

every requirement of each school may be at once understood. We repeat the inspector must be a thorough English scholar, a trained teacher, a sound disciplinarian, and a man constantly present, from end to end of the scholastic year, in the schools; without such a person the Board can never do justice to all, and a huge farce must be constantly enacted.

A MODERN BRUTUS.

"Brutus was an honorable man," so said Mark Anthony; "So is Mr. Tarte," cries out Israel. They may be both "honorable men," but both had sufficient patriotic courage to stab their friends. In the name of patriotism the Roman Brutus struck down Cæsar, who had so befriended him; in the name of patriotism the Canadian Brutus struck at those into whose secrets he had "wormed" himself, and from whose hands he had received that recognition which drew him from obscurity. But he was ambitious; he sought for fame; he secured unsavory notoriety. As a purifier of the political atmosphere he set out with his little watering-can, filled with a few cup-fuls out of the morass into which he had waded; as a corrector of public men he undertook to unearth every skull and bone that might indicate that some skeleton had once been buried in the pasture of his predilection. But he went one step too far; he carried his unbridled ambition one grade too high upon his stairway to importance. While Mr. Tarte confined himself to his long-sighted but well-cloaked game of undermining a political party to which he so long pretended to belong, success attended his efforts; but when he sought to elevate himself to the lofty seat of "Lord High Executioner" of politicians, judges and bishops, his head turned in a natural dizziness and he committed errors that he can scarcely ever rectify.

Mr. Tarte's career reads like a novel; he was a regular Don Quixote in the political arena. In the days of the De-Boucherville, the Joly, the Chapleau and the Mousseau regimes, there was no such *Blue* in all Quebec as Mr. Tarte; he even out-did Mr. R. P. Vallee, in his Conservatism. He was a remarkable organizer, a clever electioneer; he became almost a *sine qua non* of victory in every contest. And yet mark his footsteps; follow them from county to county; trace his course throughout Quebec district, and you must inevitably see the "coming events cast their shadow before." Israel is sent into a county; he is a chief organizer for the *Blues*, and his candidate is elected by a large majority. But remember that he never goes back to that constituency; he leaves it in such a condition that forever afterwards it is an uphill fight for that party, if not a certain defeat. Credit is given to Brutus for having won such an election, and out of that credit he makes capital. Meanwhile, he enters the inner circles of the party; he is a confidential man; his plans are well laid. There is no danger of any second Conservative victory in places where Israel has once fought; he worked that part of the scheme perfectly. The second part is to await the hour when he can hold a balance of power, become the terror of the party he has been playing with, and the only hope of the one he intends to play for. That hour comes; the political purifier gets elected and under the shield of patriotism draws the sword upon his friends of the past. So patriotic has he become that he wants to save his suffering countrymen from the terrible oppression inflicted upon them by the Bench; so patriotic is he, that he feels inclined to usurp the Archiepiscopal crozier and dictate to the pioneer missionary of the

North-West a code of conduct regarding the Catholic school question. And he has the audacity to accuse that prelate of political intrigue, he whose whole political career has been nothing but a long chain of intrigues, every link of which was welded with the hammer of self-interest, upon the anvil of espionage and by the stifling fire of uncertain principles.

The whole question between Mr. Tarte and His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, reduces itself to this: the Catholic schools of Manitoba have been under the eye of Mgr. Tache since ever the first Catholic child received instruction upon the banks of the Red River. His Grace gave his life, his vigor of manhood, his fire of apostolic zeal, and all that a missionary could possess or give in the cause of the church and of Catholic instruction in that new country. His heart and soul are in the case now pending. He has interests at stake that are dearer to him than aught else on earth, for they mean the fruits of his long years of labor and sacrifice. It so happens that this question is sought to be made a political issue for the benefit of certain politicians; it also happens that neither party desires to make it a subject of purely party difference; and it likewise happens that the party in power, and that has been in power since the question has been under discussion, is the party Mr. Tarte has been seeking (for reasons better known to himself) to undermine. At the recent convention in Ottawa the Liberals were wise enough to fight shy of Mr. Tarte and his schemes; he failed to set his little plank into the platform they had built: so on his own hook he is determined to make a party question of the Manitoba school episode. To do so he made one assertion after another, until Mgr. Tache was forced to call him to order. The question, then, simply reduces itself to this: Mgr. Tache, the pioneer Archbishop of that country, the Catholic father of Manitoba, with his disinterestedness and non-political devotedness to the cause of his spiritual flock, is in one scale; in the other is Mr. Tarte, the modern political Brutus, with his ambitions, his animosities and his erratic career. Surely the choice is not difficult.

TO-MORROW, the 13th July, Marshal MacMahon will celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday. He is now engaged in writing the memoirs of his life, and apparently from all reports he enjoys excellent health. Few of the great men of this century will go down to posterity with higher and more honorable titles to fame. It was his misfortune to have been cast into the great world under such a master as the Third Napoleon; but despite all the obstacles in his way and the chances against him, Marshal MacMahon has been a savior to France and an honor to his name and ancestors.

SEVERAL times we intended giving an editorial upon that most important of conventions, "the Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem," but lack of space and crush of local subjects prevented us from touching upon that wonderful meeting of the East and West at the cradle of Christianity. However, we furnish our readers, this week, with a short account of the proceedings of the convention, as given by the London Tablet. That Eucharistic Congress is more significant than may appear to us at first thought; it is evidently the herald of a great cementing of the different Catholic bodies throughout Europe and Asia. Its effects will only be perceived in a few years hence when the seed sown in 1898 will have taken root and sprung into a glorious harvest.

CONVENTION ADDRESSES.

We give our readers, in this issue, the text of Mayor Desjardins' admirable address of welcome to the members of the Christian Endeavor Convention. Without doubt that speech was one of the most appropriate we ever heard, and certainly it is a credit to the first magistrate of this great city and to the people of Canada. While announcing himself as a Roman Catholic Hon. Mr. Desjardins gave expression to sentiments that must find an echo in every Christian breast. As the organ of a not inconsiderable portion of the Catholic population of this Province, we heartily thank the Mayor for the manner in which he rose to the level of the occasion and represented the citizens of Montreal in presence of that vast concourse of strangers.

Turning from the Mayor's speech to the different addresses and sermons delivered by the delegates we must confess that it would require a large volume to do justice to them all. In reading the different public utterances of these gentlemen we found very little new in them. It seems to us that, as we peruse the columns of the press in which lengthy reports are given, we meet constantly with very familiar ideas, conveyed in more or less different forms, but mostly devoid of that originality of conception which dazzles or attracts. However, there are two exceptions, and indeed, each of them, from a practical point of view, is most striking and calculated to leave lasting impressions.

The first of these two speakers is the Rev. W. Hoyt, of Minneapolis, who delivered a most unique and admirable address upon "The possibility of Junior Christian Endeavor." It was a masterly piece of composition; glittering with gems of poetic thought; shining with the golden threads of sentiment woven into the warp of religious fervor; touching, simple and yet sublime. His exordium, in which he speaks of Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, in the Dresden gallery, and how the knees of the soul irresistibly bend before the image of the Divine Child, is one of the most beautiful and most appropriate that could have been made. Then comes his majestic description of Chamouni, the towering grandeur of Mont Blanc, and the wonderful comparison of that giant of the Alps with Christ in His sublime teachings. But what was most admirable of all was the manner in which he showed that the Christian religion is the only one that ever recognized the child. The pagans had no room in their temples for children; their gods were full grown men; the Mahometans had no place in their mosques for the little ones; in Christianity alone do we find the Child-God, and that same God asking, to have the children come unto Him. In a word that address, by Rev. Mr. Hoyt, was a gem, a masterpiece, and so appropriate. We would like to hear such a man as that upon some of the burning questions of the age. The originality of conception and of expression in that one simple speech for the children is sufficient to set the seal of superiority upon the man's work.

But there is another exception to whom we have just referred and the impressions that the second gentleman will leave behind are far from being as pleasant, while they may be as lasting, as those left by Rev. Mr. Hoyt. The second of these two is the Rev. Sumantrao Vishnu Karmarkar, of Bombay: a name as crooked to spell and as hard to pronounce as the ideas and the sense of the man who bears it. This representative of India's missionary gentlemen is decidedly as barbaric in his habits as in his costume and as uneducated in his

manners as he is ignorant in his religious instruction. After the manner in which the Catholic mayor of a Catholic city had welcomed his confreres of the Christian Endeavor, this Oriental undertakes to insult the Catholic faith, and through it the Catholic themselves, by statements as bitter as they are false. Take the following from his speech:

"There is a remarkable correspondence between Romish worship and Hindoo worship. Romanism is but a new label on the old bottles of paganism containing the deadly poison of idolatry. Often the Hindoos ask us, when seeing the Romanish worship, 'What is the difference between Christianity and Hindooism?' In India we have not only to contend with the hydra-headed monster of idolatry but also the octopus of Romanism."

We would like nothing better than half an hour on the same platform with this Oriental genius. He certainly has the vivid imagination of the Eastern races. He must have imagined that Canadians have never heard of nor read of India and the missionary work done there: he must be under the impression that the world never heard of a St. Francis and the successes that have attended the footsteps of his Catholic followers; that we are ignorant of the gigantic failure of the hundreds of thousands of Bibles to convert the Hindoo; that we know nothing of the introduction of the same Bibles by means of the sword and bad rum; that we never read the missionary and secular press of India. Poor man: he is better off in his own country than amongst civilized Christians, he does well to set sail for the land of monsters and octopi; we have no room for such advocates of Christianity.

To the credit of Mr. H. B. Ames, chairman of the Press committee, he repudiated the language of the Hindoo preacher. Rev. Mr. Clark, in open meeting, lamented the fact of such language having been used and said that the Convention was not responsible for individual speakers. We think the audience should have marked its disapproval of the sentiments so rashly expressed. However, another rev. gentleman undertook to criticize the school system and to speak of the Apostolic Delegate as "Mr. Satolli, an unaccredited envoy of the gentleman from beyond the ocean." Such a style is not calculated to create good feelings, nor is it an index of a very Christian spirit on the part of the speaker. Decidedly it is an evidence of a great lack of education. We would advise the members of the Christian Endeavor to be more careful in the selection of their speakers at the next convention. One rash person can destroy the good effects of all the best sermons and lectures that could be given. It does not add to the convention's respectability to have the spirit of A. P. A.ism too prominently displayed.

THE Paris Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has granted its highest mark of merit to a book entitled "Criminal France," from the pen of the Catholic philosopher Joly. The work fairly crushes out all arguments in favor of what is called *la morale indépendante*, that is the theory favoring emancipation from ecclesiastical authority. The Catholic Times says:

"M. Joly proves beyond contradiction that the period during which this process of so-called emancipation has been going on in France has been most fruitful in crime. In fact, contemporaneously with the decline of Christian principles throughout the country crime has increased in an alarming degree. The advance in the number of deeds of violence and immorality has been out of all proportion with the growth of the population. M. Joly notes, too, the failure of mere secular school training to check the progress of the wave of criminality. It is found that a large percentage of the convicts have received a very complete but godless education, and such persons, after their release from prison, relapse into evil ways far more frequently than illiterates. M. Joly, in a word, establishes what the supporters of denominational education continually proclaim—that a nation which banishes religion from its public schools is pursuing a course that tends to the moral shipwreck of its citizens."

American hay is being exported from New York to France.