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DR. CHINIQUY'S EYE WATER

Dr. Chiniquy's Appeal.

65 Hutchison street,

MONTREAL, March 13, 1896.

To the Disciples of the Gospel in Canada.

DEAR FRIENDS AND BROTHERS, — You know that the Presbytery of Montreal by a unanimous vote has requested me to raise the \$5,000 we want to finish our dear St. John's church, on St. Catherine street, in Montreal.

It was my desire at first to go and present my petition at every one of your doors, but at my eighty-six years and seven months of age, has made it absolutely impossible during this terrible Canadian winter to have that pleasure and that honor. It is only with my written words that I can reach your Christian intelligences and hearts, and deliver to you the message the Good Master has given me to you through His Church.

The admirable promptitude and generosity with which you answered the request I addressed you in 1890 to give us the \$1,000 we wanted to help to lay the foundation of that church, gives me the assurance that I will not in vain to-day ask your help to finish it. We are in need of \$5,000. In the name of our common Saviour we come to you for that sum.

Let me tell you at first that those last few years our humble efforts in spreading the Gospel truth among our Roman Catholic countrymen have been more than ever blessed. It is my unspeakable joy to tell you that to-day we count more than 100 young ministers—all converts from Rome (or sons of converts)—with whom I am working, and who are working with me in Canada and the New England states, to the conversion of my dear Roman Catholic countrymen.

Were it not from the fear of awakening the sleeping lion I would give you details which would draw your tears of joy. Suffice to say that not a single day passes without the angels of heaven having to sing hymns of joy on some new conversion from Romanism to the Gospel truth.

As you might be tempted to suspect that I am exaggerating, let me give you the words of one of our bitterest enemies on that subject.

The Sud (The South), one of the most devoted Roman Catholic papers in Canada, looking upon the result of our evangelical labors, expressed its terror and desolation in these words.

"Calvin and Luther were never taken seriously during their lifetime, and their contemporaries would never have believed any who could have said that, after three centuries their adepts would be as numerous as the Roman Catholics. Where is the rational man who could have believed that the religion founded by the polygamist Henry VIII. for the requirements of his debauchery would remain the religion of the British nation? Even in our country we see the astonishing case with which the Apostate Chiniquy got followers. Priests, monks, members of liberal professions, mechanics have accepted his doctrines, and who knows how many they will number a century hence?"

"We wish to point out a terrible evil which is threatening our society, and we will do it frankly and in outspoken terms."

Protestants of Canada, these few words tell you more than big volumes that we are not idle workers in this precious part of the dear Saviour's vineyard.

Let me tell it to you, Protestants of Canada! If you were as brave and devoted for the interests of Christ and of His Gospel as your ancestors were for their worldly kings, and their worldly interests, Canada would very soon be wretched from the hand of its most determined enemy—the Pope.

Let every Protestant in Canada who has enrolled himself under the banner of Christ, as a true soldier of the Cross, repeat to-day the heroic words of his ancestors, "We must conquer Canada to Christ at any cost!" and before long, by the mercy of the Great Ruler of the world, the banner of the Gospel will everywhere take the place of the idols, at the feet of which my dear countrymen are so abjectly prostrated and degraded to-day.

Protestants of Canada! You know it, you feel it every day, not only as Christians, but as patriots. Rome is like a mill-stone to your neck. She is paralyzing you. She is stopping you at every step you want to take towards the regions of progress, intelligence, industry and liberty.

Rome is a cancer which is biting your breast, eating your very intestines. There is only one way to form a grand, a free, people on this land of Canada—it is to destroy Rome.

Let us then, with all our energy, as Christians, unite our efforts—let us make use of all our moral and material means and power towards that object. In the name of Christ, let us strike the walls of that modern Babylon—and they will fall to the ground. However, let us remember that we must not attack Rome with the carnal weapons of insult, contempt or hatred, if we want to gain the day. Our weapons must be faith and love in Christ. Let our weapons be our fervent prayers, sent from morning to night to the mercy seat for the conversion of the Roman Catholics.

Let our weapons be the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, and the spreading of the saving light among the multitudes who are in the dark night of Popery. Let us break,

with friendly and loving hands, the iron chains with which the priests, the bishops, and the popes of Rome keep the multitudes so abjectly enchained to the feet of their idols.

But let us be bold and true to-day, as Paul was, when, in the presence of the Athenians, he fearlessly told them that the gods they were worshipping were not gods, but mere idols. Let us bravely show to the honest, but cruelly deceived Roman Catholics, that men cannot make gods with silver, gold, marble, nor cakes of bread.

Protestants of Canada! Rome is the diamond cape which you must tread under your feet, before you are the true masters of this vast country. So long as Canada will remain Roman Catholic, you will be ruled by the priests, the bishops, the pope,—as you have been till this day.

We do not ask you to leave your happy homes and come with us to expose yourselves to the daily insults and calumnies we have to bear. We do not invite you to come here and expose your breasts and your heads to the stones and the sticks which have so often struck me with so many others of your missionaries. No! remain in your happy homes, but extend to us again your helping hand to finish that church.

As I told you before, in the good providence of God, that church, in the very heart of Montreal, will be the great luminary destined to expel the dark night of popery in Canada.

It will be the blessed arsenal where the godly weapons of gospel love, charity and truth, will be prepared to shake and pulverize the dark citadel which the implacable enemy of light, progress and liberty has raised in our dear Canada.

Everyone of you who will send us anything to help us, in that blessed Christian work, will receive by returning mail, as a feeble token of our gratitude, my two volumes "Papal Idolatry," and "Perversion of Dr. Newman to Rome, in the light of his own explanations, common sense, and the word of God."

These volumes are very small, but you will find them very big, by the revelations they will give you of the depravity, want of Christian honesty, the total absence of Gospel principle which guided the steps of that renowned apostate Newman towards Rome.

The second small volume, Papal Idolatry, is an arsenal of the best arguments you can desire for yourselves and your children, about Romanism.

For the dear Saviour's sake, let not a single one of those who will read these lines, shut his ears or his heart to our appeal.

What a joy among our enemies, if that church cannot be finished! and what a shame for every Protestant in Canada, if finished, to-day, it will have to be sold, to-morrow by the sheriff, as an unpaid rag!

I am at the end of the short voyage of life. In a few months I will enter into my 88 years of life.

For God's sake don't let me go down to my grave with a rebuke from you, and a broken heart.

Many times, on my knees, with tears on my cheeks, I have asked the dear Saviour to grant me to see that gospel citadel raised in Montreal, that our dear converts may find a shelter within its walls against the weapons of Rome.

The spot on which it is built is a sacred one. On it many times I have risked my life and been wounded for the Gospel's sake. Many times, on that sacred spot, I have seen heroic brothers exposing their lives to save mine. Many times also, on that sacred spot, I have seen the showers of heaven fall on the precious souls which we had brought to the feet of the Lamb, who had made them free with His word and pure with His blood.

Please, dear brethren, do come and help me to consecrate more and more that spot to our common Lord and Saviour, with the incense of your prayers and your sacrifices. And, before long, when the blessed Saviour will have exchanged the miseries and disappointments of this short life into an eternal glory, we will bless Him for having given us the honor and privilege of putting a stone into that house of prayer raised to sing His praises and preach His gospel.

Truly yours in Christ,

C. CHINIQUY.

P.S.—I respectfully ask all the papers which take an interest in the evangelization of the French Canadians to reproduce this letter,

C. C.