

and— (Here the hon. member was interrupted with such loud and incessant bursts of laughter that it was impossible to know whether he really closed his sentence or not.) The hon. member concluded in these words:—Now, Mr. Speaker, we see the philosophical prejudices of man. (Laughter and cheers.) I respect cheers even when they come from the lips of political opponents. (Renewed laughter.) I think, sir—(Hear, hear, and repeated cries of "Question, question.") I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception which I have received. (Continued laughter.) I have begun several times many things—(laughter)—and I have succeeded at last. (Fresh cries of "Question.") Ay, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me. The hon. member delivered the last sentence in a very loud tone, and resumed his seat amidst cheers from the Opposition, and much laughter from the Ministerial benches.

LIBERTY OR LICENSE.

The Orange question is becoming almost a serious one. It is not that the life or death of Orangeism is a matter of great moment to this or any other country. But the fact that the Orange view of religion cannot be tolerated by others of another religion, suggests to the timid mind visions of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, or the struggles of the Covenanters at a later date, and compels the query: Is this young Dominion also to undergo the baptism of repentance by fire and sword ere she turns from her evil worship of the devil of self and selfishness embodied in party spirit, and yields her heart with a yearning love to the Goddess of Liberty? Must the scenes of the past be repeated here, and innocent blood and ill-gotten treasure be wasted, before this country can learn by that bitter experience, that the golden rule of liberty, contained in that one thought, which is the very essence of all true religion,—“as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,”—is the only road that leads to liberty, equality, and the rights of man?

The Truth in this matter must and will come out—is undoubtedly now in process of development. And as sure as there is a God—one God—whose very essential being is Love shining forth in Wisdom, so surely only by our receiving and shedding forth that Love till it takes form in Wisdom, can we attain a condition of society in which liberty is possible. Religion is Life, or—it is nothing. Show us a man's life, and we will show you his religion. What a man loves is to him his life. If he loves himself, and himself only, he cannot bear that his neighbour should have money, houses, lands, thoughts, religion, or *any thing* which is not under his control; for only when such control is attained, that the neighbour aforesaid cannot call his life his own, does he feel that self is properly ministered to. Such is party spirit. It means the control by one of many, through a unity of aim in some given direction. Each has the same aim, and each hopes secretly to be *that one* who shall attain control. On the other hand, if a man loves his neighbour as much as he does himself, there can be no party spirit; for each longs that the other should be as much an individual as himself, knowing that in that way only can he best serve the cause of all. Party spirit is then lost in an enthusiasm for *all* humanity.

Party spirit embodied in action is—the Roman Catholic *Hierarchy*—wheresoever we find it, here or elsewhere. Not the Roman Catholic *Church*, but the Roman Catholic *Hierarchy*. Then religion is indeed a life, but it is one which cannot brook the life of others to be their own. Liberty with it is an unknown quantity. Love of control is its only life. Yet men here live alongside of it for years and do not see this. And why? It seems so natural to them, because the same quality, a little less intense, is their own quality of life. So at least it has been for many years in the Province of Quebec. Men have sought wealth and power and place for *themselves*, have met this Hierarchy with its own weapons, and are being beaten in the struggle. The very wealth and power and place for which they selfishly strove are being swept from their grasp by a still greater selfishness.

It is time to turn. You who have aught that is good and true left in your composition, struggle now for the triumph of Goodness and Truth—for Life and Light for your fellow-men. With a life-power of will which you never yet put forth for material wealth for self, resolve once and for all, that, come what may, you yourself shall be yourself, and will free your fellow-man from every fetter that hinders his individuality. This, not for one of a class—your own class only—but for all. Help the Catholic to enjoy his procession if he sees it well to indulge in that luxury. Let none make him afraid. Help Orangemen, Young Britons, or any other Society, to find free vent for their peculiar idiosyncrasy, and see to it that neither one nor the other shall, for their own good, be allowed to interfere with their neighbour's development of his own life so long as he hinders not a like liberty in others. That is the true and proper function of Government, and if individuals will not do it, Government *must*, or—cease to govern. Twenty thousand honest, earnest, resolute men in the Province of Quebec have only to express such life principles in word and deed, regardless of consequences to themselves, and the thing is done—aye, or ever it gets beyond the stage of *words* and finds further development in *deeds*. And this because it is *Right*, it is *Liberty*, it is *Light*. Once there were found seven thousand men who had not bowed the knee to Baal—that Sun of self and selfishness which is ever shedding its lurid beams around humanity. Are there not even *seven* thousand here and now? One man's earnest protest brought these seven thousand to the Light. One man's protest can do it again, if there be the material to work on. If not, alas! poor Canada! She must and will go to her own place, and rejoicing in the protection and support of a Government which fears the loss of the Catholic vote to support self and selfish power more than it cares for either God or man, must reap the fruits, and live in darkness and disorder because it loves the darkness, lest by coming to the light its deeds should be reproved.

Need more be said? Till men can walk in procession with *any* badge, in *any* colour of dress or ornament, in perfect freedom by day or night, Law is a mockery, Liberty a bye-word, and a God of Love has no place even in the dreams of this domain of real and actual “HEATHENDOM.”

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within that withers and bursts the husk.—George Macdonald.

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

Whate'er I am, whatever sign I wear upon my sleeve,
Whatever creed my inmost heart may prompt me to believe;
Whatever right I recognize, whatever wrong endure,
I ne'er can yield my honest love for freedom and the poor.

The lowly and the suffering, the life-blood of the earth,
I'm one of them,—to one of them I owe my children's birth;
And in my after years of life, whate'er may be my state,
I never can forget to feel for their unhappy fate.

It hath a voice, a stirring voice, sent from a thousand tongues,
From hearts that wish for all its rights, and feel for all its wrongs;
'Tis not the voice of fierce complaint, loud insolence and threat,
But that of calm persuasive power, the best and surest yet.

And mine, too,—feeble though it be, and of a fitful sound,
But still the echo of a heart, of sympathies profound,—
Shall sometimes mingle with the rest, in pain or peril's hour,
To warn, cheer, teach, and elevate, if such may be its power.

A little song of cheerfulness, to make their labours light,
A strain to open out their souls, and make them think aright;
A lesson which may lead them on toward their common weal;—
But not the stern anathema of false and fiery zeal.

There's good in all things, and 'tis ours to seek it everywhere,
And when 'tis found to honour it, and foster it with care;
There's good in all the various forms of still and stirring life;
For all the boundless universe with excellence is rife.

For freedom, did I say! Ah, yes—for freedom just and true;
But not the lawless monster of the rancour-breathing few,
Who glide like serpents into hearts by toil and sorrow torn,—
On them, and their unholy deeds, I fling my proudest scorn.

The poetry that clothes alike the cottage and the throne,
And speaks from all her classic haunts with high majestic tone;—
These have my deepest reverence,—in these my thoughts rejoice;
But “the poetry of Poverty should have a fitting voice.”

And man hath always something good, or be he high or low,
In intellect or circumstance, in happiness or woe;
His errors pity and remove, with mild and manly will,
And be his higher gifts your care and admiration, still.

MY BADGE—is that which singles me from out the lower clay;
MY MOTTO—hope and thankfulness for blessings day by day;
MY CREED—that holy creed of love which CHRIST Himself has given;
MY PARTY—all who walk on earth anticipating Heaven!

PLEBS.

THE BEWILDERED HINDOO.

A SUPPOSITION WITH TOO MUCH TRUTH IN IT.

Suppose an intelligent, devout and truth loving and seeking Hindoo should come to these shores and desire to learn of us what our religion is, and what it may be able to do for him and his people. What answer would he be able to get? Of course that would depend on what particular sect he should chance to fall amongst. Should he first meet our brethren of the Roman Catholic faith, of course he would learn much of the infallibility of the Church and the wisdom of trusting to her authority; the confessional, and penance, and absolution, and all the wonderful machinery of the Church by which she seeks to give peace and safety to human souls would be explained to him. I suppose the average Catholic, even if tolerably well informed, would be a little astonished to have the Hindoo tell him that all this is marvellously like the practices of his own people.

But suppose he should, instead, fall into the hands of the Protestants. Would they not be very likely to warn him against the superstitions of Rome, and ply him industriously with such a digest of doctrine as the Westminster Confession of Faith? Most assuredly, if he fell into the hands of a good Presbyterian. An Episcopalian would give him the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer, and bid him thank God and be happy. The Baptist would give him the Bible and bid him search for himself, give him what help he might require about the correct volume of water for baptism, and who *not* to commune with. Should he meet with a Methodist believer, he would be told he must not expect to escape the eternal torments of the pit unless he be converted; the day, and hour, and manner of that conversion, though perhaps not essential to know to a certainty, yet that will be very assuring.

If the man should be so mentally organized, or so circumstanced as to be tempted to go the rounds of all these, you can readily imagine what a medley he will be led to suppose Christianity is. Would it be at all strange if he should say he finds inharmonies, and contradictions, between the different accounts he has received of what Christianity really is. He finds the Catholic assuring him there can be no peace or safety for his soul, or prosperity for his people, unless the faith and practice of the Church which has descended from St. Peter be accepted and followed. The various Protestants are a unit in denouncing as an unfounded superstition the claims of Rome, and are each equally earnest and persistent in presenting the claims of their particular body. They are willing he should carry back with him either the one or the other rather than Popery, but the Bible with their special interpretation of its teachings will be best.

But suppose this stranger (naturally enough somewhat distracted in his