

the wheels of our would-be Imperial Juggernaut; grind and scatter the dust of his excommunicated bodily dust so that it mingles and pollutes the dust of Mother Earth. He is excommunicated from the Presbyterian Holy of Holies; he carries with him our would-be sovereign brand. Away, away with him, among the bestial herds to roam. He has got the rankling, poisonous wound from our Presbyterian paw. This is the spirit of the Presbyterian church to me, the contumacious, the excommunicated. Thanks! Thanks! This is the low-murmuring, subterranean sound of the church courts culminating by calling a Petition an application. What leagued, oppressive cowardice! "A lie is courage to God, cowardice to man." But, again, thanks to Providence, who all along and is now my Monitor!

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, home is the boundary of our empire; God has fenced it in from all the world; it is a realm by itself. It is the most sacred spot to us; nothing so soon kindles a man into a conflagration of wrath or hurls him into such a thunderbolt of indignation as the invasion of his home. Ladies and gentlemen, I can now confidently appeal to you not to allow the Presbyterian church to put ruin's ploughshare over my head and home. You must not allow this, the 19th century of our sweet religion and its glorious civilization, to be ravaged by the Presbyterian wolf's paw of the Milton era; this must and will be crushed if you aid me. Gentlemen, which of you will be to me what Marchenas was to Columbus? Ladies, which of you will be to me what Queen Isabella was to Columbus? I claim your united support, for while I defend my own case I defend yours. Remember a crime that defiles the sacred springs of married domestic confidence is a crime of unspeakable atrocity, and that whosoever does anything to depreciate Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind. Concealment does nothing to lessen the burden of guilt, and I am fighting that sinister conspiracy which wears the forms of religion to destroy human liberty and the prosperity of states. Clericalism is no less dangerous in Canada; in fact, there is no spot on earth where, relatively to the forces arrayed against it, it is so formiable. Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine. She seeks neither