

the Gospel of Christ. Let us hope that Jesus will cast his merciful eyes upon him, and upon the multitude of those who, like him, wanted to fight for me that I might continue to preach. I found it prudent to stop; for many lives would have been lost if I had persisted to speak. The authorities of the town being in the hands of the priests, they refused to protect me, and the two following nights and days my life was in constant danger. The furious mob came to my door and struck it to pull it down. They had a long rope to hang me. I was evidently in the cruel lion's den. But the Lord was there also, and he has saved me from them.

Now, brethren and dear sisters in Christ, help me to thank and bless the beloved Saviour for having given me the grace to suffer all those things, and to pass through those perils for His Gospel cause.

You know that the very same day our dear brother Maraine, at Quebec, was cruelly beaten for the same glorious cause; and that he is now in danger of death from the many wounds he has received.

You see what your missionaries are doing—how they are exposing their lives, and what sacrifices they are called upon to make every day to spread the Gospel in Canada. Will you be deaf to our prayers when we ask you to come to our help and not desert us in this terrible battle we are fighting under your eyes? Not long ago the cruel hand of Rome destroyed my dear chapel and my college. Several of you have already come to our help to rebuild. Some \$3,000 have been sent from the Maritime provinces and Canada for that sacred object. But there are still more than \$2,500 due, which must be paid. I thank and bless those of you who have not hardened your hearts on our great tribulations. But how many who have not yet done anything! Oh! for the dear Saviour's glory, do not forget and forsake us any longer. It is not for ourselves, personally, that we ask you to do something; it is for the sacred cause of the Gospel.

You see by what many perils we are surrounded; you understand the anxiety of our mind in this solemn hour of danger. Please do not add to our tribulations by giving us to think that you have no feelings for your suffering and working missionaries.

Do, then, come to their help, strengthen their arms, cheer up their hearts, and never forget them in your fervent prayers to the throne of God.

Believe me, your devoted brother in Christ,

C. CHINIQUEY.

My address is Bible House, Montreal.

THE LATE MR. JOHN URQUHART.

Mr. John Urquhart was born of respectable parents, in the Township of Charlottenburgh, Dominion of Canada. His father was William Urquhart, of the parish of Ferintosh, Scotland. He emigrated to the State of New York about the year 1775, a short time previous to the revolutionary war.

Belonging to that noble band of patriots known as United Empire Loyalists, he would not join the rebellion against his king and country, and left the land of his adoption, to settle in Canada, along with a goodly number of his fellow-citizens of the same political principles.

John, the subject of this memoir, was his third son, and, though a man by no means devoid of natural talent and good sense, did not excel most of his neighbours in anything so much as the earnest manner in which he maintained a truly consistent character. Brought to the knowledge of the