

**My Submission to the Other Bishop and my blindness.**

To my great surprise, when the Bishop had read the submission he found it right, and he put his arms around me and pressed me to his bosom, and with tears of joy said, "Oh! I am so glad that you have made your submission, because we were in fear that you and your people would turn Protestants." My friends, to show you my blindness, I must confess, to my shame, that I was glad to have made my peace with that man when I was not in peace with my God. The Bishop gave me a letter of peace, by which he declared that I was one of his best priests, and I went back to my countrymen with the determination to remain there. But my God looked down upon me in His mercy, and He was to break that peace which was peace with man and not peace with Him. The Bishop after my departure ran to the telegraph office, and he telegraphed my submission to the other bishops, and asked them what they thought of it. They unanimously answered him the very same day: "Do not you see that Chiniquy is a disguised Protestant, and he has made a Protestant of you? It is not to you that he makes submission; he makes his submission to the Word of God, and if we do not destroy that submission you are a Protestant yourself."

**My Last Interview With the Bishop**

Ten days after I received a letter from the Bishop, and when I went to him he asked me if I had the letter of peace he gave me the other day. I produced it, and when he saw it was the letter of peace he wanted, he ran to his stove and threw it into the fire. I was astonished; but I ran to the fire myself to save my letter, but it was too late. It was destroyed. Then I turned to the Bishop, and I said, "How dare you, my lord, take from my hand a document which is my property, and destroy it without my permission?" He replied, "M. Chiniquy, I am your superior, and I have no