

but Europeans have to do it. We are now but laying the foundations—and we want to so lay them—we all want to so lay them, French, Irish, English—that they shall be firm and enduring. We want to be able to offer inducements in the shape of excellent institutions to the crowded populations of the old countries. We want to show them that here are fields for their labour, and life freed from the galling prejudices of the old world. We want to make England care for us, and care to hold us, and take an interest in us. And I want to say to politicians and those who make our laws:—"Gentlemen, you cannot secure the real and lasting interests of this country by building upon expedients—or following a merely tentative policy—or fighting for party and office—you must build upon principles; you must seek for the right; else you are not a blessing at all, but a snare and a curse."

I am glad to find that in some things the people are trying to avoid the old world blunders. You would, if you might, accept and exercise the great and true principle of Free Trade. You know well enough, all of you, that Protection is but a miserable expediency, and not a general or lasting good. And if you ask for it, some of you, you only mean to ask for reciprocity, that you may not be quite ruined by the selfish policy of others. But there is another danger, greater and graver than that of Protection, which we should most carefully avoid—that is, a State Church. No difficulty so great has ever presented itself to European statesmen as that of a State Church. It has been the difficulty in France, in Germany, in England. I believe there is not a statesman in either country, who would to-day establish or endow any Church. There is scarcely a statesman who doesn't deplore anything like ecclesiastical rule in civil affairs. Not a leading politician in England would give the Bishops a seat in the House of Lords, or any semblance of temporal power, if the thing had to be done now. But there, it is not so much the establishment as the endowment that gives the trouble. Disestablishment is easy enough, but Disendowment—how will you do that? The principle is not out of reach, for the Irish Church was disestablished; but the magnitude of the work in England presents the difficulty. And that is the danger which lies great and darkling in our way here,—a vast and rapid accumulation of wealth in the shape of property, and that not for the general good, but for the interest of a sect—a dominant Church. For property means power. And I have not sufficient confidence in any ecclesiastical body to give it such power as that. That power—the power of great wealth, the governance of educational institutions—of the conscience of many people—of civil affairs—what does it mean? what will it mean in the hands of Rome? That is the grave question I set before myself and you, and I am going to ask you to deal with it before it becomes too gigantic in its proportions for you to manage. By the pretensions put forward to-day you may reckon what you will have to deal with soon. We had better look our work in the face and begin it now. I am going to plead for civil and religious liberty—for equal rights for all men and all Churches—for complete freedom for faith and worship. That is the only true and safe principle. I can give you illustrations of countries plunged into most horrible anarchy and bloodshed because of the dominance of ecclesiastical over civil power—but I have searched history in vain for a single instance of a nation being overthrown, or even harmed in its interests, by the exercise of the principle of toleration and religious liberty.

You will sympathise with me in putting forth that plea, I am sure. And not you alone, many more. For I am happy to find that a Union has lately been formed here, whose principles, as enunciated, I hereby declare and fully adopt:—"The principle of mutual forbearance and good will which has heretofore guided the inhabitants of this Dominion, has greatly contributed to the general benefit by securing those rights, without which citizenship ceases to be a blessing, and cementing more firmly the bonds of that political union within which all are striving to work out their common destiny."

"The members of the Catholic Union of Canada, while cherishing the religious and national traditions of the respective races to which they belong, ask for themselves nothing which they refuse to their neighbours, and while maintaining their own just and lawful rights, are at the same time willing to respect those of others, and to remove whatever might give a cause or occasion of destroying or endangering the harmony of good feeling which has prevailed in the past, and which they are anxious to restore and perpetuate, and for which they appeal to the support and sympathy of their fellow-citizens of every creed and class, that again it may be their pride that nowhere on the face of the earth is there a fuller measure of civil and religious liberty than in this Dominion of Canada." I accept that manifesto of the Irish Catholic Union in good faith. I endorse every word of it most heartily, and feel sure that if we can only meet each other in that spirit, half our work is done. If it shall prove that I am wrong in my reading of history, in my interpretation of statute, in my estimate of position, I only beg to be met in the spirit of that manifesto. I disclaim any intention of insulting any person, or attacking any man's faith. I am only to deal with this question of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada as a politician—viewing it only in its civil aspects. I do not speak in the interest of any Church. I do not wish to elevate one Church by the depression or repression of another. I do not seek to make proselytes, for I have small regard for them and those who engage in that work. But I speak in the interests of all Churches, of all classes of the people, of all the nation, when I expose a wrong and seek to have it abolished. If I am told that I disturb the peace by making people angry, my answer is short and simple. If they were not consciously guilty of acting unjustly they would not grow angry. The offence lies in the original fault, not in those who seek by legitimate means to remove it. If there is no fault at all, then no one need be afraid of fault-finding. I have most carefully gone through the history of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada to see whether the Roman Catholics, who say we have no grievances, or the Protestants, who say we have many, are right. I will give you the results of my searching.

You must all be more or less familiar with the story of Canada. It is not old; it is not long; but it is wonderful. Just three hundred years ago this magnificent land was but the hunting-ground of the Indian—the wild Huron and the fierce Iroquois—whose origin fades back into remote antiquity. But the discovery of Columbus had turned the eyes of the old world this way. European merchants thought of new fields for adventure and commerce. English puritans thought in this free and virgin soil they might plant the standard of liberty, and be no more vexed with "Star Chamber" impositions, and the faithless tyrant Stuart. In 1534, Jacques Cartier, a brave and skilful

sailor, passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, sailed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, landed at Gaspé, erected a cross surmounted by a fleur-de-lys, thus devoting the land to God and the King of France. He kidnapped two men and took them back, in the name of which of the two proprietors I could not say. And again he came, having dreams of what men had done in Peru. In August, 1535, he sailed up the magnificent river on the festival day of the martyr Lawrence, and named the river after the Saint. But Canada was no second or other Peru, with its thin soil and silver and gold and general poverty; it was a country offering fields for honest toil, and a fair, natural reward for good labour. Cartier cast anchor opposite the village of Stadacona, which is now the town of Quebec, to the no small fright of the Indians. Passing up the river he came on the Huron village of Hochelaga, where the town of Montreal now stands. I can fancy the feelings of this bold pioneer, Jacques Cartier, as he rode up the river. A man from the old world; from busy, beautiful France; dreamy, feverish France; songful, musical France; chivalrous France; a man passing from that up the river St. Lawrence. He had seen the Seine that flows through Paris, and the German Rhine, and the English Thames it may be; but he had never seen a river before. On its broad bosom floated and sported vast flocks of water-fowl. On the shores stood great primeval forests, flashing in the glory of strangest autumnal tints, and vocal with the notes of the whip-poor-will and other birds of varied tone and plumage. Here and there rose up thin pillars of smoke from the low rough huts of the Indian; and here and there gleamed the ripe corn-fields which had sprung up from Indian industry. Sun-down showed a glory strange to Eastern eyes; hills of gold piled up in the sky, from which streamed out great rivers of beautiful shining, red, and purple, and colours that cannot be told; bands of gold lying along the hill side; and the far-stretching forests tipped with golden hues and bathed with beauty down to the sod. No gold hid away in the bed of the river, or under the grass of the field—under that grass only good, honest life, waiting to heave up to the light as bread for the eater. But in the sky, on the trees, on the hill top, in the valley, gold; golden light; gold that may be possessed and enjoyed, but cannot be minted for barter. And the calm, solemn night fell down—light in a different form; and the stars shone out in a glory exceeding all thought—shone out and trembled in the blue deeps of heaven, as if swaying in the breath of their Maker. No wonder the man was impressed—profoundly impressed, for there came upon him a sense of greatness and God.

Four years later came Roberval, not adding much that was new or profitable. Then the fur trade began, and in 1603 came Champlain to survey the country; and De Mont, sent to establish the Roman Catholic religion, who founded a settlement on the coast of the Bay of Fundy, and called it Port Royal, after the famous French monastery of that name I imagine. But the work of colonization was slow and uncertain. The trade was not great, and there arose disputes among the traders. But France was a religious nation, and the king, while giving a charter to a company to carry on commerce, made provision for the teaching of the faith. New France must know something of the religion of old France. So the Jesuits of France were applied to that missions might be established. The great Prince of Condé caused a small fleet to be equipped and sent out with settlers from Rouen and St. Malo. With them came four fathers of the Recollet Order, with intent to convert the Indians. In 1625 five Jesuits and one more of the Recollet Order landed in Quebec. The Jesuits were looked upon coldly, and must have returned but for the kind Recollets. They soon got a footing, however, those Jesuits, and as is the way of them, took the first thought for themselves. They got a track of land granted them at the confluence of the Lairet and the St. Charles—cleared it with their own hands, got money sent out from France—got money and land of settlers—began by amassing wealth as the surest way to power. The Recollets worked in like manner, but with less zeal and less success. The story of the early French missionaries is a great one, a tale of heroism. They were heroes, those early Jesuits. I think some of them were saints. It is true that some of them did sink the missionary in the adventurer, borne along, as it seems, by the novelties of a new land and savage tribes. But many of them by their endurance and daring, their sublime perseverance, their disdain of death—choosing to remain on the battlefield to minister to the dying and dead, rather than seek safety in flight—marked them as men of no mean and cowardly souls.

By ALFRED J. BRAY.

(To be continued.)

When representatives have been chosen, Christians should see to it that they act honestly; and when any attempt is made such as that infamous one at Washington, to enrich a silver company by stealing eight cents from every dollar owed by the United States, they should brand it as it deserves. When I think that a majority of the Lower House of Congress passed that bill of infamy, I cannot help looking upon this country as a good mission-field; and I wish some foreign country would send good men here and teach us honesty.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor (Presbyterian), New York.*

Not by mutual conflict, but by mutual help and sympathy is prosperity to come. O capitalist! defraud not, neither oppress, but render to every man that which is just and equal. O workman! be steady and industrious and saving. Keep clear of vice, for vice impoverishes. What railroad or factory corporation crushes manhood out of you like the dram-shop?... Let us not despair of the republic. For a hundred years the nation has been brought in safety through the trials of war, and of peace and prosperity. There are perils, not from without our borders, but from within; and we must guard against them. The only foes which need to fear are those of our own household.—*Rev. J. L. Boswell, in Methodist.*

"He gave some to be apostles, some prophets, some teachers"; and now comes a man endowed with a new gift,—the gift of persuading religious societies to pay off their big debts! Mr. Edward F. Kimball, once a Sunday-school teacher of Mr. Moody, has been anointed for this new function, and has already shown the faith that can remove mountains. Wanted next—and pretty soon,—one mightier than Kimball, who shall dissuade churches from getting into debt, and introduce the fashion of paying as we go, all round. But isn't it funny for people to send for a man to come and persuade them to meet their engagements?

There is a Christ—not a slain, defeated Christ, but a living Christ—advancing, ever coming, and ordained to truth and triumph "from the foundation of the world." And there entering redemption, and dispensing emancipation everywhere, rising in strength and freedom in the earth, no bolt on her lip, but in the freedom of God's servant, scattering truth and life and hope and right hand.—*Rev. J. L. Dudley, Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, Boston.*

The London correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser* is not surprised that the English ritualists are furious against Canon Farrar for his sermon against endless punishment; but he is surprised that men like Canon Farrar can conscientiously remain in a church, accepting her emoluments, but rejecting and attacking her creed.