

"If the world hate you ; ye know that it hated me before it hated you. "The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted me ; "they will also persecute you."

These words were flowing into our souls as rivers of light and life, and joy, which no human words can express, filled our hearts.

We fell on our knees to thank our merciful Heavenly Father, for having chosen us to suffer for Jesus' sake, we asked Him not to punish, but to convert our murderers ; and we requested Him to accept the offering of our bruised bodies, of our souls and our lives for His service and His glory. We asked our Dear Saviour to unite our sufferings, our wounds and our blood with His, and to make us as perfectly *one* with Him, as the branch is one with the vine.

At one o'clock at night, the Rev. Mr. Goodfellow had sufficiently recuperated his strength to allow him to go home. I remained alone with the Christian family of the fearless Mr. Cameron. But that night was to be a sleepless night to me. There were too many, and too strong emotions of joy and gratitude to God in my heart to allow me to shut my eyes.

Besides that, the Romanists had remained around the house, till the first dawn of day, trying to find how to enter and lay their hands on me, just as the people of Sodom did around the house of Lot, and they had filled the air with their threatening cries and blasphemies.

All this was done just at the door of the priests of Antigonish. From their windows they could see and count the stones ; they could even hear the noise they made on our bruised bodies, when they hit us ! yes, during more than five hours, that the Romish murderers tried to take away my life, their priests were there, present ! With a sign of their little finger, a single word from their lips, they could have stopped the riot, and driven the rioters away ! But the sign of the finger did not come, the word was not pronounced ! For that work was, positively, the priests' work.

I do not say this to raise the bad feelings of the Protestants against the blind slaves of the priests in Canada ; but I say it to awaken them from their criminal and disgraceful slumber ; to prevent them from continuing to support the diabolical system of Popery, by giving their sons and daughters to the Jesuits and the nuns, the manufacturers of the wafer-gods ! I say those things to show to the disciples of the Gospel, that the time is come to put a stop to the threatening and formidable increase of Popish power and audacity, not by persecuting its slaves, but by enlightening and converting them, by supporting the different schemes of the Church for that object.

Dear brethren and sisters : Have I not, more than ever, the right to tell you that it is your duty to support your soldiers, when bruised and bleeding, they fight for you, the great battles against the implacable enemy of your souls, your Bibles and your liberties ! Have I not the right, when thanking you for what you have done in the past, to tell you : "Do not forget, in your fervent prayers, those who are there, exposing day and night, their life for our dear Gospel cause ! Is it not your duty, as your privilege to strengthen their arms and cheer up their hearts, till the last victory is gained, and the walls of Babylon fallen ? Truly yours,

C. CHINIQUEY.