

stores of their most ingenious lies; they have even made thousands of false oaths to persuade the Protestants that those laws were abrogated and are now never thought of. When O'Connell, at the head of the Irish rebels, obtained the act of emancipation, the Bishops and Priests of Ireland had to perjure themselves to make the Protestants their dupes on that subject. They swore that the Popes, who approved those laws, were not infallible, and that, therefore, no Roman Catholic was obliged to obey them. But, now, that through that "ruse de guerre," they have gained their object, the "legal right to rule you," they throw their mask overboard, they proclaim that their Popes are infallible! and that they were as infallible as God himself, when they proclaimed "that every heretic must be exterminated—that no heretic, no Protestant has any right to his honor, his good and his life! that every Catholic has the right to persecute you, but you have no right to persecute them!"

Now, that they begin to be the strongest in many places, they bravely tell you that these laws, being enacted by an infallible authority, are infallibly just, equitable and holy! that they have never been, they shall never be repealed!

Protestants of Canada! this is the Church with which so many of you want to live in peace—the Church before which so many Protestant members of Parliament in England, Canada, and the United States, bow their knees; the Church into the hands of which, sooner or later, you will be betrayed, if you shut your eyes to the dark clouds which are rising everywhere on the horizon.

You listen with too much complacency, to the honest but deluded writers and orators who tell you that, because the Pope has lost his temporal power, the Church of Rome is a dead thing, that you have nothing to fear from her. I have been long enough in that Church to see and deplore your fatal illusion.

The loss of the temporal power may damage that Church in some ways, but not to the extent you think. Do you not see already, that from that very loss, the Roman Catholics have grown more impudent, they shew a greater activity, they work with a new energy.

As a giant who had received a serious flesh wound, in the breast, throws himself upon his foe with a more terrible rage, and strikes his most deadly blows; so the Church of Rome is evidently preparing herself, all over the world, to make a last effort to grasp her lost power, paralyse the general aspirations of liberty, and give you a most deadly blow. The breast is bleeding....yes! we see the wounds....yes! But the mind has lost nothing of its diabolical malice; the arms of the giant have lost nothing of their fearful power, he prepares himself to renew the conflict with an energy which ought to tell you that you must redouble your vigilance, gird your loins, and be ready for the most desperate conflict the world has ever seen.

By losing Rome, have the Roman Catholics lost anything of their hatred against liberty of conscience, and against those who fight under its sacred banners? Have they lost anything of their impudence and hatred against you? Are they repentant for the laws they passed to exterminate the heretics? Do they prepare to blot out from their theological books, those bloody laws? Do they give you the hope that they will not continue to teach their children that they must exterminate you, because you are a band of heretics, if they be strong enough and that mother Church tell them to do it. Read the sworn testimony which the God of the gospel has granted us to force the haughty Bishop to give, and you will have the answer to these questions.

The first thing that the Bishop and Priests did, when the stronger, was to shed the blood of a Protestant, a most Protestant man, an Orangeman! Be not fools enough to believe that the Roman Catholic Bishops who rule your Dominion under the name of Cartier and Co., will ever punish the murderers.

Punish them!....yes!....By raising them to some high dignities and loading them with honor and money for having so well understood and executed the holy laws of the Church against the heretics.

Perhaps some people at this warning of mine will say "why is Mr. Chiniquy at work to trouble the good intelligence which ought to exist between the Roman Catholics and Protestants? Can they not live in peace in the future, as they have done in the past?" To this, I reply: No man desires more than I do to see every class of citizens live in peace with each other, provided that peace should not be a treacherous peace, through which one party prepares the weapons to strike and exterminate the other at the first opportunity. Let the Roman Catholics confess that their Popes were fallible when they declared that it is the will of God that every heretic should be exterminated; let them publicly blot out from their laws the sweeping condemnation to death of every heretic:—let them burn the books of St. Thomas and Liguori, on that question, as they burn the Bible; and it will be possible, christian and wise to live in peace. But, I ask in the name of common sense, is it not a cruel irony to invite the Protestants to live in peace and perfect security with the slaves of Rome, as long as those blind slaves will be taught by their infallible Popes that one of their most sacred duties, is to exterminate the Protestants! There is only one way to secure a lasting peace with Rome, it is to conquer her....it is to bring to the feet of the Lamb, who alone can humanise and save them, the multitudes which Rome keeps at the feet of their idols in order to trample you down at the first opportunity; the best way to live at peace with Rome, is to wrap up your country so well in the shining lights of our Christian virtues that no room will be left for the dark errors of Popery. The best way to be at peace with Rome is to fight and beat her, not with the carnal weapons of persecution but with the sword which Christ has put into your hands—the Holy Word of God.

Support everywhere the soldiers of this Cross who are fighting your battles against Rome. Cheer up their hearts, strengthen their arms; make it your duty, your most sacred duty, to do all in your power to weaken Rome by converting the poor blind slaves of the Pope, and the great Captain of our salvation will give you such a victory against the implacable enemy of his Gospel that you shall have nothing to fear from it.

And here allow me to thank and bless the Christian friends who have sent me direct, or by the Rev. Mr. Reid, about \$450. This is a very noble gift, if we consider the few who have turned their heads towards these so promising though so sorely tried missions. But how many true servants of Christ who have not done anything yet for this missionary field and whose noble Christian minds are yet uncertain if they will or will not do anything for us. Several of them have lately written me very kind and fraternal letters, to tell me why they have not yet done anything. And though they are visibly sympathising with us in this terrible calamity, they are not yet prepared to give us the helping hand we want, because they fear that by so doing they will cause these new converts to loose that manly and christian self-reliance, without which nothing good can be expected from them.

As it has been impossible, under the pressure of business which is upon me, will you allow me to give those very kind and Christian friends the explanations they want.

I am nearly sixty-two years of age, and I dare say that I have never seen a more self-relying people than the one by whom I am surrounded, and the cause of whom I plead in the name of our common Saviour. No people probably this last century had to pass through so constant and terrible trials for the cause of the gospel than these people, and have borne them with more courage and manliness. . . . Without fear, they have heard the so much dreaded thunderings of Rome, roaring and bursting over their devoted heads; they have most heroically borne the curses of their dear mothers and fathers, their cherished sisters and brothers and friends, for Jesus' sake; they have gone through three years of a real famine, with a most admirable resignation; they have bravely stood by me in all my trials; without paying any attention to the considerable costs of travel and loss of precious time; many of them have left their farms for whole weeks to attend the sessions of the Courts and protect my home, and even my life, when I was dragged, without mercy, as a criminal, by the Priests, before the civil tribunals; many have lost their whole inheritance and their last cent without a murmur, to leave the errors of Rome and follow Christ; numbers have gone to Canada, at the expense of hundreds of dollars, in order to preach Christ and Him crucified to their deluded relations and friends; and they always considered the loss of money, in this circumstance, as a real gain; for they knew for whom they were suffering that loss: they have been abused and slandered and persecuted without mercy and limit by the revengeful Church of Rome, and even sometimes by Protestants, and they have borne all those things with a most admirable patience for Jesus' sake; they have lately subscribed more than \$1500 to rebuild their ruined College and Church. In a word, very few christian people have more completely spent themselves for the cause of the gospel than this people. The years 1869 and 1870 were most disastrous to them; having lost all their crops and many cattle by a real deluge in 1869. And, before they could recover from that calamity, they saw their fine College and their dear Church destroyed by the cruel hand of Rome in the dark, and never-to-be-forgotten nights of the 1st and 15th of September.

Now that people is shedding their silent tears on the smoking ruins of their dear Zion! unable, absolutely unable, if left alone, to repair those ruins, raising their supplicating hands for help to the Lord.

It is my privilege to be the pastor of that people; tell me, brethren, can I refrain my tears when I see their desolation? Is there a Minister of Christ among you, is there a single humble servant of the Lord Jesus who could see that desolation without feeling his heart broken and without mingling his tears with ours? Can it be a shame for me, after I have bowed down in the dust before the "Great Master," to implore his mercy? is it a shame for me to respectfully raise again my voice and ask you to come to our help? Is there a single one in your so prosperous and so blessed and christian society who will not feel it a real privilege to come again to the help of those new brothers and sisters whom Jesus has given you here? Have I been imprudent in beginning to rebuild with the hope that your christian sympathies could not fail us in such circumstances? Would you not be sorry to hear that this so promising missionary field would soon fall into the hands of the Jesuits by your fault? Would not the few shillings, dollars and pounds that you could so easily give, without feeling it, have a voice of reproach at the end of the pilgrimage, if by keeping them, you would cause the Church of Rome to count a new triumph over the gospel cause?

Al! I know enough of the sincere piety, the ardent zeal, the christian self-denial which exists in all the ranks of the soldiers of Christ, to be sure that if the evangelical work which is going on here were known, and if the terrible difficulties and dangers by which we are surrounded were understood, there is not a single pastor who would refuse to make an eloquent appeal to his people; there is not a single christian who would refuse to give his helping hand.

There is great danger to-day that we shall be prosecuted, for the notes we had given to the amount of nearly \$4000 are becoming due, and many of our creditors are pressing hard, for they want their dues. Oh! what a shame for me if I have to fall into the hands of the Sheriff, for having too much relied on sympathies which do not exist. What a joy for Rome, what a triumph for that great enemy of the gospel! I tell it to you frankly, big drops of sweat flow from my brow and becoming tears roll down my cheeks, when I think of that possible contingency, then I fall down on my knees, and, with Peter, I cry to Jesus: "Lord, save me! I perish!"

O dear brethren, continue to be the blessed instruments of the mercy of our Heavenly Father towards us. Do not consent that we should perish without making an effort, an unanimous effort to save us! Our dear Canada Church, with which we are connected, having to raise \$25,000 for the missionary work of Canada is unable to give us the help we want. It is towards you, Orangemen! that we turn our hopes; it is from you, by the great mercy of God, we expect to be saved from the wreck. . . . Come to our help. Brethren! our cause is your cause; our shame is your shame; we are fighting under the same glorious banners, and enrolled in the same holy army. . . . we are marching under the same Captain, to the conquest of the same blessed Land! We cannot be destroyed here, without bringing upon you a share of our disgrace. The ruin of this so promising evangelical work will cause Rome to raise a cry of joy all over the world, and everywhere she will proclaim her victory, the disciples of Christ will have to cover their faces through shame; for it will be because we have not been helped in the hour of need that we will be destroyed. We are fighting at the front—it is upon us that the thunders of Rome have fallen;—it is towards our breasts that the daggers of Rome are pointed;—it is on our shoulders and our arms that the murderous weapons of Rome have struck;—it is our fine College and our dear Church that Rome has destroyed, Rome has no vengeance against you; you keep yourselves at a safe distance in the great conflict which is going on against modern Babylon, while we hold her here by the throat. We do not complain that the Lord has chosen us to fight at the post of danger, for it is also the post of honor. With the help of God, we are determined to fight to the last. But are you not also the soldiers of Christ, and obliged to rush to the help of those who are in peril? Will you let them be destroyed without trying to save them?

To the rescue, brethren! and to your sacrifices add your fervent prayers to the Throne of Grace, that we may have the victory; and you will be blessed in your hearts and souls in the few days of the pilgrimage, and in the eternal Jerusalem!

AMEN, AMEN,

C. CHINIQUEY.

A Boston woman said she would do anything to make her husband happy, and the next day she took a dose of laudanum and died. It had the desired effect, as he said he never enjoyed a funeral so much in his life.

"George," asked the teacher of a School class, "who above all others shall you first wish to see when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with anticipation, the little fellow shouted, "Geriah!"

HOUSEHOLD CORNER.

LEMON DUMPLINGS.—Mix with ten ounces of fine bread crumbs, half a pound of beef suet, chopped fine; a large table-spoonful of flour, the grated rinds of two small lemons, or one very large one; four ounces of pounded sugar, or more, if wished sweet; three large or four small eggs beaten and strained. Divide these into four equal portions, tie in well-floured cloths, and boil an hour.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Pare and core some large apples, and cut them into round slices. Soak them in wine, sugar and nutmeg for two or three hours. Make a batter of four eggs and a table-spoonful of milk; thicken with enough flour, stirred in by degrees to make batter that it may be light. Heat some butter in a frying-pan; dip each slice of apple separately into the batter, and fry them brown; sift powdered sugar, and grate nutmeg over them.

THE CHEAPEST FOOD.—The cheapest and most nutritious vegetable used for food is beans. Professor Liebig says that pork and beans from a compound of substances are peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life. A quart of beans costs say fifteen cents; half a pound of pork ten cents. This, as every housekeeper knows, will feed a small family for a day with good strengthening food. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in fifty quarts of water, will furnish a good meal to forty men at a cost of one dollar—two cents a man.—C.C.

ICING.—This elegant finish, is made by beating the whites of two eggs to a very stiff froth, and adding, little by little, fine pulverized sugar, till quite thick. Flavor with essence of Vanilla, or a mite of cream tartar. Lay it on with a broad knife, and smooth with another knife dipped in water. Set it in a cool oven with the door open to dry. If you wish figures or flowers, break up 2 eggs reserving a third till the cake has become dried after icing, then insert a clean new glass syringe into the remainder, and direct it as you choose over the iced cake. Dry again. It is said that ripe fruit, such as strawberries, &c., may be laid on the icing when about half dry, with a very pretty effect.

Save a little icing out, dilute with rose-water, and put on when that first done is dry to make it smooth and glossy. This is more trouble however.

VIRTUES OF BORAX.—It may not be generally known how very valuable borax is in various purposes of household use. We find it the very best cockroach exterminator yet discovered. One half-pound costing but fifty cents, has completely cleared a large house formerly swarming with them so that the appearance of one in a month is quite a novelty. The various exterminating powders pulled and advertised have been found not fully effective, rather to make the roaches crazy than to kill them. There is something peculiar, either in the smell or touch of borax, which is certain death to them. They will flee in terror from it, and never appear again where it has once been placed. It is also a great advantage that borax is perfectly harmless to human beings; hence no danger from poisoning. It is also valuable for laundry purposes. The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to ten gallons of water. They save soap nearly one half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used; and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff) a stronger solution is necessary. Borax, being a natural salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on the toilet-table. As a way of cleaning the hair, nothing is better than a solution of borax in water.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

We have tried borax as a cockroach exterminator, and realized all that is stated above. Ed. *Altar and the Throne.*

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to get. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the headache. It will cure the heartache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air and not too warm a room, freedom from too much care, a clean stomach, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise life will be short and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—*Herald of Health.*

THE USE OF GLUE.—A correspondent writes to the "Coachmakers' Journal" as follows:

"To do good gluing, the work must be well fitted. We use a scratch plane and file, in fitting work for gluing. The shop must be warm, the parts to be glued well warmed, and a kettle of good glue in readiness, well cooked, and brought to the proper consistency. Badly tempered glue is one great point of failure. If the glue be too thick or too thin the work is ill done. It is most frequently used too thick. In gluing panels for carriage work, etc., the work should be well run over a few times with the glue brush, until the pores of each part are well filled, and if the work be well warmed, the glue hot and if the right thickness, the first coatings will frequently strike in, or be absorbed by the pores of wood.—This striking into the pores is what gives a glued joint its great strength and durability. Now, having clamps, hand screws, etc., ready, put together immediately, bringing the parts firmly together, no body of glue between, but do not get in a hurry. If you wish to hurry, do it in getting everything ready and at hand before you put on your glue. If we do a bad job at gluing, screws will not cure it; a bad job at best will give out sooner or later. When glue joints open, they begin at corners or ends, and work in by degrees. Screws at those points may stop the openings for a while, which is the most they can do. They are of but little use in panels to carriage bodies.

JEWELLER'S CEMENT.—The following is a receipt for a strong cement, used by some oriental nations, for the purpose of attaching precious stones to metallic surfaces: Take six pieces of gum mastic, the size of peas, and dissolve in the smallest possible quantity of alcohol. Soften some isinglass in water, and saturate strong brandy with it, till you have two ounces of glue; then rub in two small pieces of sal ammoniac. Mix the two preparations at a heat. Keep well stoppered. Set the bottle in hot water before using. It is said by the Turks that this preparation will unite two metallic surfaces—even polished steel.—*Scientific American.*

A British scientific publication gives the following letter: "Many of your readers have doubtless had more or less trouble, at some period of their lives, in repairing water pipes where the water could not be shut off conveniently at the fountain head or some intermediate point. In going to my office a few days since my way led past a place where a man was repairing a lead pipe, which had been cut off accidentally in making an excavation. There was a pressure of water of more than fifty feet head. His plan seemed to me to be novel and ingenious. The two ends of the pipe were plugged, and then a small piece of broken ice and salt was placed around them; in five minutes the water in the pipe was frozen, the plugs removed, a short piece inserted and perfectly soldered, and in five minutes more the ice in the pipes was thawed and the water flowing freely through."