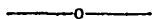


him as closely as possible. He then gave his sermon, but he failed entirely to prove anything that he had promised. It was clear that he had failed. At the end of half an hour he said to the people, being evidently vexed, "French Canadians, I see that you don't pay attention and respect to my authority, as I had a right to expect; and in the name of God, who is hearing me, I ask you, who will regulate you in the ways of God if you reject my authority?" His request was followed by a solemn silence. After a few moments a voice cried out in answer, "We reject your authority for ever. We have nothing to guide us now but the Word of God as we find it in our Bible—(loud cheers)

—Mr. Bishop, it is better for you to go away, never to come back again;" and thousands answered Amen to that also. (Cheers.) Mr. Chiniquy concluded his address amid hearty applause.

Mr. Chiniquy will address another meeting on Thursday evening, in the same place.



CONVERSATION ABOUT THE KIRK BETWEEN DUNCAN AND THE DEACON.

Deacon.—Well, Duncan, I'm just going round among our people to see what we can do for the Lay Association.

Duncan.—The times are hard, Deacon, and to tell you the truth, I see no great amount of good you are doing with your Association. I am sure I see none of it, and hear of none of it, except when you come round for your collection. I believe I'll knock off.

Deac.—Indeed, you will do nothing of the kind; I know there is not a sounder Kirkman in the settlement than yourself, and when I tell you what we are doing, and what we might do, I am much mistaken if you will not both go with me and try to get before me.

Dun.—Yes, Deacon, no doubt that is very smooth and fair; but I see you want half a dollar; is not that the long and short of it?

Deac.—Nothing of the kind, I assure you; the half-dollar is for the auld Kirk, Duncan, not for me, and if you are your father's son you will not be the man to blow cold upon it at this time of day. The Lay Association has not yet done much, because her ability is slender, but I'll tell you what it has done, if you'll listen to me?

Dun.—Listen? Why it's the very thing I want to hear, so go on, Deacon.

Deac.—First of all, we have done what we cov'd to let the people at home know of our deplorable condition; we have collected money enough to offer, and what is more, to pay £100 for a Gaelic missionary. That £100 convinced them that we were in earnest, and they sent us the Rev. Mr. Sinclair; that may not be a great deal, but still it is a moving upward.

Dun.—You're right, Deacon; that was good thing if you had never done anything else, and I only wish we had half a dozen like him.

Deac.—Very true, friend, but we must not expect to be able to whistle ministers across the Atlantic with mere wishes; the time has come when we ought and we must do more.

Dun.—I'm no the man to hang back in case of that kind; I have not much, but I'll do my share, and nothing would gladden my old eyes half so much as to see all our old places filled up again; and if you can show me any chance of getting even half way, I'll stretch a point and more than a point.

Deac.—Well, it is quite refreshing to hear words like these from you, Duncan; I thought you were getting fast on the side of indifference about the cause, but I see you're right yet.

Dun.—I believe the most of us are right as far as that goes. Just convince us how we can get good ministers, and though it may be a thought hard to get the half-dollar out of us, depend upon it they'll come.

Deac.—We have as yet, as I said, done very little, for last year in the whole Presbytery of Pictou we have barely collected for this very Lay Association £100. Now what might we do! There are some 12,000 of us in this single county, and half a dollar from each man, woman, and child, would just be of course, £1,500.

Dun.—Eh man! but that is a sight of money, and very little after all to be given by each family.

Deac.—Why, we have been nothing more or less than asleep these last twenty years except at election times. Just think what we might have been doing all this time had we got this miserable half-dollar from each of you. We might have had ministers, had they are to be got, if we had just been able to make them as comfortable as they are in the old country.

Dun.—£1,500! Man, I cannot get over it; I never thought that half a dollar a piece would come to anything near a sum like that.

Deac.—Well, you see it now, and the next thing is to make your neighbor see it, and the whole Church see it, and understand what a power of good might be done with it. Say that there's five on an average in a family, five half-dollars is not a deadly amount to anybody; it would go but a small way in buying tobacco, or it may be a something even more questionable. It is just what almost every family gives now a days for newspaper without grudging.

Dun.—Well, to tell the truth, it's no great deal, and if our ministers and deacons would just exert themselves a little, the whole matter might be done in no time.

Deac.—I think we should not lay the burden on the ministers. Sometimes they are but scrippily paid their own stipends, which is a crying disgrace to us: it's you and