

others, when you ought to pray for yourself and be baptized to-day!"

I tried to repulse that thought as I used, by saying to myself, "A priest of Rome has baptized me."

But that day the voice of my conscience spoke as it had never spoken. It said as loud as thunder, "The priest of Rome is not the priest of the true, but of the false Christ! He is the priest of the Christ kept in the sacred chambers (tabernacles), Matt. xxiv. 23, 24, 25, 26. 'The priest of Rome is the priest of an idol of bread, made with a little flour mixed with some water, afterwards baked.' Have you not made that Christ yourself with your hands when a priest of the Pope? And that god made with your own hands was he not your only saviour and god? Do you think that the priests of the idols of China and Japan can administer the sacrament of baptism? Would you believe in the validity of your baptism had that sacrament been administered to you by a priest of the heathen Emperor of China? But what is the difference between a priest of the Pope of Rome who worships a god made with a piece of bread, and a priest of the Emperor of China who worships a god made with a piece of wood? Is it not the same monstrous imposition and damnable idolatry?"

At first I remained absolutely mute before this new light, for this light had never come to my mind with such an irresistible power. But a moment after I said, "Oh, my God! I understand that I am not yet baptized! At the first meeting of my Presbytery I will receive that sacrament."

But more quickly than lightning the voice of my conscience answered: "Will you see that next meeting of your Presbytery? Are you certain that you will be alive to-morrow? Can you not be called away this very night? And when you know that your God commands you to be baptized 'to-day' will you resist His will? Do you want to expose yourself to die the death of a rebel?"

This last thought filled me with distress. I could not consent to risk to die a rebel. I determined to be baptized without any more delay.

But I was away from my own people, and it seemed to me so ridiculous to be baptized by a Methodist when I was a Presbyterian! I foresaw so clearly the scorners, the perfidious, the false and unchristian interpretation, the profane remarks which would flow as a deluge upon my devoted head from those who would not or could not understand my exceptional position! For a moment I felt such a distress in my soul at the thought of the unkind and unchristian things which would be said, not only by my enemies, but by my mistaken friends about baptism by a Methodist minister, that I again determined to postpone it to the next meeting of my Presbytery.

But my accusing conscience spoke again: "Will you have more consideration and fear for your friends and your foes than for your God? That God says, 'to-day' be baptized! To please the world will you answer 'to-morrow'?"

I felt so ashamed of my sorrow that I put my hands on my face to conceal the tears of regret which were flowing on my cheeks, and more with my sobs than my words, I said: "May Thy name for ever be blessed, oh, dear Saviour; for Thy long patience, yes, to-day with Thy grace, I will be baptized! But, before I receive that baptism of water—oh! do baptize me again with Thy Holy Ghost and Thy blood; fill my heart with more love for Thee."

I rose up, and requested the people to sit for a moment; then, addressing the Rev Mr Foster, the respected Methodist pastor of Kankakee, I told him: "Can you baptize a Presbyterian without damaging his connection with his own church?"

He answered: "Yes, sir, undoubtedly."

I then said: "Mr. Foster, I am a Presbyterian minister, connected with the noble Canada Presbyterian Church, and I hope that nothing will ever break the ties so sweet and so blessed which unite me to that Church. If I were among them to-day, I would ask them to baptize me, and they would grant me that favour; but I am far away from them. And I must be baptized to-day! In the name of our common Saviour, please do baptize me. I was baptized by a priest of Rome, the 30th of July, 1809; and till this day I sincerely believed that my baptism was valid. But I was mistaken. My dear Saviour has done for me what He did for the poor blind man of the Gospel. At first I was perfectly blind; He touched my eyes, and I could see men as if they were trees. But Jesus

has just now touched my eyes again, and I see the things about the priests of Rome, just as they are. The priests of Rome make their own gods and their own Christs themselves every morning with a little piece of bread—they shut up that wafer-Chris in 'secret chambers,' as was prophesied by the Son of God (Matt. xxiv. 3, 4, 5). There the wafer-Christs are often eaten by rats and mice. The priests of Rome carry that wafer-Chris and god from house to house in their pantaloons and vest pockets, through the streets, in their own private buggies, and in the cars of the railroads, to fulfil the prophecy of Jesus, who says, 'Beware of the false Christs. Lo, here is Christ or there; believe it not' (Matt. xxiv. 23).

"The priests of Rome eat their Christs every morning, and often after they have eaten him, they vomit him out of their sickly stomachs, and they are then bound to eat him again! The priests of Rome are idolaters! The Son of God cannot allow them to administer the sacraments of His Church.

"Besides that, the baptism which Rome gives is not the baptism of Christ; it is quite another thing. Christ has ordained that sacrament that, by receiving it, we confess and declare that our souls have been purified by His blood shed on the cross. But the priests of Rome administer the baptism to take away by it the sins committed before its reception. Then, the baptism of Rome is not a sacrament; it is a sacrilegious caricature of a sacrament; it is an insult to Christ and His Church."

A few minutes later I was kneeling in front of the multitude, in the midst of a great number of people who wanted to be baptized with me. And the Rev. Mr. Foster baptized us all.

The mockers may mock, and the sneerers may sneer as much as they please. But for me, I will never sufficiently thank my God for what He has done in me and for me, in that most blessed hour.

After we were baptized, the ministers who were there offered most fervent prayers for every one of us; they put their hands on their heads, not as a sacramental sign, but as a mark of fraternal and Christian feelings. I was told after that Mrs. Vancott had also put her hands on the head of every one of those who had been baptized, when she fervently prayed for them. But my emotions were too great and too sweet at that solemn moment to pay any attention to that circumstance. What I can say is that if all the dear brethren and sisters who were there praying around us had wished to lay their hands on our heads, when sending to the Throne of Grace their ardent supplications, I would not have been able to find any fault in that; and even to-day, it is impossible for me to see any impropriety, scandal, or any ridicule, when, under the eyes of God and man, such things occurred in the midst of us, children of that great merciful God.

I do not say this as an apology. I do not want any apology about such a solemn and sacred action. My baptism was an affair between my God and me alone! My only regret is that I have postponed it so long, and that uncontrollable and providential circumstances have prevented me from being baptized by one of my Presbyterian brethren. But it was the will of God that in this, as well as in many other things of my life, I could not do my own will, but I had to do His will. The ways of God are not the ways of men.

Since that time it was my privilege to attend as a deputy the admirable (I might say, the marvellous) meetings of the Evangelical Alliance of New York. There the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Episcopalians have pulled down, and I hope for ever, the walls of divisions which Satan has raised up among the children of God. They have all eaten of the same bread, and they have all sat at the same table, that it might be said of them: "They are one bread, one body, one heart, one church."

And the whole world has blessed the sublime spectacle of that unity. Our dear Canada Presbyterian Church, which has tasted of the delicious fruits of that perfect unity, through her representation at the Evangelical Alliance of New York, will not find fault with her weakest child if, in one of the most blessed hours of his life, he has thought that there is no more difference or division among the Methodist and the Presbyterian Churches of this land of exile, than there will be when, around the Throne of the Lamb, they will sing together the eternal Alleluia.

If, through my ignorance, I have done anything against the glorious Gospel truths and laws which Christ has given us, by being baptized by one of the

most devoted ministers of that Gospel, I do not know that sin yet; it will be a sin of ignorance. Our dear Church will forgive and forget that involuntary error, to continue to press and warm me on her bosom as one of her weakest and most devoted children; and I hope that my dear brethren and sisters of Canada and the United States, whom I may have involuntarily saddened, will more than ever help me to bless our Heavenly Father for His mercies towards His unprofitable servant. For I was blind; He has opened my eyes. I was lost; He has saved me. I was the slave of Anti-Christ, and to-day I am at the feet of the Lamb, washing my soul in His blood. I was worshipping a contemptible idol, made with the hands of my servant, with a piece of bread; and to-day I can say to the dear Saviour of the world: "Thou art mine, and I am Thine!"

C. CHINQUY  
St. Anne, Kankakee Co., Illinois, 20th Nov., 1873.

#### OUR FRENCH AND INDIAN MISSIONS

MR. EDITOR,—The tone of Prof. Scrimger in his criticism of my former letter is in such marked contrast with that adopted towards me a few months ago by his colleague, Prof. Campbell, that I venture to ask a little space for the purpose of more clearly stating my position on this question. In so doing I wish to disclaim all responsibility for the introduction of the political plea as a motive for supporting missions. We have been accustomed to hear such pleas for years from the promoters of the French Evangelization movement, and all I did was to point out that if they are to be allowed any weight at all they are far more applicable to the case of the heathen Indian tribes of the North-West than to the Christian French people of Quebec. If the latter are not Christians, why do we take their priests into our ministry without re-ordination?

Allow me to state categorically, and so clearly that there may be no excuse for misunderstanding them, my views on this vexed question of missions:

1. It is right that the Church should have a deliberate missionary policy, embracing all the fields in which she undertakes work. This implies that the question may at any time be fairly raised by any member of the Church whether any particular branch of the work had not better be conducted on different lines, or even dropped altogether. The right to raise such questions I shall always exercise whenever I feel disposed to do so, without reference to what may be thought of my action by other people.

2. It should be the policy of the Church to supply the more needful fields before sending missionaries to others that are less so. Among the more needful I place such districts as Muskoka, Nipissing, Algoma, and Parry Sound districts, and the whole of the North-West Territories. If we had been doing our whole duty as a Church by these I would never have raised the question. If I am told that we can do both, my answer must be that I see no evidence of the fact.

3. There should be a more thorough organization of our mission machinery. At present we have a Foreign Mission Committee, a Home Mission Committee, and French Evangelization Committee, each making its appeal to the Church for funds. The Indians, who are not foreigners, are handed over to the Foreign Mission Committee, and the French, who are not heathens, have a special organization all to themselves. In my humble opinion it would be far better for the work of the Church to treat the missions to the French people as part of the ordinary Home Mission work, and leave it all to be dealt with by one committee. Probably it would be better to hand over to that committee the Indians also, leaving to the Foreign Mission Committee none but foreign missions proper.

If sub-division of management is necessary for administrative purposes, appoint sub-committees. The present arrangement is unbusiness-like and, what is worse, ineffective.

Though this is raising a wider question, I would like to say that in my opinion it would be better for the mission as well as the other work of the Church, if the General Assembly were to hold its meeting every third or fourth year instead of yearly as at present, and then give to the transaction of its business at each session all the time found to be necessary. There would be more continuity in our missionary policy and fewer mistakes made in giving it effect. The information about missions could be given to the people through the annual Synods, which might under such a system become bodies of far greater importance and usefulness than they are at present.

I have only to add in conclusion that as these subjects must be discussed from time to time it would be just as well that those who take part in their discussion should not assume a tone that is either unclerical or ungentlemanly.

WM. HOUSTON.  
Toronto, Aug. 8.