

see. Twenty five years ago I was tied to the feet of the Pope, and could see only with the eyes of the Pope. There was not a day in the course of my Priesthood, as there is not a day in the life of any Priest, in which there is not a battle between intelligence and the decrees of the Pope. Then I could not understand anything but through the Pope. Anything the Pope said was true; and then instead of seeing with my own eyes, I was bound to see with the eyes of the Pope. The Pope's word was my law; but there was a struggle going on in my mind between the authority of the Pope and my conscience; and the battle ended by the great mercy of God, in my throwing off the authority of the Pope, and receiving the light. The light of the Gospel has made me a free man. And now I feel very anxious for the salvation of my poor Roman Catholic friends. They should have received the light long ago if you had taken more pains to give them the truth; but here they stand around you, blind! and what are you doing to save them, where are the sacrifices you have made in their behalf, where are the reports of your conquests over Rome? I see them not. Christ brought you, Protestants, to this continent, not that you might enrich yourself, but because you have the light. You have the bread of life and the water of life, and Christ wants you to give the bread and the waters of life to my countrymen. Remember the story of the rich man in the Gospel who was sent to hell; all that Christ says about him is that he was rich and had a fine house, and at his door stood a poor man who had nothing to cover his nakedness, who was starving. Protestants of Canada, you are that rich man, and my Roman Catholic friends are at your door starving for this bread of life, and what have you done? nothing.

When I was a Priest of the Church of Rome, one thing which persuaded me that you were not sincere was your want of zeal, for if you were sure that Roman Catholics were lost, would not you come to their rescue? instead of going to the Roman Catholics with a kind respect for, and a half approval of, their idolatry, go and tell them that the Priest who cannot make a grasshopper cannot make a god.

There are many honest men and many respectable ladies who are disgusted with the confessional and the offices of the Priests. These ladies don't want to go to an unmarried Priest and answer such abominable questions as are not fit to be put to a virtuous woman. They are anxious to come out from this disgusting sink of impurity, but they are kept back by a great wall made with your iniquities. They see the drunkenness of many, and your other sins, and your indifference and insincerity about their souls. They see that too many are no more christians than their dogs: that too many are merely so in name and by the accident of their birth: for they love the world and themselves better than they love Christ, or the souls of my dear blinded Roman Catholic friends. If all of you Protestants would give your hearts to Christ to-day, and sincerely say to him, "Come down and dwell in my heart," to-morrow there would be such a bright light in Toronto that