



EDITORIAL NOTES.

We understand that the missions in Jamaica, W. I., are to be transferred to the American Jesuits. These missions were under the English branch of the Order, which section will take the South African missions. In November last Rev. William O'B. Pardow, Provincial of New York, visited Jamaica. This may tend to Americanize that island.

DIPLOMATIC illness prevented the Queen of Italy from receiving Zola at the Quirinal. Mr. Billot, the French Ambassador, presented him, and King Humbert did the honors. Queen Marguerite has no fancy for immoral authors, and she by no means relishes filthy attacks upon Lourdes and places, persons and things sacred in general. She trusts in the Blessed Virgin to yet save Italy from ruin. The attack of influenza was brought on by the chill which Zola's iceberg presence imparted to the atmosphere. It disappeared with his departure.

THE little Crown Prince of Siam is dead. He was sixteen last June and became Crown Prince in 1887. He was never a robust child but he was considered clever. He was very small, especially for such a long name as he bore—Somdetch Cowfa Maha Vajirunhis. What effect his early death will have on the prospects of Siam is more than we can tell; but this we know, that while the great western world may care little and perhaps not even pause to inquire who he was, his young life may have been of great importance to the peace and prosperity of the little Kingdom of Siam.

MR. WILLIAM KELLY, our young and active canvasser and collector, will visit several sections of the city during the coming week. The TRUE WITNESS would request, most respectfully, of all upon whom he may call to receive him cordially and to do their utmost to encourage him in this department. It requires a great many hands to build up and carry on a newspaper, and like the wheels of a clock, they all are necessary to the perfect working of the organ. But all the wheels of a time-piece would be useless were there not some external hand with a strong key to wind up the whole affair; in the case of a newspaper that key is what the world calls "cash," and that hand is the public.

A NEWFOUNDLAND correspondent wants us to tell him all about the origin of Orangeism, and its attitude towards the Catholic Church. It would be a very long story indeed were we to attempt a reply. The Society derives its name from William Prince of Orange—and not from the color of its regalia, or from the ornamental lily of July, as thousands of Orangemen suppose—and was formed in Ireland for the express purpose of propagating the extreme Protestantism of the conqueror of the Boyne. Its primary

object was the wiping out of "Pope and Popery, wooden shoes, and brass money," according to an original oath aimed at the adherents of James II. It gradually developed into an organization for the special persecution—collectively and individually—of all Roman Catholics. Of late years it has not carried its principles into execution, for the good reason that a more modern civilization would not tolerate its barbarism, and while it hates Catholicity none the less to-day, it is forced by circumstances over which it has no control, to hide its weapon under the cloak of its loyalty, and vegetate upon the memories of old time triumphs over the helpless victims, and upon the gloomy hopes of some undefined and future opportunity of paddling in Papist gore. But now that the old lion's teeth are rotten or gone, it serves no good purpose to insult his decrepitude, his roar is still loud, but not dangerous, and it need not startle any one.

"LUTHER'S HOUSE IS FALLING," says a Berlin despatch. "The Lutherhaus (in Eisleben) and the Andreaskirche (St. Andrew's Church) threaten to fall in. The Lutherhaus is the house in which Martin Luther was born and in which he died." It is very peculiar that at the same time as Luther's material house is tottering, his religious edifice is crumbling. A house divided against itself can not stand. Time has shaken the timbers of the Lutherans—like all material things it is perishable; Time and Disunion have combined to shatter the edifice of his so-called religious Reformation—like all things human it could not be perpetual. Neither structure will be greatly missed; the world can exist most admirably without them.

"H. L. B."—we do not know whether our correspondent is a man or a woman—would like to know "how any amount of education can change nature, for"—he (or she) continues, "the sun shines on the ignorant and the wise alike." We cannot say what gave rise to this queer inquiry; it may have been some remark of ours, in some editorial, which we cannot now recall, or it may have been the reading of some controversy upon the value of education. No matter! Let Carlyle reply: "An ox and a philosopher look out upon the same landscape, and the difference between the impression that it makes upon each one of them is the measure of the difference in the brain behind the eye."

We have discovered by the bills for paper, the list of wages, the request for rent, the indicator on the gas meter, and several other similar reminders, that it actually requires money to run a newspaper, and particularly to improve it. Of course each subscriber's amount of indebtedness is very small, and may seem of little consequence; but still it would greatly help to meet a few of these necessary debts. We would gladly furnish all our readers with gratis literature

and free defense of their principles and interests, but unfortunately we cannot induce those who supply us to look upon matters in the same light. Consequently, although reluctantly, we are forced to remind all who are in arrears to devise some way to let us have the small amounts that are due. We don't like to dwell upon this question; we prefer more congenial subjects; but if we entirely neglect the necessary, we cannot possibly furnish the agreeable.

IN referring to the murder of the woman at Kensington, a short time ago, an Italian organ, the Voce della Verita, calls it "Il misfatto di un deputato Orangiata"—"the misdeed of an Orange representative." This is a mistake—it was not Colonel Saunderson, but his homicidal nephew who did the deed. While half the press of the English-speaking world has been trying to cover up all reports of a matter that might have reflected upon the lovely and humane character of the pious order, it is unfair that an Italian journal should visit the crimes of the nephew upon the more famous uncle. Poor Col. Saunderson will have enough to answer for without accusing him of murder. "Kicking the Queen's crown into the Boyne" should suffice to gain notoriety for any one man. We protest against heaping all upon the same shoulders.

IN opening that admirable and ever welcome magazine the "Ave Maria," we did the following translation of an "Italian Peasant's Prayer," by our esteemed friend, that rising and popular litterateur, Walter Lecky. It is delightfully sweet, and we almost suspect that the translator added to the beauty of the original by drawing upon his own delicate and brilliant fancy:

I hear thy sweet bells chime;
It is the vesper time,
Ave Maria.
The day and work are done,
The hour of rest is won,
Ave Maria.
The sun is setting nigh,
And dark spreads o'er the sky,
Ave Maria.
In light or dark thou'lt be
The same fair Queen to me,
Ave Maria.
I hear thy sweet bells chime;
It is the vesper time,
Ave Maria.
I placed my life, my all,
Obedient to thy call,
Ave Maria.
Be thou my shepherdess,
And lead through storm and stress,
Ave Maria.
Until within the fold,
Thy Jesus I behold,
Ave Maria.

WHILE we must admire and applaud the "age-of-consent" crusade that is being carried on in the United States to-day, and wish Helen H. Gardener, Frances E. Willard, Will Allen Drumgoole, Dr. A. H. Lewis, Dr. O. E. Janney, Aaron M. Powell, and Mr. B. O. Flower, editor of The Arena, all manner of success in securing a favorable change in the laws, on this subject, which disgrace the statutes of several states of the Union, still we are under the impression that more evil than good is done by the

plain, unvarnished and absolutely nude articles that are being published on the question in The Arena. It is a crying shame that a girl who is not of age, according to law, to dispose of or acquire property, is considered sufficiently old to legally barter her soul. But it is in private canvas, in the awakening of legislators to a sense of duty and of Christianity, that the remedy lies. By spreading broad-cast dissertations upon the subject, and painting in vivid colors and exact tracings, all the forms and surroundings of corrupt life, thousands are instructed in matters that can only injure them to know, and the delicacy of thousands is shocked by the very expressions used. It may be sensational—and it is with a vengeance—but it is not refining literature. Infuse more religion into the educational system, and the legislators as well as those for whom they legislate will see and feel the necessity of the great moral reforms in the law.

WE have been asked if it is not possible that the Almighty has created, in His wrath, beings predestined to unending punishment. Not at all. It is the property of love to draw nigh to its object; hatred draws away from its object, which it only approaches to destroy. That which does not exist cannot be destroyed; consequently, that which is non-existent never could draw hatred to it. Hatred would say "were such an object to exist I would destroy it, therefore, let it continue non-existent." God being antecedent to all objects, in His mind alone could they have had existence before He created them. If He, then, drew near them, approached them, called them out of nothing, love alone could have actuated Him. Consequently the creation in general and of each particular object is inexplicable except as an act of love. It is more so than preservation or protection. God is, therefore, love in perpetual, universal and boundless action. If He could hate a creature to the extent of wishing to destroy it, He never would have called it out of nonentity, but would have left it in a non-existent state. So argued Dionysius of Athens, even when a Pagan; so argued he when he became the apostle of Gaul—St. Denis of France.

NOT a bad plan for dealing with tramps has been devised by the Orange, N.J., Bureau of Associated Charities. It is interesting and might serve as a good hint for some of our own benevolent homes or refuges.

A wood yard will be opened. Before a man who applies for lodgings will get anything to eat or a bed he will have to do a certain amount of work in payment. After his work is done he will be taken to the shower bath, where an assistant will see that he is thoroughly washed. After he has had a good meal he will be sent to bed. While he is sleeping his clothing will be put into a steam vat and thoroughly disinfected and cleansed, so that when he has had a good breakfast the man may start out clean to look for work. The plan is expected to help the worthy and discourage tramps.