

Porrentruy, 19 January 1869.

My beloved sister,

First of all I must ask your forgiveness for not having written for I do not know how long. But do not think that I have forgotten you or your family. Every day I think of you, every day I commend you to God in my prayers, as well as all our family. If in spite of this I write you so little or not at all, the cause is the host of things that have happened in my life over the last two years, and my numerous activities. I shall speak of all that. Why not? I have in front of me an enormous sheet of paper, and if as I intend I am to fill it I shall be obliged to tell you everything I find in my memories. And so I go back a long way, to the death of our blessed mother which occurred, as you know, on 27th April 1867. I shall not tell you what a great consolation it was for us to know that although she was dead, she had died with the Lord. Yes, thanks to God, we are certain of it, she is blessed now in Heaven, freed from all the pains she had to endure on this earth and we may hope that if we ourselves believe in the Lord Jesus, as she believed in Him, we shall see her again in the abode of eternal glory. What a wonderful day it will be when we shall all be once more united in Heaven for eternity. May the Lord for this purpose give an increase our faith and may we for our part have no rest until we feel in our heart that our sins are forgiven, that our peace is made with God the Father, by the precious blood of the immaculate Lamb who took away the sins of the world, and we can say with the Apostle Saint Paul each for himself, "I am certain that nothing shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Jesus Christ, my Saviour (Rom. 8, 34-39)." A regret that I have felt, and that all the family have felt including yourself, is that mother never had a photograph taken of herself, it would have been a very lovely souvenir for us to have had her photograph. But is not her image ineffaceably engraved in our hearts? Always, oh! always we shall remember her love for us, the trouble she took over us, this excellent mother; and this it seems to me is the best souvenir, the best photograph if I may so express myself. Four days after mother's death, on 1st May 1867, I left Laferriere to come and take up the position of pastor of the reformed parish of Porrentruy, where I ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ still am at present and where I shall remain until it pleases the Lord to call me elsewhere. I had spent two and a half years at Laferriere, a happy and blessed time. I was very happy in this first parish. Being only about two hours away from St. Imier, I could go there every month and more often even, and see all our dear ones there. At Renau, at Sonvillier, I had as neighbours pastors ~~xxxxxxx~~ whom I liked to visit and who always received me well. Finally, my parishoners mainly liked me and I liked them also. And all that I had to leave. God wished it. Without my having thought of it, our Dean wrote and asked me to apply for the position at Porrentruy which had become vacant; the minister would have to be someone sufficiently versed in French and German to be able to preach in the two languages; I fulfilled this requirement and so I had to resign myself. Moreover, the Porrentruy parish had great advantages over Laferriere, ~~xxx~~ thousand francs more per year; I had to take this into account, for at Laferriere I could not manage with my salary.

I therefore applied for the post, and as I was, unless I am mistaken, the only applicant, I was appointed, thanks to God. And, as I said, it was on the 1st May 1867 that I regretfully left Laferriere to come to Porrentruy. I shall not tell you how upset Anna, who accompanied me there, and myself were. We were in another world, so to speak, 12 leagues (35 miles) from home, with no railway to go there, in a completely Catholic and extremely bigoted territory, in a parish composed of people coming from almost everywhere, French and Germans, Swiss and French (sic); it was the exact opposite to Laferriere. However thanks to God, in spite of many difficult and discouraging times, we stayed faithfully at our post. Anna, it is true, left me after four months, as you have learned from her. This is because three months before I left Laferriere I had become engaged to one of my parishoners, Aurelie Bourguin. On 20th August 1867 our marriage was celebrated at Laferriere by the pastor of Renau; on first September, after a small honeymoon in Oberland, when we visited one of my fellow students who is pastor there, we came to Porrentruy, I to continue my ~~xxxxx~~ duties my dear wife to take charge of my household. For another few months we had many struggles. Often, we were on the point of losing heart, and if God had not sustained and fortified us, I do not know what would have become of us. It is only about 10 months since things began to improve, since the unbelievers began to cease to frighten us and religious needs began to show themselves; since then, having learnt to know us better, some of our parishoners have shown us kindness and ~~xxxxx~~

affectionate. Oh! If ever I have experienced the fact that beginnings are difficult it is here at Porrentruy; but thanksto God they have passed, and the living of those we encountered have been good and beneficial to us; we have many times had occasion to see that God is faithful, that his word is the truth and that he answers the prayers addressed to him.

This year God has seen fit to send us a painful trial. We were rejoicing in the hope of having a child, but at birth the Lord took it back to Him and spared it the miseries of present existence whilst humbling us beneath His maternal hand. He consoled us in our affliction by letting us feel that we now have a little angel in Heaven; He has gone and joined those of our dear ones who have preceded Him. Above all I cannot bless Him enough for the fact that in spite of very difficult birth my dear wife has recovered more rapidly than one dared hope and is once more, as am I, in perfect health. What I have just spoken happened at the end of last November. So it is that the Lord, in his great goodness, tries us to make us realise that happiness is not on this earth, and to remind us that we must live there with our eyes turned towards Heaven. May we have a wise heart, so as to let ourselves be enlightened by Him for our salvation.

Since I have been at Porrentruy, I have had a few visitors. Anna was still there, so it was before my marriage, when Dad and Marie came and surprised us one fine evening. They spent 3 or 4 days with us. What happiness for us to see them again. But alas! they had to leave again and we were once more alone. Later we had visits from the mother and sisters of my dear wife. In spring it was the turn of Albertine who stayed, I think, about ten days at Porrentruy. Then came her fiance Monsieur Germiquet, of whom she will doubtless have spoken to you, then last Autumn our dear sister Anna and a few other visitors as well. For this year we expect Dad, Fritz, Oscar, Marie's husband Felalime and one or another of our sisters. And you, my beloved Rosine, when will your turn come? What joy and what a surprise if one fine day you came and knocked on our door! How we would rush into your arms and hug you to our hearts! But alas! the distance is so great, the journey so expensive, so difficult, so long that I dare not allow myself such a hope. In all probability, unless you become millionaires, or almost, we shall never see one another again on this earth, but if God so wills it, we must resign ourselves to it; on the other hand, what we must, what we dare hope, is that we shall see one another again in Heaven, all together, we here in Europe, you in Australia. Oh! may the Lord grant us all this great bounty! and that for this purpose we may wisely use the means He puts in our hands for gaining salvation. Let us call upon Him each day, let us nourish ourselves each day on His holy word, let us walk and persevere in faith and may our only desire be to belong to Him, serve Him and fear Him; and if we do this, oh! there is no doubt, we shall all see one another, all of us in Heaven, for He who believes in the Son has eternal life and who ever calls upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. Let us press, my dear sister, let us press His magnificent promises to our hearts; let us believe and we shall not be confused.

I have as yet told you nothing of my numerous activities here; and yet I must tell you about them, for only then will you understand my neglect in writing and forgive me. My parish only has six or seven hundred soles; but they are scattered throughout a Catholic district which is five or six leagues (fifteen to eighteen miles) long and just as wide, which means I have much travelling to do. There are various schools at Porrentruy, and in each of them Protestant pupils to whom I am obliged to give religious lessons. In winter I have 20 hours of lessons to give a week, in summer I have four less. On Sunday I preach from 9 to 10 in French, from 10 to 11 in German; in the afternoon I have a Sunday school from 2 to 3 and a meeting in the evening from 7 to 8. Apart from that I have the sick to visit, as well as Protestant prisoners in the Porrentruy jail. In this way every second of my life is taken up, and it is only thanks to God who helps me and the excellent health I enjoy that I am able to more or less adequately carry out my duties. Acquaintances, friends, relations, everyone complains or would have reason to complain of me for not writing to them. You are therefore not the only one whom I neglect, there are others who are in the same position. I trust then that you will pardon me and will not be too long in letting me have news of yourself and your family. You would also give us great joy, me and my dear wife, if you sent us photographs of yourself, your dear children and your dear husband.

I have just spoken to you of your husband and children. My letter is for them as well as for you, for you love them and I love you, therefore I love them also. Kindly tell them for me. Everything that you tell me of them and yourself above all as if I hope and wish you only have good news to communicate, will cause us great pleasure. You cannot believe what fervent wishes we make for your happiness, how ardently we pray that the Lord may grant you good health, bless all your doings and increase the joy and peace He bestows upon you. May this year 1869, which we began three weeks ago, be for you all in every respect a happy and blessed year. This is our desire and we pray to God that He may make it so in His mercy.

After the New Year I went to St. Imier and spent a few days there. All those whom we loved there are well; Dad, Fritz, Marie, Oscar and their respective families. I did not have the time to go to Corgemont or to Socle to see Albertine and Anna there, however I have received letters from them, not so long ago. Albertine is well, and is happy to see the time of her marriage approaching. May the Lord bless her as well as her fiance and future husband. Anna left Socle a few days ago, I think; her eyes, which troubled her somewhat and indeed greatly after she was there, have prevented her from occupying any longer the position she had there. But she is probably now is at Corgemont, with Albertine, from where we expect her to come here for a while; then she will go to St. Imier, and after resting, in about two months she will take up a teacher's job again, if it pleases God. Without my two dear sisters having ordered me to do so, I send you their very best wishes, as well as those of all the members of the family. We talked about you, when I was at St. Imier; how could we, who are in old Europe, find ourselves together without thinking of the absent ones and without wondering what they are doing, without yearning to see them. It is a long time since we have had word from Hermann. However we believe that he and his family are well, and we commend him to the Lord. My wife has told me to write you that, although she does not know you, she is fond of you and asks you to give your children a kiss for her. Do this also for me. Give my best wishes to Just. No doubt he still remembers the kid named Charles whom he and you, as well as Fritz and others (Hermann, Fritz, the cousin who is now married at St. Imier) accompanied to Chifour. It is almost 16 years since then I think; it was in summer 1853. How many things have happened since then!

I reached the end of my last page and the end on my news. The news is not very interesting; however as it comes from your brother you will read it with pleasure. May you have as much joy in reading my letter as I have had in chatting with you. May the Lord bless you all, and in particular you my dear sister. Please receive, Rosine, my tenderest kisses, my most affectionate greetings, my very best wishes, and believe that for life I shall remain

Your brother who loves you with all his heart
C. Jung
Pastor