

# VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

(PAYABLE WITHIN FOUR MONTHS)

BY ORSON S. MURRAY.

BRANDON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1839.

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## VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

BRANDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1839.

### A TOUCHING APPEAL.

Below is a letter from my beloved friend and brother, *Hiram Wilson*, missionary at the Wilberforce Colony, in Upper Canada. This Colony consists principally of colored people from the United States—a large proportion, I believe, being fugitives from southern slavery. Here is a missionary field at our doors, highly worthy the consideration of those friends of missions, who are at the same time friends of the crushed victims of American oppression. Let those who read this appeal, pause and enquire of themselves seriously whether there be not something for them to do for the promotion of the benevolent enterprise in which this self-denying disciple of Jesus is engaged.

TORONTO, U. C. Dec. 9, 1839.

My Dear Friend,

Orson S. Murray:—I have not forgotten my promise at the National Convention at Albany, that I would communicate to you, and through the columns of the Telegraph to your readers, some account of our humble and unpopular, but holy mission among the outcasts of our guilty nation.—In the progress of events, both favorable and adverse to the cause of human liberty on the American continent, it has pleased a kind Providence to keep wide open, the portals of Freedom which hang along the northern boundary of a pro-slavery Republic; and to introduce to the blessings and privileges of this land of promise, some thousands of panting, star-led pilgrims, from the great prison-house of slavery.

We see in their happy change of circumstances a striking fulfillment of an old pledge divinely given and faithfully preserved on record: "For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." The same Great Guardian of the poor, who has mercifully wrought their deliverance, is now accomplishing his gracious designs, by furnishing them with that instruction which tends to enlighten their minds, improve their morals, and make them "wise unto salvation."

This work of justice and charity, towards the outraged and afflicted poor has been moving forward silently for three years past. This mission has suffered much from want of laborers, and still more from want of comfortable support for the few who have volunteered their services and labored with uncommon zeal and fidelity in this important harvest-field.

But the greatest evil which has prevailed the two last winters was, the Rebellion, with subsequent commotion and alarm of war, which greatly disturbed the quiet of the colored people, and consequently prevented much good which might otherwise have been accomplished. During the last winter, fourteen teachers were employed in different parts of Upper Canada, who evinced a spirit of self-denial and unflinching devotion that would have done credit to any missionaries on the face of the earth. The number of laborers now in the field (if I may include myself,) is fifteen,—seven of these are females,—eleven of the number are from Oberlin Ohio, which is truly a glorious hive of good Samaritans, often swarming and sending forth the sweet savor of holiness and gospel grace.

The present teachers are located in settlements, and places where the colored people are numerous, with specific instructions from the superintendent of the mission to labor specially for the welfare, temporal and eternal of the colored population, without excluding white people who may wish to participate in these blessings and privileges.

I have taken on wearied pains to introduce such as were filled with the Spirit, and constrained by the love of Christ, and who volunteered their services rather from a benevolent, holy impulse, than the hope of any pecuniary reward. Most of them are prosecuting their studies preparatory for the ministry and missions, and are in need of a reasonable compensation for their time, every moment of which is precious to them.

For myself and family, we have received nothing for more than 18 months past, but a scanty subsistence, and that so scanty that we have suffered much, are suffering still, and blessed be God are willing to suffer yet more, if relief should not come, rather than abandon the work.

The mission has not been guarded hitherto or supported by any benevolent organization of a general character. The American Missionary Societies, Foreign & Domestic, cannot with propriety stoop low enough to patronize, or even notice this work, without rendering them obnoxious to the estimation of many of their patrons. I should state however that in two or three instances local missionary societies have contributed something. The American Anti-Slavery Society, as such, is doing nothing for the support of our mission, although it is an efficient and important auxiliary to that Society, and its bearing is direct and powerful against the system of slavery.—Resolutions were passed at the Anniversary

in May last, which were calculated to give this enterprise prominence and favor before the Anti-Slavery public. But good resolutions, without some efficient, organized action, are mere moon-shine, blessing everybody and warning nobody. The Executive Committee of the New York State Anti-Slavery Society has favored us with an appropriation of \$50, which was thankfully received.

In several instances, auxiliary societies have contributed money and clothing, which has also been gratefully received and faithfully applied; but the limited aid, we have hitherto received has come far short of meeting the current expenses of the mission, most prudently and economically incurred. I have been quite as extravagant in spending money as my circumstances would allow, and yet my travelling expenses during the last 18 months, in which time I have travelled ten thousand miles, and about three thousand of that distance on foot, has been less than \$250. Much of the time I have toiled and struggled through wintry storms and piercing cold, in nightly silence, while a selfish, cold-hearted world was wrapped in slumbers around me. Of this I do not complain, but rather rejoice and count it a precious privilege to do, and dare, and suffer, if needs be, in such a worthy cause as that of our blessed Savior and his cast-out and afflicted poor. I am conscious of doing no more than duty requires.

I have given you but a brief outline of our operations. And now permit me, dear brother, to ask, is it right that the christian public should suffer the laborers in this piteous harvest-field, to wear themselves out and die, for lack of the means of comfortable subsistence? Such will inevitably be the case, if the present apathy continues. Will not some of the noble-hearted Green Mountainers lend a helping hand? I am confident that they will not withhold either their hands or hearts from so worthy a cause.

I must not omit to mention that the Lord is refreshing the colored people in this, and two other places where we have teachers located. But I have no time now for particulars. May the Lord revive his work throughout the Province, and bring many multitudes to bow at the Savior's feet.

Respectfully, thy friend and brother,  
HIRAM WILSON.

### OBITUARY.

Died, in Hubbardton, on the 7th instant, sister Nancy Allen, wife of Elder Barna. Allen, now pastor of the Baptist church in that place, in the 44th year of her age.—Sister Allen was a native of Hartford, Washington Co. N. Y., and daughter of Deacon Daniel Martin. She was early favored with religious instruction, and when about 16 years of age united with the Baptist church in her native town. From the time of her first connection with the church, until her death, she led an exemplary, christian life; and in her last sickness she experienced the consolations of that religion which she professed before the world. She frequently and familiarly conversed about dying, and manifested a firm reliance on her Savior, and resignation to the will of God. In conversation with her husband, just before her death, she expressed herself perfectly ready to meet death, which she said had no more terror for her. She has left a husband and seven children, and a numerous circle of friends, to mourn her loss; but while they mourn, many of them rejoice in prospect of meeting her among the blessed.

Her funeral was attended in Hartford, on the 10th instant, and a discourse delivered by brother D. Harrington, from Phil. 1st chap. 20th & 21st verses.

Brother Allen takes this method to record his gratitude for the kindness of his friends in Hubbardton, for their kind attentions during her sickness.

The following letter is from brother Allen to a brother of his, and may be taken as addressed to his numerous relatives generally who receive the paper containing it.

Hubbardton, Vt. Dec. 1839.

Dear Brother:—I now live in the Green Mountain State—our native State—and very near the battle-ground of the revolution; and though the cannon's roar, the cries of the dying, and the groans of the wounded have long since ceased to be heard on the literal field of battle, yet there is a mighty warrior here that can not be entreated by the tears and sighs of the companion, or piercing cries of the tender children. Death, the great conqueror, has laid my dear companion low. She now sleeps in his cold, icy arms. Nor would he hear my entreaties, nor regard the tears of the now motherless children.

"There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death, and there is no discharge in that war." She has left a companion and seven children to mourn the sad bereavement; but "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." And well may I

bless the Lord, when I reflect that, to my dear companion, death had lost its sting; for she said just before dying, that she had always thought that death would be a terror; but it had lost its terror; and even for months before her death, when speaking in relation to that event, she would say, "The will of the Lord be done, not mine;" and when speaking of her sufferings, tho' often severe, she would say, "but what are they, when compared with the sufferings of my Savior for me." She would often talk of the painfulness of leaving her little ones, but all painful reflections would be hushed to peace, on thinking of the kindness of a God to herself under like circumstances.

In the language of an afflicted Job, allow me to say, "have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me." You will however desire to know the cause of her death. She had been lingering ill for some time, which finally terminated in the dropsy. I feel my loss to be great—but believe my loss to be her gain.

And now, my dear and loved friend and brother, may God prepare us all to meet her in a brighter and better world where parting and sorrow will be no more.

### Religious Miscellany.

#### Conversion of 27 Roman Catholics.

In the London Record we find the following interesting letter, addressed to the editor by the Rev. John Hartley, from Thiers in the Department of Puy de Dome, near the centre of France under date of August 5th, 1839.—N. Y. Observer.

Amongst the hills of Auvergne and in the Department of the Puy de Dome, is situated the town of Thiers. It is celebrated for its picturesque position, being planted on the steep declivities of rocks and mountains, which are adorned with chestnut trees, walnuts, oaks, and other striking ornaments of the forest. In front, and at no great distance, is the pyramidal Puy de Dome, and the whole chain of mountains of Mont d'Or and the Cantal; beneath them is the beautiful plain of Clermont, with the silver stream of the Dore winding its way through the midst, and all around the rugged peaks and deep dark mountain ravines stand in striking contrast with sloping hills clothed with vines and corn-fields. The population of this town, computed at 15,000, is almost entirely employed in the manufacture of cutlery. One universal sound, the hammer clinking on the anvil, and the file rasping on the vice, continually strikes the ear in every street, and no other noise has disturbed, from time immemorial, the dull uniformity of Thiers. During the terrible convulsions of the Revolution and the Empire, this place, indeed, as all others in France, had to deplore its youth sacrificed in foreign fields, and the monotony of human life was then arrested by the news of some falling by the lake of Mantua, others at the walls of Saragossa, and others on the plains of Germany.—But the regrets of such calamities have long since ceased to agitate the hearts of the survivors, and nothing seems to occupy attention but to partake of food, to labor for its acquisition, and to die. About two years ago, however, the quiet of the scene was disturbed by a most novel occurrence. The report was circulated, "There are Protestants arrived at Thiers; they are selling Bibles; they are praying, reading, conversing at the Boulevert." This intelligence acted like an electric shock on the somnolent population. Out rushed no less, it is asserted, than 2,000 persons towards the place, where one of the *colporteurs* of the Geneva Society was explaining in his simple manner the great truths of the Gospel. So furious was the mob, such their threats, their gesticulations, and their spirit, that the most serious consequences were apprehended. Not only had the *colporteur* to escape with the utmost haste by a way removed from the tumult, but even the *Commissaire de Police* and the *gens d'armes* had to interfere most promptly to prevent evil. The riot of this day will ever be a memorable fact in the history of Thiers!

It might have been supposed that truth, meeting with such opposition on its first arrival, would have retired in dismay from the whole region, and that here, at least, Popery would be left in undisturbed possession of its victims; but such an opinion would have been most erroneous. It has pleased the God of mercy to pour out his Holy Spirit so remarkably on this place, that a considerable number of persons are not only reading with attention the Holy Scriptures, and affording good hopes of eventual conversion, but an infant church of Protestant Christians has been already formed; and at the first sacrament, no less than twenty-seven persons, all of them formerly Roman Catholics, and all, in the judgment of charity, sincerely seeking eternal salvation, were partakers.

I have been residing in the midst of this little flock about a fortnight, and I am deeply affected with admiration at the work of Divine grace which is here exhibited. Eighteen months ago the very name of Protestant was scarcely known in the neighborhood, no right views of Christ and his salvation were in existence, the grossest superstitions of Popery, and the most reckless infidelity divided the territory between them; in short, a moral

midnight brooded over the whole population: now a religious impression has been produced of the most extensive character; not a family, perhaps, can be found, which has not contended, and thought, and felt, either favorably or unfavorably on this great subject. Up to this hour the Protestant laborers are the theme of universal and perpetual conversation. To my own observation the twenty-seven communicants above mentioned, and several others, have been "brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God;" and it is known to God alone how far eventually the blessings of the Gospel will be diffused in this region.

It is most interesting to mark the new converts, to observe their diligent study of the Bible, some of them even in old age beginning to read that they may peruse the sacred pages; to listen to their singing delightfully the praises of God in the beautiful hymns and tunes of our Geneva brethren; to hear with what simplicity and unfeigned joy they lead the prayers of the congregation when invited to do so; and, above all, to notice that "where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound." The habitual deportment of the converts is highly consistent; the world cannot reproach them with ill conduct; some of their number who had been notorious for drunkenness and other sins, are now eminent examples of temperance and holiness, and "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," reigns over the whole church. I was exceedingly struck with the expression of contentment of many persons amongst them. There is a calm, solid happiness portrayed in their features, which no principle, no ideas, no events, however prosperous in life, nothing but the assurance of eternal glory, through the sacrifice of Christ our Redeemer, could ever produce.

You might anticipate, sir, that the Romish priesthood has not been wanting amidst events of this character. The churches have resounded with anathemas, pronounced against all persons embracing, abating, or listening to Protestant doctrines. Anathemas have been hurled against the very individuals who would salute a Protestant in the streets. The crags and valleys of Auvergne are still re-echoing with the thunders of the Vatican and the Tridentine Fathers—but what has been the result? God has made the "wrath of man to praise him." The cause of Christ has been decidedly advanced rather than hindered by these exertions. Not only curiosity has been the more greatly increased, and the greater attention awakened, but when exaggerated and false statements, pronounced against Protestants, have been in the sequel discovered to be untrue, the greatest good has resulted.

Hoping, sir, soon to send you more minute details in regard to those interesting occurrences, believe me, yours most faithfully.

MANLIKE AND GODLIKE. A gentleman who had filled many high stations in public life, with the greatest honor to himself and advantage to the nation, once went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, in great anger at a real injury that he had received from a person high in the political world, which he was considering how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars to Sir Eardley, he asked if he did not think it would be *manly* to resent it? "Yes," said Sir Eardley, "it would doubtless be *manly* to resent it, but it would be *godlike* to forget it." This, the gentleman declared had such an instantaneous effect upon him, that he came away quite another man and in a temper entirely altered from that in which he went.—*English Mag.*

THE CONSOLATION OF LOOKING AT THE END.—Many find more rest amidst the flames, than their persecutors amidst all their pomp and tyranny, because they see the rest to which that fiery chariot is conveying them. It is not the place that giveth rest, but the presence of Christ in it. Why then, Christian, keep thy soul above thy Christ; be as little as may be out of his company, and then all conditions will be alike to thee; for that is the best estate to thee, in which thou possessest most of him. The moral arguments of a heathen philosopher may make the burden of affliction somewhat lighter; but nothing can make us rejoice in tribulation, except we can draw our joy from heaven. How came Abraham to leave his country, and follow God he knew not whither? Why because "he looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." What made Moses choose to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, and to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt? Why, but because "he had respect to the recompense of reward." Yea, it is evident that our Lord himself drew encouragement under his sufferings from the foresight of his glory: "For the joy that was set before him," says the apostle, "he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Who, indeed, can wonder that pain and sorrow, poverty and sickness, should be exceeding grievous to that man who cannot see the end; or that death should be the king of terrors to him who cannot see the life beyond it? He that looks not on the end of his sufferings, as well as on the sufferings themselves, must needs

lose the whole consolation: "And if he see not the peaceable fruits of righteousness," which they afterwards yield, they cannot to him "be joyous, but grievous." This is the noble advantage of faith; it can look on the means and the end together. This also is the reason why we oft pity ourselves so much as he loves us; and why we would have the cup to pass from us, when he will make us drink it up. We pity ourselves with an ignorant pity, and would be saved from the cross, which is the way to save us.—*Baxter's "Saint's Rest," by Dr. Brown.*

#### A Relic of Roger Williams.

Two hundred years ago the present month, Roger Williams organized the first Baptist church in Providence. In 1632 he preached a sermon which was printed in London, says the Christian Reflector, and is entitled,

"The Hiring ministry none of Christ's, or a Discourse touching the propagating the Gospel of Christ Jesus."

We give 'the tables of contents' or topics discussed in the discourse in the words and letters of the original.

In this discourse are many things worthy of notice, but as we do not now intend to 'review' it, we shall only extract a few sentences.

Speaking of a Gospel call to the ministry Mr. Williams says—"I prejudice not an External Test and Call, which was at first and shall be again in force at the Resurrection of the Churches (as Mr. Cotton calls it in Rev. 20) But in the present State of things I can not but be sensibly led to say, that I know no other True Sender, but the most Holy Spirit.—And when he sends, his Messengers will go, his Prophets will Prophecy, though all the world should forbid them."

On the support of the ministry—"Sincerely, as to the Laborer worthy of his Reward, I answer, we find no other pattern in the Testament of Jesus Christ, but that both the Converting (or Apostolic ministry) and the Feeding (or Pastoral ministry) did freely serve and Minister, and yet were freely supported by the Saints and Churches, and that not in stated Wages, Tithes, Stipends, Salaries, &c. but with larger or lesser supplies, as the Hand of the Lord was more or less extendin his weekly blessings on them."

On the comparatively little influence of the Church—"The Church and people of God since the Apostacy, is an Army routed, and can hardly preserve and secure itself, much less subdue and conquer others, like a Vessel becalmed at Sea, which though it make some way by Rowing and Towing, yet not comparable to what it doth when the mighty gales of God's holy Spirit breath (as most he useth to do) in the ways of his own most holy Appointments."

We invite the particular attention of the reader to the following passage:—"I desire uprightly to be far from diverse weights and measures (in the things of God especially;) and therefore I desire not that liberty myself, which I would not freely and impartially weigh on the consciences of the world beside: And therefore I doe humbly conceive that it is the will of the most High, and the express and absolute duty of the civil powers to proclaim an absolute freedom in all the 3 Nations, (England, Scotland, and Ireland,) yea in all the world (were there power so arg'd) that each Town and Division of people, yea and person, may free enjoy what worship, and ministry, what maintenance to afford them, their soul desireth."

#### Extracts from the Missionary Herald.—NESTORIANS IN PERSIA.

May 22. We rode up to Mar Sergis, a Nestorian church situated in a small village on the declivity of a mountain, about four miles distant from the city.—This village is considerably elevated and commands a magnificent view of the city, the plain and its villages, and the distant lake. The church is a large stone building, quite ancient, and is much venerated by both Nestorians and Mohammedans. It has the reputation of possessing the rare power of restoring lunatics. And to-day, on entering the church, we found several Mussulmans, of both sexes, within it, who had this morning placed a delirious relative in a dark vault of the church, and were waiting in strong expectation of his being cured. They stated that twenty-four hours confinement is the period requisite to effect a cure.—*Journal of Mr. Perkins.*

#### SITE AND RUINS OF PAPHOS.

I proceeded to a brief account of our visit to-day in Paphos, a name familiar to every reader of the Acts, the mention of which at once suggests a striking occurrence in the arduous labors of the great apostle and missionary to the Gentiles.—Acts xiii. 6—12. After leaving with our host a few books for the priests, whom we could not see, we mounted our animals and set out to visit the ruins of this ancient city, which were now in sight about two miles distant. They are situated on an extensive plain which stretches along the sea-shore about 18 miles in length and from 2 to 3 in breadth. Much of this plain is cultivated and well watered. Here were anciently situated the sacred gardens of Venus. The celebrated temple of Venus, the magnificence of which was the wonder of former ages, has wholly disappeared, and nothing now remains of it but some broken pillars and small pieces of marble, scattered over its elevated site.

Our guide next with more caution and more security. O,

led us to an ancient, subterranean church, just on the borders of the ruins, which is excavated entirely in the solid rock, eight feet below the surface of the ground, to which we descended by stone steps. It consists of two adjoining rooms communicating with each other by a single door, and a deep excavation near them, which probably descended to a fountain now filled up. The rooms are both ten feet high, the larger twenty-five feet long and eighteen broad; the other about two-thirds as large, mostly in a good state of preservation. It is not improbable, that it was once devoted to idolatrous worship, but after Christianity became prevalent in the island, it became a Christian church, as the fresco paintings still seen around the altar evidently show.

Nearly half a mile north of Paphos, not far from the sea shore, are situated the catacombs or tombs, and last abode of its ancient inhabitants. These are a striking relic of antiquity. They consist of subterranean rooms of different dimensions, all excavated in the solid limestone, with small entrances and niches around their sides for receiving corpses. In some instances three or four rooms communicate with each other by a single door. These tombs are very numerous, extending over many acres of ground; so that a careful examination of all the more important ones would require several days. These which we had time to examine were some of them adorned with pillars, cut out of the solid rock and supporting the mass above, but generally very much resembling the tombs found a little north of Jerusalem, and also on the southern bank of the valley of Hinnon. Three of them, I observed, were occupied by the families of shepherds who were pasturing their flocks on the plain. How impressively does this subterranean city of the ancient dead, teach the beholder the perishableness of man and of all his grandeur.—*Journal of Mr. Ladd.*

#### FAIR AT THE FESTIVAL OF ST. BARNABAS AT FAMAGOSTA.

Two thousand people of both sexes assembled at Famagosta, principally from the immediate vicinity, early in the morning of the Lord's-day, June 23d, professionally to celebrate the festival of St. Barnabas. It was evident, however, that the business of buying and selling, and of eating the delicious fruit called Caisia, a species of apricot, held a more prominent place in their minds, than the rational and proper exercise of commemorating the life and character of that holy apostle, or than paying the usual eastern mark of reverence to his memory by kissing his picture or his relics.—*General Letter of the Missions.*

#### Peace.

##### From the Portsmouth Journal.—THOUGHTS ON PEACE.

No one doubts but that we are taught in the Scriptures to submit to evil, and to forgive our enemies. Love is the spirit of the religion we profess—love, not only to the pure and innocent,—to our family and our friends, but to the sinner, the degraded, to those who injure us and who despitely entreat us. This doctrine carried to its extreme is the spirit of Martyrdom; it commands us to suffer ourselves rather than inflict suffering upon others. Obedience to this law of love is the perfection of character, it is the elevation of the moral over the animal man; it is the exaltation of man to the station for which he was designed, making him but little lower than the angels; it is the principle which all men reverence and admire.

But how often are we told that the structure of society is such as to forbid this height of virtue. It is, say they, a beautiful theory—a lovely day-dream—something more fitted for heaven than for earth, adapted rather to angels than to men. Wait for the millennium: it is now as much out of place in this contending, selfish world, as would be the delicate rose blooming in the frosts and snows of winter. You may as well speak of temperance to the already drunken—you may as well preach holiness of heart and devotion to God, in the very huts of impurity and blasphemy, as to unfold the banner of Peace over the elements of strife in this wayward and fighting world. The whip, the prison, the gallows, the sword are our only present safety. Brute force is the foundation of all law—is the basis on which society rests. Self-protection without violence to others how impossible! Common sense revolts at it. Be silent then, and attempt not to disturb the vain babbling of impossibilities.

I feel the power of this oft repeated attack upon the theory which I love; for when I look upon the strife there is continually about us, upon the crimes and degradation of my brother man, and especially when I look in upon my own heart and find there, deep seated, this spirit of resistance, incorporated as it were in my very nature, I feel disposed to close my mouth forever on the subject. But this is a want of faith, in the power and promise of God. It is no place to look for the right and true in our own disposition or in the conduct of others. Our very weakness demands a high standard, that we may be ever reaching upwards,—our very infirmities ask of Heaven a light for the guide of our feet, and tho' we may often stumble and fall, yet let us thank God that the light shines, that we may see our danger and walk each day with more caution and more security. O,