

swifter, safer, more comfortable. Even now it is easier for a Presbyterian minister to go from California to Edinburgh than it was for the Scottish delegates to the Westminster Assembly to go from Edinburgh to Westminster two hundred ago. Thus the way for Union and communion is marvelously prepared by Providence. Be it ours wisely to avail ourselves of opportunities as the offer.

LETTER FROM REV. G. CHINIQUEY.

In a letter to Rev. P. G. McGregor, Mr. Chiniquey says:

Your kind letter of the 15th of November was handed to me on my arrival from Canada, with the note of \$100, and I hasten to thank and bless you, and through you, my dear Benefactors of Nova Scotia, for this new token of your Christian interest.

You will like to know that the work of the conversion of the Roman Catholic French Canadians is taking larger and larger proportions everyday. These last few weeks, not less than fifteen of them have renounced the errors of Popery to accept the Truth as it is in Jesus.

But the great blessings which the dear Saviour has poured upon the Evangelical work of our young friends, Paradis and Brouillet, in the Maritime Provinces, have, more than anything else, filled our hearts with joy. These beloved young Evangelists will fulfil, I hope, the promise I made the last time it was my privilege to be in your midst, to give you the men you wanted to evangelise your Acadian people.

Have we not really good reasons to thank God for having chosen one of the pupils of our humble collegiate of Sainte Anne to go into your midst, and administer to the Bible-burning church of Rome the best lesson she has ever received in the Maritime Provinces.

What a terrible humiliation for that mighty church when she felt herself dragged by the firm grasp of Brouillet before the public tribunal, and forced to confess her sacrilegious action of burning the Holy Bible, and constrained to ask pardon for it.

Is it not the first time that that implacable enemy of the Bible has been so beautifully whipped in your midst. Is not that battle so well fought and so gloriously gained at your door a sure indication that our little sacrifices are blessed by the great Captain of our Salvation, and that if we are true to Him, he will give us to fight many more battles and gain many more victories.

But if it is already evident that the presence and the working of our dear young Evangelists have filled the Priests of Rome with terror, and humbled them to the dust, what could we not hope, if instead of two Evangelists passing only a few months, we would have a dozen permanently fixed and fearlessly spreading the light in the midst of your Acadian population. As I told you before, from the first time I have visited your country, seven years ago, God has put into my mind to prepare, in my humble collegiate institution, the soldiers whom you want to fight the great battles against Rome, before you conquer those interesting populations to Christ.

Protestants of Nova Scotia, a great responsibility is upon us all! Does not every one of us hear the voice of God calling us to go to the rescue of those innumerable perishing souls whom Popery is destroying in your very midst? From his bleeding Cross, does not our dear Saviour ask us to look with compassion on those multitudes who are tied to the feet of the tools of Rome at your very doors? Will we be deaf to His voice? Will not the drops of blood which flow from his bleeding wounds awaken us from our slumber?

Have we really done all that we could to save those immortal souls for whom Christ died on Calvary? When the last hour will come (and it is already very near) will not the voice of our conscience fill us with terror in reproaching us to have done so little, or even to have done nothing for preparing the soldiers whom Christ Jesus is calling to fight his battles and gain his victories? We have yet several very interesting young Christians here, who would like to consecrate themselves to preach to your Acadians if they had any means, even very small, to support themselves during the days of their study. For the dear Saviour's sake do not shut your eyes to the great responsibilities of this solemn hour! Do not shrink before the little sacrifices you are called to make if you want to be in your midst, before long, the fearless soldiers of the Cross, before whom the walls of Babylon will have to fall.

Many friends, from the amiable Mr. Munro, of Wallace, to several noble-hearted citizens of Nova Scotia, have addressed me very kind words about my letters on the fatal errors of Dr. Hodge. Some of them bless the humble hand which has written those lines. Let them, here, accept my thanks for their cheering words—but then allow me to say, "Brethren, my hand is old, feeble and trembling, pray that it may not be broken or paralyzed by the increased blows it receives from the enemy. Pray that it may be strengthened by every dear sister and kind brother whom the Lord has chosen for the instruments of his mercies.