



THE YELLOW LABEL

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. P. M. RIELLY, recently engaged in canvassing for the TRUE WITNESS, is no longer in our employment as canvasser and collector of subscriptions.

THE most loyal men in the world are the Orangemen—that is to say, loyal to their own order. As long as the Sovereign and Parliament of Great Britain are with them, and particularly, as long as they are inclined to legislate against Catholics, the Orangemen will gladly lay down their lives for the Crown and the Constitution. But the moment that their intolerance receives a check, or that the monarch does not smile favorably upon their bigotry, or that the Government does not see its way to coerce and persecute the Catholics—particularly the Irish Catholics—these loyal subjects dash off in the opposite extreme, and threaten to “kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne,” and to “shatter the edifice of the constitution.” According to Dalton McCarthy and a few Orange leaders the same spirit animates them here. The constitution, through its mouthpiece, the Privy Council, speaks, and because the legal decision is not in their favor, they are prepared to smash up the whole British fabric. If justice is rendered to the abominable (?) Roman Catholics of Manitoba, the result will be the same as has been promised should Home Rule be granted to Ireland. The next football season will, then, be one of special attractions, since these loyal gentlemen may form a team to “kick the crown into the Red River” and give an exhibition of their prowess on the broad fields of the great Western Province.

CONFESSION, as practised among Anglicans and Episcopalians, is one of the most ridiculous and injurious of innovations. It is an abuse of a sacrament, inasmuch as it is simply an imitation that verges on mockery. In the first place the minister does not claim to have any

special mission or grace to hear confessions; and in the second place, he does not even pretend to have the power of granting absolution for the sins confessed. Then of what use to the sinner the ceremony of telling his sins to a man who cannot forgive them, nor lighten in any way his load? The only results that we can see consist in the minister knowing secrets that he would be better off were he never to hear, and the sinner feeling himself lowered in the estimation of one before whom he would like to appear perfect.

We desire to give a general and final reply to a certain class of correspondents. We cannot pay any attention to anonymous communications. And as far as the postal-card critics are concerned we leave their effusions to be read by the postman, if he thinks worth his while. There is one, however, whom we would advise to get a friend to write his cards for him. His penmanship betrays his identity, while all the aliases in the world would not disguise the style and tone—they are both unique.

THE Western Watchman has the following, which deserves repetition:

“The Catholic Standard strikes a full resonant note of Catholic feeling when it urges the Catholics of the country to erect monuments to the memory of the great Catholic editors of the past. These men had no honor and small profit in life; it is proper some respect should be paid them after death. But the great Catholic heart of the world has a soft spot for the man who watches on the tower week after week and year after year, till his eyes grow dim and the weapons drop from his nerveless grasp. The capable and conscientious editor needs no stone to commemorate his deeds or round out his fame; if has done the work he had in hand he will not be forgotten. But the tribute might induce others to take up the calling and continue the good work.”

ACCORDING to the London Universe “the late Monsignor Gilbert bequeathed the whole of his property for the endowment of the Providence (Row) Refuge, in Crispin Street, Bishopsgate (popularly known as Dr. Gilbert's Home). The institution was founded many years ago to provide food and lodging for many thousands of destitute poor annually, irrespective of creed.” We might add that this famous refuge is under the Sisters of Mercy, and is on Crispin Street, Spitalfields; amongst the pioneer sisters, and for years the superioress—until her recent retirement on account of increasing age—was Rev. Sister Mary Joseph Alecoque, a maternal aunt of the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS.

AT Hastings, in England, a woman was recently fined for being drunk and incapable. The alderman who passed sentence said that he was certain “that if the police had a camera to take a photograph of a woman in a condition of drunkenness, and were to show it to her the next morning, it would make her ashamed of her conduct so much that

she would never offend again.” The cure might prove effective, provided the woman was not already too degraded to care for appearances. How would the same method suit in the case of men? There are many men who, if they saw themselves as others see them, would make desperate efforts to overcome the passion. It is a pity that no spiritual kodak could be invented to give a picture of the soul under the influence of sins of that class. It would not be very refreshing for the possessor of that soul to recognize the horrible deformity that was wrought in the most beautiful of objects.

THE consecration of Archbishop Langevin, in Winnipeg, was a grand and imposing affair. Perhaps never in the history of Canada was there a more distinguished gathering of prelates. To him do we heartily repeat all the good wishes expressed in our editorial of two weeks ago,—*ad multos annos!*

We received a copy of “Down at Caxton's,” the new book just published by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, and written by our friend Walter Lecky. For reasons that will become apparent later on, we prefer postponing, for a week or so, a review of the work. We wish to connect it with another subject of criticism which we shall have in hand. Meanwhile, we can say that “Down at Caxton's” is a most interesting, original and masterly work. In it the author does for several living writers what in “Green Graves” he so ably did for the dead, but immortal, litterateurs of Ireland. The price is only thirty-five cents, and it should command a very extensive sale.

THERE are numerous ways of assisting a paper apart from subscribing and advertising. If each reader who, having read an advertisement in our columns, goes to the store or establishment therein mentioned to make a purchase, would be good enough to inform the proprietor thereof that he came on account of the notice that appeared in THE TRUE WITNESS, he would be rendering the paper a very great service and at no cost to himself. We specially request our friends to take a glance over our advertising columns; they will find almost everything that they may require mentioned in those notices. We are anxious that the merchants and others who patronize us by advertising with us, should receive in turn the patronage of our subscribers.

THE Rev. Mr. Noble, of Quebec, informed us, a week ago, that after he could get rid of a certain amount of pressing work, he would answer our challenge, made in our issue of the 6th of March, regarding the teachings in Catholic schools. On Monday evening we received a lengthy communication from the Reverend gentleman on the subject. It came, however, too late for this issue, as all our pages, except the editorial, were made up. In next week's TRUE WITNESS

we will publish Rev. Mr. Noble's letter, and beforehand we invite the special attention of our readers to its contents. It must be read in connection with our editorial of the 6th under the heading, “Rev. Mr. Noble Again.”

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE preached a “sermon” on marriage at the New York Academy of Music two Sundays ago. Amongst other refreshing things this caricaturist of Christianity said: “God authorizee divorce, but Americans have abused the privilege by making divorces too easy to obtain.” What logic! what scriptural knowledge! what Christian preaching! Ingersoll could do better and without posing as a Reverend, and without calling his sensational lectures sermons.

ACCORDING to Harper's there is an amazing ignorance of the Bible prevalent among the students of the public schools and non-Catholic colleges. At this we are not surprised. While our Protestant friends almost constantly harp upon the old string of Catholic ignorance of the Bible, we have ever been under the impression that the average Catholic knows more about the Holy Scriptures than does the average Protestant. The latter may have more texts by heart, and be able to give chapter and verse for the same; but he generally knows them and is able to repeat them somewhat after the parrot's fashion. Ask him to reason out a theory, not from a mere text, but from the combination of passages, from the ensemble of the Bible, from the spirit of the writings, and you generally find that he flounders about and grasps for the nearest floating straw of a text, while unable to regain his balance. The Protestant thinks that a passage has a certain meaning; the Catholic knows it to have such; the former reads by his own light, the latter by the infallible light of the Church.

THE Syndic of Rome delivered the principal address on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the Garibaldi monument. There was a large gathering. The report does not say in what terms the eloquent Syndic eulogized the brigandage of the Garibaldian period, nor does it tell how many red shirts were in the crowd. Garibaldi is badly in need of a monument to perpetuate his memory, for during life he was more given to pulling down than to building up—as a consequence he only left ruins to tell of his passage.

MR. WILLIAM BAYARD HALE, writing in the Forum, an extract of whose article we publish elsewhere, urges, all the Christian bodies to boast of every Catholic feature that they can claim, and to abandon the term Protestant, and thus “to put away that common name which confesses Rome a greater fact.” It is true that the word Protestant implies the pre-existence of the Orthodox Church—against which it protests—but what good is there in changing name if the substance remains the same?