and herself to watch beside the midnight pallet of straw; and thus, almost like the blessed Saviour, she proved to the people that her mission was divine, by healing their sick. She clothed the children, and began to teach both them and the parents. And they *would*, then, despite the prohibitions of their priests, receive her instructions. When we think of these things, Sisters of the Protestant Faith, let us do a little, where she has done so much.

We would then affectionately request you, to call together your circle of friends and read with them this sermon. Perhaps their hearts will move them to organize, that effort may become concentrated and efficient. If your locality makes it more convenient to transmit any funds you may collect to us, than to send them direct to Madame Feller, at Grande Ligne, L. Canada, or to send them to the city of New-York, to the care of William Chester, Esq., we offer to receive your contributions, and pledge ourselves to transmit them safely, and render you an account thereof. In this case you can direct to our Treasurer, Miss ABBY J. CHAMPION, 35 First-street, Troy. Any contributions, however small, will doubtless be acceptable.

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