

do it, for I have only said what I most surely and solemnly believe. I have nothing to recant though this were my dying day. Nay, I re-affirm the "Circular" in the face of your action, believing as I do most thoroughly, that its positions will not only stand the scrutiny of time, but will endure the ordeal of that day which will try every man's work of what sort it is!"

What is it then that you have done? You have declined to sustain a protest and appeal made in your name and behalf wherein principles of eternal rectitude are asserted and defended. Your colored neighbor here has fallen among thieves who would strip him of his dearest rights, wound him in his tenderest feelings, and leave him politically and socially half-dead:—like the Priest and the Levite you witness the outrage, look at the helpless victim, and pass by with cold indifference on the other side. You declare that the observance and enforcement of the "golden rule" are not comprehended in the work, which you "*as a Society* have to do." You have knowingly, and "after carefully and most anxiously considering the whole matter" taken under your fostering wing, "the negro-pew," an institution of which the *New York Independent*, speaking not for *English* but *American Congregationalism*, says; "We cannot for one moment permit the opprobrious distinctions of color to have place in the churches of Christ, without introducing into Christ's household a principle of caste which is at war with the Master's own declaration, 'All ye are brethren.' For ourselves we could not have fellowship with a church which would be guilty of so gross and flagrant a violation of the teachings of Christ. 'Yet you, the Executive of a *British Missionary Society*, can not only 'fellowship' this outrage, but are willing that it should enter into the very composition and constitution of organizations which are to be pioneers and models of Congregationalism in British Columbia for the ages to come!"

Your treatment of me personally, in this matter, cannot in strict justice be allowed to pass without a word of comment. You have sent a missionary to "the farthest verge of the green earth," not without sacrifices on his part; he fulfils his instructions to the letter; his course you do not hesitate to pronounce "wise and judicious:" persecution meets him *in that very course*, and you at once—desert him;—nay more, you lend your most prompt and cordial sanction to his persecutors, hastening to assure them of your sympathy in a letter despatched *a fortnight before your deliberate official action*;—and finally, you call on your deserted and dishonored missionary to recant and nullify his own conscientious procedure!

Do I dream? Is all this the choking incubus of some wretched nightmare? Or is it indeed reality? Can it be that a society I have been accustomed from my youth up to love and honour, and whose name has been a household word of respect and esteem from early boyhood, has come to be governed by expediency instead of principle, has learned to yield to worldly policy instead of standing by "the law and the testimony," and is willing to "hearken unto men more than unto God?" Would that it *were* all a dream!

That it is not, circumstances around me too clearly demonstrate. Your action is of course publicly known. It could not be hid. Already is it bearing sad fruit. It has utterly blasted the "field, white unto the harvest," into which I have been "going forth weeping, bearing precious seed," these months past. The cause I have labored to establish here, has had but a struggling existence ever since Mr. Macfie started his rival interest. Prior to that it was prosperous, as Mr. M., himself publicly and spontaneously testified. I wrote you in December last, a desponding letter in view of facts which I felt I had no right to conceal. Things had considerably improved since then, so that but for your last communication, I should have had good news to send you. Encouraging symptoms began to appear prior to the receipt of your letter of December 1st, approving my course. That letter awakened great hopefulness among my friends, and produced no little effect on the community. Prospects began to brighten; the congregation increased, so much so, that I had several times double Mr. Macfie's attendance,—in short we are all on the "qui vive" of expectancy, nothing doubting that the decision of the Committee would but reiterate more emphatically the approval and encouragement already given,—when lo! the clouds gather more densely than ever, hope's last ray is quenched, and a pall of black and bitter disappointment settles around us!