

heart we do from our reason." Nor can you ask more. We must not be cross with a French-Canadian Archbishop if he says his ancestors were from France. How can he get the better of his ancestors, now? Yet indeed there *was* an Imperial Federation map of this Empire, on which the British Isles were marked "home"; and the lecturer, I think, was ready to be contemptuous of or vexed at any descendant from la Bretagne or la Normandie, who would declaim, "*Que voulez-vous, how can I help it?*" in protestation; or who would say that same with a hopeless and helpless shrug of the shoulders. *Mais, enfin, que voulez-vous?* How can a man with French ancestors make them now be born on the Thames, the Liffey, or the Clyde? It is exasperating. There are some things not even a French Pope could do, let alone an Archbishop.

Those who are chiefly in our minds as probably or possibly less sympathetic with the Empire are the French and the Irish amongst us. Well, if we look back, that was not unnatural. The French were conquered here, not so long since. But then came the French Revolution; and French Catholics in Canada have their churches and their church property, unlooted, unconfiscated, undesecrated. To-day they have in the two chief provinces separate Catholic and Protestant schools—according to their Catholic principles, be these right or wrong. With us, in this Province even, there is much consideration for Catholics as such, compared with what guides the temper of the rulers of the land of St. Louis. Fancy a serious proposal in Fredericton, in New Brunswick, that no one was to hold any government office, unless he had been educated at the University of New Bruns-

wick, transformed into an institution openly scoffing at God and Christianity. Such a proposal is now made in France.

This is something well worthy of the attention of all subjects of the British Empire. No one can be more struck with it than a Catholic who is also Irish, and who, somehow, was brought up with a French heart rather than an English. But whatever reasoning power there is in him has done its work, and—this is getting personal—instead of rebellious, Protestant, and French, has made him loyal, Catholic, and English; only, he is Irish.

There is no getting over the facts. As the *Spectator* says of that proposal now made by the French Government, "You might as well say outright that no one who believed in Christianity was to have more than three hundred pounds a year. It is the Irish Penal Code over again." Only, we add, England has given up the Penal Code—or most of it, her royal accession oath being an isolated anachronism now—while France is adopting it. "*Nos ancêtres, monsieur, sont nos ancêtres, et nous sommes les gens de maintenant;*" we are the men of our own day; we must live as we find things, not as our ancestors found them. If England and France have changed places in the matter of religious toleration, in the happiness of any sort allowed their people, in justice and in absolute law of right, well then let us be thankful therefore, and openly acknowledge the facts, whatever violence we do to prejudice or ancient feeling. "Things are what they are; and their consequences will be what they will be; why then should we wish to be deceived?" England is converting her malcontents, whom France has repelled.

It is then of the greatest