

of the Roman Catholic Church, coming from Ireland to New York, who, in his address there says, "We tell the sovereigns of Europe and Queen Victoria to her teeth, if they do not accept the double allegiance of the Roman Catholics they will have none." That is, the Pope must be first. I have great respect for that man; he has the courage of his convictions, though, perhaps, a real old-fashioned Jesuit would not give him credit for his policy being proportioned to his courage. But did he not speak in harmony with all history? and with the continual teachings of the Church. Standing on the elevation of Protestantism we peer back, through the varying mists and moving clouds of conflicting history, and the occasional sun-breaks through these show the true condition. The side lights and flash lights of contemporaneous history reveal various important scenes given as samples of the general condition of society, and as they pass in rapid panoramic view before us, the percentage of views is so large that we make no mistake in coming to a general conclusion. In the 17th century we see the special encroachments of Popery. We see that by a large portion of the community Popery is looked upon as a bondage, a terrible slavery. They who knew it best feared it most, because they had seen and felt its terrible power. The forefathers of many of these had treated Popery as a great many are inclined to do at the present day. They said, "Oh Popery has not much influence; it is not keeping pace with Protestantism in point of numbers, in point of wealth, in point of social position and in point of political power; therefore let us mind our own business, say nothing against it, ignore it entirely and it will become defunct, die a natural death for want of energy and vitality to live." But the bodies of some of who had spoken thus had not yet mouldered in the tomb till their grandchildren awoke to the fact that all this time Popery had been exerting an influence, had been keeping pace with Protestantism, in some respects at least, had been accumulating a vast amount of wealth directly and indirectly, had been creeping up into social position and had so secured political power that they could exclaim honestly "God Save the King," for he was on their side. All along there had been a "chosen few" remonstrating; there were seven thousand, all the knees of which had not bowed unto Baal. Now that Popery had got into a position where she could afford to appear unmasked, she in effect said in response to the petitions for relief: Our fathers chastised you with whips, but we will chastise you with scorpions. The flagellation process was begun. Murmurs of disappointment were heard on every hand, even by many of her own children. Increased oppression followed the complaints of the cuttings of the terrible lash. The people were forced to make "brick without straw," and every complaint was answered with an addition to the "tale of bricks." A word of sympathy with the oppressed endangered the remaining freedom of the venturesome spokesman. Like the boiling molten lava from the crater of a volcano, creeping slowly out on to the adjoining verdant plain, destroying and encrusting everything in its course, Popery's hot stream from the throne of the kingdom flowed in channels of influence over the thistle, the shamrock, and the rose. On every hand might be read the hieroglyphic record "man wanted." At last amid a wail of despair, almost a universal cry goes up for help; they want a deliverer. These were the times for a man, and God always raises up a special man for special times. Away over in Holland, the cradle of liberty, the land of the free and home of the brave, they heard wafting across the channel the old Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." The sea birds of Holland—the ships of William Prince of Orange—float towards the English coast, while