

Dominion; a race-cry lifted a faction into power in a Province; Monte Christo was played—in real life—by a Count Premier, and his castles of glory vanished at the breath of the people; new platforms have been constructed; old planks have been taken up and sounder ones placed in their stead; conventions have been held; elections have been won and lost; and during twenty-six years the country has experienced almost as much as any olden nation in ten times that space. Through all these vicissitudes and changes, these successes and reverses, Canada as a great cosmopolitan nation has ever advanced, rising higher and higher at each stride and growing daily more important in the eyes of the world, becoming constantly more prosperous at home and more respected abroad.

Let political parties contend and let politicians wrangle and wrestle for supremacy; no matter which side wins it will be for the greater glory of the country, for, as Lord Dufferin once said, "the spoils of victory will fall into the lap of Canada and the garland of triumph be twined around her brow." Each party, with its policy, has in view the greater good of the country; all are not place-seekers, all are not corrupt or corruptible; on both sides tower aloft great and good men, who are devoting their lives and their talents to the cause of Canada, and Canada will reward them with undying gratitude.

But there are two evil spirits that haunt the land, and these phantoms of ill-omen must be exorcized, before we can positively say that peace and prosperity are our portion: the one is religious bigotry and the other racial prejudice. It is time that we should learn that we have to live together in this land of the future, and that if we desire to have our feelings, our opinions, our convictions, our principles, and even our prejudices respected, we must begin by respecting those of others; we must grant the concessions that we demand. No matter before what altar we kneel, we all adore the same God, and the same God commanded us to love each other. If we fulfil not that Christian precept we have no right to call ourselves Christians. And as to nationalities, we should blend them all in the great ocean of a Canadian nationhood, even as the streams flow into and commingle with the sea. While proud of the traditions of our respective races, while honoring and loving the lands where our forefathers sleep, we must join in Canada as one solid and united people; we must bury in the waves of the Atlantic the prejudices, enmities and divisions of the old world and commence together to carve out a future of peace, happiness and glory for this our fair, our young, our boundless Dominion!

How THINGS change in this world! Half a century ago Garibaldi was instrumental in confiscating the Papal States, sending Pius IX. into exile and sacking Rome; and England received him with open arms, went into ecstasies over the heroic (?) Piedmontese, the women wore Garibaldi jackets and the parsons paid tribute to the persecutor of the aged Pontiff. Times have changed! The Catholic Times says that "the Protestant Episcopal Church has been disestablished in Ireland; its days are numbered in Wales and Scotland; the Archbishop of Canterbury and his brothers of the episcopal bench, are entrenching themselves behind the bullrushes of Albert Hall platform oratory; Bismarck has not only gone to Canossa, but his master has gone to the Vatican; and the influence, the power and the irresistible Catholicity of the Papacy has never, in its palmiest days, been more in the ascendant."

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.

The four days celebration of the French Canadian national festival has come to a close, and our fellow-countrymen are to be congratulated upon the great success with which it was attended. This year, more than any other, were the ceremonies most imposing and the occasion most auspicious. This is the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Montreal, —*la Ville de Marie*—by the great French pioneer, de Maisonneuve. Two centuries and a half ago, from the summit of yonder Royal Mountain, the advance guard of civilization and Christianity looked down upon a wooded island, a majestic river, a glorious landscape, the smoke, from the wigwams in the Indian village of Hochelaga, rising into the pure air of a Canadian sky. They gazed upon that wonderful scene and saw visions of future glories for their race and countless triumphs for their religion: They sowed upon the virgin soil the seeds of Catholicity and of civilization. To-day, their descendants may stand upon the park-adorned heights of the same mountain and gaze with pride upon the proud and noble city that has replaced the "forest primeval," upon the same mighty St. Lawrence, spanned by the giant arches of a wonderful structure, and bearing on its bosom the freighted vessels from all corners of the earth; upon the twin towers of Notre Dame and the glorious dome of St. Peter's rising over the confusion of city roofs; upon the Monument National lifting its huge and elegant proportions from out the wilderness of busy streets and commerce-thronged avenues; upon the Cross of our Faith glittering in the sunlight of freedom; and upon that honored flag that bears upon its folds the talismanic inscription, *nos Institutions, notre langue et nos loix!*

Standing beside our French-Canadian fellow-citizens, and gazing down upon that magnificent panorama—the fruits of the seeds sown by pioneer missionaries and explorers, indices of future triumphs yet undreamt of—we raise our hearts in gratitude to God and we lift, with respect, our hats, and salute the banner that tells us of mighty struggles in the past, that predicts a most glorious prospect in the yet to be. Ye countless institutions, religious, national and benevolent, that fling benedictions upon the land and protect and foster the great principles that underlie your foundations—we salute you! Ye laws that have come to us, in an unbroken chain, from the days of Justinian, through all the vicissitudes of a shattered Roman Empire, through all the changes in the glorious history of France, until ye were solidified by Pothier, embalmed in the Customs of Orleans and Paris, perpetuated in the Code of Napoleon, and preserved intact in our own legislation—we salute you! And thou language of science, belle-lettres, art, poetry, song, and diplomacy; language of the glorious days of European literature; language of Corneille, Racine, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Fenelon, Lamerline, Moliere, and all the stars in that imperishable galaxy; language of Laval, Levis, de Maisonneuve, Montcalm, Plessis, Frontenac; yes, language of Jacques Cartier—we salute thee! There are evil-minded men who would fain destroy that beautiful language, wipe it out of existence in this Canada of ours; men who plot together against the perpetuation of the richest language of the world to-day; but no one fears their puny efforts,—with the highpriest in Athalie the children of France can reply:—

"Celui qui met un frein a la fureur des flots, Sait aussi des mechants arreter les complots; Soumis, avec respect, a sa volante sainte, Je crains Dieu, Cher Abner, et n' ai point d'autre crainte."

If ever a race had cause to feel proud of its history it is that of the French

Canadians. At the dawn of our country's story the sailor of St. Malo, with the cross in one hand and the flag of France in the other, crossed the furrowed face of the Atlantic and landed upon the bank of the St. Lawrence. There, in front of the old rock of Stadacona, at the foot of that grand cliff destined to become the future city of Quebec; there, within ear-shot of the roaring cataract of Montmorenci, Jacques Cartier cast the large and solid foundations of those grand and imperishable institutions of the land. He came, in the name of God, to Christianize and civilize the countless hordes of savages deep plunged in the night of barbarism and idolatry; he came, in the name of his king and his country, to take possession of this immense territory and recuse it from the state of wilderness in which it existed. Canada was asleep in the arms of nature, when the trumpet voice of the French mariner awakened her into life and activity. From that till this very hour the young giantess of the nations has progressed with strides so rapid that even the older peoples of the world have gazed with astonished upon her upward course. To French pioneers we owe the foundations of our great cities; to French missionaries we owe the full blaze of Christian, therefore, Catholic faith that has flashed through the darkness of the past; to French industry we owe the levelling of our forests and the clearing of the lands that from a wilderness became a garden.

Ever since that memorable September morning, on the heights of Abraham, have the descendants of the brave followers of Montcalm joined hands with the children of Great Britain and given evidence of as great a devotion to the interests of the Empire, as great a loyalty to the Sovereign of the realm, and as great a fidelity to the constitution that governs us as ever did the most sturdy sons of England. The monument that rises from the Governor's garden in Quebec, seems to have crushed all the enmities and differences of the past and its spire, like an index, points to the region wherein the spirits of the departed brave are united. French Canadian valor supported the claims of England against foreign invasion, and side by side upon the same historic ground, the French and English defended Quebec against the attacks from beyond the lines. Since then the French Canadians have given to our parliaments, to the professions, to the Bench, to Canadian literature, a list of names that shine gloriously upon the page of the country's history. Not a generation has passed that has not furnished its stones to the monument of a nationality. Papineau, Lafontaine, Dorion, Cartier, Ferland, Garneau, Cremazie—but the dead are countless; Laurier, Chapleau, Lemay, Casgrain, Frechette, Routhier, Taschereau, Sulte,—but we might go on *ad infinitum!*

Never were there two races that had more interests in common and more memories that are mutually dear, than the Irish Catholics and the French Canadians. When Ireland was battling single-handed against the oppression of centuries, it was France that sent her soldiers to help our forefathers in the struggle; when France was being crushed beneath the heel of the Saxon conqueror, it was the Irish Brigade that turned the tide of battle against the English. When Irish exiles fled from the famine and persecutions at home, but to fall into the jaws of fever and death on these shores, the French Canadians proved themselves the true friends of our race. And, thank heavens, there are not a few to-day of the thoughtful, in both nationalities, who perceive the necessity of a greater

union and more perfect understanding between them.

Were it not for the treaty which has guaranteed the perpetuation of French laws, the first pillar in the edifice of our future would be shaken; were it not that the French language holds sway in our Province, it would be all up, in short time, with our most cherished institutions. Upon these two columns reposes the safety of our religious institutions, consequently of the most sacred heritage that has ever been confided by one generation to another. In plain English we say: abolish the French language here, and the French laws would follow, then with a legislative union, we would have no barrier to check the flood of Orangeism that but seeks an opening to deluge our land—and with a deluge that would not leave a mountain-top for the ark of our faith to rest upon. Beware, we say, of the McCarthyite spirit that would seek to divide us; for the sake of our institutions and our faith, to the French Canadians, on this their great national festival, we say, "may God prosper you;" and to their Monument National, their institutions, language and laws, we cry out, *esto perpetua*, may no patriot ever weep amongst your ruins!

UNDER the heading "School Inspection in Quebec," the following letter appeared in the Toronto *Empire* of the 17th of June:

"Sir,—There is a subject that deeply interests the English-speaking Catholics of the Province of Quebec, and which seems to be seldom referred to, if ever, by the daily press of this section of the country. It is the proper and adequate inspections of the schools. It seems to me that as much, if not more, depends upon the thoroughness of the inspection as upon the attention of pupils. The English-speaking Protestant section of the community has its able inspectors in the different districts; the French-Canadian Catholic section has its own very capable inspectors, but the English-speaking Catholic portion of the population has no one to perform the important duties of inspector. These numerous schools require as much attention, in proportion to their numbers, and have a just right to it, as do the other schools of the province. The English Catholic school cannot ask the Protestant inspector to come and devote his time to the examination of teachers, the classification of pupils, the regulating all the questions that constantly arise in the efficient management of the institution. The French-Canadian inspector may be an admirable man, most competent in every way, as far as French teachers and French pupils are concerned; but he is not, and cannot be expected to be capable of fairly, thoroughly and adequately inspecting, organizing and reporting upon English schools. It is my humble opinion that in a mixed community like the one we have in Quebec there should be officers appointed who are able to properly fulfil the duties demanded of them, and that each nationality should have its own officers. How would the French Catholics like to have their schools inspected by an English-speaking person—be he ever so competent? Would it be too much to ask your opinion on this, Mr. Editor?" Yours, etc., PARENT.

Montreal, June 12.

As the *Empire* evidently did not care to express an opinion upon a matter that neither interests Ontario nor the Protestant element, we think it the place of THE TRUE WITNESS to do so. Next week we shall comment upon this "Parent's" letter and also upon one that we publish in this issue on the subject of "English in our Catholic Classical Colleges."

THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS.  
Triennial Election of Officers.

The triennial elections of the Superiors and other officers of the Fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis, of Montreal, were held, by secret ballot, at their Chapel, on the 18th instant, with the solemnities usual for religious orders, resulting as follows:—

Mr. John O'Neill was elected Superior, and Mr. J. B. Lane assistant Superior; and the following members were elected councillors: Messrs. L. J. A. Derome, M. C. Galarnau, Thomas St. Jean, J. J. Beauchamp, B. A. J. DeMontigny, Joseph Audet, Jos. M. Beauchamp, L. A. G. Jacques, Edienne Pelletier and E. A. C. Dowd.

In regard to the Third Order of St. Francis, which is a religious body, we desire to draw attention to the spirit of the Order and the absence of all considerations of nationality, politics or worldly matters. No better illustration could be had than in the election of the Superior. There are about 180 members in the Order here; the four-fifths are French Canadians, and yet, by secret ballot, an Irish Catholic has been unanimously chosen as head of the society for the coming term.

What is the use of being esteemed by men when one is despicable in the sight of God?