

large number of Irish of another sort, of whom I cannot now speak particularly—(a laugh)—except to say that we would gladly ship them back again by a fleet of very early and rapid steamers, that they might cry "Ireland for the Irish" to their hearts' content and cure. (Laughter and "hear, hear.") You have just listened to and welcomed a French representative, and your hearts are going out in sympathy for the trampled land and suffering people of France. We have in Canada nearly a million souls who are French in feeling, habitude, and language, held down by a superstition whose tyranny enthralled the mind, and watched with a jealous watchfulness which knows no interval of slumber. (Hear, hear.) We have also a large and constantly-increasing German population, thrifty, industrious, enterprising, but needing sorely to be instructed in religion—to have light infused into their effete Lutheranism, and restraint put upon their tendencies to lager beer. (Laughter.) And then, there are, roaming the plains or threading the forest, gathering food from the waters or living quietly and easily on the reserve, various tribes of Indians, to the number of about 100,000, fast decaying out of life, and needing the consolations of the true faith to illuminate their western hours. Among such a motley population you may expect that there will be found almost every possible variety both of speculative and practical error. We have to mourn over men's indifference—that most dangerous and least impressive state, in which men have reasoned themselves into quiescent unbelief. We have among us, as I believe, the most compact, well-organised, earnest, sleepless Popery in the world. We have numbers who, in wilful oblivion of former privileges, have lapsed into the worst of all paganism—the paganism of forgotten Christianity. In addition, we have in the midst of us heathenism proper, manifesting itself now in cruel and now in eccentric developments. There are those yet among us who in barbarous ceremonies make the "medicine man," and believe in his power to heal. There are those who sacrifice to the white dog, and hold frantic bacchanal of dance and feast around the altar. There are those who have a strange weird belief of some former existence in inferior shape, leading me to the conviction that Mr. Darwin's theory of the descent of man has not even the merit of originality—(laughter and "hear, hear,")—but is an unconscious plagiarism from the Indians of the Pacific coast. There are likewise to be found those whom paganism has so thoroughly embred that they may be brought into degrading comparison with the very beasts of the field—hideous, misshapen creatures in the form of men—abortions of intellectual and moral being; and then, as if all this indigenous paganism were not enough, there is being rapidly imported the Confucianism and ancestor-worship of the Chinamen. Stolid, harmless, taking no heed save of the things of lust and life, with a giant passion for gathering gold, with an equal passion for gambling it away, with no collective worship, with all religious sentiment apparently as dead within them as if both intellect and heart were embalmed—they are coming amongst us in thousands; these heathen whom God is sending to the Gospel, because the Church is so slow of heart and purse in sending the Gospel to the heathen. (Hear, hear.) It will be evident from this view of the vastness of our territory and the multiplied