

rom Rome and at the request of both the imperial and Canadian authorities, he undertook the difficult task of quieting the people of the Red river and of reasoning them about the intentions of the Canadian government. This he did faithfully and successfully.

Later on, on the still farther distant prairies, Father Lacombe exerted his influence for the peace of the country and by his influence amongst the Indians he assured the peaceful construction of a great national work and prevented bloodshed when it was most dangerous to interfere. Let me put before you what the *Winnipeg News*, a daily paper said at the time about it.

These lines are a retranslation in English from a French translation of an article in the *'Evening News'* of Winnipeg:

When the whole of Canada feared and trembled to see the blackfeet side with the rebels, who firmly stood before them? Who prevented them from rushing upon us? Was it the Canadian government or the forces of the empire? No, the poor, humble and devoted Father Lacombe was the man who did so. To him the Canadian mothers owe their thanks for not having to-day to mourn their sons, to him many happy wives to-day owe their gratitude for not having to sob over the tombs of their husbands. Lacombe and his companions the Fathers André, Fourmond, Cochin, and other brave soldiers of the Cross did not hesitate, they went and faced deadly weapons; they threw themselves between the Indians and the Canadian people at a time when danger was extreme, and they prevented the shedding of blood and saved millions of dollars to the public treasury.

These are only few instances of their good will, and of their influence for the welfare of our country. I may sum up their action in this regard by saying that their constant teaching and their whole life is devoted to that peaceful and beneficial work. Is it not too sad indeed to hear now and then some one hurling at them the bitterest and most unjustifiable accusations? Those who do that and believe those accusations are not always devoid of good faith and of natural good dispositions. Unfortunately they read unreliable books where that stuff is to be found; they do not read history in its proper light and hence their difficulties. Many speak about the unity of the nation. No one is better fitted to bring that unity than our clergy; no class better disposed towards that view than that fine body of able, intelligent and zeal-

ous men. For the sake of Canada itself, believe in these words and act generously towards our church and our religious convictions, one of which is the organization of the schools on the lines we have been suggesting all the time.

This testimony which I am glad to be in position to give our hierarchy, is but the echo of higher authorities. During the last century there lived in England a man who has commanded and still commands the admiration not only of his countrymen, but of the whole world. That man was styled in his own life-time the grand old man. Now, what did Mr. Gladstone say on one occasion:

Since the first three hundred years of persecution the Roman Catholic church has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has driven harnessed to its chariot as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; its learning has been the learning of the world; its art the art of the world; its genius the genius of the world; its greatness, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects, the world has had to boast.

My hon. friend, the member for Victoria, has thought proper to run down the Catholic countries in a comparison with Protestant countries. I commend these words of Mr. Gladstone to his meditation. I desire also to call his attention to certain facts and to some testimonies, which ought not be suspected of partiality in our favour.

England was a Catholic country once. Modern England owes to Catholic England her Magna Charta, her sound constitution, her parliament, the jury, her universities, her splendid cathedrals. Even if we take only the material side of the matter, let us see what her writers and her public men said. John Ruskin writes:

Though we are deafened with the noise of spinning-wheels and the rattle of the looms, our people have no clothes; though they are black with digging fuel, they die of cold; and though millions of acres are covered with ripe golden grain, our people die from want of bread.

Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., (*Fortnightly Review*, December, 1883).

Never before in our history were the evidences of wealth more abundant, never before was luxurious living so general and wanton in its display, and never before was the misery of the poor so intense, or the conditions of their daily life more hopeless, or more degraded.