

of the great world's affairs beyond his own province, or even beyond his parish; the good Pastor who generally spends his revenues for the glory of the Church; and his days in feeding his flock with the bread of life. And often with the poor pioneers on the far off frontier parishes he may truly say like Wolsey :

"My robe and my integrity to Heaven
Are all I dare now call my own."

SOMETHING BETTER TO DO

No. There is something grander and better we could be doing for the Empire today in this supreme moment of its needs—than quarrelling with our inoffensive fellow Britons (speaking French), as to how they should train their children. But the population of Canada is about eight millions. Not all Francophobes. And, I hope not as Carlyle would have said, "mostly fools." And yet, in half a century, in spite of the most extravagant immigration schemes, and with unlimited natural resources, that population has only doubled. It is of every race, and tongue, of every creed and clime, of every "color and previous condition of servitude."