

## ENGLISH IGNORANCE OF CANADA.

THE ignorance of Canada, of its geography, its politics, its social life, its religious aspects and affairs, its educational interests, that prevails in England, leads to some curious and comical incidents, at times indeed to serious errors. We venture to say that the school children of England know more about Turkey than they do of this Dominion. That persons highly educated, living busy professional lives abound in the old land, who hardly know where Canada is located, who could not say to what power it belongs off hand, we have occasional proofs. By a recent mail we received a letter from a prominent solicitor, who resides in a town that has sent millions of tons of goods to Canada, yet he addressed his letter, "Toronto, U. S. America!" At a reception given by a distinguished Canadian in England, several lady guests were heard expressing astonishment that Canadians were "white men," not brown! A friend from England, who was passing across the continent, showed us several letters of introduction to persons in New York and New Orleans. These towns are thought in the old land to be so near each other that he could step aside and utilize a few hours by calling on residents in each on his way from Quebec to San Francisco. The distance between these places are: hence to New York, 400 miles; and to New Orleans, 1,200 miles. A serious difficulty is, as we write, awaiting a family coming out from Yorkshire. A settler in the North-west wrote to a friend telling him to come himself and judge of the prospects. Instead of doing so, he has sent a cable to say that his family of eight persons are coming to the prairie home, and asking for a small house or rooms to be secured for the accommodation of those for whom room cannot be found at the friend's house. Now that does not seem strange at first hearing, but when we know that the friend who is to receive this family has no neighbour nearer than 30 miles, that his own residence is little better than a log cabin, we may see here the certainty of a serious difficulty and danger to health and life.

But it is in our political affairs that Englishmen get most "mixed," or astray. There are few persons in England who will not regard the resolutions passed in the House of Commons, Ottawa, condemning the Coercion Bill, &c., as a highly serious demonstration. Even some statesmen will think it worth attention. But if they knew Canada they would regard this action of Parliament with inexpressible contempt—as a political farce. Our English contemporaries need to understand that in Canada the Roman Catholic vote is a commodity purchaseable in the open market, like pigs and poultry. The two parties bargain for this vote with the authorities, and the highest bidder gets the suffrages of the "free and independent electors," who do as the priest dictates. The constituencies, both rural and city, contain in many cases, enough Romanists to turn the scale at any election. Hence the candidates court the votes of these degraded citizens, and when in Parliament they stand in fear of

their constituents all the term, lest by one unlucky vote they alienate the Romanist voters. The situation is thus clear. The motion to condemn Coercion was introduced by a member who represents a large body of Irish laborers, they know nought about, nor care ought for the general interests of Canada, they are worked upon by Irish incendiary papers, and their member has to do something for Ireland according to their light, which is gross darkness, to ensure their confidence. A more scandalous travesty on Parliamentary business never could take place than the Irish discussions in the Canadian House of Commons. Members laugh outside the House, and some swear not a little at the necessity of making fools of themselves as they freely admit they are compelled to do by the pressure of illiterate Irish voters or their priests. Then the farce is played of sending these buncombe, dishonest, resolutions to the leaders of the Irish rebel party in England, who also take a part in this ridiculous but disgraceful business by accepting as serious what if they knew anything about Canada, they would scorn to notice and feel insulted by being in any way associated with.

It is, however, unjust to condemn all the Irish Romanists for this scandal. There are some few educated Irish Roman Catholics, but very few, for their schools are mere apologies for such institutions. But these few, as we know by personal conversations with them, are disgusted at the way the Archbishop of Toronto, a most illiterate Irish Nationalist, drags down his country into the mud. Poor man! Dr. Lynch fancies that his passionate sympathy with the cattle houghers, boycotters, women assaulters, midnight assassins, and such like felons, is going to wrench Ireland from the Imperial Crown. It is a pitiful position for a Christian man to be in, but this Irish Archbishop is universally regarded as a dangerous citizen, and a highly foolish one, for his treasonable and incendiary language arouses the indignation even of every respectable Romanist. We trust then our English contemporaries will, in the future, treat the Irish resolutions passed in our Parliament at their true worth, which will, however, be a difficult task, for they are worse than worthless—they are utterly contemptible as being in any sense the verdict of the people of this Dominion. The only serious aspect they have is in showing how degrading is the influence of the Papal hierarchy in the political sphere, and how tyrannously they control even Protestants whom they have helped into Parliament.

## SOME CLERICAL TYPES AND TRAITS.

BY FRONDIX.—THE JEALOUS CLERGYMAN.

"TWO of a trade never agree." So we are assured, upon the immemorial authority of proverbial philosophy, and the pretty unanimous voice of our own and others' experience. The physician discounts the physician, the lawyer the lawyer, the merchant the merchant, the cobbler the cobbler

the statesman the statesman, and above all men, so say the cynically minded, the parson the parson. Love without jealousy is said to be an impossibility, and so it would seem impossible for a man to be in love with his profession without experiencing the pangs of jealousy in regard to those whose hearts are set on the same object, and who are wooing the same mistress. By personifying law, medicine, politics, commerce, and the arts and sciences (including cobbling) and resolutely concentrating your mental powers in the subject, you will no doubt be able to grasp this very striking and poetical metaphor of mine. But be that as it may, you will doubtless take my word for what I have perhaps been rather superfluously trying to illustrate and prove, and join with me in saying that, in the natural course of events and general order of things, "two of a trade never agree."

That clergymen are not exempt from this all but universal law, needs not, alas, any elaborate proof, and goes a long way to confirm our lurking suspicion that they are after all men of earthly mould and clay (N.B. from spontaneous unpremeditated and, worse and worse, original). But, furthermore, that they are specially liable to it above all sorts and conditions of men I must unhesitatingly deny, although I am free to admit that its exhibition in a clergyman is specially hateful and less excusable than in lay people. For I take this view of the subject, and in fact as it relates to all minutely human infirmities—that while a clergyman comes as honestly and blamelessly with his own special failings and peculiarities as any other man does, he is sacredly bound to conceal them to the very utmost limits of his strength and endurance. That is to say, therefore, that while I cannot reasonably blame a clergyman for experiencing those feelings of jealousy which seem inseparable from average humanity—and it is average men we are dealing with—yet I do blame him most unsparingly and emphatically for displaying it in that recklessly lavish and undisguised manner and degree unfortunately characteristic of so many clerics, who forgot what an eagle eye the public have for other people's prejudices when their own are not involved. Thus professional jealousy of all kinds brings the most unsatisfactory results, for being confined to one comparatively small class, it is subjected to the cold impartial judgment of the overwhelming majority of the public, and in nine cases out of ten, evokes anything and every thing but the wished for sympathy. People despise every one else's prejudices but their own—can see through them at a glance and size them up to the fraction of an ounce, and consequently there is nothing that so swiftly and infallibly lowers a man in public estimation than the manifestation of professional jealousy.

With a clergyman, therefore, who is in the best and worst sense a public man, and who is successful as his influence and reputation with the public waxes or wanes, the exhibition of that quality which of all bualities tends to bring down upon him the

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