

Then why is there so little national sentiment in Canada?

One contributory reason, no doubt, is our dual race origin, emphasized as it is by a concurring line of religious difference. In earliest times, union, or even sympathy, between different races was impossible. Education has done much to mitigate national antipathy, and upon occasions there may now even be some international ebullitions of occasional friendships. But between the good will of temporary alliances, acclaimed in after-dinner speeches, and the fundamental identity of interest, and thought, and aspiration necessary to the existence of a national sentiment, there is an exceeding wide gulf.

English and French, across the ocean, have been traditional enemies. We may hope that for the future they will remain at peace. But we cannot tell. To-morrow may see them once again engaged in mutual, devilish slaughter. English and French, in Canada, have been and are friends—but they are in origin, nevertheless, English and French. They have not the same history, the same religion, the same laws (altogether) or the same methods of thought, they speak different languages, and they are to some extent out of sympathy with one another, and even suspicious of one another. A very prominent and able member of parliament, lately deceased, thought that the bayonet would yet compose their differences, and was not unwilling to see an immediate appeal to that method of settlement.

One of the few things for which we must thank party politics is that no Canadian statesman, desirous of office, can publicly agree with that gentleman. They all want votes, and they must all, therefore, have, or profess to have, sympathy with both races. The way to power lies along the road upon which both English and French are content to travel; and the politicians are very unhappy when it becomes impassable. Upon such occasions the nationalities diverge, luckily to meet again when the obstruction has been passed. But the politician cannot in the meantime accompany both parties, and he is in much trouble.

Adroitly as possible he skips across from one to the other, shows himself, hurries back, and swears that he was never