

Canadian Mitre or of some of the high dignities of the Cathedral, some of those high bred Clergymen might not disdain perhaps a clerical situation in one of our principal Towns, wherein they might hope to find again some portion of those enjoyments which they would relinquish, nay we will go so far as admit that some might carry their zeal for promoting Christian knowledge to give up all and every worldly advantage to come and preach the Gospel in these dreary regions; but what use could be their profane learning to these last? Would their refined language, would their rhetorical tropes, figures and embellishments be intelligible to their illiterate flock? Certainly not, and they would soon be compelled to return to that primitive simplicity suitable to the understanding of those whose eternal welfare they are to promote.

But leaving dry arguments, let us consider facts and let them speak for themselves. The Roman Catholic Clergy of this Province do not boast of a classical learning. We do not mean to say that some, and perhaps most of them are able to read and comprehend and to admire too the beauties of the profane writers as well as the Sacred writings. It is not to their learning that we mean to allude here; but that which every one must admire is their zeal in the performance of their pastoral functions. After the fatigues of a laborious day, they lay down to refresh both the body and mind. Scarce do they begin to enjoy the sweets of sleep than the tingling of their night's bell calls them up again to their duties. One of their flock is in want of spiritual assistance. No inquiry made about the weather, about the circumstances of the patient, about the nature of the disease, or about the distance; and let the wind blow, the rain fall in torrents, the snow or hail pelt with fury nothing stops the worthy Shepherd; he flies on the wings of duty, and arrives in the hut wherein the disgust of disease is still augmented by the attending misery. Regardless of the danger of breathing the almost pestilential miasma with which the surrounding atmosphere is loaded our worthy Pastor forgets himself, sees nothing but a soul to rescue from despair, and with the meekness of a tender friend administers the soothing consolations of religion and of hope. Does he speak there the languages of Homer, Maro, Anacreon or Tibullus? No indeed! His language is that simple one of him whose sent him. Behold that same zeal and resignation in that worthy rector, who is ordered to attend some mission in those distant regions, inhabited by savages and the refuse of civilized society. He leaves without repining all the comforts derived from his living, obeys the call and cheerfully submits to his exile. Such resignation, such abnegation of one's self are, according to our humble opinion qualifications far superior for the sacred ministry than elegance of language and purity of style.

But we have only mentioned a class of Divines who have necessarily