



**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

A SHORT TIME ago a Rev. Mr. Fisher was sent to Rome to convert the Catholics of the Eternal City. He also was to be pastor of the lately opened American Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome. Whether it was that Mr. Fisher found it difficult to reconcile the different titles of his church, or that he found out the error of his creed when in contact with the source of religious truth, or, again, whether it was on account of both these reasons or not, we are not told; but one thing is certain that Mr. Fisher has become a Catholic and has been duly received into the true fold. "Truth is stranger than fiction," remarks a Protestant contemporary. No doubt; and Mr. Fisher preferred to accept the Truth and abandon the Fiction.

THE English estate near Salisbury, known as Clarendon Park, is to be sold. This is a very historic place. It was once the property of Thomas a Becket, the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury; Edward II. and Edward III. resided there, and the Kings of France and Scotland, when prisoners under Edward III. spent some time there. It is strange how those old monumental estates are rapidly passing into the hands of the modern millionaires. The auctioneer's hammer has little respect for historic memories; it batters them to pieces without the least compunction.

THE growth of Catholicity in England may be well judged from the figures given at different intervals during the present century. In 1800 there were only 120,000 Catholics in England and Scotland. In 1840 there were 400,000. In 1860 the number ran up to 1,620,000; and in 1890 it was 1,692,090. During the twenty years that form the middle of the century the Catholic movement was the most pronounced. It is evident, however, that the last decade is to be another period of great Catholic gain. When all the circumstances that history presents are considered it becomes wonderful to contemplate the rapid strides made by the Church in that most anti-Catholic of countries.

THE London Universe quotes the following from a largely circulated announcement in the metropolis:

"Going down? Who? You. Where to? The pit of eternal woe. Come and hear Sims of Canada in the Gospel Tent in Upton Lane. The Gospel preached and sung."

The Universe wants to hear from Canada regarding this Sims who is to sing the Gospel in Upton (Essex). We don't know the man. If his first name or his initials were given perhaps we might be able to cast some light upon his history. There are a great many people in Canada who bear the name Sims; a goodly number of them very respectable and worthy people. But we don't know of any of them having a special mania for singing the Gospel nor of telling the public in general that they are all going to hell.

Some years ago there was a man named Thomas H. Sims who was a paid singer in a sailors' drinking resort in this city; if he should be the Upton "Sims of Canada," we congratulate the people of that locality. They will have very fair singing any way; as to the preaching, however, we will not vouch. Canada is a big country and it would not be fair to let Londoners think that there is only one man of the same name from here, nor that he is the only one who can sing them to salvation.

THE Sacred Heart Review has the following appropriate paragraph—sarcastic if you will, but to the point:

One of our exchanges finds it positively revolting that Catholic citizens should go to Mgr. Satolli and accept his decision in their disputes, because he is a "foreign priest." But there is Bishop Hall of Vermont. He is an Englishman, is called "Father," and calls himself a priest. Does the Churchman find equally degrading and revolting the spectacle of Episcopalian citizens accepting the decisions of this foreign priest in matters of church discipline?

THE following came to us last week: "I see by the American press that Grover Cleveland made use of some remarks recently in a public document that suggest a paraphrase of a passage in one of Moore's Oriental poems. Would you please tell me what are the words of that passage?" The language used by the President seems to correspond very much with the "Curse of the Fire Worshipper." The passage from Moore, in full, is as follows:

"Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blith,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them, in their hour of might.  
May life's unblest cup, for him,  
Be drugged with treacherous to the brim,  
With joys that but allure to fly,  
With hopes that vanish while he sips,  
Like Dead-Sea fruits that tempt the eye,  
But turn to ashes on the lips.  
His country's curse, his children's shame,  
Out-cast of virtue, peace and fame,  
May he, at last, with lips of flame,  
On some parched desert thirsting die,  
While lakes that shine in mockery nigh,  
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,  
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted."

We would here remark that the whole of Moore's poem is allegorical and refers to Ireland. An evidence of this may be seen in the song of the "Araby's Daughter." Seen from that stand-point, the "Curse of the Fire Worshipper" is the most fearful imprecation that ever was drawn down upon the heads of those traitors to the country's cause whose names blot the page of history.

It is not always true that the son takes after the father—especially in Irish politics. We have an example of this in the son of the late William Smith O'Brien. Mr. Donagh O'Brien is a land agent and has been recently hurt in his attempts to carry out evictions on the estates under his supervision. When a young man Mr. Donagh O'Brien was inclined to national politics. In 1873, when Isaac Butt was in his plenitude, the son of the great '48 man had an idea of standing for an Irish constituency. The Land League movement, however, set him on the side of the landlords. There is nothing surprising in all this.

Sure, have we not an O'Brien and a McCarthy in Canada doing all in their power to prove the truth of the saying that "the worst enemy of a cause is the man who should support it."

We noticed with edification the grand tribute paid to the memory of the deceased fireman, Mr. St. George, in the magnificent funeral accorded him. There is no class of men who deserve better of the public than do the firemen. They are ever ready, always on hand, constantly at the post of duty; the lives and property of our citizens are in their hands and they never shrink from duty when it beckons to danger. However, we must say that we find the lives of our firemen too often exposed in consequence of other causes than the great fires that take place. Careless, heedless, headlong driving; rushing blindly along crowded streets; crushing through passes already blocked up by electric cars, cabs, foot passengers and other impediments, too often result in fatal accidents. It is true that it is necessary for the firemen to get, as quickly as possible, to a fire; but it is also necessary to protect the lives of the citizens who may happen to be in their road and to save the firemen themselves from the consequences of their own impetuosity. It would be better to arrive two or five minutes later at the scene of a conflagration than to get there earlier, but over the bodies of citizens and even of firemen. This is not intended as a criticism of the firemen,—far from it,—rather is it that we consider it a timely remark that if considered and acted upon might prevent the flag from floating at half mast on many occasions. We desire, while on the subject, to express our regret at the death of the late Mr. St. George, and to convey to his family and friends the expression of our deep sympathy.

THE death of the Comte de Paris, which occurred a few days ago in England, and whose funeral takes place to-day, removes one of the most conspicuous figures in Europe. The direct representative of French royalty, and the hope of that old party which has never lost the expectation of some day beholding a monarch on the French throne again, he was a man of strong and sincere character, of perseverance and courage, of exceptional talents and noble spirit. The gathering to-day around the remains of the dead son of Louis Philippe will be one of the most important that has taken place, on any similar occasion, for long years. Every royal family in Europe will be represented and a great number of distinguished personages of France and England are expected to attend. It is a strange fact that almost all the leading characters in French history during this century, who for one reason or another were obliged to leave their native land, found refuge in England, and under the flag of their great rival, and, at times, mighty foe, Napoleon I. ended his eventful career in a British isle, and under the guard of his conquerors. Napoleon III., after the fall

of his dynasty, also found an asylum in England, and there closed his checkered life. Nearly every one of the exiled nobility or revolutionary leaders of France crossed the channel and found safety in the isles beyond. And we now find the scion of French royalty, after an eventful career and a thousand vicissitudes, dying also in England. During the American war, in the early sixties, the Count played the part of a soldier on this continent; in fact he was in every sense a man who—under more favorable circumstances—would have been a great leader of men. He is gone; one more of the world's great characters has disappeared; and in presence of his mortal remains the reflecting can well repeat the *vanitas vanitatum*.

ONE of our many correspondents asks us a peculiar question; it is this: "You don't seem to like controversy and evidently you don't care to enter into wrangles over religious points; why is it that you prefer not to discuss matters of religion as do the people of all the other sects?" This is a question that demands an answer which we could not possibly give in an editorial note, consequently we reply to it in a full editorial this week. There is one expression, however, that we can correct on this page. He asks "why we prefer not to discuss"—nobody has ever told our friend that we did not prefer. It is a pure supposition on his part. He then says, "as do the people of all other sects." The Catholic Church is not a sect, it is not a branch, it is not an off-shoot; it is the trunk, the parent tree, the Truth, and it knows no sectarianism. It may suit people of "other sects" to squabble about every text of Scripture that they may come upon; but the Catholic Church, not being a sect, has no necessity of such discussion. Anyway we reply to his question in the editorial pages.

WE have learned that Mr. Hart was not looked upon in a very favorable light on the Board of School Commissioners; the reason is that Mr. Hart "wanted to know too much," and thereby was a disturber of that harmony which is said to have always existed between these gentlemen. Do they pretend that a representative on that Board was supposed to be mute, to learn nothing of what was going on, and to be silent—lest he might disturb the tranquility of the very harmonious chamber that he entered?

If the Government of Manitoba would only act favorably upon the petition—which we publish elsewhere in this issue—from the Catholics of that Province, an immense amount of trouble, turmoil, ill-feeling and bitterness, throughout Canada, would be obviated. Such action on the part of that provincial legislature would serve to kill a great deal of that bigotry that has of late arisen to disturb the elements of our Canadian population, and would be a course worthy of statesmen and patriots.