



**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

THERE are many ways of religious propaganda; amongst others we received a card the other day, informing us that "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever," invited us to a certain temple to listen to the address to be delivered by a certain clergyman upon subjects supposed to be outside the range of our knowledge. To our mind all this expense was totally unnecessary. Supposing us to be Christians, we did not require any such card to tell us that Christ was the same to-day as He ever was; nor do we think that anything the preacher, in question, could say, would help to augment our belief in that fact. What we would consider more practical would be a sermon that might show us how Christ's Church was the same in all ages. But not being able to secure that outside the Catholic Church, we would deem it a loss of time to practically respond to the aforesaid appeal.

WE learn that Mgr. Rulisecki, the Polish bishop of Rielee, has been summoned by Russia to give up his episcopal functions. Why? Simply because a vigorous protest of the bishop against the interference of the Government with the episcopal seminary had some effect in Poland. Another glorious example of the Russian barbarism. The miserable fanaticism of the Russian powers regarding religious belief is such that no modern civilized Christian, or non-Christian nation could withstand it without a protest.

REV. KEVONK ARDZOUNI, who was ordained an Armenian priest in 1883, and whose influence in the Armenian Church in Constantinople, has been thorough for many years, died at the age of 107 years. His last sermon was preached on Easter, 1892, when he was carried in a chair to the church. What a grand old age! After all one has visions of the Patriarchs of old when reading of such venerable prelates. The fact of his being carried in a chair to deliver his last sermon recalls to mind that other scene, a century ago, when Grattan was carried into the Irish House of Parliament, there to deliver the funeral oration—if we might so call it—over the remains of Irish liberty.

RECENTLY two most interesting, instructive and thoroughly Catholic works have been issued by the Ave Maria press of Notre Dame, Indiana. They are both compiled from articles and serials that appeared in the columns of that splendid magazine—the Ave Maria. One is entitled "Jet, the War Mule, and other stories, for Boys and Girls," by Ella Loraine Dorsey. This lady is the author of that beautiful and instructive story, "Midshipman Bob." The new volume is dedicated to the Catholic Boys and Girls, who stand as sentinels in the Line of Duty. It consists of over three hundred pages: admirably bound, well printed, and charming in its contents. The second book is "The Cure of Ars," by

Kathleen O'Meara, the lady who wrote the "Life of Frederick Ozanam," "Queen by Right Divine," "Iza's Story," and several other Catholic works of great value. It covers 196 pages, and like the former work is beautifully gotten up. We advise our readers to secure copies of both. In fact we beg of our Reading Circles to do so. Above all, Catholic parents should have them on their tables for the use of their children.

HERE is another of those beautiful sonnets to which we referred to some time ago. This one is really a continuation of the other which we published in our editorial notes of two weeks ago.

**TRANSUBSTANTIATION.**

O wondrous linking of all life in one!  
All flesh in truth is grass; a tiny seed.  
Quickened by some strange inborn force and freed  
From earthly stains, starts up to meet the sun,  
And grows apace, until, its life-work done,  
It dies, and, dead, doth hungry millions feed.  
Then God descends—O riddle hard to read!  
Once more o'er Death the victory is won;

And He who gave His life to save men's souls  
Lives in the bread that gives men's bodies life,  
Which whose eats is fed with heavenly food—  
Even His flesh who fed the multitude,  
And by whose power all scantness is made  
For He, the Lord of Life, all life controls.

WE do not like to interfere with any young man's chances of success in life, but we do not like to see our contemporaries imposed upon. In last Thursday's Star we noticed the announcement of an award of \$100 for a prize essay. The preamble to the essay reads thus:—

"Some time ago a weekly paper in New York offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay on "The Seven Wonders of the 19th Century." The prize was won by Gordon Hiles, a Georgia boy and the son of Mr. Thomson Hiles, one of the leading business men of Rome. The selection of seven wonders was arranged by the successful author as follows: 1, Napoleon; 2, Bismarck; 3, Electricity; 4, Journalism; 5, Gladstone; 6, Brooklyn Bridge; 7, The World's Fair."

WE next have a copy of the essay. We are so pleased with it that we have kept it for future use. At the beginning of the present century, Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, delivered something so similar to this production, that we have been undecided whether Phillips borrowed his ideas from Master Gordon Hiles, or whether the latter got his expressions from Phillips. Perhaps they were both inspired with the same ideas and merely expressed them in their individual styles. We were anxious, for the last twenty years to get a copy of Charles Phillips' address on Napoleon, and failing to procure the same, we are grateful to young Hiles for having brought it back to our memory. We have nothing to say about the literary standard of the New York Daily that gave the prize to this essay.

TALKING of Bibles reminds us that there are three very precious copies of the Holy Scriptures in existence. One is in manuscript, of the time of Aloiun, and is in the British Museum. It was offered to Charlemagne in the year 800, and is adorned with arabesques and illuminations. The second is a Bible be-

longing to the National Library of Paris, and was printed in 1517 by order of Cardinal Ximenes and presented to Pope Leo X. The third is in the cloister of Belem, near Lisbon. It belonged to Marshal Janot, who seized it in Portugal. Louis XVIII. gave it back to the Portuguese Government. Long before the days of Protestantism the Bible was a precious volume in Catholic hands.

WE learn that the late Czar was not the most man-loving creature on earth. Even in his last hours, and as long as he could hold a pen, he signed document after document, sending unfortunate families to a living death in Siberia. Thus speaks a correspondent:—

"If the Czar signs an order sending a man, woman or child to Siberia the act is tantamount to a death warrant. Just after reaching Livadia, while the most expert physicians of the continent busied themselves prolonging his life for a week or a month—their wildest dreams of success did not hope for more—Alexander inscribed his name with unsteady hand on sixty five documents enjoining the deportation of seventeen women and forty-eight men and boys."

THE barbaric conduct of the Cossacks in the little town of Kroze, in Samogitia, and the approval of their savageness by Alexander III, should suffice to show to the world that if fanatics like Herr Most are so loud in their unbridled denunciations of the Czars, it is not without some foundation and reasonable cause. We pity the man whose position in life calls upon him to exercise such despotism.

STRANGE man is the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.D., of London. He is an Anglican parson, and is still a Catholic in every sense, except in that of formal submission to Rome. He believes in the Real Presence, and is convinced of the invalidity of Anglican orders. He contributes to Catholic magazines and preaches the most Catholic of doctrines. How comes it that such a man remains outside the fold? There are puzzles in the world that few can solve; and to us this is one of the greatest.

IN the Canton of Geneva, Switzerland, in 1822 there were 31,000 Protestants, and in 1888 51,000—an increase of twenty thousand in that space of time. The Catholics increased from 19,000 in 1822 to 52,000 in 1888. In the other cantons the Church has proportionately grown, so that the division between Catholic and Protestant cantons is rapidly disappearing. Catholicity is making a good show at the close of this century.

DURING all last week our neighbors across the line were wild with political fever. "Democrats," "Republicans," "Populists," "Tammany," "Goff," "Grant," "Hill," "Morton," this, that and the other ticket filled the air. Now it seems that the excitement has subsided. Peace will return to the community and some men will be gloriously happy and others miserably miserable. It appears that the Republicans succeeded in sweep-

ing the country. The men most to be pitied are the employees, whose bread and butter, and whose families, depended upon the results. We think it a most unjust and unprincipled policy that makes a man's position in the civil service dependent on the whims of a popular vote. Irrespective of all qualifications and services, he must submit and find his place filled perhaps by an incompetent or much less needy individual. We also think the system of electing judges for a term is one calculated to produce more miscarriage of justice than any other system in the world. However, "it is none of our funeral."

IN the parish church of Cavorette, near Turin, some wretches entered the other day and broke open the front of a pyx, where there was an ostensorium containing the Host. They carried off the sacred particles, leaving the ostensorium and canopy of the pisside untouched. The parish priest beseeched his congregation to make public reparation to Our Lord for this abominable act of the scoundrels. It is a pity that such creatures cannot be punished to the full extent of the law. But the day is not distant when justice will overtake them.

UNDER the auspices of the Augustinian Fathers, at Philadelphia, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly edits a beautiful little magazine entitled "Our Lady of Good Counsel." We have just received the November number and it is an admirable issue. The splendid frontispiece—St. Nicholas of Tolentine, O.S.A., Protector of the Holy souls in Purgatory—is a very attractive feature at the opening. The contents are varied and instructive. It is one of those publications which eminently deserves place in every Catholic household. We wish Miss Donnelly all manner of success, and trust that her magazine will meet with that encouragement which it so well deserves.

THE Sacred Heart Review—the admirable publication, the most unique and bright of its kind—has the following very pertinent remark about elections:

If you vote for a man because he is your friend, because he goes to your church, because he is from your own town or country, because he is an Irishman, a German, or an American, or for any other reason than that he is the best man for the place, you are damaging the community and doing a wrong action.

We would like if our readers would all keep these words in mind whenever there is question of an election. In fact, if we had less party spirit and a little more consideration for the value of the men for whom we vote, the country would have less scandals and much better government and general representation. But the spirit of party is the curse that falls upon us and, like the plagues of Egypt, brings desolation in a land of plenty. Never mind the man's political views; if he is the best man to serve the general interest, vote for him. If he is a good man he will never be a slave to party.