

and every child goes ; then each grown person ; till the last man leaves the last horse ; and he is finally overtaken and the work of destruction is completed. Shall I say it ? This gay get up, with its joyous, happy throng, is—"The Sledge of State," I hear some one say. No, not in the mere political sense, but in the broader sense, which takes in everything connected with our country—social, civil, religious, educational and commercial institutions. The hungry wolves represent pure, unadulterated Popery. Has not its history ever been that never-ceasing cry, "give ! give !" As to the various responses to that cry I simply appeal to your knowledge of the "behind the scenes" history of this country, Dominion and Provincial ; not merely political, though occupying a very prominent position, but as intimated in all the departments of our national life. But nothing will satisfy Popery but the complete subjugation of everything and every country to its sway. It is unnecessary for me to go into details ; I simply appeal to your own observations relative to the current events in the world's history. Are we not forced to acknowledge that we see many bleaching bones throughout the world marking the spots where sacrifices were offered to this fell destroyer. We are opening our gates, and the surplus populations of the old world countries are flowing in. Many are standing on tip toe on their native shores and peering across the Atlantic and the Baltic with wistful and longing eyes. They see a land blessed with natural advantages and political advantages, all things considered, perhaps not equalled by those of any other country ; a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the cornucopia ; a land over which peace stretches forth her white wings, and where content and plenty resides in every home. They look across moorland and mountain, across river and sea, and discover in their season, golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent, they see her commerce being developed, by the traffic of nations across our own great highway, the Canadian Pacific Railway ; her steam ships plowing the Atlantic, and very soon correspondingly so the Pacific ; her heavy forests of timber under which our land is groaning, these vast riches which cover the face of the soil manufactured into practical and artistic, curious and useful articles ; minerals which lie hidden in her rock ribbed mountains, and beneath her broad bosom are being developed and gathered by the skill and enterprise of her sons, and the foreign hands she has invited to 'come over and help us' ; her timber is being worked into ships and barges to transport the productions of the soil from which the timber has been cleared. The men and capital of older lands find the best province for their use, here, and then the best markets for their productions are in turn, sometimes, found abroad. It does not require that we be prophets or the sons of prophets to look with eye of seers and desery, at no very distant day, this highly favored land amongst the most desirable on earth ; a land in which the important plank in her political platform will be the highest kind of liberty ; liberty, which, alas ! is too frequently a mere fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets, the dreams of the philosophers, and the hopes of the statesmen. May we see her in this country as a real divinity, her altars rising on every hand, and her glories chanted by the increasing millions that desire to worship at her shrine. Let us hope to see it. But let the principles of Popery have sway in this country, and I believe they will retard its growth, destroy its harmony, impair its character, render its institutions unstable, pervert the public mind, and deprave the public morals. While we stretch our hands out towards the people of the old world, and bid them welcome, perhaps we are not so willing to shake hands with those who come across the Pacific, we