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CHAPTER I.

FLIGHT!

Among the beautiful islands in that wonderful cluster at the source of the river St. Lawrence is one noticeable for its petty size and peculiar shape. It covers a quarter of an acre, perhaps, and lying at the foot of a sister island some seven miles long, would never attract visitors but for its shape and its excellent view of the village of Clayburgh. Smaller islands, mere rocky stars on the watery blue, crowd about it, and shut it out from the sight of approaching travelers; but, arching its back from the water like a bow, and throwing into the air a natural pyramid of moss-eaten graystone, it offers a summit high above its sisters. Nature has provided a stairway to the platform above, and a stunted tree clinging there welcomes the sightseer with scanty shade.

Here, on a day of early September, sat a man quietly looking upon the splendid view before him. The sun was swinging close to the Canadian horizon, and Clayburgh was crimsoned with its autumn glory. The water was on fire. With every ripple and wave red sparks and flames seemed to shoot into the air, the smoky woods lending to the illusion. It was neither chilly nor warm. A pleasant mean prevailed in the air, and so softly did the colors of dying day blend with those of the coming night that he who sat there was unmindful of the passing hours. His gaze wandered from one feature of the scene to another, and its placidity was reflected in the repose of his body, in his gentle breathing, and in the pensive expression of his face. His general appearance was not that of one gifted with many of the finer human instincts. A blue shirt, gray breeches, undressed shoes, cap and leggings, all of very coarse material, made up his costume; his skin was toughened and browned by years of exposure, and a curly red beard covered the lower part of the face. The rifle at his side, and the fishing tackle in his canoe indicated the sportsman. Yet there was more about him, as there is about every man, than even second glances would discover. His light hair and red beard were of a very fine texture, his hands were shapely, his features delicately cut, and his blue eyes, if little too keen in their glance, were sympathetic and expressive; but his skin cap hid hair and face, and tanned complexion and rough costume hid much more from curious eyes. As he looked at the distant village bathed in sunset fire he muttered to himself, and not seldom the unheeded tears fell down his cheek.

"Ah, friend Scott, dreaming, hey?"

A rough voice came from below, where a fat, half-naked man was just rising from the water.

Scott looked down quietly.

"You had quite a swim of it, Pen'l'ton," he said, without moving. "Thought you couldn't hev got here for a good hour yet."

"The devil!" growled Pendleton, shaking himself like a dog and swinging his naked arms to take off the chill. "You're a nice man, to allow me to swim all the way, and your boat so handy! I'm chilled through. Why didn't you shout when you saw me coming?"

"Didn't know you were comin' till I saw you half-way over, Squire. Did you want to see me?"

"Did I want to see you?" sneered the Squire as he rummaged the canoe. "No; I want to see your whiskey bottle—haven's any, confound ye! I'm a likely man to leave my clothes on the island and swim this far, and do it all for nothing. Look at me," he said, as he began to mount the natural steps, "and ask that question again."

"It's a strange fix for you, Pen'l'ton," said Scott, amused. "You're not runnin' away from the law, maybe?"

"Yes, I am running away from the law," answered the Squire, shaking his fist at Clayburgh. "Blame 'em! they haven't left me a place this side of France or South America to hide in. They are after my head, man; they've offered a reward—to any man, woman, child or jackass that will present 'em with me, dead or alive, or with my head."

"I heard somethin'——" began the hunter.

"Of course you did. Ther' all talking about it—about the fool Pendleton, who sided with Mackenzie, another fool, and helped him to get justice for Canadians, and now has two governments after him. Well, I'm the man, and I've come to you for help; nobody else wants to give it."

"I'm glad you lit on me, Squire," Scott began again.

"Oh! are you?" sneered the Squire, nettled by the tone. "Wait till you hear the whole of it. 'Any man who harbors, assists, feeds, etc., Squire Pendleton goes to jail along with him when he's caught.' How do you like that, hey?"

Scott was silent and turned his gaze in the direation of the town, whose spires alone now caught the reflection of the sun's last rays. Pendleton evidently did not expect this action on the hunter's part, and he grew uneasy and angry. A half-sigh escaped him, for his position was really one of peril, and there were others interested in his fate whom his capture would affect bitterly.

"I don't wish to bring any one into trouble, Scott," he hastened to say, "and I'm not going to do it for you. But knowing these islands as you do, I thought you could show me some hiding-place that would give me refuge until I can leave the country. For they'll not catch me—no, not if I have to swim to the Bay of Biscay."

There was no answer from Scott, and his thoughts seemed to be miles away from the Squire's affairs. Pendleton stood for a moment irresolute, and then hastily descended the steps and jumped into the canoe.

"You're like the rest," he murmured. "There's not a man among the whole crew. Well, you can meditate there for the rest of the night or swim for it. I'm going to make this my property." He attempted to cut the rope of the canoe, when by a dexterous jerk Scott upset the boat and the Squire went into the water headlong. As he rose spluttering the hunter was engaged in rescuing his floating tackle.

"Foolin' with governments is dangerous," said he, "an' it's natural to think I don't want to get mixed up in your evil doin's. But then I'm not goin' back on ye, Squire, not if I know it, even though my head was concerned, which it isn't, for in this country they don't go quite so much on the head-choppin' as I've heard tell of in other countries. I kin find a place for ye, p'raps. It mayn't be much to your likin,' for beds are scarce, an' furniture has to grow of itself thar. But you'll hev the sun to call ye at six o'clock, an' stars will see ye to bed and watch over ye all night along with the singin' o' the water. Squire, them's my comforts."

"They agree with you mightly," murmured Pendleton, who was now rather subdued. Having put his boat in order, Scott invited his companion to enter and was surprised to receive a cold and emphatic refusal.

"I've got a new idea from that ducking," he said gloomily, "and I'm going to follow it out. Good-bye; thanks for your offer." And he plunged into the water again, only to be pulled out almost roughly by a strong, impatient hand.

"This," said the Squire, purpling, "is--"

"Common sense—nothin' less, Pen'l'ton," was the firm, severe interruption. "Don't ye think I know more about this business of yours than to let you walk right smack into the hands of the officers? What's you thinkin' of? What about Ruth?"

"Yes, yes, you're right," the other answered hastily. "I'm a fool. Poor Ruth! Go on. I'll go to the devil, if you say so."

Scott pointed to the boat, in which the Squire penitently took his seat.

"Shall we go for your clothes?"

"Let 'em stay there. If they think me drowned, so much the better."

Scott pushed off and took his course eastward. The sun had set, and heavy clouds had closed like prison-gates on his glories. A thin mist was rising from the marshy shores. The silence of coming night was scarcely disturbed by the dip of the paddle and the cry of the wild duck in the distance.

"They'll not see our course," Pendleton said, half to himself, "and Ruth will be satisfied. Poor Ruth!"

Scott did not hear him. His eyes were fixed, as usual, on the scenes around him, and reflected more than ever the emotions of his simple heart. These must have been very pleasant then, for his face was lit up by a happy smile.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE.

About the hour which saw Squire Pendleton puffing through the chilly waters of the St. Lawrence, Clayburgh's young and rising lawyer sat in his office, wondering what had become of the chief figure in the social and political life of the village. The office window commanded a view of the river and its islands, and Mr. Wallace with the aid of a glass could have witnessed the scene between the Squire and the friendly fisherman. But his thoughts were just then given to himself. He had a bright future before him, and he was surveying it with the enchanted telescope of the mind. His youthful history had not one cloud, not one error, not one ill-success in it. Everything he had done from childhood up had been done well. His townsmen flattered him, and took pride in his abilities. His family adored him. Good offers were made to him by legal firms in the larger cities, but work in his native village was plentiful and profitable, if not suited to develop a great mind. All his affairs were in good condition. He had health, strength, money, and good looks. His personal gifts were numerous, and not all of them were known even to himself. He was generous, yet cool-minded and prudent; passionate, yet thoroughly self-ruled. He had given his heart to the keeping of Squire Pendleton's daughter, and she had accepted the trust almost, and half-promised to become his wife. Once they were married he would go to New York, and settling down to hard work would aim for the very highest things that a man might attain to in a life time. What they were he hardly knew; but the path of sunlight water, which lay before him as far as he could see, was not so rosy as the path of glory along which his dreams conducted him to the pinnacle of fame. It intoxicated him to think of these things. He thought it a sign of his secret and untried ability that he could dream so, whereas it was only the product of a good and young constitution, an ambitious soul, and an overpowering vanity.

"Not one trouble in the world," said Florian, "and not one obstacle in sight that amounts to anything. I am a lucky man."

Yet, just at that moment, so rosy, so hopeful, his ill-luck gave a soft, imperative tap at the office door.

"Come in," said Florian.

The parish priest entered, Florian's friend and second father, who took as much pride in the boy,—and more perhaps,—as any good father would. For he had trained him in childhood, and guided his young manhood, and it was from him that Florian had learned his severe adhesion to religious principle, and strict literary tastes. His short, stout body was dressed in a clerical costume of the time, his face clean shaven, rosy in color, and very reserved in expression. There was no asceticism in his appearance. His manners were brusque. He said little, and smiled rarely, but in all that he did and said and looked there was that odd, indefinable something which proclaims a man who differs from the majority of men.

"No news of the Squire," said Pere Rougevin.

"Not a word," replied Florian. "I have no doubt if we let him alone, or if the government detectives go away he will come back soon enough. His rheumatism is not the sort of baggage for a political exile."

"Miss Ruth is anxious about him."

"No doubt, no doubt, but there is little need for anxiety. If there were—"

He hesitated and the priest added:

"You would make things fly to settle her fears. How does the New York idea develop?"

"So, so, father," said Florian. "Let us say two months from now, for the finish."

And he went on to picture the results leading up to his departure, until he saw the ambiguous smile which touched the priest's lips and instantly faded."

"Well," said he, "what do you smile at? Do you think me too hopeful?"

"There are no hindrances in your way?" said the priest, in a questioning tone.

"Well, none that I can see."

There was a moment's silence, and the priest walked to the window as if he had dismissed the subject.

"Are you going home to supper?" he said.

"Now I am sure," interrupted Florian, "that you see something in the way, if I don't, and I must ask you, Pere Rougevin, to tell me of it."

"I thought you knew all worth knowing concerning your own affairs.—But then, you are quite certain of Ruth's conversion to the faith?"

"Ah!" said Florian, struck dumb with a sudden fear.

"I can say no more," the priest went on. "I have known Miss Pendleton since she was a child. She has been brought up loosely in matters of religion, but her tastes and feelings are religious. She knows something about us, and is quite used to our ways. She is very conscientious. I cannot say that she takes to Catholicity."

It was a long speech for the priest to make, and he at once dismissed the entire matter by taking up another subject of conversation. But Florian was really frightened.

"Pere," said he, "I can't think or talk of anything but what you have just told me. When you speak of a thing there is always something to it. What am I to do? I'm not a fool. I cannot live without Ruth. I do not believe in mixed marriages. But it would be as bitter as death to give her up just when I had made myself believe it was all right."

"One should not make himself believe it was all right," said the priest.

"I know, I know," the lawyer impatiently answered. "But how many are so careful as that. Ruth and I were brought up together. I am sure she has a high regard for me—"

"You do well to put it that way."

"What! you think she has no other feeling for me but regard?"

The priest shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah!" said Florian, "If it be true that she cannot in conscience become a Catholic, then it's all over between us. But I am not going to believe that. I will see for myself. I cannot believe it."

"Do," said Pere Rougevin. "It will be better for you."

And hastily bidding the young lawyer good-day he went out quickly. Florian knitted his brows and fell to thinking. It was not safe to have too rosy a future to dream on. Ten minutes ago he could not find an obstacle in his path, and now Ruth was on the very point of departing from him. He was bound not to give her up easily. The young man was practical in his love as in his business. He had not that abandonment of feeling which brooks no possible danger of losing the object of his feeling. He knew that death, or conscience, or a change of heart might at any moment step between him and the woman he loved, and so he did not say, "I shall never give her up," but instead, "I shall not give her up easily,"—a good and prudent restriction to put upon his determination. He sat thinking until the sun disappeared behind the islands, and then it occurred to him that this new and unexpected trouble which had come upon him would surely be followed by others. "It never rains but it pours." It would be a good thing to see Ruth at once, and have an understanding with her that would prove the Pere mistaken, and it might keep off other troubles. He seized his hat, when a second knock sounded on the door. For a moment he was tempted to jump out of the window; then smiling at his own fancies he bade the visitor enter. The Rev. Dunstan Buck was not a visitor or client of Florian's, and therefore he did not wonder at the slight start which the lawyer gave on seeing him. The young man was not so much surprised at his visit as at the circumstance of two clergymen following each other into his office. Mr. Buck was invited to a seat, and took it nervously. His over-elegant appearance made the little office look dingy, for as the minister of a very High Church congregation, he found it necessary to look and dress as if every moment had seen him put on a new suit, bathe, shave, and say prayers. He was for all that a gentle-minded and good-hearted man.

"I may have made a blunder in coming to you," he began with his glasses fixed on the lawyer, "but I really did not see to what member of the family I could address myself. Your father, unhappily, does not take to the town ministers, and I am aware that Catholics are very strict about these things, but in short, Mr. Wallace, I have a high esteem for your sister Sara, and I would like to pay her my addresses."

The lawyer's response was prompt and nicely-worded, but the surprise he felt could not be put into words.

"Has Miss Wallace any suspicion of your feelings towards her?" he asked.

"I told her that I intended to speak to you," said the minister. "She made no serious objections, but seemed to dread it."

"Of course, her own wishes are the chief thing to be looked at," replied Florian. "But I may as well warn you, Mr. Buck, that you are going to meet with bitter opposition. Father and mother, Pere Rougevin, my sister Linda and myself cannot favor you at all. You know very well that my sister will become a Protestant in marrying you, something which no Catholic can think of with pleasure. At the same time, I am sure your conduct in doing nothing secretly is that of a gentleman. But I wish I could persuade you to look elsewhere for a wife."

Mr. Buck was silent for a moment. "I cannot promise you," he said. "I hoped that perhaps you might persuade your family—"

"This is the situation, Mr. Buck," Florian politely broke in. "You know my father. If he thought you were courting Miss Sara, your life and hers would be made miserable and notorious in the village. I could not change him even if I would."

Rev. Mr. Buck rose hastily.

"I see,—I understand," he said. "I wished to do everything honorably. You will not blame me if anything should occur contrary to your wishes."

"Certainly not. I am greatly obliged by your candor," said Florian as he bowed him out; "but I'll take good care that nothing occurs contrary to those wishes," he added when his visitor was gone, leaving a faint scent of the perfume bottle in the air. Supper that evening in the Wallace dining-room was a dull, even threatening affair. When it was finished Sara at a sign from her brother followed him into the little room he called his study. One window only admitted the light, and had painted on its narrow panes a waterview, with pine-fringed islands and the northwest sky for a background. Florian motioned his sister to a chair. She was pale but calm and obstinate-looking. Her face had set itself in a cold, hard expression which did not daunt the youth, but rendered him uneasy.

"I was a little surprised to-day—" he began.

"You always are," she retorted, without looking at him.

"To have a visit from Mr. Buck. It seemed to be understood that Mr. Buck was an accepted suitor of yours, and that before long matrimony would make a convert to Protestantism where conviction could not."

"Well, what of it?' Is Mr. Buck less a gentleman because he is a minister—"

"Excuse me if I do not argue that point," her brother interrupted. "Mr. Buck is a gentleman, though a little shallow and sometimes silly. What I desire to know is, have you given any reason to others to talk of you in this way?"

"And if I have, am I bound to tell you of it?"

"You misunderstand me, Sara," he said gently. "I am not your master, but your brother, and I ask the question, not because you are bound to answer it, but because it will be better for you to do so."

"Well, people will talk," she replied lightly. "I have never given him the slightest encouragement."

"Why, then, should he come to me?" Florian persisted. "Are you sure that you have not even thought of encouraging him. May not some of your actions which you thought light and unmeaning have given him reason to think—"

"I won't answer any more," she said, bridling. "Why, one would think I was in a witness-box, sworn to tell my every thought to you. It's worse than the Inquisition?"

"Than the Inquisition!" repeated Florian in astonishment. "Perhaps it might be worse than that, if the matter comes to father's ears."

Sara's lips quivered at this implied threat, and the tears filled her eyes. They were tears of spite, not of grief.

"You are mean enough to tell him," and her voice trembled despite her pride. "I am persecuted everywhere. No one seems to care for me."

"It is just because we care for you, all of us, that we trouble you so much. Is it no pain to us that you should marry a Protestant minister and be lost to the faith?"

She broke into fitful sobbing. Florian walked to the window and looked out gloomily on the scene. She dried her eyes at length, and proceeded from tears to frowns.

"I won't stand this persecution any longer," she said rising. "You may tell every one, you may tell the wrinkled old bore yonder"—she alluded to her father "you may tell the world; but I shall do as I please, and if you attempt any more of this I have at least one refuge open to me."

"Then it is true," said her brother, with ominous quiet in his voice.

"You can believe it, if you wish to," and she attempted to leave the room, but he stood between her and the door, with so stern a face that she grew frightened again.

"You must remember," he said, "that this is no child's play, and that until you satisfy me one way or another as to what you have done in this matter your life will be twice as unpleasant as you say it has been. Your father shall know of it at once, the priest shall hear it as soon as may be, and Mr. Buck shall receive a warning. Now you can take your choice—make a clean breast of what you know or prepare to suffer."

She walked over to the window for a moment and burst out weeping again. Her brother, stern as he looked, felt a sudden pang and sighed.

"It is true," he thought, "and, worse than all, she cares for him."

There was a long silence until Sara had dried her tears once more and was calm enough to speak. Her first words showed that she had become reasonable.

"You make me suffer for nothing," she said.

"I suffer myself much more," he replied. "You are too dear to me that I should look on you throwing yourself into an abyss, and not feel troubled. Have you no pity for us who love you? Do you not know that our grief would be less hopeless, less keen, to see you dead than to see you the wife of this man? Dead, you would be still ours; living and his wife, our separation would be eternal. Sara, think for a moment and you will see your folly."

"I haven't been guilty of any folly. Mr. Buck was foolish enough to pay his addresses to me, but I never encouraged him, never responded even. And, since you wish it, I'll not look at him again."

"Thank you," said Florian, but he was not at all satisfied. Sara thought that her last speech was exceedingly frank, and truthful enough in appearance to deceive her brother, but her face was not reassuring. He saw no sincerity there, only the assumption of sincerity, and went away sad, to join Linda outside, while Sara, after making a face at him as he retired, hurried away to her own room and a new novel. Linda was standing where the sun could fall on her face through a veil of green leaves, and peering down on the river.

"Well," said Linda, "what did she say?"

"Nothing; neither admitted nor denied, but fussed a good deal, wept and defied me, and wound up by declaring that she was innocent and would never do it again."

"I wish we could believe her."

"And don't you?" he said reproachfully.

"I am sorry to think I do not. Sara is not very truthful. While you are here it may do very well; when you are gone—"

"I am not gone yet," he said when she hesitated.

"This incident may hinder your going. I hope it will. I would be tempted to favor Mr. Buck, if it would."

"Be reasonable, child. We must all part one day, and why not now, when health and youth belong to us? Separation is to be expected, and has happened to so many families that we should not wonder if it happens to ours."

"No one wonders; one only grieves. I know just what thoughts actuate you, Florian, and they astonish me. You are too ambitious."

"It is 'the failing of great minds,'" he quoted, smiling. She shook her head sadly and turned her eyes on the river, now dusky under twilight's shadow.

"Look at it," she said. "What a fine spot to live and die in."

"Sometimes I have thought it too," he replied musingly. "I know every feature of the place so well, and the idea of living sixty quiet years among the same scenes is pleasing. What a placid face, with an untroubled heart, an old man would have after six decades! He would naturally graduate into eternity then. A dream! Impossible! The soul was made for action. I couldn't think of it."

He jumped up in his eagerness, and noticed that his sister had burst into tears. The next moment she laughed.

"That is the end of it, Florian. You have pronounced the separation of our family: you to politics, Sara to Mr. Buck, and myself to—"

"The prince, of course; and you will find that such changes, though bitter, leave a honey in their wound. Come, get your cloak and hat, and we shall walk."

Linda was glad to hide her confusion at his last words, and ran away to prepare herself.

"I wonder," she said, as they went down the hill to the bay, "that Sara did not think of throwing Ruth Pendleton at you in reproaching her for encouraging Mr. Buck."

"It is a wonder," replied Florian; "she is so—well, she knows I would not marry Ruth if there was not a prospect of her conversion."

"And wouldn't you?"

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For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

The name of Blessed Margaret Mary Alocoque is so indissolubly connected in the minds of Catholics with devotion to the Sacred Heart that the very mention of the one almost necessarily suggests the other. Margaret Mary was born at Terreau, in Burgundy, on the 22nd of July, 1647. During her infancy she showed a wonderfully sensitive horror of the very idea of sin. When only twelve she prayed four hours each day, fasted thrice in the week, slept little, gave the best of her food to the poor and wore an iron chain. She entered the Order of the Visitation at Paray-le Monial in 1671, and was professed the following year. Although frequently in ecstacies, her ruling devout passion was a thirst for humilation, and our Lord gratified her by choosing her to suffer incredible agonies as a victim of penance for others. She was afflicted with acute bodily suffering and bitter spiritual desolation, while her Sisters in religion distrusted and ill treated her. After purifying her by these trials, Jesus appeared to her in numerous visions, displaying to her His Sacred Heart, sometimes burning as a furnace, and sometimes torn and bleeding on account of the coldness and sins of men. In 1675 the great revelation was made to her that she, in union with Rev. Father de la Colombiere, S. J., was to be the chief instrument for instituting the feast of the Sacred Heart, and for spreading that devotion throughout the world. Thus Margaret Mary from the disciple was made the apostle of the Heart of Jesus. Soon after saying "I shall not live much longer because I have no longer anything to suffer," she died on the 17th of October, 1690. Her life was throughout the personification of all that is pure and noble, and her daily actions were continuous examples of modesty, purity and devotion.

On one occasion Margaret Mary saw in a vision the Heart of Jesus, with these words upon it: "My love reigns in suffering, triumphs in humility and rejoices in unity." At another time the Sacred Heart appeared to her radiant with an effulgence far more dazzling than the sun; then she saw her own heart, like a shapeless atom, trying to approach that abyss of light. It was unable to reach it until the Sacred Heart drew it into itself, and she heard these words: "Lose thyself in my greatness and see that thou never come forth from it; for if thou dost leave it, thou shalt never enter it again."

The devotion instituted by her was scattered and spread, until to day the League of the Sacred Heart numbers adherents in every quarter of the globe, and counts its active members by the millions.—Detroit Witness.

CANON DOYLES RELIGION.

During the last two years there has been considerable discussion as to the religious faith professed by Canon Doyle, the novelist. It was well known that his father was a Catholic; it has not been known that the fictionist had any religious belief. Now comes Mr. W. J. D. Croke, of Rome, Italy, distinguished as an historian and archæologist, and known to be an intimate friend of the novelist, who says in a letter to the Catholic Citizen: "Dr. Doyle has not changed his religion. He has not left the Catholic faith, which was a strong tradition in his family, and which his education at Stonyhurst College must have tended to deepen. This, my information, is not only gathered from the closest of all possible sources, but it is very recent — as late as his winter-visit to Rome." This statement, perhaps will settle the vexed question. If Canon Doyle is not a Catholic, what is he?—Midland Review.

Grand Trunk Engineer Swears by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Geo. Cummings, for over twenty years engineer on Grand Trunk running between Toronto and Allandale, says:—"The constant duty with my work gave me excessive pains in my back, racking my kidneys. I tried several remedies until I was recommended by my fireman, Mr. Dave Conley, to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two boxes have completely cured me and I feel to-day a better man than ever. I recommend them to all my friends."

You Must have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would BE WELL.

MR. McGEE'S ADDRESS

To the Catholic Public—More Especially to the Irish Catholics of Western Canada.

A man who for the first time enters public life as one of the legislators of a country,—who is expected by his constituents to represent them on every question; by his co religionists, at large, to represent them on certain great questions as fully as his own constituents—who has been industriously misrepresented before entering on the stage,—has a difficult part to play. He has to demonstrate his fitness to fill the seat to which he has been chosen; he has to show cause why preconceived prejudices against himself and his electors should be abandoned; he has to reconcile his peculiar obligations as the representative of a class, with his general duties as one of the legislators of the country. This was the arduous problem set before me by my kind, confiding friends of Montreal in December last, on the demonstration of which I entered in February, and from the continued close pursuit of which, a temporary interruption made in your name, but without your authority, prompts me, at this moment, to address you.

After the adjournment, my friends, I would probably have found some means to place before you a retrospect of the session. To review it now is rather to report progress than to announce results, though some little good has been done, and one great evil, at least, averted. But the interruption to which I have alluded has been accompanied by so many misstatements and misjudgments, that perhaps, it is better I should address you at once, and in this manner, for with the two newspapers, referred to, I can have no discussion.

I felt it to be my duty, in my place in Parliament, to disclaim the writer of one of them, for foisting into the House a most imprudent petition, which was necessarily rejected; and to condemn the open treason of the other, in playing the henchman at Leeds and Grenville to "the father and founder of Orangeism in Canada."

It was, is, and shall be my duty, so long as you desire it, and no longer, to take cognizance of your Parliamentary interests, which, in both the instances I have cited, were endangered and betrayed; but, as regards the newspapers themselves, *you* must decide whether or not you will permit them to assail me in your name. That is your affair rather than mine. If you approve of their conduct in those cases, and towards me, you will sustain them as before; if, as I have every reason to believe, you totally disapprove of that conduct, you will adopt the only other alternative. In that resort, I have every assurance that you will not be many days deprived of the services of a really independent and unpurchasable Toronto organ.

I assume, that you can feel how difficult a task I have to perform as your special representative. Usually, men elected by the confidence of their class when they get into Parliament, finding their *specialite* adhere to them like the shirt of Nessius, take the very first occasion to throw it off. This act, often performed with ostentation and rightly punished as treason. Many a bright promising career has been blasted by candidates undertaking what they had no intention of performing, and no will to attempt after election. I need not mention names, you can recall some such instances. Now I say for myself, I undertook a thing which I do not mean to perform and therefore I claim to exercise in the full plenitude the power with which was invested by the Montreal electors and the reception of that event, by a body of my co-religionists in Western Canada. And if I have my part to perform, you will permit me to represent that you have yours. Yours is, not to allow me to be caballed against; to be deliberately misrepresented and misreported: to be obstructed and belied in your name, by the paid writers and advertising agents of the present Ministry. This justice I claim at your hands, and, if it were possible, or even probable, that it could be refused to me, I would then have seriously to consider the alternative of withdrawing from public life without further loss of time, and devoting myself, in future to my own private affairs.

I pass now, at once, to the state of parties in the Province; their respective relations towards us, and our towards them, as I understand them. That the present Prime Minister is be personally, and in his secret heart a truly liberal man, is one of those suppositions which any one can make but which no one is bound to believe without evidence. I deal with facts and will quote a few of quite recent date. The first fact I shall mention is Mr. MacDonald's own letter of date of January 18th, 1858, addressed to Mr. DeGrasse, Secretary of Orange Lodge, No. 137, (Gowan, Master) beginning and ending "Dear Sir Brother." The second fact is, Mr. Macdonald's reponse to my direct question on the debate on the address to his patronage of the order, in this Province. "I acknowledge the letters were the precise words of the Premier. Equally clear is the evidence of the Orangeism of the Post Master General, Mr. Scott Smith. The resolutions passed by Cobourg District Lodge, on the 5th of February, 1858, sufficiently prove that: and Mr. Smith "proudly pronounced it from the Treasury benches in the debate on Mr. Benjamin's motion without rebuke or comment from his colleagues in office. Equally authentic is the somewhat older fact, that Mr. Vankougnet, another member of the present Cabinet, at a dinner given