

as my Petition shows. This church says to Moses in the language of *Grip*: "Go back, Moses, go back!" Here there is ample clear and convincing proof that the press, the mightiest engine in the intellectual world, to be to us a providential monitor and electric power for the present and eternal well-being of our sublime and God-like humanity, was so tampered with in the cause of sacred truth and justice against clerical falsehood and suicidal cowardice. What a spectacle that church presents to Sinai, Calvary and the long roll of martyrs who have shed their blood in defence of truth. Look at this picture and aid me in my defence of the press. The thoughts of the press resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the martyr Massinger sent down from the garden of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to invigorate and purify. I call upon the press of all shades of politics, religion and language throughout civilization to aid me to resent with the majesty of law this debasing, degrading, daring insult to the press. "Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves." As Columbus, aided by Catholic Spain, forced the European powers to acknowledge his right, so will I, if you aid me, force the Presbyterian church to hear me and acknowledge my right. To encourage young Canada to woo the press I notice specially for you one of my latest contributions, called "Goderich Harbor." In gathering my word levers I omitted the word "lath;" the *Empire* gracefully added this in its issue with mine of Jan. 9th, 1888. In this communication I had two special objects in view and carried them both triumphantly—1st, for the U. S. government to reward Capt. Green for heroically saving a crew, which they gratefully did by giving the Capt. a magnificent gold watch and chain; and, 2nd, to stop our government from opening a sluice, the contract of which was entered into at a cost of \$16,000. This was stopped. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Press! In writing for the press get a grand, a noble object, and then let brevity, purity and truth be your aim. Never, O, never, but give to words their right meaning! What false, cowardly, suicidal corruption to call a