



EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE would like to be able to locate exactly the Kansas editor who describes his habitation as "80 miles west of a rain belt, 90 feet from water, several million miles from heaven, 50 yards from the devil, and 300 miles from a saloon." His idea of celestial life must be the close proximity of a saloon, and the absence of water. He is having his purgatory on earth, he surely will be rewarded hereafter for his temperate life.

THE Boston Pilot says: "Wei-Hai-Wei, Pe-Chi-Li, Ping-Yong, Ho-Hang-Ho—is it any wonder that a nation gets whipped when it gives its towns such names as an inspired idiot might devise in constructing a 'college cheer?' On the Oriental war, the same paper has another sharp paragraph that indicates its sympathies in the struggle. "Japan, according to the dictionary, means to polish. Nobody will deny that China has been polished off most beautifully."

In the Ursuline Convent, Waterford, Ireland, there recently died a nun whose name, though hidden during twenty-four years from the world, has been cherished by Irish Catholics in all lands. Sister Mary Benigna was grand-daughter of the great Liberator. She was a Miss Eily O'Connell, daughter of John O'Connell, son of the famous Daniel O'Connell. She was as conspicuous for her talents and piety in the convent as was her grand-parent in the more boisterous arena of public life. All Irish Catholics will gladly offer up prayers for the repose of the good soul that has departed for the land of eternal recompense.

THE saddest result of the recent storm was the fatal accident in which Assistant Law Clerk Joseph met his death and a number of prominent citizens of Canada were severely injured. Most certainly last week was sufficient to dispel all illusions as to the changes in our climate. For some years it was predicted by many that Canada would see no more of the old-time winters. But the cold in the beginning of the week and the storm at the end of it, are evidence enough that this is a land of snow and ice, at least during half the year. The only persons who reaped any benefit were the unemployed laborers who secured work for a few days. For them the storm was a stroke of good fortune.

POOR ex Queen Liliuokalani is having great trouble in Hawaii. She has been dethroned by the republican element; now she is arrested for complicity in an attempt to overturn the power that robbed her of a throne which was her inherited right. It is wonderful to notice how very ungallant the leaders of all revolutionary movements are. The fate of Marie Antoinette is a striking example. Surely they could allow the ex-Queen of Hawaii to remain in peace

after she proclaimed her intention to be loyal to the new powers. "Uneasy is the head that wears the crown;" equally true is it that unhappy is the head from which a crown has been snatched.

THE conversion of England in a body to the old faith is a matter of greater difficulty than at first sight may appear. Recently Cardinal Vaughan pointed out that the fact of every Protestant being his own Pope, there were as many authorities as individuals to deal with. There being no head to treat with negotiations must be entered into with every individual. There being no positive harmony of doctrine it is most difficult to argue out the fundamental principles of true Christianity. The longer the conversion is delayed the more difficult it becomes; for each year, each day, each hour in fact, may be said to bring its own creed. The only point of union amongst them is that of opposition to the Catholic Church.

ON a train running from Fontainebleau to Paris, January 24th, a nun was murdered by a madman. The train was rushing along at its usual speed, when, in one of the compartments, a man suddenly drew a revolver and began firing upon his fellow-passengers. One shot struck the nun; three others took effect on three of the travellers. In the nun's case the wound proved mortal. It appears the man was arrested and found to be insane. Here is another strong argument against the old-style coaches used in Europe, and in favor of our more open cars of America. Imagine the constant risk that passengers run in being locked up in these compartments. There is no possible exit; no refuge; no hope when in presence of maniacs or murderers. It is to be hoped that the day is not distant when the old world shall commence to learn from the new world some points regarding railway matters.

A WRITER in The Forum says that "the great bulk of the English read nothing, literally nothing, and he who knows something of rural England will agree with this." We might add that the same applies to the inhabitants of English towns and cities. While the few in England who do read, are most thoroughly educated, we cannot but admit that the bulk of the people go not beyond periodicals and newspapers, while hundreds of thousands even never look into the current literature, or daily press. And yet the average Englishman has an idea that the Irish are most illiterate and ignorant. In Ireland, when it was a crime to speak the Celtic and forbidden to learn the English, it was no uncommon thing to find the plough boys or fishermen who could speak Greek and Latin, recite Virgil or Homer, and hold learned discussions upon questions of mathematics, science, philosophy and even theology. And, to-day, there is scarcely an Irish peasant who is not posted in all the leading events of his

time, and in the history of his country. Find us the Irish lad that has never heard of Brian Boru or Sarsfield; find us the Englishman, in the back streets or rural districts, who can talk intelligently about William the Conqueror or Harold, the last of the Saxon kings.

AT CLERMONT, in Auvergne, (now called Clermon Ferraud) the Council of the Church was held in 1095. In that assembly the necessity of rescuing the holy places from the infidels was proclaimed. In May next the eight hundredth anniversary of that momentous event will be celebrated by a series of festivities in the old Auvergnat capital. The Bishop, Mgr. Belmont, has taken the initiative, and the expectations of a grand success are general. It was eight hundred years ago next May, that the inspired voice of Peter the Hermit rang over Europe; at his call thousands were startled into activity, princes and peasants joined in the crusades which marked as a mighty epoch in the world's history that memorable period. Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Stephen of Blois, the brother of the King of France, Bohemund of Torontum, and scores of others, with a hundred thousand followers, left Europe, sailed across the Mediterranean, trod the wilds of Taurus, fainted under the suns of the East, and continued their march until they beheld, in the emerald fields that line Orontes, the grey battlements and white turrets of the Syrian Antioch. This will be the commemoration of one of the most extraordinary events that history, ancient or modern, records.

ANOTHER eight hundredth anniversary takes place this year. In April, Venice will celebrate, by a series of religious festivals, the consecration of the famous Cathedral of St. Mark's. The church, which stands on the great square of St. Mark, and faces the Grand Canal, was first built in 828, when the body of the evangelist was taken from Alexandria to Venice. In 976 a portion of the church was destroyed by fire. The rebuilding was only completed a hundred years later, and in April, 1095, the consecration took place. Venice will again assume her olden and glorious appearance; the "Queen of the Adriatic" will put on the splendor that was hers when she wedded the sea, and enrolled the name of each Doge in her "Book of Gold." The carnival of Venice is almost a thing of the past; but this year the winged lions on the Piazza San Marco will witness a renewal of all those scenes that were the glory of the glittering city, before barbarian or stranger drove her commerce to other ports.

WE have received the first number of Captain Chartrand's new monthly, entitled "La Revue Nationale." It is a most promising issue. It contains the portraits of the leading contributors and opens with letters of encouragement from Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau, Hon. Messrs. Laurier, Nantel, Marchand,

Beausoleil, David and Ferrault. The first article is from the pen of Hon. Mr. Royal on "Les Amours d'un Notaire," which is followed by a little poem, "A Ma Petite Louise," by Dr. L. H. Fréchette. An able contribution on the "Influence of Canadian Climate," from the pen of Dr. Hingston; a learned treatise on the "Mechanism of the Eye," by Mr. Dansereau; an historical sketch of "Fort Frontenac, 1673-84," by Benjamin Sulte; a serial story from Joseph Marmette; a contribution on "Finances," from that able financial writer, Mr. John Hague, go to make up the leading features of a highly attractive issue. Mr. Chs. dea. Ecarres handles the foreign gossip and "Francoise" takes care of the ladies' department. We heartily wish Captain Chartrand every success in his undertaking; the magazine is a credit to the Province.

IN the history of literature there is nothing more extraordinary than the wave of Napoleonic revival that is sweeping over America. His certainly was a wonderful career, and one that can never be imitated nor repeated. It may be for this reason that he stands upon the back-ground of history a monument of peculiar greatness. Of all the descriptions or appreciations of his career, that of Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, we consider the most exact and concise. "We may now pause," said he, "before the splendid prodigy that towered amongst us, like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance that its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon a throne a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent and decisive, a will despotic in its dictates, an energy that distance expedition and a conscience pliable to every touch marked the outlines of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary that, perhaps, in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned or fell."

WE desire to call attention once more to the souvenir number which THE TRUE WITNESS is preparing for St. Patrick's Day. We can unhesitatingly state that it will not only be a work of artistic and literary merit, but that it will be entirely original. Some of the most able writers of the day will contribute articles and many of our prominent Irish Catholic litterateurs will furnish sketches, from different standpoints, of the success of our people in Canada. The cover alone will be a gem worth calling a souvenir. Let our readers look out for it.

THE Church is gradually increasing the number of Anglican clergymen who come into the fold. The Rev. Wentworth Powell, nephew of the Protestant Bishop, Basil Jones, of Washington, has joined the Catholic Church. One by one they are receiving the light-bearing summons that flashed upon St. Paul on the road to Damascus. And what is best of all, they hearken to and obey the call. Wonderful are the ways of God; stupendous the work of His Church.