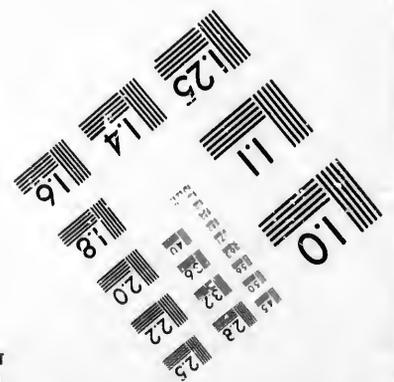
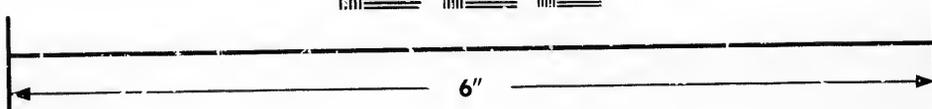
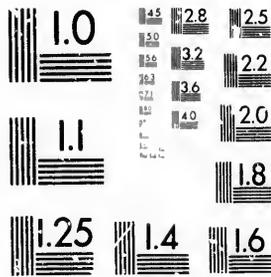


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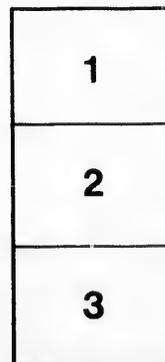
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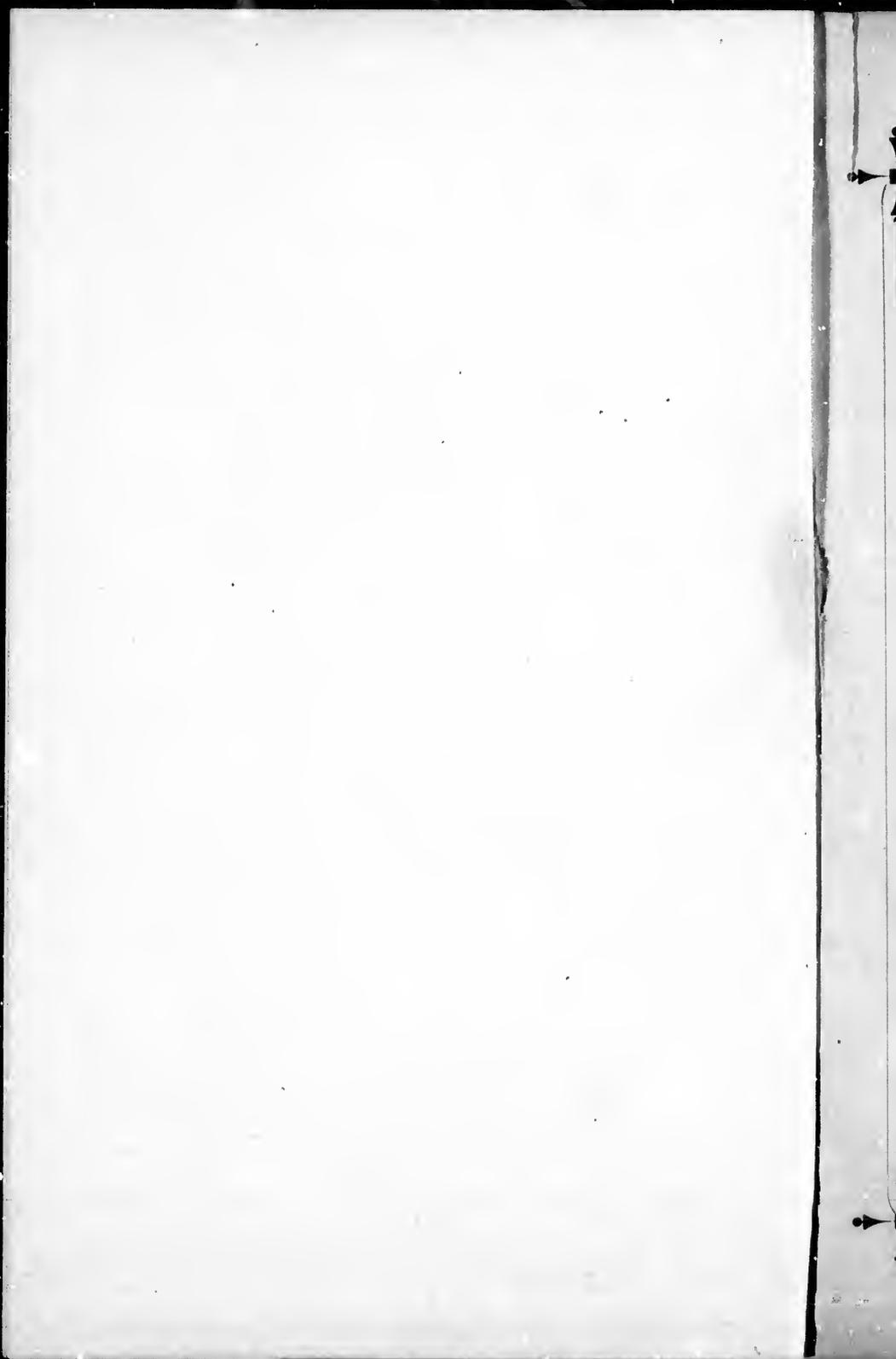
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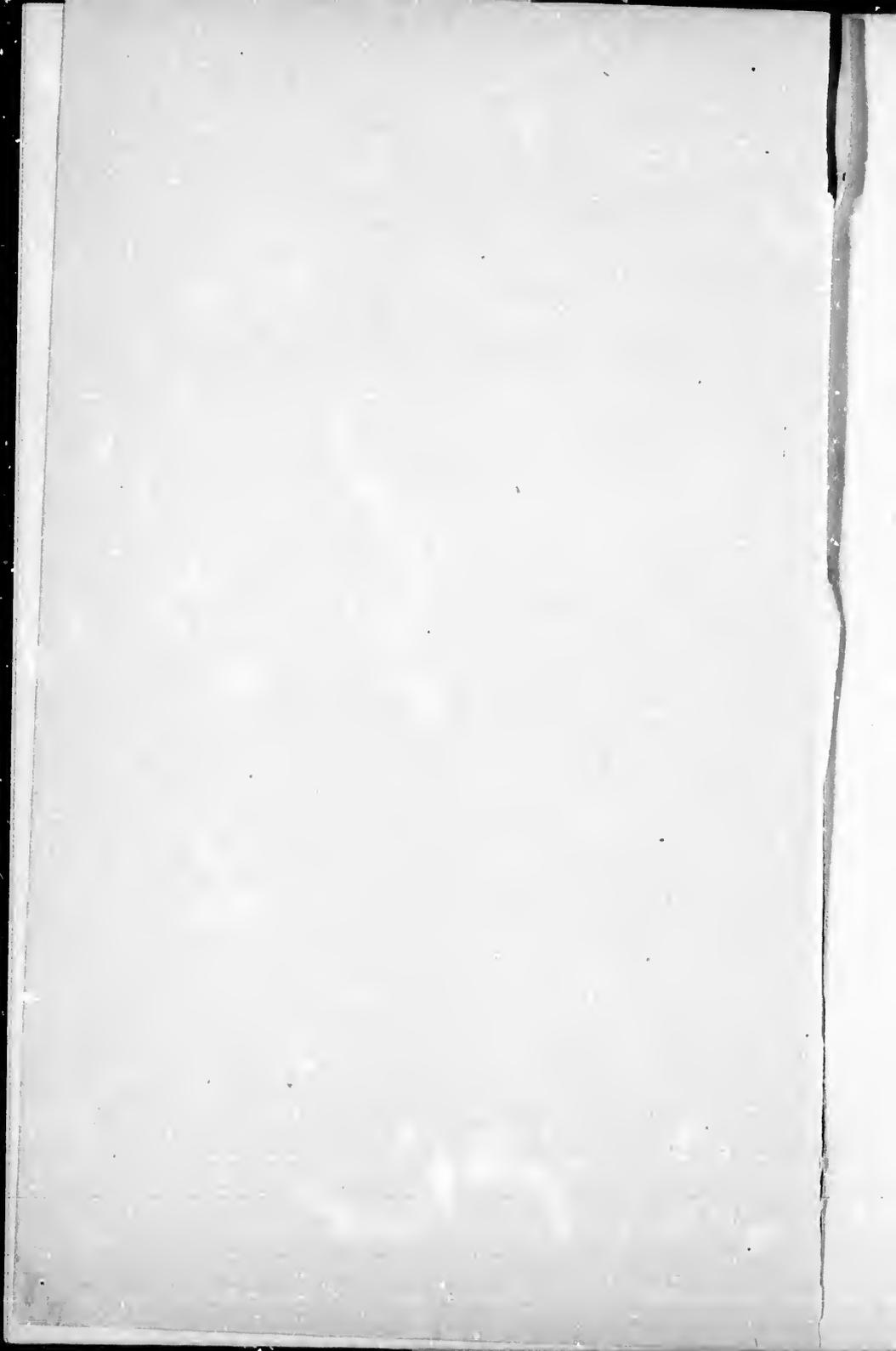
SIR FRANCIS HINCKS,

BY

J. A. ALLAN,
KINGSTON.

Reprinted from the October Number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

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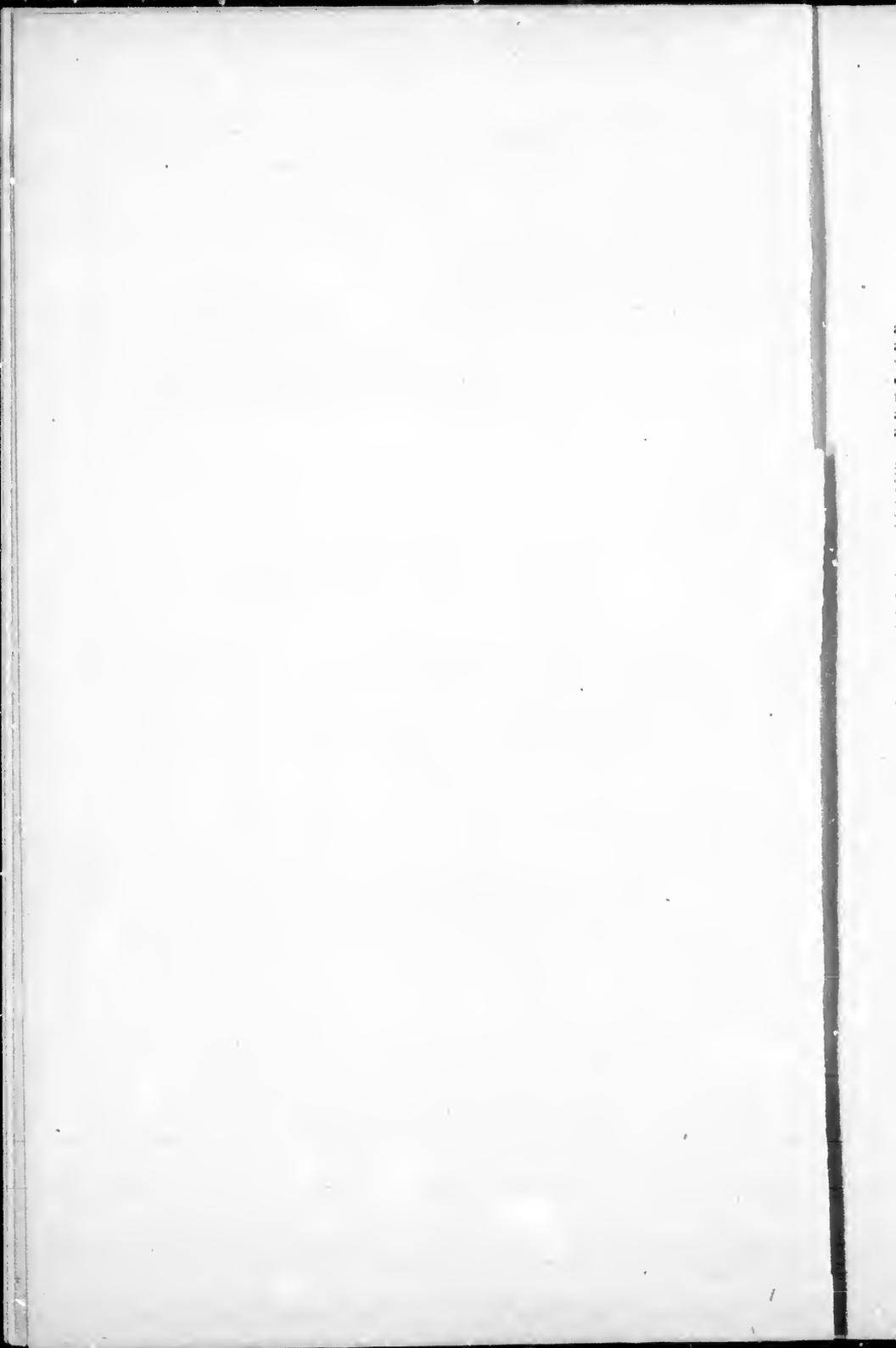
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PREFACE.

THE argument in the following pages is not directed against Catholics, but against Catholicism. This may be regarded by some as a distinction without a difference. But it is not so. My plea is for civil and religious liberty the world over. I argue neither for nor against any particular form of religious dogma, but only for the right of every man to think, and to express his honest thought; and against the employment of force or compulsion of any kind, with a view to the dominance of any particular creed, other than that of argument addressed to the understanding and the conscience.

To this, my statement of civil and religious liberty, Catholicism, as a theology, is distinctly and definitely opposed. But there are hosts of Catholic people, both here and elsewhere, throughout Christendom, who are not so opposed, but who have struggled, and are at this moment struggling earnestly, for the establishment of the principle I here advocate.

In Germany, in catholic Belgium, and Spain, and France, and Italy, yea, in Rome itself—the very cradle and centre of Catholicism—the inborn, the inextinguishable sense of justice of mankind rebels against the doctrine that men ought to be *forced* to adopt any particular faith; and this too, in spite of the counsels and thunders of the Vatican, backed by the voices of its armies of priests, and by a press devoted to its interests.

And here I wish it to be understood, that whatever may have been my adhesion to any particular party in the commonwealth, and whatever may be my sympathy with particular views and individual men, I am in a nearer and more especial sense the friend of every man—Protestant or Catholic, Tory or Liberal, Conservative or Reformer—who keeps steadily in view the great paramount principle of civil and religious liberty; beside which every other question, important or less important, fades into insignificance, and all party shibboleths seem light as air. In perfect liberty only can there be perfect peace—each in the enjoyment of his own rights, and each respecting equally the rights of every other man. But till this doctrine, so simple to the unbiassed judgment, gets rooted as a conviction in the general mind, no sure peace can be.

It is, indeed, true, as that Catholic nobleman, Lord Acton, shows,* that such is the *inconsistency or in consequence* of the human mind, that there is always a wide difference between the theory men dare avow and the deeds they dare not practise; or, to use his own words, 'some exaggeration in the idea men form of the agreement in thought and deed which authority *can* accomplish.' Still, as so much *has* been accomplished in the past, we prefer not to depend for our safety on the *in consequence* of the human mind, which might fail us at an awkward moment; but to look rather to the general prevalence of a wholesome public opinion, and to the *consistency* of a mind, which, knowing something of the laws which govern mind, believes and openly avows, that all persecution for opinion-sake is unchristian, irrational, and inhuman. Inconsistency seems such a poor staff for men to lean on for their lives, yet is it the best that Lord Acton has to offer. How easy for the Pope to decree us a higher assurance, if only he would! If not, we have these still to look to—the poor human in consequence that half-way halts between thought and action, and our own resolve to take and enjoy what of right is ours, whether conceded to us or not.

J. A. A.

* See note, page 9.

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ORANGISM, CATHOLICISM,

AND

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

In past uncivilized times Protestants persecuted Catholics, and Catholics Protestants, and we and they had equally our penal laws. But now, wherever the English language is spoken, Protestants have proclaimed all persecution for religion's sake as, in practice and principle, immoral and irreligious. To force a man to profess what he does not believe, we regard as grotesque and horrible. This is of the very essence of our mode of thinking—*an integral portion of our Protestant faith and of our Protestant selvis*. Whatever differences among us may exist, there is no difference here. To this we have grown irreversibly under the tuition of a common Protestantism.

But can the same be said of Catholicism? Has this, too, been rising out of the slough of the past? Has the teaching of the Ages impressed the same lesson on the Church of Rome? Now, that that lesson has never been learned *there*, is what fills the minds of Protestants with a feeling of insecurity; and this feeling the late decree vesting infallibility in one man, the making absolute submission to the will of the Pope the duty of all Catholics, and the news of a new 'Universal Catholic League,' having for its end the annihilation of all individualism and of the free play of the human faculties, have tended largely to augment.

Is the Protestant mind alarming itself needlessly? When, in Spain, an archbishop commands the people to vote for no one who tolerates the heretical doctrine of liberty of speech or liberty of worship, and this (he says) because the Pope commands it; and when he and his subordinates try to gag the press and so strangle in its cradle this Hercules of our liberties, what are we to infer? And then compare the magnificent men of that magnificent country, now plunged in half-anarchy and whole ignorance, with the same country under its Moorish rulers, holding up the beacon-lights of learning and science to a dark and distracted age.

Is it not a strange phenomenon, which the results of Christian teaching have brought into such relief on the very foreground of our human history, that a religion based on the paramount claims of conscience and the purity of the affections, and of which it is a fundamental principle, that, whatever other gifts we may possess, 'without charity we are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,' should, through the perversity and dogmatism of

the human mind,* be so transmuted, that men have hated one another with the hatred almost of fiends, and persecuted to the death, with fearful tortures, their fellow-men, under the horrible delusion that they were honouring God by destroying His creatures? †

And this seems especially strange when it is considered that the Founder of their Faith had not only rebuked all persecution, but had laid down *the broadest principles of universal toleration*; for, when appealed to on this subject by His disciples, He replied, let the tares and the wheat grow up *together* in the world *until* the harvest at the end of it, then will God see that the bad be separated from amongst the good (Matth. xiii, 24-30).

It is singular, too, that that which is not formally and precisely defined—the dogmatic creed—should have usurped the place of that which is of essential and primary importance—the character of the individual; and that instead of man's destiny being made to depend on his obedience to the behests of his conscience according to the best lights he can attain to, he is believed to be a subject for punishment however fearful, because of not believing some dogma, which, owing to the native build of his mind, or the fashioning conditions of his life, or to both, it is morally impossible that he ever can believe. And yet men have persecuted one another for not being able to scale this wall of iron impossibility. They might just as well persecute them for not being able to climb to the moon.

One would think that a man might be saved, who, trying to believe aright, strove conscientiously to do his duty to God and man, whether he held to transubstantiation or believed it an absurdity; or that the earth rolls on its axis and not the sun round it: for what have these outside questions of the intellect to do with the ethics of the heart, or the goodness of the life, or the spirituality of the man? But, then, the ecclesiastic mind is something wonderful.

But it is said 'let him hear the Church.' He may be gentle, generous, true, and noble in all the relations of life; *but* this one fatal flaw of not believing the infallibility of one man in Rome—for it really amounts to this—spoils all, and he, for this, becomes an outcast from heaven. And yet we read in these sacred writings, that 'pure *religion*, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' And, really, this looks not so ill beside the decrees of Trent—anathemas and all! But then religion and theology stand very wide apart.

But the whole thing looks so grotesque and unreasonable, that prior to its adoption into the creed of any sane man, the foundation for such a belief ought to be subjected to the most searching criticism. We proceed, then, to examine the whole passage, text and context. If, says Christ, (Matth. xviii, 15)—'if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone; and if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, take with thee one

* The Latin proverb—'*Deorum offensa Diis cura*,' Offences against the gods are the gods' affair, which may thus be paraphrased: Crimes against man are man's concern; the gods are competent to guard the rights of gods—is worth attending to. If this short proverb had been duly weighed; if the command of Christ, to suffer the tares and the wheat to grow together until the end of the world, had been obeyed; what oceans of blood, what crimes, and murders, and miseries, and madneses would have been spared the world. This would, indeed, have been a gospel of peace; but what has 'Infallibility' done for us, but set the world by the ears, embittering existence and poisoning humanity at its source.

† The reader—and every one ought to be a reader here—will find some very able and striking remarks on this aspect of our subject, in an article on 'The Ethics of Vivisection, in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY.

or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he neglect to hear them, tell it to the Church (*ecclesia*, assembly); but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.'

Now remark that the case put by Christ is not one of *faith* at all—not one of orthodoxy or heterodoxy—but simply of *wrong done* by one member of the Church in any particular locality to another member of the same. If he neglect to hear you privately, or the brethren you take with you, or the church; if he *ignore or spurn* all advice tendered from every quarter; he must be content to be henceforth to you no more than any other outsider; and all this being premised, God ratifies your decree of exclusion against him, till at least he repents (v. 21, 22, &c.). Of course, the church means the assembly of believers *in that place*; for that *every private misunderstanding between man and man* should be carried to Rome could scarcely have been contemplated. But what has all this to do with the Council of Trent and its whole lumber of obsolete, unbelievable dogmas, or with the Vatican Council, or with the Pope's infallibility? *And what a monstrous superstructure to build on so slight a base—nay, on a positive misconception of the whole passage!* Did the world ever behold the like of it?

But 'thou art Peter': what do you make of that? I certainly do *not* make of it, that Peter is Pope Pius the IX. But to proceed: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell (Hades) shall not prevail against it.'

Now the argument takes this shape: the word Peter (*Petros*) means a rock, and on this rock (*Petra*) Christ built his church. But Peter (*Petros*) does *not* mean a rock, but only a rock-fragment. The Greek word for *rock*, i. e., the underlying rock on which a building would be raised, is quite a different word—*Petra*. Now in this, the true sense of the word, Paul tells us that '*other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus*' (1 Cor. iii, 11). If this be admitted, then not Peter but Christ is the foundation rock, the *Petra*, on which the church is built. But there is a sense in which Peter and the other Apostles might be said to be the foundation of the building, to wit, if it, the building, commenced with them as its first or foundation stones, each of them a *petros*. But what, in the name of common sense, has 'thou art Peter' to do with an old gentleman in Rome 1800 years after. Peter had just said, 'thou art the Christ, the son of the living God.' Whereupon Christ says, 'thou art Peter (*Petros*), and upon *this rock* (*Petra*) will I build my church.' I am the Christ, and upon this rock, this basis of thy confession, or myself, I will build my church. It was a mode of speaking, characteristically Christ's own. When (John ii.) he drove the Jews out of the temple, and they demanded a miracle in proof of his assumed authority, he said, '*destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.*' Then said the Jews, 'forty and six years was *this temple* in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days.' But though he does not seem to have vouchsafed them the slightest intimation of the temple that was in his thoughts, his disciples inform us that he was all the while talking of *the temple of his body*.

But in whatever way the similarity of sound and the affinity of sense of these two cognate words may strike, at first sight, the casual reader of this passage, the far more obvious literality of interpretation involved apparently in the words '*this temple*' (in or close to which they were then standing), ought to lead to extreme caution in giving to an obscure passage an interpretation which enfolds such fearful consequences; just as their interpretation of 'the sun stood still,' &c., once led the Roman Church to

infer that the earth was the centre of the universe, as poor Galileo found to his cost, and that our present system of astronomy was a fearful heresy.

In this connection, it is curious to notice that when Pope Gregory VII. stripped Henry of his Crown and conferred it on Rodolph, he employed this hexameter—'Petra dedit Petro, Petros diadema Rodolpho' i.e., the Rock gave the crown to Peter, Peter to Rodolph; so that I have infallibility with me in my interpretation. But if it be still insisted that the church is built on Peter, what can that have to do with Protestantism or Popery? Nothing, absolutely nothing. But He does not say that he will build His church on Peter, but changes the word *petros* (a masculine noun) to *petra* (a feminine noun), a word of an altogether different meaning; *petra* being the word a Greek would employ in speaking of the underlying Silurian rock-stratum of this part of Canada, as we say the Silurian *rock*. We build *with* a Petros *on* a Petra. But only look at the absurdity of the thing. Christ built His church on Peter; ergo, an old man in Rome—and, oh, how chosen!—long centuries after, has the sole power to declare what every man in the world shall think and how he shall act. But, adds Christ, whatever be the sufferings of the church in *this* world, whatever its fate or vicissitudes in time, 'the gates of Hades,'—the place of the dead—shall not avail to hold them in, for my people shall rise again in immortality, having burst the barriers of death and hell. 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against them.'

But he is Peter's *successor*! Of that you know as little as I do, and that is *simply nothing at all*. But what if he be? How does that alter the case? Did Christ say likewise that the church is built on the *successors* of Peter? If so, then I say, God help them! What! Built on Nicholas III, on Boniface VIII, or Alexander VI, with his sweet Cardinal son Cæsar Borgia, or on two popes excommunicating one another, or on three! Surely, in so stupendously important a matter we ought not to be left *without the clearest and minutest information*. But we read nothing about it—nothing of a stationary infallible tribunal in Rome for shutting down the valves of thought, and gagging the Galileos of science for venturing to affirm what every man *to-day*, from the Pope to his postilion, equally believes, as one of the solidest, most unassailable facts of the world. And what is *the use* of an infallibility, which the more it dogmatises, the more certainly it goes wrong? Surely by this time they ought to give it up as a most unfortunate business.

But Popes have been so confessedly fallible in so many instances, that ecclesiastics have had to invent for them an *ex cathedra* way—or new church patent—for getting over *that*. Still now arises a new question, as to what *is* *ex cathedra* and what is *not*, some affirming, some denying, so that they will have to call another general council to determine that. But, perhaps, they will not, since it is a handy kind of doctrine; for when one prefers any particular notion, he can affirm the *ex cathedra*; and if he find it inconvenient, he may take the other side. So that, as Dean Swift once wittily said, they might as well be without infallibility as not know where to find it when they want it. But then Dean Swift was a blockhead, for this kind of moral see-sawing just answers to a nicety the views of the ecclesiastics. Still—and here is the peril—an occasion might arise to quicken men into *unanimity*, and then, ah then But I must hasten to another arm of my subject.

Now the Pope and Sir Francis Hincks have no strong liking for Orangemen. The Pope is opposed to all secret societies, and therefore institutes the greatest the world has ever known—this new 'UNIVERSAL CATHOLIC LEAGUE,' which is to 'absorb all existing associations, such as Catholic

Clubs, Militia of Jesus Christ, and the like', with its 'centre in Rome,' and its fingers in every man's affairs.* And yet, in presence of this vivid, gigantic, all-ramifying secret society, how pales and dwarfs this little association of Orangemen.

To give some idea of the objects of the League, and of the scheme of its organization, I shall present the reader with some extracts from the London *Daily News*:

1. The centre of the League shall be at Rome.
2. The general presidency of the League shall reside in the Vatican, and, with it, the personnel of a general sectorial board.
5. The office of a general presidency shall have seven directions, each with a head division, and with secretaries.

Division first—Union of Catholic jurists; second, Catholic workingmen's societies; third, central committees; fourth, Catholic regions; fifth, diocesan functionaries; sixth, general depot; seventh, academic committee for the union of the learned in the scientific efforts of Catholicism.

The League shall have for its objects:

1. The defence of right and freedom in face of the laws restricting the church and the Pope. The restoration of the temporal power, of which the Pope has been despoiled in violation of the rights of the Holy See and Christianity—a restoration to be effected in the sight of justice, human and divine.
2. To expound and demonstrate the dangers of liberty falsely so-called.
3. To combat individualism.
6. To countermine the press.
9. To re-unite all the forces of civilized society, its intelligence and its material resources, for the benefit of the holy cause.
10. To institute a central press for the reception and distribution of communications to all Catholic journalism.
11. To institute popular schools for technical instruction; to institute Catholic libraries, banks for the immediate advance of money, mixed clubs of the noblesse and bourgeoisie, directing clubs for the active agents of the League, workmen's aid societies.
13. To effect the coalition of the noblesse and the clergy in the grand struggle for the freedom and ultimate empire of the church; to consolidate the union of the clergy with the bishops, and of the bishops with the pope, 'All for One and One for All.'
14. Pecuniary largess and formation of the bonds of fellowship between the several cities, communes, boroughs, and persons, for the maintenance of the directing missionary priests, and for promoting harmony of the means of action.
15. Establishment of telegraphic bureaus in the great centres in correspondence with the central one at the Vatican, for the concurrence of all the Catholic forces in union.

The real objects, however, may be reduced to the one of Article 3—'to combat individualism.' Yes, *that* it is against which has been directed from the infancy of the world, the enginery of all the despots, political and religious, the world has ever seen—to grind down, in their mill, THE MAN; to fuse him into the mass; not indeed to destroy his thinking powers, but to index the direction they are to take, the groove they are to run in; to comb him down and sleekly discipline him to the service of ecclesiasticism; to rob him of the brain that nature has given him, and to give him one clipped and pared to the pleasure of the Pope; and by stinting and stunting to reduce the stalwart limbs, and so force some grand Copernicus into the breeches of a dwarf. And poor Galileo! This man, of a free, bold intellect, had embraced the doctrine of a central sun and a rotatory world. This was *then* a frightful heresy. Summoned to Rome, and the terrors of the Inquisition brought to bear on him—and he knew well what they meant—the poor, terrified soul of him, humbled and broken, uttered this shameful lie: 'With a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, *I abjure, curse, and detest* the said errors and heresies.' Had he not learned with a vengeance what 'combating individualism' meant? And is it to be

* Were this League to be dissolved to-morrow, or to be non-existent, my reasoning would not be thereby invalidated.

wondered at if we Protestants have some repugnance to this system of de-individualization?

Article 13 simply means that, in this crusade against the liberties of mankind, 'the noblesse and the clergy,' the Aristocrats and the Ecclesiastics the world over, are to unite their forces—a new nineteenth-century oligarchy of the two great castes of the world to bend their efforts to achieve for the new age what they had effected so *happily* for the old; to issue, as it did before, in the darkness of a night of centuries, in priestcraft and indulgences, in inquisitions and autos-da-fé; to react again in the volcanic terrors of French Revolutions—the final outcome of the outraged feelings, the inhuman miseries, and the insulted rights of mankind. No; we want no little Churches with their fingers in our British pie. Stand off, gentlemen, your meddling has never been for good with us—or with any.

And for this 'holy cause' (Art. 9) is invoked the union of all the forces of civilised society, its intelligence, and its 'material resources.' Forewarned is forearmed—said to be. *Material resources*, mark! Yes, that sound's like business, and has a new-old ugly look about it, and summons up no very pleasant pictures of the past—of Albigenes, and Waldenses, and St. Dominics, and Philips of Spain, and Dukes of Alva, and dark deeds of horror which ring through history with wailing and warning sounds. And if Orangemen, Sir Francis, read of these things, and can put two and two together and not make five of them, is it any wonder if they are not, at all times, very calm. They are men, Sir Francis, only men. And men cannot always be an impassive as—well, to make a dash at it—as other men may require them to be; and when, *after yielding wisely*, they find that a great wrong is done, their blood will sometimes boil. If, when poor Hackett was murdered, you and I, Sir Francis, had been Orangemen, and had gone with Orangemen to Montreal, with no intention to harm any one, only out of sympathy to our dead brother, and a resolution not to be put down while paying the last dues of sepulture to the poor dead, who had been murdered at noonday, in the midst of our civilization (!), in a public thoroughfare of a large city, after eighteen centuries of Christian teaching, I suppose we (like the others) would have been set down by Alderman Donovan as 'blackguards and ruffians and cut-throats,' whom no law was bound to protect.

Can Alderman Donovan never look at any question from the standpoint of another? Can he not imagine—granting even that they were absurdly mistaken—that they might have been enthusiastically earnest, all aglow with the intensity of their feelings, wound up to the point of being ready to venture all, even life itself, in the heroic resolve to stand by the right, or what seemed to them the right? Armed though they were, they were only a handful among thousands armed too. They meant to do no harm, and they returned without doing any—only to bury a dead brother, and with their lives in their hands, they resolved to do or *die*; and they proved at least their manhood, if they did nothing else. All honour to the brave and true! All honour to the men, who, whatever else they be, can look grinning death in the face, and can dare to be martyrs for a principle and to die for a right.

I have ever shewn myself the friend of Catholics; but of Catholicism I am no friend. I consider it a religion in *clear and definite* opposition alike to the teaching of Christ and to the reason of man; but I can feel for and with the honest Catholic. I can look at things from his standpoint, feel the rockings of his emotions, the tremblings of his heart. How *could* I be intolerant or unfeeling toward him. I say to myself, the Pope even cannot

help himself; he was born to his creed like most of us; moulded and kneaded in soft childhood to a fixed mental cast, which became indurated with manhood and advancing years, till the twist of culture became the set of brain. How *dare* I be intolerant, then, when I know that the mere accident of birth, the geographical limits within which we are born, become the very force which determines the creed of the millions of mankind, Protestant, Papist, Turk, Greek, and Hindoo. But the man who expects me to admire the stout-hearted, iron-willed, fiery-souled Loyola, refuses his admiration to the Orangeman who dares all things for a principle, and who, judged by a true standard of right, has generally such a sense of it as the great Jesuit leader seems never to have approached. The Orangemen and the Catholic are only phases of our civilisation. Both are of one blood, with the pulses of a common humanity beating beneath their skins. That they differ in opinion can scarcely be a reason why they should murder or injure or hate one another. 'The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God,' while the command 'be pitiful,' is too often overlooked. Yet controversies ought to go on. How can I, if there be any good in me, see my neighbour possessed of an opinion injurious to himself or to society, without trying to instil a better. I *am* 'my brother's keeper,' and he is mine. And I honour Catholics and Protestants, and all, who, believing that they possess an ennobling idea, are zealous to propagate it. I am not angry with the Pope or his subordinates for their U. C. League. Knowing, as they do, no better, they give us the best they can. Thinking that the enthralment of the intellect is for good of the soul, they give us the decrees of Trent, with the anathemas affixed, to alarm us; and, half or whole-convinced that they alone know all things, feel themselves quite competent to undertake the education of the world.

This we Protestants dispute. We do *not* think them competent. We think that in the past they have shewn themselves to be failures; that they have retrograded in religion from the Christianity of Christ; that their philosophy, tethered to theology, rendered the darkness darker still; that their discipline was not such as to make us long for its recurrence; and that in science they made an awful mess of it.

In the programme of *the future*, too, we discover few indications of amendment. *Roma semper eadem* seems shining through every line and ringing in every sentence. What individual Orangemen may think I am not in a position to learn, but I do know that as a body—and growingly so—they do not wish to injure in person or estate, or to curtail the rights of, any Catholic. But Orangemen, do, I think, fear, not that Catholics would injure them, but that the doctrines of the church are such, that, if a time should come when it would be no longer unsafe or inexpedient or startling to the general mind to avow it, the leaders of Catholicism might revert to the old policy of persecution, with a view to force Protestants within the fold, and thus render the world once again one huge Aceldama—one vast field of blood. They hope, they hope ardently, that this day may never come; but they wish, so far as their little organization is concerned, to meet it not wholly unprepared; and, with all their faults and infirmities (and they are many), they are men of stout heart and steady resolution, who, like Cromwell's immortal Ironsides, would never disappoint the general that led them to the fray, and who might, in any crisis, become the nucleus round which could rally, in defence of civil and religious liberty, the hosts, not of Protestantism, only, but of protesting Catholics—for there are millions of such—Catholics who would tell the ecclesiastics that before they were Catholics they were *men*; that liberty was a boon too precious to

be parted with for theoretic considerations; and that no man ought to be forced to lie to his conscience, or say that what he believed not, he believed.

But while we learn that a great, organized corporation, with its headquarters in the Vatican, and its ramifications throughout the civilized world; with its devoted missionaries in every city and town and village of the land, and of every land; with its keen and disciplined spirits to direct its movements to the one common end of putting everything at the feet of Rome—our religion, our institutions, our civilisation, our liberties, and our laws, and of pining down all the diversities of intellect, sentiment, and aspiration to the one dead level of uniformity, to the destruction of all thought not in harmony with the thought of one man in Rome—one man who, sitting in the central office of the world, sends his mandates through a thousand wires to tell us what to do and how to think;—is Protestantism to sit by with folded arms waiting to be devoured? This is the question, I suppose, that Orangemen ask themselves. And how can they avoid this feeling of uneasiness? In one way only,—by an authoritative declaration of a complete reversal of the whole secular policy of Rome! We have here to-day the Pope's Legate. Let him declare to his Holiness the wishes of these men and of ourselves. Let him tell him that he may call us schismatics, heretics, disturbers of the peace of the church, 'the tares' of Christendom, and the enemies of religion, and that he may assail our common Protestantism by every weapon in the armory of the Vatican, wielded by all the ablest and most practised officers of his church, *if he will only pronounce it ex Cathedra as a principle*, that no man *ought* to enforce religion by physical penalties, and that all persecution of every kind for theological opinions is *immoral and inhuman*. Then only will there exist any solid ground for peace.

That greatest of Parliamentarians, John Pym, said, in the famous Parliament of 1640, 'By this means a dangerous party is cherished and increased, who are ready to close with any opportunity of disturbing the peace and safety of the state. Yet he did not desire any new laws against Popery, or any rigorous courses in the execution of those already in force; he was far from seeking the ruin of their persons or estates; only he wished they might be kept in such a condition as should restrain them from doing hurt. It may be objected that there are moderate and discreet men amongst them, men of estates, such as have an interest in the peace and prosperity of the kingdom as well as we. These were not to be considered according to *their own* disposition, *but according to the nature of the body whereof they are parties*. The planets have several and particular motions of their own, *yet are they all rapt and transported into a contrary course by the superior orb which comprehends them all.*' So, he adds, 'the Pope's command will move them, *against their own* private disposition, yea, against their own reason and judgment, to obey *him.*'

Now this was the deliberate judgment of one of the coolest and calmest brains in England—of a student of history and of man, who, looking at his subject on all sides of it, and weighing well every fact in its every aspect, drew the only conclusion he thought warranted by the facts. And if this subtle and powerful athlete can find no means of escaping the coils of the retiarius, is it to be wondered at if a few uninstructed Orangemen feel sometimes impatient and inclined to snap their fingers at it all. But then, Sir Francis, 'Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit,' even possibly Sir Francis.

Was this conclusion of the great Pym the result of ancient prejudice? We shall see presently. Mr. Gladstone lately published a pamphlet with the

object mainly of proving that the late Vatican decree of infallibility, and of the obligation of passive submission in all things to the will of the Pontiff on the part of every Catholic, had changed the whole aspect of Catholicism towards the civil rulers of every country; and that 'the world at large . . . are entitled *on purely civil grounds* to expect from Roman Catholics some declaration or manifestation of opinion, in reply to that ecclesiastical party in their church, who have laid down, *in their name*, principles adverse to the purity and integrity of civil government.' He also showed that at the period when a generous public wished to grant Catholic Emancipation, and when some Protestants, taking these views of Mr. Pym, got alarmed, 'the eminent and able Bishop Doyle did not scruple to write as follows: 'We are taunted with the proceedings of Popes. What, my Lord, have we Catholics to do with the proceedings of Popes, or why should *we* be made accountable for *them*?' Now this might seem to lead to the inference that British Protestants were by these representations deceived, or *misled*.

To this question, Lord Acton,* a Catholic nobleman, replies thus: Dear Mr. Gladstone, the doctrines against which you are contending *did not begin with the Vatican Council*. At the time when the Catholic oath was repealed, the Pope had *the same right and power* to excommunicate those who denied his authority *to depose princes* that he possesses *now*. The writers most esteemed at Rome held that doctrine as *an article of faith*; a modern Pontiff has affirmed that it cannot be abandoned without *taint of heresy*, and that those who questioned and restricted his authority in *temporal matters*, were *worse* than those that rejected it in spirituals, and accordingly men suffered *death for this cause* as others did for blasphemy and atheism. I will explain my meaning by an example. A Pope who lived in Catholic times, and who is famous in history as the author of the first crusade, decided that it is no murder to *kill* excommunicated persons. This rule was incorporated in *the Canon law*. . . It appears in *every* reprint of the "Corpus Juris." It has been for 700 years, and *continues to be*, part of the Ecclesiastical law. Far from having been a *dead letter*, it obtained a new *application* in the days of the Inquisition. . . . Pius V., the only Pope who had been proclaimed a *saint* for many centuries, having deprived Elizabeth, commissioned *an assassin to take her life*; and his next successor, on learning that the Protestants were being massacred in France, pronounced the action *glorious and holy*, but comparatively barren of results; and *implored* the king, during two months, by his nuncio and his legate, to carry the work on to the bitter end, until every Huguenot had recanted or *perished*. In short, he argues that Protestants *ought not* to have been misled.

But why quote more, and worse, of what is utterly sickening, and which degrades Christianity into literal Thugism. If this had been written by an Orangeman, half the world and Sir Francis would cry 'shame,' and would feel bound to protest against it as an insult and most disgraceful caricature.

* The question which Lord Acton had to answer was, as adopted and expressed in his own letter, the following: 'How shall we persuade the Protestants that we are not acting in *defiance of honour and good faith* if, having declared that infallibility was *not* an article of our faith, while we were contending for our rights, we should, *now that we have got what we wanted, withdraw from our public declaration, and affirm the contrary*.' But he thinks (and I think) that 'there has been, and I believe there is still, some exaggeration in the idea men form of the agreement in thought and deed which authority *can* accomplish. As far as decrees, censures, and persecution could commit the Court of Rome, it was committed to the denial of the Copernican system.' Such is his statement. Nevertheless, as he shows, *nous avons changé tout cela*. I ought to add that here and elsewhere I have taken the privilege of italicising freely.

Yet it is the statement of an able and courteous Catholic Nobleman. But is Sir Francis Hincks's indignation so wholly expended on Orangemen that he has none left for this? No swellings of indignation? No word of censure or reproof? Yet what, compared with this, is our little Orange affair, even (say) with its ascendancy, and colours, and regalia? Is there not in it, Sir Francis, much to justify the utmost extravagance imputed to the most extreme Orangeman in his most excited moments? But I believe there are millions of Catholic people who repudiate these doctrines of ecclesiastics, and I cannot help hoping that the enlightenment which is gaining ground, the advanced statesmanship of the age, the pity of the human heart, the sense of justice that is born with us, the growing knowledge of the foundations of belief, the principles of toleration inculcated by Christ and by all the good and wise of every age, and the public conscience of Christendom, will present such a moral inertia of resistance to this mad fever movement of Ecclesiasticism, as will save the world from the worst evil that can befall it—a government of priests. Do they imagine at Rome that the world is a toy for them to play with? Do ecclesiastics forget that for evoking such a spirit the world would hold them responsible? that they would not be those who would suffer least or last? that reprisals and fearful vengeance would take the place of law and peace? and that society itself must cease to exist, were their theories to be reduced to practice?

But if Catholic theologians think that some verse in the Bible leads to this stupendous and inhuman result, how much wiser, *if driven to it*, to believe that such isolated passage—not having any necessary connection with what goes before or follows after—has been inserted into the text by mistake, from some marginal or interlined comment of an early copyist of a New Testament manuscript, and so has crept into general adoption; or even by design, in the interest of priest-power or of a foregone conclusion, as, beyond all reasonable doubt, some texts have crept in,—than to believe that God has handed over mankind, tied hand and foot, absolutely, unreservedly, for their belief and their conduct, their political institutions, and social and domestic arrangements, for their literature and their science—for it comes to that—to one man of a succession of men, some of whom were, acknowledgedly, foolish men, some indifferently good, and some bad men. It is a notion so extraordinary that every man of strong sense rejects it as an absurdity *in limine*, no matter by whom or by what asserted.

I am no theologian. I only try to understand the meaning of a passage in the Bible as I would that of a passage in any ancient book—of Xenophon and Horace, say—by text and context interpreted by common sense, and in that way I have questioned the text 'hear the Church,' and tried to elicit its meaning. But I should like to put a question to the Pope. You, Pius the 9th, have *much* faith. Now a text of Scripture affirms that if you have only a *grain* of faith, you can remove a mountain (Matthew xvii, 20). Now—I drop the second person as seemingly irreverent—there are Vesuvius and the Himalayas—don't laugh; it is a subject more properly for tears—let him try his hand on *them*, for is it not a text as clear as 'thou art Peter.' There are many engineering difficulties in the world where it would be very convenient to employ this power. Let him transplant Vesuvius—the farmers in its neighborhood, I am sure, would not complain—into the deadly Pontine Marshes at his very door, and he will do more towards removing the unbelief of the Orangemen in him than by a thousand musty tomes of bog logic in bog latin. Why spend his time in weaving moonbeams into arguments, when practical life lies before him,

where he can be, if he has the tiniest grain of faith, or moral assistance? But why all this? I reply, in order to show how a *theology*—and, a *fortiori*, a thousand theologians hair-splitting for a thousand years—lighting on a text of obscure meaning, can wring out of it any absurdity by hammering at it with a will; for, after all, if he can force nothing out of it, he can at least force something into it, and from 'thou art Peter' can prove that the Pope is divinely warranted to govern the outer and inner life of every man in the world. And because Orangemen have an inaptitude for such a belief, it only shews what stupid and bad men Orangemen must be; or even that they have forfeited the right to be at all.

Still I never favoured Orangism. I thought that playing their party tunes hardly edified our Catholic fellow-citizens, that it did not exhibit Protestantism in its most amiable and winning form, and that it was provocative of counter displays. I thought it unnecessarily offensive, and therefore not in good taste; that some of the leaders were using their humbler brethren for political ends; and that their gatherings were at times accompanied by some of those baleful evils of social gatherings generally. But these are *only accidental* to such meetings, not essentials of the organization, and will, I have reason to hope, where wrong, be discontinued and improved. But when they celebrate among themselves 'the Battle of the Boyne,' when they talk of the brave deeds, and enduring fortitude, and resolute courage, and unflinching faith of the men, often their forefathers, who fought for their principles in that bloody fight, it is not in human nature for them not to feel the elation of the hour. It was a conflict pregnant with big consequences to them and to the world. But here I must go back a little.

The wars of religion (really of theology) in France and Germany, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Marian persecution in England, the wholesale slaughter paying off old scores not a few in Ireland, had led Protestants to believe that public security was compatible only with Catholic disability to hurt. Catholics, on the other hand, bleeding under the persecutions of Elizabeth and the remorseless slaughter at Drogheda, the sufferings of their priests and the constant irritations and fearful hardships of penal laws, believed that their only hope lay in victory and James; while the Protestants looked to William of Orange for relief from the despotism and cruelty of Jeffreys and James. Hearts and hopes beat high on both sides, while, shrouded in the darkness of the uncertain future, arose before the perturbed spirit many a spectre of possible despair. And when the battle was won—a battle which, had it gone against us, might possibly have reversed the whole course of English history and the very currents of the world—is it any wonder that the memory of it should have burnt itself into the hearts and brains of the descendants of those who had risked life and all things on the issue of that fight? No: it is one of those things that men never can, and never ought to, be expected to forget.

And with what results to Catholics *to-day*? We have flung our fears to the wind, stripped ourselves of every special safeguard of the constitution, and ventured all on the open ocean of peril and the future, for the sake of putting every Catholic on the soil of Britain on a full footing of equality with ourselves. The seed sown then has grown into a tree of liberty for all, flowering and fruiting for Protestant and Catholic alike. So that, as an outcome of the whole, Catholics may listen, without too much discomposure, to the victory of the Boyne; and Orangemen, without being 'ruffians and blackguards,' may be allowed their thankfulness and their triumph. Still their triumph will, I hope, be tempered with that modesty of demeanor

which sits so well on the truly manful soul. But 'Croppies lie down' belongs to another age, when the sword of final arbitrament is unsheathed and argument has ceased. It is offensive, and therefore wrong. Still, there were, I believe, few, if any, who knew the words or the import of the tune they played or heard. It must be remembered, too, that we are all of us only emerging slowly out of the less wholesome atmosphere of the past.

But to return. A principal object contemplated by this 'U. C. League' is 'the restoration of the temporal power' of the Pope (Art. 1). That is, he is to be forced by the bayonets of foreigners, by whom he is *little* known, upon the people of Rome, who know him *well*—who know him so well that they don't want him; indeed, want anything rather than *him*. Would this be just or patriotic? How should we in Canada like to have a government forced on *us* by foreigners? The people of Rome are Catholics. Rome for a thousand years has been the very focus and headquarters of Catholicism; and yet the whole combined teaching of Pope, and Priests, and Jesuits, has not been able to reconcile the Romans to the government of the Pope. Has this no lesson for Catholics? Whereas Garibaldi, without ancient prestige, with nothing to recommend him but his brave naked soul, his disinterestedness, and his truth, is a name of magic, loved and all-but worshipped *there*. And he lives to-day THE FRIEND OF MAN; while Rome, in the ecclesiastical sense, is the moral solecism of this nineteenth century, and a standing menace to the world.

In the famous Syllabus and Encyclical of the present Pope, all are condemned 'who maintain the liberty of the press,' 'of conscience,' 'of worship,' 'of speech,' . . . or 'that the church may not employ force,' . . . or that the Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization, . . . or that in 'countries called Catholic the free exercise of their religions may laudably be allowed' (see Mr. Gladstone's 'Expostulation'). Now, if these doctrines of the Popedom are to come into practice—and the Pope seems terribly in earnest—we have come to this pass, that either civil government will be brought to a dead-lock, or that the sword will have to be drawn in defence of human liberties and rights. Does he want, or does he not want, a return of the happy times; when a Pope of Rome may put the Kingdom of England, the Republic of the United States, and the Empire of Russia under the terrors and confusion of an *Interdict*?—a return to times when men's sense of right—for you may educate or de-educate a man to almost anything—will be so perverted that the most appalling crimes, if committed by the *clergy* and tried by the ordinary tribunals of law and justice, will horrify the mind ecclesiastical?—a return to the times of Becket? 'Then'—I quote from the historian Froude—'then,' say Becket's despairing biographers, 'was seen the mournful spectacle of priests and deacons, who had committed murder, manslaughter, theft, robbery, and other crimes, carried in carts before the King's commissioners and punished as if they had been ordinary men!' To us this reads as if they had been enjoying the drollery of the thing! but no, this was their solemn belief. *As if they had been ordinary men!* Truly may it be said that man is the creature of his circumstances, when that featherless biped can be reduced to think like this! Yet to us it seems a climax of pervertibility hardly reachable by any mortal. But not so; the churchman-mind is not governed by ordinary rules. He has a little world and an ideal of his own; and he dwells and dreams apart; and he does some wonderful feats of thinking; and he looks at this, his microcosm, so long and so lovingly, and it is so near to him, and the big

world of life and reality and other men so far away, that the one looms up before him bigger and bigger as he looks, and the other fades into the far off, until the mighty Sirius in the distance is no bigger than a speck. And what cares he for your arguments, and science, and facts? They do not belong to *his world*. Besides, he has a faith-menstruum of his own—a universal celestial solvent—by which he can melt down the hardest facts in the universe, and thus mould and shape them to fit any theory he adopts. And this practice of mental legerdemain keeps growing into a habit of universal perversion, until, at last, the world becomes so topsy-turvy that things stand in reversed order to his mind; and hence he thinks, without a consciousness of its absurdity, how 'mournful a spectacle' it is, that judges should punish ecclesiastics for crimes 'as if they were ordinary men.' No: we should have an *imperium in imperio* for our murder-committing *saints*—an exceptional rule for the demigods of humanity, in whose veins forever courses the ichor of the gods. But what stupid louts our Orangemen, that they cannot recognize this beauty of the coming age! Why, Sir, such men see little to be grateful for in the goings on of Pope's Legates in the good old times, when a minister of Rome could say (King John, Act v., scene 1.):

'It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.'

And so they blew the tempest up or made fair weather, to suit the whim or interest of Rome, and make or mar the welfare of the world.

Speak I thus to wound? Nothing can be farther from my thoughts. But I wish to warn, where I think the danger demands it. There are so many Catholics—many of them old friends—whom willingly I would not offend. But, if there be any manhood in me, I must speak out freely what I think, and what they do not believe, that their great leaders hold these views, and are pushing things to all extremities. Catholic laymen and the better-informed and more liberal of their teachers ought to make themselves heard before it is too late. But, happen what will, a good dose of truth is good for all men; and, if what I write be false, no one will be more pleased than I shall be to see it proved so. If true, they can come over to my side. They are not bound to this Catholicism as to a profession or trade which they have learned and cannot readily give up to take another. If I have anything to impart, I am bound to impart it: emasculated thought is no proper thought at all. I know that Catholics do not realize the consequences to mankind of the theories of Rome. They accept things as they are, without thinking very much about them in a questioning way. It is the religion of their parents and their grandparents, and their earliest and strongest and gentlest sentiments of awe and reverence twine themselves round it, and, possibly, round some high-souled teacher or gentle nun, who represents to their minds the highest exemplar of all that is purest and noblest in humanity. And they hear of a Xavier in India wearing himself out in the service of the faith, and of an Elizabeth of Hungary, purest and saintliest of women; and they read the lives of the saints, and they think that Christianity could never have become corrupted with armies of priests and bishops to keep it pure; and they read of that arch-rebel and apostate, Luther, and they shudder as they read.

But they read little of church history, and know not that widespread

ignorance, and superstition, and ambition, and intrigue, and false doctrine, and a foolishness and childishness unimaginable of teachers and of taught, stamp nearly every chapter of the history of the church, till, what with the crimes and licentiousness of some Popes, the grasping selfishness of ecclesiastics, and the dense ignorance throughout, things had reached such a climax as to justify Luther in making that REFORMATION so sadly needed by the church. In the fifteenth century, at the general council of Pisa, the Bishop of Novara said that 'our former Popes had *disregarded the honour of God and the good of Christianity, and had broken their oaths.*' The Lord Cardinal of Florence said that 'the church must be *reformed in faith and morals, in the head and members.*' In the sixteenth century (A. D. 1512, only five years before the great Reformation itself), Pope Julius II. declared that he 'had nothing more at heart than that . . . the state of the Roman Church should be *reformed;*' and the Bishop of Modrusch, at the fifth council of Lateran, under Pope Leo X., A. D. 1513, urged the need of reformation, for that 'faith, piety, and religion had grown so cold . . . that *scarcely any vestiges of them remain.*' If we be asked, then, why Luther set about reforming the Church of Rome, I say because the Pope of Rome had said that it *ought* to be reformed; and if he was infallible, the more reason why Luther should act upon his advice. But though Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope, with hosts of others, had alike testified to the need of reformation, yet Luther is held up to reprobation, because, only four years after the last quoted utterance, he did in good earnest, with all the tremendous energy of the man, commence that very REFORMATION—a reformation '*in faith and morals, in the head and members;*' for, once commenced, his soul all-afire, when he made a sweep, he made a clean one.

Noble Luther, how little do they know of thee! That great, solid soul of thine, with its force and fearlessness and straight-seeing, how wholly incomprehensible to the scholastic mind weaving cobwebs. Poor, simple-hearted Luther, when first he heard of Tetzels with his indulgences for sale, bartering sins for gold, how horribly shocked and indignant he was. And he appealed against him to Archbishop and Pope; but since it was Pope Leo himself who had 'sent his letters and bulls with ample promises of the full pardon of sins, and of eternal salvation to such as would purchase them with money' (Sleidan), his appeal was in vain. And soon his eyes began to open, and ever more and more, to the tremendous wrongs and errors of the Roman Church: and this imposition on credulity, this trampling on the rights of conscience, roused the spirit, and braced the energies, and nerved the arm, and lifted the voice of this noble man, and he tore half Europe from the Papacy; and that spirit of his awakened a kindred sympathy in many a soul, and hearts of oak and heads of vigour gathered round this leader—this horn king of men—and he became the emancipator of Christendom and the benefactor of mankind. A stranger to fear, when his friends advised him, in their alarm, not to go to Worms, whither were assembling the Emperor and the Princes and the Pope's legate and the great ones of the earth, before whom he was to be tried, Luther replied, 'If there were as many devils between here and Worms as there are tiles on the houses, I would go.' And he went.

He had, it is true, his infirmities of intellect and of character, and he did not know all that we and Sir Francis Hincks know to-day. Granted! Yet it was a most roomy soul—a soul full of all sublimities and generousities and, withal, of sweet feminine gentleness. But he belonged to a rough age, and if he was too strong against some men and tore their small

sophistries to shreds, it was because he scorned their littleness and pitied the entangled weak. And when in that august assembly at Worms, of the princes and nobles of the empire, how grand and colossal he looks—growing with the occasion, and equal always to every event; while the politic Erasmus, the friend of Rome, writes of him: ‘*the life of the man is extolled even by those who cannot bear his doctrines.*’ But Luther, who did not wholly like Erasmus or his ways, said, ‘*Erasmus always tries to walk on eggs without cracking them.*’ Need I say that it was not a feat that Luther ever attempted. His genius lay in quite another line. I fear indeed that he—this terrible Luther—was half an Orangeman; and wholly one on the question of civil rights. Let *them* be touched, and you would hear that trumpet voice of his from Gaspe to Sarnia, and over the Rocky Mountains, and in every outskirt valley and sequestered shanty of our land; and, while snorting his defiance, you would then believe, Sir, that on this question hung issues . . . well, much more important than Sir Francis Hincks may believe. And how that big, burly thinker would close with our deft-handed and quite capable-in-his-way Sir Francis, and how, with his ‘*Romanus civis sum*,’ he would batter him as he was used to batter his adversaries of old. And when Sir Francis retires to a distance and fires what he deems a round shot at him, Luther shouts, ‘*What, Sir Francis, do you think to knock me over with a soap-bubble?*’ and he laughs his great hearty laugh: ‘*try again, man.*’ And again Sir Francis tries with a heavier shot. And again he shouts, ‘*Try again, Sir Francis; but take my dimensions better than to think to upset me with that paper-pellet;*’ and Sir Francis tries a third time, and—wishes in fact that he had never tried at all. For with this big Teuton setting his great feet squarely down on the solid earth, what avail your soap-bubbles, or paper-pellets, or sky-rockets of any kind? And then he gives one of his good-humoured but half-contemptuous laughs; and he strokes him down half-playfully—but it seems horse-play to Sir Francis—with his *Romanus civis sum*. ‘*You feel grieved in your heart, because a handful of Orangemen parade your streets a few times, since it vexes the souls of your citizens, who, instead of being nobly tolerant, take it so terribly to heart; but you never seem to have asked yourself how many times, for the last fifty years—when, on the Fête Dieu, the host is borne on high—are the streets so wholly thronged, that Protestants are not able to reach their homes or places of worship through them; and how many have been forced on their knees; and how many hats knocked off and heads hurt by the long staffs of the Catholic beades? And have you never lifted up your voice against this, Sir Francis? But if you mean that Rome is to have a monopoly of such displays, and that she may tread with impunity on every man’s corns, then I say again, *Romanus civis sum*, and claim from others the same rights I grant; and, more than that, I will enforce them; aye, and if it be necessary, by another battle of the Boyne. We are the peacefullest creatures in the world, if let alone; but we will take no nonsense. We hold our lives *by sufferance* in presence of that gigantic organization. Yet you, Sir Francis, say nothing about *it*, but a great deal about our very small Orange affair. And what a reversal of the whole order of things, to make such a hubbub about a rat in your hen-loft, while you suffer a lion rampant to ravage your flocks and herds! Or is it that you can chase the one with impunity, but that the other you dare not confront? Come out and beard this lion, and no longer will we hold you cheap.*’

And then he turns round on the others. ‘*Am I to be a civis in Toronto or Halifax, and not in Montreal or Quebec? May I wear what I like,*

and praise what I think praiseworthy, and say what I wish about that great, resolute man, who, through a storm of bullets, fought with and for my forefathers, for the right and for me, if I think well to do so, granting the same right to others, which they take care to use, and abuse *too*? May I do this only among my own kith and kin—only where we are more numerous and have private friends to back us? Am I a British citizen only where public sentiment runs with me, but when that sentiment runs counter to me, does Britain relieve herself of the peril of my defence? Is the ægis of her power to be held *between me and murder*, only when I need not her protection; but as soon as the balance inclines the other way, am I to be flung adrift, an outcast and an outlaw—a Huss or a Jerome, without sign-manual or safe-conduct which king or council or populace is bound to respect.'

What we want is, not to suppress or be suppressed, but only a fair, open world for ourselves and all men. Nothing more we want, nothing less we'll take.

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