

giate institution, to prepare the young men, who with me, and after me, D. V., will spread the light of the gospel among my countrymen. Is this an American work, in which you can have no interest? No, my dear brethren, it is really a French Canadian work.

And if you do not believe me, go and ask the Rev. Mr. McVicar, and the Rev. Mr. Coussirat, of Montreal. Yes! ask them who prepared and sent the young Levites who are now preparing themselves, under their tuition, for preaching the gospel in Canada? They will tell you that they came from St. Anne.

Then, though I live a part of the year in Illinois, it is for our dear Canada that I work. When we ask you for the crumbs of your tables to help us to keep up our mission and our college, we give you more than you give us. We give you more than all the gold of California; we give you the fearless soldiers who will fight your battles against Rome. We give you the apostles whom Jesus has chosen to convert and save Canada.

If, guided by those deplorable *State lines* religion and charity, you refuse us the help we want, you render a great service to the Church of Rome; you help her to tie my hands, and you let my dear mission fall a prey to her Jesuits. But you are much mistaken if you think that the terrible religious disasters which you will bring upon us will not be felt in Canada. The first result of our destruction will be to almost empty the rooms of your college of Montreal (I speak of the French Canadian Department), which are to-day filled by our dear young converts, and before long the Rev. M. Coussirat will have to choose between preaching to the four naked walls of his class-rooms, or to go back to France.

Dear brethren and sisters of Canada, have we ceased from being the members of the same body with you, Christ being our Head, since we are here? and if we are members of the same body, are we not bound to love and help each other?

You wish me to go and work with you in Canada. I have done it already, several times, and it is the most ardent desire of my heart to go again; but, I ask it from you, how can I desert my dear converts here, when on one side I see the Jesuits, as a band of wolves, at the door, coming to devour them; and that on the other side, I hear many of you speaking of throwing them overboard, in order to get rid of them.

Am I not bound in honour and conscience to protect this people in this hour of supreme peril? Am I not bound to share their sorrows, as I have shared their joys? Must I not remain in their midst, to be cast overboard by you with my people?

When the Roman Catholics' charity and zeal knows no state limits; when they overleap the walls of the cities, cross the oceans, ignore the boundaries of the nations, is it possible that your charity for us will die away at the feet of the imaginary walls which divide Canada from the United States? Is it possible that the hearts and minds of the Roman Catholics can be so large, and yours confined within so narrow limits? Is it possible that when Popery sends her legions from Europe to attack and destroy us, your Protestantism will permit that we shall be crushed down at your own doors, without trying to save us?

Dear brethren, in this solemn hour of peril, in the name of our common Saviour, we ask every one of you to come to our help.

Pray for us all, but, more particularly, pray for me.

Your devoted brother in Christ,
C. CHINQUY.