

But you must not put the power, the whip in their hands; you must not put them over you; you must not put into their hands the most precious treasures that Heaven has trusted to you: "your daughters and your sons." You must try to weaken them; not by persecuting, but by converting them. You must strengthen the hands of those who are spreading the gospel in their midst—you must go to the help of those whom God has chosen to fight for you the great battle of the day. You must not desert the soldiers who are at the front of the battle, at the post of peril, as the admirable French Canadian Evangelical Society. You must not shut your ears, nor harden your hearts against your old friend, who asks you to come to his help in this, the darkest and most perilous hour of his struggle against Rome.

Rome has lost nothing of her malice against you; but, by the grace of God, she is losing much of her strength. You remember that I wrote, three years ago, that a good number of Priests were secretly exchanging letters with me to ask me how to break their fetters. More than forty of them have lately proclaimed their emancipation in Louisiana, and my hope is that very soon many more will follow them. Here and in Canada I count by thousands those who are shaken, and who are waiting only for a friendly hand to pull down the walls of the dark dungeons behind which the man of sin keeps their immortal souls prisoners.

I long to go back to my dear Canada—to continue to work and fight under the banners of the French Canadian Evangelical Society; but, as I told you before, and as you understand very well, I cannot leave my people here, sinking down under the deadly blow which Rome has just given them. I must share with them the desolation which is felt in every one of our humble homes.

But this calamity, which will crush us down to the ground if we are left alone, will be light if our brethren help us to carry it; and as soon as our humble college and our dear little church has been built, then it will be possible for me to go again to our dear Canada, and work in that rich and blessed field where the Master has already given us such a precious crop of redeemed souls.

When, in January last, the Protestants of Canada kindly requested me to labour among my countrymen, I consented, with the condition that the debts of the French Canadian Evangelical Society would be paid. I expressed my unwillingness to be a new burden on that noble band of Christians, who are fighting Rome in Canada, and more than 3,000 hands were raised to answer me that my just request would be granted. But the Secretary of the Society wrote me lately that the pecuniary difficulties are increasing instead of being less. In the presence of such a fact I really do not know what I must do. It seems impossible to shut my ears to the cries of my countrymen, saying to me what the Macedonian was crying to Paul, "Come to our help,"—but, on the other side, it is hard for me to become a new and too heavy burden on the few brethren who are doing all in their power to evangelize Canada. Protestants! why do you so strangely forget that your great, your first duty, the duty imposed upon you by the God of the Gospel, is to convert the Canadian people, and to support those who have sacrificed everything to consecrate themselves to that glorious work. Last summer more than half a million of dollars were expended by you in three days to see the great exhibitions of Montreal, and the regatta at Lachine. You have plenty of means; you are exceedingly rich for the gratification of your curiosity, and we are glad of it; but do not speak so