

that palladium of our rights and liberties, that argus-eyed and electric power, almost omnipotent and omnipresent as an agent in the hands of God and man to detect crime and reward virtue, is here corrupted to reduce the most important appeal that man can make to God or man—a humble, prayerful Petition made to appear a mere application. I hurl this back to its authors, red with uncommon wrath to blast the power that will dare to pollute the press—the press, the human light of the world. Were the world a ring of gold the press would be its diamond. The press is to earth what the stars are to heaven. The alphabet is the grandest outcome of our God-like creative powers—moulded by a skillful and gorgeous dome of thought and palace of the soul. High o'er the rest the mighty press shines, eternal adamant is its throne. It thunders from the *Times* or the Vatican, and electrifies our civilization. Marshalled into words like "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," "Scots wha hae," the "Marselais" or "John Brown," it is an overwhelming army with banners; it creates martial thunder and the delirium of patriotism; it is the ceramic art of our civilization; it is ancient Sinai thundering in the NOW; or into words again it falls like the dew from heaven from the lips of a fond mother, bending with love over her first-born, when she chants "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber, holy angels guard thy couch," in our dear Canadian homes—sweet, sweet, homes. O, my dear babe, O, if wretched, cowardly, wolfish-minded, monstrous creations in the form of men come to our home and want me to steal my husband's papers, I would take the form and spirit of a virago! Shriek to God and man for help to tear the eyes from the vile body of the human monster who did insult my wife and degrade the holy bonds of marriage! The Session Clerk, Miller, of Knox church, did this to my wife; he did encourage my wife to be recreant to her marriage vows. This work of the church sends a thrill of horror into every heart that can say or has a near prospect of saying, "Hail, wedded bliss!" To this "star chamber picture" add the refusal of my appeal and calling a Petition an application. The church courts dare not deny this, but wink at it, and check the fundamental outflow of my appeal. But I forced it there, and