

1775, and in 1812, the French-Canadians, at the call of their clergy, rose as one man to defend the Crown of England. (Hear, hear.) What interest have the English to induce them to sweep away our religious institutions? In what school or college are youth educated with greater talent or greater success—where do they receive a more thorough classical education—than in our colleges? Where does a young man learn his duty to God, to himself, to his country and to his Sovereign better than in our Catholic colleges? (Cheers.) I passed ten years of my life, Mr. SPEAKER, in a Catholic college, that of Montreal, and if I did not profit by the instruction I received, mine is the fault; in that house, I heard not but the counsels of wisdom, saw only examples of virtue in the venerable priests who were intrusted with the care of my youth. (Cheers.) Where is better instruction in agriculture to be had—agriculture, the source of the prosperity of a country—than in two or three Catholic colleges in Lower Canada? Who has better appreciated the force of the maxim, "The soil is the country," than the Catholic clergy? What are the model farms founded by the Government compared with the model farms of two or three of our colleges? (Hear, hear.) Is it the Catholic clergy themselves who would be endangered by the Confederation? There is not a single right-thinking Englishman in the land who will not stand up and testify to the virtues of our clergy and their usefulness in the country. Wherever there is an asylum to be built, or a house of refuge for the poor, the insane, the aged or the orphan, then and there you see the clergy foremost in the work, first to set the example, and often defraying all the cost! (Hear, hear.) If the Queen of England desires to see a faithful subject, on this side of the Atlantic, She will assuredly find him in the ranks of the clergy. If the country calls for a zealous citizen, animated by the noblest patriotism, the call will first be answered unmistakably by a priest—by one of those men who seek no other reward for their actions than the approbation of their own conscience—by one of those who perfectly comprehend the maxim that "the poetry of life is the fulfilment of duty"—by one of those wise but modest men, as humble as they are pious, who, standing ever constant at the post which Providence has assigned to them, instruct the young, encourage the good, seek to bring

back the sinner into the paths of virtue, obey the laws and teach that obedience to others, pray daily for the happiness and prosperity of "Our Gracious Sovereign" and of the Mother Country, visit the poor in garret and cellar, soothe the sufferings, moral and physical, of the sick and dying, and finally point out the road to heaven—they themselves leading the way! (Prolonged cheers.) What have such men to fear from Confederation? Nothing. No, Mr. SPEAKER, such men have nothing to fear! England loves and reveres our clergy, and sees in them loyal and faithful subjects of the Queen. (Cheers.) Would you see an instance of what the Catholic clergy can do when the country wants a man of courage? All know that the country is in a political dilemma, that the machine of government is at a stand, that the sound of a mighty tempest is heard from afar; that the fate of the country is traced out in feeble and wavering lines in an uncertain future, overshadowed with threatening clouds filling a void of conjecture and doubt; that the moment is come for the true friends of their country—for men of education—to declare their views on the course to be taken to save the country from the danger impending and the perils of actual events. Well, here too we have a member of the Catholic clergy boldly standing forth to give his opinion on the subject, and counsel us in this melancholy crisis. I will read to you an extract of the letter of the Catholic Archbishop CONNELLY of Halifax, on the subject of Confederation:—

Instead of cursing, like the boys in the upturned boat and holding on until we are fairly on the brink of the cataract, we must at once begin to pray and strike out for the shore by all means, before we get too far down on the current. We must, at this most critical moment, invoke the Arbiter of nations for wisdom, and abandoning in time our perilous position, we must strike out boldly, and at some risk, for some rock on the nearest shore—some resting place of greater security. A cavalry raid visit from our Fenian friends through the plains of Canada and the fertile valleys of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, may cost more in a single week than Confederation for the next fifty years; and if we are to believe you, where is the security, even at the present moment, against such a disaster? Without the whole power of the Mother Country by land and sea, and the concentration in a single hand of all the strength of British America, our condition is seen at a glance. Whenever the present difficulties will terminate—and who can