

pedient or inexpedient, its disallowance would establish, beyond room for disputation, provincial autonomy to be a huge farce. It would reveal the stupendous folly, if not crime, of maintaining a local government with all its costly paraphernalia, a gilded toy to amuse adolescent children.

Such is the slim and unstable foundation on which this vast fabric has been raised. It is difficult to restrain admiration for the fertility of imagination capable of creating so much that seems real, tangible, corporeal, out of material so aerial, fantastic, fictitious.

Another count charges the Premier with being the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien and the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, and of aiding and abetting these gentry in a deep-laid plot to hand over this country, body and bones, to the keeping of the Pope. An accusation so grave, and, to many of the lieges, so blood-curdling, should be supported by evidence insusceptible of doubt, by evidence overwhelming in its weight, perspicacity, and directness. But what do we find? Not a shadow, not a tittle, not the pretence of evidence. No, not enough to hang an innocent "Papist" in the days of good Queen Bess. Sir John Thompson was chosen by the late Sir John Macdonald as a member of his Government. Was he, too, in the plot? Was he also the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien? Earl Derby entrusted Sir John Thompson with the formation of the present Government. Is he, too, cognizant of the conspiracy? Is he likewise the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien? Perchance the Jesuits had a finger in the pie,—pulling invisible strings to which danced governors, premiers, and prelates!

Wherever there is smoke, there is said to be fire. But the fire on this occasion is akin to the fox's proverbial fire, when on a frosty morning Reynard bombarded a cairn. The whole romance, the whilom gigantic edifice, has been founded on the epistle of the bishop of Antigonish (Cam-

eron) to his flock, on the appointment of Sir John, then Hon. Mr., Thompson, to the Canadian Cabinet. The constitution enjoins that the responsible advisers of the Crown must be members of either branch of the legislature. As it seemed undesirable to bury a man of Sir John Thompson's abilities in the torpid Senate, he must obtain a seat in the elective or popular branch: *ergo*, some constituency must approve of his acceptance of a portfolio. Here was the dilemma. Had Sir John Thompson continued a Protestant, scores of constituencies would be at his disposal. They would be vying with one another for the honor of being represented by so distinguished a man. It is well-known that, outside of Quebec, there are very few constituencies in the Dominion where a Catholic can be elected under any circumstances. Antigonish is one of these "few and far between." Right Rev. Dr. Cameron, in an epistle to his flock, with the utmost publicity set the matter before them in a plain unvarnished tale. He told them, in so many words, that, owing to blind, irrational bigotry, a Catholic, how high soever his attainments, how great soever his merits as a citizen, is almost as completely excluded from the government and legislature of his country, as if the penal laws were still in full force. He appealed to his people to enter their solemn protest against this worst kind of tyranny. He counselled them to lay aside for once their political differences; and rally around the standard-bearer of the sacred principle of equal rights to all citizens, irrespective of race or creed, clime or color. Dr. Cameron acted within his rights. This is the beginning and end, the alpha and omega, of the spiritual conspiracy hatched to throttle Canada, and hand her over, gagged and manacled, to the tender mercies of the Pope. Let me be not misunderstood. ~~Tha~~ the writer, there is none who would more sternly rebuke, more unflinchingly resist, undue clerical influence in public