



EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME time ago we have occasion to refer to the disrespectful manner in which some people sing aloud and laugh in the cemetery. There is, however, something more repulsive in the oaths and offensive expressions used by laborers in the home of the dead. Whether they are employees of contractors for monuments and copings, or employees of the fabrique, we cannot say; but we judge from the nature of their work that they come from the city. It is very unpleasant for those good Christians who go to visit the last resting place of their friends, to decorate their graves, or to pray in "God's Acre," to have their meditations and prayers broken in upon by foul language and rough oaths of the lowest class. We would ask the different foremen of the various gangs of masons and stone-cutters that work in the cemetery to be good enough to warn their men, and insist upon a proper respect for the living and the dead.

In consideration of the recent attention drawn to Italy and King Humbert, in consequence of the visit paid by the "Etna" to Montreal, perhaps, the following piece of news may be interesting as an illustration of the glorious effects of the Italian monarch's beneficent and awfully religious reign.

"The soldiers of King Humbert are bayonetting the peasantry in the province of Novara. The authorities ordered the destruction of the vineyards in the province in order to try and stamp out the insect plague which is ruining the grape production. The people resisted the action of the authorities as it throws them out of work and leaves them to starve. The military are acting with brutality. Possibly the soldiers have a grudge against Novara. It was from its capital, similarly named, the Italian army made its celebrated run away from the Austrians in the year 1849."

THE paper which, in our last issue, we were forced to bring to task for its abominable insults towards Catholics, and objects that are held sacred and dear by the vast majority of our citizens, has very cunningly sought to repair the mistake it committed, by attempting to show that it has as good a right to its opinions as we have to ours. No person ever referred to the opinions of that organ, nor did we discuss them in one way or another. It is perfectly free to hold whatever opinion it desires. But what called forth the exposure of its infidel and malicious attacks upon our faith, was the low, slangy, insulting manner in which it referred to a saint of the church, and the vile comparison made between Catholics and objects of detestation. It is not with that journal's opinions we have any quarrel,—they are so confused and baseless that no sane person would waste time in striving to fathom them,—but we object to that organ, or any other one, insulting our co-religionists in a most uncalled for manner, and publicly sneering and scoffing at what Catholics revere, and openly

trading the elect of God, as well as blaspheming His majesty. It does not concern us that the editor (or editors) of that organ should lack faith, but the absence of belief in a creed does not give any man a right to sneer and scoff at that religion, nor insult and hurt the feelings of its adherents. A person may be an unbeliever—but let him have the instincts of a gentleman, let him show some delicacy of feeling and respect for the feelings of others. We repeat, it was not a question of opinion but one of fact; the fact that vile insult was launched against every Catholic citizen of this city, and we could not allow it to pass unchallenged.

WE HAVE often heard of "raising Cain;" but if ever the first murderer and fratricide were raised, it decidedly was in the person of a reverend doctor of the same name—only he spells it with a big K—who has recently been telling the Belfast Orangemen what Kane would do—that is to say if he were only Able. Read the following:

"Addressing a deputation of Belfast Orangemen, the Rev. Dr. Kane, grand master, suggested Colonel Saunderson as president and Mr. T. W. Russell as vice-president at the forthcoming Ulster Central Assembly, adding that whoever were chosen should be ready to die a hundred times rather than submit to a criminal Fenian Government in Dublin. If it came to the worst, they had to defend their liberties, he was glad that ninety per cent. of them knew how to exchange their walking-sticks for more effective instruments of self-defence without any scramble at the crucial moment."

THE reports from the Congo Catholic missions are most satisfactory. Five hundred children, that have been rescued from servitude and barbarism, are receiving instruction in Catholic schools, and five of them are being trained for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a body of native clergy. There are fifteen postulants at the house of novices of the indigenous sisterhood. Glory to the indefatigable missionaries—priests and nuns—who are carrying the faith into the land of darkness!

IN ANOTHER column we publish a letter, written by one who sent us some very interesting correspondence, a few months ago. The letter speaks for itself. We had intended writing editorially upon the subject, but we reserve that for another issue, finding that our communication of this week fully touches upon the points we were to treat. But we have much more than "Ajax" to say upon this matter. That very cunningly constructed article in the Star is a splendid index to what might be expected unless the public be made acquainted with the true inwardness of the case. It is pushing audacity to the limit of the ridiculous to find a Board of men, who are supposed to expend the public funds in the interest of education, squandering thousands upon the demolition of that splendid Gothic structure—the Sarsfield school—and erecting an architectural monstrosity, at enormous cost, in its place, and at

the same time talking of seeking to get control of other schools—religious ones of course—in order to crush them eventually. We have the example of Kingston before us; and we warn the would-be perpetrators of similar injustices and atrocities that there is a limit beyond which it is not safe to go. The public, that supports them, and should have a knowledge (and a correct one) of what becomes of the monies, may be forced to raise a voice of more emphatic protest,—already is it crying out *Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra!*

IN connection with the question of superstition, and the supernatural, of which we write this week, the following piece of Roman news may prove very interesting:—

"A curious case was recently examined at Rome by the ecclesiastical courts which gave rise to a curious question, 'How far is it permitted to consult sacred books at hazards, and to draw conclusions by means of the texts which meet the eyes in the opened volume?' A person had made a practice of consulting holy books in this manner without, at the same time doing so for gain, or for any but a good motive and in good faith. It happened that she had on several occasions hit upon the most strange and striking truths, and that her predictions were more than once realized. The decisions of the ecclesiastical court is that such practices was an abuse, and the would-be prophet was forbidden to continue them. If, however, any person desires to consult sacred writings at hazard, and for the good of their souls, the best method is that followed by St. Ignatius, who used to read extracts from the Imitation of Christ twice a day. In the morning he read it by order of the chapters, and in the evening was in the habit of opening it at hazard. The great saint was wont to declare that he had always drawn great comfort from these improvised counsels and admonitions. One of the most learned editors of the Imitation (Gence) once stopped near the town of Viterbo, and charmed with the beauty of the spot decided to reside there for the remainder of his days. Almost immediately after his resolution was taken, he opened his favorite books, and the verse that met his eyes was: 'Why dost thou stand looking about thee here, since this is not thy resting-place?' Struck by this warning, our traveler at the same instant heard the slow and solemn tolling of a church bell. He rose from the place where he was resting, and walking towards the town met a funeral procession bearing a dead body to its last earthly habitation. The Christian wayfarer accompanied his unknown brother to his narrow home, and then continued his opened chapter in the Imitation which, with marvelous applicability, continued: 'Thy dwelling must be in Heaven, and all things of the earth are only to be looked upon as passing by. All things pass away, and thou along with them.'

FRANCE seems bound to get into war with some nation or other. Scarcely has the Siam cloud blown over than the Italian difficulty arising out of the bloody scenes at Aigues-Mortes blackens the horizon. Where matters are going to end there is as yet no knowing; but it evidently looks as if France is stepping over a war volcano that menaces at any moment to burst forth and play havoc. The despatches of Monday were certainly

sensational enough, nor is there any evidence of the atmosphere clearing. We fear that our application of Irwin's poem, a few weeks ago, which was then considered by a great many as an exaggeration, may prove somewhat correct before the close of this year.

WE learn that Count Mercier has been "frozen out" at the great French Canadian Convention at Chicago. Most properly so. He has abandoned his nationality and has become a French American. Poor Riel! How soon your champion has forgotten your memory, the moment it could no longer serve his purposes.

THE BOSTON PILOT has the following, which is too rich to leave un-reproduced. We have heard of "rubbing it in," but we must say that old Labby has the most effective method of performing that peculiar operation that we have ever heard of. The Pilot says:

"Apropos of 'Judas' Chamberlain,' a London correspondent of the Dublin Freeman quotes from memory Mr. Labouchere's stinging invective on the same subject six years ago. Labby was speaking to an audience in the country and introduced the name of Chamberlain, then a fresh and detested traitor. Immediately there came a cry of 'Judas.' The speaker paused to rebuke such a sentiment:—

"I must deprecate these historical comparisons, quoth Mr. Labouchere. 'They are seldom accurate or just. I am not here to defend Judas; but Judas had his good points. It is quite true that he betrayed his Master, but he did not then dine with Caiaphas and set up with Herod. He did not get upon platforms with the Scribes and Pharisees. He did not stump Judea to prove that he was the only true Apostle, and all the rest were apostates. No; Judas appreciated the situation, and he very properly went out and hanged himself.'

"WHY, WHEN, HOW, AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO READ," is the title of a most admirable little volume of about 155 pages, that has recently been published by Thomas B. Noonan & Co., of Boston, and which is written by the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. After "lovingly and gratefully" dedicating the work to his mother, "at whose knee he learned, in childhood, how to read," the author gives several pages of most instructive and highly valuable information. The mere mention of the chapters is all we can give in the space at our disposal; but if even that much should induce any of our readers to secure and study that volume and eventually put in practice its teachings a great good will be the result. After telling us, in a fresh and happy style, why, when, and how we ought to read, we get ten sub-chapters upon "what we ought to read." The choice of books—for which general principles are laid down; poetry; danger of sentimental reading; hints on choosing books; an order of reading suggested; history and biography; magazines; newspapers; novels; and reading for children, are all subjects elegantly and attractively discussed. We heartily recommend our readers to procure, if possible, that little guide and to follow it; much valuable time may be saved and much information may be secured that might—for want of system—be entirely lost.