

faction on all hands. But all who love our Zion will note with gratitude the excellent spirit manifested by the representatives of the different churches. It was worth while to prove to ourselves and to the world that the right fraternal spirit prevails throughout all our branches. Difficulties and obstacles, approached in the right spirit, will vanish sooner or later,—sooner perhaps than the most sanguine could venture to hope.

### LETTER FROM REV. CHARLES CHINIQUEY.

Our readers will deeply regret to hear that both the church and the school belonging to Rev. C. Chiniquy's congregation at St. Anne's, Kankakee, have been destroyed by fire—evidently the work of an incendiary. This great loss has compelled Mr. Chiniquy to leave his work in Lower Canada and hasten to the rescue of his old congregation, his first love. The following letter, written to Rev. P. G. McGregor, will speak for itself:—

ST. ANNE, KANKAKEE CO.,  
ILLINOIS, 27th Sept., 1870.

*Rev. Mr. McGregor:*

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I have just received, through the hands of Col. Haultain, your kind letter of the 27th Aug., with the \$73.50 sent by our christian friends of Nova Scotia for our missions—and I hasten to thank again and bless you all for this new token of your inexhaustible charity. There is a real pleasure to fight the battles of the Lord, when we are cheered up by the thousands of dear brethren and sisters who give us such proofs of their christian feelings.

Allow me to tell you also that, without those evident marks of sympathy, poor human nature could hardly bear the trials through which it pleases God to make me pass. Is it not strange that, last year, just at this season, I had to shed tears of sorrow over the desolation of my dear converts, who had entirely lost their crops; and this year, when we are not yet recovered from that terrible loss, I am called to see the ruins of my dear College, and my still dearer Church, which, at ten days distance, have been destroyed by fire! Really my heart was broken with a desolation that no human words can express, when yesterday, Sabbath, I had to address my poor people, standing around me and weeping with me

on the still smoking ruins of our church! and when we were weeping, and that, desolated, we were crying to the Lord, and saying: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on us," we were hearing the songs of joy of the Romanists who hope that this is the death blow of this great Evangelistic movement! They say of us: "Now, they have no church and no means to build one, they have no school and no place to teach their false religion to their children; they will be forced to come back to us, our nuns will teach their daughters, and our Jesuits will soon bring back their young men and their boys to our holy church of Rome!"

Last night was for me a sleepless night. I could not shut my eyes. I wept and prayed. Oh! if my tears had not flowed with abundance my heart would have burst. But how sweet it is, in these dark hours of desolation, to hear Jesus whispering into our ears, "Come unto me all ye who are heavily burdened, and I will comfort you! Everything ye will ask of my Father in my name, He will give it unto you. Abide in me—and I will abide in you!"

The first thing I do, after this night of tears and prayers, is to tell you and the noble hearted friends I have in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Cape Breton, the new trials through which I have to pass, and say to you:

"Brethren—what must I do?" Alone, I cannot build up again the walls of my dear Zion! If left alone, our dear children will surely sooner or later fall into the hands of the priests and the nuns, who are already preparing all their snares to entrap them! You have already done so much for us. I have so often asked your help, that it seems to me a shame to begin again to speak to you of the awful desolation which is upon us!

But, you have been so kind towards me. You have shown so much pleasure in helping me in my past necessities, that it seems it would be ungrateful in me to believe that your admirable charity is exhausted, and that you are tired to give your hands to this great work of the Evangelization of the French Canadian people!

For my part, I am not tired to fight for the Lord! Though several times hail of stones has fallen upon me thick and fast,—though I have been bruised by them more than once,—though I have been cursed a thousand times, and covered with mud more than once,—though I have been several times condemned to death, and that I have heard the poor deluded and furious Romanists crying against me: "Kill him, Kill him,"—though I have several times expended my last cent, and that I have