



EDITORIAL NOTES.

ONCE more we are obliged to state that the negotiations regarding the future of the TRUE WITNESS are in progress and nearing a termination. It is yet impossible for us to state exactly how or when they will be completed, but one thing certain is that not more than a couple of days will elapse before we will know exactly where we are. We are very sorry that we are forced by circumstances, that are entirely uncontrollable to keep our readers so long in suspense, but we can only repeat what we said in our second last issue, that "Rome was not built in a day," but once built she became the Eternal city.

REGARDING correspondence we desire to give an explanation to a number of our readers. During the past four weeks all business in connection with the TRUE WITNESS was suspended, the estate was in the hands of judicial curators, and the paper was issued by them, in order not to break the continuity of the numbers. Meanwhile all correspondence was retained and it was absolutely impossible either for ourselves or for any person else, to reply to the letters on business and on other matters. We have no small contract before us this week when we undertake to satisfy all our correspondents. In order to facilitate matters there are forty or fifty to whom we can give general replies, and that will obviate a great deal of extra work. All subscribers who have written to have their addresses changed will be attended to this week, when we hope to make all the corrections required on our lists. Persons who complain about having received only half the issue of Nov. 8th, will find by reading the editorial on the first page of that issue, the reason why only eight pages were printed. As to all the other correspondents we will do our best to give them satisfactory answers during the course of the week.

ITALY has grown famous during the present century, for its secret and anti-Catholic societies; an evil spirit has been abroad in that fair land, and under the very shadow of the Vatican the enemies of religion have conspired to overthrow the institution of centuries. It is full time that Catholic Italy should awaken to a knowledge of the fearful enemy that is slowly but surely undermining the national prospects of the country. It appears that in Calabria, in Italy, a new Catholic association has been started and for its motto it has taken the words "Religione e Patria," "Religion and Country." This is a sign that indicates something better for the future. Like its own Vesuvius, poor Italy is ever the threatened victim of a political volcano; underneath, in the deep caverns of secret, oath-bound organizations, there is a perpetual rumbling and hissing, with periodical outbursts of fiery lava, that menace to destroy the Pompeian pillars and the Herculanean splendors of past glories and national

greatness. The sooner the people are warned against the danger the better for their safety. Religion combined with true patriotism alone can save that country.

LAST WEEK another of those lynching scenes took place in the neighboring Republic. This time it is from Ottumway, Iowa, that the news comes. A young man committed an abominable deed; he was arrested and brought before the court, and while the investigation was proceeding a crowd of about a thousand citizens collected, secured a rope, and led by the father and mother of the injured child, rushed into the court-room, secured the prisoner and hanged him to the banister of the stairway. Now the punishment meted out to the young man may not have been out of proportion to his crime; yet we cannot see wherein the justice lies. There should certainly be some steps taken by the authorities to secure all criminals against the vengeance of frenzied mobs; in fact to save people from the consequences of their own over-wrought passions—for each one who participates in the lynching of a human being is guilty of murder in the eye of God, and no provocation can ever justify the act nor efface the responsibility. This lynching process has gone already too far, and such a relic of barbarism should be checked forever in a country claiming to be civilized.

IT IS WONDERFUL, and at the same time distressing, to read in the daily press of the number of men who are brought before the courts of the city for the crime of wife-beating. It seems to us that no punishment could be considered too severe for the brutal characters that take advantage of their superior strength to abuse the partners of their lives, the women to whom they vowed love and protection. There is something so mean, so low, so unmanly in the conduct of a wife-beater that the very mention of the crime makes one feel a repugnance akin to that which is produced by the presence of or contact with a serpent. We hope sincerely that our authorities will not be anyway sparing in their treatment of these reprobates. We can find no excuse for the man who abuses his wife. It is true that there are certain women who have great faults, and who are a constant worry to their husbands; there are others whose conduct is not calculated to inspire love and devotion on the part of the man. But we must remember that the woman is generally what the man makes her. It is his neglect, his unbridled passions, his utter heartlessness, that often drives the woman to despair. We have no sympathy for the man who is cowardly enough to strike a woman, especially his wife.

A CORRESPONDENT writing in the London Daily Chronicle laments the lack of Catholic writers at the present day. An English contemporary aptly replies that

we have a plentiful supply of Catholic writers, but what is needed is a publishing company or organization amongst Catholics for giving them employment. "Catholic writers," says the same journal, "prefer to write in the interests of the Church rather than for non-Catholic publications, but they require bread for their sustenance like others of their kind, and this can only be obtained by money. Their pens will be prolific if they are paid for their work." We heartily agree with these remarks. Unfortunately there is but scant encouragement for Catholic writers, either in this country or abroad. It is very easy for a reader to sit down and enjoy their effusions and to praise them for their work; but then a reader does not always reflect upon the amount of study, of mental worry, of manual labor—with pen—and weary work with brain that are necessarily the companions of every well-written article. And few, if any dream of the tortures that are the constant companions of poorly paid writers. Let one of those people who think that a word of "praise is as good as dimes" for a writer, attempt to compose an ordinary business, or even common-place letter, while the door-bell is announcing the landlord, and the empty pocket-book tells the story of "no funds." Let us have well paid writers and we will have good writers and many of them.

THE alarming reports about the Pope's health which are being flashed daily across the cable remind us somewhat of the numerous announcements of a similar nature that were scattered broadcast over the world during the last decade of the life of Pius IX. One would imagine that "the wish was father to the expression" as far as these sensationalists are concerned. The Roman correspondent of the Cologne Gazette seems to have an aptitude for fabricating bulletins of the Pope's health. And yet we are at a loss to know how that enterprising writer could become acquainted with the internal workings of the Vatican and the secrets of the Pope's household. There is one thing certain, however, that no reliance can be placed on any of these despatches. They are not official, nor even semi-official; they are rumors caught flying in the cafes and salons of Rome and improved upon by the gentlemen who are paid to furnish news from the Eternal City. The truth is that, according to every authentic report of late, His Holiness is in very good health, far better than could be reasonably expected in the case of a man who is so advanced in years and who has had such a fatiguing summer, as this jubilee year has been.

MR. STEAD, the well known London journalist and founder as well as editor of the Review of Reviews, is now in Canada and has been feasted in different cities of our Dominion. Although Mr. Stead is famed as a journalist, he is becoming still more notorious as a believer in Psychical Phenomena. He has

studied the relations between embodied and disembodied spirits and claims to be able to procure letters from the departed, to hold conversations with the souls that have gone before, and to illustrate the truths of his peculiar spiritualistic theories in a most practical and tangible manner. We understand that he has undertaken to give a few private exhibitions in the homes of the friends with whom he stopped while here. This is very interesting indeed; but it seems to us a great drop in the scale of dignity for a man of Mr. Stead's abilities to take. While in his sphere of journalist he was, after a manner, a great success; but in his role of medium we fear that he has gone beyond his depth and adopted a profession (if we can so call it) that is not his vocation. What seems strangest of all is the fact that these gentlemen who have faith in spirit-rapping, spirit-telegraphy, and all such phenomena, cannot be made to understand or believe in the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory.

UNDER the heading, "A Lesson from Australia," the Liverpool Catholic Times gives the report of a dialogue that is vouched for by a responsible Australian judge. It appears that at an Anglican diocesan festival recently held in the Town Hall, Melbourne, Mr. Justice Hodges assured a large gathering that it had taken place in his own presence in a court of justice. A little girl was being examined, and she replied thus to the questions:

"How old are you?—Ten years and seven months, sir.
 Do you go to school?—Yes, sir; the State school in—street.
 Been going there long?—A little over a year, sir.
 Were you at school before that?—Yes, sir; at the State school in—street three or four years.
 Can you read?—Yes, sir.
 Can you read writing?—Yes, sir.
 And write?—Yes.
 Well, my little woman, did you ever hear of God?—Beg pardon, sir.
 Did you ever hear of God?—Of God, sir?
 Did you ever hear anything about your Heavenly Father?—Beg pardon, sir.
 Did you ever hear anything about your Father in Heaven?—My father's at home, sir.
 Did you ever hear anything about Christ?—Beg pardon, sir.
 Did you ever hear anything about Christ?—I don't know him, sir."
 The Liverpool organ adds to this the following comment: "It might well be supposed that there could not be a more terrible object lesson as to the dangers of a secular educational system, but Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, declares that his experience of the working of the Educational Act in his diocese has made him acquainted with not one but many cases of children of much more mature years fully as ignorant as this child of the fundamental truths of religion."