

love of money had taken any root in the heart of your missionaries, they would have found many honorable ways to make money without so much trouble and danger. I do not speak for myself alone; I speak for my dear fellow laborers and sufferers; Vernon, Muraire, Van Buren, Rivard, Lafleur, Côté, Dionne, &c., &c. I speak in the names of all those who work in Canada for the Gospel cause among the French Canadians. When you read what they do and suffer, ought it not to be enough to mention their names, in order to bring the means which are wanted for their support? Is it not too bad, for instance, that the French Canadian Evangelical Societies should be kept constantly in debt, and their hands are so often paralyzed from want of means? How humiliating it is for your missionaries to feel that they seem to be like a heavy burden upon your shoulders; that you can hardly bear them; that they have to send some one to Europe every year to beg, in order to get their scanty bread and their poor clothing.

I know they feel as I do: the sweetest hours of their missionary life are when they are struck by the stones or the sticks of the Romanists; when they are mobbed and cursed by the blind slaves of the priests to whom they offer the Gospel; they rejoice to suffer those things for the name of Christ. Do you wish to know when their heart is heavy and sad? When their soul is in trouble? When their tears flow? It is only when they see how their most pressing wants are ignored by you; it is to feel with what reluctance many throw to them their miserable ten cents.

If we were going to your rich cities and thriving towns with a fast horse, how easy it would be to raise the dollars by thousands. If we had a swift boat to race under the eyes of men who boast of the name of Christians, the five and ten thousand dollars, even the half millions, would cheerfully be spent by the crowds to see those great things. But we have to show only the redeemed souls we have brought from the perishing ways of Rome to the feet of Christ. We have only to show you the wounds we have received in fighting the battles of the Lord. Then multitudes of so-called Christians remain unconcerned and unmoved. Only a few, (and every year almost the same few) think of cheering the hearts and strengthening the arms of the poor heart-broken missionary.

Probably not more than \$100 has been given in Montreal for helping us to rebuild our college and our church after they had been destroyed by the Romanists; Hamilton has given about \$30; Toronto \$50; London \$20. I do not exaggerate when I suppose that the Protestants of the same cities have spent \$100,000 in races of boats and horses these last twelve months without feeling it, without any grudging. But when they heard our cry of distress, after we had been surrounded by the smoking ruins of our sacred edifices, \$200 was all that could be set apart. This is the world as it is to day—just as it was in the days of Christ. The few only understand and do their duties with a cheerful heart. It is to those few again that I recommend my dear missions of Kankakee, and that I say “Dear brethren, do not forsake us in this hour of trouble and trial. I cannot leave this place to work in Canada, before the last \$2000 are paid. If you cannot do anything for us, it will take at least four years of the personal sacrifices of my people and myself to pay that debt. And it will be impossible for me to think of going to Canada before that time, to work; and if you force me to go the Americans for that help, I will get it, I know well; but it will be with the condition that I will lecture in their midst, and work for their own missions, and then I will have to give up forever my dear Canada.