

to *La Patrie*, to the *Witness*, or to *L'Aurore*. But, on the other hand, we read ten times over in the same number that there is a clique in the Province of Quebec, that Mr. Mousseau is to disappear, and that Messrs. Senecal and Dansereau must be chased from the Conservative party. The religion of *L'Etendard* does not proceed from that direction. It is true that Messrs. Mousseau and Dansereau are not merely professed, but fervently Catholic. It is true that Mr. Mousseau wrote, not six months since, a magnificent profession of faith addressed to the bishops. It is true that Mr. Senecal, who considers himself a submissive son of the Church, has his share, both with heart and purse in all the good works which he was invited to assist. It is true that all those gentlemen are without reproach both as to their doctrines and their intentions. But what does all that signify? *L'Etendard* can say, no doubt, that it is doing the work of the Church in combating Catholics of that stamp, to the benefit of unbelievers and fanatics whom it lets alone. It is time that public opinion were aroused to overthrow those pretenders. [Cheers.] There is no kind of axe-grinding worse than the religious variety. [Hear, hear.] No one has the right to turn to his own personal ends that grand and powerful sentiment which dominates us in this fair land of Canada. In a country where there are so many honest-minded men, so many sincere Catholics, so many disciples of truth and justice, it is easy to gather partisans to one's side in the name of religion. But woe to him who makes of Religion a ladder to mount to regions that are alien to it. [Cheers.] Grafted on a religious stock *L'Etendard* has received from

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an encouragement of which it has shown itself little worthy. The thought of its patrons and sponsors was that it should give the tone to the Canadian press by dignity of language, loftiness of aim and impartiality of judgment. What must be the disappointment of those who in good faith believed in the protests that were made to them. I know that everywhere the direction which that journal has taken is matter for regret. But the evil is done, and those who condemn it to-day are aware of the enormous responsibility which they assumed. The blunder which a portion of the clergy committed (and undoubtedly it was a blunder)

was, not in having interested themselves in politics—that was their right; nor in having given their opinions on public questions related to morality and to religion—that was their duty—but, gentlemen, your fault was to have given politicians admission to that fortress of society into which faith, charity and virtue alone should gain admittance. [Cheers.] The fault was to have allowed a few men—some of them of greater conviction than ambition, others of more ambition than sincerity—to have you for their partners, for their sureties, their defenders, to take refuge in your sacred ark, to hide their own weakness and avoid disaster. In fine, the fault was that you intervened to receive the blows which they drew upon themselves by their temerity. Beware, for those who would have you make that mistake have their personal interest in your doing so, and to that interest they were not afraid to sacrifice religion and the Church. Insinuating and skilful, they flatter you, telling you that you alone know the real needs of the people. Yes, and it is just because you know those needs so well that you should take care not to let yourselves serve the purposes of those who have no thought for the people at all. You represent devotion, abnegation, self-sacrifice, charity; those who would make use of you are far from representing those virtues in the eyes of the people. Do not, then, imprudently allow yourselves to shield their cause with your name, your mission and your character. (Cheers.)

FALSE ACCUSATIONS.

That is what I think; that is what I meant. An attempt has been made to ruin me in the mind of the clergy, and I know that my opponents have succeeded in creating enemies for me. Calumny has always a certain degree of success. I am aware that from presbytere to presbytere, from palace to palace, they have carried the miserable joke that, during my travels in France, I was affiliated with the Freemasons. My name, it was reported, had been seen on the registers of the Grand Orient. Even the name of the person who gave this piece of information was mentioned. And the one selected could not fail to carry conviction, for it was that of Mr. Claudio Jannet, one of the most illustrious Catholic writers in France. It was from him that the story had come! Yes, gentlemen of the clergy, who will read