

This hour is a most solemn hour for us disciples of the gospel. Rome is terribly in earnest, and her blind slaves are determined to make every sacrifice to prevent the French Canadians from accepting the gospel.

A great responsibility is upon us Protestants. Will we let the implacable enemy of all that is dear and sacred to us plant her insolent banners on the ruins of the gospel cause?

After you have helped us by your prayers and sacrifices, to gain so many glorious victories, will you regret and lose what you have done? Will you desert us in this hour of extreme peril? Will you refuse to continue with us to fight under the Great Captain of our Salvation?

Ah! if the soldiers of Christ had a spark of that pluck, and a drop of that noble blood which were in Wolfe and his handful band of heroes, how we would soon, and easily, with the help of God, secure the victory under the banners of the Cross, and conquer the French Canadian people to the truth as it is in Jesus!

Thousands and thousands are shaken in their faith: a little, but unanimous effort on our part, would break their chains.

But how can the disciples of the gospel hope for a real, a lasting victory over Rome, so long as they will do so little, and that they will so easily grumble when requested to make any sacrifice for the good cause?

In order to deceive ourselves, we speak of the missionary we have sent to China. Ah! we are so zealous for the souls which are ten thousand miles from us,—and we are so cruel, so uncharitable, so godless for the perishing souls at our door!

When the just Judge, showing us the thousand souls lost at our doors because we have refused to go to their help and save them, will ask us, "Where is thy brother?" will the voice of the China missionary answer for us? Will we dare, then, say that we have done all in our power to save our neighbour; that our hands are pure and free from his blood?

Will not Christ and our conscience say to us with a thunder voice, that without refusing the help we gave to the Chinese, we ought to have done more for our perishing neighbour? Will the God of the gospel bless our work in the distant lands of China and Japan, when at home we are so cruel, so unconcerned, so mean in what we do for our neighbour?

I cannot sufficiently thank and bless the dear brethren and kind sisters who have come to our help, when Rome destroyed our humble chapel and college buildings. But how many have shut their ears and hardened their hearts to the cry of our desolation! How many who have not moved a finger to save us from that burning furnace of idolatry? Nay, how many who speak of getting rid of this mission and throwing it overboard, under the pretext that we are in the United States?

I ask it from you, dear brethren what would have become of the gospel cause, if those *State lines* had always been taken as the boundaries over which the Christian charity and paternal love and kindness could not pass? Would Paul have cheered up the poor Christians of Jerusalem, with the alms collected everywhere, if he had thought, spoken and acted as many do to-day? Would the Christians of Vermont, Massachusetts, and New York have so nobly gone to the help of young and poor sister churches of Canada, some 60 or 70 years ago, if they had been guided by those principles? Would the Grande Ligne Mission, and the French Canadian Missionary Society, have received so much help from the United States, if those anti-Christian principles of the State lines religion, would have regulated them.

In my ardent desire to help the cause of evangelization of Canada, I have founded here, in the midst of incredible difficulties, an humble colle-