

Communications.

ATTACK ON REV. C. CHINIQUY AT ANTIGONISH.

NEW GLASGOW, NOVA SCOTIA, 14th July, 1873.

Rev. Editor of the Record:—

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—Thinking that our christian friends of Canada will like to know all about the grave events which occurred on the 10th, at Antigonish, I address you the following details:—

The day before, when I was to take the coach, a gentleman, unknown to me, took me apart, and said: "Mr. Chiniquy, if you want to live a little longer, do not go to Antigonish; for the Romanists of the place will surely "kill you."

I thanked my unknown friend, and answered him: "There is no better place than the battle-field, where an old soldier likes to die. If it is the will of my God that I should seal with my blood, my testimony against the awful apostacy of Rome, let His will be done."

I found the amiable Mr. Goodfellow full of esteem for the priests of Antigonish, and full of admiration for their liberality. I told him: "You do not know the priests of Rome, it is just when they speak more in favor of liberty that they are preparing their darkest plots against it." And I gave him to read my condemnation to death, with the sentence of death of all the Protestants in the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas. Telling him that every priest and bishop of Rome were bound, once a year, under the pain of eternal damnation, to say, in the presence of God, that this sentence of death was such a just and holy sentence that the Holy Ghost had evidently inspired every word of it.

The Rev. Mr. Goodfellow found that the sentence of the wholesale extermination of heretics such an extraordinary thing, that he copied it; and I became soon convinced that he had found good reason to modify his former views about the liberality of the priests.

A walk of a couple of hours through the village of Antigonish convinced me that we were soon to have a most interesting time. I had never seen such threatening faces as those of the Romanists, who were rapidly gathering from every corner of the country.

We opened our religious meeting in the Pres'byterian church, at half past seven o'clock p. m. There was a very respectable number of Protestants inside the church; but there were more Romanists outside.

The subject of my address was, "The errors of Rome; and the duties of Protestants towards the Roman Catholics," and I had not spoken ten minutes before the Roman Catholics began to walk in and sit in the pews. But soon after, at a signal, they left the church with as much noise as possible. They repeated this a second time. But they made such noise and cries—mixed with the ringing of their bell—that it was sometimes difficult to be heard in the church. It became evident that the priests had schooled their people to do some mischief.

When the meeting was over, I gave my left arm to Rev. Mr. Goodfellow, and my right one to brave Elder Trotter; and, recommending myself to God, I walked out of the church. But we had not gone ten feet before