



**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

Our friend, the British Canadian, wants us to mention any Catholic authority, or book, in which it is made evident that the Church prays for heretics and evinces a Christian spirit towards those who either are opposed to her, or who have fallen away from her. If the writer of the editorials in that organ will kindly walk into any Catholic church during the service of the Mass and follow carefully the prayers that are said, or else pay attention to the prayers offered up at the close of Mass, or again follow the invocations when the *Te Deum* or Litanies are chanted, or, in fact, attend the ordinary Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, understanding the orisons, he will find how very charitable and very Christian the Church is in her prayers. Unless people are willing to go and hear, it is useless trying to convince them.

A New York subscriber sends us a clipping from the Sun, of the 24th May, which contains two illustrations. In the first, Uncle Sam is represented as the farmer of the fable, picking up a frozen snake—the Catholic Church—and taking pity upon the creature. In the second, this snake has been thawed out and is playing havoc amongst the children of the farmer, while he is vainly striving to destroy the reptile. It appears that New York State is being flooded with A. P. A. literature of this class in view of the Constitutional Convention, the delegates to which these fanatics seek to influence. They were unhappy in their choice of a fable, if they wished merely to apply it to Catholicity and escape its application to themselves. In fact, none of Lafontaine's fables could be more appropriate as far as the A. P. A. is concerned. It is surely a reptile that the United States has too long harbored, and which is actually instilling a deadly poison into the veins of the country. Uncle Sam will soon require more than one club to kill it—for if it represents the Church as a snake, it is a hydra of a thousand heads.

A WORD with our readers! "One good turn deserves another," is a true, if old, maxim. It will be seen by our souvenir number of last week, and by the pages of this issue, that our advertising is somewhat augmented of late. We fully appreciate the kindness and laud the wisdom of all who make use of our columns to advertise their business. But while the merchants and others contribute their different shares to the support of our paper, by extensively advertising their establishments on our pages, they naturally expect, and certainly deserve, some return for their outlay. We, therefore, make a special request of our readers: we ask them to encourage those who encourage their paper. Glance over our columns carefully and you will find nearly every line of business advertised. If you wish to help us on, and at the same time satisfy yourselves, make

it a point to patronize those whose advertisements you see in THE TRUE WITNESS. None but first-class establishments—all of whom we can heartily recommend—are announced in these columns. Go to them without fear of ever regretting the trial.

THE Catholic Review, commenting sometime ago upon an article in the Morning Advertiser, on the subject of Latin as the language of the Catholic Church, expresses the opinion that "the argument in favor of Latin, that by reason of the travelling Catholic finds the services everywhere the same is a fallacious one." In support of this assertion the Review says:

"There is only one sound reason in favor of Latin that will balance in weight the many arguments against, and that is that the Holy Father and the bishops generally do not seem yet to have favored the introduction of the modern vernacular modes of speech—English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, etc.—into the liturgy in place of Latin. If ever the time comes when they shall deem the change expedient it will be made and everybody will gladly welcome the change. In the meantime the great mass of Catholics are quite well satisfied with things as they are."

This is very fine as an evidence of a truly Catholic spirit—one prepared to accept any change, the moment the Pope and the bishops generally deem it expedient—but, in our humble opinion, it is no reason at all why the Latin is used as the language of the Church, and if it were the only one, then we might soon expect the change, for the "Pope and the bishops generally" would have no reason to continue the Latin as the only language of the Church. Nor do we think that "everyone" would "gladly welcome the change." Latin was the official language of the world in the days of the Roman Empire and when the Church was in the catacombs. It became then the official language of the Church and has ever remained so. Moreover, it is a *dead* language, not susceptible of change; no new words can be added to it. Consequently it is the most exact, both for purposes of theological study and of Divine service. Imagine the Mass chanted in English or German!

WHO is not charmed with the rare and beautiful works of Father Faber. Each is a casket in which jewels of priceless thoughts are conserved. Our readers will be glad to know that Benziger Brothers, of New York, have just sent out a delightful little volume, entitled "Pearls from Faber." It is a collection of his best and purest sayings arranged by Marion J. Brunowe, and given in a book that one could carry in a small pocket. In itself the volume is a precious pearl.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Republic writes a two column article on the history of the Oblate missionaries in Canada. On the whole the facts given are pretty correct, but evidently the correspondent has received his information second hand. Amongst other

things he states that Archbishop Duhamel, successor to Bishop Guiges, is an Oblate; in another place he holds that Archbishop Duhamel is not the only Oblate Bishop. His grace of Ottawa is not a member of the Oblate Order. As a rule the first Bishop, in a newly organized diocese, where the Oblates have full control of the work of evangelization, is chosen from the ranks of the community; but generally before the first Bishop's days are numbered the diocese is in possession of many secular priests; and, unless it is obviously necessary, or that no other eligible priest is to be had, the Order does not furnish a second Bishop. Episcopal rank is due to the exceptional circumstances of pioneer missionary work, but is otherwise foreign to the aims and aspirations of a religious community.

THE following order says the Catholic Sentinel of Oregon—was issued a hundred and eighteen years ago by the Commander-in-chief of the American patriot forces:—

WASHINGTON'S GENERAL ORDER.  
Headquarters, 17th March, 1776.  
"Parole, 'BOSTON.' Countersign, 'ST. PATRIOK.'  
"The regiments under marching orders to march tomorrow morning. Brigadier of the day, General Sullivan. By his Excellency's Command."

Where were the A. P. A's. when the "Father of his Country" dared to issue such an order to an Irish general? These peculiar birds—that are befouling their own nests—were not even hatched. Still Irish Catholics existed and were building up a country for these creatures to enjoy.

THE popular Science Monthly has an article on the subject of "Canadian Legends"; with the exception of the "loup-garou" story, it seems to us that the writer is an adept in legendary work, and has both a vivid and a creative imagination. We have had considerable experience of Canadian life and we do not remember ever having met with any believers in the wild superstitions attributed to French-Canadian country people. Born and brought up from childhood amongst French-Canadians in a country village, then in a Canadian college, the majority of whose pupils were French in those days; in and around old Quebec during four or five years; with the French-Canadian hunters, trappers and backwoodsmen, in the lumber camps of the north, during nearly three years; and among the villages of the Ottawa Valley, we consider, had the French-Canadians so many superstitions, that we would likely have heard of them. In the folk-lore of the country there are hundreds of legends, many of Indian origin, but we fear that the writer in question has been listening to some real "story-tellers."

THOMPSON, the recently criticised poet, and whose productions have received attention on both sides of the Atlantic—principally on account of Coventry Patmore—is a Catholic and a comparatively

young man. He was said to reside near a monastery for the sake of drawing inspirations from the surroundings. The fact is that he had been a real out-cast; he had begged in the streets of London, slept in alley-ways, fought for crusts, picked rags for pieces of clothing and composed poems on the blank margins of soiled and long used newspapers found in the street. It was only after a species of miraculous recuse that he found himself the guest and companion of the monks, and that they discovered his genius. In preference to returning to London and degradation, he remained at the convent and wrote himself into fame. The hand that rescued him has done as much for the century as the hand that held the blade of the bravest warrior in battle.

RECENTLY Patrick Donahoe, of Boston, celebrated his eightieth birthday, and a great number of his friends met to do honor to the occasion. Mr. Donahoe is one of those pioneers of Catholic journalism in America—men whose work is beyond all estimation, and which is too often only partly appreciated. He is also a survivor of the great majority of the early Catholic journalists, and now, at the age of four score, he finds himself "alone in his glory." Not only in the United States, but in Canada as well, and in every land where the English language is read, his name is a household word. He is truly a grand old man; and the fruits of his gigantic labors a kind Providence has allowed him to behold. May he have many more years of life, health and vigor to enjoy the esteem, admiration and love of thousands—hundreds of whom he has never personally met, but who appreciate him none the less, for they know the story of his life.

EEMUND YATES is dead: his gossip is over. He was a successful journalist and a clever man. He was more lucky than the average successful journalist; and luck, more than towering ability, stood by him. He had a good start, a grand field, and he got an inside track. Many men, with equal advantages and less talents, could have done even more of permanent merit than did Yates—but not one in ten thousand ever has anything like his chances. From the moment that he became the confidential mouth-piece of royalty it was easy work; he had the world for an audience and no competition. He must have done an enormous amount of work during the last ten years of his life. In fact, his style and composition—as contrasted with earlier years—indicated hurry and lack of time. He had many eccentricities; and in the end he was as peculiar as at any period of his career. His body was cremated, at his own request. One would suppose that he wished to follow his works, and "go up in smoke;" for he certainly has left nothing that will immortalize him. Yet he had sufficient ability and more than abundant opportunity to have left some masterpiece behind. If he has done so, it will be a posthumous work.