

Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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WHOLE NO. 130

Religious Selections.

Old Joe; or, The Power of Prayer.

In one of the Southern States of America lived a coloured man, Joe, the "property" of a wealthy member of a Baptist church. He was one of the servants given to his master by his father on his marriage and settlement in life; he was born and reared on the same farm with him, was devotedly attached to him, and sought his interest in everything to the utmost of his ability. Joe was not converted to God till nearly fifty years old. He was very intelligent, free in conversation with his associates in retirement, and also ready to give a reason of the hope that was in him to any who asked him; he was always in his seat in the assembly of the saints, an attentive and devout worshipper, yet could never be induced to speak or pray in meetings, as was the custom, and, when asked his reason for being silent, would say, "Pore Old Joe can't talk 'fore folks; 'evincing a true humility of heart, which was, from his first conversion, a leading feature of his character."

At the time of which I am about to speak, Uncle Joe was about seventy years of age; he was still active and industrious; and, although not required to perform any specific labour, he was the busiest man on the place, overlooking the flocks and herds, and fields and fences, and superintending the other servants, and instructing them in the various branches of labour assigned them, or reporting to his master any needed outlay on the plantation, or any improvement he wished to effect. Joe was fully appreciated by all on the place, both whites and blacks. He was much in secret with God, and would walk nearly three miles on the evening of every Lord's day and Wednesday, to attend the prayer meetings of the church. He enjoyed sound health, and was never absent from meeting, except one of the family was "at the point of death."

At length a universal decision in religion came over the church, and the prayer meetings were almost abandoned; but Joe's corner was never vacant. Finally at one meeting, Joe was the only male member of the church present, four young ladies being the remainder of the audience. Joe's heart was stirred within him, and when some half hour had passed, after the usual time for meeting to commence, Joe got up, and, with great diffidence said,—"I came here this evening 'specting to meet Massa Jesus here and some of de brethren. Massa Jesus come, but de brethren not here; and it too had nobody come to speak to Massa Jesus, when he so good, and take de trouble to come and see what we want, and send it to us; and if de ladies 'scuse me, I try and talk a little to de Lord 'fore we go way."

One of the girls signified their consent to his proposition, and he kneeled down and prayed earnestly for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon the church and community; then calling the young ladies each by name, implored blessings upon them, as he supposed they needed; also named families and individuals not present, and presented their case to God.

When Joe concluded half an hour had passed away, but it was not time to dismiss meeting, and, after a few moments' reflection, he said, modestly,—"Pore people don't send company away till time to go home, 'specially if dey like de guests! and as Massa Jesus is de Great 'Guest here to night, we better treat him well till time to go home. I can't read or sing, 'Uf de ladies read a chapter and sing a hymn, 'trey and pray once more."

The ladies declined, so Joe prayed again, and wept much, because there was no one present to pronounce the parting blessing, which the Lord had come down to bestow upon his people. The young ladies went away quite indignant at Joe's impertinence in calling their names in prayer, and manifested their resentment by declaring they would not attend the next meeting; but two of their companions went, to see Joe "per-form," as they contemptuously said. As they, with Joe, were all that were present, he proceeded much as before, and beginning earlier, prayed three times. These girls also felt insulted by Joe's ignorance, and went home angry because of their ill-treatment. Rumour now charged Joe with having broken up the prayer-meetings of the church; and the half-dead members, glad to have an excuse for neglect of duty, felt no scruples about circulating the story of Uncle Joe's rudeness.

Being entirely ignorant of what was reported of him, Joe persevered in going every meeting night, and prayed, and wept before the Lord, till time to go home. At length Deacon Baldwin heard of Joe's doings. He lived a mile from Joe's home, on the road to the chapel. Being disabled by a chronic disease, he had not attended a night meeting for several years. He determined, however, to know for himself what Joe was about; and, watching for him as he was on his way to meeting, called him to assist him into his carriage, and drive him to meeting. Joe's joy at having the deacon to meeting, amounted to ecstasy. "For," said he, "dis is de first answer de Lord send to my prayers, and now I know he will send all de rest." The deacon said his infirmities would forbid his

occupying all the time, and Joe must assist all he could; Joe's previous labours had kindled a flame in his heart which had consumed all his fear of man, and he went forward readily. After a season of prayer, Deacon B. entered into a devotional conversation with Joe, respecting the spiritual interests of the church and community; and Joe, with all sincerity and simplicity, related the trials he had endured, and the anguish of heart he had experienced, from the low state of religion, and expressed his sense of insufficiency in himself to do anything to help the church, or to do any good; but when nobody came to pray, he felt so bad that Master Jesus had nobody to wait on him, that he had come to be waster.

Deacon B.—"Be waster, Joe, what do you mean? what does the Lord bid you do?"

Joe.—"Oh, master, he say, 'Joe, what you come here for?' I say, 'Lord Jesus, I come to see you here, and see what you want me to do.' He say, 'Joe, I come here to see what the church want,—what you want; can you tell me?' Dea I fall down on my knees and pray; den I wait, and see if any body else come to pray; and when nobody come, den I think about all de brethren and sisters, and de parson dat live two mile off, and dont come,—den I think, and see if I pray for all de things we need, den I pray again once or twice, and when nine o'clock come I go home and cry all night, cause all de gentlemen and ladies say home, and nobody come to wait on Master Jesus, but pore old Joe."

Deacon B.—"How long is it since any other member of the church has attended one of these prayer meetings?"

Joe.—"About two weeks."

Deacon B.—"Do you not feel lonely, and get discouraged, coming here and praying all alone?"

Joe.—"Oh, no, Deacon; de Lord Jesus good company. He always come early to meetin'; he never get tired, or sleepy, or want to go home, 'fore meetin' is over."

Deacon B.—"So, it is three weeks since there has been any one here but you, Joe?"

Joe.—"O no, Deacon; de last time, I begin to think, de Lord send nothin' down yet, and he never will, if nobody come to pray but pore old Joe; den I fall on my face and groan and cry loud—I can't speak no more. Den Master Jesus say, 'Joe, why you cast down? why t'ry t'ry disheart in you? hope in God; you shall yet praise him.' When de great King speak to me, den I get up quick, and his train fill de temple; den I cover my face with my hands, and keep silent. He says again, 'Disright dyside de Lord, and he will give de de desire of de heart; so I go home, and praise God all night till daylight.'"

Deacon B.—"Well, Joe, I hope you do not forget to confess the sins of the church and plead with God for pardon?"

Joe.—"I think about a great many sins dey tell about de brethren, Deacon; one dey say, 'gud drunk; sadder gud work Sunday; de young folks dance, and tell stories about anudder,'—I think about how de Lord hates all dese sins,—and I want tell him 'is wicked, and I sorry; den old Joe's sins stand up, look me in de face, and say, 'Joe, look at me! den I look at em, and dey so big, and close by me, I dastent speak about anudder man's sins way off yonder; Joe biggest sinner in dis hill world; den I fall down, and cry, 'God have mercy on me sinner!' For if he forgive me, he forgive every body else. If he love me, he love every brudder in de church, great deal more."

Deacon B.—"Why, Joe, do you commit such sins, as you have been telling of?"

Joe.—"Not now, Deacon; you know I serve de devil most fifty years; den I do everything bad; den de Lord come and take me 'way from Satan, give me a new heart, and tell me, love him, pray to him, and work for him. He say, he give us our prayer whatever we ask in his name, and he give his Holy Spirit to dem dat ask him; so I pray de Lord to revive his chillon, and make em holy, like he is holy; den dey work for him, and sinners turn to God and be saved, and his name get great glory."

Deacon B.—"Do you not feel sometimes as though he had forgotten his promise?"

Joe.—"Yes, dat thought comes sometimes. den I say, I not let him forget dat promise; I tell him about it every time de hour come, so by and bye he get tired, like de unjust Judge, and send down his spirit in great shower. You see, Deacon, dis time he fetch you to meetin',—may be, next time, he send more, till all come back, and sinners come too, and be saved!"

They had another season of prayer, and then returned home, grateful for the privilege they had enjoyed—Joe getting the Deacon's consent to continue his meetings, though no one else should come.

Joe's master's youngest son, with three other young men of the neighbourhood, had returned from college a few months previously; they spent their time in gunning, cock-fighting, horse-racing, sailing, and pleasure-parties, and to Joe's ideas, seemed going down down to eternal death with rapid strides. Young master George was a great favourite with Uncle Joe, and he never forgot him in his approaches to the mercy seat. These young men heard of Joe's proceedings, and they resolved to go and conceal themselves outside of the house near the windows, where they might enjoy the sport of witnessing the attempts of the grey-headed, illiterate negro, to officiate in a religious meeting, and to laugh at his bad English. They came the very next meeting, and placed themselves near the window where Joe sat, and when he commenced praying, they commenced derid-

ing, repeating his broken words, and echoing, in a suppressed tone, his deep groans. But Joe was too much engrossed with his employment to be disturbed by anything out of doors; he continued to wrestle with God in prayer for various individuals, till at length he called the name of his young master George, and pleaded with God in his behalf, with so much affection, earnestness, and faith, that it carried an arrow of conviction to the young man's heart. He hung his head, was silent, and longed to get out of his hiding place, unobserved by Joe; but his guilty conscience augmented his fear, and he dared not move. The youth nearest to George noticed the change in his manner, and supposing he had a headache remained silent also; this gave him, too, an opportunity of hearing every word of the remaining part of Joe's prayer.

His name was called next, and mercy implored for him; then each of the others in their turn. By this time George began to feel as though the windows of heaven were open, and God was looking down upon that guilty group with just displeasure. He was much alarmed, but dare not speak his feelings to his companions. After a few moments' thought he rose suddenly, and stepped forward in the direction of the door; then looking back at his friends, said, in a choking voice, "Come, Blackstone, I am going in, and without waiting for any reply crept in, and knelt beside Uncle Joe. Blackstone soon followed his example. When Joe paused, George begged him to pray God to have mercy on his soul. Joe seemed to catch a new inspiration, and renewed his petitions for his young master. The other two were astounded; and alarmed lest they were going mad, determined to go in and get the foolish fellows out and take them home. They entered the door on light foot, and waiting for Joe to conclude, not daring to interrupt his earnest supplications; but when Joe ceased to pray, George began to plead for mercy; and when he closed, Blackstone took up the strain, each imploring God's mercy on their other companions by name. When Blackstone ceased speaking, Otway, who had stolen down 's side, raised his voice to God in prayer, and Augustus followed him. Here was a scene unexpected by all, and bonds of anxiety and gratitude to God knew no bounds. They read the Scriptures, and talked, and prayed, till midnight, then went home with Uncle Joe's cabin, and prayed till morning. When it was day Joe went to his master's room, informed him of the night's transactions, and requested him to pray for the young men. The family was called together, and a melting season of prayer participated in by all who were disposed to engage.

After breakfast, each of the young men returned to his home, and, in secret, sought mercy through a crucified Redeemer. Their friends soon became apprized of the mind of the young men (all of whom were near twenty-five years of age), who desired their friends to ask God's mercy upon them. The pastor was sent for, and conversation held with each, which roused his paralyzed energies, and loosed his tongue to speak of eternal things on the succeeding Lord's day with unusual earnestness. After some days, all these young men obtained a good hope through grace—were buried with Christ by baptism into the likeness of his death,—and not only went on their way rejoicing, but spoke their joys abroad among their young and gay companions, till their dancing and pleasure were given up for the prayer meeting. The work spread, ministerial help was obtained, meetings were held every day for six weeks, and in about eight months more than two hundred souls were born into the kingdom of God's dear son, and added to the church. Some were in extreme youth, some in the prime of life, and others at an advanced age; several of them were found among Joe's descendants. When the meetings were well attended Uncle Joe again kept silence in his quiet corner; but the calm smile of holy joy that illumined his countenance, and the deep suppressed groan that now and then stole out from his heart, evinced the earnest interest he felt, and the devout share he bore, to all duties of public and social worship; and more than once, when he beheld a company of happy young converts coming out of the water, he clasped his withered hands in grateful adoration, and exclaimed, "Now, Lord, lettest thou dy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen dy salvation."—The Church.

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

New York, June 11, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—We live in stirring times and amidst great excitements. Since my last note to you the democratic party, falsely so called has had a great presidential nominating convention at which James Buchanan was nominated for President, and John C. Breckinridge, for Vice-President. This ultra pro-slavery party endorsed the Kansas outrages against the property, life and liberty, discouraged internal improvement and adjourned. Mr. Buchanan, though personally a respectable man, has no choice but to accept the platform or lose his election. He accepts it, of course, without stint. Breckinridge is a Kentucky slave-holder, of respectable talents and receives this nomination in consideration of his great service in the pas-

sage of the Nebraska Bill by which a territory almost equal to the original thirteen States was thrown open to slavery and from which all our present troubles arise.

It is expected the united vote of the slave states and that of Pennsylvania will be given to the candidates; if so it will be necessary for the Republican party to carry all the other States to elect their candidate. There is very little account now taken of the Know-Nothing party, as it is hardly possible for it to turn the vote of one State. Indeed we have a rumour that the candidate for this party, ex-president Fillmore, declines his nomination and goes for the other pro-slavery candidate. That is what the anti-slavery men have prophesied, but we now have it only as a rumour.

The candidate of the Republican party will, in all probability be J. C. Fremont, the enterprising explorer of the West. His influence in California saved it from becoming a slave state—an act which cost Mr. Fremont his place in the United States Senate. So it is stated. The candidate in this party will probably be M. H. Grinnell, the gentleman under whose influence the expedition in search of Franklin was sent out, or Mr. Johnson, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania. I need not take up time, however, in "guessing," for next week the Convention at Philadelphia will decide.

The civil strife in Kansas still increases. The rumors now state that the free-state men have, at last, been driven to such desperation as to take arms in some cases, against the marauding bands of the Ruffians. I judge the Administration fears the influence of the Kansas proceedings on the coming election to such a degree that it will soon do something to put a stop to bloodshed; at least, such are my hopes from the proceedings of the Senate yesterday, as a proposition was made by Mr. Crittenden to call on the Senate to send troops to Kansas under the command of General Scott.

Mr. Sumner is said to be slowly recovering from his wounds. The Massachusetts Legislature either passed or was about to pass a Bill to pay Mr. Sumner's expenses incident upon his misfortune. Mr. Sumner immediately caused a friend to write that he would accept nothing for himself, but would pay the Legislature to send whatever was designed for himself to the sufferers in Kansas, who have been so cruelly robbed and driven from their homes into the forest.

At a meeting, on Monday evening of this week, held in the Tabernacle, \$3,000 were contributed to the aid of the Kansas sufferers; at another recently held in Chicago, \$15,000 were contributed for the same purpose. These meetings for the aid of Kansas will, undoubtedly, be held in many places, as those have been, to rebuke the outrage on Mr. Sumner.

As I am on the topic of politics, I may mention that the Know-Nothing party, though of such recent origin, has already been divided into two factions on the subject of slavery. In their platform, as we call a political party, the twelfth section accepts and adopts pro-slavery doctrine. This section gives name to the pro-slavery faction, being called "Twelfth Section Men;" these are also called "South Americans," and have nominated Fillmore, as before stated. The other part are called "North Americans," and have their own convention for nomination this week, in this city. It is hoped this party will be absorbed by the Republican party.

There is still another political party whose dominion is Gerrit Smith. These men hold that it is constitutional for Congress to abolish slavery in the States. This party will have but a few thousand votes. They are excellent, but mistaken men.

There is considerable solicitude here now, since Crampton's dismissal, to see what course the British will pursue. There is great difference of opinion in regard to the Administration's course in relation to our Foreign policy. I think it is the settled determination of the nation, not to have war with England on any account. The capital and intelligence, to say nothing of the religion of the country are most thoroughly opposed to war.

Canada Correspondence.

MONTREAL, C. E., June 21, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—In former letters I have alluded to the French Canadian Missionary Society. One communication devoted to details of its operation would put your readers into possession of such a view of the Society as no occasional hints could furnish.—This is the explanation I would give for making one subject occupy an entire letter. I am indebted to the seventeenth annual report for particulars: the facts stated are reliable.

Rome contains within its bosom much talent, which is devoted steadily and earnestly to the perpetuation and increase of Papal influence. Schemes, as deep and far-reaching as they are secret, are continually planned; and it is only by their results that we become conscious of their existence. There can be no doubt that Lower Canada is the stronghold of Popery in America. To preserve the fortress, to multiply its weapons of war, to extend its outworks, to enlarge its capacity as an arsenal, to make it a breathing place free from the necessity of vigilance, are the aims of the thoughtful and devoted sons of the church in our midst, whose efforts are seconded by many, in other parts of this continent. Canadian Romanism has spread

widely. The United States, especially the west, Oregon, California, and even Chili, are indebted to Canada for Priests and Nuns of unsurpassed devotion. The Lower Canadian Romanist is a faithfully of the Papal pontiff. Let him waver who will, he never falters. Hence his elevated standing among his co-religionists. In Upper Canada many Romanists are disaffected, contumacious, violent; but not so their Lower Canadian brethren.

Rome has, in Lower Canada, not fewer than eight Bishops and seven hundred Priests, with Friars and Nuns beyond Protestant reckoning. Her wealth is enormous. The annual income from the communion of property exchanging owners in the island of Montreal, is incredible. Her Chapels cover the land. Her servants crowd our streets. They refuse to hear the word of truth. Rome can do almost what she will, short of legally punishing her opponents. The friends of Christ have felt these things, and one of the fruits of their labours and prayers is this Society, which employs four classes of Missionaries, each indispensable in its sphere. These are—1st, Ordained Ministers;—2nd, Catechists, or Scripture Readers;—3rd, Colporteurs;—and 4th, Teachers.

The Ordained Ministers are four in number. Two of these however are not directly connected with the Society; one superintends the Boy's Institute at Pointe aux Trembles; and one is the general manager of the operations of the Society: so that this class needs a large increase to make it efficient. In their spheres they are doing much good, but they are too few to meet the wants of the cause. It is difficult to procure men of the right stamp—France, Switzerland, and Belgium have such men, but they need them at home. The want of a native ministry is acknowledged, and the Society feels its need of exertion to procure from among themselves men willing to serve the Lord in this department of his vineyard.

Seven Catechists occupy as many stations. In the absence of ministers they supply their place; where these are stationed, they give their valuable assistance. They are resident missionaries, occupying their own homes, "given to hospitality" and ready to do good to the souls as well as the bodies of all in whose midst they dwell.

The Colporteurs, with one exception, traverse the country only a part of the year. They are simple, earnest, fearless men, themselves converts to the faith from the people, and giving themselves to the work from love to souls, asking a bare support while they labour, and falling back upon their trade when not engaged in colportage. Where men receive their mere expenses for labour which exposes them to much inconvenience, and sometimes danger, no suspicion of their being hirelings can enter a single honorable mind, prejudice is allayed, and the truth often finds an entrance into the hearts of those who in their turn become messengers of mercy. Eight colporteurs are employed by the society.

The teachers, ten in number, are constantly reminded that one great aim of their instructions is to communicate saving truth. The Bible therefore is indispensable as a text book. The place which it holds may be understood from the fact that the almost incredible number of ninety-five scripture lessons per week is given in the Institutes at Pointe-aux-Trembles.

The educational establishment is situated ten miles east of Montreal, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. It consists of four distinct departments:—The Boy's Institute, the Girls' Institute, the Farm, and the Pastorate, each under a special head, and superintended by the secretary on the behalf of the society. Pupils are admitted at twelve years of age. Parents, who are able, are expected to do what they can to support their children. With occasional exceptions, children not of French parentage, are excluded. There being good Protestant schools accessible in the United States, French parentage does not qualify children residing there, for admission. The ordinary course of education is limited to three years, exceptions being made only in the case of pupils devoting themselves to missionary work. These enter a superior class.

Under the present arrangement an efficient principal, two under teachers, and seven advanced pupils, carry on the teaching in the Boy's Institute. In the Girls' Institute are several teachers. During the year the highest number of pupils was 111. During that period forty-six girls were received, of whom forty-two were born of Romish parents, and ten professed to be Romanists at the time of admission. These Institutes had a precious revival, which added to the joy of all interested in their welfare and progress.

The farm is well managed: last year a net profit, at a low valuation, of £160 was realized. The gardens, which form a distinct part of the farm, added £40 to the profit.

There is a small church in Montreal, numbering twenty-nine members, twenty-two of whom were formerly Romanists, which meets for worship in a school-room belonging to the Wesleyans. The labours of a catechist here are peculiarly pressing and even dangerous. Mr. Van Buren has more than once received brutal treatment. A chapel is greatly needed. Twelve members of the First Congregational Church in this city, authorized their pastor to propose the raising of £1,200 for that purpose, pledging themselves to give £25 each, one of them £50, if the whole sum could be obtained. Unfortunately the proposal was not accepted.

At Chateaugay, a catechist labours with good prospects, and has an evening school

which numbers 17 young men. At Buckingham, there are reported thirteen heads of families attached to the Gospel; they have the services of a missionary. The prospects of increasing interest at Belle Riviere is another illustration of the value of perseverance; for years no fruit appeared. Now it is one of the most encouraging stations; the congregation numbers seventy persons. At Lin Mascoche and St. Elizabeth are stations visited by the missionaries, and in each are a few followers of Christ. One of the most active missionaries resides at Industry village, and his house is thronged with visitors—a fact which promises much good—Ramsey and Les Grais are two stations of interest. One catechist is employed in Quebec, which is a very difficult field—the labours of the missionaries are not despised on all hands. In an official document recently published by the Propagation Society of Montreal is the following: "Heresy now works with an energy truly diabolical, to seduce the Catholic population away from their allegiance to the ancient faith of their fathers." This is not without meaning, and gives evidence of a watchfulness that might be imitated with propriety.

During the past year \$2,644 were collected for the Society, which was £600 less than the previous year. The decrease arose in part out of the war. The Canadian contributions were larger than former years, which is very gratifying; the amount collected in Canada for the year was £1,886. Montreal gave of that sum £640. The Society is worthy of confidence. Its basis is unsectarian. Its directors are connected with all the evangelical denominations. James Court, Esq., of Montreal, the Treasurer, will receive any donations which may be forwarded. A. B.

Letter from Canada West.

E.—C. W.

MR. EDITOR.—Reading the *Intelligencer* with the usual interest a week or two ago, I came unexpectedly upon a part of a letter that I had written you with my remittance, and which you had taken the liberty of publishing. I have no objection to your having taken this liberty, if anything in the letter referred to may have encouraged you in your "work of faith and labour of love," or may have recommended your useful paper to the public, but this is more than I expected.

You have kindly invited me to a space in the columns of your correspondence, as often as I can make it convenient. If you think that any information I may be able to give from this part of Canada will be more profitable to your readers than the same amount of other matter that might occupy its space, I shall endeavour to send you an occasional communication. I should hesitate less than I do, were your readers deeply interested in this Province as I am interested in New Brunswick, but this could not be expected.

Because you have already one Canada Correspondent, it must not be supposed that the places from which he and I respectively write are so near one another as to necessitate a sameness of information. Those who live at a distance from a country, are not apt to realize its extent. It would be impossible for two persons to get more than half as far apart within the bounds of your Province as I am distant from your Montreal Correspondent; and the distance between us might be three times what it is, without either of us passing the bounds of Canada. Not only is there this distance between us, but the Eastern and Western Provinces of Canada,—though bearing the same name, and represented in the same Parliament,—differ more widely from each other in the religion, customs, language, education, and enterprise of their inhabitants, than any other two of the British North American Colonies. Were your readers to entertain the idea that the whole of Canada is priest-ridden, because your Montreal correspondent speaks so earnestly, yet truthfully, of the evils of Romanism around him, their idea would be very incorrect. In Canada West, we are as happily free from the Papal yoke as you are in New Brunswick. While the Eastern Province is peopled mostly by French, the Western Province is being rapidly filled with an Anglo-Saxon population. Popery is rampant in Lower Canada; in Upper Canada, we have little more than a dread of it. Still we have a dread of it, and with good reason. It is exerting its utmost energy, through its wealth and by its intrigue, to bring us under its influence. Our House of Parliament is a constant battle ground between Protestantism and Popery. The press and the platform are continually keeping the people alive on this subject. And we are not, by any means, so much alive as we ought to be. The enemy's approaches are gradual and stealthy. He takes advantage of the indifference of many of our people to everything but money-making, and of the coldness of Christian churches. It seems almost an impossibility with us in Canada West to get representatives in Parliament who will neither be terrified, cheated, nor bribed into submission to Popish influences. Great promises, are made at the meetings; these may be partly fulfilled at the outset; but corruption gradually creeps over the House before its dissolution. If Roman Catholic influence is now so powerful in our government, while sitting in Toronto, which is the heart of Protestant West, what may we look for when its members breathe the atmosphere of Quebec.

I trust in God, that the encroachments of Roman power will not be long tolerated. Either the union between the Eastern and