



EDITORIAL NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT complains about the dancing at excursions. He very wisely remarks that all associations should refuse to place on their programmes any dances that are forbidden, and that a great deal depends on the class of people attending the excursions. He is right. Dancing, in itself, is not wrong, nor is it dangerous. It is a most pleasant means of whiling away a few hours, especially when people go out for enjoyment. But most decidedly no forbidden dances should be allowed—above all at excursions. Mothers should never allow their daughters to attend excursions that have round dances on their programmes.

SUBSCRIPTIONS have been opened in Rome to defray the expenses of the defence of the editor of the *Moniteur de Rome*, who was tried last month and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 1,500 lire, for publishing hostile criticism of the Quirinal's policy toward the Vatican. The Pope contributed 375 lire. Such is the "liberty of the press" in Italy. What a grand sample of the Liberty, Fraternity and Equality that Adriano Lemmi and his Masonic followers accord to the people whose king he rules and over whom he governs!

QUITE a number of street accidents have recently taken place, and not a few of them are due to furious driving. There are certain sections of the city where life is constantly in danger, on account of the number of streets meeting and the great amount of traffic. Around Victoria Square, at the corner of Craig and Bleury, at the corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Main, and at the corner of McGill and Notre Dame, there should be policemen—specially detailed—to see to the safety of pedestrians. In all large and well-regulated cities it is so; and here there is no reason why the public should not have the aid of the officials in a like manner. It is not after a few inquests are held that it is time to look to the matter.

A CORRESPONDENT, thanking us for a reply to a question, writes—May 5:—"I have always been an ardent admirer of your worthy Irish Catholic paper. You may well be proud; and for my life I cannot see how any one can find fault with the editor (editorials, likely, he means) of this truly Catholic organ. If you do not supply us with Catholic news, I would ask 'who else will do so?' Forced, from the simple reason that we have no Irish Catholic daily, we are obliged to read a paper which poses in our midst as an independent journal. In vain do I peruse its columns for the news I would wish to have. In your paper, and in yours alone, do we find, in glowing terms, a full account of our Church questions and all that pertains to Catholicity." The letter closes with a thousand good wishes and expressions of

encouragement. The reception of such letters is very gratifying, and compensates in a large degree for all the labor and trouble that the directors of the paper undergo for the sake of Catholic literature.

SOMEBODY writes to ask the following: "According to the *Daily Witness*, ex-priest L. Martin is reported to have again left the city: do you know if it is so, and what reason is assigned?" We do not know, nor do we see what is to be gained by finding out Mr. Martin's reason for leaving the city—if he has done so. He may have business to attend to or friends to visit outside of Montreal. Moreover, we don't attach much importance to his movements. Since he left the Church, the first time, he has been oscillating backwards and forwards so much that one would require to be interested in his movements to lose any sleep over them. The Church neither loses nor gains very much by his eccentric escapades—no more does Protestantism. The man does not know his own mind, and we are under the impression that he is not very much to blame, for his conduct would indicate a lack of responsibility.

AN exchange has the following somewhat witty, and very truthful paragraph. In fact it would apply to almost any business or state of life, as well as it does to the subscriber who is never pleased and who is always sending back his paper:—

"After you get angry and stop your paper, just poke your finger into water, pull it out, and look for the hole. Then you will know how sadly you are missed. A man who thinks a paper cannot thrive without his support ought to go off and stay awhile. When he comes back half his friends will not know he has gone, and the other half will not care a cent, while the world at large kept no account of his movements. You will find things that you cannot endorse in every paper. Even the Bible is rather plain, and it hits some hard raps. If you were to get mad and burn your Bible, the hundreds of presses would go on printing it, and when you stop your paper and call the editor names, the paper will still be published, and what is more you will read it on the sly."

"INQUISITOR," from Columbus, Ohio, writes to ask us what we make out of the words in the 115th psalm, "Every man is a liar." We make out of these words two things: first, that they express an exaggeration; second that our correspondent is too *inquisitive* for his own good. Perhaps he has been reading the "Columbus Record." If so we are not surprised at his lack of knowledge on a scriptural subject, nor his folly in attempting to understand the meaning of a text, when he reads only part of it. This is a striking example of the dangers that arise from individual interpretation. Nothing clearer than the words of the psalmist: "every man is a liar;" but these words are merely the second part of a verse, or sentence. The second verse of the 115th psalm runs: "I said in my excess, every man is a liar." The words, "I said in my excess," show that the expression "every man is a liar" is

an exaggeration, is a false statement arising out of the excess of zeal on the part of the one making use of it. We would advise "Inquisitor" to read Leo XIII's encyclical on the reading of the "Holy Scriptures," before he undertakes to work out his salvation by means of a volume, the very simplest expressions of which he does not understand.

SUNDAY last was the Feast of Pentecost. On that day the Church commemorates the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. According to promise, Christ sent the Holy Spirit—the Third Person of the most Blessed Trinity—to illumine and sanctify His Church. In the form of tongues of fire came the Spirit that was to abide with the Apostles and their successors unto the end of time. In that form they learned that it was their mission to "go forth and teach all nations," to fulfil the orders of the Redeemer of man and preach the word of God to the peoples of the earth. Moreover, they received then and there the wisdom, courage, fortitude and strength to qualify them for their wonderful task. The opposition of paganism, the fires of martyrdom, the hardness of human hearts, the barbarism that hung over the world, had no terrors for them. Inspired by the Holy Ghost, their chief became infallible, and they all felt the necessary graces for their mission flowing into their souls. Pentecost is one of the grandest feasts of the year, for it commemorates the completion of the establishment of Christ's Church on earth.

THE London correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post* says:—"The number of converts to Roman Catholicity since the beginning of 1894 has been unparalleled within recent years; and one of the more prominent priests of the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington is authority for the statement that arrangements are being made for the reception of six other clergymen into the Catholic Church."

These are facts; and they only go to prove that there is a great tidal wave of Catholicity rising in England. It would not be surprising to find it sweeping over the whole country during the next few years. If so the members of the different ministerial associations will have to fly to the Grindelwald to escape the deluge.

THE Boston Republic always contains some well-turned paragraphs that are short and to the point. In the last issue of that excellent paper the editor gives expression to the following:—
No more congenial soul exists wherein every grace and virtue may live and bloom than the heart and mind of a good Catholic woman, whether she be wife, mother, daughter or sister, says an exchange. She is the glory of the church in every age and clime, and to her, above all others, has God given the command and exalted mission of redeeming the world. She has done it once, and we believe she can and will do it again. Yes, the greatest agents for good given by God to man are good Catholic mothers, daughters, wives and sisters. It is by them we must sink or swim, and who

will say that, while battling for their own virtues, which are most threatened by the vice of intemperance, and for the redemption of their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, the holy cause of temperance will fail and go down before the powers of darkness?

THIS week our correspondents seem to have taken a peculiar fit of objecting. One writes to say that if five cents were given by each member of a congregation every Sunday, it would amount to a sum at the end of the year so large that there would be no necessity of bazaars. He objects to bazaars. We agree that his calculations and figures are correct. And if every baptized member of a congregation (which includes infants and children) were to give five cents each Sunday, or \$2.60 per year, the aggregate would certainly be a big lift to the church. We also agree that if it were possible to avoid them, it would be better in many respects to do without bazaars. But as long as the members of the congregation will not contribute \$2.60 per year, for each individual (a goodly sum for certain large families) some other means must be devised to secure the necessary funds, and at present no better way is suggested than the one in vogue—namely, the holding of bazaars.

FATHER CEZZA LUZZI, the sub-librarian of the Vatican, while examining some papers which had been undisturbed for many years, found a Codex of Dante's "Divina Commedia." It is beautifully illustrated in miniature and bears the date 1450. Wonderful are the hidden treasures of the Pope's palace. Perchance this century will roll past, and the next will follow, before all the relics of history, literature, art, science and religion, that the Vatican holds, will be brought to light. It is a world in itself.

PROF. SIMS, the A. P. A. lecturer, has fallen foul of Ignatius Donnelly, and they are at it hammer and tongs. It appears that Donnelly is represented as going to Heaven after death, and Sims is sent down to Purgatory—in order to get a taste of it, so that for all eternity he may fully believe in what he denied while on earth. He calls upon Donnelly to help him out, but the latter can do little for him. At last Donnelly asks him, "Do you still believe the terrible things which you used to tell on earth about your Catholic fellow-citizens?" "No, I do not," answers the suffering Sims. "Are you willing," says Donnelly, "to believe that they were as good citizens of our glorious republic as you were?" "Donnelly," pathetically, answers the professor, "I am willing to believe anything. If you'll get me out of this hole, I'll agree to believe that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays." What benefit the world is to derive from this style of controversy we fail to see; but it is amusing to the people, and perhaps prevents Professor Sims from doing more ridiculous and more dangerous things.