



EDITORIAL NOTES.

In our issue of the week before last we gave an account of a visit to the Lachine convent and of the exhibit prepared by the Sisters for the Columbian Exhibition. In the course of our remarks we stated that the foundress of the Order of the Sisters of St. Ann was a Miss Durocher of Vaudreuil. In that we were mistaken, as we have since learned: the first superioress of that admirable order was the Rev. Sister Marie Anne, known to the world as Miss Ester Glondin, of Terrebonne. However at the time of the establishment of the community, under Mgr. Bourget, she was a teacher at Vaudreuil. In the *Catholic World* of New York—March number—will be found a very interesting account of the labors of those good Sisters out in Alaska. From Kotzebue Sound to the Island of Kodiak, and from the mouth of the Yukon river to the dreary station at Kossariffsky, all over that icy region these missionaries have travelled and to-day they have three houses in the territory of Alaska. A wonderful result in so few years: yet Faith and Perseverance can remove all obstacles. Here is a living example of that truth.

THERE are journalists in every sphere of life; their ranks have been filled from all the professions and their phalanx has sent men into the highest posts in Church and State. However, it was only the other day that a journalist was honored by the Holy Father, with the dignity of the Cardinalate, Mgr. Louis Galimberti, has been given the red hat: he was said to be the only journalist on whom that mark of high favor has been bestowed. Long may he live to enjoy the great honor and to benefit the cause of holy religion!

"FACTS are stubborn things;" but facts are always irrefutable. We all remember with what intense pleasure we read that graphic story by Dickens, "Facts." There was something refreshing about it, for we felt that he spoke of life just as life is. Down in Tennessee there is a Catholic weekly called "Facts," and it is one of the very best of our many exchanges. What is most to be admired in its columns is the concise and exact manner it hits off its "Facts." Like sparks from an anvil at the strokes of a logical sledge-hammer, these scintillations of Truths fly around you as you read. Here is one of them. It contains a whole volume in a few words:

If there is any pitiable object in the world, it is to be found in the person of an "ex" priest, kneeling in the aisle of an empty church, and saying: "Would that he could say like Peter: 'Save us; we perish!'"

Sic transit! Not many years ago Hyacinthe was one of the most renowned preachers of France. The vaults of Notre Dame rang with his eloquent sermons, his powerful explanations of Catholic Truth. Like Lucifer, like Luther, like others he became the victim of pride: he cried out *non serviam*, and he fell. For a time his fame was lost in a

kind of notoriety. He set up his own church, he took unto himself a wife, and he became a deadly enemy of his former Faith. Lately Mrs. Hyacinthe-Loyson tramped through the United States in search of funds to support her husband's church. The result of her mission was evidently a failure, for a notice of "Lease" is on the closed doors of that church in the Rue d'Arras. The husband and wife and their nineteen year old son live in a flat in the Boulevard d'Inkerman, in Paris. Hyacinthe scarcely ever goes out on the street. The family has ceased to be even noticeable, and the closing of their church is probably the last act in a drama that created some sensation in Paris, about twenty years ago. The fame that the priest might have attained has forever vanished, and in his old age he beholds even the notoriety that he sought so ardently disappear forever. Like many another ill-guided soul he will drift into obscurity and go down finally, "Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

EDMUND YATES has been busy of late. The account of the Queen's departure for Italy; details of life on the Royal Yacht; enumeration of volumes taken to read during the trip; sketches of the preparations at the Florentine Villa; and all the minutiae with which the court gossip is so well supplied, must have taken up considerable of his precious time. Yet the editor of the *World* has found leisure to figure up the gain to the Vatican coffers as the pecuniary result of the Pope's jubilee. Yates puts the amount down at \$1,250,000, exclusive of jewels, plate, and other valuables, which he estimates at \$1,000,000. He also gives the following interesting details:

"The Duke of Norfolk heads the list of donors with an offering of \$20,000, and next comes the Emperor Francis Joseph with \$4,000. The Archbishop of Prague and Primate of Hungary gave \$20,000 each, as they can afford very well to do, considering that each prelate has a revenue of over \$200,000 a year. The Bohemian territorial magnates sent \$80,000, while the nobility of Rome and the convents and monasteries made up \$100,000, and \$80,000 came from South America."

We have no objection to Mr. Yates making an accurate estimate of all that the Catholic world has seen proper to place at the disposal of the Holy Father on the occasion of his jubilee. It is the idea that Yates seeks to convey that we think very unjustifiable. He is over anxious to have the public think that the Pope's mission is one of wealth-gathering. Yet this same Mr. Yates, who knows so much about British Royalty, refrained very religiously from making estimates of the presents received by Her Most Gracious Majesty in the year 1887, when the Jubilee was celebrated. Yet there would be found in that grand list of faithful subjects to their aged Queen, no more than is there any wrong in similar expressions of admiration, love and religious loyalty, on the part of the Catholic world, when there is question of the venerable Pontiff at Rome. Mr. Yates also omits to enumerate the foreign missions, the colleges, universities, homes of education, refuges of poverty, sickness, and misery, the far off evangelical posts in the heart of

Africa, that will look to the Holy Father for support from these funds that the Catholic faithful have placed in his hands. He is merely the custodian of all that wealth, for the benefit of the Church and of the heathen to be converted.

In the different items of news which the *Star* of Saturday furnishes, from England, Ireland and Scotland, we find this very exceptional item:

"A crusade against profanity in the public streets is being carried on with vigor in a number of English towns. A laborer at Wisbech was convicted a week or so ago of publicly using four profane oaths, and fined a shilling for each oath and thirteen shillings costs. The conviction was obtained under an act of George II, which imposes a penalty of one shilling per oath when uttered by a laborer, two shillings when the offender is above the social degree of laborer and under the degree of gentleman, and five shillings for each oath when uttered by a gentleman. Under the provisions of this act the penalty is the same whether the oath is uttered on a man's own premises or on the public streets."

There are many old laws which should have long since been repealed; but there are also many forgotten statutes that would be useful were they disinterred and put into force. Of the latter, this one against profane oaths is certainly to be commended. We require such a law as that in Canada. We have enactments against liquor abuses, immorality, robbery, and all those crimes against the public peace; but we have none that touches upon the crimes against God, such as blasphemy, obscene language, cursing and swearing. Yet there is nothing more common than profane oaths; we hear them at every corner. Some men can scarcely open their mouths without swearing. They say that it is a habit and they cannot control it. This we deny. In presence of ladies—out of respect for the sex—they curb their foul tongues; why not be able to check their bad language in the presence of God, who is always present, and who deserves at least more respect than his creatures? Besides, there is no sin so malicious, so low and so unnecessary as that of profane language. The robber has the satisfaction of carrying off the booty; the drunkard has the questionable pleasure of the effects of liquor; the immoral man has the satisfaction of his passions; but the cursing, swearing, profane man has nothing in return for the oath he launches at God. Let the law then, give him something! It may curb his habit for him!

On this tax question we find there is much to be said. Amongst other things we would remark that the authorities seem very anxious to pile on costs as well as taxes. We know the case of a retail merchant, living out Notre Dame street west, who, when informed that he had to pay the tax, went to the City Hall; there he was asked for two dollars extra. What for? For a lawyer's letter sent to notify him. He had never received any such letter. He paid the two dollars under protest. The receipt he got was for the tax, but no mention of the two dollars; and the tax was receipted as having been paid under protest. He had made no protest about the tax, it was the lawyer's letter (which he had never re-

ceived) that he protested against. On returning home he found the letter awaiting him. This seems a queer mixture. Firstly, we understood that one dollar was the fee for a lawyer's letter, and not two dollars; secondly, we thought that it took less than two days for a letter to be carried from the central post office to the west end of Chabouillez Square; thirdly, we learned that these legal (?) costs would be refunded; fourthly, we wonder how the whole business is carried on.

THE *Toronto Star* has the following very pointed paragraph. There is a great amount of truth in it and it suggests many reflections on Irish landlordism that if made practical use of would tend to open the eyes of Anti-Home Rulers:

"Let Ireland fight out its own destiny. We read upon this side of Ulster rising up, musket in hand, to battle against the innovation, and our hearts beat because there is something heroic in such an attitude. But between the lines we read that in the hamlets of Ireland, in what is called the 'Gallant North,' from the 'hard rocks of Lisbellaw' to anywhere there are thousands who live only to pay rent that 'my lord,' or 'the Col.' or 'the Capt.' may live in luxury, contemptuous of and an offense to those who contribute to his fortune. The law is now about to step in and give them the relief they have long looked for, and God forbid that any decent man acquainted with their condition should try and incite them to rebellion, merely that a few landlords and parasites in Parliament may profit by it."

A NEW species of religious enthusiast has made an appearance in New York where he is striving to obtain proselytes to the religion of the Turks. His name is Muhammed Alexander Webb; his mission seems to be a real web of extraordinary contradictions. Not long ago, while preaching his Crescent creed, he invited his hearers to read the Koran and then read the Bible; if any one of them did not find the Koran superior to the Bible he would eat the Koran. Speaking of the outcome of this great challenge, the "Michigan Catholic" says: "They told Muhammed A. Webb that they did not think the Koran was any where the equal of the Bible, and presented their Korans to Muhammed to perform his part of the oral contract. Whether it was that Muhammed's digestive apparatus was not toned up to a Koran menu, or because his challenge was simply what is known in sporting terminology as a bluff, we do not know, but the fact remains that the Korans presented are still untasted by Muhammed." The truth is that the Koran is a dry and meaningless volume. Leaving aside the question of the inspiration in the Bible, there is high literary merit in the volume of Christian Scriptures; it is a book of prophecy authenticated by past and present fulfilment; it is a book of poetry lofty beyond the range of human power to imitate; it is a book of history such as no man has ever attempted to equal. But the Koran is simply a huge volume of maxims, more or less meaningless; a book of immoral teachings such as shock all sentiment of civilization; a book of the Sword and of Mahomet. Mr. Webb may succeed in gathering in a few dollars from the curious or the foolish; but his converts, we are certain will not be a menace to the stability of Christianity.