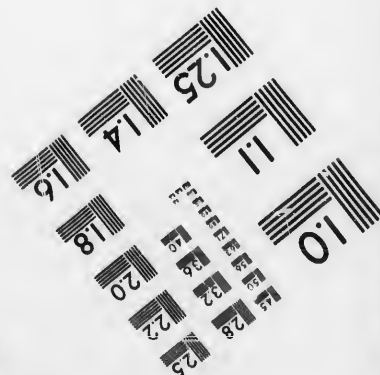
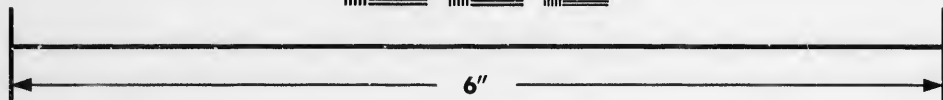
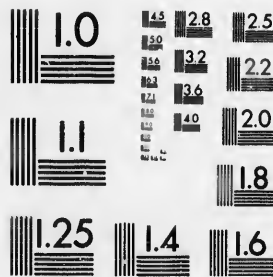


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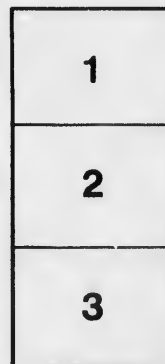
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LECTURE

ON

National Dangers,

DELIVERED

IN THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH,

ALICE STREET, TORONTO, BY

The Rev. James Edgar.

— — —
TORONTO:

PRINTED BY THOMAS CUTTELL & SON, KING STREET.

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P R E F A C E .

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DEAR READER,

Being short of money, and yet desirous to help a class—the poor, who require *sympathy* and *means*, I delivered the following Lecture, in the Church where I minister, charged a trifling sum as admission-fee, and devoted the proceeds to the help of the needy. Several who heard the Lecture thought, that if it was published it would do good in another way. Relying on the judgment of those friends, I submit it, as it is, to the public. You need not look for polish or grace : to these I make no pretention : but you will find searching, keen-edged truth. And if you receive “the truth in love,” you will derive some benefit from the subjects glanced at.

THE AUTHOR.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO ALL

SINCERE PROTESTANTS,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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NATIONAL DANGERS.

WHAT shall be the character of our nation in after times ? is a question of momentous importance. The statesman, the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian are all deeply interested in this question. We are ripe in experience. History, like a gigantic and magnificent moving panorama, passes before us, displaying to us the mightiest nations of earth in the infancy of their existence ; in their struggles up to maturity ; and in their " decline and fall." The past is gone ; the present is here ; the *future!* WHAT SHALL IT BE ? We have an extensive and well-disciplined army ; so had Assyria : we have able and experienced statesmen ; so had Greece : we have national honor ; so had Rome : we have extended commerce ; so had Spain. But the Assyrian army did not save the empire ; the philosophers and statesmen of Greece did not preserve the nation : the *world-wide* acknowledged honor of Rome did not roll back the tide of burning desolation which swept over its people, bearing before it every thing wealthy and grand, and leaving behind it the barrenness and sterility of Sahara : the navy and commerce of Spain could not save her from the *decipitute* and *impotency* into which she has fallen : neither will the army, nor the navy, nor the statesmen, nor the wealth of England save her from the dishonored grave into which she must *INEVITABLY* descend, if she cherish not the true elements of national greatness and stability.

T E D

N T S,

T H O R.

These consist, not in the splendour of her Sovereign's palace, nor in the prowess of her army, nor in the magnificence of her navy, nor in the extensiveness of her commerce, but in the CHARACTER OF HER SUBJECTS. A building may be ever so prodigious in size, perfect in its architecture, chaste in its ornaments, and beautiful in its appearance, but unless the *materials* which constitute the structure be durable, it will necessarily fall into dilapidation and ruin.

A nation is not the ephemeral creature of a day, nor the offspring of man's excited imagination; but a great, important, stern reality; fostering under its wing Art and Science, sheltering the outcast, defending the helpless, and gilding and gladdening with light and sunshine all within its range; or else, casting its terrible shadow on all under its influence, and rendering itself an object of dread and terror, rather than of admiration and love.

The greatness and safety of a nation do not consist in the wealth of its exchequer, the extensiveness of its territory, the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, nor in the number of its subjects; but in the NATURE of the principles which govern it.

A break-water may be formed of the best stone which was ever quarried; but if the cement which binds it be not good, it must inevitably crumble in ruin. *Principles* are the cement of nations; and they are strong or weak in proportion as their principles are good or otherwise.

It is said, that an eagle, in building her nest, employed a twig which was on fire: in a short time the nest ignited, was speedily decomposed, and destroyed the eagle's life. Nations often weave principles into their constitutions, the carrying out of which *utterly ruins* them. England is but

a nation ; and if we foster elements which are opposed to *virtue, truth,* and the *Bible,* the issues *must be ruinous.*

From the numerous dangers to which our nation stands exposed, I select the following :

I. RELIANCE ON MEN AND MEANS, INSTEAD OF TRUST IN GOD.

That model nation, the Jewish, organised and constituted by God himself, stands out before us, now lightning-scathed and thunder-scarred, a sapless skeleton, a terrible monument to all nations, warning them not to rely on power less than Omnipotence. What illustrious statesmen sat in its cabinet ! what brave men were numbered among its commanders ! what mighty armies it sent into the field ! what glorious victories they won ! how terrible its name ! how potent the arm it swayed ! how widely-extended its influence ! But where are now its golden honors, its illustrious sages, its soul-stirring bards, its statesmen, its philosophers, and its generals ? WHERE ? Where is the throne which frowned down iniquity, and where the cry of injured innocence was ever attended to ; where many a conquered nation bowed, and paid tribute ? Where the Poet King, who struck his harp to the key-note of angelic minstrelsy ? and where the illustrious Solomon, who dispensed the best laws, and spoke the wisest and tersest sayings in any language ? *Gone ! All gone !* The sepulchral remains of that mighty nation have been scattered across the face of the earth, like November leaves before the whirlwind ; and over the wrecked and blasted remains God has stretched a flame-scroll, bearing the terrible inscription, "CURSED BE THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN MAN, AND MAKETH FLESH HIS ARM."

There was a period in the history of Persia when she braced her muscles, raised herself up to her full stature, and it was

colossal, mustered her martial forces, headed them with the renowned Xerxes, stimulated herself with the certainty of success, and marched out to meet her foes. What a mighty host she gathered! Vaster than Alexander of Russia, Napoleon of France, or Victoria of England, can send into the field. How martial their appearance! How certain of success! The Hellespont without a bridge was no obstruction: a bridge of boats soon chained the shores of Asia and Europe together, and the proud, godless host rushed madly on, as they thought to success, but, alas! TO RUIN! They relied on their own arm, and what was the issue? Xerxes and his host were routed, and the haughty Commander, in his flight, re-crossed in an insignificant ferry-boat, and without his army.

There was a period in the history of Spain when Romanism (the enemy of science—the Syren of freedom) purposed to bury Protestantism alive; and hoped to read over its immured body her bann of excommunication, and over its stoneless grave fulminate her catalogue of execrations. The friends of Rome were summoned: their intellect was taxed to its utmost tension: their plans were arranged with the utmost precision and skill; and, self-trusting, Spain undertook to carry out the plan. The *strength* and *valor* of the nation were concentrated in a mighty fleet: Bishops and Cardinals, and other high Dignitaries of the Romish Church were present to baptize it—(for Rome would baptize Beelzebub, if he could find spousors, and would pay well for the service)—and it was arrogantly baptized “THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.”

The winding-sheet and coffin of Protestantism were put on board; and, amidst the united acclamations of thousands, the blessings of cowled Monks, the incantations of Friars and Priests, the ships weighed anchor, and stood out

for the coast of England. The sea palpitated under the tremendous weight ; and the ordinary winds experienced almost a difficulty in propelling those giants of the deep.

England was apprised of the invasion, and in the strength of God went out to repel it. Elizabeth, brave and noble, appeared in *person* before her troops to encourage them. She forgot, for a moment, the sex to which she belonged, and the woman was merged in the warrior. Our little fleet prepared for battle, and as it moves out to meet its gigantic foes, forceably reminds us of a score or more Sword-fish, surrounded by a schuyle of monstrous whales. The Spanish vessels, those leviathans of the deep, frowned defiance on our little ships, and could have packed them, men and all, in their holds ; but the God of the Bible, in whom England trusted, stood up to defend His own. The elements were marshalled, and rained fury on the Spanish fleet ; wind and water joined in confederacy against our foes. Neptune seemed to have a carnival in his watery domains. Boreas opened his treasures of wind, and the storm burst in wildest grandeur on the proud armament. Destruction waved its black penon over the struggling and groaning vessels :— Death, pale and gastly, sat on the crested billows, laughing in wildest revelry, as he clutched his gasping victims, and hurled them hopelessly into his black domain.

The WRECK of that powerful fleet returned to Spain to tell the dire calamity,—to brood in silent melancholy over its terrible defeat ; and demonstrate to after ages that God pays attention to those that trust Him ; to stand up, a terrible beacon, throwing its glare across the sea of Time ; and warning, with a voice like the thunders of the Apocalypse, of the danger of trusting in *men* and *means*.

France and England were not in past times, as now,—

allies; but terrible and bitter enemies. Each watched the other with lynx-eyed sagacity and attention, looking out for opportunity to make the fearful pounce, and carry off the prey. How often they met in terrible conflict! How frightful the devastation that followed. What blood was shed! What rancour and hatred engendered, to be followed by fearful retribution! Not half a century since the French Eagle screamed across the channel, and the shrill voice entered into the ear of the British Lion, who was watching her flight.

Napoleon meditated the destruction of our liberties, the subjugation of our nation, and leading us captive at his chariot wheels, to grace his *final* and *crowning* triumph. The hero of Austerlitz taxed his gigantic powers, roused the nation to frenzy, threw his soul of fire into his Marshalls, animated his men, as he had often done before, and prepared for the *final* conflict. The veterans of France were gathered, the heroes of a hundred battles marshalled on the field.— Their equipments were perfect, their hopes sanguine, their past success a guarantee of future glory, and their leader a favorite son of Mars. **HOW COULD THEY FAIL?** What a splendid sight that June sun looked down upon at Waterloo. Long lines of mailed horsemen, with banners flying, plumes floating, swords gleaming, and bugles sounding, strode across the plain. Huge columns of infantry, with measured tread, bayonets fixed, accoutrements glistening, and lips compressed in terrible desperation, went out to meet their foes. Artillery horses snuffed the stench of battle, and thundered across the plain, dragging with them the sable "dogs of war." Marshalls in their gaudy trappings, and haughty pride, took their places. Napoleon, the master-spirit of the whole, was there. Napoleon, who had shaken many kingdoms, upset many thrones, won many conflicts,

and struck the "feverishness of excitement into the heart of Europe,"—was there in person.

England, too, had *her* veterans there, to meet the self-confident French. The WORLD was gasping for breath while the terrific scene, in the last drama of Napoleon's life, was being performed, and in tremulous suspense awaited the issue.

The Hannahs and Jacobs of Britain were in their closets, crying to God to stand up in defence of His people. Napoleon, inflated with pride, was looking to his *troops*, relying on his skill and generalship for success, and what was the issue? The iron columns of the French "melted like snow in the glance of the Lord," and the haughty, self-confident Napoleon was sent to St. Helena to gnaw his chains, quarrel with Fate, and learn that God sees "the hero perish, and the sparrow fall," not indifferently, but accomplishing His own purposes, and fulfilling His own will.

I have *selected* these instances from the many of a similar character, so that we may see and avoid the danger. Other Nations have been shipwrecked on this rock, and it is now as dangerous as ever. If England ever trust to *men* and *means*, she will drive the suicidal knife deep into her own heart, and let out her life current to such an extent that she will sink from her dignified position,—the Sun of Nations,—and find her level among the petty states which are but the excrescences of empires.

Another National Danger is,—

II. INTEMPERANCE.

By intemperance, I mean the unnatural and debasing habit of indulging in intoxicating liquors, alike insulting to God and humanity. Viewed from whatever stand point, and in whatever light you please, it is an evil of tremend-

ous magnitude. It neutralizes our national cohesiveness, and severs every law of aggregation. This is not its *abnormal* or *occasional* effect, but its **DIRECT, LEGITIMATE** issue.

Look at mighty Babylon, its massive walls, its towering gates, its splendid palaces, its hanging gardens, its merchant princes, its conquering armies, its prodigious wealth, and its amazing power. Yet all fell, and perished, before the whirl-wind blast of Intemperance. The time which should have been spent in defending the city, was devoted to a Bacchanalian orgie, in the midst of which the fingers of a super-human hand wrote, in *terrible* significancy, the doom of Babylon, which followed that same night.

See the Grecian empire, in the zenith of its glory, when the world covered under its sceptre, and nations, menial like, "crept between its colossal strides, to find dishonored graves;" when her monarch wept to find other provinces to conquer, and earth was too narrow for his unexampled military triumphs. What the combined armies of earth could not do, *Intemperance did*. It fastened its almost omnipotent grasp on the Grecian hero, dragged him from his throne of gold, set its iron foot on his neck, split his empire into quarters, waved its ebon sceptre over his prostrate form, and in a short time delivered him into the hands of death, without a sigh or a regret.

Who can read the memoirs of George IV., and not be sickened at the scenes which characterized his court? A continuation of such a court would undermine any nation, wreck any empire, and bankrupt any exchequer. Thank God, we have now a praying sovereign, and a court where Piety sits and plumes its wings, and feels itself at home. *Long live Victoria!*

Let us be more practical. Where is it that Intemperance

has not forced itself? It has *raved* in the Parliament, *staggered* in the palace, revelled in the court, *stuttered* in the pulpit, blasphemed in the house of God, *wept* its idiotic tears on the coffin, and hiccoughed at the grave! Look at its doings in any clime, or kingdom, or circle, and they are the same. It can freeze the fountains of love in the warmest heart, drag down, and trample in the dust the mightiest intellect that ever graced the earth; put eternal hatred between the best friends; wring cries of agony and tears of blood from the fairest of earth's population; madden a man to freuzy until he will imbrue his hands in the blood of his own offspring, and then stain his soul deeper, and make his perdition surer, by committing suicide.

Intemperance can draw off the life-blood of a nation as effectually as the harpoon lets out the crimson current of the whale, and leave its massive remains a prey to the sharks of *speculation* and *adventure*. It ossifies the heart and aorta of nations, until the one will not contain sufficient vitality to sustain the system, and the other has not the power to propel it to the extremities.

WHERE IS INTEMPERANCE? It is like the miasma of an epidemic,—everywhere! It is in *all* our *villages*, in all our *towns*, in all our *cities*, in all our *colonies*, in all countries, and throughout the *world*. It has its ramifications in *all* *ranks*, in all conditions; and wherever you find it, whether in the *glitter* of the parlor, the *wretchedness* of the cabin, the camp, or the cabinet, it is the same, you cannot refine it. There is no course of treatment, however "*heroic*," can alter its unalterable condition. You may change the character of the corroding cancer, the pining consumption, the loathsome leprosy, the scorching inflammation, or the deadly plague, but intemperance remains unchangeably the same, in its own hateful and hating disposition, alike the foe

of God and man ; scattering along its path the most fearful maledictions, and strewing earth's surface broadcast, with the wrecks of her *noblest* sons and *fairest* daughters.

It is now pouring out its virus on the vitals of our nation, and its adherents and supporters are malignantly hoping its opponents will shortly feel themselves in the crushing embraces of its serpentine folds. *Should* it gain the ascendancy, we will require a place of sepulchre for our nation. It will die, and we will have a *national* interment. The pall-bearers shall be the liquor manufacturers and vendors of Christendom. The Speaker of the infernal cabinet shall pronounce the oration ; the heavens shall be draped in mourning ; and the winds employed to wail, in melancholy cadence, the death dirge of the empire.

The few surviving friends, faithful and loyal to the last, will, no doubt, pile a monument, high as Himalayah, to perpetuate its memory for ever ; and sculpture on its base, in indestructible characters, the epitaph.—

“ HERE LIES GREAT BRITAIN, THE MIGHTIEST NATION
THE SUN EVER SHONE UPON, SLAIN BY
INTEMPERANCE.”

III. SABBATH DESECRATION, &c.

The Sabbath is God's,—absolutely his. Man has no more right to it than he has to appropriate his neighbour's goods to his own use, without making him a remuneration. All the arguments founded on expediency are valueless, because they start from wrong premises. What “Court of Justice” will free a man from crime on the grounds of expediency ? If the prisoner at the Bar, charged with the crime of murder, plead that his children were starving, that the traveller he murdered would not give up his money, and in order to save his family from starving, he was forced to take life ; would

any judge, any jury (those of Quebec and Montreal excepted), acquit him on the grounds of expediency? Certainly not!

How, then, dare man think of taking God's property,—the Sabbath; and try to justify himself on the ground of expediency. What has expediency to do with a plain command of God? It is an *insult* to God, to His *government*, to his laws, to desecrate His day. The nation that desecrates the Sabbath, and then tries to justify herself, is sharpening the stiletto for her own bosom.

There is, in fact, no occasion for Sabbath desecration.—no occasion for steamers, and Railways, and mail coaches being employed on God's day.

In New Brunswick, no business has been done in the Post Office department, on Sabbath, since 1852. In London, England, that hive of commercial interest, no business whatever is transacted in the Post Office, on the Sabbath.

WHY SHOULD IT NOT BE SO HERE?

The railway man wants rest, the sailor wants rest, the mechanic wants rest, the literary man wants rest; and the *safety* of our nation requires we should observe God's laws. It must be annoying to ears filled with the harmony of heaven, and hearts beating in unison with their Maker's, to be saluted on the Sabbath, in the house of God, with the fiend-yell of the locomotive rattling by, the shrill blasts of the stage-driver's horn, or the hoarse roar of the steamer letting off steam. It were infinitely better to return to our corduroy roads, and quiet Sabbaths, than to have unsanctified Sabbaths, and rapid travelling.

Efforts are being made to sink this Tabor of days into the Dead Sea of secularity, and make God's day equal with man's. Look at the Nations where there is no sanctity stamped on the day of God, and you will see a volcano in

each of their hearts; and it is only by incessant daubing and plastering that the fires of destruction are kept under. And if Britain listens to the baptized infidels, the semi-atheists of the "Westminster Review" stamp; the parrot-tongued babblers who are labouring to do away with the Sabbath, she takes the life-preserver from off her neck, lets her insurance policy "run out," without any promise from God of its renewal, plants the upas of destruction at the foot of the throne, and directs the steel of the national assassin to her own vitals.

What are our Sabbaths but a foretaste of that undisturbed alloy awaiting us in the upper Eden! What but the bright sun-shine of the New Jerusalem, once in seven days thrown across the world! What but the beckoning of our souls into the vestibule of heaven, charming us with the melody of the celestial choir, and enabling us to catch the key-note of the "new song." Part with your railways, and steam-boats, and improvements, rather than with your Sabbaths. You *can* do without the former, but *not* without the latter.

Another National Danger is,—

IV. POPERY.

Is not the Roman Catholic press, in general, anti-British? Have they not spoken in reference to the revolt in India? and on other questions touching our national safety? in terms we cannot misunderstand.

Hear the *Kilkenny Journal*, (and this is a fair specimen of others,) "Though the white plumes are now dancing over many a homestead in England and Ireland, yet but a little while, and we shall see the hearse, and the corpse, and hear the groans of broken hearts." You may draw what inference you please, but it is OMINOUS. Unless we *intend* to shut our eyes against the danger to which our nation stands exposed, we must see what Popery intends.

Look at the simultaneous and energetic efforts it is making wherever it exists. Persons were congratulating themselves that the teeth of the Beast were knocked out, or extracted. If they were, the Pope must have turned dentist, and furnished a "new set," for I am sure it shows a well-set mouth full of incisors and masticators. But it is chained, say some. If so, it has a long chain. Popery has been holding its chloroform under the nostrils of Protestantism for years, until a strange stupor has insensibly stolen upon us, from which we find it difficult to awake. As Delilah beguiled Samson, so has Popery beguiled Protestantism; but the Philistines have been called too soon; our strength is at its perfection, and although we have been deceived, we have not been destroyed.

The fable of the countryman who carried the half frozen viper into his house, to save it from perishing, and when restored, saw it attempt the lives of his wife and children, is FULLY VERIFIED IN POPERY.

We have been encouraging and fostering Popery for years, and what is the result? It is plotting the destruction of our liberties, laboring to trample us in the mire of helplessness, and make the weapons we gave it, quiver in our own bosoms.

Popery knows no gratitude; its heart is as cold as an iceberg, but not so clear. It knows no truth. Truth never yet found a place in Popery to rest the sole of her foot. What is a Papist's oath worth in a court of justice, if it be against a Protestant? not a straw. Perjury is virtue, in the estimation of the Church, if it promote her interests. Murder is doing God's service, if it remove a heretic. There is no justice in Popery; nor is there any mercy: these noble traits have no existence within her pale. We may as well look for

"Mellow grapes beneath the icy pole,
Or blooming roses on the cheek of death,"

As for the elements of national stability or greatness in Popery.

The school-room where genius buds must be kept at such a temperature as the Pope's thermometer signifies, lest the opening flower should expand too rapidly, and turn its energies against the system which, owl-like, loves "darkness better than light."

WHAT A FRIEND POPERY IS TO SCIENCE.

When Galileo discovered that the earth moved on its orbit around the sun, she compelled him to go down on his knees and swear, contrary to his own conscience, judgment, and convictions, that he was wrong. But it is changed, say some. Has it? A few years since, while the late Pope Gregory filled the Papal chair, an English company deputed that eminently scientific man, Sir Humphrey Davy, to wait on his Holiness, and "submit a project to drain the Pontine marshes." What was the reply? "DRAIN THE PONTINE MARSHES!" said the the Pope; "GOD MADE THE PONTINE MARSHES, AND IF HE HAD WISHED THEM DRAINED, HE WOULD HAVE DRAINED THEM HIMSELF." That is Popery in the nineteenth century. Intelligent!—not very.

Geraniums find as congenial soil and climate in a snow drift, as science finds in Popery. It lays its embargo even on the "bread of life;" denies the right of man to read the Bible for himself; and doles out, with a most niggardly hand, the old mouldy crusts which were baked in the Pope's oven, nine hundred and ninety-nine years ago; and if you cannot masticate them, you must starve. And there is, in reality, a spiritual famine wherever Popery prevails. You might as soon fatten on granite or quartz, as possess a vigorous healthy soul on the spiritual food Popery dispenses.

Counting pieces of horn, abstaining from flesh, but gorging themselves with fish and eggs; making the sign of the cross; and sprinkling holy-water on their persons, are surely intelligent and scriptural methods of promoting a growth in grace!

Popery lets no man think for himself, even in the most important things which concern his being. It converts man into an automaton; the priest locks up his mind, and regulates it the same as the engineer his machine. It will not let you believe what you see. The evidence of your senses, it holds, is not correct.

The "court of justice," where partiality should not be known, where every man should be dealt with on an equal footing, dare not do right where Popery reigns. Instance the trial of the murderers of Corrigan,—the court scene! the jury! the judge! the mock trial! the acquittal! the ferocious human tigers unchained and turned loose upon society! Look at these things, and see in prospective, what may take place in Toronto in a few years.

What freedom is there for the Press where Popery reigns? Would the gentlemen of the press in Toronto speak out against popular abuses as they do, if Popery reigned here? Instead of launching their thunderbolts against vice and immorality,—they would have to go, hat in hand, and ask permission of the priest to publish their articles. At the present time, in haughty France, Popery is tightening its manacles on the limbs of the Press; and in the United States it is at its old work,—labouring to destroy the freedom of the people. It is an authenticated fact that the notorious Dr. Ives, in a lecture delivered in one of the American cities, publicly stated,—“BOOKS AND PRINTING ARE EXPLODED HUMBUGS;” and the same doctrine is taught in St. Michael's in Toronto.

Popery is the mother of Slavery,—of the worst kind of slavery,—the slavery of the mind. There is not an element of true national greatness *legitimately* found in Popery. It is a parasite, it must have a root or stalk to grow upon, a

feeder to sustain it; it cannot subsist on itself. It is the same in a nation, as a polypus in the human system; the same in an empire as Phthisis in the animal economy; it will live as long as vitality remains in the system, or state, on which it has fastened, and then die, if not sustained from some other source.

Look at Italy! priest-ridden, Popery-crushed Italy! its fertile soil, its sunny skies, its flowery fields, its unequalled climate, and what is it? Now a propped up skeleton, dry and lean, gasping in the last stage of consumption. France has been pouring life into it to keep it from dying, and Austria is adding another stream to see if it can be kept from its almost inevitable fate. Look at Rome itself. A recent *traveller says:—"From Civita Vecchia to Rome we passed for miles and miles without seeing a single human creature, and but for the dome of St. Peter's, 450 feet high, . . . it would have been impossible to believe that we were near the city of the Cæsars. Having arrived there, and set out to see the city, we were struck with the spectacle of the two great classes of the population,—the clergy in all sorts of habiliments, . . . numbering 6,000 persons, or one to twenty-five of the whole population; and the beggars, numbering 30,000 out of a population of 165,000. *It is a fact, on Roman authority, that, subtracting the ecclesiastics and the foreign artists and tourists, every fourth person of the inhabitants of Rome is a beggar; while the Campagna, a tract of land rich enough to supply ten Romes, lays absolutely idle.*" THAT IS THE PERFECTION OF POPERY.

Spain, once the Malakoff of Romanism, where priests and knights, mingled in wildest glee, where Popery had its own way, and revelled uncontrolled; what is it now! The bones

* Rev. L. Taylor.

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of the kingdom remain, the vitality is gone! gone to sustain a system that never did and never can sustain itself. Look at Portugal, a huge ulcerated mass, reeking in the foulest moral corruption. All impartial writers on Portugal agree that in no country in the world, excepting perhaps South America, the Roman Catholic clergy is so corrupt and vicious as in Portugal. A curious discovery, during the present year, furnishes a recent example. A very large manufactory of counterfeits was discovered at Oporto, having ramifications in every important town throughout the country. *Several members of the clergy, AND SOME OF HIGH STANDING,* were found to be involved in it. One of the accomplices, "a priest" (in the holy succession), "was arrested at Oporto *at the moment when he was going to say mass.*" What must the people be when their guides are so fearfully corrupt and depraved. Popery has made more infidels than Paine and Voltaire.

Look at Ireland! poor Ireland! noble Ireland! whose sons have been first and foremost in the battle, and the last to retreat; mighty in the Pulpit; and unsurpassed at the Bar. Ireland, the green-house of Romanism, where for ages the priest has had everything in his own hands, and where you see the system in complete operation, and what is the issue? Popery has bled Ireland so frequently and so largely, that she has fainted, and nothing but active stimulants and tonics can save her. Mexico has been kept in swaddling bands, and detained in infantile helplessness, ever since Popery established itself there.

South America has run down in degeneracy, until she is obliged to ship priests and nuns to keep the system from dying a horrible death,—that of starvation. And where do you think the articles are found? Chili, California, and Oregon are now being supplied from CANADA! Canada is

now being made the feeder of these places, and to Canada Rome is now directing her hordes. Without the "ken" of a prophet, I see what the issue will be,—YOUR SCHOOLS, NOW THE ADMIRATION OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD, WILL BE CROWDED INTO NUT-SHELL LIMITS; YOUR ELECTIONS WILL BE RULED WITH THE CLUB; YOUR SABBATHS WILL DEGENERATE INTO POPISH HOLIDAYS, THE SAME AS THEY ARE IN MONTREAL; YOUR COURTS OF JUSTICE WILL BECOME A SHAM, A MOCKERY; THE PRIVILEGES YOUR FATHERS BLED FOR WILL SINK INTO THE PAST, AND BE AMONG "THE THINGS THAT WERE;" THE BLACK PALL OF THE "MAN OF SIN" WILL HANG OVER YOUR FERTILE LAND; AND THE ILLUSTRIOUS NATION, OF WHICH YOU FORM A NOBLE PART, WILL RECEIVE A STAIN ON HER ESCUTCHEON, THAT THE WINDS AND WAVES OF AGES WILL NOT OBLITERATE. PATRIOTS! BRITONS!! WATCH POPERY, IT IS PLOTTING YOUR RUIN!

IN CONCLUSION,

Allow me to say, this is not the time for apathy, but for ACTION! Our liberties, our rights, our interests, and our nation are exposed! And if we would avoid the evils which are looming up before us, we must ACT! Our national chains are being forged, and the enemies of God and Truth are congratulating themselves on the success of their fiend-plot! Hear the voice of warning! Hear it, before it be too late! And look to Bible principles, and to God, for help!

Guard your Common Schools, and beware of excluding from them the Bible. This is our axis of protection. What Samson's locks were to him, physically, the Bible is to us, nationally. Atheists and Papists would have us lay it by

as obsolete and mystical. Why? Because it is death to their systems.

Look to your Sabbaths. Devote them sacredly to God; and to the high and elevating claims of immortality. Let no human power rob you of them.

Watch, with argus-eyed vigilance, the movements of Intemperance; and let every lawful influence—civil, moral, and religious—be employed, to shield us from the Anaconda embraces of the monster. Let us send in petitions to the Parliament, by the cart-load, written with ths tears, blackened with the sighs, and sealed with the blood of the tens of thousands it has slain. Let us lift our voices above the thunder-storm which crashes the pines on the mountain-cliff, and startle into activity the dormant energies of our Colony, and rest not until we sit down in the shadow of a defence, as impregnable as Gibraltar.

Be alive to the seductive influences of Popery. It is not what it seems to be. It is as deceptive as the mirage to the thirsty host,—as the Syren to the unsuspecting and admiring listener,—and as the ignis-fatuous to the bewildered man at midnight. Popery resembles the basket of figs conveyed to Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt,—externally all seems right, but the viper and the poison are within. What will open our eyes? Should not the *past, the terrible past*? BY THE DOINGS OF POPERY IN THE PAST—LOOK AT THEM; BY THE STRATAGEMS OF THE PRESENT; AND BY THE DUNGEONS, AND CHAINS, AND FIRES OF THE FUTURE, WE CALL UPON YOU TO TAKE WARNING, BEFORE IT BE TOO LATE.

The careful pilot shuns the sunken rocks, and the judicious officer the secret ambush, to avoid the consequences. Let us do the same. Then shall we sit sheltered, and pre-

served in the midst of turmoil and commotion,—mighty in our gigantic might ; and our nation, the representative of magnanimity and power, live, when the thrones and names of tyrants shall be forgotten,—

“ The home of the free,
And the land of the brave.”

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