

Church throughout Christendom was declared to be in danger. The eyes of the spoliator were said to be upon it. Mazzini, Gavazzi and kindred spirits stalked abroad. All these things made the moment opportune—a fortuitous combination of circumstances for the success of the plot. The advanced liberals of Lower Canada were stigmatized as socialists, revolutionists and the enemies of God and man. Their youthful ardour was construed into treason, their juvenile declamations into harbingers of anarchy. The blood of 89 and the memories of 93 were invoked. The unsuspecting bishops, in their innocence of political knavery, became alarmed, and were inveigled into the trap so ingeniously set for them. They were made believe that if the Liberal party succeeded to power their first acts would be the spoliation of their religious institutions after the continental fashion; and that the only way to prevent that dire calamity was to throw their whole support and influence to them and their new-found allies from Upper Canada. Impressed with the seeming danger the hierarchy of Lower Canada appealed to those of their brethren and fellow-countrymen of Upper Canada to make common cause with them against the common enemy of the Church, and to rally the “faithful Irish”—her trusty defenders—under their banner. Thus were we led captive at the chariot wheels of Sir George Cartier, thus were we wheedled by the false cry of the “Church in danger” into the support of our hereditary and implacable foe. The subsequent agitation of the school question still further served to alienate us from our natural allies and true friends. The “Church in danger” cry is now having a second resurrection, and the effrontery of the resurrectionists eclipses Lord Bacon’s ideas of lies and boldness. Whatever plausibility might formerly be given to such cries, Confederation has placed that jurisdiction entirely and exclusively in the hands of Lower Canadians themselves, and no danger can ever reach their religious institutions except it be through the recreancy of Lower Canadians themselves.

POLITICAL INGRATITUDE.

Reader, have you ever pondered on our conduct? have you ever reflected on our ingratitude? We turned our backs on our principles, we abandoned without cause those, side by side with whom we fought and struggled for civil and religious liberty, and conquered; and when in possession of the citadel, we turned round and handed the key to the enemy. Never was treachery baser, and now, forsooth, we turn up our lips because some of the people whom we thus betrayed show some symptoms of distrust. I have often heard brainless prattlers exclaim with affected indignation: “*Grits* are too bigoted to support any Irish Catholic.” Admitting for argument’s sake their correctness, which I entirely