

who utters these words, "Take the triple crown, and know that thou art King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and the vicegerent of our Lord Jesus Christ on earth." The Pope claims to be king of nations. His kingdom, he claims, embraces all countries, not only ecclesiastically, but politically. His ecclesiastical rank is represented by the keys of St. Peter; but the round, high cap or mitre was first encompassed with a crown by John XIII., a second crown was added by Boniface VIII., and a third crown was added by Benedict XIII., and this triple coronet is the badge of the Pope's civil dignity as a Temporal Prince. Are you willing that Popery should make good its claim on the virgin soil of our young Dominion? I am glad to think that your prompt and vigorously expressed "no, no," is representative of the responses that is being given from time to time by the vast majority of Canadians. Think of Italy, and Austria, and Spain, and France, and other countries that said "Yes." From the time that they accepted the position, they have felt that Popery has been a barnacle incrustation to the ship of state, so much so that Italy, the land of the "family residence," the "prison" of the Pope, has been forced to arise, shake herself, and struggle to cast the incubus from her. The "No Surrender" of the "Boys of Derry" was the revolutionary response of loyal Britons to Popery's claims on her dominions. And where is Britain to-day? At the head of empires. Had she said "yes!" like some others with them, to-day she might and probably would have been, a mere serf amid the nations of the earth. Popery is a great political institution rather than religious. Through the smoke of the late Dominion and Provincial battles we get a glimpse of the victorious, the dying and the dead. The noise of the contest is subsiding; the wail of the wounded has ceased, and through our pure, clear Canadian air may avert a plague from the terrible stench of disappointed ambition, yet through all, can we deny that we have not seen at least, the "Footprints of Popery!" See yonder Russian sledge on the snow-clad plains, drawn by the noble, fleet-footed steeds, amid jingling bells, crispy snow and laugh and song of a merry company of friends wrapped in furs who occupy the vehicle. But what is that cry that sounds faintly, but mournfully, from the far depths of the forest? It is the howl of the hungry wolf. His ear has caught the sound of the joyous crowd; his keen muzzle has scented them. And now it comes nearer; the baying is doubled, multiplied a hundred fold. Look, they come! They gain ground every minute. Nearer and more near, with yell, and snap, and snarl come the pack, full many a hundred strong. What is to be done? Halt a moment; the worst horse is unhitched as a sacrifice to the destroyers. A few shots are fired, which only wound an occasional wolf, and on go the steeds. Strange to say the occupants are disagreeing as to who can manage the steeds best under the circumstances. The drivers are changed from time to time. Now they come again; see their red, lolling tongues, their foam-flecked mouths, and their green, fierce eyes glancing in the moonlight. Swiftly speeds the terrified horses, but not so swiftly as to prevent the foremost fiend from jumping half-way into the sledge, but he falls dead from the thrusts of the hunting knives of the occupants. One more cunning than the rest has out-flanked the steeds. He seizes on one and impedes his progress; the poor horse rears, then falls; he is unhitched amid confusion, and on they go again, gaining time while the whole pack greedily swallow all. But as often, the wolves resume the pursuit and hungry howl. Another and another horse is sacrificed til there is but one left, and the sledge drags heavily. Horrible to relate! they must now commence with the children. One by one each