

assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that the foundation, principles, and the whole superstructure, as well as the frequent repairings of Roman Catholicism, is the very reverse. True it is that the ornamentation, the frescoing, the gilding, the painting is so dexterously combined, variegated, shaded, toned, modified, subdued, or elevated according to times, climes or circumstances, that the mass of its own adherents are unacquainted with the inner nature, the root of many of the principles to which they subscribe; and deceiving not only time-serving, weak-kneed, selfish, scheming, uninstructed Protestants, but sometimes the very elect among zealous Protestants. It is not the fact that they are another organization that we should keep our eye on their movements, but because we know that they have their eye on us and with a design—a design that in its outcome has not the most pleasing assurance to us. It is said that in one of the struggles between British and American troops, an American officer in command of a number of men, said, "Boys, do you see them?" "Boys, do you see them?" Presently the red coats began to appear over the crest of an adjoining hill, when the officer exclaimed, "Boys, I think they see us! and, as I'm a little lame, I think I'll run first." Popery's minions see us, but we are not disposed to run. We are forced in self-defence to watch their movements. There is a sapping and mining going on continually in every country where Popery's standard is set up. There is not a prominent House of Commons on this globe in which some Guy Fawkes is not stealthily prowling about with a dark lantern, sometimes as a servant and sometimes as a master, but always in disguise; and though the design be not to blow up the Parliament House, its purposes are far more destructive, because so far reaching; their design is to move the Government, the whole Parliament, not by an explosion, but by a little at a time, by imperceptible degrees. Tresham's letter to his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle, was the instrument leading to the recognition and arrest of Fawkes, where he stood with match in hand, in the cellar under the House of Lords. All the letters that Popery drops from time to time are unheeded. There were nine in the Guy Fawkes Gunpowder Plot, but in this larger conspiracy there are tens of thousands. Robt. Catsby was the originator of the Fawkes Gunpowder Plot, but the devil, I sincerely believe, is the originator of this larger plot. Two months before the sitting of the British Parliament, the Fawkes' conspirators hire a house and garden contiguous to the Parliament House, dig a mine, part working while others slept, and burying the rubbish at night. The conspirators of our day are working hard, and it is some are asleep others are awake. What do we most stand in need of? Light to see the tunnels which are being dug by Popery under every Parliament House, a sort of under ground railway from Rome, by means of which His Holiness the Pope, with his retinue of servants, may take an occasional excursion on first-class cars at second-class fare, or with free passes. After the Fawkes conspirators had with much labor pierced the wall, the foundation wall, nine feet thick, they were alarmed by the noise proceeding from the vaulted cellar, but the alarm soon faded into satisfaction, for they immediately hire the cellar, which was used as a coal magazine, and the coals then selling off and the vaults going to the highest bidder they bargained for all. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder purchased in Holland were stowed in the vaults and the whole covered with stones, coals, billets of wood, and fagots, for the double purpose of concealment and to act as destructive missiles when the gunpowder was fired. Then the doors of the cellar were boldly thrown open, and everybody admitted as if it contained nothing dangerous. Ah, it is not